

**THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.**

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FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1912.

Every little co-ed has a way that's all her own.

Wonderful how much sentiment can be compressed into a thing as small as a snow ball.

One touch of winter makes the whole world shiver.

The Sophomore class have had a meeting. Hurrah!

With the recent five inches of snow, baseball practice has been slightly interrupted.

Before these lines are read by a good many of us, examinations will be on in full force.

How shall ye spend the period?

Flee from the disappointment to come.

All things work together for the good of those who love their text-books.

Adam started the fall and we've been falling ever since. Will we continue during the coming week?

The teacher loveth a willing pupil.

I have learned that whatsoever grade I get, therewith to be content.

Choose ye this day which ye shall study, text-books, base ball, or co-education in practice.

I know not what course others may choose, but as for me, give me co-education in both home and school.

So easy is it to do wrong and cause some one pain.

Ah! better to go slow and think and think and think again.

It makes no difference what we are,

Infant, child or man—

To do our best is the only test

The world would have us stand.

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,"  
But the G. O. P. surely has two this year.

Which shall it be?  
Which shall it be?  
"T" looked at "T,"  
And "T" looked at "T."

**EDUCATION OF EDWIN TALMAGE HARVEY.**

By Wright Angle.

When Edwin Talmage Harvey passed from the period of infancy into that blissful, inquisitive and important knee-pants era, he was by far the most important personage in the A. Rudy Harvey household, and as fair a child as one would care to see. I would not have you think that Edwin Talmage was a precocious child, nor that he was extraordinary in any sense, save that of his childish beauty, so that any one would be likely to notice it, except his fond parents. He was just a lusty, healthy, friendly cherub whose interest changed direction as often as does the perimeter of a circle, just as is the case with any normal youngster of the same age. He saw the horses, trains, boats and other things such as delight the youth, and enjoyed them with the same childish happiness that you and I did when we passed that way. Boyhood is always pregnant with these charming discoveries, but for the most part they are unstable and elusive. The world to the child is all newness, and just as the bee flits here and there to gather nectar, so does the child gather the material for adjusting itself to the conditions of life. All of the experience of youthful imagination and the appurtenances thereto fed the intellect of young Edwin, and made him feel wise, just as you and I did when we were passing that way. I remember distinctly how eloquently happy he looked when he had donned his first trousers; he was a man, or at least he had made himself think so. Mrs. Harvey was happy too; and she would draw him up to her and call him her "preacher man" or some other pet expression, while E. T. gloated over his new acquirement and prestige. Edwin Talmage could not know how full of tenderness was the heart of Mrs. Harvey, and that she enjoyed his satisfaction even more than any pleasure that she could not share with him. Edwin T. enjoyed a larger latitude in his mother's affection than most boys do, anyway, and that is perhaps the chief reason why his name appears in this story.

Mrs. Harvey was a motherly optimistic soul, and found ample satisfaction in attending to her household duties and in keeping a careful account of the activities of her son. She did not care what others thought of her sacrifices for E. T., if she could only present him spotless, at the brink of his manhood, her hopes would be satisfied.

Mrs. Harvey could easily have been a social leader in her community; she had often declined invitations tendered by the suffragettes and various clubs. She always said, "I can't leave Edwin." Mr. Harvey, like many other men, was engrossed in the problem of providing for present want and future needs, and as a matter of course, was away from home practically all of the time, except that

which he needed for rest; so the matter of rearing Edwin Talmage was of necessity the charge of Mrs. Harvey; and I really believe that she was glad of it.

It must be a great comfort to a noble mother to see her soon succeed; for satisfaction in most cases must be the reward of her toil. It was so in the case of Mrs. Harvey, though in many instances that satisfaction was interrupted.

Edwin Talmage Harvey was not long reaching and entering the period of youth, that is, the time seemed short to all of us who could look back on as much as twenty summers, but to Edwin the years were cruelly long. He yearned to be a man, so he could, as he imagined, meet folks on an equal footing. He felt that it was a dreadful handicap not to be able to do things just as the men had done, and were doing. It was simply awful to have to wait to reach the period of manhood. But Edwin waited. Sometimes I think that it takes a great deal of the pleasure out of a thing if we are so long in obtaining it; and I think I'm of the opinion that that reasoning will obtain when applied to the question of becoming grown. If Edwin had come to be a man as early as he wished—oh, well, let's don't anticipate. Those long years were part of natural curriculum and were exceedingly necessary to the preparation of Edwin for a proper reception into the realm of manhood. One of the primal elements in young Harvey's education then was experience. Same here, and same there, if you are a normal man or woman.

The preparatory school work of Edwin Talmage was mediocre only. Those pesky letters and figures were hard to get associated with anything that would carry anything to his brain except confusion. He could learn easily, the difference between a cat and a dog, but it was not easy to distinguish between B and D because B and D were not active enough to be interesting. I have often wished that the alphabet and the multiplication table were personified—they'd be easy to learn in that event. The process of learning, though, is not synonymous with gravitation, and wishing get nothing for anybody. Absorption, I think, is the word which names the method of Edwin Talmage's early schooling. Fortunate, E. T. was not so dense as some and readily succeeded in advancing with those of his age and class. Thus passed the boyhood of Edwin Talmage Harvey.

At fourteen Edwin entered an academy in order to fit himself for the Freshman class at college. It was here that he felt the first influence of competition. New ideals loomed up before. It felt good to be antagonized, to match units and resources with his class mates. Success was sweet; failure was galling and despicable, yet each of them furnished stimuli for future contests and opposition. Finding the ego was a great departure for Edwin, and it will be interesting to know the effect which it had upon him, if I can narrate my recollections of him during his life at the academy and college in their due sequence and proportion.

(To be continued.)

—Congress is investigating the strike at Lawrence, Mass.

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**HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.**

All boys like marbles; but who knows how they are made or where they come from? "Marbles," says the Chicago Herald, "are made in great quantities in Saxony for export to India, China, and the United States. A hard, calcareous stone is used. This is broken into square blocks, and about one hundred and fifty of these blocks are thrown into a mill, in which is a flat slab of stone with numerous concentric furrows on its face. A block of oak of the same diameter as the stone, is made to revolve on the slab, while water flows upon it. The whole process requires but a quarter of an hour, and one mill can turn out twenty thousand marbles a week. The mills at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, manufacture marbles and agates especially for the American market."

So marbles are made by going thru the mill and getting the rough corners rubbed off, the edges smoothed down, and the mass ground into a globular form. And boys are made into men in much the same way, by being run through life's school, which is their "mill until their rough corners and edges disappear and they become rounded and smoother and fit for use in the world. Poverty, adversity, hard times, and hard fare—all have their uses in this world to round men and smooth them and polish them and fit them for usefulness here and for glory hereafter.—New York Observer.

—The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is moving mightily to build a house of worship in Washington, D. C. Gen. J. S. Carr of Durham has given \$5,000 and contributions are being made from many directions.