

THE TRIDENT

1923-'24

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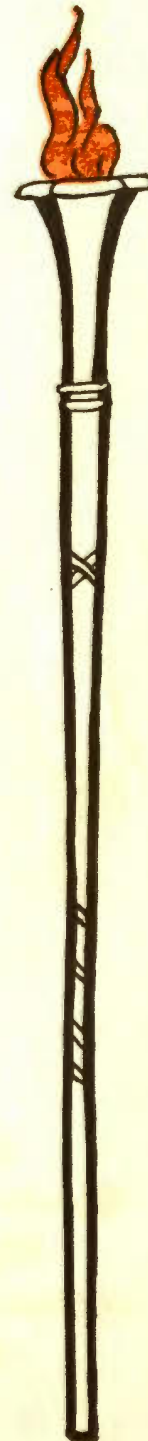
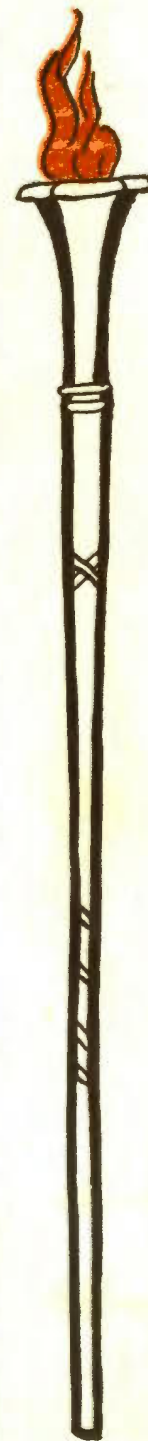
NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM



VOL. 1

NOVEMBER, 1923

No. 1



Without soundness of *body*, there can be no soundness of *mind*.

—JUVENAL



The *mind* is the spring of man's pleasure or the abyss of his unhappiness.

—WARREN G. HARDING



A system of national education without training of the *spirit* will produce a national calamity.

—DISRAELI

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TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT DERTHICK

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith."

Never was there greater rejoicing from answered prayer than when President Derthick returned from Baltimore where he had been confined by illness. The kindness of God in this incident has made its appeal to every student of Milligan College. But along with it all came a more striking recognition of the heroic spirit of our beloved President—he who, with that spirit and his undying faith has placed Milligan College where it is today. Such a heroic faith as is his, is the highest and grandest thing purely human. It is by that faith that every undertaking in behalf of our College has been propelled onward to be crowned by success. So it is ever, when the pulses of belief and trust, individual or collective, are feeble, and the tides of noble feeling are low, and the reign of the sordid and selfish is over all, then is his hour of heroism—then is the time for the apostleship of the great in faith, of the great in heart, who alone can re-inspire and quicken those on whom may have come an eclipse of faith. Then it is that President Derthick shows himself master over any paralysis of lofty thought and feeling, and brings the victory through united faith.

The students of Milligan College take this opportunity to express to President Derthick their happiness in his recovery and to portray to him their respect for that guiding faith of the faith that meets all the requisitions and moulds out the character, and carries with it the promise of all attainable good for Milligan College.

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 the personnel
 of this
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 and
 for the good
 of
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GENESIS

This new academic year brings to each of us, as individuals, ambitions and expectations which vary with the person. It is neither the desire nor the purpose of the Trident to exist separate and apart from the body of the students. Our purpose is to endeavor to create a stronger and more unified body, working together for a greater and larger Milligan, through a common expression in the columns of this publication.

WINNER OF CONTEST

This means is taken for the formal announcement of the fact that Miss Norah Boone is winner of the contest in the re-naming of the college publication. "Trident" the name suggested by Miss Boone, was, along with its attached meaning, unanimously accepted by the staff and passed by the Student Organization Committee. The winner, according to the rules of the contest, has been presented with a years subscription to the college publication.

The school paper is a great invention
 The school gets all the fame;
 The printer gets all the money,
 And the staff gets all the blame. *Amew!*

COMING!
PHILOMATHEAN CARNIVAL
Saturday, November 17, 1923
TICKETS ON SALE

OUR ADVERTISERS

The Trident solicits the patronage of every student for those who have so generously responded in making this paper a success, by their contributions in the form of ads.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE POWER OF FEELING OVER INTELLECT

The connection between intellect and feeling is one of the untraceable mysteries of man's nature. How they act upon each other; how they combine to inspire thought and action; is but dimly revealed by human life. We know, however, that there is this subtle union, and that when the mind is clear and strong, and the emotions deep and intense, there is formed what the world calls genius. Intellect, untouched by feeling, is cold, colorless, without beauty, and without real power. It may solve a mathematical problem; it cannot conceive a poem; it may, with unerring vision, draw through hill, and over river and ravine, an air line railway: it can lay no track in air on which the fancy of man can rise to highest thoughts and holiest loves. Feeling prompts every flash of fancy, every strong flight of imagination. Everything in literature, tender in affection, grand in tragedy—everything deathless in art, bears the touch—the impress of a passion. How can a man describe a landscape, when his heart does not guide his eye and his hand? The common poet portrays only what he sees. If the scene before him is but a blending of beautiful colors—forest, green pasture, grain-field and meadow, the sketch he makes will be passionless and lifeless. But to a Bryant, "Who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible forms," a landscape is an infinity of beauty, purity, and delight; we get the value of his intellect plus his feeling. To accomplish the very best in any field of work, one must have a vigorous, profound intellect; but that is not all. His mind must be enriched and polished by education; but that is not all. He must be strong-willed, fearless, daring; but in none of these lies the secret of perfection. Underneath all other qualities—animating all—must be a fervent, impulsive, passionate nature. And this is true throughout all the realm of genius. Thus the intellect is capable of dreaming and spreading out under the light which feeling casts upon it. But in whatever it is, it is the light that attracts, that fascinates, that shines immortally.

MEANING OF THE TRIDENT

The Trident, mythologically speaking, was Neptune's three-pronged sceptre of power. This publication, seeking such a source for its title, is allowing the three prongs of that sceptre to represent the three phases of the development of student life at Milligan College—development of body, development of mind, and development of spirit. It is the prime purpose of the Trident to depict these phases as impartially and as truly as possible. Milligan College holds education as the means by which all of the human faculties are drawn out, developed, and prepared in the most thorough and efficient way for all the complex duties and responsibilities of life. Then, it follows that such an education must be threefold in its object—physical, mental and spiritual.

The idea of physical education is by no means a recent one. The Greeks, many centuries ago, realized this intricate relation of mind and body and educated themselves accordingly, until even today they stand supreme in art and in philosophy. To the Greeks, an ill-trained and poorly developed body was as much a sign of a poorly educated man as ignorance of letters. Montaigne said, "We have not to train up a soul, nor yet a body, but a man, and we cannot divide him." Hence, the harmonious development of the individual cannot be through the education of the mind alone. Dr. Willard S. Small of the U. S. Bureau of Education contended that, "In education we may come to realize that physical and moral and spiritual education which comes with true development of physical powers has more importance than grammar or any other thing." From the foregoing remarks it becomes obvious that athletics should be encouraged and that calisthenics should not be neglected; for they perform truly important parts in the training of youth. They serve a purpose similar to The Olympian Games, the Chariot Races, and the Marathan Races. They find their justification in the philosophy of Juvenal, who pleads for a "sound mind in a sound body."

We may trace back to the Greeks, also, in another form of education, that which we obtain from the acquired knowledge of the world. It is the education of the mind, the training of the mental faculties. Next to our moral natures it is the foremost duty of life. The age demands that every man think for himself and judge for himself, and to do so he must possess himself of knowledge and intelligence. Every particle of knowledge we acquire is new inspiration; it is new power, it is new hope; it takes the drudgery out of life; it inspires the heart and the soul to reach outward and upward to things beyond.

The third and greatest educational development is the development of the soul; while we laud knowledge, we must be careful not to overdo it. "Knowledge is power," that is, a power for good or evil. It is with knowledge as it is with fire or water. Either of them may prove a blessing or bring disaster. The human body may attain its noblest perfection of health and strength; the observation may be acute, the intellect profound, the imagination rich; and yet these varied and glorious powers be turned to evil. Strength may support tyranny, acuteness and depth raise up obstacles to truth, and imagination spend its gorgeous eloquence in the service of the basest vices. The work is incomplete, if the moral nature remains uncultivated. Physical and intellectual education aim at the perfection of the instruments, which may become splendid implements of evil, if moral education does not succeed in regulating the power which is to use them.

Now it is the purpose of the Trident to picture these three phases of school life as they appear in Milligan College; and any assistance in that undertaking would be highly appreciated by the Staff.

N. T. B.

"FACULTY FORUM"

We are worthy to be called the sons and daughters of our parents in so far as we do our best.—Prof. Rooker.

Malim esse sapientem quam divitem
Malim esse bonum quam magnum.
—Prof. Wright.

To do your task the best you can, at the right time, whether you like it or not, is one way to succeed.—Prof. Muilberger.

We are trying to master the unexpected in teaching the truth as it is in Christ to our fine group of open-minded students at Milligan College.—Prof. A. I. Myhr.

Truth comes to us in single threads, but we must weave the texture in the loom of life.—Prof. M. B. Ingle.

"The man who dislikes books can never be entirely happy, and he who loves a good book can never be wholly miserable."—Mrs. Boyd.

If you want an A, make an A.—Miss Adams.

Clothes help us to express our individuality by serving as an aid to personality.—Miss Richardson.

"Keeping up" is more honorable than "making up."—Prof. Hill.

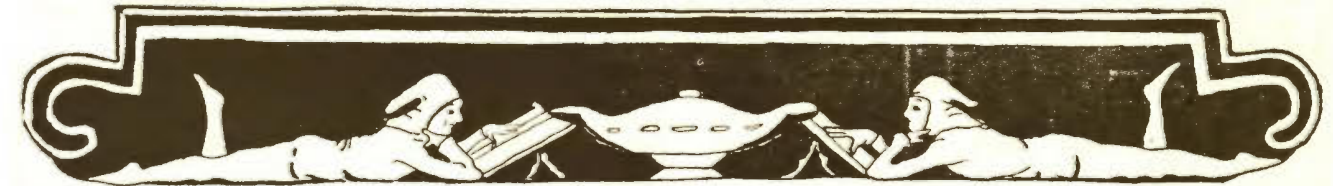
My position is that Truth is Truth wherever met, no matter whether the approach to the finer verities be through philosophy, science, or religion.—Dean Boyd.

I had rather have a hard-working student than all the geniuses in the universe.—Prof. Cochrane.

"There is no impression without expression." Therefore take English.—Prof. Clarence H. Poage.

I rejoice in a new lease on life that I may share with others the pleasure of bringing to Milligan College the best in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual, that our beloved students may through training in body, mind and spirit be strong to glorify life and love and God; and that parents, trustees and donors may know their gifts and sacrifices in money and life have paid most gratifying dividends.—Pres. H. J. Derthick.

(Continued on page nine)

THE GIRL OF THE MOUNTAIN
TOP

Life is like a book. Each page records some incident or character of "the passing show." This story is merely a page taken from the life-book of a wanderer.

The sun had set and night was almost here when there strode into a little mountain town in eastern Tennessee a stranger. He was tall and upon his broad shoulders he carried a pack. After an inquiry, he made his way to the small hotel. After registering and partaking of the frugal meal, he entered the small but cozy hotel lobby. As it was October, there was a fire in the huge fireplace. Seating himself before it, he immediately became the center of interest. The curiosity of the villagers was aroused. The name upon the register was this—Just Blank, Anywhere. That told them nothing. After the usual exchange of commonplace greetings there came an abrupt but frank and straight-forward question from an old man.

"Wal, stranger, we wus er sorta wonderin what ye might be doing in these here parts?"

Across the lean brown face of the stranger there flitted a slight smile and then he spoke, "Well, Uncle, I can't say that I'm doing much of anything in these parts except passing through. I'm somewhat of a rover—a wanderer, you know. I just travel about seeing the most interesting things by the way. Just now I happen to be heading south because of winter."

The old man took several puffs on his pipe after the other had paused and then said, "Guess I've heard of fellers like ye a'fore. So yer travelin about seeing interestin' things, air ye? Ye orta clim old Bald Mountain then. It sure is some climb and some country from ther top of her."

The stranger immediately became interested and after a few inquires decided to stay over a day or so and climb the peak. Thus, about the middle of the next night, we find him on his way to the mountain to watch the sunrise, and then continue his journey to anywhere.

The climb was a long one and day had begun to break when he burst into the clearing that marked the summit. In the midst of the clearing was a gigantic rock promontory rearing itself against the fast-coloring eastern sky. He was none too soon. After a hasty search, he found a way upon the promontory.

As he drew himself over the edge and stood erect, he was amazed to hear a soft voice quote:

"'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest

A Sultan to the realm of Death adrest;

The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

The stranger wheeled and there between him and the far edge of the rock stood a girl—a woman silhouetted against the pearly gray of the dawn. She was as yet unaware of his presence and was giving vent to her emotion without restraint. She stood with her arms outstretched as if to welcome the coming sun and on her face was a flush of awe and wonder. The man, quickly realizing the situation, coughed slightly, causing the girl to turn about. For a moment, all that he could do was to stare. Her skin was the clear pallor of Greek marble; her eyes, a clear deep blue; and her bobbed hair was blue-black and very curly. She met his intent gaze with that look of frankness which was so characteristic of mountain folk. The solemnity of her face changed to a slight smile and the man, realizing his rudeness, hastened to apologize.

"Pardon my unseemly stare," he said, "but I am not exactly accustomed to finding beautiful young ladies on mountain tops at dawn quoting from Omar Khayyam. I stopped off on my way South, just to view the sunrise from this mountain. May I share it with you?"

She smiled at him and answered in a soft full voice, "why certainly you may share it with me"—and together they turned toward the East.

There on a lonely mountain top the two strangers watched the coming of

a new day. The pearly gray of the eastern sky was rapidly changing to crimson streaked with gold. The gorgeous sunrise was fast blossoming into one of those blue and gold autumnal mornings that are so characteristic of the Tennessee hills. The wet dawn-wind swept listlessly by, stirring as it went the multi-colored leaves that lay deep upon the mountain sides.

Moved by the majestic beauty of the scene before him, the man murmured—"Ah! Tenderly the haughty day fills his blue urn with fire!"

"Beautiful," breathed the girl. Neither had removed their eyes from the magnificent panorama that lay stretched out below them. As far as the eye could see were blue and purple mountains—ridge after ridge, sweeping up and up until they seemed to lose themselves in the blue of the heavens. Over these mountains came the sun flooding the land with molten gold. Day was here.

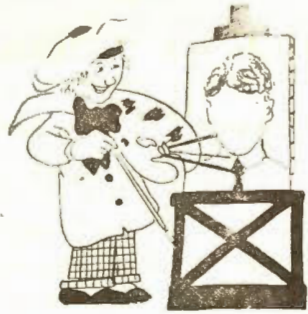
The strangers turned to each other. It was the girl who spoke first, "You will think it rather unusual at finding me here but as I live near here I often take advantage of this glorious opportunity. So many people in the world today are totally indifferent to the beautiful surroundings God has given them. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," answered the man, I dare say you are correct, and I think I fully understand and appreciate your being here. You will pardon me, however, if I do refer to this incident as being somewhat unique. How thoughtless of me! I haven't introduced myself. My name is....."

The voice of the girl stopped him, "Oh! that's alright. Introductions would almost seem unnecessary in such a place. Is there really any need of our telling our names? What's in a name anyway? This is the only time we shall ever see each other and I would much rather have you remember me as the girl of the mountain than by my real name."

"I understand," said the man. "We are to be just ships that pass in the
(Continued on page sixteen)

Pen-Art Gallery



ONE OF THE FAMOUS MEN OF MILLIGAN

Impressions of One who is Impressed

This famous man whose name is useless to relate

Isn't tall of stature but is brilliant on his slate

His hair is rather curly, his eyes can pierce right thru'

And his tongue is ever ready with a curt reply for you.

When sitting in his classes with eyes a-rolling round

The ladies always worship those wicked orbs of brown

But what care they for lessons, or how many flunks they get

If only this lady-killer "of ours" Will give them a wink, by heck.

Who is this independent brute, Who thinks he is so everlastingly cute?

Listen my friends and the news will outward leak

He's a Saturday afternoon football sheik

But football isn't his only game, As Prince of Love, he will soon win fame,

For tho' hiding behind a parson's mask We will wager love-making in his best performed task.

Now, say what you wish and do what you will

Tho' hateful at times, he's the best on the hill

Now boys, just admit, he's as good as he looks

And say, all he knows doesn't come out of books.

THE CLOSE UP VIEW

"Distance lends enchantment" is true everywhere and all the time. Nature takes infinite pains to hide her ruggedness from the distant observer. Only the long curving lines of the landscape without the crags and cliffs; only the winding silver stream without the dashing foam and the angry whirlpool; only the fragrant vari-colored

flower-garden without the thorns and thistles; such is nature's method. In the same way we paint charming pictures of tomorrow's undertakings, to find, in the grim reality of things, that much of the splendor of yesterday's vision has departed to embellish the glory of a still more distant view. In the distance, the challenge of the business, professional, or political career is more compelling than the endless routine in preparation for that career. The martial music of the battlefield is more intensely thrilling than the monotonous orders of the drill-field. Building sky-scrapers is more daring than building air castles. In a word, tomorrow's work always seems greater and nobler than today's because we paint it in glowing colors with imagination and idealism and hopefulness. But we must not forget that tomorrow must soon be today; that the ideal must soon be real; that the distant vision must soon be the close-up view; and we must be prepared to consummate the real in the same spirit in which we pictured the ideal. G. F.

THE LITTLE TIN PONY

There lie in the distance back of the years

In the midst of the Memory sea, The island of doubt, the island of fears, The island of joy and childish tears, And the island of the used-to-be.

In the island of joy, that happy land, In the midst of the Memory sea, Where the fireflies dance upon the strand,

And the moon lights up the ivory sand, On the shores of the used-to-be.

Is standing a cottage, where back of the past

Saint Nicholas came with care; Kissing the children, first to last, He opened his pack of treasures vast, And left the choicest there.

The oaken old mantel, so long ago, In the land of the used to be. He loaded with trinkets, we valued so, A ball or a box in a stocking's toe, And a little tin-pony for me.

But the little tin-pony in the dreamy past,

In the midst of the Memory sea, Fell back of the oaken mantel vast, Where never an eye was on it cast, Nor hand to set it free.

In pleasure or sorrow I see through the years,

In the land of the used to be. While friends are unkind and many are tears,

While doubt may assail and danger and fears.

My pony still waiting for me. J. S.

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ARCADÉ

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Religious Notes

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The Ministers are one dozen strong this year and most of them are preaching at least part of the time. Mr. Musick preaches at Central Holston and Mountain City; Mr. Suggs at Poplar Ridge, N. C.; Mr. Johnson at Unicoi and Shell Creek; Mr. Meredith at Turkeytown, and Oak Grove; Mr. Cutrell at Newport and Mr. Ferguson at Cleveland. Besides these students, Professors Poage, Ingle, Myhr and Lappin do preaching part of the time. The association meets every Monday evening and cordially invites the boys to meet with them.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

The new school year has brought new life and spirit to every phase of College activities, and especially do we find this manifested in our Christian Endeavor which is so greatly flourishing under the enthusiastic and efficient leadership of Mr. Forbes.

Christian Endeavor at Milligan College has grown and is growing in membership as well as in interest and enthusiasm; and the new members together with the old ones are working to make this the most successful and the greatest year in the history of the Christian Endeavor.

The Committees are going forward more than ever before with their duties in seeing that each program is planned in such a way as to make every meeting interesting and enjoyable to every one. The messages that are brought from the talks and music inspire every member to higher ideals and purposes in life.

Every Christian Endeavorer cordially invites all students who have not yet caught the Christian Endeavor spirit, to the meetings on each Sunday evening.

Visit "Spain" at the Carnival.

Save your money for the Carnival.

Have you your ticket yet?

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

The Student Volunteers are very proud of the increasing interest and zeal that is manifesting itself in the Band this year, and also the increasing number of members.

The Band is larger than it has been since its first organization. It has an enrollment of more than thirty members of young men and women of true Christian character, who have dedicated their lives to Christ and to the upbuilding of His Kingdom on earth, both in our own country and those across the waters, where so many are waiting with open hearts to receive the message of our Christ and Savior of men.

The Band is looking forward to the most successful year of its history under the leadership of Miss Ramona Ross, a most efficient and enthusiastic president.

The Volunteer group is making a study of both home missions and foreign missions this term, using for the former, "The Horizon of American Missions" by I. N. McCash, and for the latter, "With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple" by Dr. Susie J. Rynhart. These books are alternated at the regular Tuesday evening meetings.

Every member has resolved that he will show his true missionary spirit during his preparation by being a missionary in his own school.

The Band hopes to let its light so shine before the student body that it may follow that light to higher ideals of Christian service.

PRAYER MEETING

The Prayer Meetings are held every Wednesday evening. The boys meet in their parlors as a big family and engage in a period of spirited singing and inspirational talks. The girls meet in Hardin Hall and vie with the boys in an effort to have the largest number and greatest interest. These meetings have a decided effect for good in the school.

(Continued on page nine)

The Holston National Bank

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WE FEED ALL THE MILLIGAN BOYS

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Dixie Restaurant

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We appreciate your trade

Irresponsible Responses



Prof. Cochrane—in Biology Class!
"What are Marsupials?"

Pupil: Animals that have pouches in their stomachs.

Prof. Cochrane: "And what do they have pouches for?"

Pupil: "To crawl into and conceal themselves when they are pursued."

Kathleen: "A fine typist you are! Call yourself a typist, and don't know how to put a ribbon in a typewriter!"

Skey: "Does Paderewski know how to tune a piano?"

THOSE VITAMINES

Along about the time of the Civil War, A little while after, and shortly before; There was nothing known of these vitamins swell, Tho folks lived long and prospered well.

Today things have changed, as you go down the street,
All you hear of is Vitamines—They can't be beat!
If you have pains or aches of any kind, They will cure you—this you will surely find.

If an empire falls, or an army's defeated,
If people die young and men get cheated,
In the spring, the fall, or any old season—
A lack of Vitamines—This was the reason.

Now the thing that seems so strange to me
Is how folks lived back in fifty-three.
For then they lived long, and got along fine,
Tho they never even heard of a vit-a-mine.

M. C.

MAYBE SO!

There was a young man from Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth,
He was married, they say
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.

Mrs. Boyd—You know I speak just as I think.

Mr. Boyd—Yes, but more often.

Shorty: Hey, Chauncey, is Si down in her room?

Chauncey: No, she isn't here, "Beautiful."

Shorty: You're another. I know she is. I see her old tan sweater and skirt hanging out on the line.

Peggy P.: Oh, Dear: I can't adjust my curriculum.

Less Hart: That's all right. It doesn't show any.

"Twas at our farm that first they met,
That Romeo and Juliet.

"Twas there that he ran into debt,
For Rom-e-owed what Jul-i-et.

Goofy: Do you use William's shaving cream?

Deavers: Now, I'm not rooming with him any more.

Payne (at 5:00 p. m.): Well, I must be off.

Anna Louise: That's what I thought when I first met you.

Clara: Hand me my little shoe.

Frances: Wait till I get in it and coast across.

Violet: On your trip abroad, did you go up the Rhine?

Deavers: (boastfully) Yes, indeed. Right up to the very top. And oh! what a magnificent view we did get from the summit.

"Why was Pharoah's daughter like Cornelius Vanderbilt?

"They both found a little phopet in the rushes on the bank."

Girl: What do you think of these women who imitate men?

George H: I think they are idiots.

Girl: Then the imitation is perfect.

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?" Helen asked.

"Why, I'd love to," exclaimed John.

"Well, don't let me detain you," she said sweetly.

Chauncey: Oh, Glen, dear: you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every other man I've met, I just can't help loving you. Now what do you see in plain little me to admire?

Pryor: Why, dear, for one thing, you surely have good judgment.

Professor Hyder began his chapel oration:

"Young friends, the schoolwork is the bulhouse of civilization! I mean, oh—

He tried again:

"The bulhouse is the school work of civ—"

A smile could be felt all around.

"The workhouse is the bulschool of—"

The embarrassment was becoming painful.

"The School house, young friends"—
A sigh of relief went up.

"The School house, young friends, is the woolbark—"

He sat down.

If a fellow's head is twelve inches around, is it a foot?

D. Brown: Skey, what were you thinking about?

Caskey: How did you know I was thinking?

D. B.: I saw an unusual expression on your face.

Jim B.: I was talking to your girl today.

Behr: Are you sure you were doing the talking?

Jim: Yes.

Behr: Then it wasn't my Ned.

Dean Boyd: (as Smallwood registered) Beg pardon, but what is your name?

Smallwood: Can't you see my signature?

Dean: That's just what aroused my curiosity.

Johnson: There are two kinds of girls you can't trust—those with bobbed hair and those without.

Visit "Spain" at the Carnival.



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RELIGIOUS NOTES

(Continued from page seven)

GIRLS' CIRCLE

The Girls' Circle is making great progress this year in its work and plans.

Under the direction of the beloved Circle Mother, Mrs. M. B. Ingle, the Circle is carrying out many plans that will bring success to the Circle and happiness and joy to others.

Every member was greatly inspired to work with new zeal and courage for higher goals and ideals, by the interesting talk that was given by Miss Ruth Frazier Brown, during her short visit to our school. This inspiration is manifested in the spirit of each girl as she works in carrying out the plans of the Circle.

The goal, which the girls are striving to reach in the Missionary offering, which will be given to some needy cause, is not less than sixty-five dollars.

This group for the past two years has greatly enjoyed the entertainments given by the Women's Missionary Society and this year plans are being made to try to show appreciation to the women for their interest and love, by entertaining them on November the eighth in the parlors of Hardin Hall and presenting to them a Japanese program.

The Girls' have many things in view toward the success and growth of the circle and they wish to extend to all the other girls a very cordial invitation to attend the meetings which are held on the first Sunday of each month, and to help in this great work.

Save your money for the Carnival.

FACULTY FORUM

(Continued from page four)

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scrowl

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

—Mrs. Derthick.

"I count nothing but sunny hours."—
Prof. Hyder.

Have you your ticket yet?



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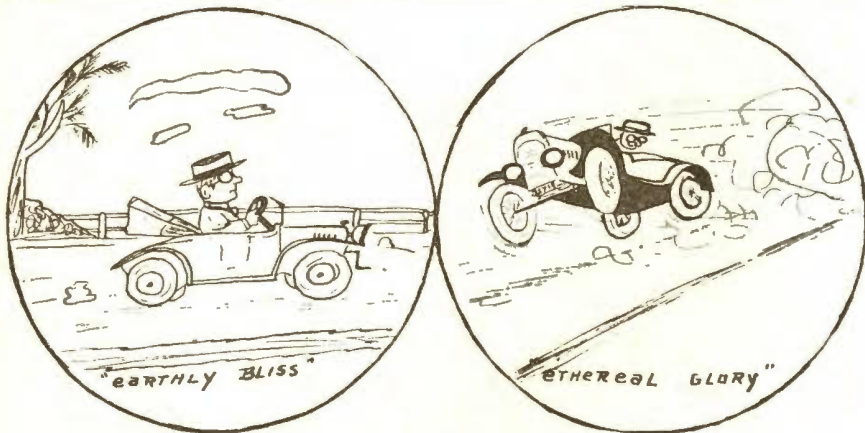
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panied by real advan-
tages by immediate ac-
tion, the policy then is
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select from and smaller
crowds to contend
with.

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Alumni Section



The point of view from Prof. Lappin's Racer

Mr. W. Clyde Smith ('19) of Bristol, Tenn., delivered an interesting and inspiring sermon in the Milligan College church, October 14th.

Miss Hampton of Newport, Tenn., a student of Milligan College thirty years ago, and Mrs. J. A. Hendrix who is also an old student and who always has been a strong local supporter of Milligan College were welcome visitors at chapel a few mornings ago.

Mr. Henry Taylor of Milligan College, a star twirler for Milligan during the latter years of the last decade, has reached the climax of a successful love affair, gaining for his bride Miss Hart of Turkeytown.

We are glad to state that Mr. J. E. Crouch ('96) of Johnson City, who has been in poor health for some time, is improving nicely.

Mr. Kirby Smith, an old student, now pastor of the Christian Church at Cave City, Kentucky, made the College a delightful visit a few weeks ago, bringing with him three new students from Kentucky.

Mrs. W. B. Boyd informs us that her niece, Miss Alice Keith Forde ('17), is taking a business course in Nashville.

Prof. James S. Thomas (1900) of the University of Alabama was one of the principal speakers at the East Tennessee Teachers' Association which was held recently in Knoxville.

Have you a date for the Carnival?

Recently we have enjoyed the presence of the following who are not frequent visitors: Prof. Ernest K. Spahr, and G. Tollie Thomas of Bristol; Hon. Oscar M. Fair ('03), Johnson City, Tenn. Paul Jones of California, Robert Lowder ('09) of Bluefield, W. Va., Mr. R. N. Barry (1900), Miss Mary Keefauver ('18), Pauline Ferguson ('23), Miss Fannie Stout, of Erwin, Tenn., Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Depew, Prof. J. Bush Spahr ('21), Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Wells, Mr. J. B. White ('13) who is in business at Greeneville, Tenn., and Mr. J. D. Kimery who is in the engineering department at U. T.

The following visitors are frequently seen at the college: Mr. Clyde Hendrix ('16), Mr. Myrh White ('15), Mr. Carl Fields, ('23), Mr. John Anderson, Mrs. Rennie Anderson (White) ('09), Dr. R. Bennick Hyder ('07), Hon. S. W. Price ('98), Mr. A. B. Crouch ('23), and Mr. J. E. Crouch ('96).

