

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

VOL. I. New Series.

Greensboro, N. C., Wednesday, November 23, 1910
and Elon College, N. C.

No. 28

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Miss Ethel Garvin of Burlington spent Sunday here with Miss Annie Dale Hornaday.

—Miss Minnie Boswell, who was in school here a few years ago from near Union Ridge, spent Sunday with Miss Berta Garrison.

—Dr. W. C. Wicker preached at the Christian church in Greensboro Sunday.

—Dr. Moffitt and Rev. J. W. Wellons returned Saturday from Pittsboro where they attended the conference at Hanks Chapel.

—Mr. M. W. McPherson spent Sunday with his brother at Haw River.

—Miss Pitt spent Saturday and Sunday in Greensboro.

—Bunn Hearne spent Saturday and Sunday with friends at Guilford College.

—Professors Lawrence and Harper, Dr. Moffitt and Mr. Joe P. Farmer left Monday for News Ferry, Va., to attend the North Carolina and Virginia Conference to be held at Pleasant Grove Christian Church.

—Mr. R. L. Walker led in the Y. M. C. A. meeting Saturday evening, using as his subject, "Belief and Faith."

—Sunday afternoon Miss Sallie McCauley was the Y. W. C. A. leader. It was a real good Thanksgiving service.

—Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Patton left Monday for News Ferry, Va., where they will attend the N. C. and Va. Christian Conference at Pleasant Grove.

—In the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting Sunday evening, Mr. H. E. Truitt was the leader, using the subject, How does God want us to give thanks. It was a good spiritual meeting.

—Mr. A. L. Lincoln visited at Graham Sunday.

—In the Clio society Friday evening, Mr. J. A. Dicky was the best speaker oratorically. Query of debate, Resolved, That trusts and combinations are beneficial to the people as a whole. The decision was awarded to the negative. Best speaker on the affirmative, F. F. Myrick. Best speaker on the negative, C. J. Felton.

—Those in Psiphelian Society Friday evening who deserve special mention are Miss Lois Davidson, "Prophecy of the Junior Class," Miss Annie Bagwell, Reading from Longfellow. A play by Misses Lila Newman, Sadie Fonville and Affie Giffin; Miss Newman played her part especially well.

—Mr. W. D. Loy's condition is not improving so fast as his friends would like.

—Miss Helen Simmons and Mr. Menfee, of Graham, spent Sunday at Dr. Newman's and in the afternoon Misses Lila and Blanche accompanied them to Greensboro in an automobile.

—Miss Effie Isley passed through our town Sunday afternoon, on her way to Raleigh where she has been teaching. She has been spending some time at the home of her parents near Ossipee.

For ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. Gal. 3: 26.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD FOR SUNDAY, NOV. 20, 1910.

Class No. 1. Mr. O. B. Barnes, Teacher, Present, 24; collection, 45 cts.

Class No. 2. Dr. J. U. Newman, Teacher. Present, 7; collection, 37 cts.

Class No. 3. Prof. T. C. Amick, Teacher. Present, 18; collection 24 cts.

Class No. 4. Mr. A. L. Lincoln, Teacher. Present, 11; collection, 47 cts.

Class No. 5. Miss Rosa Machen, Teacher. Present, 18; collection 8 cts.

Class No. 6. (Intermediate Class) Mrs. J. W. Patton, Teacher. Present 22; collection, 7 cts.

Class No. 7. (Intermediate class) Miss Ethel Clements, Teacher. Present 17; collection, 13 cts.

Class No. 8. (Junior class) Mrs. J. M. Saunders, Teacher. Present 17; collection, 8 cts.

Class No. 9. (Primary class) Mrs. J. L. Foster, Teacher. Present, 27; collection, 9 cts.

Teacher Training Class, E. T. Hines, Teacher. Present, 10; collection, 15 cts.

Mission Study Class, R. A. Campbell, Teacher. Present, 20; collection 83 cts.

Citizens Bible Class, Prof. W. A. Harper, Teacher. Present, 23; collection 33 cts.

Total: Scholars, 214; whole school, officers and teachers, 16. Collection, \$3.29.

J. Sipe Fleming, Sec.

TERENTIUS,—OF HIS LIFE AND DRAMAS.

By Mabel Hale Farmer.

Publius Terentius Afer, called Terence in English, was born at Carthage and brought as a slave to Rome. It is thought that he was born about 190 B. C. It is certain that his birth took place between the Second and Third Punic Wars. He was the slave of a senator Terentius Lucanus, by whom he was carefully educated and soon set free. From him he derived his name, Terentius, and he was called Afer on account of his African origin.

