

**THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY**

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TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1910

That groundhog evidently has been caught and dispatched—the fine weather for several weeks should be credited not to the weather man, but to the athlete who caught the groundhog.

The unkindest cut of all came in Carolina's account of the game of baseball on her grounds with Elon Wednesday 23d, as printed in the Raleigh News and Observer Friday, 25th. Such a write-up, after the conditions upon which the game was played, can scarcely be appreciated by anybody who loves fair play and a square deal.

The sonnet in this issue by Prof. Waldo H. Dunn is one of those fine snatches of poetry that Professor Dunn every now and then gets off. He is a Yale alumnus and is now professor of English in the University of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. This sonnet was inspired by Dr. Cook's report of his discovery of the North Pole.

The grade of work during the winter term, as shown by the Easter examinations, was of a generally high order. The number of students failing was unusually small. It is more difficult to do satisfactory study during the spring term, but the good grades so far should stimulate students to keep the mark of excellence high through the coming term.

Willie, aged five, was taken by his father to his first baseball game. The feature that caught his chief approval, however, did not become evident till he said his prayers that night. To the horror of his parents Willie prayed with true baseball snap:

"God bless papa,  
God bless mama,  
God bless Willie,  
Boom! Rah! Rah!"

**At the North Pole.**

On every side a white and dreary waste:  
The blankness and the grandeur of the cold;  
The ice-bound, solemn silence, centuries old;  
The virgin-white of snow, all undefaced,  
And ne'er by man's foot, since Creation, traced;—  
All this, and more, before the vision rolled,  
As three lone men, tho' bent and worn, yet bold,  
Pushed forward to the goal, 'mid icebergs placed.

There was no cheering as the flag unfurled:  
The Ice King crouched and trembled in his lair;  
The Polar Star, in wonder, gazed from far  
At this, upon the summit of the world.  
No sound of trumpets broke upon the air,  
Yet here was realized excelsior!  
—Waldo H. Dunn.

**The Power of Imagination.**

Looking back upon the undefaceable pages of history we are brought face to face, as it were, with a legion of illustrious men. Their names are household words with all people who make any pretense to learning. Their deeds are looked upon as models by men of culture. Their lives are held out before the youth as a guide to higher and better things. In the morning of youth we aspire to be like them; in the noonday of manhood we are almost overawed as we consider how far they were in advance of the other men of their time; in the evening of life we reverence them and feel grateful that we were permitted to live in an age and condition of life made possible by their life work.

Joseph, Moses, Job, Socrates, Cæsar, Cicero, Paul, Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, Luther, Wesley, Shakespeare, Emerson, Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Napoleon, Lee, Lincoln, Gladstone, and many others. What a mental picture of greatness, glory and grandeur even the mention of such as these presents to us.

Why are these names so familiar while the vast number of the men of their day are unknown and forgotten? Why do we sing songs of their glory? Why do we erect monuments to their memory? Why do we strive to emulate their deeds and to teach the story and charm of their lives? This is the answer. They were men of great imagination. Why do we never tire of reading the masterpieces of literature? Why are we held enraptured by the dignity of a Milton, the many-sided genius of a Shakespeare, or the richness of a Tennyson? It is because we can see behind the lines of their writings the impress of our imaginative mind and feel the force of its great personality.

The power of imagination is necessary to the highest success of any individual. Without this power we are but driftwood carried by the tide of human endeavor and accomplishment and, like rubbish, our only work will be to clog the stream of progress, thereby delaying the advance of civilization. However, such human wreckage can not long hold back the flood of advancing civilization. Only long enough, indeed, to be caught in the rapids of an active, imaginative life and swept by the whirlpool of fate down into

utter oblivion. This is why the memory of a few men survives through all the ages and the millions are forgotten.

Would we be great? Do we desire to live in the memory of the coming ages? Are we seeking a fame that money and power cannot give; a fame that will endure? Do we desire that our lives shall count for more than the life of the average person? Would we be a blessing to our country and race while we live, and an inspiration to men of the future? If so we must cultivate the power of imagination. Our stock of this great world-power may be small at first, but with proper investment and management it can be made to yield immense dividends. With these dividends we can increase the original stock until we shall have multiplied it beyond computation.

In solving the every-day problems of life this power is indispensable. In the shop, in the store, on the farm, in filling positions of public trust, in the classroom, in the law office, in the pulpit, imagination is the mysterious force that lends life, leading us on to the accomplishment of the tasks set before us and giving joy to our lives and to those about us. How could the mechanic ever have constructed the vast number of delicate machines without first seeing them in his mind's eye, then turning an idea into a reality? The architect of St. Peter's, Rome, saw its magnificent dome suspended in the air, as it were, even before the foundation stones were laid. While the farmer sows the seed he can see the growth of the plant and follow its development to harvest time. He pictures his barns well filled, and goes about his work with a merry heart, an expression of independence overspreading his countenance and a joyful song upon his lips. The statesman sees the nation of the future and bends all his energies towards making that nation like his ideal. In the classroom the student makes just enough progress to satisfy the demands of his imaginative power, and no more. The speaker must present his ideas in such a way that the audience can see them almost as plainly as if they were painted on canvass and set before them. In this way only can he hope to be successful as a speaker and to have the satisfaction of seeing the minds of his hearers, like wax in the moulder's hands, shaped at will by his logic and flood of persuasive eloquence.

But, how can we best cultivate this power? Why, we have the lives and works of all great men for our instruction. Live with them and learn what made them great. On the pages of their master-works, in the history of their lives, we can see the indelible impress of their character and personality. Can we not bring our lives in close contact with the great and good of all ages? Do this

and we will imbibe their spirit until we can exclaim with the greatest of all poets:

"By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corival, all her dignities."  
E. L. Daughtry.

**Life's Purpose.**

Into the heart of every man  
There comes a purpose and a plan  
By which he builds his life each day,  
Onward and upward in the way.

A courage true that will lead him on  
Through the waves of disaster fierce and strong;  
Forever before him he sees the goal,  
Toward which he is striving with all his soul.

When for the moment the clouds hang low,  
And the journey onward seems sad and slow,  
Over the mountain of wordly care  
There comes to comfort this message rare.

Not what we seem in the daily strife  
Tells the story of our true life;  
But what in our heart we long to be,  
That only our Lord, not the world, can see.

So onward and upward in the way,  
Heeding not what the world may say,  
But listening to the still small voice,  
Which guides him ever in his choice.

Thus one more link in the chain of life  
Is made firm and strong from each day's strife:

Until at last, with the chain complete,  
He lays it down at his Master's feet.  
—Gretchen L. Libby,  
in National Magazine.

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