

Maroon and Gold

Member of the North Carolina College Press Association

Published Weekly by the Students of ELON COLLEGE

Entered at the Post-Office at Elon College, N. C., as second-class matter.

Two Dollars Per College Year

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THIS WEEK'S POEM

By Sion M. Lynam

WINTER

Winter, your days are cold; but I
 Care not for cold; but, oh,
 Your clouds hang low.
 Winter, I cannot see your sky,
 For cloud on cloud winds blow,
 And hide it so.

Winter, my life is like your days—
 Wind-tossed and dreary skies,
 And tears abide.
 Winter, above it hangs a haze,
 Like curtains dark-hued dyed,
 And worn beside.

Winter, perchance 'tis best, who knows?
 The dark enhances light
 To mortal sight.
 Winter, your air is washed with snows,
 And souls of men made white
 With tears at night.

LOYALTY TO ATHLETICS

An article appearing in a recent issue of the Hopkins News-Letter, the students' semi-weekly paper of Johns Hopkins University, branded as slackers thirty Freshmen who failed to attend a football game played at the University. The article stated that "the students named have nothing to do on Saturday afternoon, and yet haven't enough spirit to attend the football game played by their own school." The students determined who the unloyal members of the student body were by checking from the list of students the names of those attending as they entered the athletic field.

This action on the part of the students of Johns Hopkins is indicative of the attitude of the larger schools relative to the loyalty of the students to athletics. It sets an example that might well be followed by any school.

Loyalty is an outstanding characteristic of Elon students. The daily press has featured in its reports the enthusiastic support rendered the team by the students. We are proud of this. Loyalty is to some extent that which makes or mars any organization—especially a college.

The story is told of a father who accompanied his son to witness a football game between the great rivals, Princeton and Yale. The trip to the game was primarily for the purpose of the son's choosing the school which he would enter. Both teams entered the fray with determination, but when the whistle sounded for the end of the game Yale was the victor. In spite of their defeat, however, the Princeton men lifted their team to their shoulders and bore them off the field with all the pomp and glory that would characterize a winner. At the end of the game the father turned to the son and remarked, "Well, son, I suppose you have chosen Yale. They have proven the better of the two in the contest." The son replied, "No. Yale won, but

Princeton supports its team when they are defeated. I choose Princeton."

This spirit of loyalty—of support—was the determining factor in the boy's choice of a college. It is the determining factor in many choices.

The football season has become history; and in this history is recorded evidence of a loyal student body. The athletes are preparing to launch into the basketball season—to begin a campaign for the making of more Elon history; so let us lend all the loyalty and support to the new season that has characterized Elon in the past.

DR. HELFENSTEIN WILL CONDUCT REVIVAL HERE

(Continued from page one)

The church has been endeavoring to secure the services of Dr. Helfenstein for a number of years, but his previous engagements have made this impossible until this year.

Many of the students and friends of the college will recall that Dr. Helfenstein delivered the baccalaureate sermon here in 1922, and many others heard him at the recent meeting of the American Christian Convention in Burlington. He has made a profound impression on those who have heard him, and his coming for the revival will be welcomed as one of the happy events of the year.

LEADERS COMMEND NEW PLANS OF PRES. HARPER

(Continued from page one)

S. Athearn in charge of that department. Dr. Athearn is recognized as the most prominent man in the work of religious education at the present time, and his high praise of the plans mean much in their favor.

Many of the well known authorities in the work of Sunday Schools and Christian Endeavor have given their unstinted praise of the plans. Among these are, Hugh S. Magill, of the Sunday School Council, Amos R. Wells, Editor of the Christian Endeavor World, Luther A. Weigle, Harold McA. Robinson, and F. M. Sheldon. The commendation of such men presages a large possibility for the work which the Christian Church has begun, and means that Dr. Harper's work is of the highest order.

The first number of the "Journal of Christian Education" will appear April 1st. Dr. Harper will edit this new organ of the church, and it will be substituted for the "Officers and Teachers Journal", hitherto issued by the church.

Prospects are now bright for the success of the forward looking movement, and Dr. Harper is very optimistic concerning it.

Reversal of Sentiment

There once was a goofy young swain
 Regarded by girls with disdain,
 Till at football he played,
 Kicked a goal while fans prayed—
 Now he keeps 'em away with a cane.
 —Chicago Phoenix.

