

The Weekly Directory.

BURLINGTON (N. C.) BUSINESS HOUSES.

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ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

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People's House Furnishing Co.

WHEN THE SHADOWS FALL.

O'er my soul like strains of music,
Steals a peace that hushes all
The day's harsh care, and life grows sweeter,
When the shadows fall.

Loved ones gone once more surround me,
Coming back at memory's call;
And life's dearest hopes are granted,
When the shadows fall.

Rich with hope the future beckons,
Barriers in the way are small;
Mine the strength that knows no failure,
When the shadows fall.

Thoughts the highest, purest, noblest,
Only waiting their recall,
Throng to greet us, cheer, sustain us,
When the shadows fall.

When our day of life is ended,
And we hear the boatman's call,
May he find us ready, waiting,
When the shadows fall.

J. W. Barney.

Powers of Melody.

(An Oration delivered by Russell Arndt Campbell, at the Annual Entertainment of the Clio Society, February 22, 1910.)

That famous writer of old must have realized something of the power and influence of song when he said, "I care not who writes a nation's laws, if I may write its songs," and surely his statement is not without some proof. A man's whole nature is, to an extent, and that to a very great one, reflected by the kind of music he delights most in hearing.

The man of the world, of little aim and less ambition, whose ideal in any field can be reached without extending the arm and whose sole purpose of existence is to spend his week's wages; who is delighted and highly entertained by the rendition of such melodies as, "Say, Be Good to Me, Kid," or "Gee, But Ain't This a Lonesome Place?" and a thousand others of their kind, while he deludes himself into the belief that his ideals are being developed and his aesthetic nature being cultivated, is not likely to rise above the level of a mere wage-earner. The man who holds up for his ideal of the American stage the garish lore of the musical farce with its regiments of chorus girls and dancers, who think that real art consists in the glitter and glare of lights and gorgeous display of colors seen in the production of our modern comic opera,

is not a great benefit to any community nor is his influence upon society the most wholesome. Let us hope that the popularity of such as this has reached its zenith and will rapidly decline in succeeding generations.

But there are melodies of the simpler and less classical sort, which tend to awaken one's better nature and which appeal to the heart of every true American citizen. To hear again the songs which we have heard from infancy, those soothing melodies which have made us content so often in the past to forsake the kingdom of toys and seek rest for our play-worn limbs in the warm embrace of a fond mother's arms is but to live over, as it were, the scenes which in reality have gone never to return.

Where is there a man who has experienced the loss of a loved one, whose heart is not touched by those endearing strains of "The Vacant Chair," or whose very being is not thrilled by Samuel Woodworth's immortal contribution to American folk-song, under the title of "The Old Oaken Bucket," who cannot say with the author in profound sincerity:

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew?"

The scenes of our childhood are forever held dear, and to hear again these old melodies is but to awaken in our souls recollections of those years which were without a doubt the most pleasant which we shall ever be permitted to enjoy.

Let a boy be reared in a home where such songs as these are heard by him daily and their image will remain indelibly stamped on his heart wherever he may go. He may sink into the lowest possible depth of disgrace, may be steeped in the blackest of crime, he may wander the world over, but some day there will fall upon his willing ears in the midst of all his debauchery some escaping strain of "Nearer My God to Thee" or "Home Sweet Home," which will fan that remaining spark of manhood into a flame which shall consume his old ideals and habits, leaving the real man standing forth like true steel, so much the stronger for its contact with fire.

Again, is there anywhere a lover whose soul is not stirred on hearing the simple strains of "Robin Adair," who will not appreciate the tender pathos of this exquisite love song the better for knowing that Robin was a real man, that the song was really written from a heart overflowing with loneliness for him, by Lady Caroline Keppel, who had been banished from her home because she loved the untitled Robin? I dare say none. Who can hear the beautiful melodies of "The Last Rose of Summer," without being moved by compassion for Martha, or what woman in the position of Countess Arline could refuse the humble petition of Thaddeus when he pours out before her his love from the very depths of his soul in the too all inadequate strains of "Then You'll Remember Me"? I don't believe such a woman exists.

