

The Weekly Directory.

BURLINGTON (N. C.) BUSINESS HOUSES.

Buy Dry Goods from B. A. Sellars & Sons.
Buy Furniture from the Smith Furniture Store.
See Burlington Hardware Company for Plumbing.
Get your Photographs at Anglin's Studio.
Go to Holt-Cates Company and B. A. Sellars & Sons for Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
See Dr. R. M. Morrow when in need of Dental Work.
Real Estate, Insurance and Loans, Alamance Insurance & Real Estate Co.
Barber Shop, Brannock & Matkins.
Dr. J. H. Brooks, Dental Surgeon.
See Freeman Drug Co. for Drugs.

ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

Do your Banking with the Elon College Banking and Trust Company.
For General Merchandise see J. J. Lambeth.
For an Education go to Elon College.

GIBSONVILLE, N. C.

Dr. G. E. Jordan, M. D.

HIGH POINT, N. C.

People's House Furnishing Co.

The Poor Man's Idea.

There is no doubt about college life being a novelty, and there is no doubt but college men have all kinds of novel ideas. Some of these are very wise and some are very foolish. In the congregation of men of all classes and from all places, which composes a student body of any college, we find a few fellows who believe in wealth. That is they think their wealth is a sufficient proof of their manhood and their general character. Of course we do not question the absurdity of such thoughts. Now there is a greater number who are stricken with an entirely different idea. They are those who think their poverty is a sufficient guarantee that they are "it." Now we hesitate to say that the thoughts of this other class are foolish. This "poor boy" thought—this idea that "I will be a success because I am a poor boy"—is so common that it is a dangerous business to comment upon it. Yet who is the more foolish? Wealth doesn't make a man. Nor does poverty. But you would have a hard time to make a poor boy—one who works around college—believe that the son of wealthy people who succeeds deserves more credit than one of his class that prospers. But is it not a fact that the rich boy deserves the more credit? His wealth gives him pleasures that work against him in every manner. He has everything to overcome. The poor boy on the other hand has not so much to overcome as he has to push him upward.

But coming back to the main subject we must admit that poverty is no more a witness of success than wealth. However there are lots of men who were poor, and all that, and now are great, yet that proves nothing. Of course many a poor fellow comforts himself because of the illustrious examples of poor men that have become renowned. And it is this very nursing of poverty that hurts. Let a fellow be rich and if he isn't aware of it, it doesn't hurt him. Let a fellow be poor and if he doesn't know it, it doesn't hurt. But let a boy be poor and boast of it, and sing of it and sing of it, and compare himself to Abraham Lincoln and he will be poor indeed and likely remain so. It is a pity that no more bell-ringers and college sweepers become presidents of colleges and governors of states than do. And the reason that they are not becoming such is because they have mistaken the means for the end. They have forgot what they could be by thinking upon what they are. They are not only "poor boys and

proud of it"—but they are poverty stricken in mind and don't know it. We rightly laugh at the rich fellow who expects to go through because he is rich. And why not laugh at the poor fellow who thinks he will be great because he is poor?

As a matter of fact nothing comes from nothing. Like every other man the poor man must have something to begin with. While Gypsy Smith, Dwight L. Moody, and Abraham Lincoln were poor boys they never thought of their poverty, but became men in spite of it. Though neither of these men ever worked their way through college—or even went to college—they became learned and great leaders. The fact of the business is, every man must rise by merit—not by being poor—and he must also be suited to and equal to his sphere. Now isn't this a fact? Let's illustrate the point. Scientists say there are three classes of fish in the sea. The first class stay near the top of the water and around the shore and they go in shoals. The second class are the fish found in the middle of the ocean or near mid-way between the surface and the bottom. The third class always stay on or near the bottom. Now the scientists tell us that there is a tremendous downward force at the bottom of the ocean and that these fish which dwell there have an inward force pressing outward equal to the downward force of the ocean. So these fish can swim about in their place as easily as the fish can upon the surface; but if they are brought to the top of the water, which they cannot do within themselves, the great inward force presses out their eyes and breaks their skin. In other words, the inward pressure is so much greater than the outward that they burst. So it is with the man who is placed in the sphere he is not equal to. He is bound to burst.

So a man must be something from the beginning.

J. C. Rowland.

The Two Admirals.