Association of Ideas

Mother of Twins—You say that Mrs. B. called me a cat?
 Nurse (in charge of twins)—Well, she looked at the babies and said, What dear little kittens!—Lafayette Lyre.

A Flapper Chair

'24—That's a vampy little chair you have there.
 '25—Whaddaya mean?
 '24—Bare legs, a low neck, and not much upholstery.—Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.

Wonders of Surgery

Jack: "Ma! Freddie's been hurt at football!"
 Fond Mamma: "Oh, dear, dear! What does the telegram say?"
 Jack: "Nose broken. How shall I have it set—Greek or Roman?"—London Mail.

Evidently She Wasn't One

Woman Customer: "I want some California olives."
 Saucy Saleswoman: "I only wait on prunes."—Everybody's Magazine.

LISTEN BILLY

North Dorm.
 City Campus.
 Friday, 1922 at 5:30.

Dear Azurea:

We meant to say in starting our dear Miss Bolster but while this whole note may be a break there's no usin mining details.

So we apologizes for writing but we wish to say couldent we come over to see you on Sunday afternoon next. We feel sure we could fix it with matrons.

I know you know me cause we must of been interduced at faculty reception, anyway I've been smiling at you on English class some days and some days I was afraid you'd tell the prof. to bounce me, etc.

Every time I start thinking of you I keeps it up until I'm raving about you. Got some compliments for you too. Please let me come.

Yours sincerely,

DUMBELL SMITH.

W. D.

Saturday A. M.

Dear Mr. D. Smith:

As I have no other engagement you may call on me tomorrow. What were the compliments?

AZUREA BOLSTER.

A Little Later

Sat. A. M.

Bear Azurea:

I will sure be there with bells on, as the old plug told the sleigh. Getting all the compliments together alphabetically like, Hair, Eyes, Nose, Manners, etc.

Hopeing that I will loose my appetite at dinner by the pleasing sight of you, I remain as per my parents wishes,

DUMBELL SMITH.

Sunday Eve.

Twilight with Lights on.

Dear William Billium:

O I have got grate news for you this time sure enuff.

Today this afternoon found me full of fidgets cause I cant sleep as per usual as I had a date appending with a queen I tell you.

I dresses the best I got and the best I could borrow in our big dorm. If I does say it myself and I'm only repeating what the mirror said, I was the kit cat's cocoon. My roommate stole all my socks from jealousy but I borrowed a blue and white one from acrost

the hall and my 50 ct elastic bow tie offset my pedal discords. Then I saunters out to the ladies dorm and places myself in position to be received.

Well Azurea (thats her name Billy, wisht you could see her) Azurea come down the winding staircase a smiling and looking like the federal reserve. I tels her which of the boys in the hall she is looking for but she said she knew of me from the time the faculty boxed me up in a berry crate to be shipped. I don't think much of my faculty for telling secrets.

I takes her left arm (thats ettikit and your stumbling block) and says, "does you wish to promenade the campus," and she says yes, and we walks pig path after pig path. I just drinks in her beauty. Azurea would break up a beauty contest in 1/2 the time it takes an airplane to make the 100 yd dash. Dainty as a sub-chaser coming into Rio. Stylish as a Dollar haircut. Whats the use. There aint no describing her. A Senyur couldent do it except thru accident and then he would get a PhD.

Old Sockrates was thinking of this disturber when he drunk the shoe polish. Napoleon thought she was in Italy when he tore down them Alps. The one in ancient times what tamed the wooden horse would get trampled to death if she ever got in front of my Azurea.

Unlike most women she still wants to know what the compliments was. Well I'd heard another guy say she was pretty and I added my own observations to that and I wished there had been a flock of short hand writers to have taken down the lift I give this breath-taker. Boy, Pat Henry and Webster would a folded up their little speeches and fled if they heard even the opening paragraff of mine.

Somebody for spite rang the curfew bell early this afternoon and we had to go home. She said tho I was a dear sweet boy to tell her so many nice things and mebbe I could call again. That means I'm on the payroll don't it Billy?

Well I leaves happy and started to kick the Adm. tower down to Glenn Ravin but I knew she wouldn't a done nothing like that and might think me a cave man and I cant afford to aek wrong and me with 46 demerrits. In good form from now on.

Yours without limit,

DUMBELL.

