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The SOUTHLAND SCROLL

VOLUME 7

COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE, JANUARY 22, 1936

NUMBER 19

'T is the human touch in the world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine;
Which means far more to the fainting heart,
Than shelter, and bread, and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day;
But the touch of the hand and the sound of
the voice,
Sing on in the soul always.

Selected.

The SOUTHLAND SCROLL



By Grace Fields and Standish Hoskins

"There's Music in the Air"—in the girls' home now, not only in the parlor, but on the second floor as well. A piano, recently placed in the lobby on this floor, adds an aesthetic touch to dormitory life and affords a very satisfying diversion to many students, some of whom find relaxation in the quiet strains of some meditative selection, while others are afforded an outlet for excessive energy in the vigorous martial tread of a more vivacious number. Close by are lounging chairs and a bookcase filled with interest-provoking volumes on many topics which appeal to young minds. These are provided through the courtesy of our school library. The frequent changing of these books affords us an opportunity to broaden our mental outlook by utilizing a few moments occasionally. We notice throughout the dormitory a constantly increasing number of improvements which very definitely tend to promote that atmosphere of homelike culture and refinement that completes life in a boarding school.

Perhaps no improvement is more noticed and appreciated than the new parlor furniture and carpets. Doubtless the gentlemen are just as much interested in this part of the dormitory as are the young ladies. Anyhow, we shared our blessings with them at our Sabbath afternoon sing when the weather was such as to make the indoors more attractive than the outside.

Should you have peeked through the girls' parlor window at worship time during the past week, you would have seen a group of girls sitting in an informal group on the floor. But don't think that we

minded it. We deemed it a privilege to sit on the luxurious carpet, especially when we knew that soon our missing chairs would be back, all the better for their stay at our woodcraft department, where they were repaired and refinished.

"I wonder who my friendship-friend is." "Guess what my friendship-friend did for me." Such have been typical remarks ever since the night each girl received a slip of paper bearing the name of some other member of the dormitory, and began doing special acts of kindness for this individual who is known as a friendship-friend. Soon we shall know who sent us that sandwich the morning we slept in, whose meal ticket received the destructive punching the day the ticket puncher ignored our own ticket and said, "Your friendship-friend is paying for your dinner;" for next Wednesday we are having a friendship-friend party, at which time the secret will be divulged. What fun we'll have saying an accumulative "Thank you!"

Sunday morning found Southern Junior College white outside but dark inside. Sounds bad! but here is the explanation: the ground was covered with a blanket of brilliant white snow, but the same Mother Nature, whose hand had spread this beautiful covering, snapped a wire somewhere, and put us and the surrounding territory in darkness. Of course, being a modern institution, S. J. C. was interrupted industrially, but you may be sure that the students thus deprived of employment allowed no snow to melt under their feet. A sigh went up from the merry snowballers when the lights came on, but really they had played so vigorously that there was nothing but secondhand snow left anyway.

Our dean took a walk a few days ago, and when she returned, visualize our astonishment at her announcement that she had been fishing. There was no doubt about it, for she had with her ample proof. His name was Horatius, for it was at the

The Southland Scroll

bridge that Miss Hall acquired him. He was soon made comfortable in a basin of water on the dean's own dresser, but wholly unaware of the honored position which had been granted him, and seemingly unaccustomed to dormitory life, he flopped out on the floor. Holding no grudge against him for his misconduct, and hoping to provide him with more pleasing surroundings, Miss Hall promptly situated him among others of his kind, though outwardly a bit more civilized, in the dining-room fish pool. The original occupants seemed, however, to resent his presence, and expressed their contempt for the intruder by devouring him bodily. The loss of Horatius is of course lamented by the dean and her associates, and it is hoped that other new members of the dormitory will meet with a more courteous reception upon their entrance to our home. We want to assure all prospective students that the foregoing instance is the only one of its kind on record thus far at Colledgeale.

A few days ago, in the boys' dormitory, someone conceived the idea of substituting a bugle for the rising bell. As this fellow came charging down the hall, blowing lustily away at *receille*, several other trumpeters assisted him, and by the time he reached the third floor, about six had joined in the rousing work. As the "music" passed room 313, a tousled head could be seen in the open doorway, and a strange voice could be heard inquiring as to whether he had, by some mistake, come to a military academy. Upon investigation, it was found that the owner of the tousled head and sleepy voice was Everett Watt, a new arrival in our midst. He is from Bayard, Nebraska, and happens to be a brother of Miss Watt, our commercial instructor.

