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Southern Junior College

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Have A
Definite Aim

Show me a young man who has set his mark, who has driven his imaginary stake, who has created within his imagination the position he purposes to fill twenty years hence, and I shall show you a young man who will work out in real life the picture he first created in his imagination.

Set no mark, dream no dream, build no air castles, have no definite aim, no vision of a larger self and larger life, and you will be eternally doomed to drift and fail. You cannot avoid it. It is the law of life. This aimlessness is the canker that is eating into the heart of American progress. This is the poison that is chloroforming the vast majority of our men and women, young and old. It paralyzes initiative, progress and prosperity.

You were made in the image of God! Assert your might! Throw off the imaginary shackles of impossibility! Dare to achieve! Get a vision of the blue sky above! Have an aim and an ideal! Look ahead, not back; up, not down; and press on!

—James Samuel Knox.
The College is anticipating an unusual week April 12-18, for it has been learned that Elder and Mrs. A. G. Daniels will visit the school, during which time the Spring Week of Prayer will be conducted.

President Klooster motored to Orlando, Florida last Wednesday for the purpose of inspecting the Nurses’ Training School. He was accompanied by Mrs. Klooster.

A rousing colporteur institute was conducted at the College from March 10-17. Each of the local conference field secretaries was present and also Elder J. A. P. Green, representative of the General Conference. A goodly number of students of S. J. C. are looking forward to a successful summer in the field.

Professor and Mrs. W. E. Howell of Washington spent a few days at the College recently inspecting the Normal Training School.

It seems that some of the seniors are having a rather difficult time in passing the required spelling examination. The old maxim, “If at first you don’t succeed,” has been changed to “If the third time you don’t succeed try again.” There are still those who are determined to become expert spellers.

March 17 was Big Week day at the College. Class work was suspended and teachers and students put forth their best efforts to make the day a success.

Mr. C. O. Franz, secretary-treasurer of the Alabama Conference, visited his son, Clyde, last Thursday.

A recent General Science laboratory period was spent in an exploration of the cave which is located on the school farm. Professor D. C. Ludington, instructor in General Science, was in charge and the class reports an interesting and profitable time.

Each Sabbath afternoon, members of the Seminar have been going to Cleveland to distribute “Present Truth” in order to stimulate an interest among the people of the city. Regular Sunday evening meetings are conducted in the court house with an encouraging attendance. Mrs. D. Robert Edwards gives a half-hour health lecture preceding the meeting each week.

Steady progress is being made in the excavation under the Girls’ Home and when school opens next fall we are hoping to have a new, attractive dining room.

The College Library has a “Bigger and Better” future before it, for the So-Ju-Conians were successful in raising $1215.00 during the six-weeks’ Library Campaign which recently closed. The liberality of friends of the school in making contributions to this fund is sincerely appreciated.

So-Ju-Conians Begin A Mission Tour

The Mission Band made its first appearance at the chapel hour Thursday.

Walter Ost, the chairman of the student-committee, outlined briefly the plans for the coming programs which will be given every Thursday morning. In these programs imaginary trips will be taken to Hawaii, China, Siam, India, Burma, Egypt, Africa, South America, Central America, and Mexico. “Of the twenty-one students who have gone to mission lands from Southern Junior College, eighteen are still there,” Mr. Ost stated.

The committee plans to form a missionary museum by writing letters to missionary friends who may contribute articles characteristic of their particular countries.
Honor To Whom Honor Is Due

The following students have attained "Honor Roll" distinction which means a scholastic standing of B or better since the opening of school:

Marguerite Barrow
Vivian Boyd
Clarence Murphy
John McLeod
Alberta Pines
Grace Pirkle
Dorothy Sheddan
LaVerne Smith

English Department Presents Inspiring Program

The life and works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, the preeminent poet of the Victorian era (1850-1900), was presented by the English department Saturday night, March 28.

Kathleen Whittaker opened the program with a piano solo, "Minuet," by Paderewski. Interesting incidents of Tennyson's life were sketched by Alberta Pines. One of Tennyson's most beloved poems, "Break, Break, Break," was read by J. S. Jameson.

From the long narrative poem, "The Princess," the familiar song, "Sweet and Low," was sung by Elizabeth and Helen Mullens, James Backus, and Ward Shaw. "The Palace of Art" was read by Elizabeth Bell after an explanation of its allegorical character had been given by Henry Reese.

Following a clarinet and violin duet by Victor Jarrett and Ward Shaw the well-known masterpiece portraying Sir Galahad, the pure-hearted knight, was impersonated by Eric Lundquist, while George Meade read the poem of the same name. Elder Shaw and Evelin Dunham sang "Crossing the Bar" as the final number.

Ellen Vogel

It's Over

What? The organization of the Senior class and the election of officers. When all the prospective Seniors have joined the class, there will be about fifty members. The following officers are busy with the usual routine of duties incident to graduation:

F. LaVerne Smith  President
Ardelle Ficklen  Vice-President
Cloie Ashby  Secretary
Forest Scott  Treasurer

Unity is essential to the satisfactory functioning of any body. "E pluribus unum," stamped upon our dollars gives voice to this fact in the domain of government: "Ye being many are one body", in the realm of that Christian association,—the Church: "Team work," coined as a catch word by athletes and generally applied to any form of activity in which two or more individual agencies work together for a common purpose, carries the same idea.

In the individual, as in society, integration of activities is essential. The newborn babe is helpless because he has not learned to coordinate the activities of the muscles with which he is endowed. He remains helpless to just that extent to which he fails to learn to coordinate those motions. The mind is the coordinating agent. The child is born with the muscles but he has to learn to use them and to use them together.

Every acquired physical skill is explicable in terms of the intelligent coordination of physical activities until the marvelous nervous system of man short-circuits the thinking and the skill becomes, as we say,—second nature.
Physical grace is this short-circuited coordination of the various members of the body so that when the mind is occupied with some other more weighty problem or more pleasing prospect, the members can continue to function together without interfering one with another. Grace is intellectually acquired.

And so with character. Man is born with certain instincts, and some instincts develop later in life parallel to his physiological development. Every day he lives he adds to his fund of acquired habits. Out of the background of his instincts and habits certain conditions stimulate the emotions. If the instincts and emotions predominate over habitual actions he is temperamental, and capable, through inspiration, of giving to the world works of art in his chosen field. Such a man usually finds it difficult to integrate his life through reason, for he is accustomed to act on impulse depending on inspiration; making thoughtful deliberation second to the moving emotions of the moment. At the other extreme is the phlegmatic creature of habit, acting from habit, thinking little, living in a rut. Such a one would indeed be the victim of the circumstances that form his habits. To be sure few of us live at either extreme. We all find it necessary to integrate these elements of character into a harmonious whole. If we allow any habit, any instinct, any emotion unbridled away, it will destroy us. We must analyze the stimuli that come to us and respond only after careful synthetic thought, fitting our responses into the plan of our life's purpose. The Lord has given man a freedom of will which must be used in order to appreciate the gift of free will. We must integrate our characters from the materials at hand.

R. W. Woods, Physics Dept.

**Consecration**

"Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make,
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This heart of mine, a thing that seemeth small;
And yet, Thou dost know, dear Lord,
That when I yield Thee this; I yield my all:
Hidden therein, Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I am and fain would be.
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The cry ascendeth, 'May Thy will be done;'
Take it, Lord, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will
That if, in some future day, my plea prevail,
And Thou give back my will, it may so fair have grown,
So changed, that I shall know it no longer as mine,
But as Thine own."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.
There, shallow drafts intoxicate the brain
But drinking largely sober one again."


Youth

"Youth is not a time of life, it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

"Nobody grows old only by deserting his ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. Whether seventy or seventeen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what is next, and the joy and game of life.

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubts; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fears; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur, and power from earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old—indeed and may God have mercy on your soul."
Alumni Association

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

On Sunday, May 31, a meeting of the alumni who were present at the College was called in the parlor of the Girls' Dormitory. Fifty four were present, and among these Rachel Vreeland-Haughey, a graduate of the Southern Training School in 1905.

Elder F. W. Field presented reminiscences of the early days at Collegedale. An interesting discussion followed concerning the work which should be undertaken by the Alumni Association. The need for a permanent organization was clearly seen, and as a result an election was held in which the following officers were appointed:

Walter B. Clark, '27, President.
John M. Jansen, '27, Treasurer.
Nellah C. Smith, '28, Secretary.

Following the election, study was given to the plan of raising a fund among the four hundred alumni of the College to be awarded to select, promising, undergraduates as scholarships. The money for these scholarships is to be raised by a charge of one dollar as the annual dues of each alumnus, and the award to be made with suitable ceremony at the close of each school year.

To conclude the meeting a lap lunch was served, and all present enjoyed a pleasant social hour.

From time to time announcement will be made of the progress of the Alumni Association in the Southland Scroll. Miss Smith will make a special effort to learn the present address of each alumnus of the Southern Training School and of Southern Junior College. As an aid in securing this information all graduates are asked to communicate with

Miss Nellah Smith,
717 First National Bank Bldg.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Elder Stewart Kime and family were recent visitors to the College. After having spent a few days in visiting friends in the South they were enroute to their home in Providence, R. I.

Miss Maude Jones' sister-in-law, her niece Elizabeth Jones, Mrs. Boyce, and Walter McLennan were visitors from Memphis. They took Miss Jones home with them where she will spend the summer. Josephine Boyce also returned to her home with them.

A farewell reception was given at the Fuller home Thursday evening in honor of Mr. E. R. Swain and family, and Mr. Thames and family who will soon be leaving the College. Mr. Swain has faithfully served as head of the woodwork department for four years, and he and his family will be greatly missed. Their new home will be in Greeneville, Tenn. Mr. Thames has been in charge of the pecan industry for over a year, and his services have been very much appreciated. He will continue in this line of business in Macon, Ga.

Everett Rush, a former student, spent a few days last week visiting at the College.

Mr. S. N. Case, and son Melvin, and Leonard West, from Fountain Head, visited the Fullers Monday evening.

Gerald Dunham spent Sabbath at Collegedale, but Sunday morning found him up early and on his way back to Lawrenceburg where he and Thomas McLaughlin are canvassing.

The following new students are working at the College this summer and will register for school work in September:

Lucile Ray, and Ann Boyce, Memphis, Tenn; Daisy Terry, Pittsburg, Ga;
Charles Clark, Washington, D.C.; Rolland Jenks, Madison, Tenn., Bryan Chapin, Mannville, Fla., and Hugh Turner, Orlando, Fla.

There's the sound of real industry when one approaches the basket factory. Here one sees Ara Lee Mashburn, Daisy Terry, Ann Boyce, Verda Wade, Delores Whitenick, Lucile Ray, and James Hickman hard at work.

The beauty of our campus is due to the faithful work on the part of J. C. Ruskjer. He is very happy to have his wife and family with him.

A letter from two of our colporteurs, Gerald Dunham and Thomas McLaughlin, says: “The colporteur work is going fine. There are going to be no ‘juniper trees’ in Lawrence County this summer.”

Jennie Chilson is engaged in Bible work in Knoxville.

Evelin Dunham, who is canvassing at Kingsport, writes: “The life of service isn’t one of feeling; it certainly takes faith and prayer. I’m glad for the experiences I’ve had already.” Misses Dunham and Williams’ initiation took place the first day they worked when they called on three ministers to obtain approval on the books they are selling. They left a copy with each minister, two of whom promised to recommend them to their congregations Sunday.

Irene Pointek is enjoying the salt water breeze at West Palm Beach, Fla., where she is resting this summer in anticipation of teaching her first school next fall.

Eileen Mulford seems to be troubled with a real case of inertia since seeking the wonderful Mother Nature surroundings of her home at Fountain Head. She is thankful that she now has the privilege of practicing voice and public speaking without the fear and dread of curious ears tuning in.

**“Ingrown Feelings”**

A nervous sickly girl, who was petulant and sensitive, consulted a physician who bluntly told her that she had “ingrown feelings.” Much of the suffering endured by such sensitive people is homemade misery. It is a disorder which originates in vanity and is complicated by malice.

People with “ingrown feelings” usually feel slighted, and find many of their associates “disrespectful” and “inconsiderate.” They regard themselves as important and entitled to more attention and consideration than a careless world commonly gives.

Others are shown no more consideration than they, and yet know no resentment. They escape disappointment by the simple expedient of expecting little. They are never slighted or offended when their interests are overlooked, because it never occurs to them that they deserve anything better.

Malcontents with “ingrown feelings” are frequently “hurt” but the only wound is in their vanity. They are easily hurt because they think men of their importance deserve a great deal of attention. Being hurt, yet unwilling to acknowledge the true cause of it, they suffer in helpless silence and prod their wounds with self-pity until they fester with malice.
It is this malice which makes them miserable. The grudges they bear gnaw at their vitals like the Spartan's fox. All beauty and gladness have gone out of their world. The flavor of life is gall and wormwood. The resentment they cherish poisons mind and body. They suffer justly, but they need not suffer long. The moment people with "ingrown feelings" purge themselves of their silly vanity and in decent humility find the grace to forgive, that moment they will be rid of bitterness, and life will be joyous again.

Humility is a decent thing. It is the peculiar virtue of the great hearted. It is a wise man's realization of his little importance in a vast universe. It is an armor against the hurts that afflict the vain, and its protection develops the forgiving spirit that cleanses the heart of bitterness.

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Dear Editor:

Your helpful paper has once again found its way to my desk to cheer me along my way. I saw a former S. J. C. student this morning and asked if she had received her "Scroll." She clasped the little leaflet in her hands and said, "Oh, I've read it from cover to cover." The Scroll means so much to So-Ju Campions who have passed out of the doors of their school.

Most cordially yours,

(Signed) An understanding and appreciative Scroll Reader.
Florida Alumni of S. J. C. Have Reunion

(The following is a portion of an article which appeared in the Orlando Daily News)

The first meeting of the Florida division of the alumni constituency of Southern Junior College, Collegedale, Tenn., was held Sunday noon, May 24, 1931, at the Florida Sanitarium. The alumni present were those in attendance at the Seventh-day Adventist Conference and Camp meeting in session at Forest City, contributing to the entertainment.