Dean Boyd has recent correspondence from the following: Rev. W. P. Blackwell ('17), Pastor at Orangeburg, S. C.; Prof. E. C. Buck ('15).

SOME STATISTICS

Class of '18

Prof. Ralph Garret, Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.
 Mrs. Blanche Tabor (Ferguson) Dot, W. Va.
 Mrs. Annie Scott (Frazier) Washington, D. C.
 Miss Mary L. Keefauver, Teacher, Erwin, Tenn.

Class of '19

Prof. Ernest K. Spahr, Asst. Eng. Department at Texas A. & M. College Station, Texas.
 Mr. Chas. D. Lucas, Junior in Med. Dept., University of Va.
 Mr. W. Clyde Smith, Pastor at Bristol, Tenn.
 Mrs. Ben Frazier (Bailey) Jacksonville, Alabama.

Class of '21

Mr. J. Bush Spahr, Principal Valley Institute, Benhams, Va.
 Mr. Geo. M. Lecca, Teacher High School, Southport, N. C.
 Mr. W. L. Hill, Teacher of Physics, Milligan College.
 Mr. W. J. Carter, Lawyer, Johnson City, Tenn.
 Mr. Robert Love Taylor passed the Bar Examination last spring and is now a senior in Yale law school.

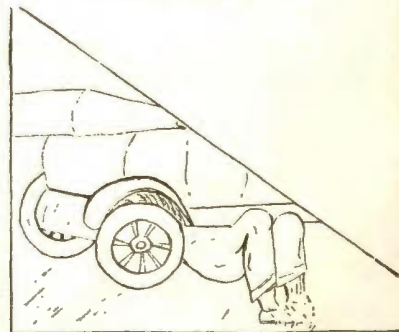
Class of '22

Miss Helen Frazier, Teacher in Eng. Dept., at S. Pittsburgh, Tenn.
 Miss Grethchen Hyder, Teacher in Eng. Dept. of High School, Spring City, Tenn.
 Mr. P. C. McCord, Prof. Eng. Dept. Johnson Bible College.
 Mr. Curtis Holt, Teacher in Academy, Livingston, Tenn.
 Mr. A. Paul Daugherty, Pastor Webster Grove Christian Church, St. Louis, Mo.
 Mr. Arthur M. Depew, Pastor First Christian Church, Tampa, Fla.
 Mr. Ralph S. Depew, Pastor, Christian Church, Myers, Ky.
 Mr. Ernest E. Fry, Farming, Route 1, Bristol, Va.

Class of '23

Miss Kathleen Adams, Instructor in Commercial Dept. Milligan College.
 Miss Amelia Sussner, Church Secretary, Mansfield, Ohio.
 Miss Thelma Nolen, Teacher, Latin Christian Normal Institute, Grayson, Kentucky.
 Miss Martha Goolsby, Teacher in

(Continued on page fifteen)



Prof. Hyder integrates the differential.

Athletic Review

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MEMBERS OF THE 1923 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Left to right

- | | | | | | | | |
|--------------|----------|-----------|------------|--------------|------------|--------------|--------------------|
| Coach Wicker | Zeigler | Feathers | Beasley | Caskey | Waddell | J. McCormick | B. McCormick |
| Little | Vaden | Alexander | D. Hodge | C. E. Crouch | Sawyer | Hardin | Beher (Manager) |
| Smallwood | W. Hyder | V. Crouch | McKissick | Deavers | Anderson | Lappin | E. Hodge (Captain) |
| Falls | Williams | Peters | L. Fleenor | R. Hyder | J. Fleenor | Hart | |

ATHLETIC REVIEW

Milligan College started her football training with a boom and her prospects are bright for a most successful season. Forty men turned out for the squad; including many of the old men and a sturdy bunch of recruits, and all who have dropped from that number have been readily supplemented by new aspirants to the team. Prominent among the new men from other schools are the two halves, Zeigler from Richmond University and Hart from E. T. S. N., Alexander, an end from Tusculum, Waddell, a guard also from Tusculum, and Anderson, a quarterback from T. P. I. Honorable mention might also be given to Caskey, a half back from Cisco Christian College, and Deavers, a tackle. Coach Wicker with his matchless system soon whipped the gang into an organized machine.



Milligan opened her season on Oct. 6th, in a most fitting manner by defeating Bluefield College, a new school in the realm of football. Twenty-two Orange and Black warriors, accompanied by the Coach and Manager, together with a bunch of loyal Milliganites motored to the "hilly" city. Although the scene of battle was on the side of a hill, it did not keep the Buffaloes from collecting a creditable score. In the first quarter, Milligan scored a touchdown and kicked a goal. The "Bluefieldians" however, stayed the onrush in the second quarter and held the Buffaloes scoreless. The "Happy Valley Bison" came back with a stampede in the third quarter netting two touchdowns, and kicking goal twice. The stampede continued thru the last frame bringing in fourteen points. The final whistle stopped the slaughter and the Orange and Black had a 35-0 victory to her credit.



Immediately, preparation was begun for the Maryville game. Twenty-two men donned the uniforms of the Orange and Black on the eventful day of October 12th. The student-body motored in force to Johnson City, where the game was to be played, and was joined by a throng of Milligan friends from Johnson City and surrounding towns. The game started with a rush. Maryville finally found Milligan's goal line, scored a touchdown, and kicked the goal. The first period ended 7-0 in Maryville's favor. The Buffaloes started their irresistible stampede in the second quarter and carried the ball to the Highlander's

five yard line. Not being able to carry it "across" in the few remaining seconds of play, Milligan scored three points on a field goal. The Milligan student-body demonstrated with their usual spirit giving many songs, yells and a big snake dance between halves. The battle was continued through the third quarter, both teams fighting hard but neither being able to carry the "elusive oval" over the enemy's goal line. In the last frame Maryville stiffened and developed a punch. The Buffaloes suffered at the hands of "Old lady luck" and fumbled on the twenty yard line. The Highlanders recovered the ball and marched down the field for their second or last touchdown, kicking goal. The whistle blew with the score 14-3 in Maryville's favor.



The third game of the season was staged on the Carson-Newman field, on October 20th. Eighteen of Milligan's "pigskin artists" accompanied by the Coach and Manager, made the trip. A number of the regulars were unable to make the trip due to injuries sustained beforehand. The Buffaloes surprised the C. & N. aggregation by their showing but the "Fighting Parsons" scored two touchdowns and kicked goal once during the first quarter. The results of the second period showed more favorable for the "Visitors from Happy Valley," for their opponents scored only one touchdown and failed to kick goal. In the first part of the second half the Buffaloes came back with their invincible stampede. Altho it stopped short of a touchdown, it prevented the "Parsons" from scoring. The Milligan eleven continued to hold C. & N. scoreless through the last quarter until the last ten minutes of play. Several of the Buffaloes were withdrawn on account of injuries received in the game. The remainder were literally battered to pieces, while their opponents strength was replenished by fresh men from the bench. The Parsons recovered their punch and scored eighteen points before the final whistle blew. Milligan played a much better game than the score would seem to indicate, the score being 47-0 in Carson's Newman's favor.



Injuries and bad weather combined to prevent very much preparation for the next game of the season. The Coach and Manager accompanied twenty of Milligan's fighting aggregation to play the closest game of the season thus far, for Athens gave them a warm reception on the afternoon of

October 27th. During the first quarter of one of the closest and hardest games seen in Athens in years, the Athens athletes made a flock of first down and advanced to the one yard line where the Buffaloes' line stiffened and held like a rock wall. The quarter ended with no score. No points were scored until shortly before the end of the half. After a number of plays Zeigler broke loose for a short run which netted a touchdown but failed to kick goal. With only a couple of minutes to play in this half the "Athensites" started a series of forward passes which gave them the only points they were able to make during the game. They scored a touchdown and kicked goal. The half ended 7-6 in favor of Athens. A punting duel was the feature of the third quarter, neither side being able to score. The fray continued through the last period, no one scoring until the last two minutes of play when Zeigler made a sensational drop-kick from the 32 yard line scoring Milligan three points. The game ended 9-7 in favor of the Orange and Black.



One of the hardest games on Milligan's schedule was played on November 3rd with King College at Bristol. Milligan hardly hoped to win this game but they have the satisfaction of knowing that they held King to the closest score thus far this season. In the first quarter, King kicked to Milligan who after a series of line bucks made two first downs. The King line stiffened and Milligan was forced to kick. The Tornados threw a number of line plunges and gained a touchdown by an end run. Milligan again received, and getting into the stride of the old stampede, forced its way to the five yard line. The Tornados' line held for three downs so Zeigler attempted a drop-kick but failed. During the second quarter the Mountain Tornado team made a powerful offensive drive and gain two touchdowns. They kicked goal only once for the other drop-kick was broken up by the Buffaloes. The half ended 20-0 in King's favor. The second half opened with Milligan receiving. After attempting several forward passes, the Buffaloes completed one for 20 yards but were forced to kick. The Tornados ran a series of line plays and went through for a touchdown and kicked goal. The Buffaloes held their more powerful opponents to two touchdowns in the last period. The Tornados kicked goal once, failing on the other attempt. The final whistle

(Continued on page sixteen)



Literary and Dramatic



PHILOMATHEAN REPORT

The years 1923 and 1924 are destined to be the best that the Philomathean Literary Society has yet known. During the first eight weeks, remarkable progress has been made under the efficient leadership of the following officers:

President—Norah Boone.
Vice-President—Hazel Payne.
Secretary—Dorothy Brown.
Treasurer—Helen Mitchell.
Chaplain—Violet Dearing.
Critic—Kathleen Adams.
Pianist—Gladys Payne.
Sergeant-at-arms—Bernice Cantrell.

Under the new constitution and by-laws which were formulated at an early date, vast opportunities for progress have been recognized by each and every member and every effort is being made to conform to the new set of laws.

At last the long-cherished hopes for a new society hall have been realized and with this realization has come a new interest. Possessed with a peculiar devotion to Philomathean, new members as well as old, are completely wrapped up in plans for the beautifying of the new hall. A ready and hearty response was evidenced by each member in providing means for its furnishings. Not only do the society members hold this affection and loyalty, but also many friends. Especially does the society feel indebted to Prof. Poage and Prof. Myhr, whose deep interest is highly appreciated, both of whom were generous in their contributions. Two honorary members, Miss Richardson and Miss Adams, who have proven themselves marked assets to the society, also showed a generous spirit when the canvass was made.

Former members of the society who have responded by letter and money to help Philomathean in her endeavor are: Amelia Sussner, Mansfield, Ohio; Elizabeth Hamlet, Kingsport, Tenn.; Lola Young, Milligan, Tenn.; and Margaret Morris, Memphis, Tenn. Other outside contributors are Mr. T. N. Wyman, Mr. R. H. Griffith, and Mr. S. S. Mitchell, all of Embreeville, Tenn.

Recently the Philomatheans challenged the Ossolians to an inter-society debate. This challenge was readily accepted. Great interest is already being manifested in this coming event

OSSOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

When on Friday evening, September twenty-second, the Ossolians sang: "Our strong band can ne'er be broken, It can never die For surpassing wealth unspoken Sealed by friendship's tie."

Those words were fired with a new spirit—a spirit that is pre-destined to make Ossolia an honored name on Milligan Hill this year.

Since the farewell meeting of last term loyal Ossolians everywhere had been on the alert for new members, and especially during the first few days of the new Semester was, "Boost Ossolia," the watchword of former members who were returning to Milligan. The Ossolian spirit was contagious to the extent that many new faces were in evidence at the first two meetings, and, when the season of visiting had come to a close, the names of thirteen new members were added to the roll making a total local members, of twenty-nine.

Encouraged by this addition of new talent, and inspired by the loyalty of her old members, Ossolia began her work for the 1923-1924 school year. The following officers were elected to serve during the first six weeks:

President—Ruth Emerson.
Vice President—Lucille Raum.
Secretary and Treasurer—Norma Wallace.
Chaplain—Fydella Roberts.
Critic—Nadelle Schuping.
Pianist—Ruth Wakefield.
Janitress—Maltier Chauncey.
Miss Anna Louise Lacey was elected Society cheer leader for the year.

The Ossolians feel a great pride in their attractive Society hall, which represents the fruit of their efforts along the line of public entertainment on the college platform. They are also grateful to the College for its loyal support and generous financial aid in this undertaking. Plans are before the

and it is being looked forward to with much enthusiasm.

The Philomatheans realize that before them is a year of hard work but withal a happy one, and their aim is to work as a society and not as individuals. Each member knows that there is strength in unity and she will strive to make this a glorious year for the society of which she is greatly proud.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The American Literary Society with twenty-eight old members resuming their duties, started the new year with the brightest prospects in her history. This number has been augmented by the addition of nineteen new members, making an enrollment of forty-seven men, every one a truly working American.

The new hall has been beautifully decorated and furnished, making it one of the handsomest society halls on the hill. But with the completion of this work, the spirit has not died; Americans are looking forward to still larger things.

The following officers have been elected:

President—Grady Ferguson.
Vice-President—William Hill.
Secretary—Hilburn Botkin.
Critic—J. J. Musick.
Chaplain—Anderson Payne.
Janitor—George Hardin.

The American Literary Society Orchestra has been organized and, under the able leadership of Hilburn Botkin it is expected to enliven the programs with the very best of orchestra music.

A very fine open program is being arranged under the supervision of our efficient program committee. It promises fair to be the best open program ever given by our society. The date for opening night will be announced later.

The following members will try out for the inter-society debate: William Hill, John Broyles, John McKissick, Grady Ferguson, and Silas Anderson.

society for further improvement of the hall.

It is the purpose of Ossolia to have its meetings grow in interest and success, as the weeks come and go, in order that this may be the best society. Every Ossolian believes in the priceless value of thorough literary society training.

Recently the Ossolians have accepted a challenge from the Philomatheans to meet the latter in an inter-society debate. A number of volunteers will enter a try-out at some date in the near future in order that contestants may be selected for this debate.

Visitors are always cordially welcomed to Ossolia.

(Continued on page fifteen)

The Merry-Go-Round

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Hallowe'en evening at 7:45 p. m. a mysterious escort called at Hardin Hall for the young ladies who were to be entertained in the parlors of the Boys' Home on that evening; and in accordance with all the customs of spooks and goblins, the joyously eager girls—or rather piquantly masked pierettes, butterflies, fairies, gypsies, brides, witches, Lord Fauntleroy's and Turks,—were guided to the Realm of Weird Wonders. A gloating full-faced moon peering down through the leaves and profusely draped hangings, displayed the ghostly interior of the habitation of witches, ghosts and prowling goblins. In the seclusion of a deep recess, the fortune-teller sat in all her majestic weirdness delving into the remote realms of the hereafter for all who sought her presence.

The boys entertained with many original feature numbers among which were "No, No, Nora," and "Barney Google," bringing forth storms of applause and lusty gales of merriment. The boys' orchestra admirably performed at intervals throughout the evening.

A prize was awarded Luther Feathers, appearing as Dr. Jeckyl, for the most disguised in the group; and the prize for the prettiest costume was divided between Frances Wheeler, a bride, and Norah Boone, a twentieth century pierette.

The refreshments carrying individual favors consisted of salad, doughnuts, pie and cider.

Mrs. A. F. Cochrane proved herself a very lovely hostess, and the evening ended with hearty congratulations for her and "her boys."

Visit "Spain" at the Carnival.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS OUTING

One of the most delightful outings of the season was a weiner roast given by Mr. Cochrane's Sunday School class to compliment the young ladies of Mrs. Derthick's class on Monday evening, September 28th.

The young people left the campus and hiked to Hopwood Hill, which made an ideal place for such an outing. Here a large bon-fire was built, and in true outdoor fashion weiners were roasted and a delightful picnic supper was served. This outing is an annual event and is always looked forward to with great interest.

THE ANNUAL GORGE RIDE A GREAT SUCCESS

On Tuesday morning October 23rd, there was a general stir at an early hour, for it was the day for the annual Gorge ride. The cloudy sky gave a feeling of hesitancy and there were thoughts of postponing the trip. However, at 7:00 o'clock, with heavily laden baskets, filled with choice picnic lunch, practically every student of Milligan was making his way to the station and was ready to board the early morning train for Cranberry, N. C.

Some prophesied that the clouds would disappear and the sun shine. Contrary to prophecy, however, as the train pulled higher into the mountains the snow flakes began to fall, until, when Cranberry was reached, the

(Continued on page fifteen)



Prof. Poage will kindly enlighten us in regard to the etymology of the word.

Have you your ticket yet?

WEINER ROAST

Delightful in every detail was the weiner roast given by Dean Boyd's Sunday School class a short time ago. The hikers, buoyantly happy, set out from Milligan shortly after 6 p. m., and following the pike, dimly outlined in the gathering twilight, they arrived at the well-known Pepper farm, an hour later. Here, as had been previously arranged by the boys, a glowing bon-fire beckoned the party to a beautifully grassy spot beside the creek where already, lurid shadows chased by the moonbeams filtering through the trees, were dancing to the time of the crackling flames. The evening passed all too quickly with roasting of weiners and fireside jollity, and it was with reluctance that the return party was formed at eight-thirty.

But through the generosity of Dean Boyd, a most acceptable treat awaited each one at the new village school house, where an ice cream supper was in full swing. A few minutes of rousing enjoyment here—and the party completed the hike back to the college.

Save your money for the Carnival.

FACULTY RECEPTION

On Friday night, September 14th, the spacious parlors of Hardin Hall effectively decorated in a profusion of fern and cut flowers, presented a beautiful scene, wherein the annual reception of the students by the faculty, was given. President and Mrs. Derthick heading the receiving line, cordially welcomed every student into a closer acquaintance with the faculty, which acquaintance was much increased before the evening had passed.

A very beautiful musical program was arranged and carried out by Mrs. Lucas, an accomplished musician who is well known in all the music circles of the South. With clever games and well prepared features the program was completed. Delicious cake and punch were served in a unique manner by members of the faculty in person. In all, the reception served to bring the faculty and students closer together, and was a success in every detail.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC

(Continued from page thirteen)

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The opening program of the Athenian Literary Society was attended with surpassing interest. The seating capacity was inadequate; a motion, therefore, was made and approved at once, to furnish the hall with a greater number of chairs. The first program of the season, was, as usual, an excellent one, enjoyed by all present. A large number of applications for membership has been accepted and the number is yet increasing. This membership contains the most scholarly of all Milligan's worthy sons. In the Athenian Society are to be found orators, artists, musicians, actors, etc., as well as good scholars, such as perhaps are not found in as large per cent, in any other Literary Society in America. Interest is high, the Society is doing a constructive, solid, literary work, with just enough humor to lend a few smiles.

A new cabinet of officers was elected recently, as good as the Society has ever had. Ever, the society is seeking to maintain the high standards of its foundation. A large portrait of William Hill hangs on the wall of the hall, which is a faithful likeness of the society's founder and first President. This picture looking down on all who enter the sacred temple of Literary learning, thrills them and fills them with the energy of the pictures counterpart to go on and on, increasing knowledge, and adding to knowledge the power to act, and the experience by which we become a blessing to the world. Some of the truly great have gone out from the Athenian Literary Society; and, as the Society is not old, a much larger number of the great, will doubtless depart from within its walls.

It is a society, sacred to all lovers of learning, an "Iona" to those who share the joys of understanding, a feast, a literary feast to the mentally hungry, and a helping hand to the simple.

"We hold it the duty of him who is gifted, And richly endowed in all men's sight, To know no test, until he is lifted, Fully up to his great gift's height."

When at Milligan, visit us. YOU ARE CORDIALLY WELCOME.

Have you your ticket yet?

ALUMNI SECTION

(Continued from page ten)

Commercial Dept. Christian Normal Institute, Grayson, Kentucky.

Miss Ruth Nowlin, Teacher of Language, High School, Spring City, Tenn.

Miss Jessie Bowers, Teacher of Eng. and History, High School, Elk Park, North Carolina.

Dr. D. Lester Kellar, Teacher of Language, High School, Southport, North Carolina.

Mr. Joe Jared, Teacher of Agriculture and Director of Athletics, Erwin, Tenn.

Mr. John Hart, Principal, Belmont, North Carolina.

Mr. Carl C. Monin, Pastor, First Christian Church, Huntington, W. Va.

Mr. John L. Meadows, Pastor at Nashville, Ind.

Mr. Carl L. Fields, Manager Rent-A-Ford Co., Johnson City, Tenn.

Mr. Dave Hawkins (Perkins), Eustis, Fla.

Save your money for the Carnival.

The editors have an earnest desire to make this department a real feature



Jazz: "Unnecessary noise"—Muilberger

of the Trident. Their desire can be realized only in as far as everyone will take a lively interest in it by co-operating with them. OLD STUDENTS, when you have read this, take about fifteen minutes of your time and write them a letter in which you tell something of your own whereabouts or any other news you may have. Do this, and renew your acquaintance with your old Milligan friends. It will make you twenty years younger.

Visit "Spain" at the Carnival.

Save your money for the Carnival.

THE ANNUAL GORGE RIDE

(Continued from page fourteen) ground was white with snow, and it was necessary that the coaches be put on the side-track for the comfort and convenience of the picnickers.

One would think that snow would cast a gloom over a picnic party, but not so with this party, for as the snow began to fall the spirits of the crowd began to rise.

Never was the gorge more beautiful than when the brilliant hued leaves began to be covered with snow for the first time. Those who had made the trip many times before, declared this snow scene to be the most beautiful scene of all and those who were viewing it for the first time marvelled at the handiwork of God.

This gorge ride will go down in the history of Milligan College as one of the most successful ever experienced.

Aside from the student-body and faculty, the following enjoyed the trip: Mrs. Walter White, of Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. C. G. Hannah, Carl Fields, Louis Keefauver, Verna Anderson and Kate Cooper of Johnson City.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC

(Continued from page thirteen)

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club begins this year in a very auspicious manner. From the ranks of our new students we have received many recruits who have marked dramatic talent. Our former members are alert and under the efficient leadership of Orel L. Beher as President. We are planning for special numbers on our programs and for an open session that will put us before the Milligan public with credit and satisfaction for all. We will give a play before Christmas and it promises to be one of the best we have ever given. Prof. C. H. Poage is still the sponsor of the Club and his interest has never abated.

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EXCHANGE SECTION

Plans of the Trident for the coming year include the plan for a larger exchange than has before been possible. Exchanges with all our neighboring colleges, including King College, Emory and Henry, Tusculum, Carson-Newman, Lenoir, Lincoln Memorial University, Maryville and Philips University, are being arranged.

Suggestions of other exchanges which might be proposed by any of the students, would be greatly appreciated by the exchange editor. It is hoped that when the next issue of the Trident appears it will be possible to have a much enlarged exchange section, giving to the students of Milligan, ideas of the accomplishment of other schools.

ATHLETIC REVIEW

(Continued from page twelve)
left the score 40-0 in King's favor. The whole Milligan team showed up fine in this game although several had to be taken out on account of injuries.

The contests for the remainder of the season are being looked forward to with eagerness. Nothing less than victory is expected in all of them. The games for the remainder of the season are with Tusculum, Lenoir, and Emory and Henry, respectively.

Behr, our popular manager of this year's team, has shown himself in a commendable manner in the way in which he has handled the affairs of the team. He also has another official capacity, that of cheer leader. In this he is very ably assisted by two of our attractive young ladies, "Ned" Dearing and "Shorty" Wheeler.

The team is lucky in having such a man as "Cherry" Hodge as captain.

One of the men who is most responsible for the success of the team, is "Tiny" Wicker, our Coach, who came to us from Richmond University three years ago. He is one of the best coaches in this section of the country. His ability and "pep" is fast making Milligan cease to be in the "Dark Horse" class in the football firmament but in the "Stellar" class instead.

THE GIRL OF THE MOUNTAIN TOP

(Continued from page five)
night! Alright. May I tell you that you are the first person I have ever met who was willing to play "the

game" that way. I found that to be the best way to play. I have always been and always shall be a rover. I am a college man and had a fair chance of success in the business world, but the lure of commercialism could not hold me when the far-places called. It's in my blood—this wanderlust. Perhaps, inherited from nomadic ancestors. Anyway, I am predestined to be a rainbow-chaser, if you please. Shall we call it Fate—Kismet?"

The girl gazed off across the valley for some time before she answered. "I have heard of such men before. You are the first I have ever met. You enjoy it immensely, I dare say?"

"Not always. But still one must go on. There is always something in a man that makes him keep wondering what is just beyond the horizon. Consequently, he is always chasing rainbows. And that reminds me, I must be getting on to—well, no place in particular."

"Please don't let me detain you," she murmured.

He turned to go, hesitated a moment, and then turned back. "Let me thank you for the sunrise. This morning has meant a great deal to me. Don't think me bold when I tell you that I have never met any one like you in all my wanderings. I shall always remember you as Sweet Stranger—the girl of the mountain top. May I tell you good bye?"

"Yes," she answered simply and for a moment he clasped her firm warm hand and then turned away.

The trail dropped straight for a little way and then took an abrupt turn around a shoulder of the mountain. At the turn the stranger paused and looked back.

There on the edge of the rock stood the girl—slim, young, plastic—bold against the blue of the sky. On her lips was a half-wistful smile and in her eyes a dreamy, pensive look. She moved her hand in farewell. He stood staring back up the trail. What should he do? For once he had met a girl he was reluctant about leaving. She had seemed very wonderful to him but, perhaps, it had been the time and the place. What about the girl herself? Was she free? Perhaps she was engaged or even married to some one. A moment longer he hesitated, then his decision was made. After all, was he not a wanderer, and life but a song and a tear, and then a dream or two? After one long backward look and a wave of his hand, he passed out of her sight—and out of her life.

Thus, we come to the bottom of a page taken from the like-book of an Arrant Rover. G. P.

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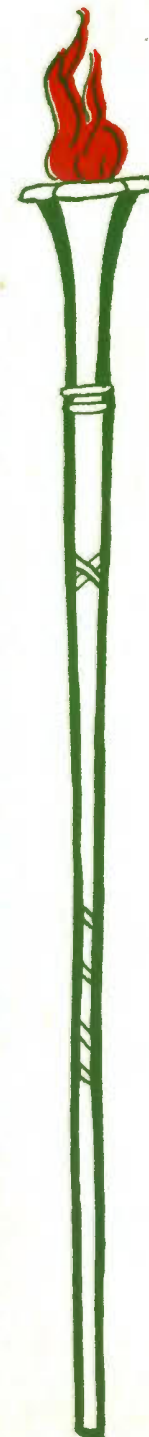


VOL. 1

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 2

Merry Christmas



A THOUGHT is the thing that means the most at
Christmas,
Whether it comes with a costly gift, or no—
A thought that is gay as a holly wreath's bright
message,
That falls on a heart as the gentle silver snow
Falls on the brown of broken, last year's grasses,
And covers the weary world with a cloak of white;
A thought is the thing that means the most at
Christmas
If only we all do our thinking RIGHT!

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TENNESSEE

DECEMBER, 1923

The Trident



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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

TO THE DONORS

Humanity presents two phases of greatness: the national and the individual. National greatness is rarely concealed; but that of the individual may often seem to be unknown and unrewarded. However, the students of Milligan College would not have her donors think that the reward of their noble generosity is narrowed to that scope of mere individual greatness. At the very mention of the names of those men of great and liberal hearts, honor, gratitude and appreciation quiver on every lip and beam from every eye. There is an ever present feeling which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast, countless debt, it never, alas! can pay, for so many years of unflinching solicitudes, generous gifts, and honorable self-denials. It is with such feeling that that which was honor and gratitude and appreciation refines into love,—a love that will guide in the building of life and character as the only just reward of the greatness of the gifts. Such love is a natural outgrowth. It needs not the deductions of reason. Paramount over all, few arguments can increase it, and none can diminish it.

And so in this spirit of love, the students are expressing to the donors of the college the most sincere wishes for a very Merry Christmas and an unusually prosperous New Year.

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JUNIOR NUMBER

This number is under the auspices of the Junior class with Miss Ada Bess Hart, acting editor.



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DECEMBER — JUNIOR NUMBER — DECEMBER

Under The Chestnut Tree

TO THE FRESHMEN

The freshman was a chemist But a chemist he is no more Instead of drinking H-2-0 He drank H-2-SO-4.

I had worked one midnight dreary, Until I was weak and weary; Over many lessons never learned before. Next day in the classroom, as I gazed upon the floor, I was conscious of a feeling I had often felt before.

In my head there was a vacuum, Only that and nothing more.

—A Freshman.

Little flunks in Latin Little flunks in Math May make the college freshman Hit the homeward path.

Typical Freshman Problem: If Huxley could deduce the formation of the world from a piece of chalk, what would he have deduced from a good sized slab of marble?

TO THE SOPHOMORES

A woodpecker lit on a Sophomore's head, And settled down to drill He bored away for half an hour And then he broke his bill.

Si. Raum: "Milligan surely doesn't spare any expense on her football men. Thank of the cost of the milk they drink, it must be tremendous."

Father R.: "Is that so?"

Si: "Yes, Silas told me they had bought eleven Jerseys just for the use of the team.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

This magazine has the approval of the Merchants Credit Association of Johnson City.

To encourage the personnel of this publication and for the good of Milligan College.

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

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 EDITORIAL
 

CONGENIALITY

"Let us live in peace!" should be the motto of every lover of humanity the world around. To obtain that peaceful living we should be ready to sacrifice all personal prejudices, jealousies, and antipathies. There are all sorts of people in the world, and many that are not patient or sweet-spirited, besides some who are positively uncongenial, distasteful, and offensive to us. But we should remember that for all our dislikes and occasions for resentment, our own self-consequence or fastidiousness may be as much responsible as the natural ugliness, indiscretions, follies, or wrongs of our fellow-student. It is possible to be too critical. Nothing is easier than to pick flaws in the lives and characters of others. We cannot weigh motives well enough to enable us to interpret all speech and conduct. Better get rid of the critical habit altogether, than to misjudge and injure our fellow-students and friends.

