

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

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and Elon College, N. C.

No. 32

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Miss Bryan left Sunday to spend the holidays at her home in Mars Hill.

—Mr. Bunn Hearne returned Friday from a visit to Starksville, Miss.

—Dr. P. H. Fleming preached at the eleven o'clock service Sunday. Everybody enjoyed the very able sermon.

—Miss Lucy Gregory left Sunday for her home at Virgilina, Va., to spend the holidays.

—In the Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon Miss Sallie Foster was the leader; subject, The Secret of Power.

—Misses Clements and Sudie McCauley led in the Christian Endeavor Society on Sunday evening; subject, "If We Really Love Jesus."

—Mr. J. P. Huffman has sold the Huffman Hotel to Mr. W. C. Michael, of Gibsonville. Mr. Huffman will move out this week, and Mr. Michael will move his family here sometime within the next few days.

—The Fall Term of the present school year will end Thursday, when practically all of the student body will go away, to spend the holidays with their parents and friends.

Sunday School Report for Dec. 18, 1910.

Class No. 1. Mr. O. B. Barnes, Teacher. Present, 14; collection, 34 cts.

Class No. 2. Dr. J. U. Newman, Teacher. Present, 6; collection, 23 cts.

Class No. 3. Prof. T. C. Amick, Teacher. Present, 15; collection, 35 cts.

Class No. 4. Mr. A. L. Lincoln, Teacher. Present, 6; collection, 36 cts.

Class No. 5. Mrs. Rosa Machen, Teacher. Present, 17; collection, 28 cts.

Class No. 6. Mrs. J. W. Patton, Teacher. Present 25; collection, 9 cts.

Class No. 7. Miss Ethel Clements, Teacher. Present, 15; collection, 10 cts.

Class No. 8. Mrs. J. M. Saunders, Teacher. Present, 16; collection, 7 cts.

Class No. 9. Mrs. J. L. Foster, Teacher. Present, 22; collection, 13 cts.

Teacher Training Class. Mr. E. T. Hines, Teacher. Present, 6; collection, 2 cts.

Citizens' Bible Class. Prof. W. A. Harper, Teacher. Present, 22; collection, 32 cts.

Mission Study Class. Mr. R. A. Lamphell, Teacher. Present, 17; collection, 52 cts.

Totals: Scholars, 186; whole school, 188; collection, \$2.81.

J. Sipe Fleming, Sec.

COLLEGE JARGON.

O no, Mabel! You are mistaken; a person may be angry, and then not have the "Distemper."

Talking to the women is treacherous business. (J. C. Rowland).

"It's when she's trying to make things hot for him, that a woman treats a man coldly."

Mr. Hall: What's your favorite song, Stuart?

Mr. Stuart: I think the name of it is: "Go Easy, Mabel."

Several of the students, during the past few days, have been humming the good old melody, "Take me back to Old Virginia." Messrs. J. C. Stuart and "Dock" Hall have learned the chorus.

The Freshmen: "I'll just bet our folks won't know us when we get home. We've grown so much."

The Sophs: "Doesn't it seem a long time since we were Freshmen?"

The Juniors: "I just wish that we could show that 'Senior Bunch' a thing or two. I guess we'll show the Freshmen and preps what dignity means, about next year."

The Seniors: "The time has been all too short. It has all been very different from what I expected. I can see now how very little my stock of knowledge appears."

Home at Christmas.

I sit by the homestead fireplace
And watch the shadows play
Upon the mottled ceiling
Bedimmed by age, they say.

Among those flickering shadows
My memory seems to see
The stocking by the chimney,
My childhood's Christmas tree.

I used to be a little lad
As cute as cute could be;
A little white-haired, blue-eyed boy,
And sat upon my daddy's knee.

Those shadows tell a pretty story
Of my early childhood days:
I see my shadow, I'm still a child—
I've only changed my childish ways.

I used to ride a gooly horse,
It was my papa's bended knee;
I'd like to ride that horse again,
But now I'm quite too big, you see.

Now, when you're home at Christmas,
Don't try to seem so large, I say.
Just act like little folks again,
And drive dull care away.

JERRY VARDELL.
By Exodus Keene.

In Ten Chapters.—Chapter III.

The first to speak after the fall of the body was heard was Jerry Vardell. "Fellers, give me a match, quick; somebody is hurt." The desired match was produced in short order, and was applied to Jerry's lamp with the same degree of alacrity. This I saw from the rays which came through the side wall, which separated my room from Jerry's. The next to speak was "Shorty" Jones, who in a voice of indescribable terror exclaimed—"My God! Dick Ross is as dead as a stone." In an instant I was upon the floor, floundering about, to find something with which to cover my pajamas. Presently I found a rain-coat, slipped it on, and in a jiffy was upon the scene. It was the most remarkable sight that I have ever witnessed: at the center of the little room upon the floor sat Jerry Vardell, clad in scanty night attire, holding the limp form of Dick Ross, mopping away

with a towel the blood which was slowly oozing from an ugly wound just above the right temple. Dick was pale as death, and obviously altogether unconscious.

