

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

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IMPORTANT.

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COLLEGE ENTHUSIASM.

As I essay to say something under the above caption, I do so, hoping that no one will think that I do so, because of some personal resentment, or because I have a crow to pick or axe to grind. For what I may write here would deserve no consideration at your hand.

My dear student, have you ever been in company with a number of young people, who were bent on having a good time, in which company there were several who could not get into the spirit of mirthmaking? If you have, you can easily see, how such a condition can come about in a college. Such conditions do exist in practically every college. Now, it seems to me that there ought to be some remedy. What would you do, should you get into a company, in which you felt altogether out of place? By staying in it, you do an injury to yourself and to the company. Let me say then, that if you would endear yourselves to your associates, make your selves congenial, strive to add your share to the interest of the company, or else excuse yourselves.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD STUDENT.

In the middle of New Mexico there is a little town with a yellow railroad station, Aplaza, Mexicans and their adobe houses and pretty-faced Navajo Indians who sit on the baggage trunks and amuse themselves. To this town, Mr. A. C. Hall was sent by his doctor—much to the editor's disgust, for if you have ever read the paper of which Hall was the editor you must have noticed his great partiality for metropolitan life. No sketch of uncultured character ever passed his desk marked, "yes." He would never have left New York but for the state of his health which is called for convenience "a run down condition." He had graduated from Elon College 1910, five years prior to the opening of this story, and since that time he had worked like a beaver. But for all his narrowness and peculiar habits of mind Hall is a decent fellow. He came into the country without any interest in the scenery which usually

startles an Easterner with its flat expanse or its mountainous angles. An April sunrise peeping over the desert found him standing on the platform of the New Mexico station trying to shake out the wrinkles of four nights in a Pullman and wondering if the dusty ranchman before him could be Buddy Elder, who had been in school with him at Elon. "Buddy," cried Hall, "I can't tell how glad I am to see you. It's awfully good of you to take me in this way." "Ah, nonsense," laughed Elder in a rich out-of-door voice, "my wife will be glad to see you. You will be the first of my old crowd she has ever seen, and her sister is staying with us now." Soon they were seated in a ranch-wagon and jostling along on their way to the ranch. "You will excuse me on the ground that I am a tenderfoot, but don't you find this a humble sort of life, Elder?"

On reaching the house Elder asked Hall to excuse him for a while and without further words Elder disappeared around the house leaving Hall to look out for himself. Hall sank with a sigh of relief down in a rocker. In a moment the door opened and he turned to see a girl looking at him with an amused smile upon her face. "Miss Lee Godwin," said she, "did my brother-in-law leave you here alone?" "Oh, he will be back in a minute," said Hall, rising formally.

"They have a way of leaving their guests to shift for themselves—I'm a guest myself but not a very distinguished one." Hall was looking with a pleased eye at her long braids of yellow hair which hung down to her waist, as she pushed herself along the railing. Hall soon began to look homesick—so much so that she remarked, "I'm surprised that you do not like this country with all its highness. It seems to me you feel styled in New York." "Oh, you do not know New York," said Hall; fortunate for him he did not see the smile that lurked around her rose-bud mouth.

Further conversation was cut short by the coming of Elder who ushered his guest off to his room while Lee skipped back to the kitchen exclaiming, "I am sure we will have some fun out of this fellow."

That night after supper Miss Godwin made arrangement with Hall to take a ride on horseback, next day. So at the appointed time she took him out and pointed out to him Sky-lark, a yellow horse with a yellow spirit, and told him that he might as well get his seat on that one as any since he was out of practice. A bucking horse is an experience, so when Hall was well astride he felt a little shaky and in a few minutes found himself on the sand just outside the gate. Miss Godwin was laughing heartily and Hall being somewhat of a sportsman, laughed too. But to his great surprise Miss Godwin sprang into the seat he had just left. The brute tried every means to again get rid of his rider but without success. Hall looked on in breathless excitement, expecting every minute to see her thrown to the ground. How, ver, instead of being thrown, as he had expected, she soon conquered the animal and after riding around the yard for a short while she rode him up to the gate and dismounted.

All went well for a few days, Hall finding Miss Lee's company more and more

interesting. About the third day, while starting out to take a walk, he was surprised on meeting Miss Lee, radiant and excited, carrying several sheets of paper in her hand, "Oh, I've done the most exciting thing in the world," she exclaimed, "I've written a story."

