

Maroon and Gold

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THIS WEEK'S POEM

By Sion M. Lynam

TOUCH

We stood together there where thunders broke,
 And darkness hovered tangible; the flood
 Poured down in torrents on our heads;
 we spoke
 Not, only touched our hands, but understood.

We stood where God put His best artist stroke
 To show His love in Nature's face.
 'Twas good.
 The mountains tow'rd majestically.
 We spoke
 Not, only touched our hands, but understood.

We stood in silence there, when Death's foul stroke
 Had claimed the one most dear, and knew the rood.
 So great was pain no tears would come.
 We spoke
 Not, only touched our hands, but understood.

We found our words such useless things and crude:
 With touch, the human touch, we understood.

READUSTING VALUES

Athletics today seem to have a preponderating influence in the collegiate world. It is an influence which all but excludes interest in other things. There is too great an emphasis on the physical prowess of college men, and too little attention is paid to mental feats.

The time was when the reverse was true, and such a condition would be as lamentable as the one which exists today. There should be a readjustment of values, and in the readjustment those men who are active in other fields of college activities would be recognized as well as the athlete. The fault is not to be found among the present students nor with the faculties of the various colleges and universities, though these do aid in the common tendency of the times. The roots of the difficulty lie far deeper. They go down through the whole strata of society, and are indicative that our civilization is not so far removed from primitive barbarism as we sometimes imagine.

There was a time not so long ago, measured in historical figures, when the fight was to the strong, and personal strength meant the gratification of every desire in every phase of life. The world has, we sometimes proudly boast, come a long way from that point. We hope that we are right, but if the present prevalent tendencies in collegiate life mean anything, they mean that the progress from that period of physical mastery has not been so rapid as we could wish it, and that the race has not come so far.

When a college professor after years of training and a large ex-

penditure of time and money receives from two to three thousand dollars for a year of teaching, while at the same time a baseball player can demand twenty-five thousand dollars for one season of play, there is something wrong with our civilization, and there is a need for a readjustment of values. This readjustment must begin with college men. They have led the race what little way it has come from barbarism to civilization, and they must continue to lead.

Everyone has heard of Center College and her wonderful football team that held Harvard to a stand on Harvard's own gridiron, but who has heard that Bates College, with only a few hundred students, has defeated Harvard, Yale and Princeton in recent debating contests? This has happened, but those debaters from Bates College have not received anything like the amount of publicity which Center College has received. There is a deeper meaning to this than at first appears. There is a cause for such a state of affairs. The press has not given the Bates students the publicity, because the public has not demanded it; but the fact that the public has not demanded it is a thing about which we need to concern ourselves.

Values should be so readjusted that whether a man debates or plays football he will receive the honor which is due him. It should be possible for the student in Mississippi University who won the prize for the best essay on citizenship written in the world this year to receive equal recognition with the star baseball player of the season. Until values have been so readjusted as to make this possible, there will be something dangerously wrong with our civilization.

There will be several men who will select an all-state team this spring, but who will take the trouble to see who are the state's best debaters? These men will be little known beyond their own campuses, and not so very well known there, and yet it will be these men upon whom the college will depend in future for her support rather than upon her athletes; and it will be these men upon whom the entire nation and the world will depend for their progress. As college students we must set ourselves to adjust values and to create a proportionate amount of honor for thinker and athlete.

Miss Bailey Leads Y. W. C. A. Meeting

Speaks on Kindness, Obedience, and Sympathy—Impressive Service—Many Participate.

Y. M. C. A. held its regular weekly meeting last Sunday evening, April 15, with Miss Nonnie Bailey as leader.

The meeting was opened with the song, "Onward Christian Soldiers," followed by prayer by Miss Mary Swanson. After the reading of the Scripture lesson by Miss Bailey the meeting was turned over for a prayer service. This was a beautiful and impressive little service in which many of the girls present took part. The long chain of sentence prayers was opened by Miss Effie Gowden and closed by Miss Bailey. After the prayer service Miss Bailey, in that pleasing manner peculiar to her, made a most interesting little talk taking for her main subject, "Kindness, Obedience, Sympathy."

