

# THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY

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## IMPORTANT.

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College men are supposed to have put away childishness.

The college student, like an heir of great fortune, sometimes finds difficulties in the way of coming into his own. The inheritance of a college course is not only an expanding and an enriching of the intellectual and moral faculties, but it is also a tempering of one's being so as to enable one to get on with his fellows in the world.

The grade of work done in our literary societies warrants the wisdom of seeking to enter intercollegiate debates. Some of the older colleges of the State have refused meeting Elon in a debate. One was honest enough to say that Elon being young and of less extensive reputation than an older college, the latter, even if it should defeat Elon, would get unto itself no great glory and should Elon win, the defeat would hurt the worse. For the highest good of our own societies, we hope soon to find an open door for intercollegiate debates.

Trite expressions, like rags, hang on long after their day of usefulness is passed. Half a century ago the accommodations, including board at the boarding schools, was so poor as to make "boarding-school hash" a phrase of some significance. There may be plenty of boarding-school hash yet, but the quality is considerably improved. It is, perhaps, a true account of the famous but poor family of parson Bronte, of whose daughters Charlotte gained the widest reputation as an author, that the board at school was so poor as actually to injure the health of the girls, and two of them died young, as a consequence. Frequently now, boarding-school living is more luxurious than in the average American home, although the comfort of home life and the variety and quality of fare in the

average American home is far above the comfort and the fare in the average European home; yet the force of the habit acquired fifty years ago, to make light of boarding school fare, has not spent itself. Joel Chandler Harris, a few years ago, writing to a daughter away at school, said, "If you get homesick, tell them to give you hash, for that is what we have at home."

## Love Found a Way.

On Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, there is a magnificent mansion in a green, shady place. In it lives a man and wife of many millions. He is the owner of street and freight railways and considerable real estate about and in New York City.

There is in this home a daughter whose name is Elizabeth. She is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who has just finished college and is now at home. She wants to continue lessons on the piano and violin, and two teachers are employed.

It was on the day after her nineteenth birthday when she began music again. Her tutors were Strauborn, the pianist, a learned and refined society man with considerable wealth, and Nicolby, the violinist, poor and not in the higher circles of society, however, a refined gentleman. Both, in time, became Elizabeth's lovers.

Elizabeth, after having taken violin and piano lessons two years, is sufficiently learned in these arts, and desires no longer the services of the tutors.

The tutors and lovers, seeing this and knowing that a separation for even a short time might disserve their love, they plead earnestly and persistently for her hand.

Elizabeth grew to love both. But when the time came she easily made a choice. Strauborn, the man of society and rank, she gladly welcomes and entertains and gives her hand—and further sets a time for the wedding. Now comes Nicolby, the violinist, not knowing what has happened, likewise asks for her hand. She becomes enraged at this and drives him from her presence.

How sorrowful and melancholy he must have been, after a long and promising courtship he should be turned aside; not even to be allowed in her presence any more; to go away perhaps never to see her again.

This changed Nicolby's life. He lived with all sorts of people and in every condition of life, and finally was led unknowingly into a "Socialistic Club" and became a member.

The club's main purpose was to destroy property, and if possible to bring all people to a like footing. To accomplish this they would fill a basket with envelopes having in them a slip of paper written on it what the drawer should do. Each member takes an envelope from the basket and is pledged to carry out what is written on the slip of paper.

Nicolby is led into this fateful work. He takes an envelope, and upon opening finds it to be his work to go with an anarchist and destroy the fine mansion which he has so often been in, and to kill her, his love. He becomes horror-stricken. He can't bear it. He refuses. But it is his lot; he must go. The socialists compel him.

He is unwillingly led on to the great

mansion by the anarchist to help carry out the fateful work assigned. They arrived in the still night. The lights in the building, however, are still aglow. But they keep on. The basement window is prized open and both jump in, and the anarchist immediately looks for a place where the dynamite will do most damage. Here the anarchist places the explosive, puts it to a fuse, and then strikes a match.

Nicolby all this time refrained, as much as possible, from this work. He could hardly bear the thoughts of such a calamity. But he was weak, and with him was a giant, and he knew his efforts to stop him would be fruitless. Nevertheless he is aroused. He hears sweet strains of music coming from that violin, played by her whom he has so dearly loved. Then comes courage. He throws off that anarchism and springs at his foe, who is about to ignite the fuse. But Nicolby is overpowered, thrown to the floor, and both legs and hands are tightly bound. Then, leaving him on the floor to be destroyed with the building, the anarchist, now unhindered, strikes a match, ignites the fuse and makes his escape.

Nearer and nearer comes the fire to the dynamite—now only a few inches from it. In a half minute the fatal work will be accomplished. But, no, Nicolby is there. He stares death in the face—he sees destruction. He works his helpless body across the fuse and with his mouth tears it away from its setting and all is saved.

During this time the family were in an above room making preparations for the wedding that was to take place on the day-after-tomorrow, (Elizabeth to Strauborn.) The scuffle that Nicolby and the anarchist had was heard—and the family began search and came to the basement just in time to see all saved.

He is loosened. The story is told, and love found a way and won out.

Arnold Hall.

[This story was made up from a moving picture exhibit.—Ed.]

## Religious Books.

One hears repeatedly that the interest in things theological is past, that this is an "age of science," and that for popular reading the public must have either fiction or books of a practical nature; books that will have a direct bearing on matters of daily life. What one hears, however, is very often misleading. The fact is—and it is proved by even a casual glance at the lists of the publishers—that there has never been a time, probably, when more religious books have been put forth than now. Such books, it is true, do not find their way into the review columns of purely secular periodicals. Many of them are too technical for that,

or else they partake too much of the proverbial sectarian zeal for the comfort of the non-sectarian journal. But the fact remains that there is scarcely a general publishing house that has not its quota of religious books to offer every season—some, of course, much more than others—and that these books find a sale, and oftentimes a steady increasing one, is a further fact that finds ample corroboration in the "new editions" that the publishers announce from time to time.—Saturday Review.

## William James Sides.

William James Sides, the eleven-year-old Harvard student, whose phenomenal mental attainments have caused a sensation in educational circles, gives the psychologists a problem for thought and adequate explanation. The question is, are these startling results due to young Sides' education, which probably has not been paralleled in the history of human experience or that rare product of nature, the birth of a prodigy? A. C. H.

## Not To Be Fooled.

An absent minded professor in a western university used to take long walks in the evening. One night while he was walking alone in deep meditation he collided with a cow. Thinking it was his friend, the lady teacher, he politely doffed his hat and made a low bow, saying: "I beg your pardon."

After walking a little farther he really did collide with the school teacher. Recalling his previous experience, he exclaimed in disgust, "Is that you again, old cow?"

## Nothing Doin'.

The Hobo.—Please, mister, will youse gimme a few pennies for me starvin' wife? Old Bachelor.—Not me. In the first place I haven't got any pennies; in the second place I have no earthly use for a starving wife, and in the third place I don't want a wife anyway.

## By Analogy.

Teacher.—Now a monologue is a recitation in which one person takes part; a dialogue is one where two persons take part. Now can anyone find a further example?

Bright Boy.—Is it a catalogue where a cat takes part?

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