The Elon College Weekly

VOL. I. New Series | BURLINGTON, N. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1910. | NO. 11

And Elon College, N. C.

THE MAN WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE.

A Tragedy of College Life.

He was once a boy back there in a little village or country school. He was a good boy, too. His work in school was well done; his evenings were spent in study; his parents were proud of his school record; and his teacher and friends prophesied for him a brilliant career. He led all his classes, won all the medals and graduated at the head of his class. Of course he must go to college, even though it was necessary for his father and mother to scrimp and save to pay his bills. But what to them was their discomfort and saving compared with the bright future of their boy. So to college he went, equipped with a sound mind, a healthy body, a father's blessings and a mother's prayers.

His reception at college was all that he could desire; his teachers were agreeably impressed by his manly appearance and honest thorough work. His cheerful disposition soon won him friends and his college life began in a most delightful manner. His was a busy wholesome life. With the benediction of a Christian home still lingering upon him he readilly entered into the religious organizations of the college and enjoyed their elevating influences. His letters home were both frequent and cheerful. He was surely destined for a successful carear.

But the Garden of Eden was not without its temptor and temptations, neither is college life. Hence it was only natural that he should encounter some of these temptations. His was a nature that responded to friendly treatment and easily made friends, and among his college friends he unfortunately included several "good fellows" who had since foreswore earnest persistent work and were bent on having "a good time." For them the past was forgotten and the future yet unborn. The present alone was theirs to enjoy. In their jovial companionship home and mother fade into the hazy distance for the new boy and the hopeful future ceases to allure and sustain and soon loses its chance. "A fellow has but one life to live" say his careless friends "and he might as well get some fun out of that one." Of course his work must suffer, but "work is a bore anyway and just so a fellow makes a grade, what difference does it make?" So when an essay must be written in English there's plenty of them in the library that the professor certainly has never seen, and when a new text in Latin or Mathematics must be taken up a few days will suffice to obtain a translative or key and all goes merrily on. At about this time he discovers, too, that the professors are not so friendly as they once were and are not treating him fairly; because when he gets back that splendid essay which he had been careful to copy word for word and to punctuate exactly as it was written, he is surprised and displeased to find it marked C. Not a mistake marked in it either; and there's Jones, who got his back literally cut to pieces and marked "rewrite," and then got B on it. And then when he recites his Latin lesson the teacher takes especial delight in tangling him up with senseless questions about tense and case and mode, etc., while he asks Smith, who is next to him and doesn't read half so glibly, only a few easy questions which he answers without any difficulty—as anyone ought to. "It's no use for a fellow to try, he can't get justice anyway." The letters home, which are diminishing in length and frequency, have lost their cheerful tone and are decidedly pessimistic. Father and mother are disturbed and angry that John should be so mistreated, and wish they had sent him to another college, where he would have received justice. They know the teachers are to blame, because so bright a boy and so industrious a student as John would not make such grades as his reports indicate. But he has begun his course there and to change would mean a loss of time and money, so the only thing to be done is to make the best of it and let him stay. He will make his mark yet in spite of those teachers who are prejudiced against him because they think he will make a smarter man than they are. And as for John; his college course, which should have been a climb upward, becomes a slide downward. His work becomes lighter all the while, both in his estimation and in quality. The time must be passed some how, so he learns how to play cards, takes to smoking cigarettes, and burdens his memory with a collection of stories of doubtful reputation.

But there comes a time when all this is of no avail. The work increases, originality is demanded and John fails to measure up to the demand. He no longer cares now, and after drifting along for a while he finally decides to quit school and go into business. The fact that he has spent several years in college enables him to secure a good position, but his stay is short. His employers are surprised and disgusted to find him both careless and incompetent and wonder of what value his college training has been to him. But they are not conducting a training school for incompetents, so John soon steps down and out. He, of course, carries with him no recommendation, and when he tries to secure another position he fails. And now at last, without confidence in himself or the respect of others, he realizes that so far as his usefulness to the busy world about him is concerned, he is as one dead. He likewise realizes, but too late, that through his own acts he has arrived at his present state, he has killed in himself the man he might have been, that he has actually committed suicide. Could he live over his college days there would de a different story to be told; but time past is past forever, and there is no return. He must walk the path he has chosen, overcast by the shadows of evil, obscured from the light of fame, filled with the gloom of regret, and lost in oblivion and shame.