The College colors of green and gold were carried out in the dining room decorations. A three-course dinner was served, during which time the guests were engaged in recalling the "good old days." ....

Representatives were present from ten different classes, going as far back as a charter member of the student body when the College was first known as the Southern Training School, in 1892-93, Mrs. Nellie Halbert. Also the valedictorian of the first class that graduated after the moving of the College from ...
Graysville to Collegedale in 1917, Miss Adie Mae Kalar, was present and gave again her speech of class night and exhibited early pictures.

Elder W. H. Heckman, chairman of the Board of Trustees for many years, gave a most interesting account of the pioneer days of the school, while Prof. W. E. McClure, alumni, principal of Forest Lake Academy, spoke on the high ideals of the Christian college and its advantages in the complete development of intellect, industry, and integrity.

As a concluding feature, a mixed quartet of the alumni sang "Auld Lang Syne," and the gathering adjourned with the hopes that it would not be the last of its kind.

Jessie Mae Elmore, Shreveport, La., is working hard to complete a subject by correspondence this summer so she can bring back to the College real evidence that her time is being profitably utilized.

Elizabeth and Helen Mullens are not neglecting their music practice even though it is vacation. They are assisting their father in giving demonstrations of the food products which he sells,—and all the while thinking of the time when they will return to S. J. C.

What Do People Think of Adventists?

Prejudice against Seventh-day Adventists may be so strong in some places as to make it difficult to get our literature into the homes and hands of the people, but certainly it is not so in Jackson, Mississippi, as the following incident shows.

Three students from Southern Junior College, Hazel McConnell, Marian Miller, and Pearl Glidewell, arrived in Jackson a few days ago and took up their work selling the *Watchman Magazine*, with which they expect to earn their scholarships for next year. They were having good success until one of them canvassed a policeman, who demanded to see her permit. She showed him the card furnished her by the publishers of the magazine and endorsed by the Book and Bible House; but the officer told her that she and the other girls must secure a permit from the chief of police or the mayor before they could continue their work. Brother Mercer and Brother Bell called upon the chief for the permit, but were refused one because of a city ordinance. They then called on the mayor and requested a permit for the girls to work, but the mayor was just as emphatic in his refusal to grant it.

A certain attorney in Jackson, who has done some work for the conference in the past, was then called upon as a last resort.
This attorney, a very prominent one, who is familiar with our work and with many of our workers, wrote the mayor a letter recommending our work very highly, and urged him to reconsider the matter and grant the permit. The mayor was again visited, this time with the letter the attorney had written. He took the letter, and after reading the first paragraph put it down on the desk, saying, “It says here, ‘Our friends, the Seventh-day Adventists;’ that is enough for me. Why did you not say in the first place that you are Seventh-day Adventists, and you would not have had any trouble whatever getting the permit. Why, yes, tell the girls to go right ahead with their work, and if they are stopped again just call the mayor’s office.”—Southern Union Worker.

Clark-Lundquist

“Hear the chiming of the bells—wedding bells.”

At one-thirty p. m. on June 15 at the home of Dr. and Mrs. O. M. Hayward, Chattanooga, Tenn., in the presence of friends and relatives, was solemnized the marriage of Lorene Clark and Eric Lundquist.

Before the ceremony Edith Stephenson sang “I Love You Truly,” accompanied at the piano by Ione Ingram, who also played the wedding march. Lois Mae Clark, sister of the bride, was bride’s maid and Fulton Tillman, best man.

The marriage vows were taken in front of a beautifully improvised altar of hemlock and white hydrangea, Elder F. W. Field officiating.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lundquist are former students of Southern Junior College, and have a large circle of friends, who wish for them every happiness and success in life.

Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Youngs visited the College last week. Mrs. Youngs will be remembered as Faydette Smith, a member of the class of ’24.

Thomas McLaughlin stopped by long enough to tell us that after a short visit to his home in Indiana he will return to the canvassing field.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bascom included Collegedale on their wedding tour. Mr. Bascom finished the Pre-medical Course with honors in ’30 at S. J. C., and Mrs. Bascom, formerly Beatrice Brown, was recently graduated from the Nurses’ Training School at Madison. They plan to go to Loma Linda where he will enter the Medical College.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. West, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lundquist, and Eileen Mulford from Fountain Head were guests at the Fullers last Monday. They came over to attend the Clark-Lundquist wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Jacobs and sons, Carl and Ray, were welcomed visitors last week. Carl and Ray completed their college work at Emmanuel Missionary College this year.

President Klooster spent the week-end in Birmingham promoting the work of the school. Within a few days he will leave for Florida where he plans to visit the churches and companies where there may be young people of S. J. C. age.

Elder B. H. Shaw is itinerating the Southeastern Union this summer in the interest of Southern Junior.

Prof. J. C. Haussler is “on the trail” again in the Southern Union in quest of new students.

Congratulations to Uncle Jimmie! Over in the Bakery is it very evident that Mr.
Whittaker (Uncle Jimmie) and his workers are not doing things up in a half-baked style. The demands for College Maid bread from Chattanooga and surrounding towns resulted in 2700 loaves being sent out Friday, the largest output on record for a single day. A new Ford delivery truck is the latest addition to the Bakery Department. Thomas Hall will use this on his bread route. Donald Payne drives the big Bakery truck, and occasionally Audice Lynd has to help by using the old Ford truck.

Someone asked whether or not we had a night watchman since Ed. Banks left us for Emmanuel Missionary College. We answer in the affirmative.—Ottis Walker is the one who star gazes these beautiful summer nights.

A reception awaited the newly weds, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Lundquist, when they arrived at their new home at Collegedale Thursday evening. The guests were seated on the lawn, which was artistically lighted for the occasion, and the hostess, Mrs. Wm. Allen, was in charge of an enjoyable program of music and readings. After a very pleasant social hour, and the bestowing of good wishes upon the bride and groom they were left to enjoy the beautiful and useful gifts received.

After having spent two profitable years at S. J. C. and receiving a diploma, Mae Wheeler is leaving this week for her home in New Augustine, Fla. She will enter the Nurses’ Training School in Orlando in September.
To the Discouraged Worker

You have given your service freely, faithfully you have worked.
And in the Master's service no man can say you have shirked.
But give of your life more freely, ask nothing in return;
The life that sets fire to others is the life that itself doth burn.
It is sympathy more than power; 'tis authority less than love;
It is how much you give of living, of the life that's inspired above.
Though your healed were a mighty army, though you preached with the voice of God,
You might miss the men you are seeking down on the common sod.
Men are awed by a mighty tumult, but awe is a mingled strain,
Which repulses while it attracts men, like the rush of a hurricane.
Freely the Master blessed you; freely ye have received.
When you give your life as freely,—not the thought, but the blood and the deed,—
The despair that tugs at your heartstrings, and failures, shall come to their end,
And the loving part of each selfish heart shall blossom beneath your hand.
He gave you a message to preach, and more, he gave you a life to live;
But this is your dower and your ministry's power,
He sent you forth to give.

—Josef W. Hall.
Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Williams and daughter, Bernice Allen, and Mrs. M. V. Ingram from Chattanooga were visitors at the College last Sabbath.

Mr. Earl Rogers, a member of the class of '24, spent a few hours here last Tuesday visiting his sister, Mrs. Walleker.

Former students wend their way to S. J. C. whenever possible. Earl Long, who has been touring parte of the sunny South and is now en route to the western States, was a welcome guest here recently.

Pearl Glidewell and Ruth Giles have found their way back to S. J. C., where they plan to work the remainder of the summer.

They had only a few moments to spend, but Robert Scherer and his parents were welcome visitors at the College recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis stopped by last week. Mrs. Ellis will be remembered as Thyra Burke, a member of the class of '29.

Miss Martha Brown of Hopeville, Georgia, arrived Sunday to work at the College for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Q. E. Smith of Natchez, Mississippi, and L. H. Boswell of Little Rock, Arkansas, were recent visitors at the College.

Miss Ellen Lundquist is editing the Southland Scroll while the editor, Miss Edith Stephenson, is spending her vacation at home with her parents at Brooker, Florida.

The Dorcas Society of the Collegedale church is busily engaged working quilts for the guest rooms of the dormitories.

Burton Castle and C. G. Ortner, the treasurers of the Southern and Southeastern Unions, respectively, are auditing the College books this week.

Word recently received from Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thames tells of establishing a pecan business in Macon, Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Swain are enjoying an automobile trip to various points of interest in Florida.

Recent word from Chicago tells that Mr. Zimmerman is busily engaged in graduate study in Biology.

Mr. Haussler writes from Mobile that several new students are planning to come from the Alabama Conference next year.

Dean Clark, who has recently accepted the position of Dean of Men, writes from Berrien Springs that he has forty-five boys in the dormitory.

The ordinances of the Lord's house were celebrated by the Collegedale church, Sabbath, June 27. Elder Field officiated in this service. About thirty visitors joined in the Sabbath services and were later the guests of various members of the Collegedale church. They had come from Howardville, Snow Hill, and the surrounding vicinity to participate in the quarterly services.

The thirteenth Sabbath offering amounted to $78.07.

A water cooler has been installed in the Printing Department to slake the thirst of our printers.

A large party of merchants with their families, from Chattanooga, visited the College Sunday. They are clients of the College Bakery, and have selected the College for their annual picnic to be held July 5.

It is hoped to have the new dining room in readiness for occupancy when the next school term opens.

A new garage is being built for Mr. Starkey just back of his cottage.

Mr. Ludington is spending the summer in Nashville, taking advanced work in Chemistry and Mathematics.

A new cement porch is being built at "Shadynook Cottage," much to the satisfaction of Elder and Mrs. Behrens.

Summer school is now well under way.
The following have enrolled for summer courses: Earline Foshee, Letson Lambert, Herbert P. Garren, Helen Crow, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Annie Lowe, W. S. Byram, Blanche Vaughn, Nellie Ferree, Jennie Clarke, Coralee Russell, Mrs. P. M. Acker, Archa Dart, Carolyn Louis, Olive Batson, Susannah Lucas, Frances Maiden, Mrs. Claudia Dillard, Lilah Lawson, Albert R. Lawson, Mrs. W. L. Whorton, Mrs. W. T. Collins, Rolland A. Jenks, Mabel Smith, Mrs. S. S. Gray, Sadie R. Walleker, Elva Mundy, Louise Holst, Gertrude Hammond, Bertha Coppock, Ruby Lorren, Ellen Lundquist.

Alumni Association News

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Lyles, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, announce the birth of a son, born June 24. Mrs. Lyles will be remembered as Miss Frances Arnold, a former student of S. J. C.

What Makes a School Christian?

Possibly we should say "distinctively Christian," because many denominational colleges have so stretched the meaning of the word "Christian" that it has grown as large and as inclusive as the proverbial mustard tree, and has become the roosting place of much that is not Christian.

Real Christianity, not the varnished substitute that is accepted in many quarters, is the greatest stabilizing influence in the world. In our spiritual life it makes for personal purity; in our social life it makes for sweeter homes, and a finer and better neighborliness; in our economic life it makes for a square deal between seller and purchaser; in our political life it makes for more character and less cringing compromise and corruption; and in every realm of life it makes for law and order, and a peace based on righteousness.

This genuine variety of Christianity is found in a college when each member of the faculty recognizes and discharges responsibility to create a Christian atmosphere in the institution, and is not merely on the staff to enjoy it.

It is found when the students of the college are vitalized by contact with the living Christ, so that they do not merely conform to the external formalities of Christianity, but rather have kindled within them the Christian passion for righteousness and service.

H. J. Klooster.

The Niagara Wire-walker

Half a century ago a man was to walk a wire across Niagara Falls with another man on his shoulders. After weeks of preliminary practice, as the final moment for the event drew near, the ropewalker cautioned his young colleague in words like these:

"We are about to risk our lives. I am to walk the wire. The whole responsibility is mine. You have nothing to do but match my movements. If I sway to the right, do the same. Under no circumstances try to save yourself, for there must be only one will in this adventure, and that will is mine. You must submerge yours to insure harmony, for without perfect unison we are both lost. There is only thing for you to do—sway with me."

As they drew near the opposite side, the unexpected happened. The long vibration of the wire broke in the center into two, and each of these broke again into two, and so on, according to the law of vibration, until the shortened wave-like movements became so violent that the man could scarcely keep his feet where
he placed them. It was a perilous moment, but the feat was accomplished, and the spectacular escapade was a success, holding a place on the first page of the newspapers.

After this, the young man who had played a secondary part settled down to private life, married, became an active leader in Christian endeavor and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. And he used to say:

"I learned more religion on the wire that day than in all my life. I learned that the only sure and safe way to live is to stay with God."


"Do what you can,
Being what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm,
If you can’t like a star;
Work like a pulley,
If you can’t like a chain;
Grease the wheels thoroughly,
If you can’t drive the train."

"All that have put on the robe of Christ’s righteousness will stand before Him as chosen and faithful and true. Satan has no power to pluck them out of the hand of Christ. Not one soul that in penitence and faith has claimed his protection, will Christ permit to pass under the enemy’s power."

"Power will come from God in answer to the prayer of faith."
Portrait of an Educated Man

An educated man is able to think and study without supervision. He will show some originality, and is not a mere imitator.

An educated man has developed his own sources of intellectual and aesthetic enjoyments. He knows enough of nature, literature, music, and art, to enable him to choose superior rather than inferior enjoyments.

An educated man distinguishes and chooses the significant objects, events, pursuits, and pleasures, rather than the trivial as the focus of his interest.

An educated man has been trained to use the tools of human intercourse—especially language—with readiness, precision, and accuracy.

An educated man has not only a cultural finish, but is trained for a specific occupation; he has focalized his activity on the development of some specific efficiency.

An educated man has habituated the ethical virtues of honor, honesty, helpfulness, good will, and co-operation.

An educated man knows enough of history, nature, and science to understand the past achievements of mankind, and the principal present processes upon which human life and happiness depend.

