

College Library for all time to come, as a sort of lasting memorial to those who take part in this great movement that is to mean so much to the College, and for an inspiration to coming generations to prove themselves as interested and loyal as their forefathers have been.

Purpose of the Fund.

The object of raising the \$50,000 is to meet the indebtedness on the College, which is now \$47,700.00. As is known to our people, this debt was incurred in making the extended improvements that have been made in the equipment of the College during the past few years—a splendid young ladies' dormitory, accommodating about 125 students and lady teachers, a central power plant, complete steam heating, electric lighting, and water systems for all College buildings, a deep well, and other smaller improvements.

Seeing the great need of a better equipment to put us in position to compete with similar institutions in the South, and to give us greater prestige before the public generally, the Board of Trustees decided to borrow the money necessary to make these improvements, hoping that the results in the way of increased patronage, usefulness and influence would render the raising of the funds an easier task than to try to raise them beforehand.

We feel that their hopes will be realized, or at least should be; for the College, during these few years, has gone rapidly forward, and has taken its place side by side with the foremost colleges of the South.

The present enrollment—200—is the largest in the history of the College, at this time of the year, and everything seems most favorable for even greater success in the future, if the friends of the institution will only rally to its support now, and help to lift the burden of interest that makes such heavy inroad upon our limited annual income.

May we give as God hath prospered us, feeling sure that the blessing will come to us, as well as to the hundreds and thousands of young men and women who shall come to Elon College throughout the future years for their preparation for a life of service to their country, to their church and to their God.

E. L. Moffitt, President.

Elon College, December, 1910.

A STORY OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES

"Yes," she answered, "I know I have changed: one doesn't remain the same always."

"I know that," said he, "but I did not expect to see so much change in you."

She rather quietly smiled and said: "Do you mean that as a compliment or an insult?"

"You must give me time to think. I am so dazed now I can't collect my thoughts. I should have known that you couldn't always be a jolly kid of eighteen, as I left you. Then when I was only a few years older I could not help but look upon you as a child and you were such a goody good help to me when I used to have so much trouble with my girls. Do you ever think of our college days now? You are so dignified and reserved now and—my gracious, so charming."

She commenced fanning and said:

"Yes, I think of our college days and they are dearer now to me than ever. You have neglected your alma mater, but I go

back yearly and keep in very close touch with the dear old school-mates and meet new ones. In spite of my travels for material I go back to my college days and college friends for what I call my best material. My best works are real friends portrayed therein."

"Please," he said, "do not try to convince me of my mistake. God alone knows how plainly I see it. I was a fool to give up our correspondence. Let me see—it's been five years since I had a letter from you and the five years we did write were so short to compare with the last five years. You can never know what good you did me. You were so unconscious."

She moved her position but saw by his manner that he needed no interruption then.

"I gave you up for a girl who was nothing to me whom very soon I forgot. Since then I have lived for nothing but business. I never thought of friends, which you value so much, till I began to see how little pleasure my business was yielding me. I saw that money brought only a few pleasures. I hope you think I too have changed."

"You have an air of experience which you did not have ten years ago, but in stead of the glad, free look I now see in your eyes a tired look," she replied.

"And you, you have the glad, free look, the air of experience, the fortune and the friends; you have everything, everything. I can't even see the tired look enough to tell me you have worked for what you won—you are so very handsome and it was hard an hour ago for me to believe you are a best-seller. It is no longer so."

"Yes," replied she, "excepting the 'handsome part,'" and she laughed. "I have what not all people have. You can't know how I have worked. I never thought I'd be a best-seller. At first it was money, which was so badly needed, but now it is pleasure. And you don't know all I have. You left out the greatest, the most wonderful, the sweetest, it is love." She arose and stood behind her chair, leaning on it for support. "Yes, love. It is the love of a man that has helped me to win what is now called 'fame.' It is his love for me and my love for him that climbed the ladder of fortune, of morality, of truth and of justice which I now feel master of. He is a man of striking appearance, a man who hasn't always done just right, but who is doing better, and if my love can help him as his love has helped me, then he, too, can be master. He is a man of education, fortune, and experience equal to my own. He is the man God has made for me."

He had now risen also, but, unlike her, he paced the floor, clasping his hands for support. In a few seconds he said, half sane:

"Do you mean to say there is another man?"

His eyes were almost wild, his head down east, as if all hope was lost.

"What other man do you speak of?" she asked. She did not cast down her head as he had done. Her eyes revealed happiness, great happiness, behind their long noble lashes, as she drew nearer and looked straight into his eyes, as only strong women do.

"I mean the man you are to marry, the man you were just telling me about, your hero, your lord, and I—don't you see, can't you see that I love you—I worship

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you. It is the same old love, growing stronger with years till it can grow no more. Now it does not die, but I die. You have treated me fairly, but have given me my grave."

She came nearer to him, not taking the other hand off her support—the chair, and said:

"You are the man."

(Not finished—the rest to be supplied by the reader's imagination.)

L. N.

—The Washington Herald says that a Toledo man swallowed a dollar the other day and the surgeon charged him \$100. to cut it out of him. The moral is, Don't swallow your dollars.