

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

Published every Wednesday during the College year by
The Weekly Publishing Company.

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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

Cash Subscriptions (40 weeks), 50 Cents.
Time Subscriptions (40 weeks), 75 cents.
All matter pertaining to subscriptions should be addressed to W. C. Wicker, Elon College, N. C.

IMPORTANT.

The offices of publication are Greensboro, N. C., South Elm St., and Elon College, N. C., where all communications relative to the editorial work of the Weekly should be sent. Matter relating to the mailing of the Weekly should be sent to the Greensboro office.

Entered at the postoffice at Greensboro, N. C., under application for admission as second-class matter.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1910.

NO WEEKLY NEXT WEEK.

The next issue of the Weekly will be Wednesday, January 4. The editors will be away next week for the Christmas vacation. The College closes Thursday, Dec. 23, and opens Tuesday, January 3d.

The publishers of the Weekly wish all its readers a happy Christmas and a glad New Year. It is a time when one's most generous dispositions are in the lead, and with this number of the Weekly goes the wish of the editorial and business staff that at this season it may be peculiarly so with our subscribers.

The boisterousness and the unnaturalness of making noise at Christmas times with guns and explosives is evidently meeting with disfavor gradually year by year. We should like to live to see the day when explosives would not be thought of in connection with the celebration of our Lord's nativity. As the uncouth audience cheers by stamping rather than by clapping, so likewise a dull sense of the sacredness and quiet religious import of the Christmas occasion has hitherto expressed itself the better by great noise. The deepest appreciations of the human heart are not loud-spoken but are speechless.

A number of young people are contemplating entering Elon after the Christmas holidays. Some are not fully decided whether they will come here or go elsewhere. A word to such by some believer in Elon would be a word in season. Seek to turn the best young men and young women this way, those of great promise, for it is such the College seeks first of all.

Finally, we wish the students, faculty, and trustees of the College a most joyous season during these holidays. May health, contentment, wealth of association and friendship and proper appreciation of the spirit of the season be the happy lot of each student especially, who goes back to the old home and dear ones there. Return with a heart full of hope and a will charged with laudable resolution for the future.

THE CAVALIER AND THE PURITAN
IN A DUTCH PICTURE.

By Lawrence P. Retlaw.

If, instead of taking the Holland railway from the Hague to Rotterdam, you take the public highway, and have leisure to visit a few of the Dutch homes along the way, you may observe many interesting things expressive of the frugal cleanly life of these dairying people. Among the few pictures that decorate the walls of these plain homes, may be seen one that bears a striking resemblance to American political and social life.

This picture represents a Dutch family in which there has been, at some time in the past, a serious quarrel, and the breach is just now about to be healed. In the background, are endless stretches of fine grazing lands with scores of fine cattle browsing here and there, and occasionally a windmill rising above the green floor; and, over all a checker work of streams and canals like strips of white ribbon. In the foreground, is the home of this family about to make peace, with the father, mother, and several sons in the front yard. The father is a tall, handsome Cavalier of aristocratic appearance. But upon closer examination, you can detect an expression of dejection and humiliation in his face; nor is the cause far to seek. His hands are shackled behind his back. His feet are bound in chains. His mouth is muffled so as to obstruct speech, yet so as to permit his taking food. One of the sons is in the act of removing the muffle from his mouth by untying the cord at the back of his head; another is trying to break from his wrists the shackles, which long years of wear and rust have almost cut in two; and a third is trying to persuade him to exert his greatest strength and break the chains that bind his feet together. The mother, who combines in her very appearance, Dutch frugality and strength of character with Puritan sternness and persistence; and three sons are standing by half remonstrating, half consenting.

This picture, which we happened upon in our tramp through Holland was such a strange one, so different from any other representation of family life that I had ever seen on canvas that I, as well as my pedestrian companion, a recent graduate from Yale, was curious to know what it represented.

This is the story that was told us: "A long time ago," said the stout but scrupulously neat old Dutch woman as she came in to tell us that the lunch she and her daughter had been preparing would soon be ready to serve, and observed our interest in the picture, "a long time ago when there was bitter party feeling in England between King Charles and the Roundheads, many of the Puritans came to Holland. Some of them married Dutch maidens and gave themselves over to dairying, the chief industry of the country. The mother in the picture, is the daughter, of one of these matches. The English felt above the Dutch in the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth century and had a sort of spite at them. So the English blood," said she "(or I suppose it was that English blood), put a sort of disdain in her heart for the neighboring Dutch lands who were irresistibly drawn towards

* (This story has been accepted by uncle Remus's Home Magazine for publication and is to appear early in 1911. —Editor.)

her by the magnetism of her charm and beauty. Old people often shook their heads in pity as they noted her vanity and foolish scorn visited upon one after another of the most noble and most worthy of the Dutch swains of the neighborhood, who ventured on a conquest for her heart. They said, 'If God spares that girl's life, she will, some day, reap a bitter harvest from this sowing of folly.'

