

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

WINDS OF THE SOUTH

Speak to me softly, winds of the South,
 Tell me a tale from that land;
 Whisper a story of love-softened eyes,
 Moonlight, and ocean-beat sand.

Croon me to sleep, warm winds of the South,
 Sing me a lullaby sweet,—
 One you have caught as you've wandered along
 Over the field and the street.

Kiss down my eyelids, winds of the South,
 Whisper the love-words you know,
 Heard in the moonlight on yesterday's eve,
 Fresh from the heart's overflow.

Promise me, whispering winds of the South,
 Promise me summer again,
 Smooth out the wrinkles which winter has left,
 Love from my heart all the pain.

Sweet is your message, winds of the South,
 Laden with story and song,
 Promising spring with its moonlight and hope;
 Winds of the South, linger long.

GOVERNOR MORRISON'S APPEAL

Elon feels grateful for the splendid support that it is receiving from the officials of the state. Recently E. C. Brooks, Superintendent of Public Instruction, very kindly pledged his support to the college in its hour of need and encouraged the people of the state to do likewise. Governor Cameron Morrison has shown his appreciation of the institution in a liberal way also by appealing to the state for its support.

With the pressure of official duties that is being brought to bear upon the Governor at the present time it is admirable that he should turn aside for a time to offer his sympathy and aid to Elon.

It is difficult to express in even a small way our appreciation of Governor Morrison's and Doctor Brooks's sympathy and interest. The most effective way to express it, it seems, is to continue the good record the college has established and continue to lend the aid of the institution to the educational development of the young men and young women of the state.

"THE SCHOOLMASTER"

The journalistic world has given sanction to the entrance into its realm of a newly-created sheet. "The Schoolmaster" is the official publication of the Schoolmasters Club of Alamance County. The paper is published bi-weekly. The purpose of the Schoolmasters Club is to place the paper in the homes of all citizens of Alamance and seek to stimulate among these citizens a greater interest in the educational work of the county.

This journal which has so recently made its debut in journalistic society promises to be a large factor in moulding the opinion of Alamance County for greater educational facilities.

The art form and art content of the paper are worthy of commendation. The technical make-up of the paper is especially attractive. The two most prominent factors that will probably go to make that paper famous are that Ralph S. Rainey is editor and that the printers are the Burlington Printing Company.

Mr. Rainey before being graduated from Elon was editor of Maroon and Gold. He served admirably in this capacity and is again displaying his ability in journalism by his appearance in the columns of The Schoolmaster.

No paper can be successful without a careful and painstaking printer. This The Schoolmaster has found in the Burlington Printing Company. This company is rapidly becoming the outstanding college printing establishment of the state. They are now printing upwards of a dozen various publications and are continually receiving new contracts.

PROFESSOR JACKSON

Professor Jackson of the North Carolina College for Women is an outstanding figure in the study of the race problem (as we term it in the South).

In speaking at Elon Sunday night, Professor Jackson presented one of the most eloquent, unbiased, and common-sense arguments for the advancement of the negro race that could be delivered from a platform. Professor Jackson made clear that he was not representing the negro, but that he was concerned with what might happen to the Anglo-Saxons if they were to remain in the rut for the sole purpose of holding the negro there.

Professor Jackson has a rich store of knowledge of the negro problem which he has secured first-hand; and it is to men of his type that the country must look for the clearing up of the vision of the public to the extent that they can get an intelligent view of the situation and begin the uplift of the negro race. Not for their benefit alone, but for our own welfare also.

THE MASTER

He likes his work; his heart is really in it.

It is a privilege and not a woe.

He gets some pleasure out of every minute.

And so the minutes very swiftly go.

It matters not to him what hour is striking.

He calmly lets the old clock tick away;

He works because his work is to his liking.

And not because the whistle ends the day.

He reckons not the time and the endeavor

He must invest to do his labor well;

He puts his mind and spirit in it ever.

With this overshadowing purpose—to excel.

The goal toward which he struggles is perfection.