We must likewise accommodate ourselves to ceaseless differences of opinion in respect to every-day topics. In politics, science, and a hundred passing occurrences, men differ, and have a right to differ. It is abominable conceit for a man to set up his own way of thinking for a universal standard, and then proscribe and pettily persecute all who fail to attain to it.

The gift of speechlessness is worth cultivating. If one talks provokingly it is better to keep quiet than quarrel. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." There is real majesty in silence under provocation. The man who rules his own spirit is greater than one who sways nations.

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

CHRISTMAS

As the Christmas season approaches, our thoughts turn to the birth of Jesus in the little town of Bethlehem. He made his entry on the stage of life so humbly and silently that the citizens of Bethlehem dreamed not what had happened in their midst. Little did they dream that the greatest event in the world had taken place. It is never known with what great beginnings we are being surrounded daily. Every new soul, upon its arrival in the world is a mystery and a shut-casket of possibilities—Mary and Joseph alone knew the tremendous secret, that on her, the peasant maiden and carpenter's bride, had been conferred the honor of being the mother of Him who was the Messiah of her race, the Savior of the world, and the Son of God. Although the history of mankind went thundering forward in the channels of its ordinary interests, quite unconscious of the event which had happened, yet the matter did not altogether escape notice. There went through sensitive and waiting souls, here and there, a dim and half-conscious thrill, which drew them around the infant's cradle. Look at the group which gathered to gaze on Him!

First came the Shepherds who were the representatives of the peasant people, "with honest and good hearts," who afterwards formed the bulk of His disciples.

Next to them came Simeon and Anna, the representatives of the devout and intelligent students of Scripture, who at that time were expecting the appearance of the Messiah, and afterwards furnished some of his faithful followers.

He was visited by the wise men of the East, who were members of the learned class of the Magicians, the repositories of Science, philosophy and religious mysteries in the country beyond the Euphrates. They were ardent students of astronomy; and so noticing an unusual phenomenon in the heavens, their search began in scientific curiosity and speculation, from which God led them to the light of the world.

But while these worthy worshippers were gazing down on Him, there came and looked over their shoulders a sinister and murderous face—It was the face of Herod. This was a sad prophecy of how the powers of the world would persecute Him and cut off his life from earth.

We know amidst what kind of home influence He was brought up—His home was one of those which were the glory of His country—the abode of the Godly and intelligent working class. Joseph, its head, was a man saintly and wise. What His mother was may be inferred from the fact that she was chosen from all the women of the world to be crowned with the supreme honor of womanhood.

FACULTY FORUM

Responses of the Professors to the following statement:

I hear they are going to abolish the conference period. What do you think of it?

Prof Lappin:

"I don't know anything about it—not acquainted with the situation enough to say."

Mrs. Boyd:

"I think it would be a mighty good thing for those who never had a beau. It would save embarrassment."

Miss Adams:

"Not any! Not any at all! I don't believe it."

Prof. Hyder:

"Conference is a good thing if it is not abused."

Prof. Poage:

"Conference is a very good thing, but it is growing monotonous. The original idea was to transact business. It has changed."

Prof. Ingle:

"Who said so? Owing to the circumstances." — —

John McKissick:

"If they take it away, we will have to steal a little."

Prof. Rooker:

"They should have conference if every one could get a beau; but it is uneven, some have beaux others do not."

Prof. Myhr:

"Don't worry, I don't think they will take conference away. Some can stand conference, others can't."

Miss Richardson:

"They must not do that. Couldn't away from you. Of course it doesn't make any difference to me, I don't take conference over here, anyway."

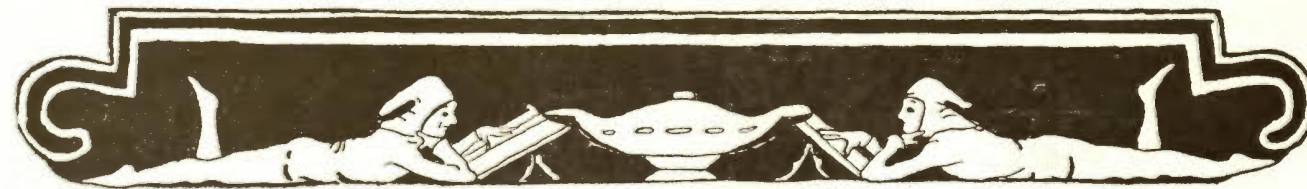
Prof. Hill:

"They must nto do that. Couldn't get along without it. Conference is just as essential as Ford cars."

Prof. Muilberger:

"I think it would be better. They won't give me five minutes of their old conference period for my chorus practice."

(Continued on page sixteen)



 THE PENMAN
 

GIRLS ARE GIRLS

Aunt Una's hand came down on the library table with a pronounced bang.

"Yes, Joyce, it is truly a lamentable situation. You, the niece whose visit I had looked forward to for three long weeks, are here. But frankly, I'm disappointed, furthermore, I'm becoming disgusted."

"But Auntie,"—I urged upon her my very best sympathy-producing baby-stare, with no result.

Aunt Una had a way of placing her head between her hands and accumulating thoughts which in due course she gave out very rapidly. The accumulation of those few moments was: "It is true that you are a very pretty girl, with a great many curls. You have an average mind, three dimples, a very disconcerting way of looking at people, an attractive handwriting, an adorable smile, a very noticeable habit of speaking your mind regardless of consequences, a little streak of ambition, alluringly beautiful eyelashes, an independent spirit, and a very enticing pout."

"Well Auntie," I pleaded, "Wouldn't you have called such qualities assets when you were a girl?"

She nodded. "But—" Her eyes narrowed until the lovely grey of them pierced out in a steely, searching gaze. Her features hardened. Abruptly she placed the prim, pink satin sewing box on the table, still holding me with that gaze. "But—they were assets for doing something more than attract young men! I had hoped you would be different, Joyce; but you are proving yourself more than the modern girl, you are ultra-modern—paint, powder, curls, dances, dinners—men!" The last word was brought out with a violet stamp of the dainty little foot in its sensible low-heeled, high-laced shoe.

"Why," I faltered, "You surely didn't spend your girlhood without having a man like my Fred figure some place in the story." I felt a spirit of self defense rising; I would have continued, but—

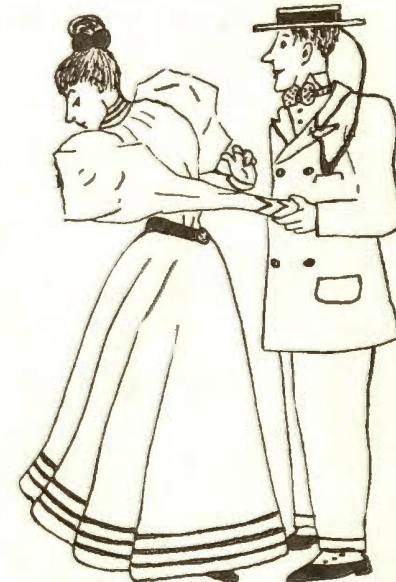
"Yes," she admitted, "There was a

young man; and odd to say, his name was the same as the one you mention, her eyes began to soften; a smile crept over her face; her mind seemed to be drifting. But quickly she resumed the critical attitude. "However, he was called Frederick—not Fred. You girls get so familiar when speaking of the young men. Moreover, his weekly calls" with special emphasis on the weekly "were not treated as your young man's nightly calls"—with special emphasis on the nightly.

"Things have changed since my girlhood. Now-a-days the rings of the door bell or telephone are portents of uproar and disaster in the girls' room—and I'm speaking from the knowledge I get from observance of you, my dear Joyce. 'Fred's coming!' you rise from your negligent position on the bed, take your hand from the box of chocolates, fling your book of popular fiction to the Random Fates, and in the midst of ejaculations beginning with the most abominable slang and ending with the same thing intensified, you curl, and primp, and paint and powder until you are practically past recognition. 'Fred's coming!' Then you make a mad rush for the wardrobe; drag everything to the middle of the floor; after half a dozen trials, select the thing most ridiculously extreme; summon the whole household from the cook to myself, to aid; and after about an hour and a half, go flying out of the room, the disorder of which would have shocked your grandmother past recovery, into the arms of—Fred." He exclaims at the loveliness and you are fool enough to think he means you, when, my dear child, he wouldn't know you if he should meet you on the street. He might know the brand of your face powder, or the peculiar allurements of your rouged lips, or that silly little curl you train just for him, but he has never met you. Now when I was a young lady, and the formal announcement was made, "Frederick is coming," there was no flurry nor bustle—If I were in the kitchen I merely removed my apron and calmly walked to the door, where a modest greeting was exchanged. There was no arranging of

hair or painting of cheeks. In those days, the girls' hair was at it's prettiest when it was arranged in the most simple way. Her lips and cheeks needed nothing but the touch of nature's brush. and Thank God, I've done nothing to mar nature's work and never shall. Men haven't changed a bit. They admire a girl, not a make-up. But the modern girl—

Tiring of the lecture, I interrupted. "Mother has told me of Frederick Mackay. Have you never heard of him since he left?"



"Things have changed since my girlhood."

"It has been ten years—" emotion choked the words. Just then the telephone rang.

"Let me answer it for you," said Aunt Una, "and then show you how to get by one call without so much uproar."

I consented. "It's only Madge calling to arrange for the bridge party." I consoled myself, and went on reading the book from which Aunt Una had taken my attention.

Fully half an hour had passed before I again thought of the telephone call. Wondering who had called I

(Continued on page fourteen)

Pen-Art Gallery



FAMOUS MEN OF MILLIGAN

Impressions by One Who is Impressed
In speaking of sheiks, now listen to this,

I'll tell you of one who never lacks bliss;

He's good at a banquet and a hallo-
we'en ball,

But when he starts talking, says nothing at all.

As a student he's bold, as a "courter"
he's shy,

Tho' his line may be old, we'll not
call it dry.

He knows how to chew—Oh! don't
ask me what;

Perhaps it's "the rag," but maybe it's
not.

Now speaking of looks, his can't be
expressed

Some call him a vamp and others—a
pest;

His feet are quite large, his stature
quite tall,

His hair rather slick and his mouth
covers all.

Like others we know, he thinks he's
real smart,

And that all the fair damsels are seek-
ing his heart.

Now what is his name? We all know
it well;

But, for reasons unknown, we never
will tell.

BOOKS

Books cannot take the place of life; books cannot give us what experience can give us. But books can widen and enlarge life illimitably; and books can clarify and enrich experience.

The world as it is today is a result of what the world has been in the past. So unless we understand that past we cannot understand what we are. The man who adds the life of books to the actual life of every day

lives the life of his whole race. The man without books lives only the life of one individual.

No bookless life, however full and rich, can ever give a modern man any satisfactory sense of just exactly what he is or where he belongs. Books can show us where we belong in the scheme of things. They can let us know the past. They can bring us facts and thoughts and understanding to make daily life richer, more colorful and fuller of purpose and meaning. Then surely it is worth the student's time to seek these things from the four thousand volumes in the library. Develop the habit of reading the best books, for in this way and only in this way can one achieve a broad and well-rounded education. One does not drop down into the rut of his own narrow viewpoint if he becomes acquainted with different authors. Spend your spare time in the library.

BE A LIFTER

Would you have the world grow better,
As the seasons come and go
Have its striving turn to singing
While you're living here below?

Would you walk in sunny pathways
Where the birds sing overhead
And a myriad of flowers welcome
From the right and left your tread?

If you would, then be a lifter,
Start a song—forget to sigh.
If a brother near you wavers
Tell him you will help him try.

Soon the whole world will be singing
To repay you for your test,
You'll have found that in your own
heart

Was the answer to your quest.
R. R.



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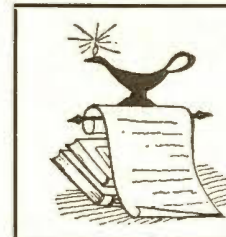


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Religious Notes

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

The Ministerial students have been enjoying some delightful messages at the regular meetings from Dean Boyd and Professor Myhr. Professor Myhr is the "father" and chief counsellor to all the preacher boys. His soul judgment, his keen intellectual insight and his deep spiritual interest render him of inestimable value to the young preachers and also to the school as a whole. Dean Boyd delivered an address at the regular meeting on "The challenge of the Rural Church." This message dignified and elevated even the smallest field of labor and made every rural preacher feel the great importance of his work. The Ministerial association is always glad to welcome new members and receive new recruits to the noblest work in the world.

An unusually good spirit exists in the student-body this year. This good spirit is fostered to a great extent by the prayer and song services held each Wednesday evening in the dormitories. Always helpful, practical, inspiring, these meetings send us to our tasks with a new zeal and earnestness.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER
BAND

The Volunteer Band composed of about thirty young men and women is making good progress in the study of the home and foreign mission fields. At the last meeting the Band voted to send Mr. Charles Cutrell to the National Student Volunteer Convention at Indianapolis, Ind., convening from December 28th to January 1st. This will be a wonderful convention and we're looking forward to the report which Mr. Cutrell will bring to us. General plans have also been made to send a delegate to the state Convention in February. It is the purpose of the Band to have some returned missionary visit the college and bring a message from "out where the battle is strong." We express regret that Miss Jessie Avery had to leave us; and we sincerely pray that she may soon be with us again.

THE GIRL'S CIRCLE

The Girl's Circle is very proud to find that the interest this year among its members excels that of the past. Every member is coming to realize more and more how "Blessed it is to give," and to help others along the pathway of life and they are making great efforts to carry out their plans for raising not less than sixty-five dollars to go toward helping others yet it is their greatest desire to go beyond this goal if possible.

The meetings are made very interesting, by the reports from the study of "Dr. Shelton of Tibet," and other interesting reports and stories of mission work and workers, together with special music.

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Athletic Review

True to expectations Milligan "did her stuff" in the remaining games of the football season and carried away all of the remaining three games of the season.

The team accompanied by a great number of Milliganites who motored down to Greeneville, had the joy of bringing home a glorious victory on the afternoon of November 10th.

The Buffaloes overwhelmed the Tusculum "Gridders" by the score of 46-7, thus tasting the sweets of revenge for the defeat of last year.

Game by quarters: 1st. quarter; Milligan kicked off and Tusculum fumbled. The Buffaloes made 3 first downs and drop-kicked. Milligan again kicked off and forced Tusculum to punt. The Buffaloes then threw a series of line plays and Zeigler threw a pass to Anderson who ran 25 yards for a touchdown, Zeigler kicked goal. Tusculum footed it again and Hart went thru tackle for 25 yards. Zeigler circled left end and raced 32 yards for a touchdown, but failed to kick goal. The period ended, 16-0. Second quarter; Hart tore around right end 15 yards for a touchdown, but Milligan failed to kick goal. Following the kick-off, Tusculum returned the ball 20 yards and punted. Beasley ran around right end for 40 yards and then smashed through for a touchdown, Zeigler kicked goal. Milligan followed a steady drive up field by a drop-kick by Zeigler. The frame ended 32-0 in Milligan's favor. Third quarter; The second half opened up by Milligan's receiving. Zeigler passed to "Beaz" who ran for 23 yards. Hart made a number of gains but Milligan fumbled, giving the ball to Tusculum. Tusculum executed a pass, a run for 40 yards and a touchdown, they kicked goal. The quarter closed with the score 32-7. Fourth quarter; Tusculum kicked off and Anderson returned the ball 25 yards. Heavy line plunging sent Zeigler thru for a touchdown and he kicked goal. The last touchdown was made by Caskey who went through right tackle.

The game closed 46-7 in favor of Milligan.

The following game of the season, on November 13th with Lenoir College was somewhat of a surprise. The majority of the student body were expecting an overwhelming victory, but Lenoir put up a stiff, offensive and Milligan had to fight for a victory of

20-7. Darkness was also a factor in preventing the Buffaloes from piling the score higher, near the end of the game.

During the first period, Milligan's fighting aggregation were outplayed. The strong drive of their opponents brought the ball near the goal of the Orange and Black. A forward pass executed by the visitors brought them a touchdown and they kicked goal.

In the second quarter the Buffaloes swung into the gait of their irresistible stampede, and gained a touchdown Zeigler kicked goal.

With the opening of the second half the Milligan eleven recovered their punch and snap. They marched down the field and were able to put another touchdown over but failed to kick goal. The end of this period showed the score 13-6 in favor of the Orange and Black.

The final whistle ended a great game with the score 20-7 in Milligan's favor. Zeigler, Anderson and Beasley getting the honor of the touchdowns.

The last and closest game of the season was with Emory and Henry on the afternoon of November 24th. The Orange and Black was victorious by the narrow margin of 7-6. For once in the history of our team, it seemed that we got the majority of "breaks."

The game by quarters: First quarter: Milligan kicked off. E. & H. were penalized and forced to punt. Milligan was caught for a loss and punted. The wasps were penalized after a couple of plays, and attempted to punt, but Alexander blocked the play. The ball rolled behind the goal and "Big Mac" recovered it for a touchdown, Zeigler kicked goal. E. & H. kicked off for 45 yards and M. C. punted out of danger. At this point the wasps tried to sting and advanced to the Buffaloes 15 yards line, but Milligan's line held at this critical point. The ball went over to Milligan and Alexander punted for 40 yards. Being unable to gain, the wasps punted for 40 yards. Alexander tried to punt out of danger but Emory and Henry blocked behind Milligan's goal line; although Zeigler recovered. The end of the quarter came with the score 7-0.

Second quarter: Beasley resumed the play by punting out of danger for 35 yards. After a number of plays the ball went over to Milligan. The Buf-

faloes were unable to gain and punted for 35 yards. After a few plays the ball went back to Milligan. The Buffaloes were penalized, tried several and attempted to punt but the play was blocked. Emory and Henry tried several plays and punted. Milligan attempted several plays but failed to gain and punted. The Wasps recovered their stride and made good an end run for 25 yards. The next play put the ball on Milligan's one yard line. The whistle blew with neither side scoring during this period. Third quarter: Milligan kicked off. The Wasps made three first downs and Milligan held, the ball going over. The Buffaloes made a first down and lost on a cross back. Alexander punted. Milligan held and Emory punted. Milligan was unable to gain and punted. After several plays the Wasps punted. Milligan then made two first downs. The quarter ended with no one scoring.

Fourth quarter: An attempted pass was blocked and Milligan punted. Emory and Henry followed with 2 first downs. They were held and forced to punt. Milligan executed several plays and punted. The Wasps made 2 first downs and made good a forward pass for a touchdown. They failed to kick goal. Emory kicked and "Beaz" made a sensational run for 60 yards. Milligan fumbled and the Wasps recovered. Milligan was penalized 15 yards. Emory and Henry fumbled and Milligan recovered. The Buffaloes made a first down and a beautiful kick for goal by Zeigler failed. Emory made 2 first downs, Milligan broke up two passes and the ball went over. The whistle blew shortly after, leaving the game 7-6 in favor of Milligan.

This was a great game and full of thrills. An interesting incident was the touchdown by B. McCormick who was playing the last game of his college career, as he graduates this year.

Milligan has the satisfaction of knowing that she has enjoyed a most successful year. The Orange and Black has to her credit 5 out of the 8 games played. The 3 games that she lost were to greatly superior teams and there is no discredit in them.

Milligan regrets very much to lose this year, by graduation, Capt. "Cherry" Hodges, "Luke" Feathers, "Big Mac" McCormick and "Wano" McKissick. They will indeed be a loss to the team.

Milligan, as this had been the greatest year in our football history, let's look forward to next year and make it even more successful than ever before in our gridiron records.

Literary and Dramatic

OSSOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The same spirit of earnestness with which Ossolia began the year's work has characterized her efforts during the past thirteen weeks. In the Ossolian hall well planned and thoroughly prepared programs have imbued Friday evenings with more than their allotted one-seventh of the week's inspiration and helpfulness. Each meeting has marked the discovery and the development of new talent.

In order that the Ossolians may be well-prepared to take their part in the coming inter-collegiate fray, debating has been one of the principal features of the recent programs.

During the past six weeks a most efficient President, Maltier Chauncey, has guided the following corps of officers:

Vice President—Martha Shepherd.
Sec'y-Treasurer—Ramona Ross.
Chaplain—Ruth Emerson.
Critic—Anna Knight.
Pianist—Ned Dearing.
Sergeant-at-arms—Lucille Raum.

It is Ossolia's purpose to press forward during the remaining weeks of the semester to a higher plane of accomplishment, that the new semester may be entered upon with renewed zeal and ambition.

The Ossolians believe that untiring loyalty to their own banner, and to that of their brother society, coupled with a spirit of good-will and of friendly rivalry, rather than of antagonism, toward those of all other societies, is the combined force that will bring Ossolia to the zenith of her success.

Let us, as societies, cooperate in bringing about this ideal condition, for, "To Thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man."

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Under the able leadership of Wm. G. Ferguson, the American Literary Society has been doing excellent work. Since the close of football season many good debaters among the athletic men have been discovered.

On Monday night, November 10th, the following open program was given with the usual American spirit and was considered a huge success.

Welcome Address.....
-----President. Grady Ferguson
Music.....Society Orchestra
Declamation—Abraham Lincoln.....
-----Anderson Payne
Music—Specialty.....W. W. Hill, Jr.,
J. W. Blackburn and O. L. Beher.
Oration—The Value of Cooperative
Association.....George Hardin
Debate—Resolved: That Labor Unions
as they now exist are, on the
whole, beneficial to the American
people.
Affirmative: H. H. Botkin and
Horace Peters.
Negative: Joe McCormick and Ken-
neth Hart.
The Hornet.....Brodie Thompson
Music.....Society Orchestra

ONE-ACT FARCE

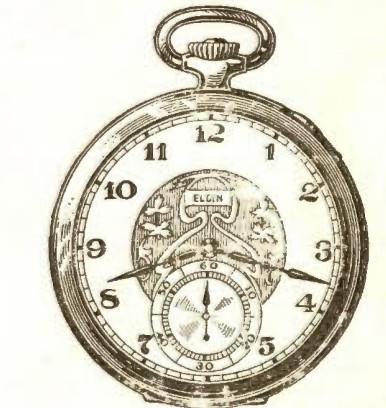
Herr Spitznoodle.....George Harrison
Isaac Cheer Cohen....Brodie Thompson
Jimmy Sharp.....James Blackburn
Willie Goodchild....Bartlett McCormick
On Friday night, November 7, new officers were elected to serve term of six weeks.

President.....John McKissick
Vice-President.....Luther Feathers
Secretary.....W. W. Hill, Jr.
Treasurer.....Willard Hillsaps
Chaplain.....Tim Huddleston
Censor.....Robert Anderson
Critic.....W. E. Hyder
Janitor.....Wm. G. Ferguson
These men are full of society spirit and will no doubt lead us through a successful term.

A strong fight for victory in the inter-society debate will be put forth by the following men holding up the American banner: Wm. G. Ferguson, George W. Hardin, W. W. Hill, Jr.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Philomatheans seeking to raise the required funds for the completion of their new Society hall, provided for the college an evening's entertainment a little out of the ordinary in its nature. This entertainment took the form of a carnival. The entire third floor of the Administration building was given over



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to the promotion of the jollity of the occasion. Before he fairly knew it, one would find himself swinging into the spirit of the Carnival as the rollicking music of the American Literary Society Band came to his ears, and he found himself jostling through the merry throng visiting the Spanish or Japanese booth, the Fishing Pond, the Irish Wonder Show, the Ice Cream Parlor, Childhood memories, The Merry-Go-Round, the Eight Big Shows, or the Confetti Counter—Led on by that spirit some of the fun makers absolutely demolished every vestige of faculty dignity; and even the Professors themselves striving hard at self defense, saw their dignity waning when amidst the cheering groups of hilarious students they vainly tried to relieve themselves of mouthfuls of confetti or extricate themselves from the "ties" of "Childhood Memories." However, everyone stayed within the bounds of good demeanor, enjoying himself, and in the purchase of favors, entrance tickets, ice cream, candy, pink lemonade and sandwiches, generously aiding the Philomatheans in the raising of their fund.

Official duties are being executed by the following recently elected group:

President.....Hester Moredock
Secretary.....Bernice Cantrell
Treasurer.....Nelle Hannah
Sergeant-at-arms...Ada Bess Hart
Chaplain.....Julia Kimmins
Critic.....Ruth Hurt

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Athenians are expecting a representation in the inter-society debate on Friday night, December 14th of which they will be proud. Those debating in behalf of their society are: Charles Cutrell, J. G. Long, and Glenn Pryor, earnest and spirited workers.

Active plans are in order for the further decoration of the society hall. Plans for the annual open program are now under way, and it is hoped and expected that they will be carried out promptly after the holidays.

The following official body was recently chosen and under their supervision, all work is progressing splendidly:

President.....Edwin Crouch
Vice President...Alfred Keefauver
Sec'y-Treasurer...Charles Cutrell
Critic.....J. G. Long
Censor.....Joe Suggs
Chaplain.....A. W. Grey
Janitor.....Lawrence Derthick

DRAMATIC CLUB

Every one is looking forward with highly stimulated expectations to one of the large evenings at Milligan, when the Dramatic Club will present "The Witching Hour," in the college auditorium, December 18th. This is a high class play and will call for more than ordinary amateur acting. Prof. Poage, the Faculty advisor of the Club is directing the play.

CAST:

Jack Brookfield.....O. L. Beher
Professional gambler
Justice Prentice.....Albert Price
Justice, Supreme court
Frank Hardmuth.....Wm. Zeigler
Asst. District Attorney
Clay Whipple.....Glenn Pryor
Young Architect
Harvey.....Ben Didley
Negro servant
Tom Denning.....T. W. Caskey
Hardmuth's friend
Colonel Bayley.....John McKissick
Clay's lawyer
Leww Ellinger.....Leslie Payne
Jack's friend
Emmett.....W. W. Hill, Jr.
A reporter
Justice Henderson.....Charles Crouch
Justice, Supreme court
Jo.....Brodie Thompson
Negro servant
James.....Hilbourn Botkins
White servant
Mrs. Helen Whipple...Dorothy Brown
Clay's mother
Mrs. Alice Campbell...Gladys Payne
Jack's sister
Betty Campbell.....Norah Boone
Her daughter

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The Merry-Go-Round

THANKSGIVING AT MILLIGAN

Thanksgiving at Milligan this year was observed in a very quiet, nevertheless, enjoyable way.

The morning service was arranged by Professor and Mrs. Archer, of the village school; and a very delightful program was furnished by the school children. The morning addresses were delivered by Dean Boyd and Professor Myhr.

Milligan College did not have a football game scheduled for Thanksgiving Day, so quite a number had the opportunity of seeing the King—Carson-Newman game in Bristol, while others were spectators at the Normal-Tusculum game in Johnson City.

At Six o'clock, Mrs. Derthick served a most delightful turkey dinner to the students and members of the faculty who board at the college. Owing to the lack of space in the dining room, only a very few guests could be invited, on this occasion. The list included Prof. and Mrs. Cochran, Prof. and Mrs. Poage, Prof. and Mrs. W. O. Lappin, Bernal Lappin and Mr. Beard. After dinner a social hour was enjoyed in the parlors of Hardin Hall.

THE MESSRS. CROUCH HOSTS TO FOOTBALL TEAM

Messrs. Charlie and Edwin Crouch were hosts last evening to the Milligan College football team at the beautiful and hospitable home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Crouch on Roan Street, entertaining with a lovely six o'clock dinner. Never was there a finer mingling of the true college spirit and good fellowship, where joy and happiness reigned supreme, as among this galaxy of young students of Milligan—young ladies and young men, and members of their greatly revered faculty, than on this occasion, Milligan pennants—the black and orange, were in evidence in the charming reception rooms and dining room, and with an artistic blending of the golden glow from myriad yellow candles, in yellow candlesticks; the gorgeous floral decorations of chrysanthemums in yellow and white, and fragrant white narcissus, the delightful effect of festoons of gold and black crepe paper, accentuating not only the colors, but the true spirit of Milligan there was nothing to be desired, for the altogether

perfect setting of this, one of the most elaborate events of the year.

The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, assisted by Miss Frances Bewley. At intervals throughout the evening, strains, popular and classic numbers and familiar college airs were faultlessly rendered by the
(Continued on page 16)

LYCEUM NUMBER

Mr. William Rainey Bennett, a lecturer of National note, delivered his third lecture at Milligan College, December 6th. Mr. Bennett has been recalled to Milligan each year since his first lecture was delivered here, and each year by his inspiring and wonderfully intellectual entertainment he brings himself closer to the students and faculty. This year his lecture on "Pathways to Power" was very striking and was indeed well taken by the entire college and its visiting friends.

The students and faculty of Milligan College were indeed fortunate in having as a guest for a recent chapel service, Rev. John E. Brown, an Evangelist of much note, and the founder of a school at Siloam Springs, Arkansas. His address, on "Thoughts are Things," forceful and interesting as it was, left a lasting and valuable impression.

The students are very sorry that two of the most popular students, Miss Mary Alma Kennedy and Miss Jessie Avery recently left for home because of illness. These girls are much missed and it is hoped that their health will soon permit them to return to Milligan.

The many friends of Forest Little are delighted that he is improved in health and is able to be out again after a serious illness.

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DIRECTORS OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE VISIT MILLIGAN

Milligan College was honored on Sunday, December 9th, by having as her guests the following directors of the Chamber of Commerce and their wives from Johnson City:

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Horner; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Shumate; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ring; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brading; Dr. Edward T. Brading; Mr. Harry F. Faw; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Summers, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barton; Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Jennings; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Wofford.

President Derthick introduced each member of the party in his usual felicitious manner and each responded with most appropriate remarks expressing great admiration for the progress Milligan College has made during recent years.

It is delightful to see a growing friendship between the people of Johnson City and Milligan, and it is hoped that it will be possible for them to visit the college again in the near future.

