

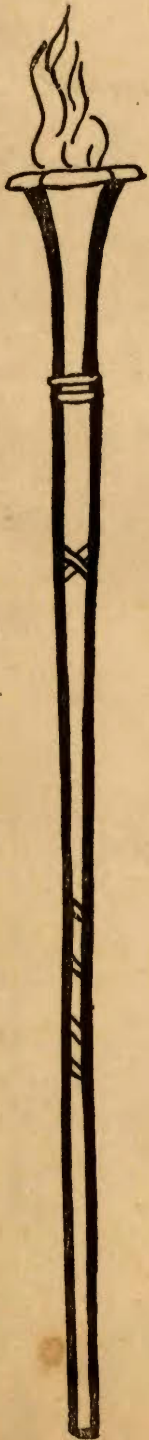
MILLIGAN

COLLEGE

VOL. 1

AUGUST, 1924

No. 6



Hello there students here's a surprise for you,
The Milligan Trident and its full of news too,
Be sure and read it through and every word remember,
'Cause its the last one you'll get till about next September.

You naturally wonder how it came about,
Who wrote the thing, who put it out,
For there was no class nor Staff in vacation time you see,
It's but a product of our chapel orators ingenuity.

Yes it's Prof. Hyder's very unique thought,
That the late news of old Milligan to you may be brought,
May it help you to think about your Alma Mater dear,
And to bring some one with you when you return next year.
—L. D.

MILLIGAN COLLEGE, TENNESSEE

FIELDS BROTHERS

PRINTERS & BOOK BINDERS

JOHN B. WHITLOCK COMPANY

W. B. WHITLOCK COMPANY

PRINTERS & BOOK BINDERS

100 N. 3rd St. St. Louis, Mo.

Telephone 1234

NOV 1937

FIELDS BROTHERS

RENT-A-FORD COMPANY

DRIVE IT YOURSELF

ALL NEW CARS

Rates: Open cars 15 cents per mile; Closed cars 18 and 20 cents per mile.

Adjoining Windsor Hotel

Phone 513

A. B. CROUCH, President

H. H. JONES, Sec'y.-Treas.

JOHNSON CITY STEAM LAUNDRY, INC.

Laundry and French Dry Cleaning

Phone 168

"THIRTY-ONE YEARS OF SATISFACTORY SERVICE"

See our Agent at the College—Mr. Joe McCormick.

WHITEHOUSE DRUG COMPANY

Phone 183

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

A — REAL — HONEST — TO — GOODNESS — DRUG — STORE

Ten Minutes To

JOE A. SUMMERS AGENCY

112 Spring Street : Johnson City, Tennessee

Real Estate—Insurance—Loans

We'll House, Protect and Finance You

MUSE -WHITLOCK COMPANY

PRINTING—RULING—BINDING

"Printing of the Better Kind"

West Main Street

Johnson City, Tennessee

Greetings To Milligan College—Old Students and New

HOTEL JOHN SEVIER BARBER SHOP
PALACE BARBER SHOP

We appreciate the student patronage—Ladies Hair Bobbing a Specialty

TO OUR PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS

Get the Milligan spirit.

Be a Milligan booster.

Join an organization.

Root for the team.

Love your Alma Mater.

Put your best into your work.

Help to make your College the best anywhere.

Help to make your class the greatest in the College.

Do these things and you'll not only succeed, but you will be happy in your work.

We Are Always Ready to Serve Milligan Students

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

WHITE BROTHERS

MID-SUMMER NUMBER

Prof. C. H. Poage was acting editor of this edition. Other members of the faculty and several students collaborated.

CONTENTS

To Our Prospective Students.....	Page 1
The Staff	Page 3
"If"	Page 3
Editorial	Page 4
The Mocking-Bird	Page 5
Among the Poets	Page 6
A New Degree	Page 6
Personals	Page 7
Among the Faculty	Page 7
The Graces	Page 7
On The Funny Bone	Page 8
The Freshman Class.....	Page 8
To J. "Tobie" Edwards	Page 9
College Activities	Page 10

AN APPRECIATION

We desire to express our appreciation of Miss Helen Mitchell and Miss Nora Boone and their assistants in the getting out of the Tridents of last year. The work necessary for this one has caused our regard for their labors to be more heartfelt.

The Trident

Published monthly by the student body of Milligan College
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office of Milligan College, Tenn.
Subscription Rates -----\$1.25 per year in advance.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief(Graduated) -----Helen Mitchell
Assistant Editor (Married) -----Nora Boone
Business Manager -----Edwin G. Crouch
Asst. Bus. Mgr. (Graduated) -----John C. McKissick
Sec'y.-Treasurer (Graduated) -----J. G. Long
Religious Editor (Married) -----W. Grady Ferguson
Athletic Editor -----Hillborn H. Botkin
Social Editor (Graduated) -----Nelle Hannah
Art Editor (Married) -----Mrs. Nora Fields
Joke Editor (Ask Phil) -----Clara Chisam
Exchange Editor (Graduated) -----William E. Hyder
Secretary to Editors -----Madge Pedrick
Secretary to Business Manager -----T. W. Caskey
Faculty Representative (Operated upon) -----Prof. C. H. Poage

Examine the above Staff and see what a few brief weeks has done to it!