[This is one of J. Fenimore Cooper's Sea Tales and this brief story of the book was written by Miss Satterfield ('13) as a class exercise. Ed.]

The events I am to relate occurred near the middle of the last century.

On a high headland off the coast of Devonshire stood a little stationhouse, which had been erected with a view to communicate by signals with the shipping that sometimes lay at anchor in an adjacent roadstead. This little island was called Whychecombe. Sir Wycherly Whychecombe lived at this place. He received three or four thousand dollars a year. This man had three sons but they all died when he was very old. He knew his time was coming and he didn't have any one to leave his money to but kept on talking till after a while he found another family of Whychecombes. There was a smart boy in this family so he willed all his money to him because he didn't want his property to get out of the Whychecombe name and yet this boy wasn't any kin to him. The name of this boy was Tom Wychecombe. There was a man lived here by the name of Dutton who was the officer in charge of the signal station. He had a wife and a beautiful daughter whose name was Mildred. Mr. Dutton was one day sitting down near the ocean on a stump, or something of the kind, when up came Tom Wyche-

combe. He said a few words to Mr. Dutton and then looked around, he spied a flower on the edge of the cliff. He loved flowers and knew Mildred did, so he thought he would go and get the flower and carry it to Mildred. But he got over balanced and fell down the cliff near the water. Just then Mildred came up to her father. She heard some one hallowing and said to her father, "What is that noise?" Her father told her it was Tom, that he had gone there to get a flower and had fallen over the cliff. At this time Sir Wycherly Whychecombe rode up on his horse. Mildred told him the trouble and told them if they would help her, she would get a rope and pull him out. Mildred ran and got a rope and tied it to the flag-staff and let it down and told him to tie it around his waist so they could pull him up. It was a good while before they succeeded in landing him safe on the top, but they finally succeeded; and it was by the work and persuasion of Mildred that he was saved. Tom fell in love with Mildred after this. So one day he and another young man took a voyage on the ship. He told Mildred good-bye and told her he hoped to see her again soon. She was constantly on his mind during the voyage. After his return he and Mildred were married.

Ruby Satterfield.

Elon Defeats Guilford.

Guilford College, April 11.—The ball game here this afternoon went to the Elon College aggregation by the following score:

	R. H. E.
Elon College	5 9 3
Guilford College	2 7 3

Batteries: Elon, Hearn and Hobbs; Guilford, Shore and Stewart.
Two-base hits: Pearson and Hill, for Elon, and Shore for Guilford. Struck out, by Hearn 8, Shore 3.

THE PACKER'S TRICK.

The dear old "Ship of State" Is loaded with a whale. We'll send to Chicago for the cans, The meat is growing stale.

We'll mix with beef and pig, So that the whole we'll relish. This is what the packers do, And don't you think it's —

They use a lot of spice and stuff, And dreadful poison too, I guess, That when you open up a can, It's hard to eat the "cussed" mess.

We ate it for a long time, And no one ever knew it, 'Till Upton Sinclair wrote it up, And then we couldn't do it.

We saw the meat; how it was packed. The workman were so skilled, We swore we'd eat, no more such meat, Unless we saw it killed.

The packer's were losing trade. They sent for "Unkle Sam," They palmed it off on him. It is the people's sham.

But Unkle smelled a mouse, And got on to their racket. You'll have to let me see the meat, Before you start to pack it.

They cleaned the house one day. They made it spick and span, The packers were at work again. They filled a new tin can.

They gave the new tin can to "Unkle Sam's" inspector. The packers have a partner now. He is the new director.

When "Unkle Sam" O. K'd the can The packers won the game. And still we eat the rotten meat. Well, now who's to blame?

Edgar T. Hines.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK

Of the many cases where DISEASE has been contracted by having your LAUNDRY WORK done in the same room that is used for eating, sleeping, and the using of Opium?

Sanitary Methods Used in

Burlington Steam Laundry

RALPH POINTER, Agent,

Elon College, N. C.

Suits and Shoes that Satisfy

PARTICULAR DRESSERS

THE HOLT-CATES COMPANY

Main Street, Burlington, N. C.

People's House Furnishing Company

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Wholesale and Retail

House Furnishers and Jobbers

Mantles,

Grates,

Tile

a Specialty.