Everyone is glad to see the school enrollment grow, especially when its growth consists of such persons as Edward Smalley, Melvin White, Evelyn Pitton, and Bruce and Richard Murphy. Ed-

ward Smalley comes to us from Mobile, Alabama; Melvin White, from California. There is no danger that Evelyn Pitton will become homesick, for she has her brother, Leslie, here to make her feel at home. Bruce and Richard Murphy of North Carolina are entering heartily into the work of the new semester.



Personal Beauty

"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning. . . but let it be the hidden man of the heart." 1 Peter 3: 3, 4.

There waited on me in one of the stores recently a young woman, not unlike others near, whose face was completely "made up,"—eyebrows plucked and penciled to an oblique exclamation point, eyelashes mascaraed, a red Cupid's bow painted over her lips, and a discernible deposit of rouge and powder over the rest of her face. And in the face itself "the emptiness of ages."

Those who seek to make themselves beautiful should keep in mind that attractive faces are not imposed from without; they grow from within. Seldom can one reach his thirtieth year without having his past history distinctly sculptured, and his future history dimly prophesied, upon his face. The face is the window of the soul; it is here that that which we call "mind" comes closest to the surface of that which we call "matter."

No scene of desert, storm, or earthquake is so appalling as the human face in ruins. A face where sin has ploughed its gullies deep is a glimpse of the uncovered Hell. On the other hand, no sunrise, mountain-top, or blossoming June is so beautiful and so inspiring by its beauty as the human face at its best. A smile is the subtlest form of beauty in

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BY
SOUTHERN JUNIOR COLLEGE
COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE

GRACE BUTLER, - - - Editor

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all the visible creation, and Heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles of certain faces.

Not in an instant, nor in a day is such beauty born. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, the kindly lightings of the eyes, sweet and restful lines around the lips, clear shinings of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly, are not the result of fitful goodness, nor schooling of the visage. Only habitual goodness and graciousness within secure them; but this will bring them all. No Christian has a right to be ugly at forty. That is to say that forty years of opportunity are enough to make so much beauty within that it cannot help coming to the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles which reveal a face of organized spirituality.

May God help all our young people to realize that real beauty is brain-deep and soul-deep, and that intelligence and religion will in time make any face lovely.

O Lord, make us beautiful within. We covet loveliness of spirit, and likeness to Thee. Amen. H. J. Klooster.

And Now's Your Chance

Microbes! man's most deadly enemies; mention them and we at once think of Robert Koch, who first brought before the eyes of the world their importance. Rabies! mad dogs! and we see Louis

Pasteur with his cages of rabbits, guinea pigs, and mad dogs which he used in his battle with the ravaging hydrophobia. We no longer wipe smoked lamp chimneys to take best advantage of the feeble efforts of kerosene to furnish illumination; however, do we often feel to thank Edison for his many hours spent in perfecting for us the incandescent lamp and the many other conveniences we are enjoying today; to thank those who were born to live and die for others? But these have all passed on, and what are *you*, young man and woman, going to do to help the situation?

If you haven't within you an unquenchable desire for service, you are dead, but not buried; dead, as far as your real value in the world is concerned. Service is what the world wants, needs, and demands. If you are unable or unwilling to render it, you are just not eligible to be in the more desirable scenes of life's great drama. The men who live longest in the hearts of thinking people are those who have forgotten self, seen a world need, and plodded patiently on until that need was supplied, in some measure at least. Many have died, not knowing what good they have done. Though they are no longer with us, they live on in the heart of every scientist who can sympathize with and be appreciative of the efforts of one who has the interest of humanity uppermost in his mind.

Our Premedical and Scientific Club is starting out this new semester with a determination to have within it a strong professional and scientific feeling among its members. It has also as its goal that each member get a real vision of the world's needs today in respect to men and women who have *service* and *others* burning so brightly within them that each will find and supply some cog which is badly needed, but missing in the ever-turning wheel of civilization.

Robin Simmons,
President, Premedical Club.

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The SOUTHLAND SCROLL

VOLUME 7

COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE, FEBRUARY 14, 1936

NUMBER 20

"I want the folks I meet each day,
 Wherever I may be,
 To know that joy and happiness
 Just radiate from me.
 I want to put so much into
 Each handclasp I extend,
 That everyone I meet will say,
 'I know he'll be a friend.'