The meeting was closed with prayer by Miss Margaret Moring.

Miss Ismay Barnes spent the week-end with her parents in Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. G. D. Colclough spent the week-end at his home in Durham, N. C.

Dr. C. H. Rowland, 1900, of Franklin, Va., was a visitor here Saturday.

SIMMON SEEDS

STAY PUT

Success brings a cheer from the crowd;
 They always howl in happy glee
 When through each scrape you come
 shipshape,
 But this doesn't appeal to me.

For all of life is not winning,
 Nor does it last a season through.
 When others scoff, you are better off,
 The time when it's up to you.

When nothing is coming your way,
 When you lose and keep losing at
 that,
 When you face the scowls and hear the
 howls
 And miss the once friendly pat.

When things break wrong and keep
 breaking,
 And the Hoodoo calls you his own,
 When your very best is as poor as the
 rest,
 When your name to the dogs has
 been thrown,

Play on and be calm in the playing;
 Stick in; stay stuck; take the blame,
 Eyes front, chin up. The dregs of the
 cup
 Are sweet if you're playing the game.
 K.A.D.A.

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REMEMBER—at the brick house
 with ye black smokestack where they
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No Trust. We live by cash alone.
 TUG and WUG.

JAKE BLAKE SAYS:

A mule can reach you
 quicker by goin' back-
 wards.



SAWDUST SCENERY

Dear Bill:
 Spring is here for earnest and I feel
 like going out the doors and never com-
 ing in no more. With spring old scenes
 comes back the things I wants best to
 do is not be a seenyur or win a two lbs.
 meddle for speaking the loudest but I
 wants to go to an old time circus.

You know the old days before I had
 come to man's estate the biggest time
 excepting of course xams was circus day.
 But now with girls banging on one arm
 and the fear of flunking on the other
 I longs more than is common for one
 of my dignity for a big circus day.

If a circus did come this way there
 would be no holding of me. They could
 put me on the tank and take all the
 props away and I wouldst come down.
 They could lock me in the glass case
 with the biological skelliton and when
 the band started playing me and that
 old rattler would go together.

After you have once tasted pink lemon-
 ade you dont like no other flavor Billy.
 Then to think of the little girls riding
 on horse backs and looking sweet like
 it was feckulty reception or something.
 Dont that make you long for the big
 tent and a bag of goobers. It sure doest
 Billy.

Then to see all the elephants and acro-
 bats that must have graduated from the
 ante breakfast jim class. They are the
 stuff. They aint nothing else except.

If you runs across a good circus send
 it towards Ellen.

Well to quit ravening over something
 I cant help I'm in a pretty mess here.
 I'm taken an elective course and now
 the faculty has desired not to elect me
 but let me work for it. So I'm working
 my way through college.

Im taking a whole lot of things that
 wouldst not be any more good to me
 than hemstitching would be to a Ginny
 Pig. However I'm in to stay until the
 gates is opened and the goats and lams is
 mixed up. I wish they would give di-
 plomas to freshmans but there is lots
 of things we cant have.

Was you joking about coming here
 next year? I hope you does for it would
 be a sinch with me here to tell you what
 to do. You put chewing gums in my
 hair at the S. S. picknic and if you will
 come here and let me be your initiator
 I will forgive you and we will be square.
 How about it? It wouldst make a man
 of you.

With kinder regards than herebefore,
 DUMBELL.

LIVE LIKE A ROSE

The year is coming to a close;
 The days are falling one by one
 Like petals of a dying rose,
 A bloom that still in beauty goes
 When all her garden days are done.

And what is life? It is a year,
 However many years it span—
 In childhood's springtime to appear,
 To live the summer of a man,
 And then to feel the autumn here.

