

Maroon and Gold

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JAKE BLAKE SAYS:

De bes' way to cut
'spenses am to make yo'
dollahs hab mo' cents.



"Too much attention to the pig-skin is mighty hard on the sheep-skin" remarks the *Detroit News*, but everybody knows that the college which supports the pig-skin chasers distribute a healthy looking lot of sheep-skins in the spring.

The college and state should play hands off while the sophomores even the score with those freshmen who marred the fresh cement.

College students are declaring their independence of everything, if they aren't careful everything is going to declare its independence of them.

If some people ever get enough in their heads to graduate, they'll have a college course in a nut shell.

"The time is coming when there will be no room in the world for critics," declares an orator. If he is right, some of our friends are going to have to emigrate.

Forty-seven women are candidates for the new English parliament. Cheer up. The worst is yet to come.

"Do you remember away back yonder when girls used to blush?" asks a writer in the *Polytechnic Reporter*, Brooklyn, N. Y. We wonder how old he thinks we are.

"A new day is dawning," shouts the orator. That's awful. We are going to have to wake up before long.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT ELON

Thanksgiving day at Elon is one of the great days of the college year. It, perhaps, brings more alumni back to the college than any other time during the college year. It stands for something vital in the life of the college, and about it has grown up many traditions. It is the day of the Philologist entertainment, and it is the day of the greatest dinner of the year.

Thanksgiving day at Elon has, we believe, large possibilities if the college will attempt to utilize them. It is, as we have said, a time when many alumni return to the hill, and it is a time when every effort should be made to make them feel at home. The alumni are worthy of our best, and the college is worthy of their best. Thanksgiving day should be a day for really bringing this relationship to the front. The hospitality of Elon should be extended to her sons and daughters at this time of the year, and they should rally to her support with an ever-growing love for the college which has done so much to fit them for life.

Thanksgiving is an apt word for the relationship which should exist between the college and its alumni. The alumni should be grateful for what they have received, and in every way possible should show their appreciation and gratitude. A college can give, and does give that for which money can never pay. Each institution has individual gifts and individual methods of giving, but all of them give, and all of them are worthy of the best which their sons and daughters can give.

The faculty and students who make the college at this present hour should be grateful for the things which the alumni have left as a heritage to them. That heritage is a very real thing here at Elon, and Thanksgiving day is a time to ponder it. They have left in their passing things which we prize, and by their living and working here have made it easier for us who follow them.

The college and its alumni should feel their inter-dependence. Neither should be expected to do all the giving. There are alumni who feel that they should be privileged to return to the college and be guests of the college continually through the year, and who feel that they have no obligation whatever to the college. They feel that the college is a place to get recommendations, and to call upon for all manner of services. It is, but it is due the support and loyalty of all its former students.

The college on the other hand should not believe that all its alumni are for is to collect money for endowment. Its alumni are its sons and daughters and should be treated as such. They belong to it as its children and it is a high privilege of the college to have them back and to welcome them with open arms. They are its children to help and to whom it should end its strength, and from whom in the early years it should not expect too much. This family relationship is beautifully begun in our undergraduate days. The college and alumni should unite in carrying it out into life with them. This, we think, is a fitting thought for our Thanksgiving day at Elon, for gratitude within manifests itself in action without, and for this we earnestly hope.

MAKE INSPIRATION A HABIT

By Winnie DuRant

(Read before the Psiphelian Society)

"Inspiration a habit!" you exclaim. "Impossible!" And yet it is, or rather it can be, if you so will.

The word inspire means to draw in by breathing; to infuse into the mind; to fill with that which animates or exalts. Inspiration thus defined loses the elusive quality which is generally attributed to it, and practice alone is needed in order to develop the habit and obtain gratifying results.

Do you constantly hold your mind open to inspiration? Do you persistently banish all depressing negative thoughts and cultivate invigorating, vitalizing thoughts? Do these positive thoughts form a force powerful enough to stimulate you to do every duty in the daily routine, however small, wholeheartedly and nobly?

You cannot inhale until you first exhale. There is not space enough in your lungs. Neither is there room in your mind for positive constructive thoughts while encraving negative thoughts clutter it up, perverting your logic and paralyzing your will. Do you not take the life, vigor and stimulus out of each breath and then exhale the stale, poisonous air? You willingly let it go. You know that you can take another breath just as deep as the first one and still the supply of oxygen will be in no wise diminished. The air is all about you; in front of you, behind you, on the right of you, on the left of you, beneath you—everywhere. Just so surely is your inexhaustible supply

of good pressing in upon you on all sides.

You do not know from just what part of the atmosphere your next breath will be taken. You cannot see the air coming to you which you will breathe the next second. Neither can you always see your good coming to you. Oftentimes you do not know the channel through which it will come, and you have no right to say that it must come to you in this certain way or in that certain way.

The things which are of real and lasting value are not defiled by the channels through which they come. It is possible for you to learn some of the most sublime truths from the humblest individuals and lessons in kindness from persons of base and low design in rare unguarded moments of tenderness. It would be absurd to say, "I won't breathe any air except from these few cubic feet of atmosphere just in front of me—if it comes from any place outside of this area then it is not air, but something else." That indeed would be ridiculous. But it would be just as ridiculous to limit your channels of good to those that have already served you as to say this, for there are many, many channels of which you are ignorant.