And to himself his best he always asks,

Forever striving in the right direction.

Such men are always masters of their tasks.

—Clarence E. Flynn.

Modern Turkish girls no longer live secluded lives. They are working in offices, some as bank clerks, some as bookkeepers. Many are studying medicine and electrical engineering and others are going in for agriculture. All are preparing for careers of usefulness.

The "charshaf" or veil has been modified to a mere scarf, extremely charming and attractive in its simplicity.

A 13-year-old Ogden, Utah, school-boy has trained a wild cat to follow him to school each day.

LISTEN BILLY

CLASS! ATTEN-SHUN!

Dear Billy:

In preparing ourself to teach if need be we attends practice school, and I have made so good at it that the other day they turned me loose with a sure enuff class what had junyurs and senyurs in it and here is how I took the blue ribbon:

Class! Atten-shun!

"We will now have the reading of the roll call. Any man what answers in two voices for his friends will be licked after class."

Then we had the roll call without casualties. The class I was teaching was American boys and girls studying English and I took them into literature.

"Who wrote Canterbury tales?"

This was the answers, "Simon De Montfort, Walt Mason, Charles Martel." I puts it to the general vote and Mark Twain got it.

Next question, "Who is the author of the Complete Angler?" and they answers Iwe Walton. "Wrong" says I, "where do you get your ignorance? Ike Walton wrote about fishing and the Complete Angler was written by Sir Izaak Newton, because it is a work on Math and Geometry." They couldn't get by that cause it is logic.

"Who writes this weaks poem?" They yells "Signem Lynem." "Here," says I with meanness in my voice, when you speak of an alive man say "Mister." Dont open no remarks with no first name. Besides we was all wrong cause there wasn't no poem that weak.

Every class has two or more Aint-we-its what bothers instructors. One of them says, "Professor, does you always speak good English?" I says yes, ex-

cept when I is down at the sea ports and then I speaks Portugeese." That liked to killed him, cause the class luffed at him and he had to laugh too at himself.

One of the pretty girls says, "Mr. Smith, please recite us some Shake-speer." She was pretty, so I quoted from Twelf Night where Diago takes the 13th chair at the banquet in Duquesne Castle. You recalls the 13th chair was between Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth and as Diago sat down Mrs. Mac picked up the butter knife and this scares Diago hysteric and he mutters: "Twixt man and wife so set I down, That rays of sunshine as the moon appears

May see naught of Diago the fair, In Flanders Fields! Ho Ivanhoe, bring me the hatchet!"

(Voices without: "Go way from here, Jacob Blake!")

That armed to tooth 'twixt murders too May I enjoy victuals trimmed with wine

My Falcon Frets on Woolworth heights, With eye east in the northern ocean where,

With stately tread, the Armada Brings Dick of England, Coar de Lion, Back from Priams sunkist caves,

Where Cleo Pat lures Jiggs the Debar

With corn beef hoof sans cabbage. Ah, calm the wife of Mae drops table-ware

Which across our juggler vein will sweep

Eventually—why not now?" Then the whistle blowed.

Sincerely,
DUMBELL SMITH.

SIMMON SEEDS

"E"

"What is the 'E' on your sweater for?" The question led to thought. And I thought of the price we pay. For things that can't be bought.

This "E" was not had for asking. No pull helped put it there. "E's" to many eyes look the same. But costs do not compare.

Some have been won for a lady. She willed it just that way. And a lady's will is a deadly pull, On the one within her sway.

My "E" came out of the turmoil. Out of the aching crash of the line. As their goal-posts crept away from us. All the bulk of the shame was mine.

Thus not for the love of a lady. Or glory that might come to me. No, I stood the gaff and learned to laugh, That I might be worthy of the "E."

KADA.

FOR SALE

Two slightly used New Year's resolutions. 1923 model. Reason for selling, lack of time to use them. Terms to suit freshmen. See Editor of Simmon Seeds.