And what is death? The final day
 Of life's short year, a day like these
 When summer puts her garb away
 And winter winds begin to play
 Their wild, tempestuous harmonies.

Live like a rose: The roses bloom
 Not for themselves but for the earth,
 Pink lamps that garden walls illumine—
 A decoration for our mirth,
 A holy solace for the tomb.

Die like a rose: Its petals fall,
 But it is sweetness to the end—
 Oh, it is something, after all,
 To be a rose beside the wall,
 Besides the way to be a friend.

—Selected.

Bamboo quail from the northern provin-
 ces of China are being distributed in
 the State of Washington this spring.
 The bamboo quail is said to be a bird
 of a size between native quail and Hun-
 garian pheasants. These birds come
 from a cold section of China, where the
 winters are more severe than in Wash-
 ington.

YOUR CAST OFF CLOTHES WILL SAVE HUMAN LIVES

Pneumonia and Acute Rheumatism in Armenia Can be Stamped Out Next Winter by Discarded Garments.

An appeal to all Tarheels to contribute articles of clothing which they have cast off for the winter to the saving of human lives in the Bible lands, is going out this week from headquarters of the Near East Relief in Raleigh.

Josephus Daniels, honorary State chairman; Col. George H. Bellamy, State chairman; Governor Morrison and 25 other members of the State Executive Committee of this great humanitarian organization, are asking North Carolina to make a special effort between now and May 1st to contribute at least one complete set of warm clothing each.

Dr. E. C. Brooks, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, is State clothing chairman this year, in active charge of the work. Dr. Brooks has set the State's goal as the saving of 30,000 lives, which means that this many complete suits of warm clothing, in which there is still some wear, must be contributed.

May 1st has been designated as "Bundle Day" by Dr. Brooks, and so declared in a proclamation to the people of the State by Governor Morrison. Schools, churches, women's organizations, and clubs of all kinds are asked to take or send as much clothing as possible to the local Near East Relief chairman, or to ship it by parcel post or freight to the Near East Relief Clothing Warehouse in Raleigh.

In spite of the generosity of Americans, many women and children were found last winter who had dragged themselves for miles, suffering from acute rheumatism or pneumonia, simply for lack of clothing. Others just simply froze to death.

Dr. Brooks and the State committee are especially desirous of receiving as many as they can obtain of coats, trousers, dresses, sweaters, wool gloves, mittens, hoots and shoes, shopworn garments, blankets, sheets (for bandages), new cloth or garments, and any heavy warm clothing in which there is still some wear.

The Near East Relief cannot use laces, silks, veils, chiffons, evening clothes, satin slippers, muslin underwear, high-heeled shoes, straw or frame hats, or silk stockings. If any considerable quantity of these articles are available, it is suggested that a community sale or auction be held and the proceeds turned over to the Near East Relief county chairman or sent to Robert A. Brown, State treasurer, 901 Citizens Bank Building, Raleigh, N. C.

Scott Will Speak At State Peace Contest

Preliminaries Held Here Wednesday—Three Men Out for Representative's Place.

The preliminary of the State peace contest was held here Wednesday following luncheon. W. T. Scott won in the preliminary, and will represent Elon at the State Peace contest to be held in Burlington, April 27th.

Mr. Scott spoke on the "Parting Ways," and his appeal for peace is well worded and well delivered. The second choice of the judges was W. B. Terrell who spoke on the subject "War Must Cease."

There were three men out for the contest. W. T. Scott, W. B. Terrell, and George D. Colclough.

The peace contest is an annual event under the supervision of Prof. F. S. Blair of Guilford College. Rev. R. O. Smith represented Elon in the contest last year, and won second prize for the best oration on peace. Elon has been regularly represented at this contest, and has won first prize.

Miss Margaret Moring and Margaret Rowland spent the week end in Durham with friends.