

Maroon and Gold

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Students at the University of Chicago are to wear knickerbockers. We knew all the time there would be competition. No, my dear co-ed, they simply will not be outdone.

Now that the All-American halfbacks, fullbacks, ends, guards, centers, et cetera, have been selected, we are going to try our hand at selecting an All-American cheer leader. Santa Claus, you get the honor.

"You tell 'em, kid; got home just in time to see Dad make the last payment on our new car, and mother put the fruit in a hundred-pound cake," writes a student from the city. "By Heck, got home just in time to see the Irish Setter Dad got for me and see the old turkey gobbler strut his last mess before doing a high dive into the pot," writes a student from the country. We got home just in time to realize that it will be two more whole weeks before we have to get out another paper. Oh boy, ain't it a Merry Christmas?

With Chinamen doing our laundering, Irishmen our police duty, Greeks running our restaurants, Englishmen doing our butler work, Japanese our valet service, Italians our mining, Jews our merchandising, Assyrians our peddling, Irish women our scrubbing, Swedish girls our cooking, French beauties our maid service, Norwegians our hired work, Russians our bomb throwing, Germans our propagandizing, bootleggers our moonshining, and the United States Senate our politicking—small wonder so many real Americans are out of a job.

Taking everything into consideration, we flatter ourselves by stating that we believe that the MAROON AND GOLD has had a successful career of it thus far this year. We have had our failures, 'tis true, but our readers have been longsuffering and generous, and have given us the kind of encouragement that helps. We thank them, and wish for them all the happiness that the Christmas season can bring. As for ourselves, we know we are going to have a merry Christmas, for it will be no more whole weeks before another issue of this paper goes to press, and besides, we catch the next train for home. The prospects are good things we expect from "Old Folks" at home are enough to make any one happy. Fifteen snappy rags for Christmas and the glad spirit of the occasion!

UNTO THE END

We always feel sorry for a student who thinks he is unable to return after the holidays. There is an adage, of doubtful truthfulness, that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. So many may think it is better to have started and dropped out at Christmas than not to have started at all. Now, this scribe regrets to disavow his belief in this piece of jugglery. To our mind, it is a very decided disadvantage not to round out a college year begun, no matter what the cost.

It creates an unwholesome impression in one's home community. People will assign all sorts of reasons for Tom's dropping out or Mary's failure to return, and these reasons, however ill-founded, have their weight with some people. Now it may be replied that these remarks affect only the reputation. True. But reputation goes a long way toward hanging a fellow. Character witnesses always count tremendously in any court.

Again, the friends met at college get a false impression of those who drop out. These friends in the years to come will meet us in the most unexpected places, and always the false impression we gave them will haunt us like a Banquo's ghost. Our college friends can make or mar our future to a very considerable extent, and we should go every limit to create in their judgment a wholesome and favorable view of ourselves.

From the standpoint of intellectual attainment the case is even more deplorable for the student dropping out. It is like the man in the parable who set out to build a house which he had not the funds to complete, or like the king declaring war against a neighbor king whose army far outnumbered his own. College courses are given for the year. In our own college, and wisely so, a course not pursued for a whole year is "N. G." The same courses, except in rare instances, are not given in consecutive years. Then again, to return a year hence throws us in another class, with hallowed associations gone—such a strain as most of us are not willing to bear.

We know the times are hard, but a wise business man lays his foundation of future success in just such a situation. It will be a far wiser thing to borrow money and continue in college, so that when prosperity does come you may ride in on the crest of its wave.

Let us say finally that education is not a luxury, but a necessity—not an item of current expense but a sane investment, an investment in self, whose dividends will be a perpetual source of income through the years, blessing us and enriching through the service of our lives those with whom we labor and associate.

Take our advice, old top, and stick to your year in college. You will never regret it.

ELON ORPHANAGE

We asked Mr. Johnston of the Elon Orphanage, to say something about the little ones under his care and let us put it in MAROON AND GOLD. We hope that when you and the home folks read what is print-

ed below you will take heed to what this big hearted gentleman has to say about his sweet little folks. This is what he said:

"The little children at the Christian Orphanage look forward to Christmas with as bright and happy expectations as any other children do. They all expect "Old Santa" to come and fill their little stockings with something that will please them and make them happy. They are always satisfied with whatever they get, whether it be a costly present or something of little value. It shows to them that somebody has thought of them and that somebody cares. When we think about the little fatherless ones who have no father or mother to bring happiness and joy to their little lives on Christmas morning, it ought to bring us in closer touch with them and cause us to think how easily we could make some little fellow happy and joyful by spending perhaps a quarter or half dollar for some little toy or plaything that a little child would appreciate, and send it to the Orphanage to make a little child happy.

"We lose many opportunities in life to make others happy when it would be a very small sacrifice to us. We lose the joy we would reap by failing to grasp the opportunities we have.

"We should all be interested in our Church and denomination. We ought to be interested in all its institutions and be willing to sacrifice for their success. We must stand by our college in order that our people may be educated. We must stand by our Mission Board in order to help our mission work at home and abroad. We must stand by our Orphanage, and give of our means that our little orphan children may have a home and be fed.

"It is our opportunity and our privilege."

