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"CHARGE IT"

How easily said, especially by a young, promising College youth whose pockets so far as cash is concerned, are an actual example of what theory knows as a vacuum absolute. To be able to say, "Charge it," and have the merchant honor same of course presupposes a reputation, at least for honesty, either on the part of the individual student or his father (usually the latter). But then, what looks to him a favor and a silent compliment is only one of the many ways the business man who is on the job has of eliciting more heavy buying, whether same be for fitting the hollow teeth with bon bons or a vacant house with chairs.

The get-rich-quick method is, on the contrary, the pay-as-you-go one. F. W. Woolworth, has built in New York City a building fifty feet higher than the famous Singer Tower and has the same backed by a fifty million dollar combine, which building is but a monument to the possibility of nickels and dimes saved and paying cash policy. While clerking in an obscure New England town this wizard of small coin finance caught a vision of a new business. He chased that vision from town to town until at Lancaster, Penn., he secured a foothold where, with three hundred dollars actual capital and ten millions in brains he started a business, the like of which cannot be found in our commercial world today. Mr. Woolworth was enabled to build the building referred to just because he kept tab on the nickels and dimes and paid his bills as he went.

An excellent lesson here for soda fountain loafers and sweet-cake "toters."

INTERIM

Doubtless many were impressed by the sight of the recent closing of public schools in our village and constrained to drop back over the brief span of years when we as they were engaging in pursuits such as those consequent upon lives of their kind. To remember, to recollect, to recall and to rehearse in mind again the scenes of our own childhood suggested by this sight must have aroused a pleasure that is slightly akin to pain.

Then, too, to contemplate on the possibility of future citizenship here, to look over this newly-washed faces and polished shoes, stiff collars and the like, and think that from these very ranks must be recruited the statesmen, politicians, preachers, fathers, wives and husbands of the future, is but to wish for them that they might forever remain as they are. Fain would we sing with Whittier:

"Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
For all too soon thy feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride."
Little wonder the Matchless Teacher bade the multitude to suffer the little ones to come unto Him, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BUSY

That's about the most often used and seldom practiced word our language holds. So easy it seems to follow the line of least resistance, to take things easy and trust to luck or a chance to swindle for the rest. Our civilization, locally at least, contains by far too many Esaus—fellows who are willing to part with a whole evening's work and profit, the birthright of every registered student, for a mere mess of pottage in the form of hours (and by hours we mean actually hours) lost lounging around the soda fountains and stores filling themselves with all sorts of swill and garbage that the most healthy and hungry "Billy" in existence could not consume without crying out in the midst of his pain and anguish for another and repeated doses of Kodol. Why is it that these persons (we cannot say men) will insist on loitering away their time that ought to be spent so differently we cannot see. Sufficient pity is it that all individuals who have naught of ambition and less hustle and who are so utterly devoid of anything that sounds like manhood, brains and backbone, are not subject to the curfew laws of old. Would that that grand old custom might be resumed in every college town.

Or if time is not wasted in manners just mentioned, worse still it is frequently squandered in the silly practice of writing notes, playing toward members of the opposite sex, childish efforts to attract attention, and like the famous legendary inhabitant of the Empire State, "with a natural aversion to all kinds of profitable labor." Why is it that so many youngsters have to waste half their lives before they discover that 'tis not all of existence to pass the days away nor all of life to live in comfort now?

The policeman on a busy corner who insists that we must "keep moving" is by no means the least of philosophers of his day.

DR. LONG LECTURES

FIRST PRESIDENT OF ELON COLLEGE DELIGHTS AUDIENCE OF MINISTERS

Dr. W. S. Long, Elon's first President, came down from Chapel Hill Tuesday afternoon and delivered six lectures on Systematic Theology to the ministerial class Wednesday and Thursday. Some years ago Dr. Long began a book on Systematic Theology, and having recently completed his task, made his lectures on a digest of this book. The ministerial students of the College appreciate the opportunity that Dr. Long has given them in giving them

the first public reading of the excellent volume.

Dr. Long's book is to go to the press in a few weeks and should receive a wide reading and a ready sale and meet the approval of all Christian workers.

THE "QUID NUNC?" LITERARY CIRCLE.

The newly organized reading club, known as the "Quid Nunc?" Literary Circle met for their first time on Tuesday afternoon, April the eighth with Miss Dawson. Miss Dawson acted the part of a hostess to perfection.