"What's the matter here?" said I.

"Mr. Stone," replied Jerry, "it was sorter dark in here when these fellers come after me, an' I reckon I hit this un' with that little piece o' wagon-tire, lyin' over there by the table."

I looked over to where Jerry nodded, and was astonished to see a piece of a two-horse wagon tire, about two feet in length. "Good heavens, man!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing with that sort of a thing in your room?" At this Jerry turned a deep crimson, and said: "I heard the fellers a sayin' this evenin' that they were a comin' to see me to-night, so I got ready for them."

But it was no time for explanations now; if possible, something must be done for Dick Ross.

"Mr. Vardell," said I, "let me hold Dick awhile. Bring me some fresh water in a hurry." Jerry hastened to comply with my request, and I took charge of Ross. My first impulse was to see if his heart was still beating. I slipped my hand in upon his chest and pressed it tightly for a moment, holding my breath as I did so; in my frame of agitation I could scarcely tell whether there were any signs of palpitation or not. Perhaps the movement I felt was my own. I waited a few moments, trying the while to regain my composure, and repeated the process. This time I was sure that I could feel within him a faint struggling.

"Shorty" Jones and his companions, Stanley Christy, Paul Matthews and Bobby Lincoln, had yielded to Shorty's first impulse, that Dick Ross had been killed instantly, and were sitting upon the edge of Jerry's bed, sadly awaiting expulsion and the final obsequies.

As to what had become of the remainder of the fellows, I had no time for enquiring. I guessed, though, that they had decided to class themselves with the tribe of invertebrates, rather than face the present situation.

Presently Jerry came in, panting, with a pail of fresh water, and immediately handed some to me, in a cup, and I poured it, a little at a time, into his mouth, pressing his larynx in order to allow it to go down, until the entire cup-full had been used.

When I had finished this business, Jerry placed a basin with some water near me, and gave me a fresh towel which I saturated with the water and placed it upon Dick's forehead.

I then put my hand about the heart of my charge again, and discovered that the beating was much stronger now, and decidedly more regular. Slowly he began to breathe again.

Somehow I had thought from the first that Dick Ross would "come around" all right. He was Evans' Full-back, '06, and had played a great game during the whole season. In fact, he had won the coveted prize which is given each season

to its most successful athlete. Dick was broad-shouldered, stood a good six feet high, and tipped the beam at a hundred and ninety, and was to be the popular captain of the '07 eleven.

"Cheer up, 'Shorty,'" said I, "Dick is coming to himself again, and will be perfectly conscious within the next few minutes."

"Shorty" was startled at this unexpected announcement, and reverently responded: "Thank God, and you, Hardy Stone!"

Just then Dick Stone opened his eyes.

(To be continued.)

CHEERFULNESS.

Well has it been said, "God bless the cheerful person," for there seems to be no other social trait that stands above cheerfulness. The cheerful person is to the home and friends what the sun is to the day or the stars are to the night.

When we are cheerful, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy; the sky more clear; the ground a brighter green; the trees have a richer foliage; the flowers a more fragrant smell; the birds sing more sweetly; all the universe appears more beautiful.

The cheerful face not only enlivens every other face it meets, and helps to fill them with joy and gladness, but physiological investigations have shown that pleasurable feelings cause an expansion of the blood vessels, decrease the rate of heart beat, but making each stroke stronger, increase the depth of breathing, give vigor and musical tone to the voice, and strengthen all voluntary muscles. Whereas a scowl and frown make a selfish heart, cause a contraction of blood-vessels, and in general produce exactly the opposite to those just mentioned arising from feelings of pleasure.

It is each one's duty to see which of these countenances he is cultivating. If he finds that he is developing into the stage of vinegar, he should, at once, begin to search for the source of sugar.

How beautiful it is to see one meet hard tasks and discouragements with a happy heart and a cheerful face, always keeping on the sunny side. It seems hard when our labors appear to bring forth nothing but useless and ugly weeds. Yet the harder the task, the greater the need of a song on our lips. He will conquer who pushes on in spite of discouraging words.

I believe cheerfulness is one of the greatest of open doors to success; and, further that cheerfulness will do much to produce good health. The person that always sees the bright side of life is seldom sick. "A cheerful heart is a good medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones," says the proverb of Holy Writ.

The cheerful are the busy. When trouble rings your door bell, he will gently retire if you send him word, "Engaged."

Cheerfulness is said to be a grace rather than a gift, and it is known that all graces can be had freely for the asking.

H. E. Truitt.