An educated man, while conscious of his power, is aware of his limitations, and in humble reverence will know how to worship and commune with God.
**Wedding Bells**

A scene of unusual beauty and interest was the one in the College chapel last Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. when Miss Maurine Shaw became the bride of Mr. Robert K. Boyd.

There were decorations of cedar, white roses, white gladioli and ferns, with an arrangement of seven large candles.

Preceding the ceremony the strains of "Oh, Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly," sung by Mrs. Woods, fell softly upon the ears of the many listeners.

As the chords of Mendelssohn’s Wedding March floated through the chapel, there came upon the scene the groomsmen, Ottis Walker and Richard Hollar, and the bridesmaids, Misses Jennie Clarke and Nellah Smith. They were followed by Miss Ruth Deyo, maid of honor. Preceding the bride came little Misses Mary Katherine Woods and June Haussler, flower girls. The bride was met at the altar by the groom. Elder B. H. Shaw, father of the bride, performed the ceremony.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Elder and Mrs. Shaw.

The bride and groom left immediately for an extended trip through the East and Canada, after which they will be at home in Cedar Lake, Michigan.

Evelyn Hammond is spending a few weeks at the College with her sister, Gertrude Hammond.

We are glad for the kind words and cheerful countenance of Albert Dickerson, as he spends a few days at old S. J. C. In the near future he plans to go to one of the Carolinas, where he will conduct a series of meetings.

"Emory comes marching home." After spending a short time in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Emory Arnold is back at the College again.

Ruby Lorren spent the week-end at her home in Reeves, Georgia.

To spend the week-end away from the College halls just once in a while seems to be all right. Mrs. Walleker and Mrs. Batson spent the past week-end in Ross-ville, Georgia.

"Home sweet home" is Atlanta to Oza Glover, as he enjoys the pleasant hours of the week-end with his folk.

The College Board members met last Thursday to discuss the problems of the coming school term.

After two years as a fourth class post office, the Collededale post office is now recognized as third class.

Several of the girls from the College are profitably using their time on Saturday nights by selling Watchman Magazines in Chattanooga.

Ione Ingram has returned to resume her work in the office.

Pearl Glidewell has joined the workers in the basket factory. There are twelve students working in this department.

Frankie Johnson is leaving trial balances and adding machines behind for a few weeks’ vacation at her home in De Ridder, La.

Excavation work for the extension of the dining room has been somewhat retarded since Miss Mashburn discontinued checking up on absences. However, at present most all of the cement work is completed, and within a week or two the floor will be poured.

"Between the great things which we cannot do, and the small things that we will not do, the danger is that we will do nothing."
Student Colporteurs’ reports for week ending June 27.

Victor Esquilla, $96.25
Clyde Rodney, 90.75
Arthur Twombly, 31.50
Bertha Williams, 50.75
Evelin Dunham, 51.50
Ruby King, 62.00
Lynne Sudduth, 10.75

“Where are the colporteurs?” Ah, they’re sticking to their work this summer.

Lawrence Hewitt, who is in Humboldt, Tennessee, reports good experiences in canvassing.

Lynne Sudduth cheerfully and faithfully goes her way each day with the Watchman Magazine. Her territory lies near Columbus, Georgia.

Ninette McSwain writes that she has received no news from Collegedale and is anxious to find out what has happened that keeps the school family so busy. She is hard at work in Atlanta.

In Memphis Josephine Boyce is enjoying a rest after the race for knowledge during the past school term.

Selma Egger is located in Pooler, Georgia. She has been canvassing, just like many other true representatives from the College.

“Give me something to remember you by” were the floating words from the radio; but Jewell Johnson in Jackson, Mississippi, writes that she will never forget S. J. C.

“It seems like a reunion of Collegedale students in Atlanta this summer, for we have 25 or 30 former So-Ju-Conians here,” says Grace Pirkle.

What do you think the Normal students of last year are doing this summer? Why, they are patronizing Uncle Sam by writing a chain letter, which carries the news from week to week around the circle of Normal students who are here and there. The group consists of Ruth Ingram, Irene Pointek, Grace Pirkle, Arline Chambers, Cloie Ashby, Jewell Johnson, Viola Hervy, and Florence Bird.

Miss Wilcox is now greatly enjoying a vacation at her home in Cleburne, Texas, after the strain of indoor life during the past school year. We hope that the opening term will find her in her place again with renewed vigor and strength.

For a pastime during vacation, Miss Jones is crocheting “irregular, hexagon-shaped mats, with solid centers and open work borders and scallops.” We have no doubt but that her like for Geometry adds to the joy of making these geometrically shaped mats. Should any of last year’s Geometry students wish the directions, we are sure that Miss Jones would be more than pleased to pass on the information.

Eva Treece, ’31, is doing stenographic work in an office at Palmetto, Fla.

Ruth Pillsbury, ’28, has completed the Nurses’ Course at Orlando; but three years is as long as she can stay away from Collegedale, so September 8 will find her at S. J. C.

Emmanuel Calderone is taking summer school work at his home in New York. We are expecting him to return and enroll as a first year Pre-medic. in September. In the meantime he asks for the Scroll, so he may keep in touch with Collegedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Swain and family wrote that they were enjoying a pleasant tour through Florida.

“Ambition is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny. It is heaven’s own incentive to make purpose great and achievement greater.”
Injustice is one of the hard things a Christian is called upon to bear, because of the natural inclination of the heart to seek retaliation; but David solved this problem for us in the thirty-seventh Psalm, which he penned, in all probability, after one of the dark experiences of his life. It was when he lived as a fugitive in the mountain caves, and his life was in constant danger from the king whom he, as a shepherd boy, had learned to love and know. Even when Saul was in his power at Engedi, David refused to retaliate against the Lord's anointed.

So the Psalmist begins: "Fret not thyself." These words have an effect like the Master’s words: "Let not your heart be troubled." A curious peace comes upon us as we hear them, and the irritation, chafing, and anger in our hearts cease.

Despite malice, intrigue or treachery of unscrupulous enemies, if we wait patiently on the Lord, He will give us the desires of our hearts. Certain it is that David tested, tried, and proved God's promises before he extolled them in song and story. He never preached what he had not practiced. He rose from the sheepcote to the throne of Israel without insurrection or disloyalty of any form to his king.

If we keep the rules of conduct given in this Psalm, we may expect the promise of the great reward to be fulfilled: "And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." Think of the limpid, effulgent light at the dawning of the radiant, resplendent, dazzling noonday sun. What more could we ask?

Shall we not then heed the wise counsel of this "sweet singer of Israel," who tells us in the gentle cadence of the Oriental, accompanied by a major note of trust and triumph: "Fret not thyself"?

H. J. Klooster.

"Love much! Earth has enough of bitter in it; Cast sweets into its cup whene'er you can.
No heart so hard but love at last may win it,
Love is the grand primeval cause of man;
All hate is foreign to the first great plan."

"The days work counts—
The foot you gained
Since yonder sun dispelled the dark;
Next week, next month, next year are vain—
Unto the present summons hark;
How have you fared ahead since morn
In garnering life’s oil and corn?
The day’s work counts."

"What we need is not a new compass every year, but a new determination to steer straight by the old compass, which is the Word of God."
Stagnation

The most powerful narcotic is to be self-satisfied. The moment a man settles down and is satisfied with his present achievement and position, he drinks the hemlock. To be resigned, satisfied, contented, will result in cold comfort some hot day. A successful man may be gratified, but he will not be satisfied. The urge to surpass yesterday, and be a bigger and better man today, is always present in the man who is forging ahead.

Your “winter of discontent” will be twelve months long if you fail to keep up the fire of increased purpose. The world has millions of men stuck in the mud of satisfaction. Resolve, therefore, that each new height of achievement shall be but a pinnacle from which to select a new and higher objective.
July 6 was the "perpendicular bisector" of summer school. But why worry about lessons that will keep when there's a "Fourth of July" picnic at Apison? Monday was a day of recreation for teachers and students. Their sentiments were thus:

Lives of picnickers all remind us
We can make our joys abound,
And departing can leave behind us
Empty pie plates on the ground.

From Chattanooga came a large party of merchants July 5, who held their annual picnic at the College.

Someone is missing from the College Press! Why, yes, it's Levern Manous, who is spending a few days' vacation in Florida.

Has anybody seen Arline Chambers? No, not at S. J. C. for the past few days, because she's visiting with friends in Birmingham, Alabama.

How did Professor Haussler know he’d get here just in time for the picnic? Ah, he likes to come home whether it's picnic time or not. We're glad he has been with us the past few days. From day to day he has been meeting new and old students who plan to attend Southern Junior this fall.

Elder and Mrs. U. Bender and daughter, June, from Candler, N. C., spent the week-end at the College. With them came Mildred Ritter, who will work in the reed department the remainder of the summer.

"Hello, Jucol!" Just like a Leach boy to return to old S. J. C., so Julian's here.

With a coat of sun tan, from that Florida lan' we see Bailey Ingram on the campus again.

We miss President Klooster, but are satisfied to know that he is in Florida, visiting churches and companies where he expects to find new S. J. C. students.

Daisy Terry spent the week-end at her home in Pittsburg, Georgia.

Marie Walden finds her way back to her old third floor room in North Hall. She plans to work at the College the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Williams, who are located in Atlanta, Georgia, for the summer, were week-end visitors recently.

Away sped the Bakery truck one evening last week, but not with loaves of bread was it loaded. Several of the S. J. C. girls took the route to Lake Winnepasauka, where they spent an enjoyable hour or two in swimming.

Last Sunday afternoon an especially happy group of people could have been found on Lookout Mountain and at Lula Falls. The group consisted of: Elder and Mrs. Shaw, Nellah Smith and her mother, Jennie Clarke, Ruth Deyo, Ward Shaw, Richard Hollar, and Ottis Walker.

The voice of a new boy on the campus? Oh, no! 'twas the familiar tones of a former So-Ju-Conian, N. B. White, who stopped by a few hours to say "hello" to his school friends, and observe the progress of the place in general.

Mary Virginia Parrott from Memphis has been spending several days visiting the College. She is now thinking about staying with us to attend school.

Back to Southern Junior College again! With cheerful heart and willing hands Eileen Mulford is now working in the Library.

Last week Mr. C. E. Ledford and Fulton Tillman motored to Atlanta on a business trip.

A pleasant week-end with friends was spend at Greeneville, Tennessee, by Mrs. Haussler and daughter, June, and Lois Mae Clark, Ellen Lundquist, Frankie Johnson, and Richard Hollar.

"The finest thing on earth is not a fine picture or a fine statue, but a fine deed."
God Answers a Colporteur’s Prayer

Whose who are keeping up with the reports of the student colporteurs from week to week will no doubt recall the good reports of Victor Esquilla, a prospective So-Ju-Conian. Last week he put in 63 hours, with $121.75 in orders. He is a firm believer in long hours.

The following is an interesting experience which Mr. Esquilla relates for the encouragement of Scroll readers:

“One bright morning in June, with my brief case in hand, I passed by a home with the temptation not to go in; but something told me to return. I was met at the door by a lady, who gave me a hearty welcome. She was interested in the books which I was selling, but said she could not give me an order because of sickness in the family and the heavy expenses involved. She was very sad as she told me of her son, who had pneumonia, and who was not expected to recover.

“After receiving permission to see the young man, I went into his room and talked with him for a few moments, then read a chapter from ‘Steps to Christ,’ and prayed that the Lord would heal him. In answer to my inquiry concerning the young man’s spiritual condition, he said he was ready to die, if that were the Lord’s will.

“Before leaving the home the mother and aunt gave me an order for a book; and imagine my happiness when I returned the following Tuesday to make my delivery, to find the young man up and walking around.

“Surely God hears the prayers of a colporteur.”

Student Colporteurs' report for week ending July 4.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Orders</th>
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<tr>
<td>Victor Esquilla</td>
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<td>Ruby King</td>
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Colporteurs Look to Scroll for Cheer

For a while we thought we had lost trace of Earl Giles, but this letter will explain his whereabouts:

Talladega, Ala.

“Dear Editor:

“Just a line to let you know that we still enjoy reading the Scroll and want our names placed on the mailing list. I surely have missed the little paper since coming down here.

“There are four of us making our headquarters at Talladega,—Joe Dobbs, O. J. Elliott, Rudolph Hasty, and I. We are having good success, too; but as you know, success cannot always be measured by the number of orders taken.

“Cheer us up with the next number of the Scroll.

“Sincerely yours,

“Earl Giles.”

From the Forest Lake Reflector we learn that Virginia Kendrick is selling Watchman Magazines, in company with a student from Forest Lake, in Miami, Fla.

Marjorie Riggs is assisting in the nursing work at the Pewee Valley Sanitarium in Kentucky.
In Atlanta, Elder Shaw is meeting and talking with former and to be So-Ju-Conians.

No idle moments for Miss Edyth Stephenson as long as there’s Correspondence work and warm weather in the Land of Sunshine—Brooker, Fla.

James Backus has found employment in the field of nursing in Washington, D. C. We hope he is enjoying his work and is remembering old S. J. C.

Let Go and Let God

As I travelled out over the great State of Alabama this summer, I read the following story, from which I feel we can learn a lesson. A traveler upon a lonely road was captured by bandits, who robbed him of all he had. They then led him into the depths of the forest. There, in the darkness, they tied a rope to the limb of a great tree, and bade him catch hold of the end of it. Swinging him out into the blackness of the surrounding space, they told him he was hanging over the brink of a giddy precipice. The moment he let go he would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below; and then they left him.

His soul was filled with horror at the awful doom impending. He clutched despairingly the end of the swaying rope, but each dreadful moment only made his fate more sure. His strength steadily failed. At last he could hold on no longer. The end had come at last. His clenched fingers relaxed their convulsive grip. He fell—six inches, to solid earth at his feet. It was only a trick of the robbers to gain time in escaping. And when he let go, it was not to death as he thought, but to safety which had been waiting for him all the time.

Dear reader of the Scroll, I write in all earnestness when I say, "Let go and let God save you. Don’t continue to cling and hold on to the things of this world which cannot save you. Don’t fight and struggle to hold your grip on what you think are the things of God. The battle has been fought and won. Now cease your struggling and let God save you. The Bible says, "for He"—not your fighting, struggling, clinging but—"He shall save His people from their sins.” My dear friend, let go of your struggling and let God take care of your doubts, your fears and your problems. J. C. Haussler.