"IF"

"If wishes were horses then beggars might ride;"
But wishes are horses if you'll just get astride,
And know how to guide them and how to control;
So get you a bridle and ride to your goal.
If along with your wish-bone a back-bone you own
You can conquer conditions and mount on your throne.
So make Fortune your servant and conquer your fate
And "if" will not harm you, and life will be great.

EDITORIAL

Remember this and practice it, if you would be a man:
In life 'tis true, whate'er is false—He can, who thinks he can.

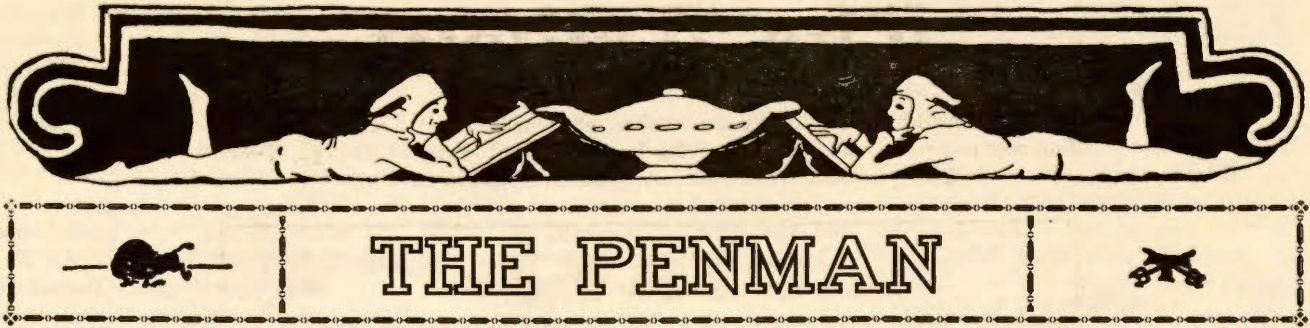
Some of the members of the faculty, with student assistance, are getting out this number of THE TRIDENT. If you will turn back to the Staff of the past scholastic year, you will note what has happened to it. You will see that it is rather the worse for wear. It is shattered if not broken. Change is the usual procedure in life; in fact life grows out of change.

If we can resolve to give some direction to change and exert some mastery over circumstances; if we can modify the facts of heredity by using our wills to help mould environment, then we have really lived and are somewhat worthwhile.

The whiner is to be pitied although he is disgusting and the pessimist should be confined in a vacuum until his poisonous gases extinguish his useless life.

We dedicate this number of THE TRIDENT to our new Coach, J. "Toby" Edwards, in recognition of his clean young manhood, and in view of the fact that our full athletic program, our new gymnasium, and his directorship practically begin together.

We also issue this mid-summer number with our prospective students for 1924-25 in mind. We want you to become acquainted with our College publication. This number will be modelled on the usual Tridents of last year, although we miss our Seniors and Juniors and others who have shifted the gear in their journey through life and now taking its hills in high, or creeping over its rough and muddy highways in low. May their speedometers show splendid progress and their flivvers hit on all cylinders.



THE MOCKING BIRD

For years that old tree had stood there, sheltering the Craigsmore place from the burning summer sun and from the blustering winds and driving storms of winter. It had always been a landmark for miles around. Like a sentinel it towered proudly above all the other trees, watching, as if to keep the household from harm.

I remember just how it looked when I used to go to stay all night with Jim Craigsmore. I've spent many an hour with him, for we were the only boys on Big Sandy at that time. His room was at the front of the house, so near to that tree that he could reach out of his window and touch its leafy arms. That was the home of the birds too. They seemed to feel safe there, and Jim would build houses for them up there. I remember how they used to sing to us in the morning. I remember the mocking-birds especially. They sang some times until it seemed their little throats would have burst, but they didn't. Jim was naturally a musical boy, and he got to whistling just like they did. That was why every one on Big Sandy called him "Whistling Jim," or "Mocking-Bird Jim."

But the old days passed, and we grew to manhood. Jim was the finest specimen of physical manhood I ever expect to see—tall, and dark, and handsome—with deep brown eyes, and hair as beautiful as a blackbird's wing. But all that doesn't matter much.

When the World War broke out Jim went to the Navy. He was decorated for bravery, but that, too, is another story. But it was while Jim was away fighting that the old folks passed out. The place went into the hands of strangers. Jim, drifting around over the world, never heard about it until he got back from the Navy. He went to his old home, and instead of his folks there was old Morton Markel, one of the hardest old creatures on Big Sandy. That old

rascal was making ready to cut down Jim's tree. That nearly killed Jim, along with the news that the old folks were dead; and he was mighty near crushed over it all.

The week after Jim got home he slipped out of the cabin one night—he was living with me—and went to see old Morton. He plead for his tree, but Merkel only laughed a silly laugh, and said he'd like to accommodate Jim, but he needed the money, and any way the tree was spoiling the house. Jim lowed that if it had been going to hurt the house it'd done so before now. His pappy lived there before him, and his pappy before him, and the house never had been hurt by it.

I never will forget how Jim looked that night when he got home. I could see his face dimly by the weird moonlight. It was drawn and pinched and he was as white as a sheet, and there was a look of pain in his eyes that hurts yet, when I think of it.

