

## THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

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## IMPORTANT.

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## COLLEGE SPIRIT vs. I-DON'T-CARE SPIRIT.

The exercise of college spirit shows itself in the life of a student body, just as much as the spirit of a just pride in one's reputation and good name shows itself in one's conduct and personal appearance. After all it is the spirit in one that gives one worth in more ways than one. Physically a man is dead when his spirit leaves him, and if left unburied in that condition long he becomes a menace to society, a veritable stench. Now, if the same thing holds true with reference to the spirit in the sense of college spirit, i. e., appreciation of, love for, interest in the institution, the member of the college who has no college spirit is really a body of death that the live membership of the institution has to drag round with it, and for the good of the college spirit among others such a body of death ought to be put away, either buried or cremated, so to speak.

How to increase college spirit is a pertinent question, and one worthy of our sane and most deliberate consideration. We might illustrate the fact of the importance of considering how to improve college spirit by likening college life to a large mercantile establishment. In this establishment are many departments and a number of employees in each department. If a general feeling of "I-don't-care" runs through this large establishment the effect of this spirit of carelessness is evident everywhere; disorder is everywhere, articles of merchandise are out of place, dust and dirt accumulates, goods are damaged by careless handling until the general feeling is that it is impossible to keep the store in neat, systematic order. It is a store among other stores as hard to run systematically as Rip Van Winkle's farm was worthless and profitless as compared with other farms. It is college spirit that makes the student, first of all, have respect for himself. It was not so much respect for the United States Senate as for himself that made the renowned orator, Daniel Webster, appear in his best apparel when appearing before that body

as a speaker. So likewise the respect one has for his institution asserts itself while he is a member of that institution, in his genteel conduct and manly bearing esteeming himself with a just pride because of the fact that he is a member of the institution. If a student comes to discount the value of his college, let him remember that many a thought-to-be worthless farm has been made to astonish the neighborhood with its wealth-yielding crops when in the hands of a farmer who justly appreciated his vocation and the possibilities of the "worthless land." Many a so-called worthless mercantile stand has proven abundant in opportunities for profitable trade in the hands of a merchant who takes just interest in his calling. A college is a farm, a store, a foundry abundant in possibilities to every student who is filled with college spirit.

## THE WINNING OF WINONA.

By Exodus Keene.

## CHAPTER VI.—Last Chapter..

The story of three days in the tree; how Oeconough had stared death in the face, during those awful days and nights, without food and water; and how the old dog had returned to the wigwams at home, and proved his affection by returning to his master with his rescuers and the bit of venison, I guessed, was the story which affected the princess most. For while Oeconough was yet in the midst of the narrative, she called the old dog to her, took him into her arms, and fondled him tenderly, bathing his shaggy coat with the tears which fell unbidden from the copper-colored cheeks. A more pathetic scene I have never witnessed. The dog hero could never know why such affection was bestowed upon him. Certainly he had done a service, such as the Master would have us do for Him. It was a service of love. The hero never thought of a reward, need we marvel then when we hear that these savages said, "The dog came from the 'Great Spirit?'"

When at last Winona's tears had dried, and she was seated before the shimmering firelight, with the old dog snuggling close to her, she began to take some account of her present circumstances. Her first thought was about the lateness in the night. The full moon which had risen, just as the sun was sinking in the west, had just passed its zenith; the tales of love and adventure had been told; in circumstance if not in words. And during the last few minutes they sat there, neither of them spoke, they sat there blinking and thinking long, deep thoughts.

It was the first evening that the chief and the princess had had together in many days. The band of braves had divined the wishes of the chief, and had built a fire for themselves, some distance away, and as Winona and Oeconough built again the wigwam of love, the warriors fastened the tops of some small trees together and thatched the slanting stocks with limbs which they had broken from the pines, and made a temporary wigwam, to shelter the princess during the night. They carefully covered the floor of this crude habitation with their furs, and it was quite ready when Winona inquired as to where she should stay.

