

**THE ELON COLLEGE WEEKLY.**

Published every Friday during the college year by The Weekly Publishing Company.

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**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.**

One year ..... \$1.00  
Six Months ..... .50  
Three Months ..... .30

**In Advance.**

To students one-half of the above price.  
Paper issued from Sept. 1, to June 1.

**IMPORTANT.**

The offices of publication are Greensboro, N. C., South Elm St., and Elon College, N. C., where all communications relative to the editorial work of the Weekly should be sent. Matter relating to the mailing of the Weekly should be sent to the Greensboro office.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Greensboro, N. C.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1913.

**A WORD TO HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES.**

The Weekly has a very large circulation among High School pupils and many of them will graduate this year. We hope they will not be satisfied with that achievement, fine as it is, an achievement which only a small per cent. of our young people attain to. We hope they will go on to larger and wider and better preparation of themselves for life. They can do it if they will. We hope they will.

We would like also to drop another word right here, in confidence with these promising young friends: Do not be too early to undertake special professional work. It is readily granted that this is an age of specialization and specialism, but the tendency to begin to specialize too early is a hurtful one and should be discarded. The time to specialize is after the educational foundation has been laid deep and rich and solid. You can get this sort of foundation only in taking a full college course.

You must not quail at the time it takes for this nor at the cost of it, for all good things come slow and are relatively costly, but you must look at the recompense that is to come to you in the way of enlarged opportunity of service and of increased reward for service. The man who is to lead next generation will be your man who has his College course built upon a good preparatory course and his specialty resting securely upon both of these. And it is within the reach of every ambitious young person, whether man or woman, to have this sort of preparation for life and its obligations.

In conclusion we may be permitted to give in our experience to this effect, that we have never known a College that does so much for its pupils at so little cost as Elon and we unhesitatingly state what we can easily prove, that no student ever left this seat of learning and culture who was willing to help himself to a large place of usefulness in life. We are not authorized to say so, but we believe the President will be glad to prove this in every reader's case. Write him and see.

**A REAL WINNER, NEVERTHELESS**

Voicing the universal sentiment of all who have commented on the matter, we add this word touching the case of Jim Thorpe and the prizes won at the Olympic games last season. True, the committee has seen fit to strip the big Indian of his laurels, but this only gives us the better view of his splendid athletic record, and all will proclaim him the best of the whole athletic world. He has proved it, has won that place in the hearts of American lovers of athletic sports and no man nor set of men nor rule nor set of rules can rob him of that distinction. He demonstrated beyond a doubt that he was the best of the world's athletes and the thinking people of our land will refuse to believe his few months of so-called professional ball made him so. Ray for the red-skin regardless.

**THE BUSY (?) WORLD.**

We hear a great deal nowadays about the busy world and its many activities. We have heard of the rush and push until we sometimes think everybody is busy. But not so. The work and the push in this good land of ours is done by a class and not by the masses.

We write this article while being detained in a doctor's office. From our window we see perhaps a dozen busy men. But what do we see to compare with this? For mere curiosity we have counted the idle men in front of the stores in our view and the number is 36. By looking at our watch we find that we have been waiting 25 minutes. Had these 36 men been at work during this time they would have made 15 hours time, and to put it on the conservative estimate of fifteen cents per hour, these men would have earned \$2.25, an amount equal to the S. S. collection of the average church. But suppose we say that on this average these 36 men have idled away five hours each today, the sum would be 180 hours and at the same rate they would have earned \$27.00. This town in which we write has a population of nearly ten thousand, and if the business section of the town affords as many loafers as the small space in front of the window from which I write, there are at least 300 idle men in the town, and at our same figures these men could have earned \$225.00 today.

Just a little further. Suppose these 300 men lost on an average of twenty hours a month, this would mean that they could have earned in one year \$10,800, an amount sufficient to support a missionary in the foreign field for ten years, to educate the young people or make their homes more comfortable; not alone by the plenty from a "bread and butter" standpoint, but by bringing into the home a spirit of industry.

For fear that some will say that these men had no employment, we state that we have thought of this and there is no excuse when we familiarize ourselves with the labor conditions of this town.

Not only in this town in which these lines are penned are men idle and while away the good days, but all over this land of ours the millions are found in idleness, developing and making possible a generation of weaklings, loafers, spend thrifts and unappreciated citizens. There is enough work for all to have a

part and if we had a law to make a man work when he and his family need his earnings, it seems to us that such would be more reasonable than to have him or his son in the courts for some crime that has developed from an idle hand and brain.