Jim had a lot of sentiment about him, and you know, I like sentiment in a man. It shows he's got a few of those finer qualities writers and poets attribute to women only. I knew Jim was having a hard time to bear up under it all. He sank on the step of our cabin and looked off toward the old Craigsmore place.

"It's no use, Mack," he said hopelessly. "It's no use. He won't save it for love nor money. He won't even save it for his little Halley." Then he was silent, and sat just as still, looking off toward his mocking-bird tree. Halley was Markel's little girl. He loved her better than his life,—if a hardened old miser like him could love at all. She begged him to save Jim's tree, but he just laughed at her and told her not to be so sentimental.

Whistling Jim loved her, and used to take her for long walks, and it was then he told her how much that tree meant to him. He'd whistle for her too, and sometimes she'd cry, it was so sweet, and soothing. There was always a sad mournful note of pleading

in the melodious notes, He learned that from the birds.

One day he went out in the woods alone as he often did of late, and on his way back he went around by the old Craigsmore place to take one more look at the tree before it crashed to the ground. Markel intended to cut it the next day. But no smiling little Halley ran to meet him. Instead, the haggard face of a grief-stricken father met him at the gate.

"The little girl died yesterday," said the old man slowly,—"late in the afternoon. It was when a mocking-bird was singin', Jim, and I promised her I'd leave your tree." Jim was a forgiving soul, and he tried to give the old man some comfort, but it wasn't much use. The light of his life had gone out and old Markel could never be happy again. She was all he had to love. His loneliness was more than he could stand.

They buried little Halley there, under the big tree, and left her there where she could be near the mocking-birds. But it all semed to unbalance the old chap, and he began once more to talk of cutting the tree that sheltered his baby's grave.

One night he stood there, muttering to himself about it, and all at once he heard the call of a mocking-bird, away off in the thicket. Clearer and sweeter grew the notes as the haunting melody drew nearer. Still on came the whistler, and now he broke into the words of that old song,

"I'm dreaming now of Halley, sweet
sweet Halley,
Sweet Halley,
I'm dreaming now of Halley,
And the mocking-bird's still singing
O'er her grave."

The bushes parted, and Mocking-Bird Jim stood in the arch-way, under the olive green branches. The sound of the music, and the sight of Jim seemed to bring the old man back to his senses. He tottered forward, and

(Continued on page six)

Among The Poets

SING IT NOW

"If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the tones of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in Spring.
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now."

—Charles R. Skinner.

LOVE IS NOT A SUMMER MOOD

"O love is not a summer mood,
Nor flying phantom of the brain,
Nor youthful fever of the blood,
Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance;
Love is not born of blinded chance,
Nor bred in simple ignorance.

Love is the flower of maidenhood;
Love is the fruit of mortal pain;
And she hath winter in her blood.
True love is steadfast as the skies,
And once alight she never dies;
And love is strong, and love is wise."

—Richard Watson Gilder.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

This truth came borne with bier and
pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

—"In Memoriam."

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the
bar,
When I put out to sea."

—"Crossing the Bar."

SELECTIONS FROM BROWNING

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first
was made.

Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see
all, nor be afraid."

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely."

LIGHT

The night has a thousand eyes, and
the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
with the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes, and
the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
when love is done.

—Francis W. Bourdillon.

"So, take and use thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warp-
ings past the aim!
My times be in thy band!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death
complete the same!"

—"Rabbi Ben Ezra."

THE MOCKING BIRD

(Continued from page five)
would have fallen but for Jim's strong
arms. He began to sob, as he relaxed
in the young fellow's grasp.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, dear old Mockin'-
Bird Jim" was all he could say. The
boy pressed old Markel's hand, and for
a long time they watched the long
shadows blend into a shifting mass of
purple and emerald. The last rays
died in the Western Sky, and a single
note burst from a bird's throat.

Reverently the old man said, bowing
his head,

"The mockin'-bird's still singin' o'er
her grave"—"and, boy, it's goin' to con-
tinue to sing there. I can't cut the
tree now. But the place is your'n, boy,
when I'm through with it. Take it
and be happy here. Keep it, boy, and
care for her grave. Plant a flower on
it, I can't ask you to do it for me,
but you will for her. Once in a while
I want you to whistle fer us—jest a
little—when you ain't busy. You can
slip out here an' do it. God bless you,
dear old Mockin'—Bird Jim!" He
lapsed into a long silence, and when
Jim looked again, old Morton Markel
had fallen asleep forever. There was
no bitterness on his face now, only a
sweet peace. They laid him beside
the little girl, under the soft grass at
the foot of the Craigsmore tree.

The place belongs to Jim now, and
he cares for it just like his pappy used
to do. That tree is still the land-mark
for all Big Sandy, and it still stands
as if to protect the Craigsmore place
and the green graves under it. Jim
whistles for them every night, when
the purple and gold blend to form the

shadows on the mounds. Yes, he
whistles for them—

"And the mocking-bird's still sing-
o'er their graves."

—Bertha E. Wilson.