The first work of the hour was to transact some matters of business in the interest of the club. The remainder of the hour was spent with three of our great English writers, Charles Lamb, Thomas De Quincey, and George Gordon Joel Byron. Miss Dawson first gave us a very interesting paper, comparing the lives and works of the three men in general. Misses Hall, Gregory, and McCauley followed her with more definite discussions of their separate works, giving readings from their best selections.

We were all very much pleased with the first work of our club, and feel that the meetings would be pleasant as well as profitable.

Cor. Sec.

(Omitted from last issue.)

"Quid Nunc?"

Although our first meeting was one which we were very much pleased with, the second one showed an increase in the work and interest on the part of each member.

The time on Tuesday afternoon was pleasantly spent with Keats, Shelly and McCauley.

The item most worthy of mention was the work of Miss Mason. She compared in a clear and interesting manner, the lives and works of the three writers. Miss Newman, with Keats, Miss Utley with Shelly, and Miss Preston, with McCauley familiarized us with some of the best writings of these great poets.

At the end of the hour, we were all sorry that our organization was not blessed with more members, that we might have longer programs and more time.

Cor. Sec.

REVELING IN BEAUTY

There are two proud boys in school; namely, Marvin Stanford Revell and Jimmie Lee Beale. What are they proud of? Of themselves. And well they might be, for they are the most beautiful boys in Elon. They are the ornaments of the Dormitory and the pride of the College. They are the glory of themselves and the joy of the ladies. They are an honor to the institution and reflect credit upon the faculty.

Now, if one event that shall go down in the annals of history be more interesting than another, it is the stroll which was taken by these two gentlemen from East Dormitory to the Business Centre of the city. Jimmie Lee having nothing else to do called out to Marvin, "Come on, old sport, let's go down town." "Wait a minute and let me see which cap I want to wear," replied Marvin. In about ten minutes the decision was made, but just at that time Jimmie Lee, intuitively feeling that he should look his best, went for

a minute to comb his hair. Having consumed a small portion of eternity in this function he came down to the porch, and he and Marvin then for a few seconds capered about and cut a few shins like the true sports they were. Marvin did a few little antics such as popping his fingers and Jimmie Lee paid most respectful attention while the exercises were proceeding and then applauded most vociferously at their denouement.

At last they started down town and Marvin was pulling the flaps out of his pockets and admiring his pretty clothes while Jimmie Lee was revelling in the beauty of his own face which he could see clearly defined in his perfectly shined pumps. Marvin was stepping most dandily and Jimmie Lee was thinking of how handsome a young man he must be when suddenly they met Misses Ethel Barrett and Viola Rollings just in front of the Administration Building. And then of all the smiles, the sweet looks, and the graces that can be exercised by mankind, either male or female, these were the most beautiful, the most charming that human eye will ever be permitted to witness. The young ladies looked better than I ever saw them look before and I never expect to see them looking better. The scene was absolutely fascinating, and the soft, low greetings which they passed, though not audible, had—

"Their every tone

As music's own

And their voice like the morning bird's."

These precious moments having left the young men forever and were to the young ladies to return no more, both Jimmie Lee and Marvin, Viola and Ethel, proceeded on their way lightly, sweetly, happily. Jimmie Lee's "he, he, he, ha, ha, ha," will forever leave its impression on my memory and Marvin's look of satisfaction, peace and content—a look that comes only to the select few—floats before my eyes even till now. There never was a happier pair of boys than these two and never will Elon have so much of beatitude reflected and exchanged in so short a time again.

THIS HAPPENED IN SANFORD

In a certain town not more than fifty miles from Raleigh, last week the school gave a public spelling match. Interest in the occasion ran high. A leading lawyer of the town offered his boy a fifty dollar bicycle if he would win the prize. A banker wanted his daughter to have it, and offered her a bicycle also, if she would work hard enough to win. But in the town there was a bright, hard-working little girl whose widowed mother was not able to offer anything but a mother's love and hope and encouragement. Indeed, the child herself is compelled to work in a store on Saturdays and after school hours to help herself along. When the great spelling match came on, this ambitious, bright girl was the winner. The others worked hard, but she worked harder or had more natural ability in the contest. And after it was over no one was more happy over the event than the lawyer and the banker whose children had lost. Such things are not rare in North Carolina. It is the North Carolina spirit. Let us cultivate it. Not only should opportunity be open, but as in this instance, the praise and the happiness occasioned by success

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