

Elon College, N. C.,
Oct. 5, 1920.

Dear Ma:

I ain't got much to write this week except that I'm so homesick that I would give my gold tooth and jazz tie both in order to be able to stretch my lazy carcass in the old feather bed one more time. How is the cider now? Is Pa making much? I wish I could stick my nose in a two-gallon bucket of it. Tell Pa to save the pumpkins and fatten the turkeys—words fail me in this hour of hunger—but I'll be there Thanksgiving unless they have ice where they ain't got no business.

They have some of the most peculiar kind of little dumb animals up here you ever saw. They call 'em Seniors. One of them is right cute. His name is Lonny be Easy. He reminds me not so much of the squirrel as the hickory. Dr. Harper takes a lot of interest in these little helpless animals. He looks after them just as if they were his own pigs. He certainly is a kind hearted man. Listen what he did for the little weakly things. The other day they wanted to leave their corral (?) and go out in the fresh air to have a feast on marshmallows. But you remember marshmallows have a whole lot of fine white dust on them. Well, Dr. Harper was afraid that so much dust would injure the delicate little creatures' lungs so that it might result in a serious social scandal, and so he chinked all the crevices so they couldn't get out. Now ain't he the kind heartedest man you ever heard tell of? The little things are running around on the campus now just as happy and healthy as you please. They furnish innocent amusement for the whole school.

The other day a fellow come here and played the piano. He was the first person I have heard play since I got here. He was some musician. His hair was about a yard long. He didn't have but two eyes and couldn't see out of either one. He played some rag time and I danced. He played something sentimental and I cried. He played a love song and I got married. He played a hymn and we all went to heaven. I wish he would come back again. You get a chance to stop thinking about what fools folks are when you listen to his music.

The girls have a peculiar organization here in school. They call it a Student Self-Punishing Board. The object is to see how many rules can be made for the girls to observe. Some fair samples of these rules is that the girls may not pick their teeth on Wednesday, trim their corns on Saturday, nor smile at the boys on Sunday. Every time I think of the

Board I get bored. It reminds me of the fool that cut off his nose to spite his face.

We have a man here who fixes all the keys and keyholes in the college. There is a mighty nice woman that runs the electric baker. He is baldheaded. She likes bald heads. He is a widower. She is a widow. Prospects bid fair for the greatest romance of the season—it will even out-rival that of Professor Myrick. I hope I get an invitation to the wedding. She keeps the keys to the store room. I believe in eating at all matrimonial ceremonies.

I'm all right except that I'm suffering from a little dose of buckshot. I went out to Uncle Jerry's scuppernong vine last night and neglected the little matter of paying in advance.

Until hog-killing time, I remain
Hungrily your son,
FRESH MAN.

"DON'T CARE" ATTITUDE.

The "don't care" attitude is the offense that cannot be overlooked. People who are sorry can be forgiven almost anything, but it is hard to excuse even a slight slip in those who are indifferent.

Some young folks on being discovered in wrong-doing, seem to feel that they improve matters by declaring that they don't care! As a matter of fact, this makes a trifling offense inexcusable. In these days of crowded street cars, we are bound to be jarred and jostled, but the quick apology minimizes the offense. But when in a street car the other day, a young boor stepped on the feet of an older man and then said gruffly, "If your feet were where they belong they wouldn't be stepped on," he made a slight accident an offense almost beyond pardon.

If you have done a thing that has made trouble for another, do not be afraid to show you regret it. Often it is not the original offense that rankles so much as the fact that the offender does not care.—Selected.

**STUDENT VOLUNTEERS
MEAN REAL BUSINESS**

The Student Volunteer Band met in regular session on the evening of October 5. Rev. D. P. Barrett was present and answered a number of questions for the members.

The volunteers are planning a great year's work, and wish to have as many as possibly can attend the meetings. Everyone who is interested in missions will find the meetings helpful. They will be full of real information and inspiration.



THE MONTAGUE LIGHT OPERA SINGERS.

Light opera, always popular, is featured in costume by the Montague Singers. In the repertoire of this veteran organization are scenes from "The Serenade" by Victor Herbert, "Robin Hood" by Reginald DeKoven, and the "Pied Piper," selections from "The Mikado," "The Red Mill" and "Madam Butterfly," and a complete operetta, "A Japanese Romance," all of which are given in costume.

Incidental solos, duets and quartets

from the best song literature give pleasing variety to the program. One or more readings such as a sketch from "The Blue Bird" by Maeterlinck, give further diversion without departing from the superior quality of the Montague program.

Doubtless much of the success of this company year after year is due to the fact that there is no let-up in their musical study. New program features are constantly being developed and in this way return engagements are welcomed without the necessity of duplication.

**ELON COLLEGE
ALMA MATER**

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