

me three times where my hat was and it was on my head all the time."

The potato that Claudius intimated was ingulfed by one of the undersigned was dispatched to remove his lid (to see if there was anything in the kettle underneath) but, when the potato turned it's eyes on Appius Claudius, it dropped thru the floor.

While we were discussing this extraordinary occurrence, the gent spied some macaroni and was heard asking Aunt Mickie how in the world they got all those holes in the noodles.

A little later on he noticed that our biscuit plate was empty and, rushing over to the oven, took out a pan full of biscuits with his bare hands. He found it rather too heavy to hold however, and the best he could do was to throw pan and all at the table, showering biscuits all over the kitchen.

And at that, even Aunt Mickie just about gave up hopes of making a waiter out of the newcomer; so he was put to dishing out icecream in the far corner.

As might be expected, we soon heard distress signals from that section, and, looking over, beheld Claudius with his head in the freezer. When they got him loose, he explained that he had seen a bug in the icecream, and wanted to get a close look at it. All of us that believed it stopped eating.

As the last resort, the frail and half-starved lad was put to washing dishes, but, in an effort to get a piece of cake, eased half a dozen plates off the sink on Aunt Mickie's knees, whereupon the latter, exasperated beyond measure, took the gentleman by the heels and the nape of the neck, dipped him in the dish water, and turned open the hot faucet.

It evidently didn't suit his whiskers for a second later the Elon lehabod tore out the kitchen door and poled across the campus in the direction of home. He has not been seen in the vicinity of the kitchen since.

At present his only means of support is his position as a mascot for the sixth team at the Orphanage and on occasional job writing fables for the Weekly.

The undersigned seldom tell the truth themselves but when they do turn out a plain, frank, open, truthful, bonafide like that above, they feel that it should be believed.

All this we do hereby certify to be true; so help us eat.

Beale, Cotten, Heatwolf,
Merritt, Miller, Myrick,
Norfleet, Rainey, Rountree,

BASEBALL AND BASKET BALL ELECT CAPTAINS.

Strange to say at the meeting of the men composing these two teams for the choice of a leader during the next season new men were elected in both cases.

Haller W. Vaughan of Timberville, Va., will lead the quint for next winter and P. E. Bruce, the fast short stop of this year's club whose domicile is at Mars Hill of this State is to engineer the baseball nine during the season of 1914.

Both men have made good records on their respective teams. We remember it was Vaughan and his fellow countryman Bradford who showed the outfit here what it meant to go into a game fight-

ing and maintain that pugnacious spirit throughout.

Bruce "Is The Guy" who has been gobbling up every thing around past number six and who came near breaking up the show on several occasions by his heavy hitting. Pitchers all look alike to him, and it is his all-around first class playing which won him his place. If any new man deserved the place, Bruce did and we all feel satisfied over the results of both choices, a thing that is by no means always true.

MALONE'S PITCHING WINS

YOUTHFUL TWIRLER PUTS IT OVER WOFFORD COLLEGE IN A PRETTY GAME

What proved to be the last full game of baseball on the home field, at least so far as the regular schedule was concerned, was taken by us from the outfit from Spartanburg, 2-0. Both clubs put up good games, and in spite of the total of seven errors made by both teams, the contest was far from being ragged or one-sided.

But two hits were gathered from Malone's assortment while the visiting moundsmen yielded only four. Whitmire put one through the box that might have been handled by either Bruce or Poythress which counted a safety and in the second Stillwell lifted one high in the air which any one of four men might have gathered into his embrace, but during the preliminary Alphonse-Gaston business, Newton's wonderful discovery was having its effect on the rising sphere and before the bowing was completed this soaring pill had become a stationary object just back of second base, Stillwell was on first, his running mate on second and the second hit credited to Wofford. But that ended the hitting. Fast fielding could easily have given Malone a no-hit game, but as it happened 'twas not so.

Of the four men that faced "Buck" in the first three fanned the air. Elon, in her half, managed to squeeze one in by a fumble at third. A stolen base by Poythress put this one in.

Wofford showed signs of aggressiveness in the second. After Deshields had gone out, Bruce to Atkinson, Corunchsel hit one to Newman which took a bad bound. Stillwell hits over second. Two on, one down. Buck decides that to be enough, so he disposes of Bethea and Osborne in short order.