"People who have warm friends are healthier and happier than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stones. Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, or pay you for the loss of one.”

A crowd is not a company, and faces but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

Francis Bacon.

God can make humble men mighty in His service. —"Gospel Workers," p. 79.

"The supreme gift is oneself."
College and Leadership

A College course does not guarantee that you will be a leader in your chosen occupation; but college training does guarantee that your chances of becoming a leader are multiplied many times. Out of ten thousand students who do not attend college, only one will attain distinction; whereas, out of every group of forty college graduates, one will come to prominence. Have you decided to be one of the ten thousand or one of the forty?

College training is not complete when it only gives you material success, or even culture. Its aim is not to make the world seem greater to us. Mere technical education develops more perfect things, but less perfect men. Material training without spiritual values is a failure.

The Christian college stands for a proper balance between the spiritual and the purely intellectual. It sends men out into life not only equipped with the sharpened tools of learning, adequately equipped for the responsibilities of life; but with a vision of the meaning of life, and with the consciousness that the high destinies of the race are in a large measure determined by the fidelity with which that vision is discharged. H. J. Klooster.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Roke and Mr. Fred Greene, from Madison, visited the College on business a few days ago...

Mr. Guy E. Green, from Knoxville, spent a few hours here recently, taking up some insurance matters.

"What are you so happy about, Johnnie," questioned several different people as they walked into the Business Office last Sunday. With cheerful countenance and ready response to the question, John Jansen would say: "Why, I'm leaving you this afternoon about four o'clock for a good old vacation at home in New Orleans!" True to his word, he has left his duties, and is enjoying a few days of genuine peacefulness.

The floor of the College chapel has received a new finish of wax, which has been thoroughly administered by Mr. Ed Hassenpflug.

(There's a saw, saw here, a hammer, hammer there, a spray of paint all over it, and out comes a new rockerless rocker, or deck chair from our new industry. The Chair Factory already has a contract for one hundred chairs per day, which rushes the infant industry considerably.)

A new student, Eakley Bell from Apison, has arrived at S. J. C. to work for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. Fuller reports rushing insurance business since the well-known Tennessee Insurance Company has disbanded and cancelled all of its policies.

Alton Alexander has found his place in the Print Shop again. He plans to stay with us and attend school this fall.

The Library folk, Mrs. Behrens, Eileen Mulford, and Ara Lee Marshburn, have recently received an asset to their faithful efforts. It is an electric stylus, which will be used in engraving new numbers, etc., on backs of books.

"Sunburned and happy," Howard Gardner comes home and reports that Florida is a good place to be. We're glad he thinks that about Collegedale too! Why, if he didn't he wouldn't be so glad to get back.

Of course Fulton Tillman hasn't been found at the dairy for several days. He has gone for a vacation to Birmingham and other places of interest to him.

Leonard and Bob Barto from Charlotte, N. C., have arrived at the College, and are busily engaged in labor in the Chair Factory.

Who should walk in through the front doors of the Administration building the other day but George Stephenson, who reports that he comes back to old S. J. C. from his home between Brooker and Gainsville, Florida.

Harold Sammer, a former student of the College, is with us once more. He will be here several weeks.

Mr. Hampton has come from Birmingham, Ala., to start a new broom industry at the College.

Nellah Smith and Ruth Deyo, from Chattanooga, were visitors at S. J. C. for the week-end. We can assure them that they are welcome at any time. And as are any other people who wish to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard E. Allen and their two little daughters, home on furlough from India, have of late been visiting Mrs. Allen's parents, Elder and Mrs. Field. Last week Thursday they departed by auto on a journey across the country to California, where they will spend the remainder of their furlough.

"The cause of God needs efficient men. Education and training are rightly regarded as an essential preparation for business life; and how much more essential is thorough preparation for the work of presenting the last message of mercy to the world."
Ninette McSwain, '31, writes of the Public Health work which is being carried on in connection with the tent effort which Elder Scoggins is conducting in Atlanta. We always knew, by the way in which Ninette entered into the activities of the Seminar while at school, that she would find her place in Bible work some day. Listen to her interesting account of the effort there:

"Although I am enjoying my work here in Atlanta, it seems that I can stay no longer without the Scroll. I did get one copy from a neighbor, but must return it, and shall, therefore, appreciate your sending the back numbers and placing my name on the list. I miss it almost as much as I would an absent friend. There are fourteen others here who would enjoy the messages which the Scroll always brings with it.

"In our corps of workers there are ten graduate nurses from the Orlando Sanitarium and Hospital, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Williams, both of '30. Miss Mazie Grant, R. N., is Elder Scoggins’ first assistant in directing the Public Health work which we are conducting here. We are establishing health schools in each district of the city. On Thursday evening of each week we hold a Child Clinic for the pre-school and school children of Atlanta. Each morning we have class for one and one half hours, at which time we study many interesting and helpful topics; then one or two mornings a week we visit the city hospitals. In the afternoons we visit the people of Atlanta, getting acquainted with them and preparing the way for Bible studies.

"This is only a very brief outline of the many interesting things which we are doing each day in the Master’s service, but you will get a general idea of it all.

"Very sincerely yours,

"Ninette McSwain."

With Those of Other Days

Those who attended S. J. C. during the “good old days” will be pleased to hear from Panza Garrigan-Farley, who is working in the Alabama Conference office:

"I have certainly enjoyed every copy of the Scroll that I have received. It is a well-gotten-up little paper, filling that spot in a student’s heart which nothing else can fill but news from his school.

"Of course it has been a long, long time since I was at Collegedale, but I have very vivid memories of the three years I spent there. I rejoice in every improvement that I read about, for I was there in the pioneer days before either dormitory was built. Those were happy days indeed!"

Major and minor scales, chromatics, arpeggios—in fact all descriptions of music—may be heard, coming from an attractive little studio in Orlando, Fla. And once a week the strains of a Toy Orchestra are even heard. The instructor? None other than Wava Rogers, who finished the Pianoforte Course at S. J. C. with honors in 1930. During the winter she took piano lessons herself at the Rollins Conservatory, besides teaching (and a stenographic course during her spare time). Congratulations and best wishes, Miss Rogers.

Fuller Whitman, '29, who has attended E. M. C. the past two years, is spending his vacation in Florida with his mother and sister.

"The Lord calls upon our young people to enter our schools, and quickly fit themselves for service."
A Prayer for Youth

O Thou Christ of God, Thou who wast the Son of Man, the Youth of Nazareth, we pray in behalf of the thousands of our Advent youth who know the surge of young life in their veins.

We thank thee for these young men and women with all their courage and ambition. We bless Thy name for having given them to us. We praise Thee for their enthusiasm and their loyalty, for their strong convictions and vibrant emotions. We thank Thee for the frankness, zeal, and intensity as exemplified in youth.

We pray, O God, that our youth may be inspired by the life of Jesus Christ. May the hidden years of His life in Nazareth whisper the message of preparation and devotion to our youth today, as we think upon the days of His youth fraught with work and play, laughter and song, lesson and prayer.

Grant, O gracious God, that the inspiration of the courageous Youth of Nazareth, in the temple discussing the religious problems of His day, may cause our young people to address themselves in serious earnestness to the gospel commission as our task for today. Give us, O God, a prophet of youth for this day of countless allurements from righteousness and service.

Help our young people to live honorably; may they find social expression without the violation of their consciences and with due regard for the holiness of another's personality. May Thy kingdom come in their hearts, and may these young men and women live in the inspiring consciousness that they are sons of the Most High God.—Amen.

Are They Trailing in the Dust?

A newly converted woman, desirous, as new converts are, to do something, was detailed by her pastor to invite the people to the protracted meetings. She had been reluctantly admitted into one home, where the hostess continued her mopping.

After a while the visitor remarked, "I have come to invite you to our meetings at the church." Then what a change. The lady's face softened and the mop stood still.

"Revival meetings! Did you say there are revival meetings going on? Indeed, that is where Walter and I have got our religion every winter for the past ten years!"

The visitor did not comprehend. "Got religion for the last ten years? I do not understand what became of your religion in the summer."

"Oh," she exclaimed in confusion, "I don't know, but somehow it just petered out."

How about it? Are we letting our standards trail in the dust this summer, planning on bringing them up again when the school begins? God forbid. May we continue to let our light shine as these summer months pass by.—Forest Lake Reflector.
Twelve Things to Remember

The value of time.
The success of perseverance.
The pleasure of working.
The dignity of simplicity.
The worth of character.
The power of kindness.
The influence of example.
The obligation of duty.
The wisdom of economy.
The virtue of patience.
The improvement of talent.
The joy of originating.

—Marshall Field.
Saturday night did not find teachers and students with their heads buried in books; did not see them marching; neither were they asleep. In the College chapel they sat for over an hour thoroughly enjoying readings and music given by some of their students and co-workers.

In spite of the drought and marble-like size of our Irish potatoes this year, about 320 bushels have been carefully stored away for use in the near future.

Some of the first peaches from the College orchard last Friday! Georgia peaches are all right, but these Tennessee ones are a little nearer to us this time.

Mr. Willingham and Mr. Vim from Chattanooga visited the Chair Factory and Woodwork Department recently.

Busily engaged in class work was Mrs. Mary Hughes the other day when she was suddenly surprised by her father, Mr. Collonoe, who visited with her for a short time.

"There's no place like Collegedale," fell from the lips of Ruby King, one of our faithful colporteurs, as she came to one of the second floor rooms of North Hall last Friday. Nevertheless, Saturday night she was just as earnest in getting the schedule for a bus to her field of labor by Monday.

Clyde Franz left Wednesday morning for a short vacation. We hope he enjoys it so much that he will be glad to come back and tell those who are less fortunate just how they will appreciate a vacation after working as hard as he has for it.

Balsom Perry has joined our family recently.

Bernice Allen from Rossville, Ga., is visiting Mrs. Walleker.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Field are guests at the home of his parents, Elder and Mrs. Field.

To Oakwood Junior College motored Jennie Clarke, Blanche Vaughn, Nellie Ferree, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawson last Friday.

Moody Goodner stopped at S. J. C. for a few moments the other day.

Minnie Savelle comes back to familiar territory and spends several hours with old friends, who are glad to greet her once more.

Wreathed in smiles, wide awake, humming a merry tune, Elizabeth Neece tells the secret of her joy by announcing that she is going home Sunday, but we won't have to miss her cheerful disposition but a week, so we hope she has a "grand" time.

Felton Lorren comes home every chance he gets! He was with us over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Foster from Memphis are visitors at the College. Mary Virginia Parrott will go with them back to her home. We hope she is seen in the registration line Sept. 8.

Verda Wade is visiting friends in Graysville this week-end.

Mrs. Russell has a real reason for visiting us, because Coralee is here and always welcomes her.

En route to New York Mr. and Mrs. Chapin and son stopped by to see Bryan Chapin last week. We know Bryan wanted to go to New York too, but he looked forward to school work next fall and decided to diligently stick by his work.

A new student from N. C. is Paul Killen, who has recently arrived at the College.

John Duge and Mr. R. F. Gilman have motored away to the "Land of Sunshine." We miss Mr. Gilman's humor and wit, and Johnnie's laugh that used to ring through the dining hall.

"Uncle Jimmie" Whittaker and Mr. A. R. Lawson motored to Florida the other day, but it wasn't long until they were back again, not because they didn't
like the State, but because of the people and place they had left behind.

Are you needing to "catch up" on some lost sleep? Then why not try Texas for a while? Miss Wilcox reports that she has "caught up" on her sleep since leaving the noisy North Hall. Now she can think and think without getting sleepy. We're conceited enough to believe that she'll be thinking of us at S. J. C. ere long too, but hope she doesn't remember the "sleep-snatching" job that awaits her.

From Dorothy Sheddan in Jacksonville, Florida, comes a letter like this: "Another message from the 'Land of Sunshine.' And as most of these messages say, I'm looking eagerly for those Scrolls full of interesting news as the weeks pass by. I'd like to tell all my friends among the So-Ju-Conians, 'hello' and that I miss them. I surely expect to meet many of them back at old S. J. C. next fall. I'm enjoying the vacation here at home, however."

A loyal student in Augusta, Ga. writes: "I have surely enjoyed my work this summer, but can hardly wait to get back to dear old S. J. C."

"Lynne Sudduth."

Mr. W. E. Zimmerman writes that he is enjoying life with his wife in Evanston, Illinois. We look forward to their coming to the College, where he plans to put forth some more of his zeal and earnestness, especially in the Typing and Shorthand classes.

Just a few lines from Mary Cowdrick in Graysville: "I am trying to keep myself busy this summer on a course in Typing from the Home Study Institute. I enjoy the work. Oh, yes! I must not forget to mention how much I enjoy the Scroll this summer. I thought it was interesting last summer, but it is altogether different since I have spent a year in school over there. It is very much like a letter from home. Tell everyone 'hello' for me."

Who of our number is in Offen, N. C.? Why, none other than Albert Dickerson. He writes: "Dear Fellow Students: The meeting is going fine. Have an attendance of over one hundred. It is a pleasure to work with these sincere mountain people. May God see fit to gather out a company of such as will be saved from this effort. There are difficulties to be met, but 'the love of Christ constraineth us.' Through Him we shall conquer and not be ashamed at his coming but have confidence toward Him."

---

**With Those of Other Days**

Ida Moore still thinks a great deal of Collegedale and its people. Just read what she says: "Please slip my name on the Scroll mailing list. I very anxiously scan the Worker for any word of the dear old So-Ju-Conians. A So-Ju-Conian never gets weaned away from the place, does he? I like Texas, but would like it better if it contained many of my friends that I learned to love at Collegedale."

---

**Report of Student Colporteurs for week ending July 18**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Earl Giles</td>
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<td>Lynne Sudduth</td>
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The Southland Scroll
Published Quarterly during school session and weekly during vacation with no Subscription Price

by Southern Junior College
Collegedale, Tennessee
Edith Stephenson, Editor
Entered as second-class matter June 20, 1929, at the post office at Collegedale, Tenn., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

The Chapel Talk

What Will You Think Tomorrow?