"I want to greet my fellowmen
 With such a hearty smile,
 That it will vanish all their cares,
 And make life seem worth while.
 I want to understand their need,
 And such assistance lend,
 That everyone I know will feel,
 'I'm glad he is my friend.'

"I ask not honor nor reward
 For everything I do;
 I would just open wide my heart,
 And let the love shine through.
 Though I but met a brother once,
 One touch, one smile, I'd send;
 And cause that man to sing for aye,
 'I'm glad he is my friend.'"

Selected.

The Southland Scroll



Going to town has assumed a new feature of attraction. A shining black Buick of 1936 design has been acquired, and is now the conveyance in which the students are transported. Why wouldn't Chattanooga industry pick up with such an impetus to college shopping!

Soon S. J. C. is going to look very natural in its lovely white mantle of snow which it has been donning frequently. Really it is a most becoming attire. If you doubt it, ask some of those enterprising young people who helped circulate petitions in the dormitories requesting that they be given a holiday that they might enjoy the weather, unhampered by scholastic appointments. And not in vain were their efforts expended, for at ten-thirty o'clock school was dismissed and we were *snow-bound*! The vigorous process of sliding was executed on diversified constructions ranging from well-made toboggans to flattened-out five-gallon cans. It is even rumored, to the unrest of the culinary department, that a dining-room tray was thus utilized. There was a certain muscular reaction of the participants that prompted them to assume a rather prematurely aged appearance as they moved about over the campus the following day. Perhaps it is fortunate that our holiday did not begin before ten-thirty.

Our activities are not entirely of an exterior nature, however. Since the first of the current school year, three hundred and thirty-three new books have been added to our library. Considering this, and the fact that this department is the recipient of over fifty current periodicals, it is not surprising that our intellectual

activities are not retarded though the out-of-doors demands attention.

The members of the shorthand I class are making noteworthy advancement. At present they are beginning their transcription. Already they can write seventy-five words a minute.

Life in the Smoky Mountains holds a new interest for those who attended the recital given by Miss Irene Bewley in the college chapel. Her impersonation of the characters was so realistic that upon visiting the region portrayed, one would almost expect to meet the individuals she imitated.

Recently we welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Hultgren and son as week-end visitors. These friends were from Dayton, Ohio.

At a recent church service the regular choir was replaced by the Men's Chorus. They rendered the selection, "Fairest Lord Jesus," as a special number, which afforded ample proof of their good work under the guidance of Mr. Miller. The Women's Choral Club is likewise making progress, although no public performance by this organization has yet been given.

The Scientific Club has been reorganized with new officers as follows:

President, Robin Simmons
 Vice-president, Mildred Bradley
 Secretary, Laura Ashby
 Treasurer, Howard Johnson
 Publicity Agent, Georgia Hale

The sound of sandpapering and the odor of fresh paint and varnish may seem out of harmony with the atmosphere of the girls' dormitory, but the occupants do not object in the least—not when they know it means that a number of rooms are being refinished, therefore increasing the attractiveness of their home. To prospective visitors, let us say that one of the rooms thus improved is the guest chamber; and the dean will certainly not be surprised if she has a demand for interview slips when she considers the fact that her office has also been refinished.

Perhaps most of us have considered the contents of a tin can of more interest than the can itself, but Mr. C. F. Sturdy, from the American Can Company, changed the point of interest when he spoke on the manufacture of tin cans.

We are glad the two new students from Chattanooga, Frances Boyd and William Adkins, have taken up their abode with us.

Jack Sheddman has certainly demonstrated his bravery, for he left warm Jacksonville for our snowy clime. We want to join his brother, Billy, in extending to him a warm welcome.

Jane Jones of Memphis has joined our family in North Hall.

Wallace Wellman thinks he will exchange the Hills o' Ca'liny for the hills of Tennessee.

John Bugbee is not afraid of distance, for he comes to us from far-away Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fields stopped for a short visit at the school Sunday. They took their daughter, Marjorie, back to Nashville, where she is to do stenographic work in the office of the *Watchman* editor. As they do not believe in depleting the enrollment, they brought Maxine Follis, who will do her part to keep Nashville represented.