A NEW DEGREE

Members of last year's Junior class
seem to have collaborated in the for-
mation of a new degree. Instead of
waiting until next commencement to
receive an A. D. degree, they have
proceeded to take the degree A. M.
without the preliminary necessity of
having our A. B.

This new degree is extra-mural in
most instances. It can be taken upon
agreement between the recipient and
one other person.

The following persons have received
the degree: Nora Boone, Erwin, Ten-
nessee who received the degree A. M.
(A married woman) from A. A. Fer-
guson of that city, by the aid of Carl
L. Fields of Johnson City; Ruth Hurt
and W. Grady Ferguson, both Juniors,
received this degree on August 1st, at
Radford, Va. Miss Norma Wallace
and Mr. Francis Derthick were figur-
ing on the same degree, but have
about decided that the degree of A. B.
immediately followed by the other
would be very desirable. We have
feared for the safety of Miss Clara
Chisam, Miss Grace Hart and Mr.
"Skey" Caskey, but at present writing
they are known to have survived the
awful calamity. It sometimes afflicts
sophomores also. but so far only
Charles W. Johnston has taken the
fatal malady. It was contracted by
him at the Normal and was as rapid
as the ravages of the Mexican Bean
Beetle.

There is a necessary limit to our
achievement, but none to our attempt.
No error is harmless. If it does no
other evil, we cannot reckon the in-
jury by merely filling the place of
truth.

—Phillips Brooks.

PERSONALS

Mr. Luther Feathers seems rather
restless this summer. He wanders
around Johnson City and comes out
to Milligan frequently. He seems to
be looking for his "Hart."

Mr. W. E. Hyder comes out occa-
sionally also. He and Feathers are
now contractors and builders in John-
son City.

Mr. Phil Sawyer has been pitching
excellent ball this summer for John-
son City. He has been sold to De-

troit and has been farmed out to Birmingham, Ala., where he is already pitching well. You can't keep a good man down.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ewing are ministering to a church at Mt. Gilead, O. Mr. Ewing is a very earnest and worthy young man and is sure to succeed.

Mr. W. Grady Ferguson resigned at Cleveland, Tenn., recently and accepted a call to Amory, Miss. He got "Hurt" on August 1st, but is rapidly becoming convalescent.

A. W. Gray and M. G. Tarvin have been preaching this summer. Tarvin has preached at Milligan, but this has not swelled his head like the arrival of a new daughter on June 27th.

AMONG THE FACULTY

Prof. and Mrs. Rooker and Bob are back at Milligan now. They are superintending the building of their new home in Johnson City.

Prof. Ingle has been with us all summer and has about completed his new home on Sunrise Hill. He is a neighbor to Mr. Steve Holt and Mr. J. G. Wilson.

Prof. and Mrs. Lappin and Bernal are on a motor trip to her mother's in Illinois. Prof. Lappin filled a number of appointments for Prof. Poage while the latter was recovering from some operations.

Pres. and Mrs. Derthick are touring the West on pleasure and business combined. They report a good time. They spent some days camping out at Yellowstone National Park, and are now raising money for Milligan. By the time this issue comes out they will probably be back at Milligan.

Prof. Poage spent several weeks in the Appalachian Hospital and at home trying to find the soft side of a bed. He decided that beds get harder instead of softer. He is not "lying" now.

Prof. Hyder has become very thin and delicate this summer. He can only eat three meals per day. He is trying to obtain strength enough to administer College Algebra to the incoming Freshman Class.

Just as the "Trident" goes to press Dean W. B. Boyd reaches Milligan on an extended auto tour over Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. Dean Boyd in company with Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Boyd's cousin Mrs. Clara Cox Epperson, spent ten days most delightfully at the Monteagle Assembly, Monteagle, Tennessee. Mrs. Epperson was a delegate to the Tennessee Press and Author's Club which held its

annual meeting at Monteagle this year. During the visit Dean Boyd addressed the general assembly on subjects of Sociological and Religious nature. Following this visit Dean and Mrs. Boyd spent a number of days in a delightful auto trip.

Miss Kathleen Adams will be at Peabody all summer working for her Master's degree. Miss Adams is a very original and resourceful student. She is destined to make her mark in the literary world.

Prof. Wm. L. Hill and Mr. George M. Lecca, a former graduate of Milligan, have been at the University of Tennessee this summer. Prof. Hill suffered an attack of ptomaine poisoning, and was compelled to return to his home at Chilhowie, Va.

ON THE FUNNY-BONE

Dean Boyd was motoring through the region surrounding Cookeville, this summer, and passing a farm-house where there seemed to be a very fine spring, he stopped to get a drink of water. Desiring to talk while resting, (a very unusual thing with the Dean), he enlarged at length upon a great many subjects. Listening with open-mouthed admiration, the old lady of the house finally delivered the following wise observation: "Mister, ef I knowed ez much ez you do, I'd shore go some whares and start a lettle grocery store."

Bernice—I wonder why a girl can't catch a ball like a man.

Maltier—Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch.

Frazier—Mother, come out here in the yard and play ball with me.

Mrs. Cochrane—I can't play ball, dear.

Huh, that's what comes of having a woman for a mother, said Frazier, disgustedly.

FOR SALE—Book of Knowledge, same as new. Never been used. See Orel L. Behr.

