

THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY

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BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If you have a grey-haired other
In the old home far away
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate.
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.
If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May daunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.
We live but in the present
The future is unknown;
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune leads to us
May vanish while we wait.
So spend your life's rich pleasure
Before it is too late.
The tender word unspoken,
The letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
To show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

FROM THE MANAGER'S DESK.

We shall use our pen rather freely after this week in cutting off many of our subscribers. We do this with regret, but are forced to do so, we do it with the hope that it shall be the best for all concerned.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

President Harper delivered this week before the Western N. C. Christian Conference an address on "Religion and Education." The subject was so ably delivered that the Conference ask that the address be printed in pamphlet form for free distribution. Every person loving Christian citizenship and having an interest in the welfare of the colleges of our State should make applications for a copy of this address. Requests for this may be sent to President Harper, or to the Editor or Manager of the Weekly.

SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomore Class had a meeting.



COMINGS & GOINGS.

Miss Mary Ethel Clements of the College is spending the while in Suffolk, Va., where she attended the marriage of Miss Jennie Lee Williams to Mr. Harry Doss of that city an account of which appears elsewhere in these columns.

Mrs. Jno. T. Hobby (nee Cornelia Bryan) for several sessions directress of the Art Department of the College spent a short while at West Dormitory during the past week with Misses Pitt, Barnes, and Clements.

Mr. Harry Anglin of Martinsville, Va., visited his cousin, Miss Essie Hauchins, of the College, Wednesday, last.

Mr. C. B. Riddle, Business Manager of the Weekly, is absent from College and from the office at this writing attending conference at Bennett, N. C.

President Harper addressed the conference at Bennett during its session from November 19th to 22nd.

Mr. J. H. Farmer, of News Ferry, Va., has recently occupied the property formerly in use by "Aunt" Helen Winbourne. Mr. Farmer comes here that his children may have the educational advantage of the graded school, high school and College. We are indeed glad to welcome him into our midst and trust he shall never regret his change.

Mr. O. B. Barnes, who has been ill for some time at Greensboro, came to his home here on Sunday, last and is now able to be about his business, locally. At present, he is confining his business activities to the bank and local affairs, pending full recovery.

Dr. T. C. Amick of the chair of History attended the reunion of his family at Liberty on Saturday, November 9th. Mrs. Amick accompanied him.

Miss Annie Spencer, of Asheboro, member of the Class of '08 called on friends in the village Thursday and Friday. At present Miss Spencer is engaged in her home town with the Asheboro Produce Co.

THANKSGIVING AT ELON

Thanksgiving will be duly celebrated, as usual, at the College. Morning exercise will be held at eleven o'clock in the Chapel, at which time the annual offering for the Orphanage of this place will be taken.

Following this Thanksgiving service, the annual banquet will be served in the dining hall at West Dormitory, to which happy event, both faculty and students look forward with the fondest anticipation for real pleasure and delightful social intercourse.

At eight P. M. in the College Chapel, the Philologist Literary Society holds its annual celebration and all who are familiar with these evenings will spare no effort to be present. An unusually attractive program has been prepared. Messrs. I. Paul Ingle and W. Duncan Loy will deliver orations. Mr. C. C. Johnson has "College Cuts" for this occasion. The chief event of the evening, however, will be the debate. Query: Resolved that, It would be unwise to vocationalize the public schools of our land. Messrs. O. D. Poythress and R. A. Truitt will support the affirmative, with Wm. C. Franks and J. V. Knight presenting the opposition.

The public is cordially invited to attend these exercises.

Interesting is beginning to be aroused in the State Inter-Collegiate Peace contest to be held in the auditorium at Raleigh during the next sitting of the Leg-

islature. Elon will hold her preliminary contest, probably in December, to decide who shall represent this institution in the State contest. The following have entered for the preliminary contest: Messrs. J. F. Morgan, A. T. Banks, J. V. Knight, O. D. Poythress, W. T. Dowd, W. R. Hardesty, T. P. Harwood, H. E. Woods, F. F. Lyrick, I. J. Kellom.

UNCLE WELLONS WRITES.