THE SONG OF THE PINCHED TOURIST

Here's to the land of the 30-per sign,
 The summer land where the judge got mine;
 Where the cops grow strong and the strong show hate,
 Jailed down home in the Old North State.

JAKE BLAKE SAYS:

When yo' sees a Englishman laughin' at a joke, yo' kin bet de joke is on de joke.



PSIPHELIAN PROGRAM IS IMPROVED BY HOLIDAYS

as honorary members of the Society. The Society feels very fortunate in being able to have these ladies with them.

Division II

The Psiphelian program on Tuesday night was short on account of sickness among the members. The program rendered was highly entertaining, three numbers being humorous.

The first number was an impersonation of the faculty by Miss Jennie Gunter. Miss Gunter has a genuine talent for mimicry, and in presenting the outstanding and well-known characteristics of each faculty member, the number was made especially interesting and amusing.

Miss Rose Howell followed this presentation with a prophecy of the class of '25. Miss Howell seemed endowed with power to see far into the future and in a pleasant manner revealed to the audience the many kindnesses and few miseries fate has measured out for the sophomore class.

Following this number was an original and amusing dialogue by Misses Marjorie Burton and Alma Cates. Miss Burton had the part of a negro visitor who called on her neighbor ostensibly to inquire concerning her health, but actually to borrow. Both young ladies played their parts splendidly.

The last number was an interesting paper, "The Value of a College Education," by Miss Ora Pace. Miss Pace gave real reasons why a college education is valuable, stating that it is even wise to borrow money with which to go to school.

Misses Jennie Gunter, Rose Howell and Ora Pace received honorable mention.

ODE TO A PIG

By C. O'L.

As near as I remember,
 It was late in last December,
 I was strolling down the street in maudlin pride.
 With my heart all in a flutter,
 I lay down in the gutter,
 And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

While I lay there in the gutter,
 With my heart all in a flutter,
 A lady passing by was heard to say:
 "You can tell a man that boozes
 By the company he chooses,"
 And the pig got up and slowly walked away.
 —In "Wake of the News,"
 Chicago Tribune.

No New-Fangled Notions For Him

A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me."
 "But why not?" someone asked finally.
 "Because," he responded, "they have thrashin' machines down there, an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."—Interior.

Absence Makes the Grade Grow Larger

Absent-minded Professor—Mr. Smith, I want you to answer this question—
 Mr. Smith—Professor, I'm absent today.
 "I beg your pardon, sir, the next man will answer the question."—Georgia Cracker.

SIMMON SEEDS

DA NEED EES GREAT

Dees Elon ees one greata place;
 Da grounda cover da greata space.
 Eet ees beega park fulla da trees,
 Where keeds cot oppa da monkey beez.

Da boss man lina da head weeth air;
 When mud ees not here da day ees fair.
 Da railroad passa by weetha da freight,
 No lock ees evera ona da gate.

Da boys dey playa da rougha games,
 Dey tela da goat go taka da blames;
 Dey singa da song and tella da joke,
 Dey borrow da match, dey borrow da smoke.

Da girls dey playa da flapper beez,
 Dey scorcha da curl and maka heem seez;
 Dey lova da boy by leetla note,
 Make longa da skirt weeth patch from coat.

We worka da mind, da daya da night,
 We goa to bed widouta da light.
 O, deesa Elon; he ees mighty gran,
 But needa one beeg P-nutta stan.

TONY TREEPO.

An alarm clock is an alarm clock until it alarms—then we call it by another name.

YOUR ORDER, PLEASE

Groups have been amalgamated
 Since Adam pelted Cain;
 But there is one that trots away
 And then comes back again.

Now one frat has a pretty seal—
 Another's pin's a bear;
 But I'm most strong for one whose badge
 Is a wisp of yellow hair.

It's the old and ancient order
 Of the Knights of Helter Skelter,
 And it numbers hearts as true
 As Beter Gammer Delter.

It meets wherever fancy chooses;
 Its ritual, though, is firm;
 And he who gets within the gates
 Remembers aye the term.

It's the old and ancient order,
 With a bright and cheerful past;
 Though it's stood its share of cockle-burrs,
 'Twill revive again and last.

It's the Mecca of the Rovers;
 It's the lighthouse in the fog;
 It's the old and ancient order
 Of the faithful Yellow Dog.

K. A. D. A.