

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

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IMPORTANT.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1910.

Prof. Brannock's article on Chemistry will be of interest to those looking for a popular discussion of the history of this important science. His paper was read before the Cosmopolitan Club Tuesday evening, Oct. 25.

We do not see so much evidence of our track team's practice as we would like. Cannot ten men be found who will practice daily in track athletics? To develop the power of physical endurance is nothing short of common sense philosophy for him who would become superior in mental penetration and mind endurance.

The debate committee of the College has been unable to arrange an intercollegiate debate schedule. The older colleges, as a rule, claim that to be defeated by as young a college as Elon would be painful humility, and to defeat us would not bring much honor. We venture the suggestion that some of the older colleges have well-founded fears of the consequences in case of a joint debate, for Elon has centered her interest in club and fraternity life in the literary societies where a very high standard in discipline and work is exacted and maintained. The effectiveness of young America's navy in the Spanish-American War twelve years ago, left an impression on some of the stronger nations of the world that America was a more respectable antagonist on the high seas than they had hitherto suspected. And it is our opinion that a joint debate between Elon and some one of the older colleges of the State would be a convincing argument to any intelligent audience that it is no disgrace for an older college to be defeated by Elon, and that there is a fair share of honor in defeating us. For if we can show real merit in debate, as has often been the case at home, then there is some honor in defeating real merit.

We should like to see the real love and ambition for scholarship in the College, organized. Each such ambitious student plodding alone, has many discourage-

ments which an organization of like toilers and ambitious ones would greatly lessen through sympathy. It need not be what we would call a close-organization, but a sort of federation for counsel and advice, suggestiveness and inspiration. Such a federation could unite and make effectual the dislike on the part of the striving students for the really worthless fellow,—the man who is neither a reader nor a student. If an institution gets the reputation for studiousness and severity in its ideals, for strenuousness and tension in its habits of study and scholarship, it must get this reputation from the life of the students.

As Elon grows older and larger, its life becomes more and more democratic, and there is less of statute, or faculty-legislative government, just as is the case in other colleges. Now, as this increasing latitude to the individual student life is realized, there ought to be an equally strong and rapid increase in the unwritten laws of the student body making the very college atmosphere undesirable for the aimless, idle-minded, and purposeless student. Push Elon to the front by organizing all the genius of scholarship and the arduousness of study into an effectual unwritten law; not seen yet felt to be irresistibly present, and urging every member of the College to his best effort in the development of his mind and personality.

The best way to court favor is not to shrink from duty, when you accept any position of honor or trust, especially when that honor or trust lays a disagreeable task upon you. It has been intimated that some men on the Board of Control at East Dormitory have the wrong idea of what are the real means of obtaining favor. If a man yields to the inclination to "cut" a recitation on which he is not prepared rather than be exposed before the class, he would likely feel much more like cutting the regular session of the tribunal of his Board of Control, and especially if his Board were likely to have some disagreeable cases of violation to deal with. In such matters be able to give a reasonable reason for your position and have the courage to stand on that reason.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

In *The Impostor*, by John Reed Scott (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, \$1.50) the author has chosen as his time and place the ancient capital of Maryland at the middle of the eighteenth century, and his introduction of the notable characters of Maryland colonial history is given with a sure touch. Mr. Scott spent two winters in Annapolis, and there is no inaccuracy about his "local color."

The *Autobiography of Thomas Collier Platt* (B. W. Dodge & Co., New York, buckram cloth, \$5.00; full leather, \$10.00). If Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, made three English kings, Thomas Collier Platt made four Presidents of the United States and four Governors of New York. How Platt did it is revealed in memoirs, which upon his death on March 6th last he bequeathed to his "Old Guard." He frankly and boldly discloses National and State secrets hitherto only dreamed of, except by those in the immediate confi-

dence. The book contains twenty portraits in sepia.