As my church gave me vacation in August, I spent one-half of the time in visiting my old friends, my old home church (Barrett's), and my old home education. I left here October the 26th and reached Franklin, Virginia that night and was met by my cousin, Richleu Wellons. Spent the night at cousin John Wellons. Went to William Wellons' the next day, and again spent the night at John Wellons'. Next day I went to Richard Rollings, whose wife is a relative of mine, and spent the night and met Rev. R. H. Peele there. We had a very pleasant time. Next day I went to Samuel Rollings and Mr. Everett Rollings, where he and his sister, Adelaide, are keeping "batch." Here I visited the grave of Sylvester Rollings, the young man we were all so fond of and with whose family we sympathise so much. Next morning, in company with the pastor, Rev. R. H. Peel, I called to see Sunbuck Hines and found him in a critical condition, possibly not much longer to live—blind, and his mind almost entirely gone.

From there I went to the church and met a large crowd of anxious hearers, a large portion of which were my relatives. Here at Barrett's my dear mother brought me when I was a child, and here I was converted, joined the church before I was eleven years of age, when Wm. A. Jones was the pastor. I missed so many old friends—the Barretts, Lanes, Kitchens, Travis', Brittles, Harris', Scarboroughs. Here I acted as Secretary-Treasurer and Deacon of the church, but in 1852 I left for school, spending two years in school, then entered my ministry, where I engaged in an extensive work, traveling a circuit of seventeen appointments; preaching twenty-one times a month and traveled through five counties. Rev. Burrell Barrett organized this church about one hundred and eleven years ago. His son, Mills Barrett, was a preacher. His son, Rev. M. B. Barrett, was a minister, Robert Barrett, W. M. Wellons, J. W. Wellons, W. J. Lane,—all were ministers raised up in this church. I proceeded to give the congregation a brief sketch of my work since I left them, as in all probability I would never be there again. All seemed to be very much interested.

I spent the evening with my cousin, Pricilla Travis, and many friends and relatives came to see me. We had a very pleasant time together. Next morning, in company with R. L. Travis and his mother, Pricilla, we went to the old homestead, where I was born, and not a single house of the original buildings was

standing. We proceeded to hunt the grave yard, but as it had grown up in large pines, we failed to find it until we got a colored woman living near by to show us where it was, as there was nothing to mark the place but two tomb stones and they had grown very dark from age. The enclosure that I had paid to keep up had gone down and bushes and briars were in the lot where my grand-parents, Willis Stevenson and wife, Sallie, two little nephews, my mother and father were all buried, these being all that were buried there. After remaining a short time, we left, making arrangements to have the graves cleaned off and kept up that we might show respect to my dear parents.

On my return to R. L. Travis' for a short time to rest, we went to Wakefield, where I spent the night with my old friend, Prof. Lincoln, and family. Next morning I went to the church and school buildings. I also visited two old ladies Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Baine, old friends of former years. At ten o'clock I took the train for Norfolk, where I spent a few days with Frank Hitch, and his five children, who married my niece (died a little over two years since.) Here I had a very pleasant time with dear friends. I spent Saturday in Suffolk, my old home, with Dr. Staley and was very much interested in looking over the new Sabbath school room he is adding to his church, having all the modern improvements. This will add so much to their comforts when completed. I visited the graves of my dear brother, W. B. Wellons, two sisters, a niece, and other relatives. Some of the graves were kept in nice condition, others in a different cemetery need cleaning off. Would have it done while there, but did not have the time. I will see that they are cared for in the future.

On Sunday I went to the Memorial Christian Temple, Norfolk, for morning services and heard Dr. Dennison. In the evening I went to the Third Christian Church and heard Rev. Mr. Booth. Both preached fine sermons and I enjoyed the same very much.

On Monday morning I left for home, Elon College. Upon my arrival, a large number expressed themselves as being glad to see me and said they had missed me so much. This has been a pleasant trip to me and I am now at home for work, not expecting to be away, only to attend the Conference in Greensboro, any more this fall or winter.

Rev. J. W. Wellons.
Elon College, N. C. Nov. 11, 1912.

And it will soon be time for the suspension of rules. Think of it, Nancy.

President Harper is still climbing and pulling Elon College with him.

That Junior and Senior debate now soon.

Everything and everyone moving toward one common end.