Emerson says: "The things that are really for thee, gravitate to thee. O believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort shall surely come home through open or winding passages." Then it rests with you alone as to whether or not you have the desire, determination and perseverance to make positive thinking a habit which will act as a channel through which every experience of life necessary to your physical, mental and spiritual well-being, happiness and progress can come.

Give your soul the square deal that you have unthinkingly afforded your lungs! Cultivate the habit of holding your mind open to positive thoughts and watch for results! The shackles of fear, ignorance and negation will be broken and your true self will shine forth radiantly and joyously in a new confidence and expectation. Every phase of your life will be flooded with this divine illumination until the dimensions of your aspirations, sympathies and thoughts will become immeasurable and you will be forced to exclaim with the poet: "I am but a shadow of myself; for what you see is but the smallest part and least proportion of humanity: . . . were the whole frame here, it is of such spacious, lofty pitch, your roof were not sufficient to contain it."

THE STUDENT AT THE THANKSGIVING GAME

Though he's weak in mathematics,
Though he trails in the parade,
Though it's really far from certain
That he'll make the proper grade,
Though trig is a maze of riddles
Through which he is made to hunt,
He's a demon with the pigskin—
You should see the bimbo punt!

Though his logic has him baffled,
Though his science has his goat,
Though psychology is something
That he thinks a madman wrote,
Though you'll always find this fellow
At the tail-end of each class,
He's a wizard on the gridiron—
You should see him forward-pass!

Though he murders the king's English
Every time he uses it,
Though his French enunciation
Makes his poor prof throw a fit,
Though to him there's no distinction
Between complex, graph or sine,
He's a lulu with a football—
You should see him buck the line!
—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

The following persons from Elon attended the Christian Conference at Wake Chapel, Fuquay Springs, N. C., last week: Drs. W. A. Harper, N. G. Newman, J. P. Barrett, Rev. S. M. Lynam, A. H. Hook, T. F. Wright, G. C. and H. E. Crutchfield, and Mrs. N. G. Newman.

LOTTA JUNK By "JACK RABBIT"

Last Saturday Wake Forest defeated State College 14 to 0. This was an unexpected victory for the Demon Deacons, and earns for them undisputed possession as winner-up in the State championship. Wake Forest has a very good football team and one which always uses the best of sportsmanship tactics to win. Elon can feel proud that the "Fighting Christians" held the Demon Deacons to a much lower score than did State College. Coach Garrity of Wake Forest says that for a small college Elon sure has the fighting spirit, and it was one of the toughest games his team played in this season. We appreciate these kind words from Coach Garrity. He is the only Coach in the State who has openly given Elon credit for what she has accomplished in the world of sports.

Thanksgiving day is a day for which we all have something in general to give thanks. We all are thankful that we have the privilege of attending the finest school in the South. We are thankful that our football team enjoyed a very successful season.

A few days remain before the call is sounded for practice of the varsity basketball team. Now would be a good time for the different classes to meet, and elect their captains so that practice could be held. There is a lot of rivalry between the different classes and this year a special attraction is offered, as the faculty has challenged the winners. The faculty is using most of its spare time in getting into condition. Let's go, fellows, or we may find it difficult to defeat those chesty professors.

Notice to the alumni: Elon is fast taking her place along with the leading colleges of the State in athletics. Coach Corboy has done exceptionally well with the material at his disposal, but we must have better material. Every time you see a promising athlete, convince him to matriculate at Elon. We have a wonderful school. Five of the most modern fire-proof up-to-date buildings in the country are now under construction. The school spirit is wonderful. The thing we need is athletes. Hear our cry. Send us a few athletes, and we will make you proud of our athletic teams. Our teams in the past have earned the named of "Fighting Christians." We have fought the larger institutions to a standstill. Now, we want to put teams on the field who can win the State championship. Are you with us? If so, let's put old Elon on the top rung of the ladder in the athletic world.

Clyde Rainey, a very prominent member of the Freshmen class, was recently initiated into the mystic order, or better known the birthday club. Mr. Rainey received his initiation with a smile, but some one took advantage of Rainey's perilous position and almost drowned him with a perfect shot, which was in the form of a bag of water. Now, fellows, if you want to throw water, please don't use such lowly tactics. I don't know who threw that bag, but I would suggest that in the future, it would be a wise thing for said person to use some judgment. Remember that if the Student Senate catches you, Daddy will just be out ten dollars.

Pat was sent to work with the circular saw during his first days at the saw mill. The foreman gave careful instructions how to guard against injury, but no sooner was his back turned than he heard a howl from the novice, and, on touring, he saw that Pat had already lost a finger.

"Now, how did that happen?" the foreman demanded.

"Sure," was the explanation, "I was jist doin' like this when, — be-jabbers, there's another gone!" — Sel.

"Do it today" is a good motto, but the chap who can say "I did it yesterday" has a still better one.

NOVEMBER

By Alice Cary

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

But day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow,

And when the winter is over
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail will come back to the clover
And the swallow back to the eaves.

There must be cold, rough weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

Well, What Is It?

In the motion picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," snapped her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."—*American Legion Weekly*.

A handsome display of Parker and Waterman Fountain Pens for both boys and girls at the College Store.

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