

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

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and Elon College, N. C.

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LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Mr. Joseph R. Painter, now a student of Wake Forest, and a former student of Elon, of Semora, N. C., spent some time with friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Floyd Noah, who for some time has been employed at High Point, N. C., has returned home and will enter school at the college.

Miss Pearl Ellis of Burlington came over Friday evening, to be present at the "Mid-Year Reception," and will spend some time visiting Miss Hattie Bell Smith.

Dr. W. E. Swain, President of the Methodist Protestant Conference in North Carolina, preached a good practical sermon at the eleven o'clock service Sunday.

The Faculty and old students entertained the new students, Friday evening at an informal reception in the parlors at West Dormitory. The students both old and new seemed to enjoy the evening.

Mrs. W. A. Harper returned Friday from Union Ridge where she spent several days with her parents.

We are glad to announce that Miss Barnes is able to resume her work again. She was confined at her home several days on account of a severe cold.

The topic discussed in the Christian Endeavor Meeting Sunday evening was, "Blessed—to Bless" Prof. W. A. Harper was the leader, and he together with a large band of faithful Endeavorers, made the hour one of deep spiritual enjoyment.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting Saturday evening was well attended and a large number of the fellows took an active part in the service. Many hopeful remarks concerning the work of the approaching year, were expressed, and the Y. M. C. A. interest was greatly revived.

Mr. A. L. Lincoln was a visitor at Graham, N. C., Sunday.

Mrs. T. C. Amick returned Saturday from Liberty, N. C., where she has been during the past week or two, with her father, Mr. A. Ward.

Dr. W. C. Wicker is in Raleigh this week attending a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons.

Mrs. E. L. Moffit and little daughter Margaret, returned Friday from Asheville, N. C., where they spent the holidays with relatives.

Miss Cora Lawrence, of High Point, a cousin of Prof. W. P. Lawrence, visited here during the past week, and went from here to Lillington, N. C., to visit her sister.

Miss Pattie Preston led the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, using as her subject, "The Gift of God." There was a good attendance, and splendid meeting was held.

The spring term of school 1911, began last Tuesday. Practically all of the old students returned, and many new ones have matriculated.

MID-YEAR RECEPTION.

Friday evening January the sixth, the informal mid-year reception was held in the halls of West Dormitory from eight until ten. The visitors were met at the door by a committee from the Senior Class, consisting of Misses Jewel Michael, Sadie Fonville, and Mr. Arnold Hall, the President of the Class.

The reception was well attended by a large number of students, the Faculty, and friends of the College.

The students mingled together, played amusing games, and thus made the evening pass more pleasantly.

Instrumental and vocal music was furnished during the evening by Misses Pitt and Clements, and Messrs Barnes and Huff, and was much enjoyed by every one present.

While the College work comes first with the Faculty and students, judging from the large attendance at the reception one would readily see that the social side is in no wise neglected.

B. F.

STOCKHOLDERS' ANNUAL MEETING.

**The Elon Banking and Trust Company
Make Good Showing. Directors and
Officers Elected. Occupy New
Banking House.**

The stockholders of the Elon Banking and Trust Company held their annual meeting in the bank building Tuesday, Jan. 3. The report of the Cashier, Mr. J. Fletcher Somers, showed a net profit of four and four tenths per cent. Fifteen directors were appointed as follows: O. B. Barnes, J. Fletcher Somers, E. L. Moffitt, J. B. Gerringer, H. C. Pollard, G. S. Watson, J. J. Lambeth, T. C. Amick, J. L. Foster, J. A. Whitesell, J. W. Ingle, J. W. Patton, M. A. Atkinson, D. W. Brown, and W. P. Lawrence.

The stockholders were gratified at the showing the Bank had made and a feeling that more business means more success will urge the stockholders to turn all the customers possible to the institution. There are now more than one hundred and fifty accounts.

This institution has been a great convenience to the community and all are gratified to see it start out so well.

Upon the adjournment of the stockholders, the directors met and elected officers as follows: President, O. B. Barnes; Vice-President, H. C. Pollard; Secretary-Cashier, J. Fletcher Somers.

The Company has moved into the new handsomely equipped banking house just completed and are well equipped with a time lock steel safe and fire-proof vault and the latest and best design and pattern in fixtures.

DR. SUMMERBELL TO LECTURE To deliver three Lectures in the College Chapel February 7, 8, 9.

Those who remember Dr. Martin Summerbell's former visits to the college and his sermons and lectures, will be gratified to learn that he will deliver three lectures

here on the evenings of February seventh, eighth and ninth.