He became intimate with Scipio Africanus, the younger; his friend Laelius and others, the most prominent and cultivated men of Rome. Some people have said that the plays of Terentius were written by Scipio; while some thought Laelius wrote them and must have been near the same age; for if he were much older than Scipio, how could he have been accused of passing off Scipio's work for his own? If he were of the same age of Scipio, he was born about 185 B. C. and was about nineteen years old when he wrote his first play, called Andria, which was produced in 166 B. C. But it is believed that he was a few years older than Scipio.

His popularity with the most cultivated men of Rome testifies to his good breeding and agreeable manner. Suetonius says that he was of moderate height, slender figure and dark complexion.

The six plays of Terentius are all preserved to us, with the dates of the first performance of each. The Andria, his first play, was produced at the Ludi Meg-

alenses 166 B. C. This play was unsuccessful and deservedly so, since it was the least interesting Latin comedy. The Heauton Timorumenos or Self Tormentor was produced in 163 B. C. The action of the play was weak. The Eunuchus was produced in 161 B. C. The characters were well drawn and the action very amusing. The Phormio was produced in 161 B. C. The plot was well carried out. The Adelphi was produced in 160 B. C.

The plays of Terentius were written in a style far more advanced, more refined and more artistic than those of Plautus but they show less originality, wit and vigor. They contain few indications that they were written for a Roman audience (except being written in Latin): but are Greek in their refinement of language, gentle humor and polished excellence of detail.

He the earliest Latin author who tries to equal the Greek in stylistic refinement and few who came after him could equal him. After having exhibited six plays, Terentius went to Greece in order to study there.

He died there while on his way home, in the prime of his life.

Terentius, the riper development of whose gifts was cut short by his early death, exhibits his character in his comedies as that of a rigid imitator. He succeeds best in quiet conversation, not so well in the language of passion and he is sadly deficient in comic power. His plots are somewhat monotonous, nor is there much variety even in the names of his characters. The Terentian comedy is in a way the turning point of Roman literature. With the death of Terentius, the development of Latin comedy at once ceased. His successors are merely shadowy names.

COLLEGE CUTS.

—Examinations! Umph!

—The boys and girls who believe that they are going to fall on their examinations, ought to.

—The most despised of all nations is Exami-nations.

—Careful, girls! Don't leave your strings on the door-knob of the matron's room.

—The President and professors off to Conference. Won't we have a jolly good time!

He ate the sleeve of Rowland's coat.

—Mary had a billy-goat—

What next? Ask R. T. Brett.

—"What's the matter with Father?" He hasn't sent my check.

—"Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

That boy has gone away;

"That's going some;" to Kingdom come.

I guess he'll get his pay.

—Fellows, I believe that we have imposed upon our dear, R-a-y! R-a-y! rah, rah; Let's take a vacation.

—How's your sand, boys? Take it with you to the "Dormitory" Thursday.

—Miss Maud, I think that you are wrong in saying that she rendered a solo on the piano: I should say that she dissected it.

LIFE SKETCH OF ROBERT BROWN.

By Verna Ganett.

My name is Robert Brown. I was born February 10, 1894 in Chicago, Illinois. The first experience I ever had was trouble. My father died when I was six years old and left my mother and me with but very little money. So I could not have a good time like other little boys because I had to help my mother. Sometimes the little boys would come by some when I was carrying in wood or helping my mother in some way, and try to get me to stop and play with them, and when I would refuse, they would call me ugly names and tease me, but I could not afford to desert mother under any circumstances because she was my best friend.

Until I was fourteen years old I made enough money to pay the house rent by sweeping out the store for one of the city merchants. My mother was a very good artist and as she was not able to do much of anything else she painted pictures which I took around over the city and sold for fifty cents a piece. By doing this we had enough to keep us in bread.

But winter was coming and neither of us had any shoes and nothing to buy them with. So I went to looking for me a job that I could make more money out of. I tried nearly all day for a job and had started home very much discouraged when a large man touched me on the shoulder and asked me my trouble. I told him my story and he asked me who my mother was, I told him she was a Harrison. He said "come on and show me the way to your home." While we were on the way home he told me that his name was John Harrison, and that he had been looking for his sister ever since he had heard of papa's death. He also told me that mamma had run a way from home with papa and they didn't know where she was until they saw an account of papa's death in the paper.

By the time we had reached the little house where we lived. Mamma was in the kitchen and when I told her that I didn't get a job she was very much troubled. But when I told her that a man was waiting to see her. She was very much surprised when she recognized her brother.

She told him all of her troubles and he told her not to worry, that he had plenty of money and that she and I were to come and stay with him. This was glad news to us both. So the next day we came with Uncle John to New York and I was put in school the next day and I have been in school ever since.

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose by and by." Life is like that—one stitch at a time taken patiently and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"True worth is the deposit which good life makes in the storehouse of character. A man may leave the doors of that storehouse wide open without fear. Only his own hands can remove or waste the treasure."