

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.

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IMPORTANT.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1912.

At last they are over. The next question: How long until the first Sunday?

Read the "Story of a Song," and also the second installment of "The Education of Edwin Talmage Harvey," which appear elsewhere in this issue.

Baseball begins Monday. Everybody out! Let's take the first one and start off with a jump. We all need a little recreation after the strenuous period of examinations. See announcements.

Thanks to the Town Commissioners who have allowed us to extend the outfield section of our baseball ground to the farther edge of the street. This is a much-needed change and will be welcomed by all who have to play in the distant garden here.

It remains to be seen what effect the "80 per cent. rule" will have on the personnel of our baseball team, but suffice it to say it will most likely have some.

O, what an awful, awful jar
When we wake up and find where we really are.

The G. O. P. Elephant is in about as much of dilemma as was the philosopher's mule, of old.

Suffragettes have taken Albany by storm. Casualties not reported.
Washington next!

Congratulations to the good members of the Maryland legislature who were wise enough to vote "no votes" for women.

Taft hits "Teddy" and "Teddy" hits Taft. While Wilson umpires the game. Watch him.

And now, after whipping Japan, China, Russia and France, we will soon be at work on Germany. Such imaginations as are found in Yankee land!

Glad the advocates of a big navy have

changed the foe from Japan to Germany. It is a relief from former monotony.

Our much-vaunted Monroe Doctrine may have to be taken off the shelf and dusted, presently. But we've got the "Dusters."

To Columbia it may be merely a business proposition; to us the proposition may mean business.

Baseball, Monday, March 18th, 1912!

EDUCATION OF EDWIN TALMAGE HARVEY.

By Wright Angle.

When Edwin Talmage entered the High School, Latin, Algebra, Greek and other grievances had not disturbed the serenity of his quest. He had been told by some of his precursors, "of the joy which awaited him," but Edwin was not yet in position to appreciate the significance of their remarks. When he was told that Latin was a mere conglomeration of words which must be re-arranged before they can be read, Edwin smiled grimly and said: "I'll re-arrange them."

(It is fortunate that we cannot anticipate very much, in the matter of education, or else I fear that many would stop short of the goal.)

There was nothing in Algebra that had any terrors for Edwin: he was just as certain that he could fathom the mysteries of math, as if he had already exulted over some of his victories; and Greek had no terrors at all: I mean that it didn't up to the time that he began to study the archaic tongue. Why, I'm certain that Edwin almost revelled in the thought of encountering Greek verbs, until he actually encountered them.

Edwin was my room-mate at Elon: and this is one of the principal reasons why I am able to narrate for you the things which follow in this connection.

Among my room-mate's possessions, when he came to college, was a collection of well-filled note books. As time passed on I noticed that he added others to them. At first I was not particularly curious as to what they contained, but as time and intimacy increased our confidences, I became more and more anxious to know something about the subject matter contained in his note-books; so, one day, when he and I were quite alone, I said to Edwin: "What sort of a compilation is that that you are getting together there?" "This is my autobiography," he answered, assuming an air of indifference; "you may read it over sometime, if you like."

I have always admired the fellow who keeps a diary; diaries are but little else besides ledger accounts of the assets and liabilities of an individual's resources in character and accomplishments, anyhow, so it was with a great deal of pleasure that I entered upon the perusal of Edwin's diary. It was dated Jan. 1, 1900, and commenced as follows: "I have just passed my fifteenth anniversary. Mama told me that nearly all great men have diaries which they began while they were young. I hope I'll be a great man some day—so I have decided to keep a diary of my own."

This was interesting reading to me; for I had decided once to do that very thing

myself. But like many other things that one thinks and decides to do, I had failed to keep up my good resolution. But Edwin had kept the faith, and was laying up the crown.

In the first few paragraphs of the little book, which I held in my hand, Edwin had told of what he remembered about himself before he began to number the days. "The only thing," it ran, "that I remember about the days when I wore dresses and fussy clothes, is about the building of a bridge across the little old stream which ran along just in front of our house. I remember that clearly: for the darkies talked and laughed so much, and so loud while they were moving the big timbers into their places. I was then not more than two years old. The next thing which fixed itself in my memory was my first pants—my, how proud I was of those jeans—I wanted to be a man—girls were not interesting to me, in the least, and I was more than glad to separate myself from their apparel.

"When I was next aware of myself, sufficiently to remember, I was trying to learn A from the picture of the Ark; B from the picture of a sheep bleating; O from the picture of a big owl, and J from the picture of a jaybird: I was then three or four years of age. When I took notice again—to remember—I was attending a little private school, which was provided for by my father and uncle for my cousins, my brother and myself, and which was taught by an awfully pretty young lady, whom I loved most dearly, and from whom I learned many little memory verses, also the first principles of reading and spelling. I was then five years old.

"I shall never forget how exceedingly timid I was about appearing in public. I usually cried when I had to recite one of those famous, or infamous they seemed to me, poems; one ran like this:

'Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

'Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.'

"The first line was particularly appropriate for me—for I nearly always wept when I made speeches, in those days.

"When I was six years old I entered the public school where I began to get acquainted with the elements of reading, spelling and arithmetic. The building was a log structure, which had seen many winters, and which was conspicuous especially for a copious ventilation in cold windy weather. It was more like a refrigeration plant. But despite the lack of individual drinking cups, pencil tablets to take the place of the filthy slate and seats with backs and varnish on 'em, we were a pretty lusty looking bunch, and learned to read, spell and figure without being tested for the hookworm and being vaccinated against the smallpox. I was examined once for fighting; and vaccinated twice for telling the teacher stories.

"There was about the old school yard a sort of tree of the genus gum, which was exceedingly prolific in the production of sprouts—they must have grown there

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on purpose, which in those days were used profusely for the purpose of emphasizing the difference between our opinions, and those of the teacher.

"One day the teacher observed me fastening a pin in a seat where a friend of mine was expected to sit. Sh! sh! too bad to spoil a stunt like that.

(To be concluded).

THE STORY OF A SONG.

The summer evening was fast approaching its close. The shadows were growing fainter. Lionel Emerson stood and looked about him. He was in a strange town, and had missed his train. Rosindale, the town of our story, was a pretty little village in the New Hampshire Hills. It seemed to have been an aristocratic place, judging from the several large stone mansions. Lionel Emerson, a dark complected young man of twenty-five, wealthy and handsome, was traveling merely for pleasure. He inquired for the hotel, but was disagreeably surprised to be informed that the village afforded none. What was he to do? He gazed at the few homes. Surely he could find a place of repose for one night.

With these thoughts he hurried to the handsomest residence in view. Here he was coolly refused. Again he tried a similar building and received a similar answer. It seemed that everyone had an excuse; then he began to think seriously of his situation. Lionel as yet had never realized, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." No wonder his inner self was beginning to appear. However, he strolled on. Seeing a neat cottage on the suburbs, he decided to go thither. This