

**THE WEEKLY DIRECTORY**

**Burlington (N. C.) Business Houses.**  
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 B. A. Sellars & Sons for Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.  
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 Dr. G. E. Jordan, M. D.  
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 Hotel Huffine.  
 Charles A. Hines, Attorney.  
 The American Cafe.  
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**ELON VERSUS EASTERN.**

"Tate" Hill and his "bunch" of ball tossers, from the famous and historical town of Manassas, Va., spent Wednesday last, in town, incidentally dropping a slow, but interesting game of the national sport to the local club with a fair margin of eight to four.

The game was rather slow and replete with errors, in which department the locals easily led with eight about as "jug-head" plays as are usually seen anywhere and not once in a life-time could we expect to lead in runs and in errors, too. But despite the hingles, boots and blunders our crowd put up a good game and won a victory that was contested.

The game in detail:

Eastern: Newman thrown out, Kibler at first, and Warren does McDevitt likewise. Hool flies to Woods.

Elon: Armstrong lets one get through him and Thompson is on. Newman hits over second, sending Thompson to third. Horn is safe on a fielder's choice which fails to get Thompson at the plate. Brown out short to first and McCauley flies to pitcher.

Score—Elon, 1; Eastern, 0.

2nd—Eastern: Curry flies to Dickey. Luttrell, pitcher to first. Willis hits safely, but tries to stretch it too far and is the victim of Farmer Brown's big right arm at third.

Elon: Dickey flies to left field. Ingle is thrown out by Athey and Woods lifts an easy one to Armstrong.

3rd—Eastern: Armstrong out on fly to Horn. Russell fans. Athey safe on Newman's error, while Woods pulls down Kibler's fly.

Elon—Warren gets a slashing single over second. Thompson safe on fielder's choice, which took Warren at second. Newman hits one through McDevitt which he should have handled, sending Thompson to second. Horn hits long fly to left, advancing each. Brown sends a Texas leaguer to left, scoring both. McCauley flies to short.

4th—Eastern: McDevitt out, third to first. Hool safe on error at short. Curry out, number two, pitcher to first, and Luttrell likewise.

Elon: Dickey and Ingle out, third to first. Wood to center field.

5th—Eastern: Willis safe, error at third. Armstrong safe on error at short on which Willis scores. Russell, Armstrong to third. Warren warms up and shoots three past Athey while Kibler is an easy out. Wood to Ingle.

Elon: Warren rolls one to Curry. Thompson out, pitcher to first. Newman safe on error at short. Horn draws four. Brown sends a long one to right, which looks good for three bags, at least, but Kibler running out into the street, pulled it down in big league style.

6th—Eastern: McDevitt fans. Warren throws Hool out at first and Curry balloons to Dickey.

Elon—McCauley gets infield hit to third and steals second. Dickey hits to left field, scoring McCauley. Ingle gets a pass. Woods out, pitcher to first, moving all hands up one. Warren sends one arcoplaning between right and center, scoring Dickey and Ingle. Thompson flies to Kibler and Newman grounds out, short to first.

Score—Elon, 6; Eastern, 1.

7th: Eastern—Luttrell, Willis and Armstrong out in order.

Elon: Horne, Brown and McCauley, likewise.

8th: Eastern—Russell safe on Thompson's wide throw to first. Athey gets a walk. Kibler hits safely, filling the bases. McDevitt flies to Newman. Hool out. Warren to Ingle. Curry hits, scoring Russell. Luttrell gets a two-bagger, which counts Athey and Kibler. Willis rolls out to Ingle.

Elon-Dickey hits safely to left. Ingle puts him down. Woods sends him to third and Warren leaves him score with his third hit. Thompson hits through third base for two bags and draws the play to third for the third out while a right, running for Warren counts.

Score: Elon, 8; Eastern, 4.

9th: Eastern—Armstrong out, Woods to Ingle. Russell gets on. Athey out, third to first, advancing Russell. Kibler hits safely, sending Russell to third, but McDevitt ends the music by the pitcher-first circuit.

Tabulated score:

Elon	AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
Thompson, c.	5	2	0	0	0	3	0	3
Newman, 3b.	4	1	1	0	0	2	3	2
Horne, rf.	3	0	0	1	1	1	0	0
Brown, lf.	4	0	1	0	0	0	1	0
McCauley, cf.	4	1	1	1	1	0	1	0
Dickey, 2b.	4	2	2	0	0	2	1	0
Ingle, 1b.	4	1	1	0	1	15	0	1
Woods, ss.	3	0	0	0	1	3	1	1
Warren, p.	4	0	3	0	0	0	8	0
*Joyner	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
**Wright	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 35 8 10 2 3 27 14 8

\* Ran for Warren in 6th.

\*\* Ran for Warren in 8th.

