

# THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1911.

## BASE BALL.

Monday morning, one-thirty, though sleepy and a majority of them in the awakened realization of dreamland's aesthetic meanderings, the Elon College base-ball team girded on their armor, rubbed on their war paint and hied themselves to the rendezvous of the Atlantic Christian College team, with blood in their eyes and facial contour becoming true Romans and if resolution and grim determination were a criterion in the shaping of the destiny of the Atlantic Christian College's base-ball banner for the next two days, their several scalps respectively were already dangling at the belts of the Elon College players. The ride to Wilson was uneventful saving a few exciting moments, chief of them being when Mr. Hal Chase Johnson became violently ill off of a mixture of pickles and salted peanuts, and when the erstwhile calmness of the car's atmosphere was broken by Mr. Caruso Brockwell's silver toned requests for more chewing gum and bananas.

Having set foot upon the sandy terra firma of Selma and the train for Wilson yet several hours away, Elon's robust ball tossers did nothing but anxiously await day's breaking. It finally broke without hurting any of them, thanks to strong constitutions. After being properly tagged they set out upon an exploration of this city in its labyrinth of streets and lively stables. Free lunch stands not opening for some time they were finally rounded up in time to catch the train and do honor with illuminating optics to the landscape and unrivalled scenic beauty enroute to Wilson.

Lunch at 12 N. Ride to ball field 3.00 p. m. 4.00 p. m. game commences. Not many wildly enthusiastic Fans and Fannies in evidence but excitement at fever heat and rivalry unrivalled. Atlantic Christian College takes the field. Tyrus Raymond Sparrow first up at bat for Elon. Winsted, the husky Christian winds himself into fourteen knots, whirls his trusty bread tong in loops, ovals and triangles with lightning-like rapidity when finally the horsehide sphere in its mad voyage is

directed toward the home plate, then, bang! and before the spectators had recovered their breaths the aforesaid sphere was passing through the penumbra where Brother Horizon stoops to kiss old Mother Earth, nor did its mad flight cease until the lucky Elonite was happily ensconced upon the initial sack-still full of the ecstasy of "gettin a hit." Clouds hover around overhead and grumble. Jupiter Pluvius now butts into the scenery and the Elonites must content themselves with just two runs and three innings of a might-have-been interesting mixup.

Pearson's pitching excellent. No hits off of his delivery. Elon's every player did himself credit. (Manager Ingle seen in grandstand with tears in his eyes trying to sympathize with certain of the Fannies.)

Back to the Hotel and justice to a bountiful repast, and the Elon team in fine humor, just that condition of mind and body best suited to the fullest enjoyment of the greater pleasures, and they were not long in the realization of a great pleasure, for Atlantic Christian College tendered them an invitation to attend in a body a reception in the spacious halls of the college. Upon arrival at the college the team found that the reception was given by and in honor of the Hesperian Literary Society's victory at debating over its contemporary.

The balls were clothed in a happy color scheme, with myriads of pennants upon the walls lending to the atmosphere fraternal spirit and college love. The value of this fitting environment was made superlative, the occasion and its intention honored by the presence of a number of the young lady students, gentlemen and ladies of the faculty, and last but not least; President and Mrs. Caldwell and little Miss Caldwell.

After a pleasant fifty minutes at "Progressive Conversations" a very interesting method of determining what companion should vie with you in the indulgences of the dining room was begun. Romeo must find his Juliet, Alden his Priscilla and Jacob his Rachel. Next came entre into the large and beautifully decorated dining room. After joining Doctor Caldwell in a return of thanks befitting the occasion the diners were treated with course number one which was interspersed with excellent toasts by members of the faculty, and by members of the visiting team in Messrs. Ingle and Hedgpeth. Mr. Ingle in appreciation and well wishes for Atlantic Christian College, and Mr. Hedgpeth; well, if you know him "nuff sed." Some more courses, then the "Piece de resistance:" Oysters. During their enjoyment there was a rare treat for everybody in a masterly rendition by Miss Jennings of the department of Elocution. A beautiful piano solo by Miss Settle.

