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That Common-Looking Old Paper.

"Should you want to find out about current literature, authors and the like, how would you go about it?" asked Frank, speaking to his class-mate, LeRoy, who frequently visited the College Library, but with no evident purpose other than to be in the association of books.

"Why," said LeRoy, "I don't know exactly, other than by reading the books, and by looking into the 'cyclopedias for biographical sketches."

"What would you find," rejoined the other, "in an encyclopedia about Henry James, William Dean Howells, James Lane Allen, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Johnson, Thomas Nelson Page, and other living authors? Who are the editors of the leading magazines? Your cyclopedias give but scant, if any, information about such things."

LeRoy confessed that these questions concerned him but very little and if required to get up information on such a subject, he would not know how to proceed.

Frank suggested that perhaps The New York Times Saturday Review, which he would find in the Library, would be of valuable assistance.

"What? That common-looking old paper? I never read such trash," was LeRoy's warm retort.

These two men had been in college three years. Starting with about equal knowledge as to how to make use of a library, Frank had evidently outstripped LeRoy in this part of college acquirements.

The conversation continued too long to recount here, in full. But Frank, in giving some account of "that common-looking old paper," as LeRoy had characterized The New York Times Saturday Review, showed that he had learned to use the library in a wise, servicable manner, and proved to be a very interesting talker.

One by one other students were attracted to the little circle until a dozen or more collected and listened to this, now literary lecture that had started in a casual conversation.

"In the autumn of 1896, I think it was," said Frank, "that The New York Times undertook a new department in American journalism. And this new venture was to issue every Saturday a purely literary edition or section of The Times. This section was to be devoted exclusively to reviews of current books, to discussions of literary topics, gossip about authors and such like. This review was ably edited from the beginning and soon won favor with leading authors, and with general readers. Its phenomenal success led scores of other high-class papers to adopt the literary idea.

"At the end of ten years, the Review, in celebrating its tenth anniversary, published parts of letters of appreciation from leading authors and publishers." Here are some of them which Frank read from his scrap-book.

FROM JAMES LANE ALLEN.

The running out of ten years of life for The New York Times Saturday Review of Books is an event of dignity and weight in the history of our critical literature. It was mature when it began; and it has added to its youth as it has added to its years. Both the gravity of its judgment and the freshness of its temper render it a vital force, and the multitude of those who look to it for serious guidance, or from lighter motives testify alike to its solid character, and to its range, its sunniness, its readableness. Where else may one find such a weekly gathering and sampling of the grapes that some day may be vinegar, or some day may be wine, or some day may be—neither.

FROM HENRY VAN DYKE.

I cannot forego the opportunity of sending you my congratulations on the tenth anniversary of The New York Times Saturday Review of Books. I have found, especially in the longer articles and in the editorials, much that is instructive. I wish you another decade of increasing prosperity.

FROM THOMAS NELSON PAGE

I congratulate you on the approaching anniversary of your valued Book Review, as I have often congratulated others on the existence of such a review.

We have all been its beneficiaries, for it has kept us in touch with everything in the literary world on both sides of the ocean and has given, for now ten years, sound and trustworthy reviews of nearly all books of any general interest in that period. Accept my hearty good wishes for your continued success.

FROM PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS.

What I like about The New York Times Saturday Review of Books is the skill with which its conductors have solved a difficult problem. Most of the books published do not call for serious consideration; all that is needful is to tell the newspaper readers, briefly, what they contain. The Times does this; and by doing it gains space for longer reviews of the books of larger importance, reviews written by experts who are not afraid to warrant their opinions with their signatures.

FROM EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

I don't suppose any other book review has been established upon the same lines as yours, or has grown of itself to exercise the functions of, I may say, a "National literary gazette." There seems to be now nothing touching or appertaining to the book trade and the being and doings of writers which it does not contain. It is so receptive as to constitute an "open court" of the republic of letters. This in all senses of the phrase, for its letters from readers, notes and queries, and the like are after all a complement of the authoritative reviews by Mr. Scuyler, Mr. and Miss Cary, Mr. Boynton and others of your critical staff.

After reading these and similar letters

from such authors as W. J. Rolfe, the famous Shakespeare editor; Owen Wisner, the author of "The Virginians" and "Lady Baltimore;" Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel," and "The Crossing." Frank laid his scrap-book down. He then told of how he accidentally chanced upon a copy of the Book Review in the College Library one day and found it an open door to the question on which he and LeRoy had begun the discussion.