Another very impressive style of song is what we call patriotic or martial. Imagine an army leaving home to engage in war in a foreign land. The individual

soldier realizes he is leaving behind him friends, parents, sweetheart, wife, children, home, all the world has that is dear to him, yet he goes. And why? Because he could not act otherwise. His very nature impels him in that direction; he sees by his side the crowded throng of eager spectators, hears their cheers, prayers, their myriad good-byes, sees handkerchiefs waving, showers of bouquets falling. He hears the heavy tread of infantry, the jingling of canteens, the rattle of muskets, yet these things only tend to increase his weariness. But let the bugle sound, the drum roll or the band strike up some lively, patriotic air, and note the change. His pulse quickens. His eyes sparkle. His limbs receive new vigor. His musket becomes lighter. He sees before him the billowy folds of the Star Spangled Banner waving in proud majesty high above the heads of the noisy crowd, while from the rear he hears the strains:

"Let music swell the breeze and ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song."

Here he is, colors in front, music in the rear, between these most potent forces which carry him along without his realizing what is being done.

The Government is aware of the powers of music to enliven its wearied soldiers and realizes its value in reviving their drooping spirits in time of war. Hence, it has made ample provision whereby such may be supplied to those enlisted in the various branches of its military service.

Turn, if we will, to the church and note the effect of song here. Imagine a service without music, and think what it would be. I dare say half the effect would be lost. The Psalmist has taught us to "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord and praise him on an instrument of ten strings." "Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion," says Chateaubriand; and how much better we can enjoy a sermon, having once been drawn into a religious and pensive mood by the dulcet tones of the organ. Somehow we feel the presence of the Divine One is near under such conditions.

How grand it is to hear the massive pedal tones as they thundered forth, reminding us of the Omnipotent Hand which made and controls all, which noteth everything, even to the sparrow's fall! We think this magnificent. We call this grand. We believe it to be the grandest experience possible to mortal man. Now if this be but to know in part, if this be but to see through a glass darkly, what must it be when we have bidden farewell to the fond dreams of this world, crossed the silent river and gone up to that Celestial City; when

the boundless octaves of the deep and the infinite melodies of heaven, together with the myriads of angelic voices and the vibrations of the very universe itself shall burst forth in one magnificent chorus to the praise of Almighty God!

Some Toasts.

"Here's to the minister who said that all women would find husbands. And here's hoping that the old maids will not be 'dying' to get married."

"Marriage: The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns from paradise to earth."

"The Union of the States and the union of the sexes: The one was the beginning of man's independence; the other the end of it."

"Our Land—May we live happy in it, and never be sent out of it for our country's good."

No Better.

Sillicus—"Do you believe there is honor among thieves?"

Cynicus—"No, they are just as bad as other people."

It's Good Work That Counts!

See if the

Sanitary Barber Shop

Can Please You.

BRANNOCK & MATKINS, Prop's.

R. M. MORROW, Surgeon Dentist

MORROW BUILDING,

Cor. Front & Main Streets,

BURLINGTON, N. C.

G. E. JORDAN, M. D.

Office Gibsonville Drug Co.,

GIBSONVILLE, N. C.

ELON BANKING & TRUST CO.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$25,000

We are prepared to do a general banking business. We solicit the patronage of the people Elon College and the surrounding country.

DR. J. H. BROOKS

DENTAL SURGEON

Office Over Foster's Shoe Store

BURLINGTON, N. C.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

Of the many cases where DISEASE has been contracted by having your LAUNDRY WORK done in the same room that is used for eating, sleeping, and the using of Opium?

Sanitary Methods Used in

Burlington Steam Laundry

RALPH POINTER, Agent, - Elon College, N. C.