KLUB KLIPPINGS

R. A. J. CLUB

Present Membership Standing:

Jno. McKissick	82%
Joe Walton	67%
Edwin Crouch	78%
Orel Beher	90%
George Harrison	75%
Skey Caskey	80%
Silas Anderson	10%
Bill Ferguson	51%
Bob Anderson	3%

Static Memberships:

Gavid Mitchell	100%
Carl Fields	100%
Lester Keller	85%
Clyde Wilhoite	77%
Hollis Proffitt	90%

The Ex-courtiers Club is sorry to note the probable loss of two ideal members: Joe Walton and George Harrison.

Since the requirement of the S. Q. Club is that their meetings must be at least 8 hours in length, the club missed the last appointment for meeting owing to the lack of time.

Join Septum Annus Club

Pass word—Carbolic.

Signal 7-14-21-Chigger!

A growing organization—new members added daily.

GIRLS ARE GIRLS

(Continued from page five) went inside to look for Aunt Una.

Scarcely had I entered the door when I was attracted by a very disagreeable odor. Burning hair, it seemed—and coming from upstairs. I rushed up, and as I gained the top step, I stopped dumbfounded, shocked. The door of my room was ajar, and in the large mirror directly opposite I saw a comical vision of Aunt Una vainly trying to disengage the electric curlers from the pretty grey locks which already were crisping up and smoking from contact with the hot iron.

"Golly Geel!" came from the one in distress. I started back. Could that be my Auntie! Then the comedy of it all seized me. I rushed in, snapped off the current, and extricated the offending curlers.

Aunt Una looked up, glowing but smiling, and unabashed, and said, "Honey, won't you curl it for me, while I get this rouge on to look a little more natural? He is in town and will be up in just half an hour. And I'd like to wear that new afternoon dress of yours if you don't mind."

"Who's in town?" I managed to ask. "Why—Fred's coming!—Frederick Mackay." And she smothered my surprised exclamations with a dozen kisses and the warmest hug I ever got—even from my Fred.

N. B.

THE MYTH OF THE CRYSTAL BALL:

Many, many years ago, in a part of what is now Norway, dwelt a people happily united under their ruler, Prince Mistletoe. For a long time the prince had reigned, but up to the time of our story he was unmarried. The people were becoming more dissatisfied with their prince, each year, and many had even spoken of choosing a fair maiden and compelling him to marry her. The ministers spent much of their time discussing the matter. Some considered him very young, but most of them thought he could rule much better if he were married. The prince often laughed at the interest of his ministers and of his people, but one day he had a great dream of a fair maiden and a cluster of beautiful pearls and emeralds. The maiden dressed in white, stood on a carpet of white velvet beneath the pearls and the prince awoke greatly puzzled concerning the dream and much disturbed in his mind.

The next day, an old woman, dressed in black, entered the court room, and, advancing before the prince took from beneath the black robe which

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swept the floor, a magic scepter, on one end of which was a large cluster of tiny pearls surrounded with emeralds. This she presented to the prince saying: "By this magic scepter you will find the fairest and loveliest maiden in your kingdom. On this very day you must proclaim your intention of choosing a princess. Great preparation must be made, and when you have chosen your bride, the pearls will turn to a living shrub."

She then disappeared much to the annoyance of the prince, who wondered how he could find the maiden. His heart rebelled because he had never before been given orders, so why should he now; but he thought of his dream and the idea of having a bride as fair as the maiden of his dreams became more and more acceptable to him. He called in his ministers to discuss it with them. These worthy nobles were highly pleased, and an order was written for the celebration of a great day when Prince Mistletoe should choose his bride. There was much rejoicing. Every maid tried to increase her beauty.

The great preparation took place at the court. The celebrations were to be out-of-doors, beneath the spreading branches of the sacred tree, the Rober. A large white velvet rug was placed under the tree, and just over the center, suspended from a limb, was the scepter of pearls and emeralds. Near the trunk of the tree two chairs of carved gold and evory stood. Ample

room was made ofr the multitude which gathered early.

The subjects from all parts of the kingdom had made the journey to the palace grounds to celebrate the day. The time drew near when the prince should take his seat on the throne. As he came near, the subjects, holding their breath, stood on tip-toe and beheld their prince. He was dressed in white with a long robe trailing behind and as he stood before his people with his high crown stubbed with pearls he seemed a fairy prince in his royal court room. One great shout went up, "Long live Prince Mistletoe."

But the prince was not thinking of his subjects, for his mind was on the maiden of his dreams, and his eyes were searching the crowd before him. Silence once more reigned as the old woman in the long black robe stepped from on side of the edge of the carpet and, at her clear call, two white doves alighted on the branches above the scepter, and a maiden of fairy appearance glided across the carpet before the prince. The people frowned, and some murmured their displeasure, while the doves scolded and chattered. The maiden noticed this and moved to one side. One by one they came, some gaily dressed in colors, others in silk and satin; but each time the people murmured their disapproval and the doves scolded. Disappointment was plainly written on the face of Prince Mistletoe, and he was becoming much annoyed, when glancing at his side he

beheld a maiden fairer and lovelier than any he had ever seen. The maiden of his dreams standing where he had last beheld the old woman. The people seeing the joyous expression on the face of their prince, followed his glance, and caught their breath; for before them stood the maiden they knew was to be their princess. The crowd dared not stir for fear the lovely maiden would fade from sight. She was dressed in soft white, draped with a long white velvet robe.

Prince Mistletoe stepped from his throne and came forward. Together they met under the cluster of pearls. The Prince took her hand in his and, drawing her to him, bent to kiss her lips. The doves cooed, and fluttering down, they plucked at the pearls. One having in his bill one of the tiny white gems, the other one of the emeralds. The rest of the pearls scattered to the carpet, no longer pearls, but tiny crystal balls and green leaves. The doves flew upward, lighting on the top-most boughs, and when they placed the crystals and emeralds on the bark of the tree they burst forth into little branches and spread all along the limbs in many clusters of crystal berries and emerald leaves.

The fair maiden looked up, and with a clear voice said, "Behold, Great Prince, the gods have favored your choice, and shall spread your fame, throughout the world with this mid-winter plant, the mistletoe."

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THE JOHNSON CITY STAFF

JOHNSON CITY'S NEWSPAPER

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IRRESPONSIBLE RESPONSES

(Continued from page 9)

you're going to talk that way I don't want to hear it."

William Ferguson whispered tenderly to Turner:

"Darling, If I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you say?"

Louise, hastily recalling her scanty knowledge of French, exclaimed:



Friend: You say Hart is an interesting talker. What does he talk about?
Cauncey: Oh, about me.

"Billet doux!"
And he did.

Anna Lou Lacey shoved a check through the window at the bank without looking at the cashier, who said to her pleasantly:

"Madam, you will have to get some one to introduce you before I can cash this check for you."

"Sir!" she replied, haughtily. "I'm here on business and not making a social call. I do not care to know you!"

President: (Making an announcement) "I shall preach on Missions tomorrow—any suggestions will be appreciated. I may need your help."

Rodger (from other side of the room): "Amen!"

Joe (at supper table): "It is too bad Bowling isn't here this year."

Others (at the table): "Why?"

Joe: "Because we have the steam shovel out here now."



THE MESSRS. CROUCH HOSTS TO FOOTBALL TEAM

(Continued from page 13)

Milligan College Orchestra, and several beautiful vocal numbers, artistic renditions of Misses Gladys and Hazel Payne, reverberated through the spacious home, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." From two very long tables, arranged in banquet style, and beautifully appreciated where Xmas greeting place cards defined the guests' places, an elaborate dinner in five courses, was served. Dean Boyd was toastmaster, other speakers of the evening being Captain Hodge, Manager Beher, Coach Wicker, ex-Manager Edwin Crouch, President H. J. Derthick, Mr. A. B. Crouch and Mr. A. I. Myrrh, and the happy response was made by Miss Margaret Crouch, on behalf of the young ladies. A number of clever impromptu speeches were made by other members of the team and guests. This enjoyable feature was followed by the presentation of Letters to the following: William Zeigler, Phil Sawyer, T. W. Caskey, Howard Vaden, Orel Beher, manager, Leslie Hart, Forrest Little, Alvin Deaver, Bartlett McCormick, Joe McCormick, William Hyder, Charlie Crouch, Luther Feathers, Silas Anderson, Elmer Hodges, captain; George Hardin, Dale Alexander, Bert Waddell and Everett Beasley. The personnel of the orchestra was Orel Beher, Alvin Deaver, Charlie Crouch, Albert Price and Hilbourne Botkin. The guest list was composed of the following: Miss Margaret Crouch, Miss Clara Chism, Miss Helen Mitchell, Dorothy Brown, Lucile Raum, Mrs. W. B. Boyd, Miss Frances Wheeler, Miss Ned Dearing, Miss Fydella Roberts, Miss Maltier Chauncey, Miss Elizabeth Hamlett, Miss Violet Dearing, Miss Kathleen Adams, Miss Ruth Wakefield, Miss Nadelle Schuping, Miss Mildred McDonald, Miss Nora Boone, Miss Gladys Payne, Miss Hazel Payne, Miss Grace Hart, Miss Ivor Jones, Miss Lista Crittendon, Miss Verna Anderson and Mrs. H. J. Derthick, Dean W. B. Boyd, President H. J. Derthick, Messrs. William Zeigler, Phil Sawyer, John McKissick, T. W. Caskey, Howard Vaden, John Williams, Orel Beher, Hilbourne Botkin, Leslie Hart, Forrest Little, Alvin Deaver, Joe McCormick, Bartlett McCormick, Edwin Crouch, William Hyder, Rondah Hyder, Charlie Crouch, Dayton Hodges, Luther Feathers, Albert Price, Coach Wicker, Silas Anderson, Elmer Hodges, C. L. Falls, Bernal Lappin, George Hardin, A. I. Myrrh, and the following guests: Mrs.

George W. Hardin, Mr. O. H. Fair, Mr. J. E. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sweeney and Miss Frances Bewley.—J. C. Staff.

FACULTY FORUM

(Continued from page four)

Prof. Wright:

"I don't believe it is true. I've always stood for the students having a good time. I wouldn't take away one iota of the students' privileges, so long as it does not interfere with their work."

Prof. Cochrane:

"Of course they ought to take it away. Doesn't do them one bit of good! Don't need it!"

Dean Boyd:

"It had better be very carefully considered before they take it away—"

Student: "I would like permission to go riding with my brother this afternoon."

Dean: "How long have you known him?"

Student: "About two weeks."

—Exchange.



DEFINITION

It was in the definition class; teacher was giving out the words to spell, and explaining them at the same time.

"N-A-P, nap, that means a little sleep you know.

Pupil: "Yes."

"K-I-N that means of the family: do you understand?"

Pretty soon the class was called up again and the word "napkin" came up.

"Can anyone tell what "napkin" means?" asked the teacher.

Pupil: "I know,—a sleepy family."

—Exchange.

If it wasn't for men, fewer women would dislike each other.

—Exchange.

We could have made this issue much larger by inserting ten (blank) pages entitled "What Men Know About Women."

—Exchange.

"Daddy, a man's wife is his better-half isn't she?"

Father: "We are told so, my son."

Son: "Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him, is there?"

—Exchange.



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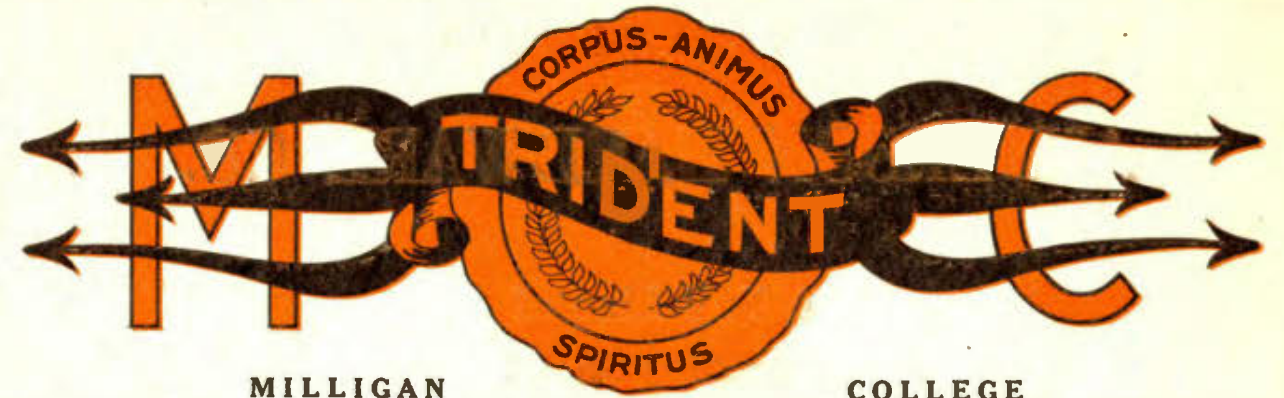
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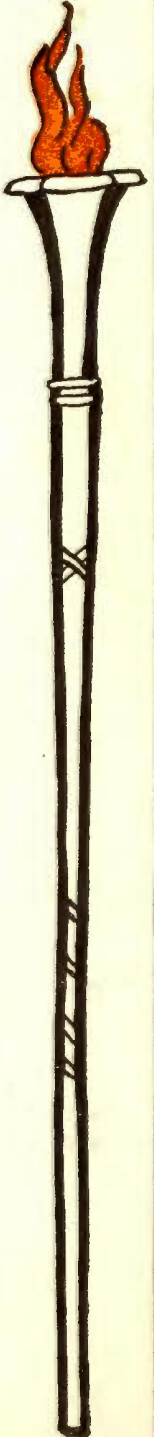
MILLIGAN

COLLEGE

VOL. 1

JANUARY, 1924

No. 3



“A Flower unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
A Casket with it's gifts concealed:
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.”

—Horatio Wilson Powers

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TO THE SENIORS

It is only natural for us mortals to admire and applaud those who have "fought a good fight," who have "finished the course," who have "kept the faith." We well know that—

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

Ever remembering this, we are always glad to praise and commend those who by long years of effort, have prepared themselves for the big contest of life.

Realizing the condition of mankind and the need of competent workers, we are glad that old Milligan is sending forth, this year, a class of men and women who we know are fitly prepared to face the encounters that await them. To this class which has run such a good race and which is soon to go out to do its part in aiding a tottering world, we, the Sophomore Class, take this opportunity of paying our highest respects; and we assure them of our firmest love. May their lives in the future be as exemplary as they were during College days and may their efforts to serve others always be crowned with success.

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SOPHOMORE NUMBER

Miss Lucile Raum was acting editor for the Sophomores in the issuance of this number.



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JANUARY — SOPHOMORE NUMBER — JANUARY

ME

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder;
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for;
Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
To a brother who is weaker
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of ME.

THE MAN WHO TRIES AGAIN

It's not the man with brilliant traits
Who lands the worth while prize;
It's the guy who keeps a-goin',
An' he tries, an' tries
For each one meets with failure—
Finds his labor all in vain
An' the guy that gets the "puddin'"
Is the one who tries again.

Everyone oft times will stumble
Everyone must meet defeat
While some sit around and grumble
Others vow they are not beat
Some faint-hearted cease the struggle
Others work with might and main;
But the lads who bring the "bacon."
Are the ones who try again.


 EDITORIAL
 

The curtain has fallen upon the Old Year. It is gone. Its cares and troubles have passed through that door from which nothing returns. Cease to worry about them. Fret not yourself about these lost opportunities because they are beyond recall—they have passed into oblivion. Yesterday and yesterday were yours but now they have gone back to the God who gave them. Be not troubled about this, but use the knowledge of life which you have gained, to overcome past faults and be determined to make the best of your present opportunities.

When at midnight on December 31st, the bells rang out over the fields of the world, they not only marked the termination of the Old Year but they heralded the dawn of the New. There came to us at that moment God's rich gift—a whole year of Time. What is the coming year with its glorious opportunities going to mean to us? Do we know the true value of Time, that we may take advantage of every precious second? Napoleon said, "The reason I beat the Austrians is that they didn't know the value of five minutes." Are we going to be beaten in the Battle of Life because we do not know the value of Time? Remember—

"The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: Nor all your Piety or Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Life is ever flowing on. We are ever moving forward—to somewhere. Our destinations are determined by ourselves. So, let us profit by the practical knowledge that we have gained in the past, live now in the wonderful present, and may our future be rose-tinted with hope. The business of life is to cherish memories and realize dreams. Let us learn to utilize every moment for our own betterment and the betterment of others. Work—work—work—and we shall succeed. It is impossible to fail permanently if we are determined to succeed.

The New Year is yet ahead of us. What are we going to do with it? Shall it be the best year of our lives thus far? Shall it mean more to us and to humanity than the years of the past? The answer lies with you. YOU CAN—IF YOU THINK YOU CAN.

THE GRANDEUR OF LABOR

The dignity of labor! The sublimity of it, the immensity of its power! Think of its achievements. It is exhausted by no struggle, it flees from no exertion, it is dismayed by no difficulty, it is disheartened by no obstacle, but "persistently with each day its new achievements. And what are some of these achievements which labor brings us? Have the many conveniences we enjoy each day, and which are to us almost necessities, just happened, while men, of all ages, reclined on their beds of ease? No, these are some of the many manifestations of labor. Labor built the ships which brought our forefathers across the watery deep and landed them in a desolate spot on this beloved land of ours. Labor cleared away the forest and "made the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor loosened the furrow, scattered the seeds, reaped the harvest and produced the food which nourished our forefathers and preserved for us the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, and the Franklins, that we might enjoy the blessings of liberty, justice and domestic tranquility. Labor gathers the web of caterpillar, the skin from the wild animal, the cotton from the field, the fleece from the flock and makes the purple robe of the prince and the coarse covering for the peasant.

Labor, laughing at difficulties, dives deep into the hard earth and brings forth the jewel that sparkles in the queen's crown, the gold that encircles her royal finger, and the silver that is daily set before her, as well as the coal that warms the humblest hut. Labor brings forth the iron and molds it into a thousand shapes from the tiniest needle to the massive pillar.

Labor gave us the delicate thread and stretched it from town to town, from state to state and from nation to nation thereby giving us a means by which the human voice may out-strip the wind in its race, making the remotest corners of the earth our next-door neighbor. Labor enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service. It walks forth into a desolate region, waves its magic wand and the valleys are seen to smile with grain, the hills burst into bloom, the mountains yield forth their treasures and towns arise in the twinkling of an eye.

Labor takes us to the depth of our books, uncovers every bit of hidden knowledge and brings us out ready to serve our fellowmen. Are we going to scorn labor, shun all that resembles work and by neglecting our duty allow laziness to drag us down into the slime of ignorance and disgrace?

—Selected.

FACULTY FORUM

Responses of each member of the faculty to the following question:

Just what do you think of the "Gym?"

Our "Gym" is no longer an air castle.
—Kathleen Adams.

Our "Gym" is one of the best I have ever seen and it will surely prove a great help in all of our activities, mental, physical and spiritual.—M. B. Ingle.

Our "Gym" is "a thing of beauty" and I think it will be a "joy forever."
—Prof. Poage

While stands the gymnasium,
Milligan shall stand;
When falls the gymnasium
Milligan shall fall;
And when Milligan falls—the world.
(With apologies to Byron)
—H. G. Rooker.

May the characters of the young men and ladies be built as steady as the walls of the "Gym."—A. F. Cochran, Jr.

They have finished the "Gym"
So let's all take a swim—
—Dean Boyd.

Beautiful in architectural design,
Scientific in construction,
A permanent memorial to all
Who have aided in its construction.
—Prof. Lappin.

The beautiful gymnasium is another forward step in the development of Milligan College. To our boys it seems to say, "The glory of a young man is his strength"; and to our girls, "Sana mens in sano corpore."—Prof. Wright.

The Gym: the center of Milligan.—
Prof. Hill.

With the new "Gym" every student should engage in some form of athletics.—Mrs. Boyd.

The "Gym" is alright in its way but it doesn't weight much for a singing voice.—Prof. Muilberger.

The new Gymnasium is a beautiful structure equipped for play such as is health giving to college students. It adds sixty-five thousand to our equipment at Milligan. Now, if by proper limitations, we can make athletics subservient to intellectual and moral culture, the investment will ren-

(Continued on page eleven)



 THE PENMAN
 

A BIT OF GINGHAM

The next day he turned out, green as grass—but boy! he was a scrapper. He wasn't heavy, but fast as lightning. Nerve was his middle name.

He was born in Spain. His mother was a Spaniard and his father was an American. That accounts for everything—his Spanish look and grace, and his love of athletics and his American pep and fight. He was now twenty and had been in a private training school in Madrid for four years. To complete his education Jean Morris was sent to America.

The first day, he matriculated, the second day he went out for football. From the very first he gained the love and admiration of every one at Stillman College with the exception of Bill Monroe, the quarterback and the captain of the team. This ill-feeling was because—well—one day as Morris was leaving the Gym, one of the coeds chanced to pass. He doffed his cap and bowed elegantly. Then he took her books and walked down the path with her.

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed Monroe, a Spaniard walking with my Charlotte. I'll fix him for that."

Charlotte Atkins was a wee girl, a blonde, with deep blue eyes and complexion as clear as the summer sky. She could have been a campus belle but instead she stayed very close to her work. She met Jean in the Greek class and they fell for each other hard, and she was mighty tickled when Morris's fighting spirit won for him left halfback on the varsity football team.

The first game of the season was scheduled September 29th. At last the day arrived. Linden College was on the field. The game was more amusing than serious. Morris pulled lots of comical stuff. Sometimes he'd let a tackler get right up close, get him to start a dive, then he would jerk himself out of the way and the tackler would hit the ground hard. Morris

did this particular stunt so often that everyone came to expect and to enjoy it. Morris's surprises were inexhaustible. Once he took the ball, got past a couple of tacklers, fell to the ground, and then jumped up and ran twenty yards and made the first and last touchdown made that day.

Monroe saw that honor was coming to Morris. At the end of the third quarter he sent him off the field with the words "Punk Play." How could Morris stand this? He could never face Charlotte again. With these thoughts in his heart he left the gridiron, resolved never to be seen there again.

Things happened as Monroe had expected—Morris was not at drill the next day, nor the next week, nor month. This fact Monroe told Charlotte, was sufficient to prove that Morris was not the man that he was supposed to be.

"A man of that type," said Monroe, "is not worthy of your love. He is a slacker and is not true to his colors. He did not fight for you nor for the college but for his own honor. That's why I put him off. But really I thought that he was man enough to come back for practice.

Charlotte finally consented to say that Morris was not a true man—but yet—there was a doubt in her heart as to the truth of that statement.

Several times she met him down town but she never spoke nor even gave him a look of recognition. Monroe had gained the day.

Thanksgiving was the day set apart to play Rollins University. Stillman team was in topnotch condition, but the dope was against her. Rollins outweighed her 20 pounds, and for the past three years Rollins team had played together. Stillman expected to be defeated at least 30 points.

On this Thanksgiving day, one could feel the thrill of challenge in the air, and he would have known the cause of the peculiar feeling if he had been on the side lines when the whistle blew for the long-looked-for Rollins-Stillman game.

The first quarter passed—Neither side scored. In the second quarter Rollins made a touchdown but failed to kick goal. Third quarter—no increase in the score. Only 3 minutes of the fourth quarter remained, when Coach Wells called time.

"Monroe, get get Morris," ordered Coach Wells, "Tell him that he must come. Go, I say—go; and I mean it."

Monroe would rather have died than to have to go, but he went. He gave Morris the orders of the Coach. Morris hesitated, but he thought that he might get to see Charlotte if he went; so he consented to go.

As Morris came on the field there were shouts and applause.

"Morris," said Coach Wells, "you win or lose this game for your Alma Mater in the next three minutes that you have to play. Go and fight as you have never fought before."

42-64-4-61. This was Morris's favorite play. At the starting number back went the ball to Morris, quarterback and right half-back ranged in front of him ready to ward off enemy tacklers, while full-back dashed off around left end on a fake run. Morris started on a long dash to the right. He saw that he could not make this so he zig-zagged back to the left—went through the line—crossed the goal line and made the touchdown. Morris kicked goal. The whistle blew.

"Yea, Morris! Yea, Morris! Among the congratulators came Charlotte.

"Say, boy, how did you do it? It has been three months since I saw you out for practice. How did you remember the signals?"

"Little girl," said Morris taking her hand, "You did it. See this little gingham handkerchief. I saw you drop it. I stopped and picked it up and tucked it under my cuff and let this little bit show. When I looked at it I fancied that I could see its own. It served as a challenge. It seemed to say 'GO.' And I went I did nothing. It was you and the bit of gingham that saved the day."

R. E.

Pen-Art Gallery

IMPRESSION BY ONE WHO IS IMPRESSED

Men may come and men may go
And some stay on forever
But here is one whom you all know
Who thinks he's very clever.

I'd say he's short, as short as can be
but nevertheless quite stout
He always seems so full o'glee
And never makes a pout.

He's quite a bluffer, too, they say,
In many more ways than one
He "kids" the "Profs" from day to day
And expects high marks to come.

"He comes to court" the girls they say
With one glad look of cheer
And make his own announcement clear
With, "Come on girls, I'm here."

He's really clever for his size
And makes you laugh so much
In basketball he takes the prize,
Oh! girls, there ne'er was such.

He has an easy life, by Heck!
The old "tin can" he drives
He brings us BEANS by the peck
And for others always strives.

But what care we for other men
Those in the world so free
The Milligan boys—three cheers for
them
Are the only ones for me.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

The small, aristocratic village of Radville was ablaze with interest, for its petted darling, Clarissa Howard, was giving her farewell party to her friends. As the only child of wealthy parents, she was petted and idolized by them, and by the community at large, for, was she not the wealthiest, the most beautiful, and the most highly accomplished daughter of Radville?

"Nellie, don't you envy me? I should think you would, at least," was a remark made to a friend.

"I'm not so sure that I do, Clara. I would be so frightened at the trial hearing, that Monsieur Beaumarchais would, at once, refuse to accept me as his pupil. But you will be perfectly composed and he will accept you at once, I am sure."

"Of course," was the somewhat haughty reply. "Do I not have my plans arranged to study music with

him for a year? Do you know of anyone who does not appreciate my music? and do they not say that I am the most talented lady in this village? I, for one, feel assured that he will accept me gladly."

Thus, it can easily be seen how petted was this wealthy beauty. And how she revelled in being praised, admired, and envied. She had been told since childhood that she had a wonderful talent for music. This had been told and retold so often, there is small wonder that she believed there were scarcely any, who were better than she, and few, who were her equals.

As she said, it had been arranged for her to study music with the Frenchman, Monsieur Beaumarchais, the most famous musician in Boston. Her arrangements were hardly complete, though, for there remained the trial hearing—But this she did not fear.

The next day found Clarissa Howard in the great city of Boston, spending, with a lavish hand, her father's money.

"I believe I will not go to see Monsieur Beaumarchais today," said Clarissa. "Tomorrow will do just as well."

On the morrow she went to Monsieur's studio only to find him absent. The next day she repeated her visit, but he was not there. For a week she went to the studio daily, but not once did she find Monsieur Beaumarchais. Finally, she visited the studio and found the Musician there. He acknowledged her as his new pupil and appointed an hour on the next day for the trial hearing.

The appointed hour arrived, but for once in her life Clarissa Howard was

(Continued on page nine)

INFRA DIG

Since Christmas days are over now
And everybody's back,
Let's get to work and show the "Profs"
That we won't "hold the sack."

They plan to catch us on the tests,
They think that we don't work;
Perhaps they're right, but let's reform,
Let's show them we won't shirk,

Don't wait until it is too late,
Don't act a crazy dunce;
Just grit your teeth, tonight, and say
"I'll fool the teacher once."

If you'll just dig right in the stuff,
Won't quit until you're through,
You'll smile a smile that'll last awhile,
When grades come out anew.

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Religious Notes

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

Since the last report nothing of special interest has transpired. But the Ministerial Association is still on the job. The various Ministers are still going out to the churches to bring Gospel Messages. During the Christmas holidays Brother Charles Johnston succeeded in re-modeling the church at Unicoi, and raised sufficient funds to pay the expenses. Brother J. J. Musick reports one addition at Liberty during the holidays.

Perhaps that which will be of greatest interest is the meeting being conducted by Brother John Meredith at Big Springs Church near Milligan. Mr. Meredith has already had 34 additions to the Church there. The results show what splendid accomplishments he is capable of and what kind of messages he brings to the people. The best wishes of the Association go with Bro. Meredith in his future work. "May his tribe increase."

The Association plans to present an open program as soon as the rush of examinations is over.

It is a great pleasure to welcome into the ranks Brother M. G. Tarvin from Kansas. He is a loyal soul, an all-around character, every inch a man.

Gerald L. Johnson of Athens, Ga., will be at Milligan College about February 1. Mr. Johnson is District Evangelist of the Northeast District of Georgia. His Mission here is to secure preachers for the District during the next Summer. Boys expecting to preach should see him when he comes.

THE VOLUNTEER BAND

Since the holidays the Volunteers have entered heartily into their work for the new year. Plans are already being made to put on an open program in the near future. It is expected that this program will be in the nature of a play. This band seeks not only to enlighten its own members as to the great Missionary needs of the world, but it also seeks to share this phase of its work with others. The band is growing in interest and members. At

the last meeting several visitors were present.

The most interesting part of the last Program was the report of the International Student Volunteer Convention held in Indianapolis, Ind., December 28, 1923—Jan 1, 1924. This report was brought by Mr. Charles Cutrell who was sent as a delegate from Milligan College. The convention was greatly enjoyed by Mr. Cutrell and the reports which he brought to the various organizations were very helpful and intensely interesting. These reports brought the school into contact with the whole trend of Student thought.

The doors of the band are always open. Every Christian Student should join.

REPORT FROM CONVENTION

More College students than have ever met in convention in America before, representing the principal Colleges, Universities and theological schools of the country, met with the Student Volunteer Convention at the Cadle Tabernacle in Indianapolis, Ind., from December 27th, 1923 to January 2, 1924. There were 6,151 registered delegates, 5,383 of them students; of whom, 4,891 were white, 124 colored and 368 foreign. In addition, the registration showed that there were 110 traveling secretaries out of colleges, 200 missionaries at home on furloughs, 388 representatives of foreign mission boards and 130 leaders and officers present.