That common-looking old paper which others besides LeRoy in that little circle of students had not suspected as being of any such literary interest thereafter was their guide to book-buying and to current literary information. W. P. L.

The Clio Entertainment.

The following account of the Clio Society literary entertainment, and other news is taken from the Raleigh News and Observer of Feb. 25.

The annual public entertainment of the Clio Literary Society occurred in the college chapel on Tuesday evening, February 22, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience of students and visitors.

The entertainment consisted of an oration by Russell A. Campbell, of Harrisonburg, Va., who also rendered a cornet solo; an oration by Mr. Joe P. Farmer, of News Ferry, Va.; the humorous selections of Limerick, by Mr. Jennings S. Lincoln, of Wakefield, Va.; a vocal solo by Mr. Arlando M. Barnes, of Elon College, and the debate concerning the status of the Carnegie Foundation, as it is at present administered, the debaters being Messrs. J. A. Dickey, of Burlington, and C. J. Felton, of Gates, attacking the administration of the said foundation, and Messrs. G. S. Cornwell, of Wakefield, Va., and C. W. Rountree, of Suffolk, Va., defending the administration of the Carnegie Foundation. The judges of the debate were W. H. Carroll, Esq., John H. Vernon, Esq., and W. A. Harper, of the faculty, who unanimously rendered the decision in favor of the affirmative by Messrs. Dickey and Felton. The same committee also awarded the gold medal for the best speaker to Mr. Campbell. The presiding officer of the entertainment was Mr. John Willis Barney, of Clearville, Pa., and the secretary was Mr. H. A. Moffitt, of Asheboro, N. C.

President Moffitt is away this week in the Valley of Virginia, looking after the interest of the college and the endowment, as well as his private interests in that section. He is expected back the latter part of this week and will begin active work again in North Carolina in the interest of the endowment next week.

Mr. Jesse F. West, Jr., of Washington and Lee University, spent Washington's birthday visiting on the hill; so did Mr. W. M. Pinnix, of New Berne, and Mrs. Irene Cook, of Cardenas.

Dr. J. O. Atkinson is in Suffolk, Va., this week, attending the interests of the publication department of the Southern Christian Convention. He is soon to

bring from the press a volume on the life of James O'Kelly, founder of the Christian Church, by W. E. McClenny, A. B., Suffolk, Va., a graduate of the class of '98, who has investigated ever since his graduation with most painstaking attention and detail all the valuable documents having to do with the life and work of this distinguished man, whose biographer he is so soon to become. This book has been long needed by the Christians and will be welcomed most heartily. Dr. Atkinson will also publish shortly a theological work by the Rev. W. S. Long, A. M., D. D., of Graham, N. C., the founder and first president of Elon College. A third volume which is in course of preparation and soon to be published by him, is a book entitled "Preparing the Teacher," which is volume two, of the author's Teacher Training Course of the Southern Christian Church.

The Alumni and the \$50,000 for Elon.

Since my last report through The Weekly I have received the following subscriptions from the alumni of Elon College:

J. W. Johnson, \$100.
W. D. Harward, \$100.
G. O. Lankford, \$50.
R. C. Cox, \$50.
Miss Nannie Carlton, \$50.
Miss Annie Staley, \$50.

In addition to the above I have had promises from several others to send in their subscriptions now soon. Some are considering making even larger donations. I feel that every alumnus should take part in this movement and I believe the majority of them will do so. We not only appreciate the subscription but we are especially grateful for the many kind words and good wishes for the movement, that accompany them.

I trust that the remaining alumni may not delay sending in their subscriptions any longer than is absolutely necessary to make up their minds what they are willing to do.

The movement needs the impetus of your ready response.

"Do it now!"

E. L. Moffitt, Pres.

An Inconsiderate Husband.

Farmer Stackrider said ruminatingly, "I kinda b'lieve I'll get one o' these ere safety razors that I see advertised so much."

Mrs. Stackrider, somewhat peevishly—"Yes, that's just exactly like you, Jason! You ain't got no more consideration for a toilin' woman than a mill-stun! How do you s'pose I can rip up seams with a safety razor?"

Poking.

Nell—"Of course Miss Prim is awfully slow."

Belle—"Oh! awfully. Why, for the past forty years or more—"

Nell—"What? She told me she was only twenty-five."

Belle—"That's just it. It's taken her all this time to get to be twenty-five."