Some one reported seeing the following notice on a bulletin board at Newport, Tenn.; Chas. Cutrell departed for Heaven at 12:25 p. m., Sunday, July 27th, 1924. A little later a wag coming along noticed the announcement and wrote below as follows:

1:35 a. m. July 28th; Great excitement in Heaven. Cutrell not yet arrived.

DOROTHY BROWN'S FAVORITE POEM

I love the wooded, sunlit hills,
The flower-specked grass,
The carefree singing of the rills
In some high mountain pass—
But most of all my bosom thrills
At my reflection in the glass.



Pauline Ferguson and Fannie Stout were overhead at Erwin last spring, as follows: Fannie, I don't know whether to marry Gogg or just be a sister to him. Well, Pearley Barnes, said Fannie, Gogg would do all right for a husband, but I'd hate to have such a boob for a brother.

Mrs. Tarvin was showing Mrs. Lappin her new baby the other day, when Mr. Tarvin, no longer able to remain silent, said, "Isn't she wonderful? Just see how regularly and intelligently she breathes." Huh," said Prof. Lappin, under his breath.

THE GRACES

Have Hope! Though clouds environ
round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put though the shadow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is
driven—
The calm's 'disport, the tempest's
mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of
heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But, man as man, thy brothers call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

—Friedrich Schiller.



Charley Johnson went to President Gilbreath the other day and said: "Mr. President, I'd like to get the day off tomorrow, if you please." "Why do you want the day off, Mr. Johnson?" "Well, Mr. President," said Charley, "I'm going to get married tomorrow and I'd sorta like to be present at the wedding."

TO OUR PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS

The prospective students of Milligan for 1924-25, both old and new have reason to be glad that they belong to this noble body. The Milligan spirit of cheer, optimism and service is present at all times, and it will be accentuated this year by a new Coach, a new Professor of College Physics, a new Professor of education, a new gymnasium, a larger library, a more hopeful future and the same purpose of strong, practical, helpful courses and Professors whose chief aim in life is to serve.

To our new students we desire to extend a greeting and a welcome such as they can not resist. A select Freshman Class from all of the best High Schools will be here, and the best of last year's students are nearly all returning.

The Campus is being kept in the finest condition, all of the rooms in the dormitories being put into apple pie order and these rooms will be real homes for the students.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class this fall promises to be unusually large. Reservations should be completed immediately by sending in the name of Prof. S. J. Hyder and speaking for a room. If some one is coming with you whom you wish for a room-mate agree positively that you are both coming and secure your reservations in advance. A large number of the rooms are secured by old students. The prospects are that 1925-26 will require the erection of a new girl's dormitory.

Get your credits straight before you leave home and bring your credentials with you. This done on entering will prevent much trouble later. Take this good advice and come prepared to work and you will certainly enjoy Old Milligan.

ATLANTA NEWSPAPER COMPLIMENTS EDWARDS IN A COLUMN WRITE-UP

We quote from the article of the great Southern paper as follows: "J. Tobie Edwards, the Sheik of Troy, famous for first-basing at Georgia Tech during the seasons of 1922 and 1923 and a member of the varsity football squad for several years, has signed as head coach for all sports at Milligan College, in Tennessee, for the next scholastic year, according to

word received by the writer from Edwards Saturday." The writer goes on to say: "The signing of Edwards by Milligan College is no surprise. "Tobe" is well-equipped to coach, having played football at Tech under Heisman and Alexander, and baseball under Joe Bean and Kid Clay. He also tried out for basketball and was an athletic director at the Central Y. M. C. A. here. He went to Tech five years and was graduated from the Department of Commerce." The author of the article adds furthermore that: "Milligan College is one of the best small colleges in the South. The trustees of that institution searched a long time before they offered Edwards a contract. They wanted a capable coach, yet a straightforward and upright young man. They have secured this in Edward." Perhaps the highest compliment that could possibly be paid to the new Athletic Director of Milligan College is found in the following words from the same article: "While it is not a generally known fact here, a strong effort was made to sign Edwards as an assistant coach at Tech. He is recognized there by the head coaches as a capable leader of young men, and they were very anxious to sign him. Certain things made this impossible however, and Milligan College quickly offered him the position." All friends and former students of Milligan College are looking forward with greatest assurance to the most successful teams in the history of Milligan College. A fine lot of new material is already in line and one can see a significant smile on Dean Boyd's face when he is asked about the prospects for the coming year.



LITERARY

Mr. Myrh White tells your scribe that there were many poets and poetesses in last year's student-body. The unusual fact is that most of them selected the ode form for their productions. He says (quite modestly that most of the productions had the title, "Ode (owed) to White Bros."

DEDICATED TO J. TOBIE EDWARDS

This number of THE TRIDENT is respectfully dedicated to our new coach.

The following lines partially express our attitude:

TO OUR NEW COACH

When "Tobie" comes to Milligan
And takes charge of our Gym,
He'll find the students and the profs.,
A-pulling all for him.

He'll find a bunch of husky lads
With lassies on the side;
He'll find a bunch that sure will fight
With all that's in their hide.

Our football team will do its best
And put out all it's stuff;
Our basketball is not so slow;
It's fight is not a bluff.