The purpose of the convention was to outline a definite program toward the promotion of the ideal of the Student Volunteer movement, which is "The Evangelization of the World" in this generation. The discussion centered among the great international problems that hinder the progress of spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ. The most important of these questions were "The Race Problem in Christianity," "The Problem of War and Peace," "The Relation of Christianity and Industry," and "The Youth and Renaissance" problems.

In the discussion of these questions many of the world's renowned speakers

(Continued on page nine)

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A Logical Proposition

A box is something to sit on,
Charles Crouch is called "Box"
Therefore Charles Crouch is some-
thing to sit on.

Never take a girl for her face value.

Why doesn't Phil raise a moustache?
It might tickle Clara.

Lost: A girl. Please return to "Less"
Hart and receive reward.

Ada Bess—Where did you get that
letter on your sweater, Gladys?

Gladys—Oh! I got it in track.

Ada Bess—How did you do it—run-
ning after "Box"?

Say Lovie—What year are you in?
Lovie—Guess, it's the "seven year."

Remarks Heard Here and There

—Oh! No, my Jim would never do
anything like that.

Well, it's positively the last fuss I'll
have with him.

My, but I'm sleepy!

Shay kid, I'm Sherious!?!

Get me a date with one of those
Stonewall girls.

Mr. Muilberger, Listen to this:

Hair tonic is now taken internally
to stop baldness at its source.

A New Definition

A banquet is a small body of men,
completely surrounded by water.

A negro porter was arguing with his
lady love:

"Come on Liza, go wif me," he
pleaded.

"Go long, Niggah, Ise got to go
home," she retorted.

"No sech thing," he came back,
they's only two things you'se got.
You'se got to stay black and you'se
got to die.

To some men "all days" are "dog
days."

Cop: Say, you looking for trouble?
Dean—Yes, have you seen my wife?

Let's forget to knock and Resolve
to Smile Through 1924.

Hard Job

Father is glad he has finished work-
ing his son's way through college.

It isn't true that every "prune" was
once a peach.

The Broadcaster

When you tell a man something, it
goes in one ear and out the other;
when you tell a woman something, it
goes in both ears and comes out of her
mouth.

Why is the conductor of an orchestra
necessarily a fast man?

Give it up. Why?

Because time flies, but he beats time.

Pryor: Do you think it possible to
love two girls at the same time?

Si: Not if they know it.

Jack was a boy who was always
wanted to play baseball and despite
his parent's wishes he would invariably
play all day on Sundays. One Sunday
his father made him go to Sunday
School with him and the result was
that Jack went to sleep and when the
preacher got to the most important
part of his sermon he asked the ques-
tion, "How do some of you poor sin-
ners expect to get to heaven with the
life you are living?" Jack, in the
meantime, awoke and was just in time
to hear the question; just previous to
this he had been dreaming about play-
ing baseball, so he immediately ans-
wered the preacher's question, "Slide,
Slide; you'll make it."

Prof. Cochrane: What is velocity,
Botkins?

Botkins—That thing which a fellow
turns loose of a wasp with.

Dorothy: May I see Mr. Caskey?

Prof.—He is engaged just now,
madam.

Dorothy—Oh, no, he isn't; we were
married last week.

Prof.—Then he is not at liberty, just
now.

Ada Bess—Give me my pie back.

Less Hart—I didn't kno' you had a
pie back.

Englishman (eating a fish-cake for
the first time)—"I say, old chap, some-
thing has died in my biscuit."

A Special Occasion In The Girl's Parlor

Kenneth Hart stepped into the girl's
parlor with his hair slicked and his
eyes beaming with sparks of love. He
walked over to the bunch where
Dorothy Van Bockern was sitting and
with a blushing face asked, "Is this a
very soft seat," "Yes, soft enough for
you," she replied, rather perplexingly.

Violet Dearing (To "Tough" Deavers
who has travelled extensively)—Is
there reindeer in Canada?

"Tough"—No darling, it always
snows this season of the year.

Chauffeur (after accident)—Are you
hurt?

Butcher Boy (excitedly)—Where's
my liver?

Senior—Don't you think the Santa
Claus idea is a beautiful myth?

Junior—Sh! Some Freshman might
hear.

Youthful Ambition

Little Louise Turner (visiting her
uncle on the farm)—"And do your pigs
want to be bacon or sausage when they
grow up?"

Googe Vaden—Prof. Rooker, your
Ford is like a pair of African golf
balls.

Prof. Rooker—How's that?

Googe—They shake, rattle and roll.

Mr. Rooker—Spell bird cage.

Googe—B-i-r-d- hyphen c-a-g-e.

Prof.—Why did you put the hypen
in?

"Oh! So the bird can sit on it."

Si—What do you think about New
Year's resolutions?

Chauncey—I think they are like cry-
ing babies in Church.

Si—How's that?

Chauncey—Alright if they're carried
out.

Hazel—'Oh yes, Now, I want some
borax.

Grocer—"Twenty-mule Team?"

Hazel—"Why, mother didn't say
what horsepower."

What's going to happen, Bill Fer-
guson hasn't been to breakfast since
Zig had that date with Margaret the
other night.

Athletic Review

BASKETBALL

The football season ended in a blaze
of glory. The honors were properly
distributed and—well, it's all over un-
til next fall.

Owing to the fact that Milligan's
new gymnasium was not completed at
the appointed time, the boys were
somewhat late getting started in
basketball. Many men responded to
the first call issued shortly after Xmas.
With the return of the others from
the holidays the squad has come to
number about twenty-five.

With only a scanty week's practice,
the season was opened by decisively
trimming the fast aggregation of
Boone's Creek to the tune of 40-23.
The first half was fought out on fairly
even terms, but in the last half the
Milligan gang got going and soon piled
up a commanding lead.

On January fifth, just three nights
later, Milligan met the University of
Tennessee's quintet in Knoxville.
Although defeated, the boys are not at
all discouraged. An important factor
in Milligan's defeat was lack of prac-
tice. The slippery floor also played a
large part in her downfall.

Considering things in the light of
the experience gained from the first
two games, the prospects for a very
successful season are good. Under the
competent tutelage of Coach Wicker,
Milligan's basketball team should win
for her a real name in this section of
the country.

Under the capable coaching of Mr.
William Zeigler, the girls have whip-
ped into shape a very formidable team.
While defeated in the opening game
of the season by Tusculum, the girls
should not feel disheartened. This de-
feat can be attributed to lack of prac-
tice and not to mediocre playing abil-
ity. The girls have plenty of talent
and this, combined with real team
work, will give them a good season.

Since the writing of the above re-
port, Milligan has indeed sprung into
the lime-light of athletic activities in
this section of the country. Beginning
with an overwhelming defeat of the
Johnson City Mountaineers, the Buf-
faloes swept through three games at
home with a drive that brought joy to
the hearts of the student body. After
drubbing the Mountaineers 48-14, the
"gang" turned on L. M. U. and swamp-
ed them 39-15. This game marked the

REPORT OF CONVENTION

(Continued from page seven)

were heard, among whom were Paul
Blanshard, Field Secretary of the
League of Industrial Democracy in the
United States; Dr. J. E. K. Aggrey,
native of Africa and graduate from
Livingston College, Salisbury, N. C.,
and Columbia University, and now a
member of the Commission on Educa-
tion to East Africa; Miss Mary Baker
of the University of Nebraska and
traveling secretary of the Student
Volunteer movement; J. Kingsley
Birge, one of the outstanding mission-
aries of the Near East; Dr. Ching Yi
Cheng, Secretary of the continuation
in China, Rev. Andrew Thaker-Dass
of Lahore, India; Dr. S. Sherwood
Eddy of India; Rev. H. Hatauka of
Japan; Prof. Yohan Masih of India;
Dr. John R. Mott, Chairman of the
International Mission Council; Rev.
Kennedy Studdert, of London, Chaplin
to the King of England; Dr. Y. Y. Tsu
of St. Johns University, Shanghai,
China; Robert P. Wilder, General Sec-
retary of the Volunteer movement and
many other important speakers.

Charles Cutrell was the Milligan
delegate at the convention. He reports
that the convention was a great suc-
cess and was an inspiration to all who
attended it, and besides giving spir-
itual food it gave one a wider concep-
tion of life, placing the students from
various parts of the world in a posi-
tion where they could see themselves
as other folk see them. These inter-
national conventions bring students to
a closer understanding and promote
a spirit of unity and fraternalism among
men. As a result of this getting to-
gether of students from all countries
we can look forward to a time when
there shall be a great federation of
all peoples, who believe in the doctrine
of Jesus Christ.

The Student Volunteer Band of
Milligan consisting of about thirty-five
students is active and intends to put
into practice the practical policies of
the convention.

Physician—Dean Boyd you are suf-
fering from a chronic complaint.

Dean Boyd: I know it Doc, but
please don't talk so loud, she's in the
next room.

Joe Kegley—I'm half inclined to kiss
you."

Jessie Avery—"How stupid of me, I
thought you were merely stoop-
shouldered.

"What is your husband's income?
Young Lady, "Oh! about midnight."

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Literary and Dramatic



OSSOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Ossolia claims with pride the following nine members of this year's Sophomore class: Ruth Wakefield, Lucille Raum, Ruth Emerson, Ollie Morgan, Lilla Morris, Fydella Roberts, Martha Shepherd, Anna Louise Lacy and Ivor Jones. These are among Ossolia's most valuable members, the group representing much of the society's debating, dramatic and musical talent. In the inter-collegiate, Freshman debate last year two of their members, Miss Ruth Emerson and Miss Lucille Raum, with another Ossolian Freshman, composed the team which took a victory from Tusculum College on the Milligan platform.

If ever the genuine Ossolian spirit has been found slumbering 'tis not so now. The interest of all members at present centers around the open program which will be given at an early date. A campaign is on, instituted by some wide-awake members, through which funds will be secured for the further improvement of the society hall.

The following officers are now at the helm:

President.....Ruth Wakefield
Vice-President.....Pauline Lipford
Sec'y-Treasurer.....Nadelle Schuping
Critic.....Lovie Pennington
Pianist.....Ivor Jones
Sergt-at-Arms.....Anna Louise Cates
Get in it—What?

The Society!
Stay in it—What?
The Society!
Work for it—What?
The Society!
Help to make it a success—What?
The Society!

THE ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Athenian Literary Society is still doing splendid literary work. Being like the Athenians of Ancient Greece, it is not content with "well enough" but keeps on striving for higher attainments. Each program shows this progress, programs of much interest being rendered each week. The influence of this work is being shown by the addition of new members to the society.

The Society has not yet staged its Annual Open Program. Preparations are being made, however, to have this given next month. It is looked forward to as an event of much interest and enjoyment.

The loyalty of the members is being shown in the attitude they are taking toward the improvement of the Society hall. It will soon be one of the most beautiful halls to be seen anywhere.

The Society feels a great loss in one of its best and most loyal members, Mr. Suggs, who is leaving. This loss will be felt especially in the giving of the Open Program. We hope that Mr. Suggs will have a great success in his work this year and will be back with us again next year.

The Society will elect new officers for this Semester soon.

Applications for membership are gladly considered and visitors are always welcomed.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The goddess, Philomatheia, having just returned from her visit to her many societies over the land, was sitting before the fire thinking of the work each was doing and was especially pleased when she thought of her society at Milligan. Being very tired she soon fell asleep and dreamed that she was again in the society hall at Milligan; but Oh! what a change—the delicately tinted walls, the rich draperies, the luxurious rug, the many upholstered chairs, and other furnishings of the room, all carried out the color scheme of rose and gray, and made a beautiful room.

It seemed that this surprise was not enough, for one of the members soon told her that the inter-collegiate debate in which Philomatheia was well represented, had been won. She found also that the programs had improved, both in depth of thought and in the earnestness and zeal with which each member did her part.

At this moment a fagot fell on the hearth and the goddess waked with a start, "How stupid of me," she said, "to sit here and go to sleep. I shall make amends for it, though, by making my dream come true as soon as possible."

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club is rapidly taking its place among the activities of the college. The play, "The Witching Hour," which was so well presented December 18, proved to all that the Club is really working with interest and enthusiasm. The play was one of the best that has ever been presented in the college auditorium. It was a much heavier play than has ever before been attempted by the Club. Professor Poage has sufficient reason to talk in behalf of the Dramatic Club whenever opportunity presents itself.

The monthly programs are also very delightful and helpful to each member. At each meeting some new talent is discovered and everyone is anticipating greater things for the Dramatic Club. It is the purpose of the Club that all work together to make 1924 the biggest, fullest year in its history, and to give the Club a prominent position on the map of College activities.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

From the beginning of the American Literary Society it has been progressing and living up to a high standard in literary work. In order that the society may continue in the pathway of success it has undergone a complete change. It has recently adopted a new constitution and by-laws, which were drafted by a committee consisting of John A. Broyles, William Hyder, J. J. Musick, Horace Peters, and Joe McCormick.

The American Society has accepted a challenge from the Athenian Society to a basketball game that is to be played at an early date. The most interesting feature of this game is that it is to be played by men who are not practicing with the regular College team.

At the last regular meeting, George Hardin, William Hill, Jr., and Grady Ferguson, were appointed on a committee to select six Freshmen members of the Society as representatives in the Inter-collegiate debate between Milligan College and Tusculum College. This is the first opportunity that the Freshman have had to show their talent, and there is no doubt but that it will add much to the literary work of the Society.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

(Continued from page six)

nervous. The fact that she had had to wait so long for this hearing was the cause of her nervousness. She was aware that her musical talent was being tested by one of the world's most famous musicians, and just once was she apprehensive of the outcome.

After the hearing, Monsieur said, "I am sorry, my dear young lady, but I cannot possibly accept you as my pupil. I accept only those who are especially talented in music. I must speak frankly—you have no talent for music, whatever. My advice is to find something besides music to which to devote your year's study."

Greatly humiliated, Clarissa returned to her aristocratic home, where her parents indignantly denounced Monsieur Beaumarchais as a worthless wretch.

For once in her life, Clarissa was magnanimous. She said, "Father, he was right. I have all of my life been praised and petted, until I did not think it possible to fail. I have learned my lesson from my experience, and now, I recall the adage: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." E. S.

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ETIQUETTE QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY PROF. MUILBERGER

Dear Mr. Muilberger:

I am a good-looking young man. I part my hair in the middle and wear horn-rimmed specs because they enhance my beauty. I powder only a trifle—just enough to keep my nose from becoming shiny. I would like to join some organization about school, but my goodness, all the boys seem interested in Athletics. I think games of brute strength are so vulgar! Could you please tell me of some club I might join where I might find persons more to my taste.

O. L. Beher

Dear Beher: Try the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Sailors' Haven of Rest.

Women are like angels. They're always up in the air over something; They're always harping on something; and they never have an earthly thing to wear.

FACULTY FORUM

(Continued from page four)

der a great service to our students. It was made for all and every student should have equal opportunity to use it.—A. I. Myhr.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Christ exemplifies the complete development of manhood—the intellectual, the physical, the spiritual, and the social. The addition of our magnificent new gymnasium makes it possible for Milligan to carry out the full program of Jesus. When the old gymnasium burned four years ago, we promised the students a greater and better one. We are asking every student, to be constant in prayer, and to make every effort that we may dedicate the new gymnasium commencement day free of debt; that all may be happy in the fulfillment of our promise.—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Derthick.

(Continued on page twelve)

A FEW IFS

What would happen—IF:
Brodie Thompson lost his expression?

Hilly and Fydella had a fuss?
"Skey" displayed intelligence?
Louise Turner, didn't "make up?"
Chauncey got serious?
Joe Mac got enough to eat?
"Zig" wasn't coaching his "wild-cats?"

Bernice Cantrell fell in love?

"Si" Raum got enough sleep?
"Spark Plug" ran a race?
Lawrence Derthick took dancing lessons?
The boys would forget to come to conference?
"Heck" Moredock got her algebra?
Dean Boyd used a hair tonic?

Mrs. Derthick overheard some remarks at the table the other day and answered them something like this: "Don't kick about the coffee you may be old and weak yourself someday."

Jim Blackburn tried to swim in the pool-room.

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The Merry-Go-Round



VACATION TIME AT MILLIGAN

Only those who chose to remain at Milligan during the holidays can know anything of the spirit of happiness, peace, and good cheer which was radiated. It is really best that others not know very much about it, for if they did, they surely would be filled with envy.

No family could make a home more beautiful, cheerful or homelike than the "family" at Milligan made the parlors of Hardin Hall. In one corner of the parlor stood an enormous tree, decorated with popcorn, and brilliantly lighted with miniature Santa Claus lights. Holly and mistletoe were artistically arranged over the pictures, windows and door-ways. The mantel was decorated with sprucepine and Christmas bells. The lights were softened and these, mingled with the mellow glow of the firelight, created a home-like atmosphere.

No mother could strive to make her own children enjoy a Christmas holiday any more than did Mrs. Derthick endeavor to make the students enjoy the holidays. Nor did Mrs. Derthick fail in her efforts.

Indeed, no one could have had a more bountiful Christmas feast than was enjoyed by those remaining at Milligan.

Those visiting during the holidays were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Raum, Mrs. Etta Waite, Mrs. Raum's sister from Traverse City, Michigan, Mrs. G. W. Hardin and Mr. D. Lester Kellar.

There was not one dull day during the Christmas season; each day was filled to over-flowing. Among the festive occasions, were the delightful entertainments given by Prof. and Mrs. Hyder, Prof. and Mrs. Ingle, and the watch party at The Boy's Dormitory. A most impressive New Year's service was held, President Derthick presiding. A very appropriate song, "Sweeter as the years go by," was sung, and immediately after the passing out of the Old Year, every one joined in singing "Jesus Savior, Pilot Me."

It was with a feeling of regret that each one watched this vacation come to a close and may it be known that the coming Christmas season at Milligan College will be anticipated with great pleasure.

MRS. RAUM VISITS MILLIGAN

During the Christmas holidays, Milligan College was honored by a delightful visitor—one who added greatly not only to the pleasure of the dormitory family, but to all who were fortunate enough to meet her. This visitor was Mrs. J. S. Raum, the wife of our well-known evangelist and the mother of Miss Lucile Raum, one of Milligan's most popular daughters.

Mrs. Raum arrived December 20, 1923. The following Sunday, she brought a very helpful and inspirational message at the church service. Mrs. Raum, not only has a very pleasing personality, but is so filled with the spirit of Christ that she held the closest attention of her audience and gave to all a higher vision of service.

Her interpretation of "The Other Wise Man" given as a reading after one of the Christian Endeavor meetings touched every heart. Indeed, so earnest was her presentation, that it seemed almost that she herself was the other wise man.

Many a conference was made brighter at Milligan by her cheery words, and her ability to enter into every phase of the students' life. One moment she would be giving a reading to a group in the parlor, later helping the girls in the dining room, and again in the midst of a merry audience, telling to them as only she knows how to tell an entertaining story.

Mrs. Raum remained until after the opening of school, and then left for Atlanta, Georgia with the prayers and love of the students, to join her husband who will organize a church in that place. Long will she be remembered in the hearts of the students, and long will the inspiration that she imparted to all, manifest itself in the lives of the students and in every college activity. All are looking forward with keenest anticipation to the return of the Raum Evangelistic party in March.

faculty are thoroughly enjoyed, those of President and Mrs. Derthick especially, for they always bring good news of her chats that one of the former Mrs. Derthick clearly showed in one of her chats that one of the former students, John L. Meadows is remembering his "Alma Mater" in ways that none can excel.

Before the holidays the students were delighted with Miss Hodge, sister of Elmer and Dayton. Miss Hodge is a reader of excellent ability and many more visits from her will be highly appreciated and enjoyed.

During the holidays there arrived on the campus a pair of the most enthusiastic "young" people that it has been the pleasure of the students to enjoy since the meeting last February—Mr. and Mrs. Raum.

Mr. Raum is an Evangelist of marked ability. He gave the first "chat" after the vacation days in a very rousing message concerning the building of "character," a process that gains weight with every move.

Mrs. Raum, his accomplished wife, entertained one morning with several well-chosen readings in which she clearly portrayed her superior talent.

VISIT OF MR. CAHILL

Milligan has been delightfully blessed in having over a week-end, Brother Cahill, the State Secretary of Ohio. In his several talks before the various religious organizations of the College, there was plainly manifested the strong and engaging personality of the speaker. Each of his messages were gems of dynamic and constructive thinking, applying in a practical way the principles of Christ to the problems of today. The College is indeed indebted to Mr. Cahill for a gift of inspiration and a renewal of its spiritual strength. May the students and faculty have the pleasure of another visit from this admirable man of God.

CHAPEL CHATS

The chapel talks during the last six weeks have had much variety. The messages from each member of the

FACULTY FORUM

(Continued from page eleven)
"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Therefore the "Gym."—Prof. Hyder.

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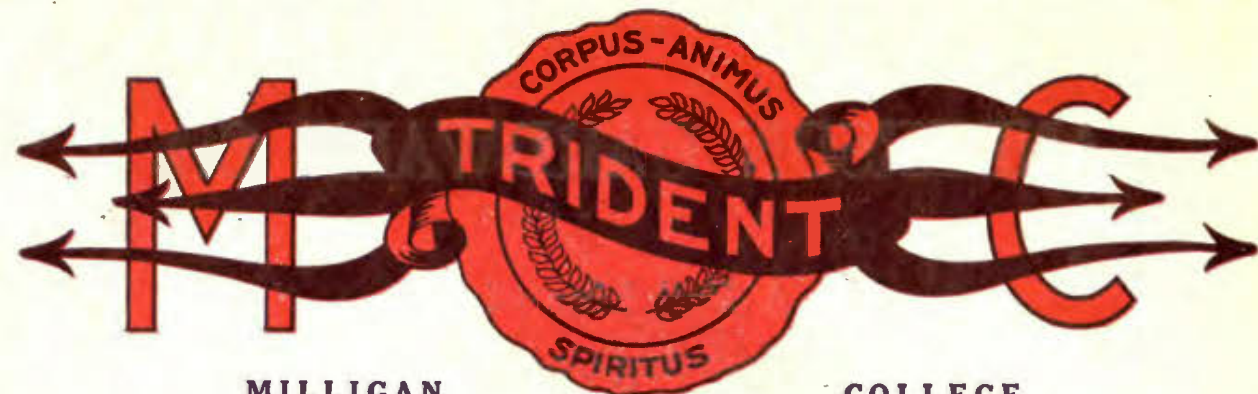


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MILLIGAN

COLLEGE

VOL. 1

MARCH, 1924

No. 4



I had rather fail in a cause that I know
some day will triumph, than to win in
a cause that I know some day will fail.

—Woodrow Wilson

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MARCH, 1924

The Trident



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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

TRIBUTE TO "FRESHIE'S STAUCHEST FRIEND"

When the Freshies arrived at Milligan College last fall about the first person they met, Dean Boyd excepted, of course, was a man that was to be their English teacher. Everybody spoke of him as the English Teacher. Even the Seniors took on a reverent tone and spoke mysteriously of this man. Who could it be and why these queer references to English I? We freshies soon found out all we wanted to know. Among some of the things we learned was the fact that when Dean Boyd turned his heel upon us, Mrs. Derthick forsook us, President forgot us, and Mr. Cochrane fussed at us, the dread teacher of English I. stood by us and was our shelter and a joy forever to us.

When we are far away from Milligan and the things learned in English I. have long been forgotten still our minds shall turn to the man that fought for us and defended us through thick and thin. Words are inadequate to express the deep gratitude for his friendship.

"When other helpers fail
And comforts flee
Then it is that we
O friend! Do turn to thee."

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212 Main Street

The Freshman class was very fortunate in having Miss Hazel Payne, a very efficient member, as acting editor of this number.



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MARCH ——— FRESHMAN NUMBER ——— MARCH

A Challenge to the Class of '27

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait.

Erase the word **impossible** from the dictionary. Come on let's make the most of our opportunities. It is very easy to let life slide on and to lay to the charge of some obscure entity, all the responsibilities we do not care to shoulder ourselves, ever mindful that opportunities seem greater going than coming. Will we not then do our best? **Yes!**

The active factors of success are found in confidence, energy, patience and action. Those who are determined to succeed are always encountering opportunities and are in the habit of seizing them with eagerness and of lying in wait for more.

Shall not our talisman, class, then be work? Of course we have the means of acquiring the talisman. Will we hesitate to put it into practice? **We will not!**



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EDITORIAL

TRIBUTE TO WOODROW WILSON

The tributes that have been paid to the life and character of the late Woodrow Wilson by men and women the nation over, of all classes and stations of life, in their form and tenor, attest the real greatness of the man. It is from no personal feeling; no fellowship sentiment; no mere "word-worship" and no duty that is enforced by a man high in standing—but all these tributes come from the recognition of a big brain, of a mind that is highly cultured in all respects, of a personality powerful in the knowledge of fundamentals, and of a statesman who proved his devotion to sound truths by his great achievements for the betterment of mankind in all portions of the earth. He was a man, faithful and just to all causes and principles that were of interest to his fellow-man. The hearts of this great nation were not touched because Wilson, the man had passed to the beyond, but it was because, as Lloyd George said, "as an inspired prophet he led his country out onto the road of world affairs from which there is no turning back, sacrificing his life for his country and freedom as surely as Lincoln did". Other great men have paid their respects to one of the greatest of Americans. Among the men are Gompers, Baker and others, men not of the same political belief of Mr. Wilson, so these tributes are proof enough of the man's greatness. Colleges have paid tribute to the great American the world over.

The tributes paid Mr. Wilson are to an incomparable leader, to an American of unlimited energy, intellect and character and to a man who was devoting his life and his knowledge and experience, to the betterment of mankind and to the development of a higher and better civilization.

Wilson has been compared, in respect to greatness, with all other Americans who have attained fame for some great deed. Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson and others, have been compared with Wilson. A man's greatness is not realized until he has ceased to serve and passed into the world beyond. So it is with Mr. Wilson, his true greatness and accomplishments will go down in history and in twenty years he will be recognized as one of the greatest men of the twentieth century. His deeds will be recognized with those of Washington and Lincoln. Dr. Carpenter, of the First Christian Church of Chattanooga paid the following tribute to Mr. Wilson, "Woodrow Wilson, the prophet of a warless world and the pioneer of Christian internationalism." Such profound praises by these great men are proof enough that Woodrow Wilson was one of America's greatest sons.

W. G. S.

THE MAN IN THE SHADOW

What type of man is most necessary in this world? Is it the man who is ever before the public eye, or is it he, who in his own, quiet, unassuming way helps others, without the applause of the masses? It is natural for anyone to love fame and glory, to gain the admiration of their associates, and to win the commendation of the crowds.

Just as the wren, who crows cheerily to brighten our long wintry hours, is better known than the oriole, who is indeed a finer singer; just as the meek dandelion, not noted for its beauty or fragrance, tells us that Spring is not afar off, cheers more hearts than the full-blown rose—so the man who quietly goes about his own duty helping others and never seeking self-praise, accomplishes more real good than he whose fame is world-wide.

Yet, who speaks of the wren's song or the blossom of the dandelion as being beautiful? True, we appreciate them and we are grateful for them, but we are so thoughtless that we do not express our gratitude for these common, yet beautiful blessings. In the same way, we never speak many words of gratitude to this necessary type of man.

While Jesus Christ, Himself walked on our earth, how few took the time to thank Him for His manifold blessings.

Let us then show our appreciation for this modest, obscure heroic type—The Man in the Shadow

N. C.

FACULTY FORUM

"Their Idea of a Freshman"

Miss Hart: Je ne sais quoi—I know not what. An indefinite something.

Miss Adams: Some men are born great.—The Freshmen.

Miss Richardson: A Freshman—either boy or girl—is the greatest work of all creation, because he at some time will be the ruler and owner of some part of the world, a portion of which seems to be destined to be ruled and owned by members of the very famous freshman class of the present year.

Prof. Wright: A young man or woman facing a very great opportunity.

Prof. Rooker: A Freshman is a species of humanity who is often misunderstood. He likes to work on what he likes to work on, and does not like to work on that which he does not like to work on. The easiest way to get him to work, though, is to assign to him that task that he does not like to do, because he will do a great amount of work trying to keep from doing just the thing that you desire him to do.

Prof. Cochrane: A little mischief, a little sense, a hard time with the sophomores and the chance to be something in the world if his nerve holds out—That's a freshman.

Prof. Hyder: God made him for a man. Therefore I let him pass.

Prof. Poage: A Freshman was originally a religious neophyte. He was an enthusiast. Whenever a freshman in college is an enthusiast he resembles the religious neophyte and is apt to exhibit the zeal of inexperience. If he retains his zeal while he increases his knowledge he is a very hopeful personality.

Prof. Lappin: The College Freshman is an atavistic product of organic evolution.

Dean Boyd: The Freshman is a creature 'Fearfully and wonderfully wrought,' ignorant of his ignorance—oblivious to the troubled waters of academic streams which threaten his future—but on the whole he is cute and dear and fine. He is the stuff out of which scholars are made. Herein lies his intrinsic value.

Prof. Myhr: Hello Freshman. You
(Continued on page six)



THE PENMAN

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE

"Ninety seven, ninety eight, ninety nine, hum, must of lost a penny. Well, at any rate, that's a pretty good day's work, ain't it Pal?" The speaker was a tall, handsome, half-grown boy, very plainly dressed. He had just stepped from a large busy street into a side ally, in order to count the money he had made that day by selling papers.

Pal, his companion, a large, white bull-dog stood looking anxiously into his master's face. "Come old sport, you'll have the best supper you have had in a week, 'cause you look like a hungry friend." In truth, Pal had never looked hungry but one day in his life, and that was the day Mike found him in the lumber yard, a wee puppy hollering at the top of his voice, telling the world he had lost his mamma and was very hungry. Mike was hungry also, not for food, but for company and from that day the two had been the best of friends.