A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER

Former students are thoroughly familiar with the requirement of the College that all students register on the opening day after the Christmas holidays, which this year is January 4. If you do not register by 6 p. m. that day or before, you are compelled to pay an additional fee to register. The rule is quoted here for the benefit of any who may not have read it on page 63 of the Catalogue, which reads as follows:

Every student is required to register within twenty-four hours after his arrival, and not later than 6 p. m. of the opening day after the Christmas holidays.

For failure to comply with this regulation, the student will be charged an extra fee of \$1.00 per day for such delay, provided that not more than \$5.00 extra shall be charged for late registration, or may be debarred from registration at all, at the option of the Faculty. There is no exception to this rule. It applies to the late registrants of the Fall Semester as well as to those after Christmas. It also applies to all departmental students.

You can get your Kodak supplies at The College Store.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The glistening snow, the golden glow
Of stars that shine above,
The music low, the mistletoe
Weave magic spells of love.
The softened beams of candle gleams
Make halos in your hair.
It ever seems my fairest dreams
Are true when you are there.

The mellow chimes of Christmas times
Were meant for lovers' lays.
I make no rhymes of other climes
In Christmas holidays.
I would not miss the stolen kiss
Beneath the mistletoe;
There is no bliss so sweet as this
With love-words whispered low.

The shaded lights on long, long nights
Bring back the years we knew
Ere fancy's flights had suffered blights
From things not half so true.
Forget the years, forget the tears,
And know but Christmas bliss;
The sunset nears, but why the fears?
In Heaven we still may kiss.

—Sion M. Lynam.

TO MOTHER

Your eyes are as bright as the rays of light
That trail their way through the northern skies;
Like the sun they're encircled with a halo bright
That casts its rays in your soft blue eyes.

Your lips more charming than sweetest rose,
That God in His garden has planted with care;
Should the angels e'er seek a place of repose
They'd want for a pillow the locks of your hair.

Your voice is as calm as the breezes of night,
And each time you sigh the angels seem near,
And Heaven seems open wide to my sight.
Oh, how lonely 'twould be without you,
Mother, dear!

—Lloyd Jone Bray.

HARD-EARNED WAGES

An artist who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium rendered a bill of \$67.30 for his services. The church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments	\$ 5.12
For renewing heaven and adjusting the stars	7.14
For touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting new tail on the devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
For putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging head of Goliath	6.13
For mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear	3.39
For embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet	3.02
For putting new comb and tail on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
For repluming and regilding left wing of the Guardian Angel	5.13
For washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carbuncle on his cheek	3.02
For taking the spots off the son of Tobias	10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ears	5.26
For decorating Noah's ark and putting new head on Shem	4.31
Total	\$67.30

—English Weekly.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

The grand New Year is coming fast, giving the olden days their conclusions, and we should make it better than the last by forming a thousand and one resolutions. Oh, if we would fill this life with fun and pep, we must aspire to the great and true; resolving to better our last year's rep, and to make all meanness taboo. If we'd make this a better place, and speed up the optimistic plow, we must light up every face by announcing our resolutions here and now. And so each day I some new resolution spring, evolved from last year's wrongs; each day I add a new one to my string, and continue with my New Year songs. Next year I'll love my fellow student, he's a credit to this institution; I'll never say he is imprudent, if I can keep my resolution. I have been unreasonable all these years, not seeing the good in my college chums; but now I vow through salty tears, I'll love him now till the Kingdom comes. So I begin to eulogize Tom, Dick, John, Jake and James; and when they die they'll not call me all kinds of ugly names. And so I'm making the trouble cease that used to jar my nerves; and the fellow who lives in peace must emulate my curves. And so when the New Year shall arrive, bringing trouble with no solutions, we must make our people thrive with our New Year resolutions. But yet my heart is sick with grievous woes, and I am surely filled with doubt; for I think everybody knows that I'll never carry them out.

SCOFF.

TO OUR TEAM

"Football games are over"—that's mighty hard to say. But they couldn't last forever, there are other sports to play. We're proud of our team, and the good work it has done, Though few games were lost, while many were won. We admire them, we love them for playing square, Beating their rivals but beating them fair. It may seem easy to tag along behind, But it takes a real man to stay in the line.

So here's to our team that has a rep; Here's to our manager who has the pep. Here's to our coach, who can coach football; And here's to the fans—we love 'em all.

—Member of '22.

THE COLLEGE DOG-ROBBER

He wasn't much at football, In truth, he didn't play at all For he was so slim and thin That a scrimmage with him in It would have ended tragically.

He couldn't play a game Of basketball—alas no fame For him in this swift art— The doctor said—"weak heart." He was eliminated automatically.

Hero worship was not for this Lad of little joy or bliss Who even among the ladies, Like a saint in hades, Was out of joint socially.

But when students wanted rhymes, Or pretty words for special times Write-ups of unusual events, Resolutions of malcontents— These were this bird's specialty.

He composes college songs, Writes speeches free for throngs Of students who are late In preparing—"Oh, Lord-debate" And helps them out forensically.

If his case we diagnose, And his true status expose, We find him one of the common herd, Who alone can find the word To express our thoughts accurately.