Said Peckinfill, "I'll make a still. And work 'gain I won't." He made a still and tried the swill, And work again he don't. —John Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

He—Is Joe very simple? She—Simple! He thinks necking is a new kind of scarf.—Brown Jug.

"There never was a privilege that didn't carry with it some responsibilities. You're a cheat if you accept one and neglect the other."

It doesn't pay to be crooked—look at the corkscrews out of a job.—Chicago Phoenix.

BADDA BEEZINESS

Dees one leetle social hour. She has too much da pullin power. She breaks da purse and twist da neck, An pull da green hearts by da peck.

I don like an here ces why. Dees feelin what can make you sigh, Dees theeng "love" she don run right, She make you mad, she make you fight.

All day she pulla your mind away. Like games da crazee peoples play. Da weary man he can no rest. Weeth dreams a jumpin thru his chest.

Down in Mexeco me hear. Dey pull da boy cow by da ear. Dey keels and leaves heem in da dust. Like girls what try my heart to bust.

I'll fight da man an lick da cow, But bout dees other matter now, Me shake like rowboat on da sea, When dees Elon girls, dey smile at me. Tony Treepo.

☐☐☐

JAKE BLAKE SAYS:

Night by night in every fight, I is gittin' mo' rougher an' tougher.



It is now possible for aircraft to cross the Sahara Desert safely by means of a buried cable through which an electric current flows. The current influences delicate apparatus on the plane or airship so that the pilot is able to tell his exact position at a glance.

Preferred the Installment Plan

Bell (protestingly)—Don't do that! Jack—Dearest, don't you crave affection?

"Yes, but why treat me like a cafeteria and help yourself?"—Pitt Panther.

A HOT GAME

The game opened. Molasses at the base. Smallpox was catching. Cigar was in the box. Horn was playing second base. Corn was in the field and Apple was umpire. When Ax came to the bat he chopped and let Brick walk and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Every Foot of ground kicked and said Apple was rotten. Balloon started to pitch and went straight up. Cherry tried it, but was a wild one. When Spider caught the fly the crowd cheered. Old Ice Cream kept cool as the game went on 'till he was hit by a pitched ball and then you should have heard Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Old Grass covered lots of ground with luck. Organ refused to play, so Bread loafed and put him out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do. Hammer began to knock then Trees began to leave. Knife was put out for cutting first base. There was lot of betting on the game, but when Grass fell they went broke, but Soap cleaned up. They all kicked when Lights were put out. The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright. Balloon went up in the air when Bags began to root. Score was 1 to 0 when Apple told Fiddle to take first base. Oats was shocked. Song made another hit and Trombone made a slide and was put out. Meat was at the plate. The score was 1 to 0 and the game was over.—Howard Crimea.

DAY-LONG DISSIMILARITY

A Colored couple stood once again before the probation officer.

"Now this," the officer said to both, "seems to me to be a case where there is nothing very much the matter except that your tastes are different. You, Sam, are much older than your wife. It is a case of May married to December."

A slight pause, and then Eva, the wife, was heard to remark in a tired voice:

"I—I really doan' know what you means by yer saying May is married to December. If yer goin' to talk that way, it seems to me to be a case of Labor Day married to de Day of Rest."—Every-body's.

HOW ARE YOU EDUCATED?

A University of Chicago professor says you are educated in the best sense of the word if you can say "Yes" to these questions:

Has your education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?

Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

Do you know how to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or pure woman in the eye?

Do you see anything to love in a little child?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in life's meanest drudgeries?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

Are you good for anything yourself? Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents?

Can you look into a mud puddle and see a clear sky?

Can you see anything in a mud puddle but mud?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?—The College Mason.

"John," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at \$14 a ton and you pay the dealer \$65, how many tons will he send you?"

"A little over three tons, ma'm."

"Why, John, that is not right."

"No, ma'am, I know it ain't right, but they all do it."—Exchange.

"Warden," said the criminal who was ticketed to the gallows, "I need some exercise."

"Just what kind of exercise do you want?" asked the warden.

"I'd like to skip the rope," he griped.—Brooklyn Eagle.