Tonight they started down the alley on their way to the nearest meat market, but suddenly they were stopped by mournful cries. Mike turned to see where the sounds were coming from, when he saw Pal running down some steps into a dark cellar and he followed. Just before he reached the bottom a girl ran out, closed the door, and tried with all her strength to hold it. "What's the trouble?" asked Mike, somewhat dazed. "Help me hold it! help me hold it!" begged the girl pitifully, "he's drunk and won't push much longer." Mike with all of his power held the door while some one gave great blows against it. "He's drunk," repeated the girl, "and won't push much longer, then I shall run." "Where to," asked Mike. "Oh! I don't know," wailed the girl, somewhere out of his sight, he says he is going to kill me." You can go home with me," said Mike not knowing whether he had said the wrong thing. "Would you! would you!" but just then they heard a crash. "He's fallen! let's run for our lives!" said she. They darted up the steps, the girl in the lead.

A few short cuts brought them to Mike's home. "Why!" said the girl as

Mike graciously opened the door, which was two boards nailed together, "do you live here!" "Yes," said Mike, "'tis all I can give you," and she stepped inside. "Oh, this is lots nicer than the old cellar," she exclaimed, gazing about the room, which was two piano boxes nailed together with two windows and a door cut in.

Mike had made this home himself, in the lumber yards and had kept it hid there between the tall stacks of lumber for nearly five years. He, too, had been driven from home by a drunken father and since then had made his own living.

The girl sat down on a box, "I'm ready to drop," she said, "I thought papa would kill me before I could get away and you, you have saved my life, can I ever pay you?"

As she looked at him with her large blue eyes, her curly brown hair falling about her face, Mike wondered if she was an angel sent just to him. "Oh, I didn't do nothing," he said, blushing as red as his sweater. "You can live here, if you want to, Pal will be glad to have you. You wait now while I get us some supper, I won't be long."

It was dark before Mike returned, he had spent nearly all of his day's earnings, but what did it matter, he wanted to entertain his guest royally. While they ate their supper by a candle light, the two little outcasts exchanged histories. Mike told his and Pal's story, then asked for the girl's. It took her little time to explain all.

"Oh, I have lived all my life in that cellar," she explained. "I have never had a mother, whom I can remember, and Dad has never done anything but get drunk. He used to just beat me, but lately he has been saying he was going to kill me, and he surely tried it today but you saved me."

Mike blushed again and said, "Let's be pals and live here together, I make enough to feed us both." "I'll not let you," exclaimed the girl. "I can sell papers if you can." "No, they won't let girls," laughed Mike. "Alright, then, I'll tell you what, let me wear that suit of clothes hanging up there, and then you cut my hair and I'll make as good a boy as you." Mike grew

more sober as she continued. "My name is Margaret Benson, but don't call me that, call me, let's see 'Bill,' that's it; call me 'Bill'."

So Bill it was. The plans were soon carried out and it was not many days before Bill could sell as many papers and act as big a boy as Mike. Each happy to find some one who cared for them, the two lived contented for over a year. Bill was happier than she had been in her whole life and to Mike it was all a dream. However, their joy was soon to be lost.

One night as Mike was reading Bill the topics of the day, he noticed in big headlines, "Rich Relatives Hunting for Lost Girl." The article stated that relatives of Margaret Benson's mother, who had been trying for years to locate her, had found her father and that he claimed the girl had run away from home. Her relatives were offering a large reward for her. The boy's began to talk.

"Bill! that's you! your mother's family is rich and they want you. 'I'll get you some girls clothes and take you to the address in the morning!"

"If I have to leave you, Mike, I will not go one step.

"Now, I'll be alright. You will be happy and so will Pal and me."

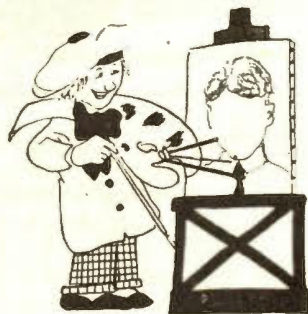
The next morning Mike acted while Bill fussed. He bought her such clothes as he could afford, tried to help her fix her hair so she would look like a girl, then took her to the address given in the paper.

He found that Bill's father had married a rich girl and had taken her far from her home. Later her relatives heard that she had died leaving a baby girl. From that time they had been trying to find the child and at last had found her drunken father, who had not seen her for a year.

While the family were hugging and kissing Bill, Mike stepped out unnoticed. He went home glad because Bill was glad. That night as he and Pal ate their supper, all the happiness of the world seemed to be gone, and day by day it grew lonelier without her.

One night, when she had been gone
(Continued on page six)

Pen-Art Gallery



WHO IS IT?

Hair brown, eyes brown, suit brown, too,
Best ol' scout, a feller ever knew.
Raves all around and makes a lot of noise,
Says, "Now, stop talking, and get quiet, boys!
This ain't a ball game—now you're in class
They're a few in here that will find they won't pass."
Does he love football? Well, I'll swan.
Almost turns him inside out
When our team makes a down.
Best ol' scout a feller ever knew
I've told you just about enough
Now, you guess who.

H. D.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

There's just one thing I can't find out
No use to ask or try
I can't find what it's all about
No use to plead and sigh.
I've asked my mother o'er and o'er
And I believe she knows;
But she won't answer any more
When I begin my woes.

When I go out to see my girl
And ask her, "Why, the blush?"
She looks at me with sparkling eyes
And says, "My dear, now hush."

I ask my sister ev'ry day
Just why she uses paint;
She looks at me a funny way
And says, "Why Bud, it aint."

Now while I travel through this world
And learn what "is" and aint,
I hope to learn among the strife
Just why girls WILL use paint.

J. K.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

As we, the small, undignified, and

rather frightened group of boys and girls, labeled Freshmen, entered Milligan, we did not realize what a great old place it was. Our overly kind sisters and brothers (Juniors and Seniors) watched us carefully so that we sweet little ones would be comfortable and well-fed the first few days. It was with some difficulty, indeed, that we finally persuaded these guardians that we were now able to find our way to the dining-room.

We elected the Hon. Joseph Walton as the leader of our body as he looked like a man with an exceptional amount of ability. Mr. Rondah Hyder was then chosen as his able assistant. We next decided to trust our small dues, for the time being, to Miss Margaret Crouch. We were sorry that this member of our class had to leave us, but we wish her all the success there is to be had, in her work at the new school. Miss Maltier Chauncey was elected to take her place. We then chose Miss Hazel Payne as the editor of the Freshmen number to be the best one of the year expect it to be because the Faculty has agreed that this is the best class. In fact, several of the members have already shown "great earmarks of genius!"

We found that we had several good athletes, both boys and girls, and we see great prospects for Milligan for the four years of this class' stay. Not only do our athletes but also the intellectual ones of our class make us feel this. Many of this group are aiming to be President of the United States, not mentioning those who are working hard to become Mayor of the great city of Milligan College. In fact, in all the history of the school, such beautiful and accomplished young men have never been seen in one group.

We, as Freshmen, are contemplating some wonderful improvements for Milligan. We plan to broaden the staircase down to the dining-room, so as to prevent accidents from happening, due to the rush; we intend to have ropes extending from the ceiling of the "gym" so that the girls may hang from them and not "deviate in any way from the regular program" of the boys having the "gym" all the time; and we intend to provide an electric piano to enliven the library. We wish to extend kind regards to our teachers for passing us this semester, and hope that they will be as kind to the next little "greenies."

P. S. We would like to say that we Freshmen also shine at Conference.

"We are courtiers."

H. P.

FACULTY FORUM

(Continued from page four)

are the budding scholar, the embryo athlete, the hopeful conference attendant, the beginner in love-making, learning and manliness. We cordially welcome you to Milligan. Next year you will enter the sophomore class which is made up of "wise fools." May your star ever be in the ascendent.

Prof. Ingle: New material to be finished for constructive building.

Prof. Muilberger: Fresh subjects for sophomore persecution.

Prof. Hill: There is nothing wrong with them—much.

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Account

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103 Buffalo Street

Johnson City, Tenn.

To look sweet and pretty—
TRY US.

FOR THE LOVE MIKE

(Continued from page five)

for over two weeks, Mike and Pal were sitting in their little home thinking of the lost happiness, when the door opened. There stood a beautiful girl, dressed in gorgeous clothes, holding out her hands. "Come Mike," she said: "You and Pal are going home with me, and we shall be so happy, our car is waiting for us now." Mike was dazed; he sprang to his feet.

"Bill! why! have you, a rich girl, come back for me, a news-boy? Why did you?" She clasped his hands, then exclaimed, "For the love of Mike."

M. C.



Religious Notes

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Among the many religious organizations at Milligan College is the Christian Endeavor. Since the last report of Christian Endeavor there has been an election of officers for the coming six months. The new officers are as follows:

President ----- John Broadway
Vice President --- Joe McCormick
Secretary ----- Julia Kimmins.

The new President has called an executive committee meeting and steps are being taken to enliven the society.

During the time that Brother Baker spent at the college, the Christian Endeavor had the pleasure of hearing him speak twice. His speeches were very helpful indeed and were greatly enjoyed.

Every Endeavorer fell deeply in love with Brother Baker and all felt when he left that they had been spiritually strengthened. The Christian Endeavor takes great pride in the fact that nearly all of its members are Life-Work Recruits and some of them in active service.

The Christian Endeavor feels a great chagrin over the resignation of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Himes, from the village. She is a splendid woman, a loyal Christian Endeavor worker and one of Milligan College's true friends. In her the Christian Endeavor has found a splendid Corresponding Secretary and whoever the next one may be, he or she could not be more faithful to every duty than has Mrs. Himes.

THE GIRL'S CIRCLE

Some people at Milligan College do not seem to know that we have a Missionary Circle, but nevertheless there is a very live little bunch of girls that meets on the First Sunday in each month, during Quiet Hour, while the other girls are writing letters, and there meditate for a short time at the altars of the heroes of the cross, our missionaries.

Mrs. Ingle is the mother to this little circle and is a great help and encouragement at every turn.

The Circle at present is studying "Shelton of Tibet" by Mrs. Shelton.

At each meeting from two to four chapters are read and reported on. Each girl feels that she is coming closer to the Missionaries and to their work, tho they are miles and miles away from her.

At the last meeting, held February the 17th, it was decided to take up the study of the "World Call" in connection with the book and thus to get in touch with more fields.

The Young ladies find in the Ladies Missionary Society great encouragement and feel that they have living examples of missionary women before them; even if they are not on the foreign fields.

The success of the Y. L. C. may well be attributed to the splendid work of Miss Ruth Hurt, the President of the organization. She is always faithful and ever ready to do for the circle that which her hands find to do.

THE REVIVAL

On January 27, 1924, Milligan College opened the doors of her halls and of her heart to receive the Evangelist Brother Ellis Baker, who was to hold the revival of two weeks at Milligan College. The very moment that he stepped into the kitchen asking if his hair was parted straight, he stepped into the very heart of each girl and boy at Milligan College.

He seemed to beam down love out of his eyes. The Christ was reflected in his face. He insisted on eating at every table and changed his place each meal. The tables nearly fought over who was to have Brother Baker next.

On the Sunday after his arrival he visited the Sunday School classes. Later he brought Milligan College the message of love at the Church service, which was held in the chapel on account of the cold weather. That night again he brought another wonderful message. Each chapel service was occupied with the gospel plea and each one seemed to have put their heart and soul into winning souls for Christ.

Those who made the confession were: Harry Cooke, Alvin Deavers, Roger Derthick, two Misses Bishop, little Oliver Bishop, Charles Johnston and Miss Kathleen Adams came for baptism and Mrs. Bishop came to take

Christian fellowship with this Church.

All during the meeting prayer meetings were held in Hardin Hall and the Boy's Dormitory and every Christian felt the touch of the divine message and deep in his heart resolved to do better.

The music was an attractive part of the meeting. The Misses Payne, Miss Schuping and others brought lovely messages in song. Some very beautiful numbers were brought by the girls quartet, made up of the Misses Payne, Miss Wakefield and Miss Schuping. The Boys quartet made up of Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Drudge, Mr. Lovelace and Me." Miss Schuping sang this song ber. One of the most beautiful special numbers was the Song, "Abide with Me." Miss Schuping sang this song Prof. Muilberger played the accompaniment and it was pantomined by Miss Chauncey, Miss Kennedy and the Misses Cantrell. Miss Norah Boone in her usual attractive way gave the story of how the song was written. The girls were beautifully dressed in flowing Grecian robes and the scene was very affective and touched many hearts. Another Pantomime was given on the last Sunday night of the meeting. In this the same girls gave "Nearer My God To Thee." It is to the hard work and devotion of Miss Dimple Hart that the College owes these two delightful special numbers.

Milligan College said her goodbye to Brother Baker on February 10, very regretfully and gave him a very hearty invitation to "Come again."

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Irresponsible Responses



A Freshman Chemist student Making a "Nitride"

Mrs. Cochrane: "Brodie, Why don't you ever sweep under your bed?"

Brodie: "Why, Mrs. Cochrane, I've swept every thing in the room under it."

Goog and Private were puzzling their brains to invent a new game. At last Goog said eagerly: "I know, Private, let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Aw, Go on!" was the reply, "Look what a start you've got."

Turp: "You don't care if I hold your hand?"

Helen: "Oh, is that what you're doing?" I supposed you were taking my pulse."

Mr. Rooker: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

George Harrison: "I guess that's the reason we failed on our last English exam."

Nancy: "Monta, your neck reminds me of a typewriter."

Monta: "How's that?"

Nancy: "Underwood."

Hazel: "Oh! I wish the Lord had made me a man!"

Dayton: (bashfully) "He did, I'm the man."

A magazine writer tells us that a dog fills an empty place in a man's life. This is especially true of the hot dog.

That love is blind
There is no doubt
That's why they have
The lights turned out.

Johnson: "Hello; old timer—fishin?"
Lawrence: "No, you half wit I'm drowning worms."

Box to a waiter at the Busy Bee: "Have you frog-legs?"

"No sir, it's rheumatism that makes me walk this way?"

The "Trident Staff" should be let off from punishment in the next world as they suffer enough in this world.

After receiving the papers from our Freshman English exams.

Anderson Payne: Prof. Rooker why do our papers resemble the German marks?

Prof. Rooker: I don't know. Why?

Anderson Payne: Because they are so low.

Stop! Look! and Listen!

"Stoney" Smallwood severely injured, trying to take a swim in a pool room table.

"Prisoner Blackburn," said the magistrate, "You have already been sentenced eleven times for vagrancy, violent assault, embezzlement, theft, et cetera."

"Would you mind not speaking so loud, your worship?" was the reply. "My intended father-in-law (Mr. Kennedy) is in court and you might damage my prospects."

"Goog" to John Williams: Say, why do they call Chauncey "Hebbie Gebbie?"

John: Well they say there is something the matter with her and they can't locate it.

A toast from the Freshmen Class to Pres. Derthick and Faculty:

"May the end of a perfect day be yours
When the evening stars appears;

And may every day be a perfect day
To the end of a perfect year.

And may those perfect years roll on
To heart-beat, flute and fife;

Till they roll beyond the four score
line,

Thus ending a perfect life."
—Selected.

What long words we have!

Any Chapel speaker—"I just want to say one word."

The eccentric and parsimonious Miss Kennedy meeting Dr. Hyder on the street called out to him:

Doctor, I sneeze incessantly every morning. What would you take for it?"

"A handkerchief!" called the doctor and disappeared.

Fleming: "Are you a mind reader?"

Jess: "Yes"

Fleming: "Can you read my mind?"

Jess: "Yes."

Fleming: "Well, why don't you go there?"

What has become of the absent-minded Prof. who poured syrup down his back and scratched his pan-cakes?"

Smile and the world smiles with you.
Ha! Ha!

An Old Maid's Soliloquy

The years may come and the years may go,
But the men leave me alone forever.

Dedicated To The Chemistry Class

There was a young Chemist quite rough,

Who in mixing some confounded stuff,
Touched a match to the vial
And after a while,
They found his teeth and a cuff.

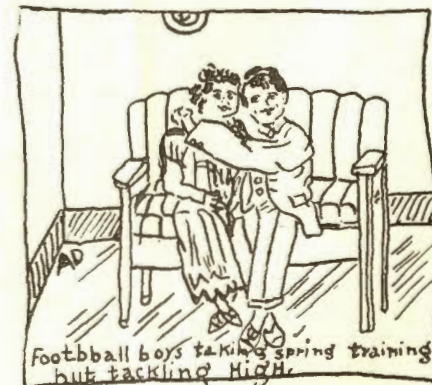
Chaperone from Maryville—"What is it you call the time when the boys come over in the evening? Communion?"

Si: "Why do they call Cutrell swift?"

Myrtle Clark: "Because he's such a supreme ham."

Old Man: "Are you a student?"

Shorty: "No, sir, I just go to school here, and drive my little Ford truck."



Football boys taking spring training but tackling High.

FRESHMEN

Ah, distinctly I remember; it was in the bright September
That each green or verdant student knocked upon the college door;
Breathlessly we waited, fearing-vainly we had sought to fly,
From the stare of upper-classmen; we were quaking and were quailing,
How we wished that we might hide, from every searching, staring eye;
We must stay here evermore.

Down into the kitchen turning, my appetite within me yearning,
Suddenly I heard a noise, louder than I'd heard before;
Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore,
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore.
Just the chairs from out the table as they dragged against the floor;
This it is, and nothing more.

When they came to soup or gravy or the beans bought from the navy
And the cornbread left us from the saintly days of yore
Naught of hesitancy made they—Not a moment stopped or stayed they
But with mien of pig or mule-ways, grabbed for hash they had in school days;
When quietly I asked my neighbor, "Is it apples and potatoes?"
Quoth my neighbor, "Evermore."

Once upon a midnight dreary while I pondered weak and weary
Over many a hard and tedious lesson never learned before,
As I sat there nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my bedroom door;
'Tis some visitor I murmured, tapping at my bedroom door;
Only this, and nothing more.

But the sound was not quite certain; not the rustling of my curtain
Thrills me, fills me with fantastic terror, that no Freshman's felt before;
So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Only this and nothing more."

Deep into the darkness peering, long I sat there, wondering, fearing,
Thinking things of upper classmen never Freshmen thought before,

But the silence now unbroken and the stillness gave no token,
And the first thing that I knew was, that I lay upon the floor;
Then I heard a whispered echo, murmuring back, "Now shut the door."
Only this and nothing more.

But the days have long been flitting and the time is never sitting;
Now we fear not Student Councils; "Chigger" thrills us nevermore.
And the days have all the seeming of a person that is dreaming
And the light of Sophs and Juniors casts no shadow on the door
And our souls from out the shadows cast by Math upon the floor
Have been lifted evermore.
D. B.

RUTH

Her name is Ruth
And of a truth
Her heart is pure as gold
'Tis plain to see
That ruthlessly,
Some one her heart has "stold."

She's bobbed her hair,
And changed her air,
Her eyes are sparkling brightly
And in her step
There's lots of pep
She moves so quick and sprightly.

'Tis sad to say
That in her way
There is a great obstruction
But it is known
She follows on,
The "Broadway" of destruction.
H. F.

Julia and Gertrude were engaged in conversation concerning memory books, and Julia very highly complimented Gertrude's book.

Gertrude: Oh, it's only a package of foolishness.

Julia: Look's like a package of "Chester" fields to me.

Prof. Rooker: Whenever I sing "Carry your Cross with a smile," I always sing it. "Carry your face with a cross."

Ada Bess: Dimple have you heard Francis bray?

Miss Hart: Why, no. But Ada who is that boy at your table who keeps saying: Peace! Peace!

The longer the higher—"Chauncey is looking as young as ever."
Yes, but she says it costs her more every year.

True chivalry: The genius of a certain Milligan College reporter showed itself recently when he sent in the following news item to a local newspaper: Miss Ada Bess Hart, a Pikeville belle of twenty summers is visiting her twin brother, aged 30.

Clara: "Three hair-nets, please."

Clerk: "What strength?"

Clara: "Two dances and a car-ride."

Dum: "Why are the snowflakes dancing?"

Bell: "They're practicing for the snow ball."

Louise Lacy: "What are you doing up there, building a bird-house?"

J. McKissick: "No. foolish, I'm erecting a service-station for flying-fish."

"Heck" Moredock: "Where are "Shorty" Wheeler and John Williams?"

Horace Peters: "I saw them upon the steps having a race."

Heck: "Who won?"

Horace: "I don't know; they were neck and neck, when I left."

Poor Camouflage

The Pharmacy blush so often seen
On the girl who has danced till dawn
Is the same as painting the bare ground green,
And saying you have a lawn.

Hazel Payne: Gladys's hair is so long she sat on it.

Box: You mean when she takes it off.

Chauncey (to Anna Cates) Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home with you?

Anna: "They ought to, I argued with them for an hour about it."

Si Raum: You make me think of the Venus of Milo.

Glen Pryor: But I have arms.

Si: Really?

Tough: The waiters are revolting against the tipping habit.

John MC: I hadn't noticed it.

Tough: But they are. I gave one a dime yesterday, in a swell place, and he handed it back to me and suggested that I buy a farm with it.

(George Harrison) Do you know Prof. Hyder very well?

(Albert Price): Yes he "C"s me about every six weeks.

Athletic Review

The boys have played an unusually hard schedule since the game with the Bristol "Y" and have emerged victorious in the majority of the contests. They made a six day trip the week following the Bristol "Y" game, and met some of the strongest teams in East Tennessee and South-Eastern Kentucky. This trip was hard on the men as only eight players were carried.

The mighty team of Carson-Newman was the first team the Milliganites played on the trip January 21, and the Parsons emerged the victors by the score of 34 to 14. The Milligan team was sadly off form and the Carson team proceeded to run roughshod over the Orange and Black. Bebb and Hutchins were easily the stars of the fray for Carson-Newman. Bebb lead the scoring with nine markers over the field while Hutchins played a sensational floor game. Payne and McCormick starred for the Milligan quint. Payne leading in the scoring with 10 points.

Johnson Bible College was next on the schedule, January 22nd, and the Buffaloes were easy winners. The game was a hard fought affair the first half but the Orange and Black swung into real action the second session and swept over the Bible boys like a sand storm over the Sahara desert. "Battliff" McCormick and Soddy Millsaps were on the side-line during this fray. This was a great handicap to the Milligan team.

The great Garnet team of Maryville College was the next team the Buffaloes met, January 23, and the same old Jinx that has held the Milligan gang for two years, again held them while Maryville won 25 to 20. The Buffaloes led during the major part of the game, and appeared to be the winners but Maryville's sport in closing rounds of the fray proved fatal. The Orange and Black team was handicapped by the loss of Millsaps, star running guard. McMurray, the Maryville flash, was easily the outstanding player of the game. His scoring power in the last few minutes of play put the Garnet team in the lead. Squat Sawyer's brilliant work at guard was the lone feature for the Milligan team. He broke up Maryville's plays time after time and had them shooting from long distance.

The Buffaloes ran rough-shod over the team of L. M. U. January 24, sec-

ond time this season in one of the best played games ever seen at Harrogate. The Buffaloes mighty offense was held in check by the L. M. U. guards for a few minutes, but McCormick and Zeigler soon began to hoop the basket in rapid succession and the rest of the Milligan gang went wild. Squatty Sawyer and Millsaps were limiting the L. M. U. team to a minimum amount of "crip" shots in this game, while Zeigler was shooting them from all angles for Milligan. Their floor work was also exceptionally good. Turner starred for L. M. U. with a great floor game.

Kentucky State Normal took a fall from the prosperous Buffaloes the following night, January 25, in one of the best played games ever seen at that school by the score 32-30. The game was in doubt throughout the fray with each team holding the lead on numerous occasions. The Kentuckians stepped out in the closing minutes of the engagement and managed to pile up a lead that the Orange and Black team could not overcome. The game was unusually rough and many fouls were called. McCormick and Sawyer starred for Milligan.

The last game of this hard trip was played at Union College January 26, and for the second night in succession the Milliganites were forced to bite the dust this time by the score of 32-30. The count was tied and only a few seconds to go when a Union man dropped one in from long range. The Milligan team put up a great game and only the phenomenal shooting of Union team sent them down in defeat. Sawyer and Millsaps formed a defense that was impregnable at all times and the majority of Union's points were made on long heaves from all angles on the floor. Millsaps and Sawyer starred for Milligan. The Buffaloes returned home after this game as it was the last of the trip. Considering everything, the trip was a success as the team won two out of six and the ones lost were to great teams and by the smallest possible margins. McCormick and Millsaps were in bad condition on this trip and were not able to do their best.

The Buffaloes arrived in Milligan Sunday afternoon after one of the hardest six day trips ever attempted by a Milligan outfit. The team was all tired out by this hard journey but immediately went to work in preparation for the game with the strong team from Tusculum College, on February

1st. It was the same old story again the Tusculumites were unable to stop the Buffaloes last stampede for victory, which has been a custom for years, and were vanquished in the closing minutes of the game by the score of 27-22. Tusculum led during the entire time until the last four minutes of play when the Buffaloes made their last desperate effort to stave off defeat and a terrific offense was launched and it was only a few seconds until the score was tied and untied by Milligan. The mighty team from the Tobacco City came to Milligan with numerous triumphs over teams of class and with this team came Buddy Morgan, great forward. He was held out of the fray on account of injuries until Milligan tied the score and then he was rushed to the fray, but too late, the game was lost. Tusculum played a clean hard game and Milligan was forced to go the limit to beat them. Smith S. Ramsey starred for Tusculum and Sawyer and Payne for Milligan.

Carson-Newman's "Fighting Parsons" were the next team the Buffaloes engaged on the home floor, February 7, and Captain Bebb's gang were easily the victors by the score of 39 to 18 in a well-played game. The Parsons entered the Orange and Black camp with scalps of many worthy foes dangling from their belts. The team of Georgetown University, hitherto undefeated in

(Continued on page twelve)

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I C E C R E A M



Literary and Dramatic



THE PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Philomathean Literary Society has been doing some of its best work this semester and some very interesting programs have been rendered. Philomatheia is getting down to real business and making her dreams come true. She is trying to show her brother society, the Americans, that she can keep pace with them in all the activities of literary work, and show the other societies, in friendly competition that she can surpass them.

The Freshmen have been doing excellent work in the Literary Society and have entered into the society spirit with much enthusiasm. They are well represented in the Freshmen Debate by Misses Hazel Payne, Gladys Payne, and Nancy Cantrell.

There has been a great forward move made in Philomatheia. At last a society-hall has been given to them. They have begun to beautify their hall. The colors of the Philomathean Literary Society have been changed to grey and old rose. The walls are being tinted grey and there will be draperies of old rose and grey, with furniture to match. A new society song is being written; a new constitution and by-laws have been drawn up and accepted by the society.

An open program is well under way and will be very unique and interesting. It is to be something different from anything ever presented at Milligan. Every one is always welcome at Philomatheia. The members are proving to the College and faculty, that they are indeed "lovers of learning."

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The American Literary Society is ever improving in the type of Literary work which it is doing. Some of its best programs have been given within the past few weeks.

One of the most interesting programs of the year was a trial staged by the Americans. Excitement was shown throughout all the school and a great number of members of the other societies visited, to witness the trial. Mr. Grady Ferguson acted as Judge and showed great ability and dignity. Mr. Hilbourne Botkin and Mr. William Hill, Jr., were attorneys for the prosecution. Mr. John McKissick and Mr. T. W. Caskey were attorneys for the

defense. These men showed exceptional talent and ability, both in the examinations of witnesses and in pleading the case. Some of the witnesses became utterly helpless under the rapid-fire cross-questionings of the attorneys.

Several Intercollegiate debaters have been chosen from the American Literary Society. George Hardin, Grady Ferguson and William Hill are to debate with Maryville. George Harrison and Stoney Smallwood are American members who were chosen for the Freshman debate against Tusculum College.

The American-Athenian basketball game was also another society event of great excitement. The Americans proved to be too strong a foe for the Athenians, who went down in defeat before them.

OSSOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The true spirit of each literary society is being put to a test during these extremely busy weeks on the College Hill.

Realizing that the growing society is the one which keeps going in the face of obstacles the Ossolians are striving to have a strong undercurrent of hard work to strengthen the places made weak by interruptions in their regular routine.

With pride, Ossolia announces in this issue of the Trident her representatives in the coming inter-collegiate debates. In the fray with Carson-Newman the society will be represented by Miss Ruth Emerson and Miss Fydella Roberts. And those into whose hand has been placed the trust of bringing honor to Ossolia in the Freshman debate with Tusculum College are Misses Dorothy Van Bockern, Lovie Pennington and Anna Knight. We believe in these debaters and in their ability to represent us well in the two on-coming conflicts.

The members of Ossolia regret very much the loss of a valuable member, Miss Lucille Raum, who left Milligan recently on account of illness.

An important recent achievement of Ossolia is the organization of a society orchestra, the personnel of which is as follows:

Piano—Ruth Wakefield, Pauline Lipford.
Violins—Ivor Jones, Pauline Lipford.
Cornet—Ruth Wakefield.
Mandolin—Dorothy Van Bockern.

Drums—Nadelle Schuping.

The orchestra was requested to play in combination with that of the American Literary Society at the Annual Banquet given in Johnson City on February twenty-first.