The story of the siege and fall of Jerusalem and the burning of the Temple in A. D. 70 is vividly told in *The Doomed City*, by John R. Carling (Edward J. Clode, New York). This is a powerful story, and gives expression to that vastly significant period of Jewish decadence and dispersion which followed within forty years the crucifixion of Jesus—a time that was full of incident and color, dramatic and passionate to an unusual degree but of which little has been popularly known.

The Rose in the Ring, by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$1.50). If you liked "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," "Truxton King," or others of this author's ten successful novels in the last ten years, you will like this new work from his pen. It is the story of a pair of lovers; the uneven course of true love; rascals and intrigues; hard blows given and taken; dangers escaped; and a final triumphant ending—all permeated with the author's characteristic humor, sentiment and breathless rush of story telling.

Of interest to the after-dinner speaker, the public man and the general reader is *Four Hundred Good Stories*, by Robert Rudd Whiting, which the Baker & Taylor Co. (New York) are publishing. This comprises a selection from the material published in the department of Everybody's Magazine, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree." If it is true, as has been remarked, that every good story ever printed was sent to Mr. Whiting, the editor of this department, from which to make his selection, there is some ground for the claim of the publishers that the book contains the quintessence of the anecdotal literature of the world.

Burning Daylight, by Jack London (The Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.50). This new novel by the popular author is described by the New York Herald as "a blaze from the Yukon." Its author has traveled much, thought much, come through a period of restlessness into full control of an amazingly powerful and original imagination. Out of the frozen-rigid forest, he brings this story with a vividness and sureness of touch which makes the man live—a wonder of wild power and exhaustless energy.

D. Appleton & Co. (New York) announce the publication of David Graham Phillips's latest novel, *The Husband's Story* (\$1.50). It is described as a story "so condemnatory that it should be suppressed or so true that everybody should be forced to read it." It gives not only a faithfully true picture of the social climber in American womanhood—the Passaic undertaker's daughter who climbs into English society and European chateau life—but also the most cold-blooded, accurate presentation of a certain type of moneymaking, hardworking, commercial man.

Pan's Mountain, by Amelia Rives (Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.50), is the story of an English poet and a girl wholly pagan—a worshiper of Pan and of the other woodland deities—who live out to

an unforgettable ending their great drama of love amid the beautiful Italian Lakes.

THE WINNING OF WINONA.

CHAPTER V.

It was the work of several hours to bring the young chief back to his usual frame of mind. At first his senses seemed stunned and vague. Those three days in the tree might have been years so far as he knew. There was one thing, however, of which he was very certain: he had seen Winona. He did not care now. The days of hardship were over and he had been forgiven by his fellow tribesmen. Oeconough tried hard to tell his story to the young braves, but he was helpless and quite unequal to the task. A few more feeble attempts and he had fallen asleep.

The merry ripple of a nearby brooklet lent a charming bit of music to the savage ear, as the evening scenes began to reappear, and the owls hooted, and the crickets chirped just as they did about the wigwams at home. Oeconough continued to sleep, and his braves remained on watch. Just what the night held in store for them, they had but little idea, they were just waiting for something to happen.

A timid doe just then ventured to come from the thicket on the hillside, and cautiously came down to the brooklet, and stood drinking a thirst-quenching draught from the gurgling brook, below the savages. In some inexplicable way the savages escaped the notice of their wary prey; and while she stood there yet drinking a swift missile struck its mark, and the doe swooned and fell.

Some of the red-skins began at once to prepare the flesh for eating. The supply which they had brought with them, was consumed, at the morning meal, and they were now very hungry. In a few moments, by a rapid boring process with a stick they had succeeded in starting a fire. After they had had a share each of broiled venison, all save the sentinel, stretched their lithe limbs upon their native element, and passed into the land of dreams.

It was late next morning when the red men waked, in fact the space between the sun and the horizon must have measured at least an hour.

In a few moments the improvised camp was in a stir, and the first thing to suggest itself, was the question—"How can we get some food?" They had eaten

It's good Work that Counts.

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