Elon annexed another in the fourth by Bruce's single, a stolen base, Johnson's sacrifice and Atkinson's fly to deep center. This ended the run getting, though we should have counted in the fifth when we had bases full and one down. It happened in this way. Finch singled over second. Malone struck. Joyner puts one just inside third and Finch goes to second. Poythress shoots one through Sims and Finch attempts to score but is put out on a close decision. Newman and Bruce are retired on infield chances, thus ending the inning.

During the remaining four nothing happened except some of the nicest pitching and fielding we have seen here this season. Wofford has a good club, though they are slightly given to the habit taught us by the Indians. Nevertheless they are an agreeable bunch, and we were glad to have them.

The box score:

Elon	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Poythress, 2b	4	1	0	1	4	0
Newman 3b	3	0	0	1	1	1
Bruce ss	3	1	1	2	3	1
Johnson lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Atkinson lb	2	0	0	11	0	1
Burrus rf	3	0	0	0	0	1
Finch cf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Malone p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Joyner c	3	0	1	9	2	0
	26	2	4	27	11	4

Wofford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sims ss	4	0	0	1	4	2
Whitmire lb	4	0	1	13	0	0
Stockhouse 3b	4	0	0	1	1	1
Hamilton rf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Deshields lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Corunchsel 2b	3	0	0	1	5	0
Stilwell p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Bethea c	3	0	0	6	1	0
Osborne cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
	31	0	2	24	12	3

Summary: Earned runs, Elon 1, Wofford 0. Struck out by Malone 9, by Stilwell 4. Time 1 hour, 30 minutes. Umpire, Mr. Horner.

AN IVORY TOP

The other Wednesday night Mr. Alonzo T. Banks and Mr. C. Titus Rand, two of the most representative Seniors of Elon College were carrying on a very brilliant conversation, the main topic of which was, "Why didn't we get on for commencement?" They talked for a while about what an honor it was to get on and also said much about their regret at not receiving the honor. All at once Banks' face brightened as he said, "Say, 'Tite,' if the faculty will not give us any way to show our true worth, we can show what is in us ourselves. Now you know the First Team is off getting beat, but why can't we take the Second Team down to Burlington, constitute ourselves the batteries, beat the high school preps and cover ourselves with glory?" "That's the very thing," responded the immortal 'Tite,' "we'll show the faculty how hard it is to down a working man."

This being agreed upon, they both rose early Thursday morning and phoned to Burlington to see if they could get a game with the "preps." Finally after much quibbling about the financial end of the question the game was arranged and "Banks & Rand" at once set about getting a team together. Many of the boys refused to go but they finally mustered a team composed of Rand, Banks, (of course they come first), Ankies Bradford, Ezekiel Fulghum, Pretty Red Parks, Cutey Moore, Tuckus Watson, Red Sox Sessoms, and they also carried along William Jefferson Cotton for a substitute.

Rand was on the firing line for the "collegians" and Meador operated the big gun for the "preps." Rand pitched a great game, but thirty-seven hits being made off his most artistic, superfluous delivery. The whole team was behind him with perfect support and it certainly was hard luck to lose the game that seemed to be going our way so much. One of the main features of the game was that we found a new Elon star. Mr. Willie Cotton was substituted for Bradford in the second and when the first team comes back we think Coach will certainly show his ignorance if he does not put Willie on first base in the rest of the match games. He played the classiest first base that has ever been seen on the Burlington diamond or on any other diamond for that matter. He also knocked one home run, but since he

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lost the ball Burlington would not let it count and he had to go and bat over. This time he did not hit for but three bases.

Burlington was invincible in the field, but their work at the bat was weak as will be seen by a reference to the number of hits they made. The score, or as much of it as the scoreman got down, was 19 to 0 in favor of the "preps." The game was very close all the way through and at any time it seemed that Elon was going to make a rally and win. The following is the score by innings:

	R	H	E
Elon	0	0	0
Burlington	19	37	0

Home Runs: Burlington 8.
3-Base Hits: Burlington 9, Elon 1 by Willie Cotton.
2-Base Hits: Burlington 11.
Star Plays: Willie Cotton 25.
Next game to be played July 4.

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