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THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY

The many and varied activities of the past few weeks have caused a very decided and noticeable slump in literary society work. However, at the timely and altogether proper stimulation of the faculty, there has been a re-birth, a rejuvenation of life in the society. There has been no really beneficial program rendered for some time but that was not due entirely to the society, other things having entered in. The officers for the coming term have been duly elected and installed. They are as follows:

President.....Mr. J. G. Long
Vice-Pres.....Lawrence Derthick
Sec. & Treasurer.....Glen Pryor
Chaplain.....Herman Forbes
Censor.....Joe Walton
Critic....."Juicy Bill" Himes

Under the capable leadership of the new president, with the able assistance of his officers and the additional strength that has been acquired by the new members, the society bids fair to do work of a high calibre. The program that is mapped out by Mr. Long is constructive and solid. The aim of the society has become the producing of literary work more representative of their ability.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Let the Dramtic Club of Milligan make its bow

On Trident's famous stage, and tell you how

All members in right pose and voice
Have made Lord Hamlet e'en rejoice,
As they have suited action to the word,
And vice versa, to be seen and heard.

And now we are quite ready to report
That of dramatics we've had every sort,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe

Acted grief and hate, affection, horrid fears;

Taken all the world to be our stage
And we the actors; seized Shakespeare's page

And turned it into smiles and tears;

And we hope we've kept the honored name

Of our Dramatic Club to its usual fame,
By acting well our parts—knowing surely

That honor only can be won so, duly.

And even if you've clapped us for our fun,

We hope that your applause we've really won.

We close now with our slogan: "The Play's the thing!"

"Exit all: "Down the curtain ring!"

ATHLETIC REVIEW

(Continued from page 10)

their own back yard for the last seven years, fell victims to the great team from sunny Tennessee. V. P. I. and other teams of note were like chaff before a wind when they faced the gang from Jefferson City. Milligan played a great game and actually held the visitors closer than any other team on the trip with the exception of Georgetown. The Blue and Gold warriors were held in check for the first few minutes of the fray but soon stepped out and were never in danger during the remainder of the game. A lot of old-timers said the visiting aggregation was the greatest team that ever visited Milligan College and that it was no dishonor for Milligan to lose to a team of their calibre. The Parsons were almost perfect in all phases of the game. Milligan played a beautiful game but the all-star team was just a little too much for them. Bebb Higgins and Hutchins starred for Carson-Newman, Bebb leading the scoring with 19 points while the floor work of Hutchins and Higgins was nothing short of sensational. McCormick, Payne and Sawyer were the outstanding players for Milligan.

The veteran quintette of Johnson Bible College was the next victim of the Orange and Black warriors, February 8. The team from the Bible school was completely outclassed in all phases of the game and Milligan was easily the winner by the overwhelming score of 49 to 11. The Buffaloes started off like a flash and continued their terrific pace throughout the game. Johnson Bible fought like tigers but the great work of the entire Milligan team was just a little too much for them. The second team was sent into the fray at the beginning of the second half and played well. The first team was sent back to the tussle after ten minutes had elapsed and during the remainder of the game scored at will. Kavonola, running guard, was easily the outstanding player for the visitors. His defensive play and floor work was a feature of the game. "Roost" Anderson, subbing for Millsaps, was the star for the Buffaloes. The Okolona Flash more than filled the shoes left vacant by the injury of Willard Millsaps, he played one of the best games at running guard seen here this year.

The Buffaloes paid the veteran quint of the Bristol "Y" the visit due them on Saturday night of February 9, as the "Y" boys lost the game at Milligan earlier in the season. The grand old men again denied father time and the aging legs and dimmed eyes returned to their youth for this occasion and

Milligan was forced to bow to their superior prowess by a 31-29 count. Re-mine caged one just as the game was nearing a close and Milligan was two points behind when the final whistle sounded. Old Hugh McNew was the main cog in the "Y" machine with 11 baskets from the floor. The Milligan guards were unable to hold Hugh at bay as he shot them from all angles on the floor. The Buffaloes played a great game but the "Y" was unbeatable in this battle with McNew caging the hide from all angles on the floor. The game was a see-saw affair with the teams trading the lead often, until the final minute of play. "Batliff" McCormick shone brilliantly for Milligan, scoring the majority of the teams points and playing a sensational game on the defense. McNew was the whole hog for the visitors, shining in all departments of play.

The Orange and Black girls played their second college game of the season on February 13, against the spectacular team from Martha Washington college of Abingdon, Virginia. The brilliant sextette from the Virginia city displayed a nifty brand of basketball at all times and easily won over Milligan's fair sex by the score of 25 to 16. Martha Washington got away to a good start in the opening minutes of the fray and the game looked like a landslide but at this point of the force Milligan's defense stiffened and as the game took on an entirely different appearance, it began to look like a real battle. The Milligan guards apparently solved the visitors' style of play and blocked their pass work time after time and their scoring was held in check. The first half of the contest ended 17 to 9 in the visitors' favor. Milligan came back with a snap in the second half and held Martha to 7 points but were unable to pile up enough to overcome Martha's lead and the game ended 25 to 16.

The Crimson Tide of Lenoir College and Milligan Buffaloes put on the second exhibition on the night of February 13. The veteran quint from the Tar Heel State was completely outplayed in all departments of the game and Milligan had little trouble in disposing of them by the huge score of 46 to 11. The visiting lads were hailed throughout this section as one of the greatest college teams to be found. They put up a good game for the first few minutes but as soon as old "Batliff" McCormick and the rest of the crew got started Lenoir was never able to stop them. The Orange and Black piled up a comfortable lead the first half and the second team was then al-

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The Merry-Go-Round



THE CANDY PULLING

The annual candy pulling, given by Mrs. Derthick's Sunday School class, complimenting Prof. Cochrane's class, was a very delightful affair. On Jan. 12, 1924 the two classes assembled at the new "Gym," where spirited games were enjoyed until the hour of 9:30. The two classes then were asked to go to the Girls' dormitory and there, were led to the dining-room where steaming candy awaited them, and a regular "Old-Fashioned" Candy-pulling followed.

Their good time was attested by the scars, the class, as well as the faculty, wore. Many were the blisters. It is reported that Prof. Rooker was late to Sunday School next morning, for he was forced to remain in the dining room longer than usual because he failed to notice the over-supply of candy left in his chair.

VALENTINE PARTY

The Valentine party given by the members of Dean Boyd's class on Saturday Evening, February 16th, was an event of much joy. Great pleasure was afforded the class in having as guests of honor the Maryville Basket-Ball girls. The parlors of the Girls' home were brilliant with symbols betokening St. Valentine's day. The spirit of the occasion was manifested by each guest through out the entire evening.

Many original features were offered for entertainment, among which were the nonsense memory contest, for which, a prize was given; then the College Stunt Contest and the Auction of the Girls. Miss Hart delighted the guests with several readings, which she rendered in her most pleasing manner.

At a late hour a delicious ice course was served in the form of hearts, bearing out the color scheme of red and white.

"COMINGS AND GOINGS"

It was with deepest regret that the students were forced to say good-bye to Misses Katherine Dearing, Lucile Raum and Naomi Isenberg. These students were very popular young ladies of the College.

The College as well as the community, has received two special treats this month: first of having Brother E. S. Baker of Union City, Tenn. to conduct

a revival. Then, of having Brother Riddell, of Butler, Pa., as a guest. Brother Riddell brought several very forceful messages.

The coming of Miss Dimple Hart of Blacktone, Ala., to take charge of the department of Expression is a source of much pleasure to all.

Several new students have matriculated for the semester and have been duly entered on the roster of students of Milligan College. A hearty welcome is extended to them.

ATHLETIC REVIEW

(Continued from page 12)

lowed to enter the fray at the start of the second period. They played ten minutes without much success and the Varsity was called back to continue their slaughter. The first five ran wild in the closing minutes and it was almost impossible to keep track of the score as the baskets were rung up so fast by the Milligan crew. Bill Zeigler was easily the star for Milligan with 17 points to his credit and a spectacular floor game. It was easily his best game of the year. McCormick played his greatest defensive game and passed well. Brown, at running guard, featured for Lenoir.

Milligan Reserve Lost to Central High

The Milligan "Baby Buffaloes" lost one of the fastest games that has been played on the Milligan floor this year to the famous Central High School of Chattanooga on February 13, by the score of 12-11. Central started off with cyclone speed but were soon going at a rate somewhat slower after having traversed the large floor of the new gym. The first half ended 10-2 in favor of Central. The second half started out with the same speed of the first but the "Reserves" were showing some of the speed this time and only allowed the visitors to ring one basket while they hooped four baskets and a four for themselves. The game was fast and full of thrills throughout the last half and was doubtful as to who the victors were to be. Several of the Reserves are showing up like varsity material for the year of '25.

Milligan Girls Lose to The Fast Maryville Sextette

The Milligan girls were defeated on their own court, February 16th by the fast team from Maryville by the score

of 26-16. The visitors were on the jump all the time and showed signs of good coaching and experience. The Milligan girls are new to the game as this is the first year Milligan has had a girls' team although some of them show up like "old heads." The Milligan line of defense seemed to be weak in the first half but strengthened considerably in the last half; but that was too late to check the rush of the visitors.

The Milligan College girls played the team of Newport High on the same night that the Reserves fell before the fast team from Central High and won by the score 25 to 10. This game was fast and snappy throughout with Newport High showing an unusual good brand of basketball for a High School. The Milligan team had a hard time breaking the defense of the Newport team the first half, but managed to sift through frequently the last period. The visiting team passed well but were away off in the shooting department of the game.

Tusculum College's mighty quint secured full revenge for the defeat they received here, a few weeks ago, when Milligan played them a return game February 18, by defeating the Orange and Black crew to the tune of 47 to 27. The game was never in doubt after the first quarter of play as the Tusculumites held a comfortable lead after this period. Morgan and his gang were right and hooped the old ball from all portions of the floor. Milligan fought hard and for the first few minutes held the edge but this edge soon wore off as baskets rained for Tusculum. The Greeneville crew played their best game of the year.

A disheartening defeat was the result of the hard fought game between the Tusculum and Milligan girls, played at Tusculum, the final score being 42-16. The Milligan girls were playing under decided difficulties; but the Tusculum girls displayed superior team work.

Prof. Cochrane: Who made the first nitride in this country.

Alleyne: Paul Revere.

Herman Forbes: What was Sue Pittman doing when Harvey Proffitt left?
Maie Wood: I don't know, what?
Herman Forbes: She was profiteering.

THE FRESHMAN FORUM

"Their Idea of the Faculty."

Miss Hart: We Freshmen saw her smile until a "dimple" came into her face.

—Nancy Cantrell.

Miss Adams: It is hard for the Freshman to get an interview with Miss Adams because she is always Crouch-ing over in some corner.

—Sue Pittman.

Miss Richardson. She is generally on time when by herself, she is always late when with Prof. Hill.

—Julia Kimmins.

Prof. Rooker: A man who has no mercy, no heart, no understanding of a Freshman and his English difficulties. He thinks they are a machine, capable of anything from memorizing "The Star-Spangled Banner" to debating Vanderbilt University or holding Congress.

—Joe Walton.

Prof. Cochrane. To understand Prof. Cochrane you must have studied Greek, Latin and—slang.

—C. Springfield.

Prof. Hyder. Our idea of a chapel speaker.

—Maie Wood.

Prof. Poage. He has studied dramatic art so much that he thinks he can express a whole drama in a twist of the mouth.

—Maltier Chauncey.

Prof. Lappin. The most undignified of the Professors, with a smile and a word of greeting for everyone—which is never expressed.

—Essie Boals.

Dean Boyd. Is a magnanimous specie of psyche. Approximating the illustrious personification of the famous embodiment of the spirit of the challenging situation, when placed in juxtaposition or proximity with an infinitesimal bacteria called a Freshman.

—Hazel Payne.

Prof. Myhr. Wants everything to be a double-header from Freshman to two-story biscuits.

Leslie Payne.

Prof. Ingle. A walking encyclopedia (as he sees himself).

—John Williams.

Prof. Muilberger. We would like to

know what nationality Mr. Muilberger is, as he can get into all kinds of shapes from a Jew to a "fishing worm."

—Gladys Payne.

Prof. Hill. If he thought he would be on time, he would go back and wait awhile.

—Rondah Hyder.

Mrs. Derthick. "Ahem-m-m. Some one tells me this is the first Sunday night." We wonder what the first word means?

Prof. Wright. Prof. Wright is the Freshman professor. He is the only one who has honored the Freshman Class with a special chapel program.

—Earnest Kegley.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

To all would-be orators, and appeal is sent out for them to prepare themselves, for the greatest oratorical contest held in Tennessee is to take place here April 4th. It is an opportunity which comes but once a year and one of which every young man with any oratorical talent should take advantage.

This year the contest is to take place in the auditorium of the Administration Building of Milligan College. At that time there will be representatives on the stage from many colleges in East and Middle Tennessee. It will be a battle-royal and the man who wins must show that he can really speak. No Milligan representative has ever been victorious in this contest. However this year, a greater effort than in former years is being put forth with that end in view.

Some of the young men are preparing themselves now for this contest. The student-body should feel a just pride in their orators, for few students realize how much work it requires to write an oration. In fact, this is a school activity and should deserve the ardent support of every loyal Milligan student.

It will be worth the while of any student to be present when these orations are delivered, for rarely does one hear at one time so much oratory. It will be a treat to those who are interested in oratory and to those who are not.

THE GYMNASIUM

The Gymnasium is nearing completion. For many months, we have watched, with eager eyes, the construction of this beautiful architectural

structure, anticipating with great pleasure the games, and, other pleasures that we shall experience within its walls. Now, it is no longer a thing hoped and prayed for, but a reality.

We are proud of this new building, and justly so, we realize that it is indeed a work of art, and that it will mean much to us. As we view this building in all its beauty and splendor, we are made to think of the money, prayers, and efforts that it has cost. We realize especially that it has cost our President much time, prayer and effort. We are also made to think of the donors who have given so generously to the construction of this building, as we continue to hope and pray that others may be equally as generous in order that it may be dedicated free from debt.

Now that we have this magnificent building, let us resolve to use it to the best advantage possible, and let us keep it beautiful and clean. Let us all, as a committee within ourselves, see that no pencil marks, finger prints, scratches or damages of any kind mar its stately beauty.

S. P.

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A FRESHMAN DECISION

A meeting of the Freshmen boys was held in the chapel Wednesday night February 5th, for the purpose of disposing of the question that "All Freshmen should wear green caps, as an emblem of their class."

The meeting was called to order by President Walton and the question was placed before the assembly. It was unanimously decided to adopt this cap as the standard and that all Freshmen be compelled to wear it. A committee composed of five men was appointed by the President to make rules governing the wearing of this cap. The committee was composed of the following members of the class: Walton, Price, Payne, Smallwood, and Williams. It was also voted that the green caps should bear the numerals 27 in order that the class scheme be further carried out.

At the meeting of the committee the following rules were made.

1. That all male members of the Freshmen Class be compelled to wear these caps.

2. That they be compelled to wear them from 12 a. m. Monday until 12 p. m. Saturday.

3. That no member excused from wearing this cap under any circumstances.

4. That these caps be worn until the end of the present school year.

This decision, since it was voted upon the Freshmen, by the Freshmen, can not be enforced by any member of any other class of the present year but only by Freshmen rules.

This will give Milligan more of the college atmosphere of which she is in need. One reason for the adoption is that the Sub-College department being done away with and only Freshmen will be allowed to enter after the next year.

J. W.

THE LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club, which has been organized recently, promises to be one of the most interesting and also one of the most instructive organizations in the school.

Several days ago Prof. Wright, the efficient Latin teacher, called all the Latin students together to welcome back to Milligan Mr. Dennis Kimery, who is noted here for being an unusually good Latin student. Mr. Kimery has been attending school at the University of Tennessee. It was at this meeting that Prof. Wright suggested that the club be organized and all were delighted with the idea.

It has been decided that the Club

will have monthly meetings and at these meetings programs will be given which will show that Latin is not merely a dead language but is still used and useful in many ways. Prof. Wright was given the authority to select the program committee. The other officers were unanimously elected by the Club as follows:

Dennis Kimery ----- President
Norah Boone ----- Vice-President
Anna Knight ----- Secretary
Kathleen Adams ----- Treasurer

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INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATERS

It has for several years been the custom of Milligan College to engage in debates with some of her neighboring colleges. Last year the debaters made a very fine record, having won over the Maryville team at their own college, and over Johnson Bible College and Carson and Newman College on the Milligan platform. Also the Freshman Girl's won over Tusculum Freshman Girls at Milligan.

A larger schedule has been prepared for this year and everyone is looking forward to the oncoming debates with great anxiety. The debates scheduled for this year include a Freshman Boys' and a Freshman Girls' debate against Tusculum College; a Boys' Intercollegiate debate against Maryville College and a Girls' debate against Carson and Newman College.

The Boys debate against Maryville College, held March 3rd, resulted in victory for Milligan College on both the Milligan and Maryville platform. The Debaters were Grady Ferguson, J. Charles Cutrell, J. G. Long, Edwin Crouch, W. W. Hill, Jr., George Hardin.

The Girls debate against Carson and Newman College will be held April 18. Milligan will be represented in this debate by Ruth Emerson, Fydella Roberts, Norah Boone and Helen Mitchell.

The Freshman Girls' debate against Tusculum College will be held March 31. The Girls chosen for this debate are: Nancy Cantrell, Lovie Pennington, Anna Knight, Hazel Payne, Gladys Payne, Dorothy VanBockern.

The Freshman Boys' debate against Tusculum College will be held April 7th. George Harrison, Herman Forbes, Stoney Smallwood, A. W. Grey, Jack Massey, and John O. Broadway have been chosen for this debate.

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THE STONEWALL CLUB

"They all fall sooner or later," is a saying that runs true to form in most all cases, anyway, that is what happened to six flourishing members of the E. X. C. club, when the nifty team from Stonewall Jackson appeared on the Milligan floor.

Handsome Joe Walton, the club's pride, broke the rules of the club and proceeded to step out with one of the visiting ladies. Five other young men followed suit and broke the custom of the club.

Stonewall Jackson brought the best looking bunch of girls seen in Milligan. They met defeat on the basketball floor but were real winners in the "conference" game. Even "Goog" Vaden was cast under the magic spell of one of the fair ladies of the visiting team.

After this team from the old Dominion had departed a club was organized by the "lucky six" and named in honor of the visitors. The constitution and by-laws of the club were made very strict, and memberships were granted those in good standing. A called meeting was held and officers for the year were elected. The honor of Imperial Wizard, went to Joe Walton, while Stoney Smallwood was chosen for Grand Dragon. "Goog" Vaden was elected unanimously for cheer leader while "Si" Anderson was the most lucky one of the six, being chosen for Secretary-Treasurer. Clifton Falls was honored with the position of Sergeant at-Arms. "Juicy Bill" Himes was elected janitor on the condition that he keep the hall clean for the weekly meetings. These officers were elected for the term of one year.

The Stonewall Club will meet semi-weekly until further notice and each member absent will be fined one pumpkin and a quart of acorns for the first three absences and on the fourth time will be dismissed without notice or honors.

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A general class in this department has been organized, and a large number are taking individual lessons.

Miss Hart has already proven herself to be very efficient, and many are expressing themselves as having received great benefit from her classes.

The organization of a physical culture class in connection with her other classes is now afoot. Many other interesting plans have been made, and we are sure that they will materialize, coupled with Miss Hart's efficiency and co-operative interest.

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

Beher: Yes, sir; what part didn't you understand?

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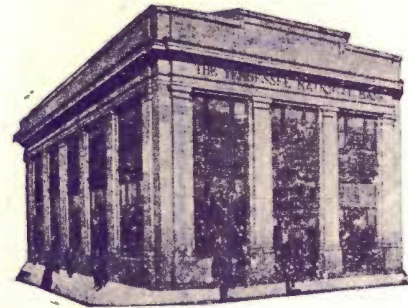
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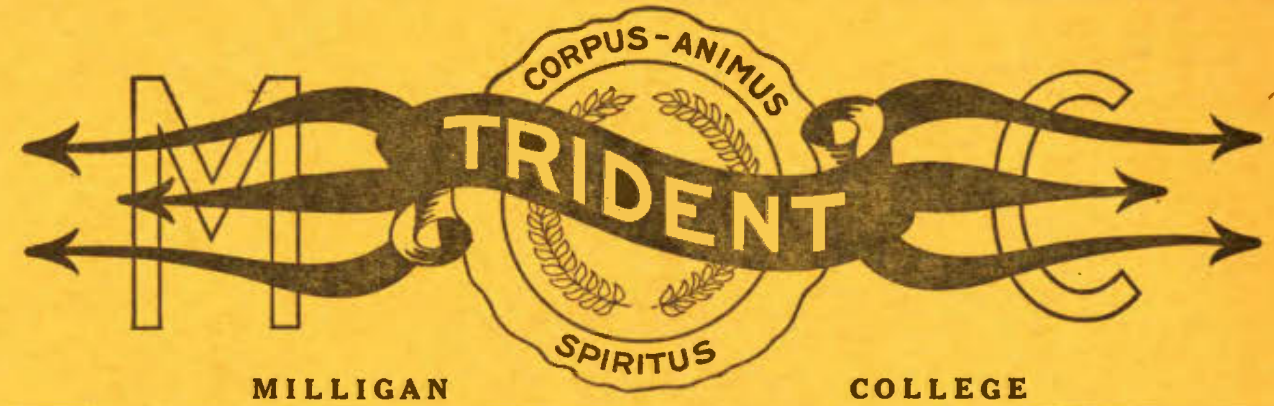
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MILLIGAN

COLLEGE

VOL. 1

MAY, 1924

No. 5



NEW THOUGHTS

To think success is prosperity,
To think failure is to lose
All hopes of being what thou shouldst be,
Of living and loving and giving unto charity;
And of the developing of thy Utopia
Where thou mayest realize
Thy utmost aims, and declare that thy paradise
Is in a realm where only one who understands life can live.
Live not on dull time-worn ideas,
Let new thoughts, the creative kind,
Be the food of thy treasure, the sub-conscious mind,
That man, like God, might be divine;
Oh thought, thou makest life sublime.

C. C.

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I am seeing visions and dreaming dreams
Of a beautiful goddess that dwells in streams
These streams are not as rivers that flow,
As silently onward they ceaselessly go—
But are the streams of men and life
Amid grim battles of toil and strife.
Need I the name of this goddess tell?
I will—yet you must know it well.
I whisper it low—
As the gentle winds that softly blow,
'Tis lesser pain and sweeter strife;
When all is dark and cold and drear.
You shine and then the way seems clear.
Troubles and sorrows on cold gray days
Are lessened by your sunny ways.
When death has come and all else is despair
You dwell in warm hearts
Oh lovely flower!
Your bud may at the first be small,
Yet your sweet perfume, reaches all;
Oh flower, oh goddess, oh thing divine,
May your dear presence be ever mine,
Tho life go through a vale of tears;
Oh hope, remain all through the years;
When death draws near
Let me not fear—But enter with hope
Into the unknown.

L. P.

EDITORIAL

"SHE WON'T RUN WITHOUT GAS"

Recently an autoist was driving through the Southern part of Tennessee. In passing another vehicle he "killed" his engine." He stepped on the starter, and twisted the crank for half an hour or more but no response did he get from the car. He was almost at his wit's end when a twelve year old country lad appeared on the scene and asked if he had any gas. "Plenty of gas," replied the autoist, or "at least I think so—but I'll look and see." He did look and painfully announced that he was out of gas. Whereupon the lad with typical philosophical country dignity said, "Mister, she won't run without gas."

This is an age that likes to get results—likes to step on the accelerator and burn the wind. But when it comes to putting gas in the tank this age is hesitant. We all want the results without first getting the necessary antecedents. It's easy to get results if we prepare for those results—but "She won't run without gas." Gas in the tank is grit in the soul. It is discipline, real education, strong moral fiber, a spirit that never says, "quit" and all that catalog of virtues that help us get there. With these we may expect to be there ahead of time; without these we'll be left on the roadside stamping the starter and twisting the crank, and being chagrined by one less wise than we are supposed to be. Of course we must have a tank for the gas.

G. F.



Life has been likened to many things. Shall we look at life as a great orchestra that is engaged in creating the harmony of the ages? We are each, one little instrument in this great orchestra of life. God, the marvelous leader, has given us the key-note by which we may tune our lives. He, with his master-hand, leads in the music of eternity. Our lives must always be in order that our instrument may not be the one to create the discord that will ultimately throw others out of harmony.

We are now having a great rehearsal. We must learn to adapt the tone of our instrument to those around us so that they will all blend together in one grand harmony. According to the amount of time and energy which we put into this rehearsal, day by day, just so accurately will we be able to play in the final recital. If we shirk, if we do not take our part in rehearsal, we will not be allowed to take part in the final recital at the culmination of the ages.

R. D.



THE PRICE WE PAY

To pay the price—is the law from which no man escapes, for in life all things are sold. It is as inevitable as night and day that there is a price of some kind paid for attainments. There is a measure for a measure, and an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. For, whatever there is spent on one side there must be economy on the other. Adam and Eve were the only persons who had all of the fruits of life presented to them free of charge; and they paid dearly for that knowledge which they had not.

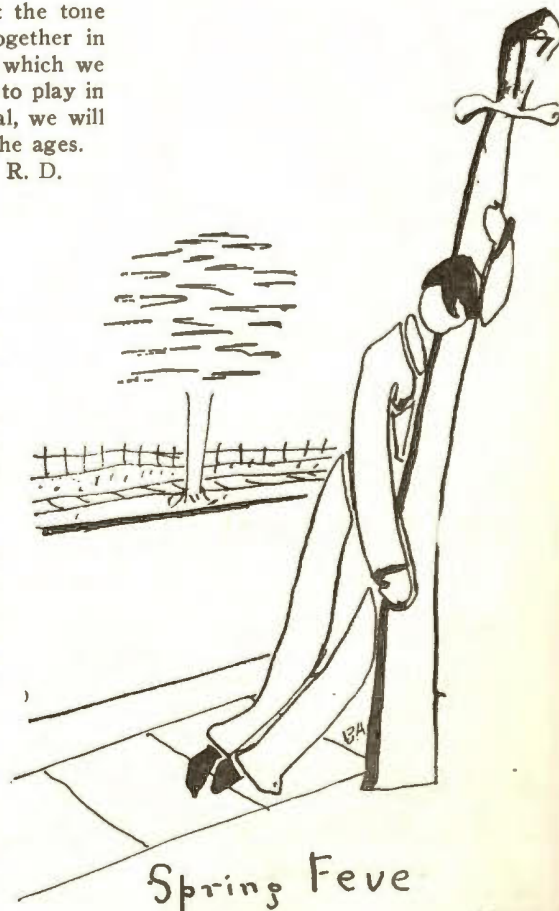
We must pay for all things; our loves, our hates, our beliefs, and unbeliefs, our friends, our knowledge, our power. Hatreds are paid for in the corrosion of souls. Beliefs are paid for by defending them in the teeth of much doubt and uncertainty. Noble pursuits are paid for by the loss of followers. Honor is achieved by a difficult and laborious life in defiance of injustice. Lofty ideals are paid for by the price of intense loneliness and consecration to the cause for which one stands.

Many students to-day, are rather inclined to steal an education and get away with it, without paying; but the bills come due, and the un pitying collector will not be eluded forever. At any point of the game a man may withdraw if he chooses; the decision rests entirely in his hands. But for every hesitation, for every sacrifice to security, the price is fixed. The biggest prices go to those who play the game fairly to the finish, who cast themselves whole-

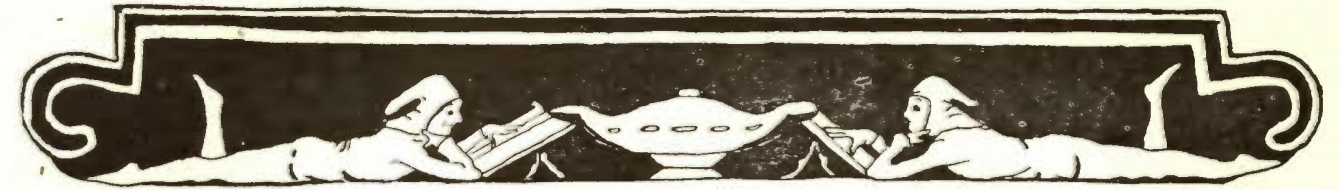
heartedly into every fresh phase of life, having faith at every point to accept the common lot.

Wrongs recoil and spring upon the offender. The leveling forces restrict the powerful and the overbearing whose dominion destroys society. The law of compensation oftentimes takes a slow and steady course, but always sure. It behooves every man to sacrifice and pay the price in order that he may achieve the ultimate goal in the future; for that which we sacrifice to-day will most assuredly be regained to-morrow. We must cultivate the faculty or process of thought in order that we may be able to cope with the complicated situations that arise in the world of procedure. But whatever cost we must pay, good books, noble pursuits, and high ideals form combating forces which will triumph over evil.

G. H.



Spring Feve



THE PENMAN

KISMET

In the western sky the molten sun was swinging low, seeming to hesitate for a moment before it finally drop behind the range of rugged mountains. A campfire blazed merrily in a small hollow, nestled among the low foothills. By the campfire there lounged two men, who having finished their frugal meal, were quietly smoking and gazing into the fierce glow of the sunset. One was a youth of perhaps twenty years, with clean-cut features and clear gray eyes, the other was a typical Knight of the Road—ragged and rough in appearance and yet at the same time plainly showing that he deserved better ranking than is usually given to the average tramp. His leathery skin was smooth and swarthy. His forehead and chin displayed what at one time must have been a forceful character. The steel blue eyes were overhung by black shaggy brows. Those eyes grew misty as he gazed into the west; turning, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, saying as he did so:

"Yes, Jack, life's a funny proposition. As you and I have been together only a short time, I've never told you much about myself. It isn't a habit with me to tell this story, but I'm going to do so for your sake. Here's the story of why I took to the road—was graduated from Princeton in '98 but did not choose to settle down in Dad's law office, as he wanted me to do. I was young—and the wide world beckoned—I answered the call. The next three years saw me drifting here and yon. I was beginning to be tired of it and my thoughts were turning toward home. And then came the real turning point of my life.