One of the most distinguished visitors which has honored us of late was Rajah, the educated pony. This animal, along with several of his accomplished colleagues, including the smallest horse in the world, two very fine dogs, and a monkey, was brought here by a representative from the American Zoological Society. He displayed Rajah's ability to add, divide, and execute other feats at a Saturday evening program, February 8.

Grace Fields.

THE RAMBLER

It was the chapel hour. The Rambler had arrived just as the speaker was dis-

cussing the honor point system in connection with the grades for the first semester. From a corner of the balcony he listened attentively.

"You will no doubt be interested to learn that in the college department Martyn Ingram has earned the greatest number of honor points per semester hour, while in the high school division, Grace Fields ranks the highest."

The Rambler moved his position as he continued to listen.

"Perhaps you have questioned at times as to which group receives the better grades, the boys or the girls. Our first semester statistics prove that the girls average higher. We find, in addition, that the college students receive better grades than those in the high school."

To himself the Rambler murmured, "Sounds pretty well for our girls. Presents a real challenge, I'd say, to the boys for the second semester."

The speaker continued.

"Sometimes we hear a boy say that English is a girl's subject; that boys naturally excel in mathematics and science. This may be true at times, yet the first semester grades show that in English II the boys averaged higher than the girls; while in trigonometry, inorganic chemistry, geometry, and general science the girls ranked higher."

The Rambler pressed closer to hear the next statement.

"These are the names of those who received all A's for the first semester:

Mary Cowdrick	Miles Nyberg
Martyn Ingram	Christine Rutledge
Flora Lester	Rollin Snide
	Glady's Leitner-Smith

Students making superior grades, earning practically all A's, are as follows:

Georgia Hale	Frank Meintzer
Louis Ludington	Mildred Bradley
Nina Shoemaker	Martha Brown
Laura Ashby	Kenneth Crofoot

Bertha Lee Braddock

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GRACE BUTLER, - - - Editor

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One Woman's Way

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee."

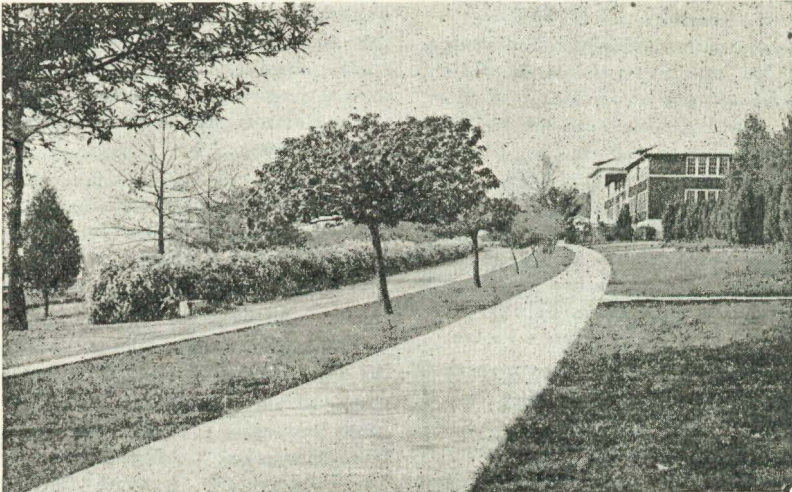
It is inevitable that into human life many and varied disappointments and deep griefs will come. It is the triumph of Christian achievement that such griefs can be buried deep in the human heart, only to produce in the individual a radiant and buoyant tenderness and consideration for others without seeking weakly "sympathy and commiseration."

As ancient as Christianity is the brave tale of heroism I read in a recent letter from a former schoolmate. She was writing in response to a letter of condolence,

her happy home having been broken up by the death of a fine husband. She has returned from the mission field with her three children, and is supporting them by her own labors.

Her great understanding eyes look out serenely upon life. She moves among her friends in quiet confidence and cheerfulness, reserving her grief for the solitude of her own heart. In wholesome fashion she tries to fill the role of both father and mother to her fine children. Everybody is glad to meet her, for she is one of those virile personalities who seem to impart something fine at every contact. Deeply religious, she is also a radiant figure at any social gathering. She is a gallant soldier of Captain Christ.

Those of us who knew him understand in a degree, at least, how deep her grief and disappointment are. Yet a calm confidence and radiant trust in God mark her life. After reading her letter of acknowledgement, I could but thank our sustaining Heavenly Father for all those brave spirits, bereaved, lonely, disappointed souls who, notwithstanding their griefs, live victoriously and joyously in His strength. H. J. Klooster.