"This passed, and one day, a gallant young Cavalier, who had been required to leave England because of some petty neglect of military rule, came to Rotterdam. It chanced that young Barbara Tackle, for that was this proud young woman's name, had gone with her father to Rotterdam that day to market.

"This young Cavalier and Barbara accidentally met on the street and simply glanced at each other. But for a moment, eye met eye, soul spoke to soul. Her English blood felt as it flashed the strange experience through her veins, that here was its counterpart. She was excited and forgetful of everything but the picture of that alert military form, and the transfixing charm that flashed in his eye, and spoke a strange, sweet, but audible message to her heart. Nor was the spell upon him any the less powerful. He sought out her home, and, in short," said the old Dutch woman, "made her his wife." The Cavalier was an exile from England, and Barbara's father, being a considerable land owner, persuaded the young couple to accept a dairy farm as a gift and settled near him.

The haughty, heart-crushing Dutch beauty was now the bride of a more laughty, high-minded, hated Cavalier. Their settling in the vicinity was the talk of the community. Nobody believed that a Cavalier would be content with dairy farming. To their great surprise, however, he made a remarkable success in his new vocation, but not without disagreeable experiences in the organization and control of his new and humble industry. He longed for a less prosaic life.

"Finally, his longing for equestrian sports," said the relator, "led him to invest in a number of handsome black horses, his favorite color. He had saddlers, racers, and coach matches. He neglected the business of his dairy farm, and was coming more and more to disregard the education and culture of his children. The Cavalier's black horses came to be the topic for neighborhood gossip. The wife began to remonstrate on her own behalf, and on behalf of the children. The children began to see that their father was using money, that ought to be spent for their education for purchase of more black horses. It was whispered through the neighborhood that a quarrel was imminent in the Cavalier's family. "Did't I tell you so?" said an aged Dutch woman. "I prophesied a long time ago that Barbara's folly would come home some day bringing plenty of company with it. She had better married one of those plain, simple Dutch boys, as my Nell wisely did. Had she done so, there would have been none of this trouble she is now looking square in the face."

The mother and the greater part of the children, (only one or two siding with the father), waged such ceaseless war upon the husband and father and his black-horse mania, that he proposed to leave the tergitant household, take his black horses, and build him a residence on an-

other part of the farm. This proposal, to go quietly out of the home he had been largely instrumental in building, raised a storm of protest so persistent that the contending parties came to violent blows. After a long and exhausting conflict in which both sides received many wounds that it took a long time to heal, the father was finally overpowered, bound as you see him there in the picture, and his mouth bandaged so that he could neither give commands, in directing the affairs of the farm, nor enter into any more family quarrels.

"Upon the binding of the master, the black horses all broke out of their stalls and, in their unrestrained freedom, ran wild all over the neighborhood, doing much damage to property. Some of the citizens wanted them caught and shipped back to Arabia whence they were imported. Others thought best to allow them to remain; they would soon become accustomed to their freedom, they argued, and could then be profitably managed and used in various industries. Too, it would be such a perilous and difficult undertaking to capture them and get them on shipboard, that no one would likely be found who would be willing, even if he were never so skilled in horsemanship, to undertake so hazardous a venture.

"During all these years," ran the story, "the father has been a silent spectator of affairs in his own household and upon his own dairy farm. He has been powerless to speak or to act, yet the long painful enforced silence has given him ample opportunity for reflection, and he has not failed to profit by it, for his opinions are much modified on many things. A horse of any other color is as good now as a black; and he no longer wants to spend for horses, money that should be applied to the schooling and culture of his own children and his neighbor's children.

"The family prospered in their dairying industry," continued the old lady, "and added new pastures to the farm, some beyond the lakes and canals in the distance towards The Hague, in the north-west corner of the picture there, and came to employ a good deal of foreign labor. They had thus so brought complications and friction into their affairs as to need the wise counsel and helpful service of the father. And at the time the picture was made," she went on to say, "the family is just on the verge of giving back to him his full liberty and freedom of speech. But the long silence has made him somewhat timid and he is rather afraid to assert his own mind.

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