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IMPORTANT.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1910.

There are some students who honestly, in a cannot-help-it sort of way, chafe under the restraints of college life. For such spirits, the divine declaration that the Great Ruler would have obedience and not sacrifice, is a profitable subject for serious contemplation. The feeling that obedience to government, regulations governing a student body, to be more specific, permanently lessens one's independence, often erroneously and unwisely entertained. The reason for the belief that such a spirit is often unwisely entertained, made a welcome guest in the home of the student's thoughts, is that, frequently, violations of college regulations bring such a train of troubles as the violator had not even imagined. But a hopeful indication in such cases is the penitence of the offender. The chief characteristic of Satan, as represented by Milton in "Paradise Lost," in his unremitting stubbornness to the idea of penitence or acknowledgment of wrong on his part in raising an insurrection in heaven. Again, Shakespeare represents King Claudius in "Hamlet" as unable to pray even, so long as he was under the dominion of sin. Whoever has committed a sin, therefore, and finds no inclination in himself to be penitent is most likely in the kingdom of sin and is to be pitied, for such a one is far from the happy fields where joy forever dwells.

There is a further consideration in connection with this matter of obedience to authority: the most innocent looking regulations when complied with, are a veritable sleeping lion, we find to our sorrow, when stroked the wrong way. The rage and fury of one of these innocent regulations when disturbed not infrequently raises such a storm of bewildering regret and sorrow in the offender's mind as to remind one of the sudden terror of a squall that frequently breaks in upon a calm, placid sea.

Finally, it should not be forgotten that the ability to obey, especially under provocation, or under a trying temptation, is a convincing argument that one has pretty well mastered one's own spirit, without which mastery one is not qualified for rulership, and to be qualified to rule

is as necessary in a college-bred man as is the ability to think, for college men rule, in the thought world at least. So, obedience to college regulations, especially when it is sweet to disobey, is as much an opportunity for a student to learn to control that complex, mysterious, hard-to-manage inner impulse, which we call one's spirit, as the most exacting studies are opportunities for learning mind mastery.

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1819-1910.

Last week's papers brought the news of the death of one of America's most noted and most gifted women, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She was in her ninety-second year, having been born in New York May 27, 1819. She was the daughter of a banker and was given an excellent private education, being versed in German, French, Italian, Greek and Latin literature and a master of these languages. She read also the philosophy of Kant, Spinoza and Compt. In 1843 she married Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston where she resided thereafter. With her husband, she took an active part in the anti-slavery movement aiding him, 1851-53, in editing an anti-slavery newspaper, the **Commonwealth**. Among her friends were the most noted American authors of her day, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Phillips, and Agassiz being among them. She spent much time in Europe where she moved in a like circle of intellect and influence. Charles Dickens, Carlyle, Henry Hallam, and Florence Nightingale were among her friends in England.

Her husband whom she married when she was twenty-four was eighteen years her senior. At the age of fifty-seven she was left a widow. The remaining thirty-four years of her life were spent in writing, lecturing, and preaching. She occasionally preached from a Unitarian pulpit.

Mrs. Howe was an ardent, aggressive advocate of woman's rights, especially the right to vote, and of prison reform. She wrote essays, dramas and lyric poetry, most of which died however, before its author. Her principal writings are: (poems) "Passion Flowers," 1854; "Words for the Hour," 1857; and "Later Lyrics," 1866; (dramas) "The World's Own," 1855; and "Hippolytus," 1858; (prose) "A Trip to Cuba," 1860; "From the Oak to the Olive," 1868; "Sex and Education," 1874; "Modern Society," 1881; "Life of Margaret Fuller," 1883; "Memoir of S. G. Howe," 1877 (?); and "Is Polite Society Polite?"

Mrs. Howe lived a life rather than wrote books. Her fame as an author rests on a single poem written in 1861 upon the mobilizing of Union troops in the National Capitol. It is a sort of a folk-song uttering the feeling of millions who wanted to see the Union stay and slavery go. It is as follows:

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the faithful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flickering lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before the judgment seat;
Oh be swift my soul to answer! be jubilant my feet;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make them free
While God is marching on.

THE WINNING OF WINONA.

CHAPTER IV.

The village was again afire with an awe-inspiring excitement. They knew too well the meaning of the final picture upon the piece of bark. He had escaped, or had the fierce mountain lions devoured him? No one knew, and there was no visible means of finding out. Time alone could tell.

The council met and the village gathered in assembly, about the governmental wigwam, once more. But nothing could be done further than to reread and re-count the story told upon the piece of bark.

The long hot July day was gradually moving toward its close. Already the sky had doffed its dress of dainty blue, and donned a suit of ruddy hue. Finally the sun passed lower and then passed from view, and the sky which a little while ago had been red assumed a hue almost like that of the skin of the tribe over which it seemed to hang.

A cricket had left his day-time haunt and was tiding a bit of song, to cheer his evening hours. In the distance could be heard the melancholy inquiry of an owl, "Who, who?" and in the adjacent underbrush an old timber-wolf had set up a suppliant howl.

To an observer it was a very remarkable evening, but to the savage it was not so very different from the others.

As the darkness began to thicken about the wigwams, the old dog which had brought the message from Oeconough, began to grow petulant, and lonely. He had been given a goodly share of food during the day, and had spent the greater part of the time quietly dozing in the shade of the neighboring trees. But as the evening scenes approached he longed again for the companionship of his master.

Just then a squaw came by and tossed to him a piece of fresh venison; the old dog seized it eagerly, wagged his tail thankfully, turned his nose toward the light which was gradually fading in the western sky, and slowly trotted away still holding firmly between his teeth the piece of venison. Where he meant to carry it, no one knew. But "Crow Foot" imagined that he intended to return to his master. And impelled by this belief,

he summoned hastily a band of twenty-five of his braves and pushed out in the direction indicated by the old dog. Except for the occasional breaking of a stick which happened to be in the way, their advance was almost noiseless. Cautiously yet stealthily this little band went further and further into the depths of the forest, with ears and eyes ever alert for any impending danger. The night was almost spent, and they had gone steadily on, following whithersoever the old dog might lead them. The light of the new day crept in apparently just as reluctantly as the light of yesterday had yielded to the shadows of the lingering darkness. The stars and the silvery moon, whose noiseless music had lulled to sleep a multitude of heavy eyes the night before, blinked a little, just as we do sometimes when we come from darkness into light, and bade the sleeper "Aufweidens."

Suddenly the ears of the savages caught sound of something which startled them.—something weird and gruesome. Just then they passed round a little boulder and into the mouth of a narrow ravine. The sun had kissed away the shadows of night, and it was day again. The old dog quickened his pace now, and there seemed to be a new gleam in his eye. Then he suddenly assumed an attitude of indignant anger. G-r-r-r-r! G-r-r-r-r! It was the most nerve-racking noise to which I have ever listened. A few steps further and the little band of twenty-five were in full view of two fierce-looking mountain lions, at the foot of a much-scarred tree, and high above them among the branches was the venerable young chief, wan and haggard, due to the horrible fatigue resulting from three awful days in the tree. In his hands he held a sharpened stick which I guessed that he had used to keep the lions from reaching and devouring him.

A hasty flight of the lions ensued and the happy savages rushed up and assisted the much-exhausted chief in descending to the ground. As he set his exhausted limbs once more upon the ground the old dog came up and placed the piece of venison, which the squaw had given him, at his master's feet, and wagged his tail to show his happiness.

The braves supplied the chief with fresh food and water, then he was able to talk a little. He had seen Winona and knew where she was now.

(To be continued.)

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