There is a very definite tendency of human nature to carry into effect the thoughts of the mind. Tomorrow we shall be prone to do the things we think about today. But not less true is it that tomorrow we shall think about the things we do today. We draw our knowledge, our interests, ideas, and ideals from experience.

If today I cobble shoes, I shall notice your shoes first, when I meet you tomorrow. If today I build houses, I shall notice how your house is built at my next visit. If today I study dentistry, tomorrow I shall note with consuming interest the gold filling displayed when you smile. If today I live viciously, I shall see vice in the most innocent situation tomorrow; and, conversely, if today I live righteously, helpfully, purely, tomorrow my interests will center in the pure, clean, holy things of life.

Young man, our yesterdays and todays largely determine our tomorrows. Our yesterdays are beyond our power to change. Only the power of Infinite Love can enable us to live above our past. That Power sets us free—free indeed! Free to live today so that our tomorrows may be glorious. The infinite love has surrounded us with a hedge of admonitions and warnings, of promises and instruction, that we may know the way of life. To us is delivered the responsibility of living today. Let us take that responsibility seriously. Let us order the activities of today, whether mental or physical, in such a fashion that the habits that we contract, the ideals we form, shall contribute to making it easier to live righteously tomorrow. Thus we shall attain to that spiritual stature where we can say, "The things I once loved I now hate, and things I once hated I now love." R. W. Woods.

Envy is Suicidal

The old Greeks told how a man once killed himself because of his envy. A certain athlete was victorious in the games, and the people raised a statue in his honor. This greatly moved his rival, who went out every night to view the statue, and plotted how he could destroy it. The statue was on a hillside overlooking a ravine into which the rival decided to hurl the statue. He fastened a rope around the bronze figure, went into the ravine, and pulled with all his might. Down at last fell the mass of metal, striking the envious man and instantly killing him.

Thus is it ever with envy. It slays the one who cherishes it. —Selected.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

"Vision precedes big achievement."
A Swarm of Bees Without Stings

B hopeful, B cheerful, B happy, B kind,
B busy of body, B modest of mind.
B earnest, B truthful, B firm, and B fair,
Of all mis-B-havior B sure to B-ware.
B-think, ere you stumble, of what may B-fall,
B true to yourself, and B faithful to all.
B brave to B-ware of the sins that B-set.
B sure that one sin will another B-get.
B just and B generous, B honest, B wise,
B mindful of time, and B certain it flies.
B prudent, B liberal, of order B fond,
B-uy less than you need B-fore B-uying B-yond.
B careful, but yet B the first to B-stow;
B temperate, B steadfast, to anger B slow.
B thoughtful, B thankful, whatever B-tide;
B just and B joyful, B cleanly B-side.
B pleasant, B patient, B gentle to all,
B best if you can, but B humble withal.
B prompt and B dutiful, still B polite.
B reverent, B quiet, B sure to B right.
B calm, B retiring, B ne'er led astray,
B grateful, B cautious of those who B-tray;
B tender, B loving, B good and B-nign,
B-loved thou shalt B, and all else shall B thine.
—Selected.
Looking for a good place to go to school, Harlan Storey joined the school family the other day.

Mr. P. T. Mouchon and family have left all duties behind while spending several days on a vacation in New Orleans.

Among many visitors this week we found Mr. L. A. Butterfield, a former student of S. J. C. He has recently been chosen as the educational secretary of the Georgia Conference.

There was a whispering and chattering on first-floor of North Hall late one night last week. What was wrong? Ah, former roommates in North Carolina had found each other at Collegedale. Misses Lois J. Walker and Eva Maude Wilson are guilty of violating rules of dormitory and individual health laws.

Elder Shaw seemed happy as he came home the other day for a week-end visit.

Mrs. J. C. Haussler and June left Saturday night for Memphis, where they will spend several days.

“Washington Missionary College is a good place to be,” says Herbert McClure. We’re glad he likes his new home, and even more glad that he likes to visit his old S. J. C. home. He’s welcome any time!

Mr. Benjamin and family arrived at the College this week. He will carry the responsibility of business manager for the coming year.

There were some “at home folk” as guests at the Fuller home Thursday night. Raymond Sheldon and his mother stopped by a few hours. They came from a vacation in the “Land of Sunshine,” and are en route to Chargin Falls, Ohio.

It is reported that the broom factory equipment has arrived, and that by the next issue of this paper the factory workers hope to make many brooms “fly right and left.”

Sabbath afternoon at the close of Summer School, an investiture service was held, at which sixteen persons received the insignia of J. M. V. “Friends,” seven were similarly rewarded for having completed the “Companions” requirements, and two received insignia as “Comrades.” Leslie A. Butterfield gave the invocation, Elder R. G. Strickland gave the address, Archa Dart presented the insignia, and Elder H. M. Kelley offered the consecration prayer. Other features of the program were a violin solo by Ward Shaw, and a vocal duet by Coralee Russell and Carolyn Louis. It was all very impressive.

SUMMER SCHOOL INSTITUTE

Teacher’s Institute was held at the College Thursday and Friday.

Examinations are over! Summer School teachers and students are free once more.

The midnight oil,
A solemn face,
A gray matter coil,
It’s just a race!
’Tis won ere now
And faces smile,
There is not a row,
“Good-byes” awhile!

Pictures! Pictures!!

Those desiring copies of either the Senior Class or Chorus pictures may obtain same by sending 50 cents to

E. B. King,
R. F. D. 2,
Ooltewah, Tennessee.

“God calls for the consecration to his service of every faculty, of every gift, you have received from Him.”

The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them—James Oliver.
Away down in DeRidder, Louisiana, is Frankie Johnson, thoroughly enjoying life, with plenty of sleep, eats, and music!

Here’s what Alvan Smith says as he spends his days in Jacksonville, Florida: “I am enjoying the summer and trying to absorb enough Florida sunshine and ocean water to last me through another nine months of school.”

In Stearns, Ky., Bobbie and Ann Hickman are attending summer school. Bobbie says in a letter: “Ann and I have been thinking for some time of writing to let you know how much we enjoy the Scroll. We only wish it would come more often. We are both going to Summer School. ‘Geometry’ isn’t half as bad as I expected. We expect to be back for school this year, and are looking forward to the opening.”

STUDENT COLPORTEURS’ REPORT 
FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 25

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</tbody>
</table>

COLLEGEDALE’S MOST OBSERVANT

“A traveler was hunting his camel which had gone away from camp. He met another traveler and asked him if he had seen his missing animal.

‘Was he blind in the left eye, lame in the right foreleg, and had he a burden of honey?’ he questioned.

‘Yes,’ was the reply.

‘The wise traveler said he had not seen the camel but that if the man would go in a certain direction he would find it. The owner was curious to know how he could give him such accurate information, not having seen the camel. The observant man told him that in the direction mentioned he had seen footprints of a camel. The grass was more closely eaten on the right side of the tracks than on the left, thus suggesting that it was blind in the left eye; the print of the right fore foot was fainter than the others; and there were small clusters of bees on the trail. As there were no flowers, there would have to be something to attract them.”

There is a man at the Southern Junior College who observes with the idea of acquiring knowledge. He can tell you the name of every tree, shrub, and flower on the College farm; he can identify the song of every bird he hears; and on a starry night he can point out the stars and constellations so well that one would wonder whether he ever studied anything but Astronomy.

Once during a church service a bird flew in the window of the chapel; naturally every eye was immediately on the frightened creature. The speaker happened to be this observant man. He stopped his sermon and told the audience if they would listen he would tell them all about the bird. After giving its name, habits, etc., to the satisfaction of the hearers, they were ready for the sermon to be continued and gave their undivided attention to the speaker though the bird continued to fly around the room.

Owners of cars and trucks at Collegedale need not worry if they lose the license plates from off their vehicles, for this well-informed man can give without hesitation the number of each one in the community.

Some of you have already guessed who this man with the well-trained eyes and keen memory is. You’re right—it is none other than Elder Field, Collegedale’s most observant.
THE TESTING OF BOOKS

"Of making many books there is no end."

The world is literally flooded with books. Since one cannot hope to read even all the good books, he should confine himself to the reading of a few of the best. The mind of youth is being profoundly influenced by the reading matter that is poured out as a deluge of books, magazines, and news sheets from our presses today.

If you would know whether the tendency of a book or magazine is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down.

Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness or any other of your evil propensities?

Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul?

Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous?

Has it attempted to abate your reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love for God and your fellow men?

Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness?

Has it tended to obliterate or to befog the demarcation between truth and error, between virtue and vice?

If so, and if you are conscious of any or all of these effects, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title page. Throw it away if you would fortify your soul against the insidious approach of the Evil One and consequent moral and intellectual decline.

NOW—WON

"Time and tide for no man wait."

Do it, ere it be too late.

Seize Time's forelock, do it now;

Hold the locks upon his brow.

When the duty has been done,

You may spell now, w-o-n.

Now spelled backwards means success;

Spelling forward means not less.

Now, means Now! O list! begin it!

"After while" or "In a minute"

May be just a bit too late—

"Time and tide for no man wait."

—Selected.

For whatever men say in their blindness,

And spite of the fancies of youth,

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,

And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Carey.

Education should enlarge your horizon,

enlarge your life, make you less confined to self in thoughts and feelings.—Bertrand Russell.

"Sympathy is two hearts tugging at the same load."
A University President Speaks His Mind

"I am in no way untrue to our state institutions when I say that in our day a boy might become a bachelor or master in almost any one of the best of them, and be as ignorant of the Bible, the moral and spiritual truth which it represents, and the fundamental principles of religion, their nature and value to society, as if he had been educated in a non-Christian country.

"Who is to supply this lack if not the Christian College?"

—President Thompson.
Ohio State University.
With Those of Other Days

Viola McNett, class of '28, is entering her senior year at the Takoma Hospital School of Nursing, Greeneville, Tenn. She writes that she enjoys keeping up with her classmates and friends of school days through the columns of the Southland Scroll. "If I'm too busy to read the Scroll at once, I put it in a safe place for keeping until I can."

F. LaVerne Smith, president of the class of '31, writes that he is having a great time looking after two Kluge automatically fed job presses and a Miehle verticle cylinder press in a large concern in New York. He adds further that he has "visited several printing offices but none so roomy, well-lighted, systematic and particular with their work as the College Press. The main thing here is to get the job through and get the money. I do miss the weekly make-up of the Scroll, Tidings, and Worker, and the friendly association of College Press workers."

President Klooster will spend a few days at camp meetings in both the Southern and Southeastern Unions.

Elder Shaw is now attending the Cumberland camp meeting at Graysville. From there he will go to the other camp meetings of the Southeastern Union.

Sabbath, August 8, President Klooster and Professor Haussler held services at the Nashville church.

It will not seem quite natural at College-dale this next school year without Elder and Mrs. Behrens. They are now on their way to California where Mrs. Behrens will spend the winter in graduate study.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Haussler is making a successful recovery from an operation which she recently underwent at the Gartly-Ramsay Hospital in Memphis.

Time cards are stacking up and dust is accumulating on the adding machine since Ellen Lundquist left for a two weeks' vacation at Fountain Head.

After twelve long years of school, and recently going through the ordeal of being graduated, then carrying nine hours of college work during Summer School Frances Maiden thought she could well afford a real vacation. She accompanied Ellen Lundquist, and is enjoying roaming over the beautiful hills around Fountain Head.

"For You I am Praying"

The Friday house-cleaning at the Hamilton home came to a sudden halt. Janet dropped the broom and in her hurry stumbled over the dust pan, for she had heard the postman's whistle and knew he was bringing a Southland Scroll. Eagerly the contents of the paper were devoured. News of the whereabouts and success of her fellow students was the one thing that made the days between May 31 and September 8 bearable.

For an instant a shadow rested upon Janet's face. She was thinking of the disappointment she experienced when she had to notify the conference president that she could not accept the position as assistant Bible worker in a tent effort. The doctor had prescribed "a quiet summer." It was not a question of having to earn money with which to attend school in the fall; no, Mr. Hamilton was always prompt in paying the bills; but Janet did want to be in active service.

"There's only one thing I can do," Janet whispered as she went into her room and closed the door.

Dropping on her knees beside the bed Janet sent up a fervent prayer for the
students about whom she had just read in the school paper. She knew at that very moment they were working hard for scholarships.

It was over in Carolina.

Tears were streaming down the cheeks of a timid young lady as she left an office after an unsuccessful attempt to sell a Watchman Magazine. She was out for a scholarship "The Watchman Way."

"There's just no use," she sobbed; "others may—I cannot."

And then,—"What has happened?" she said, as she suddenly stopped and vigorously applied a handkerchief to her eyes. "Of course I can—and I will; nothing is going to keep me away from S. J. C. next year."

And she went to the next office with a song in her heart and a smile on her face. But she did not know someone was praying for her.

It was way up in the hills of Tennessee.

A young man who had left the doors of Southern Junior College six weeks before with a prospectus under his arm, was discouraged. Orders were slow and the road hot and dusty.

"If I were only home now," he sighed as he sat down under a "juniper tree" and began mopping the perspiration from his brow; "I made a mistake; it was never intended that I should be a colporteur and I'll never earn a scholarship; think I'll go home."

Then something happened,—new energy and life came stealing over the tired, discouraged colporteur. He hurriedly arose and started down the road whistling, "Never give up."

But he did know someone was praying for him.

It was down in Georgia.

A young man who had always aspired to the ministry felt that he had missed his calling. The daily routine of tent master was wearing on his nerves; there had been a storm, and he was up with the tent all night.

"Guess I'll go back home and get a job in the garage."

And then,—he felt as if he were in the presence of the Master Himself, and a voice seemed to say, "How can they hear without a preacher?"

"Forgive me, Lord," he prayed; "make me a winner of souls just where I am."

But he did not know someone was praying for him.

After Janet had prayed for her student friends, she went about her work as usual that morning, humming that sweet old song, "For You I Am Praying." But even she did not know what her prayer had done.