The Way to Wisdom at Collegedale

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VOLUME 7

COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE, MARCH 20, 1936

NUMBER 21

#

Academy Day

By action of the Board of Southern Junior College, provision has been made for the observance of Academy Day on the college campus, April 17. The college will pay the transportation and entertainment expense of the senior class of Forest Lake Academy, Pisgah Industrial Institute, Fletcher School, and Graysville Academy. It is planned that these students shall arrive at the college Thursday evening, April 16, in time for an evening service. A diversified program has been arranged for these student guests, extending to Sunday noon, April 19, following which students will return to their respective schools. In addition to these classes, church elders who have students in their churches attending local high schools are invited to bring these students to the college to participate in the celebration of Academy Day. In the case of this latter group, the local church will be expected to provide transportation to and from the college, but the college will provide entertainment for these high school students. In every case, school principals or church elders should write informing the college management the exact number of persons who will be brought to the college, so that adequate provision can be made for entertainment.

We wish to extend a cordial invitation to all our senior academy students and to high school students throughout the field, regardless of the grade in which they are enrolled, to participate in this plan, and to enjoy the inspiration of this occasion.

H. J. Klooster.

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The Measure of Manhood

"Be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man."

A man's strength is not measured by his physical or intellectual development. It is not to be judged by his blatant boasting nor personal praising of his prowess. Neither can it be determined by the size of his bank account, nor the extent of his property, either real or personal. These standards, while commonly used, are all superficial, deceptive, and unreliable.

The strength of manhood is rather determined by the number and magnitude of the temptations which he has successfully resisted. The man of strength will recognize in temptation the beginning

of a possible series of infinite evils, and it will be to him the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. His will be the ability to walk within arm's length of what is not his own, with nothing between him and unfulfilled desire but the invisible law of rectitude. He will demonstrate by the transparent whiteness of his soul that his practice is synonymous with his profession.

His love of righteousness will be transcendent even in the hour of affliction.

The human soul is sensitive to sorrow; the shadow of every passing cloud chills it, the deeper eclipses of life paralyze it, and these morbid hours not rarely prove the tempter's opportunity. But the man of strength, while experiencing disappointment, will refuse to accept defeat. He may be called upon to pass through the valley of shadows, but he will fear no evil because of his confidence in the abiding presence of the Christ.

H. J. Klooster.



THE WOODS IN SPRING

Senior Class

Activities

At the time the senior class was organized, the following officers were elected:

President,	Martha Brown
Vice-president,	Robert Cone
Secretary,	Grace Fields
Treasurer,	Joe Cruise

The seniors have chosen blue and silver for their class colors, and the white rose for their flower. "Finishing to Begin" is the choice for a motto, and "Forward" is the watchword.

The graduating exercises will be held at the college May 15 to 17. We cordially invite all readers of the Scroll to be present at that time. This year's class is one of the largest in the history of the school, with a membership of fifty. They are as follows:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Course</i>
Elena Bird	Business Adm.
Blanche Black	Literary
Ercel Bradley	Teacher Training
Ann Brooke	Literary
Martha Brown	Predietetic
Maxine Brown	Teacher Training
Gordon Burdick	Premedical
James Chambers	Premedical
Kenneth Crofoot	Theological
Joe Cruise	Premedical
Margaret Deaux	Premedical
Evelin Dunham	Literary & Music
Victor Esquilla	Theological
Opal Freeze	Teacher Training
Paul Hendershot	Theological
Martyn Ingram	Literary
Helen Kickliter	Literary
Audrey Klaus	Teacher Training
Lora Lavender	Literary

Vera Lester	Literary
Eric Lundquist	Business Adm.
Bernice Meacham	Literary
Lewell Smith	Theological

High School Department

Bertha Lee Braddock	Edna Nix
Alma Chambers	Marie Page
Robert Cone	Clayton Petty
Ira Crabtree	Nell Philmon
Avaleen Davis	Juanita Pipkin
Pearl Davis	Verlie Reiber
Wesley Douglas	Sadie Self
Grace Fields	Nina Shoemaker
Dayton Foley	Robin Simmons
Sara Grant	Louise Sisk
James Hickman, Jr.	Roger Thomas
Ollie Mae Lockamy	C. Trawick
Evelina Loftin	Noble Vining

Bertha Williams

An appropriate memorial service, conducted by the members of the senior class, was held out-of-doors last Wednesday morning, at which time the seniors presented to the college a California Incense Cedar, which will stand as a memorial to their class.

"Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed."

"Too many persons live on the cafeteria plan—self service only."

"The biggest coward in the world is the man who is afraid of a new idea."

"Any man can learn from experience, but it takes a wise man to learn from the experiences of others."

"There are some defeats more triumphant than victories."

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A Page From Life

"Your heavenly Father knoweth."
Matthew 6:32.

It was a little page from real life. A Christian student had come to the office for counsel on a personal problem, and had been advised to pray his way through. Later he returned and discussed with me his struggle.

"I have been through a blood-sweating experience. I sought the solution to a personal crisis in prayer. It was entirely consistent with Scripture, so I gave myself to unceasing prayer for it.

"For more than a week, bringing all my Christian experience and judgment to bear, I wrestled in prayer for this boon.

Yet it has never come. Flatly, definitely, my petition has been denied.

"Am I therefore to lose faith in God, who has answered so many of my prayers in years gone? Not at all. I realize that God's wisdom is greater than my desire, and some time I shall understand. I know that God's love may be as truly expressed by His withholdings as by His bestowals."

As he walked out of the office with head erect and the light of personal victory shining in his eyes, I said to myself, "Thank God for young people whose faith and confidence is so true and sincere that they may hold out their hands in agonizing petition, yet have those hands folded back upon their breasts in firm denial, and still find it in their hearts to say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Conscious that we are on our knees, we would also remember that Thou, our Father, art on Thy throne. We would accept Thy sovereign will as better than any of our askings. Amen.

H. J. Klooster.

"Some people go through life as freight because they have never learned to express themselves."



MEN'S DORMITORY

7/22

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VOLUME 7 COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE, APRIL 27, 1936 NUMBER 22

Your Horizon Line

The only things that are real and vital to any man are the things within his horizon line, the things that excite his interest, which claim his attention, which thrill his imagination, which win and hold his loyalty. Every man has his own horizon, and the difference between one man and another is this matter of horizon line.

Although Jesus moved up and down Palestine, He was no great traveller; yet no one could accuse Him of living in a narrow world. His was the universal note. His was the brotherly understanding of all men. His mind and heart ranged the centuries.

The breadth of our world is a matter of our own choice. Some go on from the cradle to the grave expanding their horizons, building a longer and ever greater world. Others draw in the boundaries of their little lives. They may dwell in great houses, direct vast enterprises, range the world in their travels; but their own world, the world which really belongs to them, is a narrow, selfish, limited, circumscribed world.

Our Lord would have us lift up our eyes to envisage the purposes of our Eternal Father. He would have us see that nothing but an eternal horizon will fill the longing soul of man. It is such a horizon that should bound the vision of our advent youth.

H. J. Klooster.

The SOUTHLAND SCROLL



By *Bernice Meacham*

The first Academy Day observed at Southern Junior College was held from Thursday evening, April 16, to Sunday afternoon, April 19.

In the middle of the afternoon on Thursday, our guests began to arrive; and by the close of the Sabbath, we had a total of one hundred and ninety visitors. First, they were taken to the administration building to register, and to receive their identification badges and programs of the events to take place over the week-end.

Thursday evening we all went to the chapel for the opening address of Academy Day. After introductory remarks by President Klooster, the principals of the schools and the presidents of the senior classes from the respective academies expressed their appreciation for the invitations which had been extended to them.

From nine o'clock to eleven o'clock Friday morning, members of the high school senior class of Collegedale conducted an inspection tour of the college industries for the visiting seniors.

Early Sunday morning the visitors, accompanied by our high school seniors, went to Lookout Mountain on a sunrise breakfast. Before returning to the school, they saw several places of beauty and interest in the vicinity of Chattanooga. At one o'clock dinner was served at the picnic grounds, as this was the day set aside for the school picnic.

Our guests departed Sunday afternoon. As students of Southern Junior College, we wish to express our pleasure for the opportunity of entertaining these seniors of other schools. We hope that the few days spent here at the college served not only as a social event, but as an educa-

tional one as well; to such an extent that a large per cent of them will be with us next year.

