

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY

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IMPORTANT.

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Push Elon to the front. How? Why, by taking thought,—thought of what it takes to make an enviable name. It takes longer for an institution to build a reputation than it does for an individual. The spirit with which Elon was born was one of faith and sacrifice, and so long as this institution stands, this spirit will animate its being, because the spirit born with an institution just as with an individual remains through all its life. And there is no better spirit than that of faith and sacrifice. Push Elon to the front by a deeper faith in your own possibilities, and by a keener realization that the College can be of great service in bringing you to a realization of your larger and better self. Push Elon to the front with your loyalty to her purposes and ideals.

The Y. M. C. A. is moving with vim and straightfowardness towards an athletic building. The enthusiastic mass meeting in the auditorium last Wednesday evening was a convincing argument that the movement has the unanimous sympathy and good will of the entire community, town and College. Such a movement not only exalts the Y. M. C. A., but it also unifies the feelings and desires of town and College, because it means sacrifice on the part of all. It will be difficult for any one here to refuse aid without doing violence to his own better nature,—so widespread is the interest and desire for the undertaking to succeed. There are times when refusal of aid to a worthy undertaking costs one more than a contribution, and this appears to be one of those occasions. This athletic building will be one good, long step in pushing Elon to the front.

What can each alumnus do this year to push Elon to the front? Of all friends of the College, the alumni are in the best position to push forward. They know the college better than any one

else,—know its weaknesses and its strength. They can speak its praise with an authority that no other can command. The greater the College becomes the greater the honor of being an Alumnus of it. Alumni who have not been here for ten years, are surprised at the evidences of progress within a decade. Such remarks as "Elon has grown beyond my highest hopes," are frequently heard now by those who come back after ten years.

A Meditation.

In the great, old-fashioned fireplace, warmly cracked the pine logs,—vying one with another which could produce the brighter flames, and all, together, throwing into the darkness and gloom of the room, such a brightness,—a cherry aspect,—as no lighted lamp could do. The picture to an outsider, would present itself as "Home,"—waiting only for the return of the busy father from the city,—presently the patter of tiny feet, rushing in for the precious few minutes chat with "favver" and "muvver" before nurse came to fetch them to bed. Then, when the nurse had come, the good night kiss, been given, and the echo of the little ones' voices had died away, "favver" and "muvver" were left alone for the quiet home, which, always during the day, was looked forward to. What greater blessing could one ask of the great Creator, than that of a happy home,—one in which true happiness is the keynote of prosperity,—the rock which being firmly planted in the earth, cannot be removed by human hands.

Before the blazing logs, in a luxurious armchair, sat a woman of middle age,—a handsome woman, of aristocratic appearance, yet, upon the face of whom some great sorrow was written. An open book lay upon her lap,—yet she was not reading,—her eyes seemed riveted upon the merry logs as they burned even brighter, and threw tiny sparks here and there in their great delight. Who can picture the thoughts of a lonely woman, upon whom some great sorrow has fallen, as she sits alone, and in the firelight of an almost strange room! A woman upon whom rich beauty, health and happiness have been bestowed, and yet, who, as any other being, has had her share of sorrow and suffering.

And yet, this woman, whose face tonight, bespeaks not the happiness which her surroundings indicate, is known to the small, lovely village to which she had come only a month before, as a very proud haughty woman, who wished not to cultivate the friendship of its inhabitants. She it was, who rode out in her carriage only of lovely afternoons, who as yet had not put a foot in either of the two churches of which the village boasted. It was she, upon whom, the ladies of the village had called, and their call not being returned, had ignored her entirely upon all occasions. To some, was she known as a suffering woman, who avoided the society of people only because of the pain it caused her, to none was it known that her wound was one which only the passing of time could heal.

Suddenly the great clock in the hall began to chime the hour; one, two, three,—upon the face of the woman rested a new expression,—four, five, six, seven,—Great God, would the clock go

on striking! forever!—eight, nine! A low cry escaped her lips, she fell back in her seat,—her face white as the dress she wore, and her small hands clutching one another. Just one year ago tonight, as the clock was striking nine, they brought in her boy—dead! killed in a gamblers' den! Could she never forget it! Must she always go through life with the picture before her eyes? Again, she could see the four men as they slowly bore in their burden, and silently laid it on the divan. The mother herself fell in a (dead) swoon upon the body, and then she remembered no more.

Her boy,—he upon whom she had lavished every affection, to whom his every wish had been gratified,—dead?—dead?—and killed in a gamblers' den? No, no, no,—her boy was free from all vice,—he was good and pure,—he had never spoken a cross word to her in his life,—and yet, it was true!

Swiftly and surely she sank upon her knees,—"Good God,—give me grace to forget. You, to whom I prayed when a child, hear me now, as you did then. Help me to believe in You, and believing to help others like unto myself. Guide me in the paths of the righteous, help me to believe in your ways. Listen, Almighty Father, to a mother, whose heart has been crushed—who has suffered great sorrow, and who prays to you for divine guidance—Amen."

Slowly rising, she wiped the last tears from her face and as she seated herself, the door opened and the housekeeper brought in the lamp. "That is well Hannah, you may go." And then, resuming her book, she buried her sorrow, loneliness and trials in its pages.

Alma K. Newman.

In Her Own Words.

I.

"This looks good for a human interest story," the city editor said as he passed to the reporter a clipping from the latest afternoon edition. "Whoever wrote that," he continued, "didn't think to get anything from the girl herself. Everybody nowadays expects heroines to tell all about themselves in a half-column, and I guess you'd better go down and make this one talk. Seventeen-year-old girls don't pull kids out of the water every day, and that one will stand playing-up for morning. Keep your eye out for pictures and fix it up with the artist. Get the girl's story, anyway. Let her tell it in her own words."

II.

What the Reporter Wrote.

"I did no more than I should expect of any other girl of my age. Everybody calls me a heroine, but I really don't believe I deserve it. Yes, I have always known how to swim. My brother taught me when I was a little tot. How did my experience of today affect me? Why, I didn't mind it in the least. I don't know what first called my attention to Baby Hurley, but when I heard somebody shout, 'Help, help, he's drowning!' I plunged in. The little fellow was struggling and seemed to be going down for the third time. 'Keep up your courage,' I called, 'I'm coming.' When I reached his side I caught him under the arms, as any girl would, and kept him afloat until a boat reached us. It was a very little matter, but I am glad to have

been of service. That Baby Hurley is alive and well is ample reward for me."

What Katie Really Said.

"Aw, f'heaveni sakes! Youse rubber-nekin' reporters make me tired. One of youse Willies wuz down here a little while ago. Wanted me to tell the story of me ffe. What d'y'e think of that? 'Beat it,' says I, 'Twenty-three for you.' You wouldn't put in what I told yer, anyway. Youse think you're all to the huckleberries, don'tcher, comin' down here and kiddin' us? Pipe the necktie, Madge. Wonder what he's goin' to have for Thanksgiving? Who wuz tellin' yer about me? One of them cops? They're a wise bunch; always buttin' inter somebody else's business. Ought to get busy with their own troubles fer a change. Gee, Madge, he looks like a regular sport, don't he? Oh, 'cuse me! You're a noosepaper man, ain't cher? Sold any to-day? Don't get sore, Launcelot, somebody'll buy your buttercups. Say, Mrs. Maloney's lost her goat. Yer can put that in if yer want'er. Me picture? Yer'll have to see me secretary. No, Reggie, I don't fall for no interview ter-day. Scratch it. Skidoo Harold, the 'showfur' is waiting. And, say, if yer put my name in yer old paper, I'll have yer pinched."

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