Dr. Summerbell is President of the Palmer Fund Board, is also President of Starkey Seminary, Palmer Institute, Lakemont, N. Y., and is a Christian scholar of high attainments. He is an impressive, entertaining and instructive speaker.

The public is invited to come and hear him.

Later in the spring, that other delightful lecturer and preacher Dr. Frank S. Child, of Fairfield, Conn., is to deliver a course of lectures.

JERRY VARDELL.

By Exodus Keene.

In Ten Chapters—Chapter IV.

As Dick Ross opened his eyes, and wonderingly gazed up into mine for a few brief seconds, there was an expression of inquiry in them which I can never express or forget. Evidently he was wondering where he had been and how I came to be holding him. His mental vision was not quite clear yet; he had had a heavy jar and it was hard for the nervous system to re-adjust itself. He opened and closed his eyes several times before he made any other move whatever. I felt his pulse again and was gratified to find it nearing the normal, as also was his breathing. Just a few seconds more and Dick Ross looked into my face again, this time with more meaning and wisdom, and said, "Hardy, what are you doing with me? Have I been asleep?" Before I could reply four pairs of strong arms had taken the limp form of Dick Ross from mine, and laid it gently upon Jerry's bed, and then began to busy themselves in hugging and congratulating each other.

In the midst of this ado, Dick lifted his hand to his head, and said, "By George! That Hayseed shore did hit me a ton." Every one laughed and were now convinced that the big full-back was himself again, except for the ugly gash on his temple.

Of course everybody was relieved now of the anxiety that they had felt for Dick, but there was something, or rather some things, which kept their joy from being full, and they were; to-morrow, Dr. Harper, President of the College, the prospect of going home and the President's office. "Shorty," Stanley, Christy, Paul Matthews and Bobby Lincoln were Seniors, and the thought of expulsion, to them, to say the least of it, was mortifying. The principal thought which engaged their present attention was can the matter be kept from the "faculty."

It was Dick Ross who first ventured to speak their thoughts; "Does any of the 'Profs.' know anything about this business?" He queried. I said, "No, I think not, we have not seen any of them, and you know, Prof. Lincoln was mighty tired to-night and I'm pretty sure that he was asleep before this business happened." "They'll never know it if I can help myself," chimed in the whole bunch including Dick. "Bobby" Lincoln said,

"Boys, this must never get out. It'll ruin me, you know this is my senior year." Then he observed as did the others that Jerry Vardell had slipped out, where had he gone? No one seemed to have any idea as to when he left.

"Well," said, "Shorty" as he pushed his chubby fingers through his sandy lock. "I guess the jig's all up, that 'sucker' is at President Harper's now, and has told the whole business."

Just then the stealthy footsteps of two individuals were heard in the hall, the fellows exchanged hasty glances, and someone said: "There they are now." It was a case of mistaken identity. It was not Dr. Harper; but was Dr. Foss, the village doctor. Jerry had seen that the gash on Dick's head would require medical attention and had run out and looked up the college physician.

The College Physician smiled genially, and remarked: "You boys seem to be sitting up rather late this evening, and it seems that your late hours have had a serious effect on at least one of your number."

Dr. Foss was a man with a big heart and a kindly disposition, and understood quite well the nature of boys and their inclinations to prank with each other, so he said no more about their little escapade, but immediately turned his attention to the needs of Dick Ross. "Dick, my boy" said he, "that's rather an ugly wound you have there;" it's not serious though I think. Perhaps it will require a few stitches to close it up well. "Shorty!" just hand me my case there if you please. And, Mr. Stone, if you'll get me a little water, we can soon have it fixed up all right."

We obeyed and in a few moments Dr. Foss had the wound closed and bandaged and the patient was resting quietly. When the College Doctor had finished and had given a few instructions, he said, "Boys, I see your situation and understand just how it all happened. Mr. Vardell reiterated it to me as we came across the Campus, I am going to tell you what we've done. Mr. Vardell and I have promised to not mention it to anyone, good night and pleasant dreams, boys," and then he went out.

The boys were very grateful to Dr. Foss and Jerry, and soon they made an improvised stretcher and conveyed Dick to his own room and bed.

All went well until next morning, when the usual chapel service was ended. Dr. Harper rose and announced that the young ladies may be excused: I wish to talk some to the boys a few minutes after they have gone.

(To be continued.)

—The 1910 census shows that the ratio of urban to rural population has been continually on the increase. This cityward trend in our population is giving rise to a vital question namely, the food supply. It may not be long until the United States will be obliged to import grain to supply its own needs.