We'll fight 'em hard, we'll fight 'em
clean,
And when the game is done
They'll know a fight was going on
Which ever team has won.

So here's to "Tobie," here's our hand,
Our heart and will and mind;
Go out to win, with grit and grin,
And we'll all stand behind.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

The man who does his best today
Will be hard to beat tomorrow.

You can't plant a garden today
And expect to gather vegetables to-
morrow.

The reason there are so many bald-
headed men is that they scratch their
hair out trying to think.

BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Our statistician, after interviewing
various business people, gives the fol-
lowing reports on business conditions
in general.

Ask yourself these questions:
Have you a winning smile? If not,
why?
Have you any life insurance? If not
why not?
Have you any backbone? If not,
wobble.
Did you save anything last week? If
not, why not?
Are you trying to read your fortune
in a dream book or in a bank
book?

Jack Massey read in the catalogue:
As soon as you arrive at Milligan,
come right over on the college cam-
pus. On arriving at the station he
said: "Boys, I don't see the campus
anywhere." "Of course not," said Bill
Hill. "I thought I'd ride over on it if
it was here," said Jack.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

Milligan College has all of the activities of a usual college. In addition to football, basketball and baseball, it has four literary societies, two for the boys and two for the girls; it has a Dramatic Club with a large membership, a Volunteer Mission Band, A Ministerial Association, a Christian Endeavor Society, and activities the equal of other colleges in debating, reading and oratory. We belong to the East Tennessee Forensic League and have a representative orator each year.

You are invited to join one of these on your arrival. You will find interested members of all of these ready to tell you about them. Edwin Crouch will welcome you to the Dramatic Club and Prof. C. H. Poage and Miss Dimple Hart of the Faculty will tell you how valuable it is. Miss Hart is our instructor in Dramatics and Expression. Lawrence Derthick will welcome you to THE ATHENIAN Literary Society and will tell you it is the best on the Hill. W. W. Hill, Jr., will welcome you to THE AMERICAN Literary Society and tell you the same story.

Hillborn Botkins will expatiate on the virtues of the JAZZ BAND. Professor Muilberger will tell you about the Chorus Class. Miss Violet Dearing will enlarge upon the glories of THE PHILOMATHEANS and Miss Fydella Roberts will relate the accomplishments of THE OSSOLIANS.

Coach J. Tobie Edwards will try out your athletic ability and Prof. Rooker will see if you can debate. Eng. I and College Algebra will try out your mental spizerinktum. Dean Boyd will size up and see if you can be hypnotized; if he fails he will turn you over to the Conference Period. If it fails, Good Night! You are hopeless.

ENVIRONMENTS

One of the greatest factors in any life is environment. One can not choose his heredity and must, if needs be, overcome it. One can, to some extent at least, choose his environment.

He can realize what effect his circumstances, his surroundings, are having, and can proceed to change them by the exercise of his will-power in the field of choice.

The environments of a college are, therefore, very vital elements to enter into one's choice of a place in which to take his scholastic training and receive his educational equipment.

There are several elements which enter into this problem. First, the edu-

cational; second, the spiritual; third, the physical; fourth, the social; fifth, the typographical. There may be others, but a word on each of these.

The educational atmosphere of Milligan is of the best. It is serious, thoughtful and studious, but withal cheerful and stimulating. The teachers are all students, and they require the pupils to be.

The spiritual atmosphere is stressed here, and made to stand out as quite important. Choose Milligan because you want high ideals of character, and then resolve to maintain them. If you do not like such an atmosphere and can not live in it, then it would be better for you to go elsewhere.

The physical or athletic atmosphere of Milligan is intense. We are all rooters; students, faculty, visitors, and Milligan has a high standing in the athletics of this college group. If you enjoy athletics you will be a Milligan rooter before you have been here ten days.

The social atmosphere is natural and unconventional, yet restraint is gently but firmly applied to the flappers and the lounge-lizards. We want no females here who demand equal privileges, so-called, since they always prove so unequal and so hazardous.

The typographical environment of Milligan is one that will inspire sentiment, stimulate the imagination, uplift the spirit and thrill the soul. One who is not moved by the many phases of Old Buffalo Mountain is "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." One who has felt the spell of Buffalo has written the following poem, entitled:

THE BIGGEST YEAR YET

Milligan College is about to enter the biggest and best year of her life. Many things have been accomplished in the past, but the coming year holds better things than ever before.

All the old students over the State of Tennessee are wild with enthusiasm declaring that they enjoy being at home with all the home people, but that the longing to return to Milligan is surging in their hearts. Every single one of these old battlers for the Orange and Black are determined that they will accomplish more the coming year than ever before. The debaters are to put up better debates, the ball players are to play better ball, the preachers are to preach better sermons, and every one is to have better lessons. These are the words of the students themselves, not of the writer.

There is a large number of other wide-awake live-wire fighters to enter for the first time, the halls of Milligan College. Every single phase of the school is to be strengthened by these newcomers. There is a wonderful amount of good material for the football, basketball, and baseball teams. There are students entering the ranks this year, who have won many debates for their local schools. There are students who can play musical instruments to a fare-u-well. My what an orchestra and band the college should have this year. There are natural born actors to strengthen the dramatic club as well as the four literary societies. Thus every department is to be blessed with and encouraged this year. Milligan College is getting the cream of the High Schools over the State of Tennessee and we are hearing of wonders who are to enter the ranks from all the States which are represented at Milligan.