Fulton Tillman has not given a definite account of his travels during his vacation but we do know that he visited in Alabama, Texas, and New Orleans, La.

Fred Cothren writes that he likes Washington, D. C. so well that he thinks he will stay and attend W. M. C. the coming school term.

Clyde Franz has returned from his vacation. His parents and sisters spent a few hours at the College when they brought him back.

The attendance at Sabbath school and church was indeed small last Sabbath for most of the members went to camp meeting for the day.

Mrs. R. C. Hampton and son, Cecil, arrived from Birmingham last week. Mr. Hampton preceded his family to the College several weeks ago and has been
busy getting the broom industry started. Mrs. Hampton will assist in the College cafeteria during the school year.

From Florida we welcome two new students, Ethelwyn Glatter and Lester Sheffield.

Wilbur Groth brought along an extra coat or two of sun tan when he returned from Miami this past week. He is anxiously waiting for school to start so he can register for another course in Chemistry.

Levon Kenny sees many improvements at the College on his first visit since he was graduated in 1921. He has been using in Carolina but is now taking a short vacation.

Orrum, N. C. Box 37, c/o I. H. Warwick, August 2, 1931.

Dear Scroll Editor:

I just wish I could tell you how much I appreciate the Scroll. It is just like receiving letters from a lot of my best friends, and my mail now is one of my greatest encouragements.

The canvassing work is going fine. I’m getting lots of orders—both written and spoken—and lots of good old North Carolina sunshine, too. But I’ve stayed away long enough, and in September watch me come home to S. J. C.

My report for week ending August 1 was 63 hours and orders amounting to $173.60.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Clarence Murphy

Contentment

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

"A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." On this basis there surely never were such opportunities for wealth as at the present time when we are surrounded by beautiful, attractive, and tempting objects which are freely bought and used by neighbors and acquaintances.

To be able to resist the temptations to buy things which we are just as well off without, to indulge in amusements and recreations which are not for our physical or moral well-being, to be able to limit ourselves in regard to creditable indulgences,—these are the evidences of strong character.

One of the first and important lessons which the mother of today must teach her child is to let things alone. When the baby has learned to admire the pretty flowers without picking them, to see candy, fruit or other things which he knows “taste good” without putting them in his mouth; when the child has learned not to do things simply because “the other boys and girls do them”;—then he can be trusted to go out into the world alone for he can then resist temptation. When such a boy grows to manhood his wants will be so few, his desires will be so well under control that he will be what Thoreau would call “a very rich man.”

H. J. Klooster

"How much would you be willing to pay for the services of a man with your qualifications, personality, and general all-round ability?"
I Am Youth!

I am boundless in Health, dauntless in Courage, restless in Energy.

On the threshold of Life I stand, face front with my future.

I crave nutriment for my dreams, inspiration for my heart and hand and brain.

Within me slumbers a spirit of Industry, a desire for Leadership, a will for Service.

I turn to Education to waken me, to summon forth my hidden powers, to steady my impulses, to safeguard my ideals, to ripen my judgment.

—Selected.
Notice Prospective Students

All new students planning to enter Southern Junior College should submit their credits from schools previously attended before registration day, September 8. Transcripts should be sent to the registrar, Southern Junior College, Collegedale, Tenn.

So-Ju-Conians Meet Out West

Keene, Texas
The Scroll, Aug. 11, 1931
Collegedale, Tenn.

Dear So-Ju-Conian Friends:

We were having our annual camp meeting this past week-end, and could almost imagine ourselves back in Collegedale again because there were so many former So-Ju-Conians here.

You can easily imagine our delight and surprise to see Prof. and Mrs. West at church Friday night. They were on their way to Wisconsin from California. The little West, Melvin, is very much like his father. Of course they are very proud of him and have reason to be. They were glad to see some back-numbers of the Scroll which we have been saving for certain articles to go in our scrap-book. Mrs. West expressed her sentiments of S. J. C. by saying “there isn’t a dearer spot on earth than Collegedale.”

Sabbath morning there were more surprises in store for us. At church whom do you suppose we saw towering way above the rest of the congregation? None other than Mr. Ed Hassenpflug. Mr. and Mrs. Hassenpflug and Harold spent the night with us, and we had a most delightful time talking over old So-Ju-Conian days. And then Ida Moore, ’30, of Dallas visited us during camp meeting. Phosa Butterfield-Teows and her husband have just returned from their vacation in California, and as you know Miss Wilcox is spending her vacation in Keene; and I must not forget the Carrs who are located here.

Really, I think we missed a golden opportunity for a most pleasant hour by not calling a So-Ju-Conian meeting which might have been a little unusual way down here in the middle of Texas.

How we do enjoy the Scroll! We look forward to each number, and scan each page with deepest interest. In fact, we engage in a regular family argument every time the paper arrives to see who shall read it first. We usually compromise, however, and read it together.

We send greetings to all our So-Ju-Conian friends.

(Signed) The Ballews.

From the applications coming in daily we judge that the enrollment will be as large this year as it was last, if not larger. Many are making room reservations and before long the choice rooms will be taken, so we advise those who are contemplating entering school this fall, who have not already done so, to send in a $5.00 deposit for a room. This amount will be credited on the account when school opens.

Robert Hanson of Orlando, Fla., is visiting the school for a few days.
We were pleased to have Mr. and Mrs. F. A. P. Jones, former residents, make us a visit.

Mr. Mouchon and family have returned from a very enjoyable vacation in New Orleans.

Ione Ingram is taking her vacation on the installment plan. She spent the past week with her parents in Chattanooga.

The Boyce family had a real reunion this week when Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, Josephine, and Corrie came over from Memphis to see Ann, who has been working here this summer. All three of the
girls will be in school this fall.

Richard Hollar said a final farewell to S. J. C. last week. He regrets that there is not an extension on the Business Course so he could spend another year at College­dale.

For about two years Howard Gardner has patiently cared for all the “57 varieties” of ailments peculiar to cars and trucks, which at one time or another have found their way to the College garage. We are sorry that he will not be with us in school this coming year. Since Howard left George Stephenson has been temporarily working in the garage.

The cannery corps established a new record last week. They canned 12,000 gallon cans of peaches, and 7,000 small cans. A Chattanooga store placed an order for 12,000 cans of peaches.

The dairy possesses “contented cows” now, for their winter feed is assured since the farm boys filled the silo clear up to the top.

Mrs. Haussler and June will return to Collegedale on Tuesday. Mr. Haussler is making a trip through Kentucky in the interest of the school.

There is a cordial welcome awaiting Miss Wilcox when she returns Thursday, to take up her duties as dean of women and matron.

Marguerite and Anette Barrow of Atlanta, Ga., were guests of Carolyn McClure over the week-end.

Hermon Woodall, ’29, drove almost 500 miles in one day to visit the College again. We hope he will return to school in September.

Mabel Parish, a graduate nurse of the Florida Sanitarium, was a welcomed visitor last week. She is at present assisting in the Public Health Endeavor which the Florida Sanitarium is fostering in Atlanta.

The boys’ parlor surely shines when it is polished a little. S. J. C.’s sons are going to be pleased with its appearance when they return.

Arland Sands could not wait for September 8 to come, so he is already back to the school hard at work.

The Fullers and Eileen Mulford spent the week-end with relatives at Fountain Head.

The Allen family left Friday for a vacation at their former home in Nashville.

It was indeed a pleasure to welcome a former student back to Collegedale after an absence of 12 long years. Lucile Randall-Simpson of Birmingham, Ala., did not rest until she had seen everything to be seen at the school (which she says has grown to almost unbelievable bounds). Jack Randall accompanied his sister and was very enthusiastic over his findings here. He is a prospective So-Ju-Conian.

The laundry force will miss their superintendent, Mrs. Clark, but they are glad she can have a vacation before school starts.

Harlan Storey of Bon Aqua, Tenn., is a new member of the school family.

Due to the fact that Mrs. Vixie’s health is not the very best, the doctors have advised that she spend a while in rest and treatment at a sanitarium. The Vixie’s are anxious to find an elderly woman to care for their two little boys and the home. There would be no objection to such a person bringing her boy or girl to attend school. For further information correspondence may be taken up with H. M. Vixie, Collegedale, Tenn.

The Dress Policy Pamphlet is now ready for distribution and may be had by sending request to the College.

With Those of Other Days

When Jennie Clarke first began the Normal Course it was her one ambition to teach church school at her home in Miami. This coming year will find her dream a reality.
The Teachers' Training Department of Southern Junior College will be well represented in Atlanta, Ga., this year for Beulah Johnson, '28, Carolyn Louis '29, and Letson Lambert, '29 will teach in the school there.

Nellie Ferree, '29, will return to Orlando Fla., to teach again this year.

Leslie Butterfield, president of the class of '28, has been chosen Educational and Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Georgia Conference and is leaving the Carolina Conference within a short time to enter into his new responsibilities.

Not much time for idle moments this summer for Elizabeth Bell, '31. She is assisting in a solarium at Miami. September will find her at the Florida Sanitarium School of Nursing.

How is the second floor of the Girls' Dormitory going to get along this winter without Emma Ford as monitor? We wish her success as she enters the nurses' course at Hinsdale, Ill.

Iris Adams says that when she took Hydrotherapy and Home Nursing two years ago she never dreamed she would be putting it into such practical use. She is working in a treatment room at Johnson, City, Tenn., but we hope she will be in school again this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Graves, students of the pioneer days, are looking forward with much pleasure to another year at the College.

"They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee; for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee." Ps. 9: 10.

It is a fatal mistake to suppose that we cannot be holy except in such a situation and in such circumstances in life as will suit ourselves. It is one of the first principles of holiness to leave the matter of location, environment, and plans for our future entirely in the hands of the Lord. Here, Lord, Thou hast placed us, and here we will glorify Thy name. It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.

The problems and perplexities of life will tend to our edification if we strive to bear them all in gentleness, patience, and kindness. With this thought ever before us, we should remember constantly that God's loving eyes are upon us amid all the worries and vexations, watching whether we take them as He would desire.

It is not by seeking more fertile regions where toil is lighter—happier circumstances free from difficult complications and troublesome people— but by bringing the high courage of a devout soul, clear in principle and aim, to bear upon what is given to us that we brighten our inward light, lead something of a true life, and introduce the kingdom of heaven into the midst of our earthly day. If we cannot work out the will of God where God has placed us, then why has He placed us here?

H. J. Klooster.
Worth Following

When he was fifteen years old, Henry Morgenthau, prominent American diplomat and philanthropist, drew up and signed the rules which follow, as a guide for his own personal conduct:

1. Do not use any profane words.
2. Do not eat much sweet food, as it darkens the mind.
3. Always speak the truth.
4. Spend nothing unnecessarily, for if you save when young, you can spend when old.
5. Never be idle, as it will cause you to think of wrong things.
6. Talk little, but think much.
7. Study daily, or else your knowledge will not improve.
8. Keep your own secrets, for if you do not keep them, no one will keep them for you.
9. Make few promises, but if you make any, fulfill them.
10. Never speak evil of any one.
11. Work for your employer as if it were for yourself.
12. Deal fairly and honestly with your fellow clerks, but be not too intimate.
13. Be not inquisitive.
14. Neither borrow nor lend if avoidable.
15. Trust none too much, but be not distrustful.
16. Be not vain, for vanity is the destruction of man.
17. Be grateful for the smallest favor.
18. Never leave for tomorrow what can be done today.
19. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor nor smoke any weed.
20. Never play at any game of chance.
21. Conquer temptation though it be ever so powerful.
22. Keep yourself clean, as cleanliness is next to godliness.
23. Wonder not at the construction of man, but use your time in improving yourself.
24. In deciding any doubts in the meaning of above maxims, let conscience decide.

—Personality.
The School

We are scholars, nothing but scholars,
Little children at school,
Learning our daily lessons,
Subject to law and rule.

Life is the School, and the Master
Is the Man Jesus Christ;
We are His charity scholars,
His the teaching unpriced.

Slowly we learn, all His patience
Is hourly put to the test;
But often the slowest and dullest,
He pities, and loves the best.

Still, we sit at the feet of our Master,
Very low at His feet,
Study the lessons He sets us,
Sometimes lessons repeat.

Some of the lessons are pleasant,
Pleasant and easy to learn;
The page of our task-book simple,
Simple and easy to turn.

But anon the reading is painful,
Studied 'mid sighing and tears;
We stammer and falter over it,
Do not learn it for years.

Yet that is no fault of the Master;
All His lessons are good;
Only our childish folly
Leaves them misunderstood.

And still we go on, learning,
And learning to love our school;
Learning to love our Master,
Learning to love His rule.

And by and by, we children
Shall grow into perfect men,
And the loving, patient Master
From school will dismiss us then.

—Selected.

Word comes to us that Coralee Russell
and Frances Maiden are to assist in the
children's department at the Alabama Camp meeting.
Daisy Terry was called to Chattanooga
last Sunday to attend the funeral of her brother R. O. Terry who was drowned
near China last July 4. The College extends sincere sympathy to the Terry family.
Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker and Kathleen
are vacationing in West Palm Beach, Fla.
Mrs. Clark, Lois Mae, and Mr. and
Mrs. Erick Lundquist have gone to the
mountains of Carolina for their vacation.
Walter Ost writes from Eufola, N. C.,
that he will be at Collegetdale on Sept-
tember 8 to register for the second year of
the pre-medical course.

With Those of Other Days

"If you want a thing bad enough
To go out and fight for it,
Work day and night for it,
You'll get it."
That is exactly what Joe Hayward
did, and now he finds himself face to
face with Loma Linda and the medical
course proper. He completed his high
school and pre-medical courses at S. J. C.,
and took an additional year at E. M. C.
We are expecting great things of Joe.
Dora Miller, '28, writes that she ex-
pcts to take up class work again in the
Nurses’ Training School at Orlando this
fall. She has been out of training for some
time on account of her health.
We have learned that Albert Macy,
'30, has steadily increased in efficiency
during the time he has been employed
by the Christian Record Publishing Asso-
ciation at Lincoln, Nebraska. He will
be remembered as the blind pianist of Southern Junior College during the terms '28-'29 and '29-'30, and when he left he carried away a diploma with the word "Honors" on it.