Unfortunately Hall was furious, he swallowed his embarrassment and assumed a fatherly air.

"This is my first attempt," the girl said laughing. The editor thought she had a poor sense or humor, but it was a relief to him to find the pages were written in a bold hand. After reading it over once he felt that it would be brutal to crush her feelings. It had often been his task to convince a person that he was better fitted for pots, pans or shovel and hoe than for the field of letters, but now he was at a disadvantage.

"Let me read this one," he gasped.

"Oh, do," she exclaimed, "I am so anxious for you to read this so I will leave you now," and the door slammed behind her.

"It is wonderful, sister," she exclaimed on finding her sister seated in the dining room. "I have invented the most marvelous torture—don't laugh, or I can not tell you. I have written a story and asked him to criticise it. I believe he is shedding tears of pity over it right now. It is the best piece of acting I ever did."

Then the days had come for Hall to leave his western life and return to New York, and each day since he had come to the home of Buddy Elder, Lee Godwin had played some kind of a prank on him. Hall learned from experience that after all New York was not the only place on earth.

On taking his departure on the first of July he wrote an account of his visit which was very interesting. It was with a feeling of mortification that he realized that he had played the self satisfied part. After all his contempt for the West and its affairs, a young girl, the product of the frontier, had gracefully whisked him hither and thither through a scene in which he appeared the center of attraction.

It was with a sigh of relief that he sank back into his chair in his own office a week later, he had seemed to lead such a life the past few months.

"What comfort," he exclaimed "to be back in the city where one's conduct is not so noticeable. To mingle once more in the busy throng of the city. Ah, and I spend this evening out I believe," he said. "Yes, I am to join Mrs. Roberts and her party at the Grand Theatre where I am to meet Miss Lee Melville. The author of 'The Pine,' the book that has startled New York with its wit and humor written by a woman whose name is highly respected as a writer.

It was late when Hall reached the theatre and joined the Roberts.

"My dear Mr. Hall," cried Mrs. Roberts, "we are so glad to welcome you back again looking so well. Let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Lee Melville, Mr. Hall." Imagine Hall's discomfort on beholding Lee Godwin of the ranch. Yes, the same saucy Lee with yellow braids of hair, but instead of seeing a rough looking girl of the ranch he saw a graceful accomplished woman of the world.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Roberts" she said,

"but I've met Mr. Hall before out in Mexico on my brother's ranch,"

Hall soon regained his composure and from the announcement in the Evening Times, three months later, of the marriage of Mr. Hall and Miss Melville, we presume he gained for himself new favor in her estimation.

PRINCESS CARLSTEDT.
The Story of a Restless Youth.

By W. C. Hook.

It was one October evening. The sun had disappeared behind the western horizon. The elder of the two sons of the Wharton family had come home after he had completed the hard day's toil. It had been an unfavorable season on the farm and the Whartons were farmers—everything seemed to go wrong. The young man complained of the horses being slow, the cattle getting into mischief, the sheep straying too far, and many other annoyances. This had only been one hard day of many. He had become very dissatisfied and said that he was going to leave the farm. His mother begged him not to leave her. His sisters, brothers and friends pleaded and tried to persuade him to enjoy life with them. He was not satisfied with any proposal that they could make.

Six months later Marvin Wharton is put off the train by the conductor at Popetal, Mexico. He is without money, knows no one and does not want to make friends with any of the native Mexicans. He says to himself, "What shall I do? Where shall I go?" A thought of home flashes through his mind and he is almost brought to dejection, but with a determination to survive he makes his way to the mountains. He dislikes everything. He is not in harmony with anything around him. The wilds are strange and distasteful. He approaches the foot of the mountain and begins to climb. He ascended half way to the summit—worn out with fatigue and the shades of night are upon him, he takes refuge in the hollow of a large tree. A pistol, the only weapon except a pocket knife, that he has to defend himself against the wild beasts and savages he holds with a dead grip in his right hand. He looks out at the silvery moon and the bright and twinkling stars. Never before had the moon and the stars shone so brightly to him. He slept not a wink that night. Through the long watches now and then he could hear the roaring of

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