The only sad part about the entire situation is that such a large number are to be present, that some may have to be turned away, because of lack of room. If you young readers are planning to enter Milligan this coming year, be sure and reserve your room to-day. Thus insuring yourself of being one of the many to make big history for Milligan in the school year of 1924-25.

—W. W. H.

TRUE MILLIGAN

In reading an article in the American Magazine some few months ago, we were impressed with an article entitled "Are You Living a Second-hand Life." This article reviewed the fact that people formed their opinions from small incidents and from little things suggested by people which give a false impression of the person or institution in question.

Strange to say, some people have a second-hand idea of Milligan College, created by some individual or even by their own imagination. As a result some say the students of Milligan, only play baseball, football, etc., and never work. Others say Milligan students do nothing but study, still others have the idea that the religious life of the school is all that has any attention.

All the above things have their place at Milligan. Realizing that there are three sides to the life of a normal boy and girl, Milligan in its true light, tends to develop all three sides of the

students, i. e. the mental, the moral, and the physical.

The fact that Milligan is now on the private list of the Southern Association of Colleges, shows that the mental side of the students life is given the highest attention. Being on the private list, proves that the teachers of the institution, are well qualified to teach their subjects, it demonstrates the fact that the best equipment in all science courses is used, and that a sufficient amount is on hands. It also proves that the library has many books for colateral reading on all subjects offered. In short, a student is so well developed mentally, that he or she can enter any college or university with little trouble after receiving a degree from Milligan College.

Education within itself may either be a curse or a blessing. The biggest crooks or the worst criminals in the world are highly educated. In order to turn education into the proper channels, Milligan does pay attention to the moral side of the students. All students in Milligan College attend Sunday School and Church every Sunday morning, to fill their souls with the sunshine and happiness of the love of Jesus Christ. On Sunday night almost every student attends a live wire Christian Endeavor Society where another hour is spent on the development of the moral side of the student. There are Missionary Bands, Prayer Meeting Bands, Etc., run by the students themselves, for the higher development of the moral side of the students.

The student may receive the best moral training in the world; and may be blest with a strong education as far as his mental life is concerned, but if he does not have a big healthy body to serve the world, what good is his mental and moral attainments. Service is what counts in the long run and to serve we must have health. As a result Milligan has erected a large gymnasium to develop the physical side of the student. Ball teams are organized and maintained to encourage this development.

Thus true Milligan, develops a three-sided student; one equipped to serve the world and cause the world to be blessed because of his or her life. If you have been living a second-hand life concerning Milligan in the past, correct that false impression now. In order to appreciate the writers attitude thoroughly, you must visit Milligan and see for yourself.

Then you will be able to tell others of True Milligan. A hearty welcome

is extended to you to visit Milligan during the coming school year.

—W. W. H.



GOD'S FOOTSTEPS

The purple haze on Buffalo,
The vapor floating high,
The pictures in the vale below,
Their image in the sky,
All these combine to please and bless
And fill my soul with thankfulness.

If with His brush and colors rare
The artist paints this view,
And puts such pictures in the air
With tints that are so true,
Shall I deny His deity
And say that chance paints what I
see?

The subtle spell of such a scroll
Can fill me all with awe,
And call from out my inmost soul
Respect for love and law;
The hand that spreads those colors
there
Inspires my soul to breathe a prayer.

On Buffalo and up above,
Lie mist and purple haze;
I'm sure that one whom I could love
Has traced, in all these ways,
His footsteps, which are those of One
Who made the earth and stars and sun.

No artist puny e'er could trace
One half the colors rare
That He has lavished on this place
And mingled with this air;
So God is here, right well I know,
His footsteps are on Buffalo.

—Clarence Holton Poage.



WHY MILLIGAN COLLEGE APPEALS TO ME

One of the things about Milligan College that appeals to me most is the general character of her students. Milligan's students are selected in every sense of the word. Every boy or girl that attends Milligan has a good character, a desire to learn, and a belief in God. Last year there was only one girl student who was not a Christian and only a few boys. Milligan students pray and believe in the

power of prayer. If they don't when they enter they do when they leave. Each one is a good student and does his class work well. One has only to know them to believe in their good character.

Since the time of Adam and Eve family life has always been an institution of good fellowship and good cheer. That is the thing that I like most about Milligan, it is just one big family. Every student knows every other student and all the professors. Each professor knows each student whether he is in his classes or not. The concern of one is the concern of all and the success of one is the success of all. One has only to attend one of those prayer meetings to understand the tie that binds this big family together. Those "pep" meetings show us the family spirit, every individual student fighting with his brother and sister students for the triumph of the family cause. At meals, in classes, on the athletic field, it is the same.

Milligan College is literally a Freshman's paradise. When he arrives bewildered and the least bit fearful he is greeted by a hearty welcome, smile and handclasp. He is introduced and is soon made to feel so much at home that he forgets his bewilderment and fear. In fact he is really glad he came. Then he finds that only by recourse to questioning can he find out who is an upper-classman and who is not. An upper-classman is never overbearing on a Freshman, he does not assume a superior air. A Milligan Freshman is perfectly happy but he can never forget that he is a Freshman. To remember that fact is a "Freshman Privilege."