It happened in a little wine garden on the outskirts of Naples. The garden was situated on a rolling hill overlooking the bay. The garden was rather exclusive, and frequented only by the best people of the city.

It was one of those sunny afternoons for which Italy is famed, that I was seated there in the garden with an old college chum who was connected with the American Consulate. We

were eagerly talking over old times when there entered with several other persons—a girl. Her companions don't matter. They're not in this story—but the girl! Jack, I knew at once that I had wandered all those years seeking her. Words fail me when I try to describe her. Her big solemn eyes were a deep brown and her curly hair was coal black. The singular contrast of her dark hair and eyes with the pearly whiteness of her complexion lent a charm to her mien, that was inexplicable. She carried her lithe, slender body with an air of queenly grace.

It was easy to arrange an introduction, she being acquainted with my chum. Then followed two weeks of real life—the only real life that I have ever known. Her father was an Italian nobleman, her mother a girl from the old Dominion State. In the daughter was to be found the best characteristics of both races. Oh Jack— I can't begin to tell you of the wonder of her. She was the epitome of all that is noble and good in womanhood. After two weeks of arden wooing, she responded to my plea and consented to be my wife. We were to be married and sail for the States immediately.

It was just two weeks after I met her that we went again to the wine-garden as a sort of a farewell to the spot that had marked the beginning of life for each of us. On the morning we were to be married and leave Italy. Jack, as you've never experienced the glory of a moonlight night on the Mediterranean, you can't fully appreciate the picture that I shall try to draw for you. By day the garden was lovely, but by night it took on a weird beauty that was almost unreal. The soft mellow moon—the deep black shadows—the warm moist sea breeze heavy laden with the perfume of roses—these all added to the peculiar mystery of that wonderful Garden of Enchantment. Across the blue-black bay there twinkled the myriad lights of the city. All was quiet save for the soft, far-away music of a hidden orchestra. My Dream Girl and I were seated in a secluded corner. All was peaceful and still. There in the quietness of the night we sat meditating of

life together. We were supremely happy. The future lay stretched out before us a long dreamy vista of rapture and bliss. And then, Jack, Fate played her trump.

The harsh rasping voice of a man broke the stillness of the garden. There sprang into view in the pale moonlight the figure of a tall Italian. At the sight of us he paused, flung a few sharp words at us in Italian that I could not understand, and then his hand flashed to his waist. It all happened in the barest fraction of time that it takes to tell you of it. She and I had both risen to our feet. His arm was uplifted for a bare moment—a stiletto flashed in the silvery light—and then his arm came down with a snap. Before I could grasp the significance of the whole affair, she, who knew well the traits of her people, flung her body in front of me. There was a dull, sickening thud as the cold steel buried itself in her warm breast—She died a moment later in my arms. Her last words were: "I'm going now, dear, Remember that I-love you—I'll be waiting out beyond—the stars." Then she was gone.

Jack, her murderer was a jealous rejected suitor. The avenging characteristics of his blood proved too much and he tried to kill me. My Wonder Girl in her great love for me gave her life that I might live. He was caught, and the law took its course. But that nothing for me after that. I had no anchor—no desire to settle down. I wrote Dad, explaining all, and have been wandering ever since. I can't stick anywhere. The far places always call and I must go.—Yes, Jack, that's why I took to the road. I'm a ship without a rudder or a sail. I'll just keep drifting until Fate once more takes a hand and—well, then I'll go to her waiting for me out yonder."

There he paused and after getting slowly to his feet, he walked out a little from the fire. The young woman rose and followed. And there side by side in the mouth of that ravine they stood gazing at the heavens. Night had fallen. All traces of the sunset had been erased from the sky. The

(Continued on page nine)

DAY DREAMS

"Come, niece, and bring my diary
And draw your chair up close to
mine,
Yes, bring the light and hold it near
The words are written very fine.

"This journal is the first I kept.
In it I told of my first beau;
He taught me, on a summer day
To dive, to float, to swim and row.

"His name," I wrote, is beautiful,
It's very short and sweet—'tis Hicks'.
We met beside a silver lake—
The calm, and crystal lake of Dix.

"His cruly hair is golden bronze
His handsome eyes are big and blue
They burn into my very soul
And look my heart right through and
through.

"A few days later we went home
And I have never seen him since
And now I know—ah yes, full well
That he was not my Charming
Prince.

"My next romance, my precious niece,
With Cecil was—the banker's son.
I'm certain, for he smiled at me.'
I wrote, 'He is the very one.'

"But wrong was I again, my dear,
For many years ago he wed
The pretty girl who sat near me—
Fair Wilma—with the curly head.

"My book has mentioned Karl and Jack
And 'Skeeter' Knight, and 'Fourty,'
too
I liked them all a little bit
But they would never, never do.

"But let us read another one—
The years were passing swiftly by
My happy High School days were done
'Twas College now instead of High.

"While memory serves I'll not forget
The many happy days we spent
I wrote my journal every night
And carried it where'er I went

"This page, I must not fail to read.
It tells about one frosty night
My diary gives me every word
Of how they entertained us right.

"The party was the grandest one
It was as fine as it could be,
The orchestra was beautiful,
And oh, it played so touchingly!

"The garb I wore was of a nurse
It looked so nice, the girls all said.
The dress was spotless, snowy white
And white the cap upon my head.

"I'll not tell how my friend was
dressed
Nor will I ever tell his name
Forever he will guarded be
Within my mem'ry's hall of fame.

"For fun I had my fortune told
'One year from now you'll find I'm
right',
Is what the seer then said to me,
'Your friend for life is here tonight.'

"Ah yes, dear child, those friends were
true.
They've blessed me all my happy life.
The truest, staunchest of them all
Is he who claimed me for his wife.

"Now all I have of those dear days
Is my old journal, worn and dim.
But dearer still to me than this
Is my sweet memory of him.

"No, I cannot read another page,
My eyes are dim with tears tonight.
But may a blessing rest on them
Of whom these pages dear recite."
—B. W.



What's New?

You know the newspaper man
who scouts around town for in-
formation of latest happenings
to print in his paper.

He inquired, "What's new?"

The Manager of this Store,
too, is constantly seeking infor-
mation from his Company's buy-
ers in New York, concerning
"what's new" that he may pro-
cure it for you and other pa-
trons.

Hardly an express train arrives
without bringing newest goods
afforded by the market and se-
lected by him for the patrons of
this Store.

Accordingly, here you're offer-
ed what's new when it IS new—
and always at comparatively low
prices. Check this.

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475 DEPARTMENT STORES

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(Incorporated)

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Tires and Tubes
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When in Town make your
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"PLANTATION PRODUCTS"

It was dusk on an Alabama planta-
tion. Two pickaninnies named Rastus
Overall and Pyorrhoea Smallwood,
aged ten and eight respectively, were
just in the act of "swinin' and totin'"
home, four of Mr. John Gardner's fin-
est watermelons.

They stepped nimbly among the
vines, thumping on first one melon and
then another, for they wished to make
sure of the ripeness and quality of
the fruit before they undertook the
risky adventure of seeing it home.
Often their mother had shaken her
finger at them and admonished, "Fer
de lub of goodness, chilluns, if you eber
feel lak you jus gonna steal and dat
you can' hep it; why den, don' go 'n
fetch in yere no 'count sumpin'. When
you has to steal, steal de bes dey is
in de patch.

Pyorrhoea stopped before a long
green specimen of lusciousness. The
outside appearance of this melon was
indeed tempting, but Pyorrhoea wanted
to make sure. Reaching into his
pocket, he drew forth a rusty knife
and was stooping to cut, when Rastus
exclaimed in an excited and indignant
whisper, "Hey dar, niggah, don't you
plug nary one ob dem while youse in
hyar."

"Why Rastus Overall! Sholy you
don' wan' me to wag home a pufficky
green watahmillion!"

"Law me, Pyorrhoea Smallwood, I
reckon dats all de sense you got! Ain'
you big 'nuff to know dat deys sech
a thing as ketching up wid you when
you steals anything? Jes as sho, chile,
as you plub dat million, it'll be green
and den wot yo' gwine do wif it?—
Why, lebe it hyar, of course, and den
in the morning wen Mr. Gardner
walks out to take a view ob his nice
patch, he'll see it and don' you recon
he'll know who done it? Cose he
will!"

Pyorrhoea dug his dusky toes into
the soil and gazed a this experienced
brother with a question mark shining
in both rolling eyes.

"Fer lan' sakes, Rastus, how in de
world he gwine know who done it?
He'll kno wit's done, but how in de
name of goodness am he gwine tell
WHO? Dat's what I lak to know."

"Why, you pore ignoramous! He
gwine track you by your knife, of
course! Ain' he done gib you dat knife
and recon he ain't gwine tell dat dem
marks is made by it? Sho he is
He'll jes scratch his head and say, 'Let
me see. Oh, yeh, I gib dat knife to
date little niggah what name Pyorr-

hoea. Yes, sir, dats what he'll say and
den, niggah, where yo' gwine be? I
ax yo' dat."

Pyorrhoea's mouth dropped in be-
wildered and he ventured, "Say,
looka yere, Rastus, les go. I got two
already."

"Now don' you' go and git scared.
Pyorrhoea, but lan sakes, chile, you
gotta learn a lot ob things lak dat if
you gwine be any hep when you grows
up. Why, man alive, deys eben got so
nowadays dat dey can track you by
yo' finger prints. Des think of dat!
Jes' one little finger print 'il git yo' in
all kind of trouble. You jest naturally
gotta be careful, if yo' gits along."

"I don' belebe Ise gwine be able to
hold dese two watahmillion, Rastus,
Les us jes take one."
"Not on your life! Wese got 'em
pulled off and we're gwine take 'em
home.—I say you can' hold two! 'Pon
my word! Where'd yo' put dem four
I got for you last Sattidy?"

"Maybe I be able to eat 'em alright,
but I sholy is glad wese gwine home."

Laden with the most precious of all
the plantation products, the two dusky
figures turned their steps homeward.
Across a sage field, over rail fences,
and along a stretch of sandy land they
went. Suddenly Rastus hesitated, rub-
bed his foot against his leg and called
for Pyorrhoea to stop and listen.
Rastus seemed overjoyed about some-
thing. As he listened a wide smile
spread over his ebony face and stirred
up little wrinkles, even to his ears.
With eyes dilated and body swaying
he turned to Pyorrhoea, who was sway-
ing in a like manner.

Rastus jumped up and down and
jeyyed, "Oh, boy! Dat's jes what it is!
Ole Josey am playin' dat banjo fer all
he's wuth.—Say, les up drop dis fruit
ober behind dat stump and go ober
dar. Its early yit and maybe Aunt
Cassey will tell us some tales. Come
on, boy! Dat's "Arkansas Trabler"
he's playin' now. Whoopee!"

Hand in hand they ran breathlessly
across the field. Every note of the
music thrilled them to their brown
toes and struck responsive chords on
their heart strings.

Aunt Cassey and Old Josey were
seated on their rickety porch, enjoying
the twilight hours of rest. In true
darkey fashion they welcomed the boys
with much laughter and noisy hilarity.

"Why lan' sakes alive," remarked
Aunt Cassey, "If it ain' Rastus and
Pyorrhoea. Whar yo' been keepin'
yo'se'f all dis time? Come right on up
you little rascals.—Josey's trying out
his banjo a little. You boys can shuf-
fle off a few steps fer us while you'se

hyar. I allus did say dat yo' all de
bes dancers in dese parts. How's yo'
mammy?"

Rastus and Pyorrhoea needed no sec-
ond invitation to dance. They "cut the
pigeon wing" and did the "double shuf-
fle" until they dropped exhausted to
the floor, at the same time imploring
Aunt Cassey to tel lthem a tale.

"Only," suggested Pyorrhoea, "I'd
rather you'd not put in any thing about
haints. Jes, tell us some other kin',
Aunt Cassey."

"Cose not," replied Aunt Cassey, "I
ain't gwine tell you no haint tales.
I'se gwine tell you sumpin' good fer
yo soul. This yere tale I gwine tell yo'
has a morality to hit and I wan' yo'
two young men to 'serb it well, and
be gubberned accordingly. It's really
meant fer low-dow rogues what steal
and not fo' you'uns; but it has a good
morality in hit fer eben you'."

And leaning forward, she began:

"You see, it wuz lak dis. Dere wuz
once a good nigger man libing aroun'
in dis neighborhood. He wuz jes as
good as any yo' see 'roun' hyar today.
Yes, sir, the only fault anybody fin'
wid dat man wuz dat he jes nachully
would steal. Lawd, dat wuz de steal-
ingest niggah what eber hit dese parts.
He steal anything—chickens, eggs,
geese, ducks, and anything. I tell you!
Dar wuzn't nuffin' dat no 'count scamp
wuddn't steal.

"Well, one night be bruk into Mr.
Jim Lawson's smoke house and toted
off four hams,—de bes' ones on de
place. He tuk dem home and buried
dem, caze he 'fraid dey search fer 'em
and he gwine to lebe 'em buried until
all de spichun kindly died down—den
he gwine dig 'em up an' eat 'em. Lawd,
how he wuz gwine to eat 'em! Big
juicy hams! Um-m-m!

"And don' you know, Mr. Jim Law-
son neber did say a wud about missin'
dem hams! Nary a wud, I tells yo'.
Three long weeks went by and dis
yere stealin' niggah begin to feel pow-
erful happy. He went off to bed one
night singing to de top of his voice
"Oh, law, tomorry I eat dem hams. I
won' lebe a greasy spot ob dem hams."

"My, he wuz happy! You couldn't
fin' a happier man dan him,—but—now
min' yo' I say but—when he snoozed
off to sleep, dat man had de wust
dreams and night-mares what its pos-
sible to hab. He seed debbils, demons,
satans, night-riders, and ebery thin'
bad both in heaben and the odder place.
Dey wuz all atter him wid sticks and
red-hot pokers des punching him, pok-
in' him, and pushin' him.

"He run till he mos' 'zausted and den

(Continued on page 10)

Irresponsible Responses



Springfield: What do you think of a boy that will make a girl blush?
Sap: I think he's a wonder.
Nora: Do you know anything about the sun's motions?
Helen: Sure. I stayed awake one entire night trying to figure it out and finally the whole thing dawned on me.

Chester: What did Joe say to Dean when he fired him?
Pink Woolly. He congratulated the school on the fine men it was turning out.

Norma: Nell, have you given the goldfish fresh water today?
Nelle: Why, they haven't used the water I gave them the other day yet.

Prof. Ingle: Who is making that gurgling noise?
Dayton: I am, Professor, I am trying to swallow the line you are throwing.

Mary: When I marry, I'm going to marry a man who can take a joke.
Aginsky: Don't worry, old girl, it's the only kind you'll get.

Caskey: My girl is strong for the Navy. She's been after me for five months to join it.

John: How come?
Caskey: Well, on every letter she puts on the upper right hand corner, "Join the Navy."

Tuff: Dad and I are great stockholders on a big cattle ranch.

Brodie: Zat so?
Tuff: Uh-huh! I hold the stock while dad milks them.

Prof. Lappin: We have a new dishwasher, I see.

Mrs. Lappin: How so?
Prof. Lappin: I noticed the difference in the finger prints on my plate.

Fleming: What are kisses good for anyway?

Bob: Oh, just their face value.

The Freshman, after the Math. Exam: "I have fought a good fight, but I doubt if I'll finish the course!"

"What time am it Sam?"
"My time-piece says two o'clock."
What? ah reads a quarter ob eight."
"Well niggah, ain't dat two?"

Editor: "Where did you get this job?"

Brodie: "It just ran across my mind."
Editor: "You better elevate the crossing."

Teacher: "What is the plural of mouse, Willie?"

Willie: "Mice."

Teacher: "Correct—now the plural of spouse?"

Willie: "Spice."

Would you say that a man with water on the brain was "L'Eau-minded?"

Read This Twice

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in trouble all of the time.

He overlooked the "fortunates" of the letter, as "e" is never in war, and always in peace—It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life, no editors, and no heaven—It is the center of honesty, and without it there could be no love.



She—I told you to come after dinner.
He—Well that's what I am here for.

Prof. Hyder (Hurriedly explaining probs.): Now class, pay close attention to the board while I run through it again.

"We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say."

"Oh, George, this is so sudden."

'Ow Awful!

An Englishman heard an owl for the first time.

"What was that?" he asked.

"An owl," was the reply.

"My deah fellah, I know that, but what was 'owling?"

Loveless: "Too bad she didn't write you today."

Cute: "Who said she didn't write me?"

Loveless: "Nobody did, but I just handed you a piece of gum and you took off the wrapper, threw the gum in the basket, and now you're chewing the paper."

"What's the matter with Dean?"

"They drained the swimming pool."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"He didn't notice it."

Bohshi: Want to go on a sleighing party?

Viki: Who are we going to slay?

Gldays: Are you going along to the masquerade?

Ned: Yes.

Gladys: But why are you using two suits?

Ned: I'm going as twins.

Dean: How many times must I tell you not to be late to Sunday school?

Si: Once a week, Dean.

Prof. Rooker (Having killed the lady's pup): Madam, I will replace the animal.

Lady (indignantly): Sir, you flatter yourself!

Mrs. Poage: "Why are you mailing all those empty envelopes?"

Prof. Poage: "I'm cutting classes in the correspondence school."

Gladys: So you and Dayton don't speak! What's the trouble?

Hazel: We had a dreadful quarrel about which loved the other most.

Goog: I loved a girl once and she made a fool of me.

St. Peter: Some girls do leave a lasting impression, don't they?

No, Gertrude, it isn't necessary to take a correspondence course to be kissed by male.

The optimist—We have beans for dinner.

The pessimist—So we do.

Phil: "I don't believe in this stuff about saying it with flowers."

Bob: "Why not?"

Phil: "What kind of flower can you send her that tells you're dead broke?"

Visitor (at a private hospital)—"Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"

Matron—"We don't allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?"

Visitor (boldly)—"Oh, yes! I am his sister."

Matron—"Well, well, I'm glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

Dentist: Here's something queer. You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument.

Beher: I think you have struck my back collar button.

Dean: For tomorrow take the life of Dr. Johnston?

Cutrell: (brightly) How?

Dean Boyd: "Why are you taking this ethics course, Mr. Caskey?"

Caskey: "Er-well, because I am very fond of the subject: It gives me a new insight into the problems which I'm called upon to meet in everyday life. It has been an inspiration to me."

Dean Boyd: "Very good, now, Miss Mitchell, you tell one."

Box: I'll never get over what I saw last night.

Edwin: What's that?

Box: The moon.



Of Milligan girls he set the pace;
They all thought him a dream.
What gave him such a sweet, sweet face
Was sugared shaving cream.

Stony: Do horses bray?
George: Neigh, neigh, my child.

Joe: Did you take a shave this morning?

Big Mac: No, did you miss one?

KISMET

(Continued from page 5)

myriad millions of stars were out in all their glory. The sky to the east was just beginning to be stained by the coming moonrise. And there in the quiet splendor of the night; there in the vastness and wonder of the wilds, those two men dreamed—one of the future, the other of the past.

The older finally turned and said, "Jack, turn back before it's too late. You're young. Go back and settle. Work hard and make good. There's nothing in this except constant yearning, for something else. I know. Don't be a rainbow chaser. Go back, boy, while yet you may."

And gentle reader, did the young man go back? Who knows? After all life's a funny proposition and Fate is a playful old chap.

—G. P.

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Athletic Review

ATHLETIC REVIEW

Milligan started her baseball season this year under tremendous difficulties due to the loss of men and bad weather. This delayed the team from getting into shape. It has also prevented the team from getting their regular amount of practice.

MILLIGAN vs. MARYVILLE

The first game of this season was scheduled for April 11th, with Maryville College at Maryville. The game was called on account of rain.

MILLIGAN vs. CARSON-NEWMAN

The following day the Orange and Black nine journeyed to Carson-Newman, to play their scheduled game of April 12th. The batteries for the day were: Ferguson, Keefauver, Springfield and Blevins. The Milligan team is in poor shape. The Carson-Newman veterans ran in ten runs in the first four innings. Keefauver held them for four innings with no run. Springfield and Thompson led the heading for Milligan with two hits each. Score, Carson-Newman 10, Milligan 0.

MILLIGAN vs. TUSCULUM

The next game of the season was called at Tusculum on April 14th. Batteries for Milligan: Ferguson and Springfield. Milligan was featured by a hard hitting. The game was in doubt until the last out had been called. Milligan's batting of the day was led by Millsaps, score being Tusculum 8 and Milligan 7.

MILLIGAN vs. LENOIR

Milligan's next trip was through the Carolina's, where she invaded strong Lenoir College. Lenoir is the champion of North Carolina, having defeated Carolina State. The game was called on the afternoon. Milligan was somewhat out-classed by this team. Sawyer held the Lenoir outfit to six hits. The game ended with Lenoir leading by a score of 4 to Milligan's 1.

MILLIGAN vs. CONCORD STATE NORMAL

The next game of the season was the only one thus far played on the home ground. This game was with Concord State Normal on April 25th. Batteries for Milligan: Keefauver and Springfield. Keefauver did his stuff in this game, and was efficiently backed by the whole nine. The fielding of Milligan was especially brilliant. There was no doubt as to the winner of the game from the first. Milligan slugged heavily throughout the game. Milligan emerged victor by the score of 10 to 3. how he wud gwine to eat 'em! Big

The Milligan reserve journeyed to Erwin on April 12th, but left their horse shoes at home, as they brought home the light end of the score 6 and 4.

Sixteen days later the Elizabethton team invaded Milligan's territory. The reserves, however strutted their onions this day and kept the heavy end of a 7 to 3 score.

The first society game of this season was played on the Milligan diamond, resulting in a victory for the Athenians over the Americans by 7 to 3.

As the Trident goes to press, the Varsity team is on an extended trip, during which it will play King College, V. P. I. Freshmen, Lynchburg College (2 games); Bridgewater College; closing this trip in a game with Staunton Military Academy.



In the good old days
When Men were Men
OR
Carbolic Acid, which is
"Good-bye" in every language.

PLANTATION PRODUCTS

(Continued from page 7)

he lay down to res' a spell, an'—an what you think happened? Why, dem four big hams come an' laid right down on his chist and seem lak dey eat de berry heart out ob dat man.

"Don' you see what'd happened to him? Why his sins had found him out, jes lak de good book say dey allus do fin' yo' out. No, it maked no diffuns if Mr. Lawson neber did know who tuck dem hams, it wuz foun' out jes' de same and don' you fergit it. Dats de morality part ob it. When you do anything, its gwine be known on yo'. You might as well fess up in de fus place.

"Dat man nebber would e'ver got another nights res' if he hadn't gone forthwith and dug up dem hams and sneak 'em right back in day smoke house, an'—"

Pyorrhoea raised himself abruptly and remarked, "We simply got to be goin', Aunt Cassey. We sholy is. Its dark as pitch right now."

Rastus, from his side of the porch, echoed, "Yes, Aunt Cassey, we sholy is got to go. You all come ober to see us, some time."

Without a word and with, seemingly, the same accord, Rastus and Pyorrhoea returned to the stump, picked up the watermelons and turned toward Mr. John Gardner's watermelon patch. Reaching there they placed the four melons side by side in the middle of the field and started off. Rastus, as if he were seized by an irresistible temptation, turned after a few steps and, going back to the melons, knelt and smelt of them one by one.

"Pyorrhoea, I bet you dem's de bes wattahmillions eber growed in dis yere settlement. Um-m, sech fragrance I ain' neber recognized befo'."

"Rastus Overall, dey gwine be scared to def about us, if yo' don' come on."

"Lan' sakes, aint I comin'? Say, Pyorrhoea, dat sholy wuz a good morality tale Aunt Cassey tol' us tonight I guess I just nachully got to be a preacher som ob dese days."

—D. C. S.

FARMER'S LOVE

My dear,

Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable jay caper over it like young goats on a stable roof and thrill through it like spanish needles through a pair of thin linen pants. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers. Borne on their invisible wings your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue bottle fly.

When I first beheld your angelic perfection I was bewildered and my brain whirled around like a bumblebee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town and I lifted up my eyes to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infections of love as thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life I sometimes feel as if I could life myself up by my suspenders to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell rope for Sunday School. Day and night you are in my thoughts, Aurora rising from her saffron-colored clouds, blushing like a bride, when the joy-bird pipes her tuneful cryin the apple tree by the spring house, when the haunted door's shrill clarion heralds the coming of morn, when the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth and goeth forth for his morning refreshments, when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noon-tide, and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee, and like a piece of gum elastic my heart seems stretched clean across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold, and the brass pins skewered through your hair fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I can see legions of little cupids battling like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When thy image first hit upon my manly heart it penetrated my whole anatomy as a load of bird shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is a chunk of parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly

out and light somewhere like blue-birds out of their parent's nest.

Your laugh rings in my ears like the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hill-side. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar. I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thirsty house-wife pours out hot coffee. Away from you I'm as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I hear the June bugs of despondency in my ears and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows nibble at my spirit and my soul is pierced with doubts as an old cheese is bored with skippers. My love for you is stronger than the smell of patent butter or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kiten's first eatwaul.

As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a weaned pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a yankee dough-nut fried in sorgrum molasses brighter than the top-knot plumage of a Muscave duck. You are candy kisses, raisins, pound cake, and sweetened toddy altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul and help me to win your affections I shall be as happy as a wood-pecker on a cherry tree or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my soul-thrilling passion I will pine away like a poisoned bed bug and fall away from the flourishing vine of life, and untimely branch, and in the coming years when the shadows grow from the hill-side and the philosophical frog sings his evening hymn you—happy in another's love—can come and cast a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of

Yours affectionately,
—(Selected).

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WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT

My Old-Lady remarked the other day;
 "Say what's it all about, anyway?
 I get up in the night, you in the morn-
 ing,
 I wait the tables, you eat the break-
 fast,
 We both go to class, and both get a
 'darning'.
 But what's it all about, anyway?"

Oh, what's it all about anyway?
 We're here to learn, is what they say.
 We study English, Math. and this and
 that
 And after we learn, are we wise at
 that?
 Are we better prepared to live or to
 play?
 Oh, what's it all about, anyway?

What's it all about anyway?
 Why—I'll answer that question just
 any day,
 We're here to learn to serve, how to
 sow and reap,
 How to teach men to live, how our
 brothers to keep
 What's it all about, is not the question
 I say,
 But the real question is: How can I
 better to-day?
 —C. C.

THE QUESTION

Willie Jr., and Nadie were driving
 on a night that seemed as though it
 had been created for a pair of lovers
 such as they were. There was no one
 to intrude as they drove slowly along
 in the deep silence that means so much
 to a pair of hearts that 'Beat as one.'

She had thought that the deep sil-
 ence on his part had bespoken of much
 thought on serious things and was pre-
 pared to return his declarations of love
 with those of equal intensity.

After looking into her eyes for a
 long time, while the moon seemed to
 smile upon them and declare that 'the
 whole world loves a lover' he asked
 after much hesitation:

"Nadie, I am going to ask you some-
 thing which most of the modern boys
 ask a girl the first time that they are
 with her, or attempt without asking
 her. I want to do this with all my
 heart and soul and now I am gripped
 with the desire more than you can ever
 know. If you love me you will con-
 sent, but if you refuse I will promise
 to smother my desire until you see fit
 to consent. If you will consent I shall
 be contented with just one, and so I
 will not ask for more."

Nadie thought, 'Has he at last gained
 courage to ask for a Kiss'. Then she

answered, "Yes, Willie, Jr., I think I
 love you well enough to grant your
 wish," and her tone of voice showed
 love far greater than she knew.

Upon receiving this reply, Willie
 Jr., said, "Then the thing I wanted to
 ask was," and he hesitated but fin-
 ally said, "The thing I wished to ask
 was, May I smoke?"

And he wondered at her look, and
 wondered more the next day when he
 heard that she had remarked that he
 was a good boy but so D-U-M-B.



Two men quarreled about a babe,
 Which I thought a foolish thing to
 do;
 Until I heard the baby
 Had just reached twenty-two.

BY DEAVER

Oh yes, I love her in that cynical way
 that takes everything and gives noth-
 ing. It is true I suppose that I couldn't
 get along without her, but she does
 respond so beautifully to the cave-man
 treatment. Once, on crossing the
 street, I didn't hold her tightly and
 she fell, smashing her face badly and
 breaking one of her hands. However,
 after a few days in the hospital she
 was out again as full of life as ever.
 She's a pretty little thing, and I take
 her every where with me, but often I
 neglect her cruelly, but she sticks to
 me just the same. Always there wait-
 ing for me—Sometimes when I intend
 to take her out she is late, as is the
 privilege of all girls, but after a little
 shaking she is sweeter to me than
 ever, besides it is usually I that am to
 blame. Her movements are divine.

Her jewels are better and more num-
 erous than those of her sisters. Oh
 yes, I love her in that cynical way, for
 she is my watch.

OH! WHAT'S THE USE?

When Sunday morning asleep in bed,
 With door locked hard and fast,
 You're dreaming that you've gone to
 church
 And most of the service's passed.

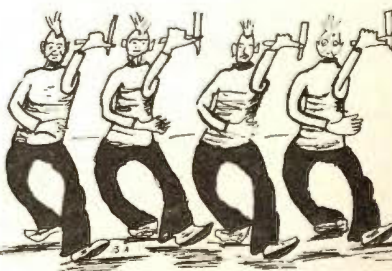
'Tis then that all at once your sleep
 Is quickly chased away;
 A knock upon your door is heard,
 "Come in," one hears you say.

With sleepy eyes and wondering heart
 You raise yourself to see;
 The door swings wide, the Dean comes
 in—
 Oh! what you'd give to be,

O'er there is Sunday School, in Church,
 Just anywhere out loose,
 You'd never again be caught asleep
 Unless—OH! What's the Use!
 —J. O. B.



"I say, that woman has been walking
 the streets all morning."
 "How do you know?"
 "I've been following her."



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