With interest S. J. C. follows the progress and success of her sons and daughters. The following paragraphs from a letter tell of the achievement of a member of the '27-'28 class:

I received the Scroll a few minutes ago and as usual everything had to wait until it had been read from cover to cover. I read of many who have joined the school family since I left, but it seems that I know them and I enjoy learning how they are getting along.

I shall finish the Nurses' Course here in a week, and want my Scroll sent to the address given below, for I surely do not want to be without it. It is a good substitution when one cannot be at Collegedale.

Best wishes to all So-Ju-Conians and here's hoping you have a Red Letter year.

(Signed) E. Fisher Kenny, 1195 N. W. 20th St., Miami, Fla.

Brent Zachary-Lickey, who for several years taught violin at S. J. C., writes that she still has a tender spot in her heart for Collegedale. Her husband is an evangelist in the Colorado Conference, and she assists him in his work.

Minard Foster, '31, sends word up from Miami that he will begin his pre-medical work at S. J. C. on September 8.

Louise Stephenson, '29, who has been working in the Carolina Conference office for two years, writes that she will be back to Collegedale the first week in September ready for school again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cox of the Florida Conference will be at Collegedale this coming term.
Harold Kelley and his sister were visitors over Sabbath. They are on their way to Indiana to visit relatives. Harold is “finding a way” to attend S. J. C. this fall.

The school family continues to grow. Last week the following students arrived: W. C. Savelle, Vicksburg, Miss.; Arno Queen, Birmingham, Ala.; and Gerald Boynton, Graysville, Tenn.

The apartment next to the one occupied by the Mouchon's has a real homey appearance now since John Ulrich and his grandmother returned. Mrs. Ulrich will be back next week.

Elder and Mrs. H. W. Carr and their three little grandchildren from New York, spent the week-end at Collegedale. Elder Carr spoke to the Collegedale Church at the eleven o'clock hour Sabbath.

A QUIET CORNER WHEREIN WE MAY CONTINUE TO ENJOY THE SWEET INFLUENCE OF THE FRIDAY EVENING VESPER HOUR.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. 31: 3.

Of no truth can we be more definitely assured than of the steadfast interest and love manifested toward us by our Heavenly Father. However wayward or discouraged we may be, that love is focused upon us still, and God's divine providence will lead us through experiences designed to reestablish faith and confidence.

If ever human love were tender, self-sacrificing, and devoted; if ever it could bear and forbear; if ever it could suffer gladly for its loved ones; if ever it were willing to pour itself out in a lavish abandonment for the comfort or pleasure of its objects; then infinitely more is Divine love tender; self-sacrificing, and devoted; glad to bear and forbear; and to suffer and lavish its best of gifts and blessings upon the objects of its love.

If we put together all the tenderest love of which we know; the deepest we have ever felt; the strongest that has ever been poured out upon us; and heap upon it all the love of all the loving human hearts in the world; then multiply it by infinity, we will begin, perhaps, to have some faint glimpse of what the love of God is.

God beholds us individually, whoever we are. "He calls thee by thy name." He sees and understands us; He knows what is in us; all our own peculiar feelings and thoughts; our dispositions and liking; our strength and our weakness. He views us in the day of our rejoicing, and in our day of sorrow; He sympathizes in our hopes and in our temptations; He interests Himself in all our anxieties and our remembrances; in all the risings and failings of our spirits. He compasses us round and bears us in His arms; He takes us up and sets us down. We do not love ourselves better than He loves us. We cannot shrink from pain more than He dislikes our bearing it, and if He puts it on us, it is as we should put it on ourselves if we are wise, for a greater good afterwards.

H. J. Klooster.
Opportunity

IGNORANCE is like a ball and chain. It is like a bandage over the eyes.

EDUCATION takes off the ball and chain. It removes the bandage.

Men have succeeded in spite of handicaps; in spite of blindness; but no man ever succeeded because of such things. Thousands and thousands who have had no education, but have made good anyway, have regretted their lack of mental discipline, and the comparative narrowness of their interests. But nobody who has ever had a chance to obtain an education and took it ever regretted it.

We invite ambitious, aspiring young people of the Southern States to find in the educational opportunities offered by Southern Junior College release from the restrictive shackles that will otherwise hinder them in later years; and to obtain a new and broader vision of the potentialities of their lives which Christian education alone can give.

President H. J. Klooster.
Kentucky will send a number of new students this year. Alice Frazier and Juanita Pittman have already arrived at the College.

Harry Brown, Birmingham, Ala., and Jasper Clark, Paw Paw, Mich., are newcomers to the College.

Albert and Lewell Smith have returned to the school for another year.

Three faithful magazine workers were indeed happy to find rest at Collegedale from their labors of the summer. Dorothy Rutledge, Thressa Niece, and Helen Spivey sold Watchman Magazines in the Carolinas this summer and their reward will be a year of school work at the College.

Professor Haessler is home again after spending most of the summer in the field in the interest of S. J. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Williams, who were members of the '30 graduating class, spent the week-end with relatives at Collegedale. They have been assisting in Public Health work in Atlanta this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Q. E. Smith, of Natchez, Miss., have moved to Collegedale. He will assist in the Woodworking Department.

Mrs. Ethel M. Dart, who taught here for several years, made a brief visit last week. She has attended Emmanuel Missionary College for the past two years, receiving her diploma at the close of summer school, and will teach there the coming year.

Miss Wilcox was accompanied to Collegedale by her sister Miss Lauretta Wilcox, who spent a few days here before going on to Washington to enter the Nurses' Training School.

Remember the date, September eight.

**Automobiles at Collegedale**

The automobile has become at once a blessing, a curse, a necessity, a problem, and the object of numerous restrictive regulations. Henry Ford little realized the gigantic problem he created when he cranked up the first sputtering, shivering, gasoline "buggy" and drove it through the streets for the unbelievable distance of two and a half blocks.

Now that more than fifty million descendants of the first "horseless carriage" have been turned out of the colossal automobile factories of our day, the problems that first suggested themselves thirty years ago are being multiplied daily.

These problems have penetrated to all parts of the world, and have even invaded the quiet precincts of Collegedale. As a result, the College administration has found it necessary to define its policies governing automobiles.

It is strongly urged that prospective students do not bring motorvehicles to the College. Those who are working their way through school can ill afford the cost of maintaining a car. The maintenance of an automobile by a student in school can only be justified if he has a private income sufficient to care for all school and personal expenses; or if the car is being used by the student in some enterprise from which he derives his support while in school. Students who come to the College with motorvehicles
will be expected to place them in storage to be used only by the consent of the President or some officer of the College to whom such authority may be delegated; and the keys will be kept in trust in the office.

Southern Junior College is not establishing a new precedent in announcing these regulations. Several of the largest educational institutions of our country, having discovered that scholarship does not thrive where cars, gasoline, and young people are permitted to mix freely, have announced similar or more drastic regulations. It is therefore serving the higher interests of our students to provide the direction of the use of automobiles outlined above. H. J. Klooster.

On September eight, nineteen hundred thirty-one, To Southern Junior College we hope you'll come.

**Who's Where?**

*With Those of Other Days*

We have learned that Helen Ellwanger and Horton McLennan, '28, are to be married September 3 at the home of Professor H. H. Hamilton, Washington, D. C. Their plan is to continue school at the Washington Missionary College.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Odom, both members of the class of '24, have accepted a call to Spain, and will leave within a short time to take up work there.

Robert Cowdrick, '23, will succeed Miss Ruth Atwell as Sabbath school and Educational secretary of the Cumberland Conference. Miss Atwell leaves for China in the near future.

Lois Ries and Jesse Cowdrick, '25, were married at Orlando, Fla., August 16. They will make their home at Maitland, Fla., where Mr. Cowdrick is connected with the Forest Lake Academy.

**Education**

Of a hot day in July—it must have been in one of the last years of Washington's administration—I was making hay, with my father just where I now see a remaining elm tree. About the middle of the afternoon, the Honorable Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college-educated, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural power. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked a while in the field, and went on his way.

When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a hay-cock.

He said, "My son, that is a worthy man. He is a member of Congress. He goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here."

"My dear father," said I, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest."

And I remember to have cried; and I cry now at the recollection. "My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me; I now live but for my children. I could
not give your elder brother the advantage of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself; improve your opportunities; learn, learn; and, when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.” Daniel Webster.

We hope you’ll not be late
To register on September eight.

I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress. Ps. 17: 3.

In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise. Prov. 10: 19.

“Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control
That o’er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.”

Few men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy,—that which should be spent in action, spends itself in words. Hence he who restrains that love of talk, lays up a fund of spiritual strength.

Do not flatter yourself that your thoughts are under due control, your desires properly regulated, or your dispositions subject as they should be to Christian principle, if your intercourse with others consists mainly of frivolous gossip, impertinent anecdotes, speculations on the character and affairs of your neighbors, the repetition of former conversations, or a discussion of the current petty scandal of society; much less, if you allow yourself in careless exaggeration on all these points, and that grievous inattention to exact truth, which is apt to attend the statements of those whose conversation is made up of these materials.

Let us all resolve,—First, to attain the grace of silence; Second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin, and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; Third, to practise the grace and virtue of praise.

“No sinful word, nor deed of wrong.
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.”

—Selected.

“Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them you reach your destiny.”

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

On the eighth day of September,
Of S. J. C.’s family become a member.

Professor and Mrs. D. Robert Edwards announce the arrival of Daniel Walter on August 21, 1931, at Washington, D. C.
Come to Collegedale

"Oh, won't you come to Collegedale? For school will soon begin; The boys and girls all o'er the South Are now a-flocking in.

They wish to learn these lessons well That still they think they lack, And greet old friends they used to greet; That's why they're coming back.

There is no place in all the world Where nature seems so kind; It's just the place one can improve The body, soul, and mind.

Where valleys wave with golden grain, And mountains overlook The springs that sparkle at their feet, And winding valley brook;

Where wild birds never fail to come, Their warbling songs to sing: They cheer us up in winter time, As though 'twere always spring.

So come along to Collegedale, And when with school you're through, Go out in this big world of ours, And prove what you can do."
With Those of Other Days

At this season of the year the So-Ju-Conians who have left the threshold of the College and are scattered hither and yon in fields of service, are thinking of Collegedale's home-coming day on September 8. This is the time when they really get homesick for their alma mater. Their sentiments are expressed in the words of this poem:

**Collegedale Homesickness**

Something in a loyal So-Ju-Conian cries
With longing when he leaves the College lands.
The man bred by an ocean understands,
And he will tell you that his sick heart sighs
For his of surf—and all his being cries
For roar of waves and spray upon his hands;
Ever beneath his weary feet the sands,
Ever before his searching eyes a sail.
And so a loyal So-Ju-Conian always sees
That broken line inked in against the skies
Where saffron sunset drops to meet the trees
Upon the hilltop—and the night hawk flies;
And when his eyes cannot recapture these
A So-Ju-Conian's soul with longing cries.

James Backus, Mary Gartly, and Raymond Shelden, members of the '31 class, will continue their college work at Emmanuel Missionary College this year.

Oscar Johnson will continue his commercial course at Washington Missionary College.

Frances Rilea, '29, Minna Marshall, '30, Mae Wheeler, Verda Wade, and Ardell Ficklen, members of the '31 class, have entered the Nurses' Course at the Florida Sanitarium.

Florence Bird spent five years at S. J. C. and we dislike to give her up, but our loss will be the gain of the Ocala Church School.

In a school room at Shreveport, La., will be seen a normal course graduate of '31. Jewell Johnson has again entered the teaching profession.

**The Girls Wanted at North Hall**

"The girls that are wanted are good girls,
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweet lip-tips;"

"The girls that are wanted are home girls,
Girls that are mother's right hand;
That fathers and brothers can trust in,
And the little ones understand.

"Girls that are faithful on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.

"The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile and a loving word
The gloom of the household away."

Come and join this group of girls in North Hall and receive a training for a life of usefulness.
The Teacher's Code
I am MOTHER of my children and I try to train their minds and morals and to love them as my own.

I am FATHER of my boys and girls, and I watch, guard and help them over the hard places.

I am PREACHER without creed, and I lead my children "beside the still waters."

I am TEACHER of youth, that they may feel and know what has been and is to be.

I am SERVANT of the State, and I shall fulfill my obligation to pupils, parents, and community, without fear or favor, except before God and Country.

I pray for guidance that I may lead; for strength that I may sustain; for wisdom that I may teach.

I give thanks for the opportunity that is mine to serve my children whom the homes of my country entrust to my keeping.

God grant me Grace and Gratitude, And give me Faith and Attitude To Love and Lead, to Teach and Preach, To serve in all, while serving each.

Selected.

Breathes there So-Ju-Conian with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said: "This is my own my Collegedale"? Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned As to S. J. C. his footsteps turned From wand'ring over hill and vale? (Apologies to Scott)

For an answer to this query one would only need to stand on the steps of the College for a short period of time and watch the expression on the faces of the So-Ju-Conians as they come in. During the past week the school family has grown each day by fives, tens, and twenties until now (four days before registration) the dining room seems almost as crowded as it does when school is really in session. To those who are here for the first time we welcome you to our College; to those who have been here before we welcome you back to your place in the family circle; and to those who have not as yet decided to come to Collegedale we invite you to give earnest consideration to this serious matter of obtaining an education in a Christian college.
A Student's Soliloquy

"Nothing beats a trial but a failure." That sentence ran in my head. I made up my mind that I was going to do my level best not to fail. But even if I failed, through no fault of my own, I'd go back and make another trial; and I made up my mind that if I was going to get knocked, I'd take my knocks with a smile and have the world laugh with me rather than at me.

I had the notion, and I think it's pretty nearly correct, that anything you don't carry through to some conclusion is going to stand out against you.

The great value of that year lay in the fact that it taught me how to use every moment of time. I could study for ten minutes and get ten minutes' worth of study out of it. I got into my books immediately, and learned to work rapidly when I had time to work. This one lesson has been one of the greatest things that my college course was to give me.