Those who have never known the thrill of dressing up for "conference" and taking a moonlight walk on the "Triangle" with your best girl haven't lived yet. Milligan has a clean and well regulated system of social relations that tends toward benefit for all concerned. The Gorge trip in October and the Unaka Spring trip in the spring are only two notable examples of the social affairs arranged during the year.

Milligan is located far enough from Johnson City that your mind may not be distracted from your studies by the attractions of city life and yet, it is close enough that one may easily go into town if he wishes. The mountain scenery, the mountain air, and the mountain climate are appeals that no one can resist.

—J. O. B.

MILLIGAN SERVICE TO ME

Emerson says what we need is someone to get us to do what we ought to do. I take the liberty to imagine that the **someone** might mean **something** as well, that something in this case to be Milligan College.

It has led me to do what I should do.

To begin with Milligan College gave me a vision of a life of service—a life lived for others. It taught me that the pursuit of happiness for the sake of being happy was not a worthy end. That the only true happiness I could gain would come to me as a result of unselfish work for others.

In the second place Milligan gave me the training which enables me to make this vision so practicable I can use it in everyday life.

The teachers taught me things that were not in books—things that have enabled me to see the vision so clearly that it would be almost impossible not to follow it if I were so inclined. The examples they themselves were, living and vital, were a guide to the feet of those around me and to me.

Finally I received a life philosophy from Pres. Derthick—that my life in coming in contact with that of another should always uplift, if possible, and never lower. I feel that if I can only realize, in part, this philosophy in my life it will be well worth the effort.

What Milligan has tried to do and has done for me she will do for others who will come, sit at her feet and learn.

(One of the Alumnae of Milligan College).

Be something definite and special, but let that something be so large, and be it in so large a spirit that it shall tempt you on forever to infinitely greater things.—Philips Brooks.

GREETINGS TO OLD STUDENTS AND TO NEW

We are just home from a seven thousand mile trip across the continent. We have viewed many of the wonders of the Lord's handiwork. We have scaled the highest mountains; passed through the longest tunnels; wandered through the deepest canyons; listened to the most wonderful pipe organ in the Mormon tabernacle, beside their sacred temple; floated upon the waters of the Great Salt Lake; passed safely through Death's Valley, in the vast hot sandy desert into the land of flowers, sunkist-fruit and sunshine; bathed and sailed upon the most expansive ocean; visited the great western universities; motored over the far-famed Columbia river boulevard; journeyed for miles in the king's Dominion, ever in sight of the snow-capped Canadian Rockies; fed the wild animals in their native haunts; stood in awe before the mighty glaciers—yet after all this as our train steamed into Johnson City and our Buick car carried us swiftly over the new boulevard to Milligan College and our eyes rested upon the beautiful campus with its historic hills and Old Buffalo in the near distance, we decided that we had seen, in all our travels, no fairer spot nor one with lovelier surroundings,

And as we thought of our loyal faculty and beloved students, we felt that there could be no sweeter fellowship nor no place where we would prefer to serve than in this secluded arbor, richly blessed by our heavenly Father and generously fostered by gifts and prayers from many friends and donors.

And thus to you, Milligan College students, old and new, we extend a loving welcome and stand with hearts

beating fast, with joy and anticipation for your speedy return.

"Dump all your troubles in your own back yard,
And boost, boost, boost; (For Milligan)

Don't be a knocker and a grouch Old Pard,

Boosting is the style (At Milligan)
What's the use of shirking it never was worth while (At Milligan)

So dump all your troubles in your own back yard

And boost, boost, boost;" (For Milligan),

—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Derthick.

"Business is dull," remarked the scissors grinder.

"Looking up," declared the astronomer.

"Dead," said the undertaker.

"Fine," said the judge.

"Quiet," said the bootlegger.

"Looking better," said the beauty doctor.

"Fair," said the street car conductor.

"Rotten," said the egg man.

"Pretty soft," said the mattress maker.

"Light," said the gas man.

"Hard to beat," said the bass drummer.

"Just sew sew," said the seamstress.

"Bum," said the hobo.

"Looking brighter," said the boot-black.

The preacher, who was the last one seen, admitted that he was working to beat the Devil.—Selected.

Our Entire Stock of

FALL

Merchandise is here for your inspection.

We Appreciate the Milligan College Business

FRANK MILLER COMPANY

“The Store that sells The Society Brand Clothes”

Congratulations to the Young People of Milligan College

We are sure if you are as careful in the appearance of our foot-wear as you have been in the selection of your college you will visit

PIERCE & PIERCE

Shoe Repair Shop

106 Buffalo Street

Every Job Guaranteed

Johnson City, Tenn.

WE ARE STILL SERVING THE STUDENTS FROM

MILLIGAN COLLEGE

and our business grows with them every year.

THERE IS A REASON:

Good Goods—Good Service—and Reliability

GREGORY DRUG COMPANY

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

RANGE MOTOR COMPANY

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

1881

W. H. RAY

RANGE PROTECTIVE COMPANY