Pleasure seems to speed the hours. The bells are ringing midnight. The parting of friends new physically, but spiritually, destined from beginning. Elon College base-ball team leaves the hospitable atmosphere and pleasantness of Atlantic Christian College happy because still fresh in memories of the evening, but withal, sorry that "Good Bye" comes so quickly. We of the team repeat our toast of Monday evening: "Long Live Atlantic Christian College and its good people."

Player.

## DIAMOND DOPE.

Well, we dropped one to Trinity, but let the dead past bury its dead. It is easy to see that with the regular arrangement of men, we have a bunch that can play ball, too.

Newman's stunt, pulled off in the shape of a squeeze play, worked to perfection, also his little bluff toward second. "Prosperity" has a few benders, quips and curves, too.

Who said we needed a catcher? "Pretty" Jim was on his job and showed grit worthy of pounds greater than his.

Everyone enjoyed the trip and Trinity treated us white. The Methodists are a clever set of fellows.

Hard luck the games at Wilson could not be played, with the Atlantic Christian College. But that reception and banquet was a rare treat for the team. Everybody's happy.

And Sparrow broke his finger, seems luck is against, but we can play against the deck and then win if we will. His sensational work at Durham during the seven innings he did play, entitles him to a rest.

Farmer's running catch of Anderson's drive to center was of the premier type. In fact the whole outfield played classy ball, and the Durhamites think the game uninteresting. Well, suppose they do?

The infield needs a little rubbing to make it what it ought to be. Errors may lose the game when nothing else will.

Some good hard practice will be gone through with preparatory to the LaFayette game Saturday. This will be the most expensive game we will have, so every one come out and see the gentlemen from the North.

The reserves had a little "round" Saturday while the team was at Durham. Bland, as catcher, showed up well and someone may lose his job before June if he be not careful. He has a good arm and lots of ginger.

Moore showed good speed and flashes of control. He may make a pitcher.

Give them all a chance, as that is the only way we can get the best men in college, on the team.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

To make biscuit light—drench with gasoline and ignite before serving.

To keep servants—chloroform and lock in the cellar.

To get rid of peddlers—buy all they have.

To remove fruit stains from linen—use the scissors.

To keep rats out of the pantry—put all the food in the cellar.

To entertain women visitors—let them read all your private papers.

To entertain men visitors—feed the brutes.

To keep children at home—lock 'em in the garret.

To keep hubby at home—lock up all his clothes.

To prevent accidents in the kitchen—fill the keosene can with water.

To stop leaks in pipes—send in a hurry up for the nearest plumber.

To economize on coal—get a gas range.

To propitiate the janitor—you can't do it.—Lippincott's.

## THE STORY OF HANS AND MARIA.

Many years ago near the Mountain of

R—lived a family not very poor, nor very rich. The members of this family the father, mother, and two little children, one boy and one girl. The little girl was about eight years old and named Hans, and her little brother Hans was about four years younger than herself.

It was in a pretty country home that this family lived happily for just a few years. After which the home was broken up by the death of a loving father and husband. This little boy and girl were too young then to know what death meant, but ah! it was not long before they realized the meaning of this sad word at which so many of us shudder. For it was only a few more years when their mother was called from this earth by the voice of our loving Heavenly Father.

After the death of the father the mother and children lived on in their own country home. Mother looking after the work of her household duties, and having the farm attended just as near like her husband had always done as possible. While little brother and sister played and enjoyed out door sports that all children who like nature enjoy in the beautiful country fields and woods.

Regardless of the fact that mother had lots of work to do, she never neglected her duty toward her children which is the work of every ideal mother: That of training her children and teaching them about their blessed Savior. Never did she think of retiring at night no matter how much her toil, and how hard her labor during the day without reading the Bible or telling some pretty Bible story and praying with her children who were her only joy and the only persons for whom she had to work here in this world.

Everything around this home went on cheerfully and smoothly, but friends and



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