C. B. Riddle.

May 3, 1913.

**ELON'S CATALOG. TWO IMPORTANT CHANGES. AN INTERESTING PUBLICATION CONTAINING VALUABLE INFORMATION AND FACTS.**

Elon College, N. C., May 8, 1913.

The catalogue number of the College Bulletin, the 24th annual number, is just from the press of the Christian Publishing Association. It is larger in extent than any previous issue, containing 178 pages and showing among other changes, two of singular import.

The first of these changes and the one that will be most welcome in this age that clamors after the practical in education is that which provides for the Bachelor of Science degree, for which no Latin or Greek is required, either for entrance to college or during the College course. Instead of these ancient and honored tongues, German, French, or Spanish, with English will make up the required language work. This change is expected to be far-reaching in its influence and to result in the preparation of a great many scientific men, who feel that the classical languages are not directly connected with their life-work. Taken in connection with the two excellent laboratories in Physics and Chemistry now nearing completion this hope would appear to be well-founded.

The second of these changes has to do with the inauguration of the custom of teaching for six days in the week, rather than five days. The recitation work will begin at 7:50 in the morning and close at 1:00 in the afternoon. This arrangement will give a much larger time to the gymnasium and laboratory work than has previously been possible.

The catalogue shows that three hundred and fifty eight students have matriculated during the College year, from thirteen states and more than a hundred counties. There had been talk current on the hill of raising the entrance requirements to fifteen units, or one more than the standard College requires, but the catalogue does not show the change, the requirement of fourteen units as practised for many years being adhered to, in company with the other colleges. The usual sixty-nine hours of college work, with the graduating thesis exhibiting original research, are required of all candidates for the bachelors' degree.

**"Quid Nunc?"**

Owing to the ball game Tuesday afternoon, the "Quid Nunc?" met at three instead of the usual time. On account of the game the business part of the meeting was made short, but the literary program throughout its entirety was very much enjoyed.

Miss Dawson opened the program with a review of "She Stoops to Conquer"

by Goldsmith. She gave this in a most interesting manner. Next on the program was a reading by Miss Hall. Her selections were from some of Tennyson's best poems. Miss McCauley gave us some striking selections from Browning's "Men and Women."

Corresponding Secretary.

**RESPONSE TO TABLE TALK.**

Again we are reminded that truth is stranger than fiction—to some folks.

"Disturbing the harmony of digestion" and "Permeateing the finger nails" are phenomena that our physiologies fail to mention. Evidently they have just been discovered and, as only one person in Elon knows what they are, we can not refute these charges.

To deny that we have been forced to eat in the kitchen is useless, since you all have seen us there. (Nit)

While there, (in our dream), we the undersigned, have considered well our manifold sins and wickedness and we do hereby petition the Honorable Faculty to restore us to our former seats, promising on our honor to wear black clothes, tombstone expressions, graveyard winks, and crocodile tears to the end of our college course, and guaranteeing that hereafter no waiter shall find it necessary to use any vehicle larger than a wheelbarrow to keep our table supplied with victuals.

When we started to read the vivid account of our first Sunday dinner in the West Dormitory kitchen, we could not imagine who had so much inside information, but when we came to the last paragraph, the words "I heard" gave us the proper clue, and we knew the author of that delightful little piece of fiction was none other than Appius Claudius of South Elon.

That delicate youth had written Snowball for a date for the first Sunday, but got stung. So he determined to get a job as cook at the West Dormitory kitchen in order to be near her at any rate.

He appeared on the scene just as Norfleet asked Heatwolf if he had ever seen a monkey hide.

"Sure," said Victor.

"Where?"

"On that monkey coming in the door," was the answer, and, when we turned around there stood Appius Claudius.

Aunt Mickie took a fancy to him at once, did him up in one of her own aprons, and told him to wait on our table. And that is why Brother Rainey offered up that fervent prayer, "Oh Lord, forsake us out in the hour of our affliction."

Waiting seemed to be his specialty. He waited so long before he got in a mood to work that Myrick wondered if he was unconscious.

"Oh he's conscious," said Rountree, "but he doesn't know a thing."

Just then Mrs. Machen sent him down to Mrs. Battle with a note.

On his return he was asked of he had delivered it.

"Yes," was the reply, "But it's no use sending that lady notes; she's as blind as a bat."

"Why, what makes you think that?" asked Mrs. Machen.

"Well, I went in and gave her the note and, while she was looking at it, she asked