As the gentle warmth of the sunlight

streamed through the doorway of the little wigwam the next morning, Winona opened her eyes, and smiled as if she realized that this new light and new warmth was but a synonym of the new lovelight which so recently had flooded her heart.

After the party had breakfasted, the old dog seemed to grow restless again, he was not content to remain out there in the wild longer. The old fellow circled about the camp, as if to locate the direction for the homeward journey. He then trotted over to where the chief and princess were seated in the sunlight upon a log. He wagged his tail in friendly greeting, and turned his eyes toward their old home. Winona and Oeconough looked at each other and understood. The chief conveyed the messages to his braves, and the old hero led them back to the wigwams of the "Red Wings." Winona told her father, Crow Foot, that she left because she could not bear to see some one else have the place which she believed rightly belonged to him. The old warrior buried his wrath, Winona relented. The young chief was restored to his leadership, and a wedding feast was prepared.

The End.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM STANTON.

Bear with me, gentle reader, and I will give you a short sketch of my past life. I first saw the light of day about nineteen years ago, or to be exact, May 1, 1891. That glad day for me came on Friday, as in the case of David Copperfield, but whether being born on a Friday has influenced my life in any way, as was conjectured by the sage women concerning Copperfield, I cannot say.

The home of my birth was situated on a small farm, near the rolling waves of the Atlantic, in the county of O—, North Carolina. Here the summers and winters were spent until I was sixteen years old. There is nothing of extraordinary interest in these years. My life on the farm was the yearly routine of most country boys. It consisted of work on the farm for eight months of the year. The other four months were usually spent in attending a "back woods" school. My fondest memories are of my school life, which had its beginning when I was about nine years old. I remember distinctly my first day in school and the impression it made on me. I had to start at the foot of my class, as all beginners usually do, that is—to learn the A, B, C's, but this task was soon accomplished. My idea of school work then was to excel my schoolmates in learning and to lead my classes.

Although I had the opportunity of attending school for a very limited period each year, I usually made my spare moments count. These were spent mostly in reading, a habit which I early contracted and to which I owe much. Year by year, day in and day out, as opportunity afforded, I continued to attend this little school. And I gradually rose higher in school until I stood at the head of my classes (probably because I had no class mates). But this was not enough for me. I had begun to yearn for a higher intellectual training than the elementary school could give. How to acquire this now became a question with

me. Father was not able, financially, to send me to the higher schools of the State, and, besides, mother was opposed to my leaving home.

However, after much persuading and begging, on my part, it was decided that I should attend the Graded School at J—, not very far from my home, for a short time. This was the beginning of a new life for me. It seemed that a long cherished hope was about to be realized. Would I spend my time well and make the most of my opportunity? Thus, on Jan. 6, 1908, I began my school career away from home. It had been arranged that I should stay in the village from Monday morning until Friday afternoon; and as I had never spent any considerable length of time before from home, I felt, perhaps, as the young bird does when it first flies from its feathery nest to seek its way through the world.

But whatever timidity may have arisen in me was soon abated. I found in the students of the school a congenial set of boys and girls, and in the teacher, Prof. M. H. Yol, a graduate of one of our leading colleges and a most excellent man, a close and intimate friend.

I soon learned the ways of the school and got settled down to work. I learned much in books during this school, but I did more. I soon came to have a liking for the fair sex of the school, and for one blithesome maiden in particular. I can still see in a vision, as it were, the beautiful form, the dark hair, black eyes, and rosy cheeks of Agnes Parks who soon held me spellbound with her sunny smiles and silvery voice. So pleasant was my school work and so charming my association with Miss Agnes that before I had dreamed how quickly the days were fleeting by, commencement was drawing near. From a novice I had developed into one of the first members of my class; but there was one thing in which the boys could excel me,—in declaiming. Arrangements had been made to have a declamation contest on commencement day; and I happened to be one of the contestants. I selected my declamation—"A Tribute to Washington"—and had memorized it long before commencement came. Toward the last of school my daily thoughts and nightly dreams were of winning the declamation prize. I spent hour after hour in my room, on the highway, in the swamps, at work on my recitation, trying to get it perfect. The day came for the contest.

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