* * * *

Saturday night, April 11, the college seniors left the school to start on the six hundred and fifty mile trip to Washington Missionary College where they had been invited as guests of that institution. They report a whole-hearted and royal reception, with the assurance that they shall never forget the welcome of the chapel hour Monday morning, the entertainment of the banquet in the evening, and the interest in the tour of the city where they visited many places of national fame.

When the dignified seniors went up to the college

On the kind invitation of W. M. C.
 'Twas a lively occasion, I'm bound to acknowledge,

And they were exuberant as seniors can be.

You see, there was something of hurry and bustle,

The hour for departing had been made rather late.

The seniors were all in a feverish hustle,
 For the drivers announced that they never would wait.

Now who is that gentleman finely attired
 With freshly creased trousers and elegant mien?

His overcoat truly is greatly admired,
 And a nifty felt hat on his forehead is seen.

He turns; I am able to look at him better.
 This natty young manis my neighbor I see;

On school days he wanders around in a sweater,

And his everyday trousers stick out at the knee.

And oh, what a business of curls and marcelling,

The feminine travelers must look very sweet.
Our girls are as good as the best, I am telling,
And the school would be shamed if they didn't look neat.

When I am a senior and school days are ending,
And off I shall go to fair Washington nooks.
I hope, by the aid of much pressing and mending,
To make such a change in my everyday looks.

Alumni Association

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

In the interest of our Alumni and our school, we are preparing a bulletin board, featuring the work of those who are in service in foreign fields. We are proud of the number who have gone out from Southern Junior College to labor in various parts of the world, and we want to keep before those who are still in training a picture of the work that those who have attended the college are now doing.

In response to a letter written to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Odom, Class of '24, of Apartado 4078, Madrid, Spain, we received a photograph of the family, and this interesting reply.

"Here we are over in Spain in evangelistic work. We have a little Odom helping us who is about six years old.

"Spain is a great country with fine people. They are about evenly divided between Romanism and atheism, and this fact explains the basic causes of the internal struggle of the country during the last few years.

"There are many honest hearts here, but we find it hard to reach them. The devil fights us with all four feet (or rather

hands and feet). Every year the number of believers grows in this field. We believe that the day will come when in old Spain there will be a real awakening; however, we work away, leaving the results with God.

"In the place where we live we are the only United States born citizens, and often go months without hearing English spoken, except in the home. Last year the Lord gave us eleven souls, which we baptized. This year there will not be so many. This number does not represent the whole field, but only those won in our church here. The devil tries very hard to discourage us, and we find it necessary to keep up reserve steam and push ahead with the help of the Lord. Truly the end is not far off. Tell those in the homeland to hold the ropes a little longer, and the work will be done. Every day makes us feel more certain that God is leading this movement and will make it triumph. As for us, we will stick to the guns till it's over!

"Very often our thoughts go back in memory to Southern Junior College where we spent many a good day in school. We shall be glad to receive the Scroll in order to know something of the whereabouts of our old schoolmates."



A Principle of Architecture

"Every man's work shall be made manifest."

In a recent conversation with an architect, we were discussing the details of construction of a new building. I had made an unsound suggestion based upon an ignorance of the principles of architecture. The naive rejoinder of my architect-friend was, "It is the first rule

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of architecture never to construct ornament, but always to ornament construction."

That principle applies far beyond the sphere of architecture. It embraces the architecture and design of human character. It strikes at the whole miserable business of seeming without being; of pretense and of bluff; of affectation and of assumed virtues.

Sound character must precede manners and graces. Reality must be the basis of attractiveness. False fronts ultimately deceive nobody. In some of our older cities, attempts have been made to re-

habilitate old buildings by constructing attractive modern fronts on the streets; but careful observation after entrance reveals the patched plaster, the improper lighting and ventilation, and the old-fashioned staircases. No more can an imposing facade of manners permanently conceal a defective character, than an imposing facade of architecture an obsolete shack.

Real religion demands "truth in the inward parts." Our first attention must be focused upon the hidden man of the heart. No veneer of manners, of sophistication, or of education can wisely be substituted for thorough-going soundness of principle, and ruthless elimination of pretense in character.

We should pray each day to God to make our religion sound and real. Our soul-building may be only of logs; but we should pray that they may be sound logs, and not stuccoed over with imitation marble.

H. J. Klooster.

"The arrows of Cupid have wounded many dears."



THE "YELLOW HOUSE"