Eastern—

	AB	R	H	SB	SH	PO	A	E
Kibler, rf.	5	1	2	1	0	2	0	0
McDevitt, 3b.	5	0	0	0	0	1	2	1
Hool, c.	4	0	0	1	0	1	0	0
Curry, 1b.	4	0	1	0	0	11	0	0
Luttrell, cf.	4	0	1	0	0	2	0	0
Willis, lf.	4	1	1	0	0	2	1	1
Armstrong, ss.	4	0	0	0	0	2	3	2
Russell, 2b.	3	1	0	1	1	2	0	0
Athey, p.	2	1	0	0	1	1	5	0

Totals 35 4 5 3 2 24 11 4

Summary: First base on balls: off War-

ren, 2; off Athey, 2. Wild pitcher, Athey one. Two base hits: Thompson and Luttrell. Struck out by Warren, 3; Athey one: Hit by pitcher, Armstrong. Umpire, Mr. Hughes.

**DIAMOND DOPE.**

Brown continues to be one of the big show. Keeps up his hitting.

And "Pretty" Jim gathered two out of four times up. Not bad, besides accepting five chances without a single miscue. He's going.

Thompson threw a couple away, but 'twas caused by that measley spit ball. Can't tell what an infielder is going to do with it when it comes to him. It would seem 'twere better to use something else with men on.

Warren pitched a steady game except for a considerable weakening in the eighth when three of the five hits, a base on balls, and one most egregious blunder in the infield netted the visitors three runs.

Eastern College has a genteel club, at least they conducted themselves so while here. Those officious attempts at "thrust in" were conspicuously absent, and Coach Hill should feel he has a bunch of fellows with him who know how to conduct themselves when away from home, who are sportsmen enough to swallow defeat in a real sportsman-like fashion, and who gave us the impression this was not their first trip outside their native State.

We enjoyed the game. We enjoyed having the club with us, and trust relations may be continued in this line through coming seasons.

**THE STORY OF A SOUTHERN GIRL.**

On one of the plantations away down South, there lived General Allen with his only child Evelyn, whose mother had long been dead.

Although Evelyn was a very charming girl, she was not pretty. She was of medium height, with dark hair, rather dark complexioned, and the most piercing black eyes into whose depth one loved to look. Evelyn was not only loved by all the servants in the cabins around the plantation, but by all who knew her.

She was a true type of a Southern girl. On that late summer evening, as she sat at the piano playing, and softly singing some low sunset song; while through the open window at her side the sweet perfume of flowers from the garden just beyond, mingled with the melody, the old General entered and stood near her, in silence, drinking the melody into his very soul: when the last tone had died away she looked up and smiled.

He laid his hand on her head, and said, "My dear, this reminds me of years ago, when your mother and I were young. Well do I remember how she used to sit and sing to me for hours at the time." After gazing for some time out upon the garden, Evelyn, rising, went to her father, and said, "Come, father, and walk in the garden." Together they wandered through hedges, suddenly he stopped. "Evelyn, it has been sixteen years today since your mother died; you were a mere child then." As they thus stood in silence, the bell rang for tea, but he did not seem to notice it. "Father," said Evelyn, "The bell has rung and it is getting so cool out here, you had better go in." They went in.

After tea she bade him good night, and went to her room, while he as usual went

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into the library and softly closed the door.

The next morning Evelyn was up long before anyone else. Putting on her riding habit, she glided softly down the long winding stairs, through the front door into the court. At the door stood a little colored boy holding her steed, and waiting for her, as was his habit. After mounting, she told him, she would not need him as she was not going far. Evelyn galloped down the long drive into the road, keeping her pace until she came in front of the Graham home, which was not far. When she passed this old mansion she slackened her pace and looked at the old house surrounded by many trees. She thought of her little play-fellow, who used to live there, and of the many pleasant hours they had spent together, wondering the while if the Graham's would ever return. Mrs. Graham's health failed years ago, and the doctor advised Mr. Graham to take her abroad. Paul was only six years old when his father and mother left the community. Well did Evelyn remember parting with her little friend. Passing by Evelyn turned into a woods path which led along near a brook: as she rode on, the only sound that broke the stillness, was the clatter of the horse's hoofs against the stones and the rippling of the brook. Suddenly she heard a sound and looking up, she saw a young man riding leisurely along before her. At first, she thought that she would turn back, but perceiving that he had already seen her, she quickened her pace and passed him, merely nodding. Trotting up the slope from the brook the horse stumbled and fell. Evelyn was thrown down the hill. The young man at one leap was by her side. Seeing she had fainted, he rushed down to the brook, brought water, and bathed her face. In a little while she opened her eyes and looked up. Evelyn tried to rise, but placing his hand on her shoulder, he rested her against a large rock and bade her remain quiet until he could get his horse, having already discovered that her horse had broken its leg in falling, and would have to be left until he could get help.

When she attempted to rise, she found that she had sprained her ankle, so he took her up and placed her on his horse then led it from the path into the road.