Would I say that anyone discriminated against me because I was working my way? I think I said no to that before, but I'd like to make it emphatic. I received all sorts of encouragement, as do any and all fellows who work their way.

The trouble is that some fellows who are working their way and are clamoring for a job are afraid to dirty their hands when a job is offered to them. My advice to the man who has to work is to swallow his pride when a job comes along, and do it. If he is too genteel for any honest work that has to be done, let him stay away—for his own good.

—Selected.

In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul.—Ps. 64:19.

Perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed. II Cor. 4:8, 9.

"Discouraged in the work of life, Disheartened by its load, Shamed by its failures or its fears, I sink beside the road;— But let me only think of Thee, And then new heart springs up in me."

"DISCOURAGEMENT is an inclination to give up all attempts after the devout life, in consequence of the difficulties by which it is beset, and our already numerous failures in it. We lose heart; and partly in ill-temper, partly in real doubt of our own ability to persevere, we first grow querulous and peevish with God, and then relax in our efforts to mortify ourselves and to please Him. It is a sort of shadow of despair, and will lead us into numberless venial sins the first half-hour we give way to it."

"Never let us be discouraged with ourselves; it is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked; on the contrary, we are less so. We see by a brighter light; and let us remember, for our consolation, that we never perceive our sins till we begin to cure them."

Oftentimes a little minute
Forms the destiny of men.
The Year Ahead

A day outstanding in the year for students and teachers of Southern Junior College is Registration Day. Bewildering heaps of baggage, buoyant voices, bevies of excited but happy students mark the opening of another school year.

But one cannot mingle informally with such a group and know the vigorous pulse of student life without anticipating the results this year of association will bring forth. We rejoice that so large a number of our young people in the eager quest for knowledge can enter the College.

We are keenly anxious that our students shall receive the mental quickening which Christian education should properly give. These students it is hoped will develop their mental powers to the fullest possible extent in the effort to think clearly, to reason accurately, and balanced by religious principle to direct their courses wisely in an ever enlarging world into which they are entering.

Even more important than intellectual improvement in a world of evanescent moral standards is the need of character building. We earnestly hope that the spiritual influence of the College will save our young people from the snares of youthful folly, and that here beneath the shade of God's kindly providence, they may take refuge from the storms of tempestuous, modern life. May our young people make the Most High, the risen Christ their habitation, that their discernment of truth shall be so keen that they may constantly have wisdom to follow none save those who lead to higher ground.

President H. J. Klooster.
The Roster to September II

CUMBERLAND CONFERENCE

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At the church service Sabbath morning Elder R. I. Keate, president of the Cumberland Conference, spoke to the student body.

Saturday night the annual handshaking event took place which concluded the formalities of the first week of school. Now the 1931-1932 term has really begun in earnest, and everyone is determined to make this the best year of his experience.

Oscar Johnson, ’28, was a welcomed visitor over the week-end. He was on his way to the Washington Missionary College where he will continue his college course.

Arlene Chambers, ’31, will teach school at Marietta, Ga. this year.

Marjorie Riggs, ’31, is teaching at Lexington, Ky.

Reading, writing, spelling, vocational, medical, and intelligence tests and then, classification. The opening “daze” of school is now over, “but the memory lingers on,” especially in the minds of those who were processed for the first time. One student remarked that he had been called on to give information concerning everything from the hobby of his grandfather down to the size of the shoes he wears.

Everyone was indeed glad for the rest which Sabbath brought from the busy activities of registration week. President Klooster chose as his text for the first vesper service, James 4:8, “Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.”
Election of Officers

At the recent election of officers by the Collegedale church, the following persons were chosen to serve the remainder of the calendar year:

- Sabbath School Officers
  - Superintendent, J. C. Haussler.
  - Assistants, J. M. Cox, Carol Randall.
  - Secretary, Louise Stephenson.
  - Assistant, Dorothy Rutledge.
  - Chorister, C. F. Graves.
  - Pianist, Wilma Benjamin.
  - Primary superintendent, Mrs. D. C. Luddington.
  - Assistant, Pearl Glidewell.
  - Y. P. M. V. Officers
  - Leader, R. W. Woods.
  - Assistants, C. A. Hogan, Hermon Woodall.
  - Secretary, Ione Ingram.
  - Assistant, Vivian Boyd.
  - Chorister, Thomas Hall.
  - Pianist, Dorothy Sheddan.

Picking Pears

The pears on the tree out by the front gate were getting ripe and beginning to fall; and even the soundest ones that fell were badly bruised. To save those on the tree, they must be hand-picked; and that proved to be quite a task. I soon had those gathered that could be reached from the ground. Then up the ladder I climbed, basket on arm, to gather all I could reach. And what a satisfaction it brought, with every plump, juicy pear picked, to place it safely in the basket. But at times I failed in this; occasionally my grip would prove uncertain, and the pear would fall to the ground; or in the attempt to grasp two at a time, one would fall. And it was no easy task; holding to a limb with one hand, I often had to stretch myself to the limit to reach a pear. What if my feet should slip on the ladder, or I lose my hold on the limb? Surely, hand picking pears from a tall tree is rather risky business. Then there were quite a number that were entirely beyond my reach. To gather these I called for help; and while one of my companions shook the pears down, two of us held a blanket and caught them as they fell.

And all the while I was getting those pears, it seemed to me like helping folks, and keeping them from falling. Every time I succeeded in placing one of those sound, choice pears in the basket, I likened it to some boy I might be able to help to a safe place. And whenever a pear escaped me, it brought a pang at the thought that by some failure on my part to extend a helping hand, some youth might fall on the rocks and be bruised.

And the risky part of the work made me think of One who risked all to help others. Surely as a follower of Him, I should be willing, even glad, to take some risk, to put aside my own interests, that I might carry on the work of helpfulness he started in our world.

And when we were working together to gather these pears I couldn't reach alone, I somehow got a lesson in cooperation in the work of helping others. This sort of work is utterly unselfish; and where one alone might fail of the desired results, "two or three," with the Master's blessing, may succeed.

"Lord, help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others."

F. W. Field.
Merry Christmas

The Christmas that is truly representative is more than all giving and getting, more than any custom however beautiful. It is the embodiment of the spirit of Christ. What a travesty for any Christian to welcome Christmas as manifested in gifts and presents, parties and festivities, carols and folk-songs, but to crowd out Jesus as verily as did those who could find "no room for Him" in the Bethlehem inn.

If we would fittingly celebrate this occasion, let us come near enough to Him to catch a real vision of His face. Let us divest ourselves of all pomp, and pride, and selfishness. As the shepherds and magi of old came humbly to Him bringing gifts, so let us come bringing to Him the present of our lives. They are the only things He does not have unless we give them.

There are sad and flickering shadows that fall athwart this Christmas-tide. We would not linger in the midst of them, but we cannot overlook them. Homes there are where there is abundance of only want and suffering and where unemployment, illness, and accident have left devastating scars. May God help us to be alert this Christmas-tide to bring the light of the Star of Bethlehem into these lives darkened by disappointment and despair. May He help us all to know afresh the presence of the Blessed Master, and may His life flow into our hearts, His kindness be in our tongues, His beauty shine from our characters, and the glory of His works be manifest in our deeds, and grant us thus—

"A Merry Christmas."

President H. J. Klooster.
**The Week of Sacrifice**

Having been deeply impressed by the stirring appeals from various mission fields, the students and teachers of Southern Junior College banded themselves together for a week of real sacrifice to aid in making up the deficit in the world-wide mission budget. The College community also joined wholeheartedly in the program of sacrifice, and a goal of $700 was set.

The faculty members willingly gave a week’s salary, many students turned in their “spending money,” while others who had no cash worked and gave their labor credit, which was redeemed in cash by the College. No sacrifice seemed too great at such a time of need as this.

At the close of the week when the total offering was announced—$870.43, it was with thankful hearts that the student body arose and sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," and all were filled with a spirit of joy in having had a small part in the Master’s work.

**Activities of So-Ju-Conians**

At a recent meeting of the So-Ju-Conians the following students were elected to serve as officers during the remainder of the 1931-1932 school term:
- Clarence Murphy, President.
- Helen Mullens, Vice-President.
- George Stephenson, Sec’y-Treas.
- Eileen Mulford, Asst. Sec’y-Treas.

**A Dream Becomes A Reality**

Events which occur almost daily cause us to know for a certainty that the Hand of Providence is guiding the work of the College. A few weeks ago the officers of the College called at the Hood Tile Company located at Daisy, Tennessee, to ask for a reduction on enough tile for the floor of the new dining room which is nearing completion. It so happened that Mr. Hood had just returned from an extended trip and there was opportunity to interview him in person. After telling Mr. Hood of the College and its work he consented to donate tile of the very best quality, the only expense to the College being the freight charge.

But this is only half the story: at the last Board meeting the officers of the College were told that no more funds were available for the completion of the dining room at the present time. When the students heard this they said there was only one way out of the situation and into the new dining room. They were not willing to stand back and look through the windows at the beautiful tile floor while the room remained unfinished and unequipped, so they immediately organized themselves and launched a THOUSAND DOLLAR CAMPAIGN.

And now—the dream of a pleasant, sunshiny, well-ventilated cafeteria, with a steam table, and new furniture is about to become a reality, but this cannot be without the cooperation and assistance of every reader of the Scroll. We invite you to consider this as a personal appeal to show your loyalty and interest in your school by sending such contributions as you may feel impressed to give. We are depending on you!

—The Officers of the So-Ju-Conians.

A short while ago Marjorie Randall sent word to us that she is teaching at Fletcher, N. C. this year instead of being at Huntsville, Ala. She says she is learning many new and interesting things teaching.
Eva Treece likes Florida but she just naturally finds a spot in her heart that looms up for S. J. C. How could she help it after having spent nine years at Collegedale?

"Now don’t be surprised to hear that I have at last landed in a hospital," writes Emma Lou Ford. She began training in September at the Good Samaritan Hospital at her home town, Lexington, Ky. Of course she requests that the Southland Scroll be sent to her.

Naturally we would expect that Marjorie Riggs would express her feelings for S. J. C. in poetry, being so poetically inclined. Here is what she says:

I’ve read the Scroll pages thru’ and thru’,
Now I’m so lonesome I don’t know what to do;
I’ve read the happenings at old S. J. C.—
If I were there how happy I’d be.

"The column entitled "Who’s Where"
Tells me who’s here and who’s there;
It does my heart good to know the news,
It kinda helps drive away the blues.

"I miss the vespers hour
When I read ‘The Angelus’ and see the tower;
I miss it all each Sabbath day,
I’m sorry as can be that I’m away;

"But I’ve my corner here to fill,
And I must do it with a will;
I must smile through thick and thin,
And maybe I’ll come back to S. J. C. again."

How Is Your I. Q.?

Intelligence tests? Yes, they will be met at the beginning of every school year, not to ascertain how dull or how bright a student may be but to gain a general idea of his native ability and to see whether normal progress has been made in the pursuit of his school career. For the entire school the average intelligence quotient was 102.4, the highest quotient being 130. The distribution was as follows:

- Very Superior (IQ 120-132) 11
- Superior (IQ 110-120) 41
- Normal (IQ 90-110) 96
- Dull (IQ 80-90) 17
- Border Zone (IQ 70-80) 2

We are very pleased to report that Miss Myrtle Maxwell has made a satisfactory recovery from a major operation which she underwent recently at the Florida Sanitarium. She is now spending a few weeks at the Leach home in Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. G. N. Fuller and children are spending the holidays with relatives in Fountain Head.

The Russian Cossack Chorus presented a program at the College on the evening of December 5, which was thoroughly enjoyed. This was a regular number of our Lyceum Course.

During the week of November 6 to 13 the Week of Prayer was conducted at the College by Elder Allen Walker, who is pastor of the Birmingham, Ala. church. During this time the entire school family received a new and broader meaning of the practical Christian life. Elder Walker’s studies, which were delivered in clear and logical style, have left an indelible impress upon the lives of the Collegedale community.

Harvest Ingathering Goal Reached In Six Weeks

It was not hard to reach a Harvest Ingathering goal of $1460.96 in six weeks with Christian teachers and students possessing perseverance, enthusiasm, and
faith. Never before was there such marked evidence of willingness and co-operation on the part of the members of the school family to really put the campaign over within the bounds of the set time. Within six weeks there was heard a note of triumph at the College for Collegedale church was over-the-top, and what was before considered impossible had been done.

**A Song Of Life**

(With apologies to Longfellow)
Tell me not, ye doubters,
Life is but a dream.
Oft the dreams of life come true;
Things are what they seem.

Tell me not, ye murmurers,
Life is but a chance.
You must pay the fiddler well
If you choose to dance.

Life is not a gamble,
Just a mere chance throw;
Life is more a game of skill,
Played for weal or woe.

Life is not a lottery—
Just a pot of luck;
It's more like a boiling pot,
Hot with vim and pluck.

Life is not raffle,
With a prize or two,
Drawn by favored, lucky ones;
But it's up to you.

Life is more like farming—
Reaping what you sow.
You can find the proof of this
Everywhere you go.

When you feel discouraged,
Disconsolate and blue,
Just remember and reflect,
Life is up to you.

Then be up and doing,
Carving out your fate.
Fill life full of noble deeds,
Working while you wait.

—F. W. Field.

**A Christmas Prayer**

Almighty Lord, who hast humbled thyself to become a child with children, a man with men, we bless thee for thy gracious nearness to us, thy perfect fellowship with us. We praise thee because thou hast shared our infirmities and borne our griefs and taken our sins away. Grant us, O Lord, the grace and peace of this day's glad tidings. Breathe in us thy pure and lowly spirit, that we may be born anew in thy likeness. We stop our ears to hear the angels' anthem above the wailing of this troubled world.

O Lover of souls, gather thou the lonely, the sorrowful, the prodigals into thine everlasting arms this Christmas-tide. O God of fathers and mothers and little children, bless every home with fulness of joy. In thy mercy, forgive us all our sins, and sweeten our thoughts to forgive everyone who has sinned against us that we may live this Christmas with gladness and singleness of heart, at peace with thee and at peace with all men, through Jesus Christ our Lord—Amen.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."