J. W. Barney.

A True Friend.

There is nothing on this earth that is nearer and dearer to anyone than a true friend. Some writer has said, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." This quotation is a true one, because we are always in need of a true friend, someone to whom we can reveal our secrets and our desires; and to have a true friend is of more value to a person than the whole world. What would the world be to anyone without a friend? Simply a vast wilderness, having no beauty, no sublimity, and no affection. True friendship is the noblest thing any person can possess.

Many times have I thought that I had no friends, but I found that this was simply because I was not friendly myself and so I have determined to be on friendly terms with everyone.

We might compare friendship to a vast mountain, beautifully clad in robes of nature, that brings to our minds a pleasing sensation. Just so are the friendly traits in a person. They stand out and reveal to us a spirit of love, which can never be crushed, except by the hand of God, and he will not do it, because the bible tells us "that God is Love." Then we see that friends are valuable, and when we have one, we should deem it a gift and try always to remain friends.

Sometimes you think you have friends, when you really don't, and so we should always beware of these false persons. But this is hard, because it is very difficult to tell just who our friends are. Don't accept as a friend that person who treats you friendly one time, and shuns you at another, he is not the true friend.

A true friend is a person in whom you can have confidence, and who will aid you in the time of need, and be always ready to do the good things for you and say the good things about you. Friendship is great, grand, and glorious, and only those that have friends can realize it.

W. F. W.

Learned It By Ear.

The dear little girl then arose, bowed, and recited it in this manner:

"Lettuce Denbe up N. Dewing,
Widow Hartfort N. E. Fate;
Still H. E. Ving still per Sue Wing,
Learn to label Aunty Waite."

Notwithstanding.

"And when he proposed did you tell him to see me?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mama, and he said he had seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same."

The Pine.

Pine is the popular name of trees of genus Pinus, natural order Coniferæ. It is found in almost every part of the world. We see the pine on every land, and therefore we consider it a very commonplace thing. While the poet has sung of the oak's grandeur and the novelist with his pen and the painter with his brush have pictured love scenes in the shadow of the stately palm, the pine has been rejected as not being worthy of a song or its shade as a rendevous for lovers.

Recently I heard a little child exclaim with rapture as it beheld a stately pine "Oh! what a pretty pine tree." I wondered what the child saw in a pine to admire, for I had never thought of a pine as being a thing of beauty. I knew that it furnished products of great material wealth, such as lumber, turpentine, naval stores, and whitling material for the derelicts of humanity that congregate at the corner grocery and swap yarns, so I decided to find what the child had found, the beauty of the pine. I have been amply rewarded for my pains.

There is an indescribable beauty of the pine, that can be had only by close observation. You stroll out among the pines, behold the stately trunk towering towards the sky graced with its evergreen foiliage, listen to their sighings as the breeze steals softly through the leafy carpet, and if you came with a feeling of sadness and melancholy here you will ffnd an antidote or if you came with a heart irreverent toward God and nature, the question will soon be springing from the heart, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Easy Money.

Two Irishmen were in a city bank recently, waiting their turn at the cashier's window.

"This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one.

"What about Finnegan?" inquired the other.

"Tis a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said, It's a fine job you've had here for a long time."

"Well Finnegan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent."

"Ah!" said Finnegan, "I'm needing cash. Just lend me a cent, will you?"

"Sure," said St. Peter, "just wait a minute."

Coffee in England.

It was his first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast, and as he began the meal she opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," replied the American, "but it smells rather like coffee.