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New Books for the Librarian

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LAST THINGS.

In every situation in life, in every day's work, in every year's work, and in every life's work there are always last things to be done. Sometimes we do them joyfully, as those who have come to a new lap in the journey are glad to turn the corner and forget an unhappy past. Sometimes we do them hurriedly and nervously, like cramming a few almost forgotten necessities into a traveling bag, and fret as we do so over our own negligence in not remembering sooner. Sometimes there are last things to be done before a marriage. The last hook is to be slipped into place on the bridal gown, the last tondril of bright hair confined in place under the wedding veil, the last little maiden prayer uttered before going down stairs and becoming the wife of "the best man on earth." Sometimes there are last touches to be given to the house before company arrives. These, if given by a neat housewife, will be given with dainty, caressing fingers, and with a look of pride in the shining, dustless rooms, and the absolute immaculateness everywhere. Sometimes there are last things to be done for the dying, sad, tender, inexpressibly solemn things to be done, for the one who is going out from us into the Great Unknown. There are last words to be heard and recorded, the last adjustment of a pillow to be made, the last caress, the last kiss, the last pressure of a hand, that gradually relaxes its accustomed hold and falls heavily, ah, so heavily down. There are last things to be done when one's work is finished in one place before one may go on into new fields, untried fields where one does not know whether Success or Failure awaits. Yet, one knows it is better so, and with loving fingers does the old familiar thing lovingly, tenderly, perhaps with tears falling down and interfering with the task.

Last things! How much depends upon how the first things and all the things that followed were done! If done carelessly and with no love of the work, then the last things will not count for so much, but when one has tried conscientiously to do one's work well, when those for whom it was done have not read between the lines, have not taken into account the love one had for those things he was doing for them, when they have not appreciated those efforts, and when they have told you carelessly, impatiently, because they are eager to get into touch with the new workers, and to be rid of you and your poor little efforts, to get at the last things quickly, then indeed it is that your heart breaks within you, and your tears fall upon the dear and the familiar things with which you have labored so long, and you thought, so well. Then it is that you don't want to go on. You don't want to look for new things to do. You just want to kiss everything goodbye, and then go out into the world. You don't care where. You don't care how long you walk, or how stony the way is. You don't care. You have done the last things and nobody will be any happier for them, you think; nobody will care that you did them as conscientiously as you knew how. No one will know how your tears fell, or how your heart ached, or how humiliated you were because the things you had been doing for so many years were not satisfactory, did not please your employer, or your family, or whoever you did them for. You walk on and on and on, and by and by somehow, by mere force of habit, pos-

sibly, you realize that you have come home. You begin to realize too that your feet are bleeding and that you are very tired. You go into the house. Possibly there is some one there who loves you, some one upon whom you can depend, and you are forced to tell that one, forced to lay upon that patient heart your own burden of sorrow, and humiliation and chagrin. And then, thank God, you find that this dear one still loves you, that the things you have been doing for him have been appreciated from the first to the very last. He binds up your poor, bleeding feet; he takes you to his heart. He tells you that you have by no means been a failure, because he has noticed your work from the first, and in doing it for him you have done a work that can never be estimated. You begin to see that your faithful work was not done alone for the man who didn't appreciate it. It was done for those you loved, and your efforts were far-reaching. You begin to see that after all there is something else to live for, and you begin to smile. And then through the tears that still cling to your lashes there begins to shine a rainbow. You know what that means! Every one of its seven colors spells hope, and ambition, and renewed energy. You are at home, and love is there!

So, when we come to the end of life's journey, when we have done the last things, and have laid down to die, may we each and all come to see just beyond us the portals of the everlasting Home, and the Face of the Friend who through all our lives, through death and in eternity "sticketh closer than a brother," and "reads between the lines."—L. K. W., in *Farm News*.

LIFE AT EAST DORMITORY.

In the opening issue of the COLLEGE WEEKLY there appeared an article on "Life at West Dormitory," giving some interesting particulars concerning those dear girls over there. They are indeed "all-round girls," and we have no need to be informed of this by a newspaper article. After reading the article mentioned above, I began to think that it might be interesting to some to know something of our manner of life over here in this quiet and sober-looking old building. So I am going to give just a momentary glimpse to those on the outside into our homely but delightful domicile.

We are quite as industrious, orderly and handsome a crowd of young men as there is in the whole College, I am sure. We do not waste our time idly lounging about the buildings, the campus or the post-office, but apply ourselves diligently to our studies. We are also, as I said before, very quiet and orderly, and never have any loud noises or disturbances going on, though there is, indeed, a small number of us who are emulous of cats, dogs, chickens, ducks and geese, and sometimes keep up a diverting chorus of mewings, yelps, barks, cacklings and crowing. However, this is mostly out of study hours, and so troubles no one.

We regret very much to lose two of our number, Revs. Fuller and Merrit, who have recently moved over to North Dormitory. We are at a loss to account for their pulling out. Perhaps those two grave and sober ministers who are to be found things too dull here, and so wished to be where there's "something doing." Whatever their reasons may have been, we wish them all happiness in their new home.

E. J. WALKER.

HORRIBLE CULMINATION OF A MURDEROUS CONSPIRACY.

Residents of the trans-Southern Dormitory were horrified last Tuesday morning to discover that during the gloomy midnight hours, while the blackness of the night gently shrouded the slumbers of honest men, and the dank and poisonous vapors of Erebus breathed their venom into the hearts and minds of those susceptible to her corrupting influences, some foul fiends of death and desolation, be they demons from the regions of the lost, ghouls from the gloomy, ghastly, goblin-infested woodland of Wier, or degenerates of the human species, had penetrated the obscurity of the night and, by some unknown incantations or mysterious orgies, fastened their vile and venomous fangs upon the stately and stalwart forms of our beloved compatriots and honored fellow-students, Messrs. March and Harris, and had snuffed out the fair young lives of these most estimable gentlemen, without the slightest provocation or note of warning. And, so soft was the tread of these murderous monstrosities, and so silent, yet sure, was the death they dealt, that no man was roused from his slumbers to apprehend the death-dealing demons of destruction, or discover whence they came or whither they dragged their hideous and slimy hulks to gloat over the innocent blood they had spilt.

The first intimation of this heinous slaughter of the innocents was received when one of the gentlemen who occupy the room adjoining the chamber of death, being aroused from his slumbers by the smell of sulphurous fumes strangely suggestive of the infernal regions, rushed forth, to discover that the door leading to the chamber where these gentlemen were made the victims of this outrageous butchery, was securely fastened with bars of iron of unknown origin, while above the door was a yawning, grinning, gaping death's head, bearing an inscription in an unknown tongue; which, however, an expert in the languages of the infernal regions, after many hours of seemingly hopeless effort, finally deciphered, as follows: "Incarcerated herein lie the mortal remains of Bill March and Hank Harris. Cursed, yea, thrice cursed, be he that dares to intrude upon the solemnity of their sepulchre."

The last that was heard of them while in the flesh were the sweet and affectionate good-nights with which they were heard by their neighbors to address one another as they placed their shapely heads upon the cushions of their downy couch. Little did they suspect that at that very hour the bloody monsters, with gluttonous talons outstretched in the eagerness of haste, were waiting in the obscurity of the outer darkness to seize them in the innocence of youth.

Surely the horror of this unfathomable outrage has never had its equal in the history of the race. The fair residents of West Dormitory and Possum Avenue have our heart-felt sympathy in their despair. Obituaries will follow.

If you see a fault in others, think of two in yourself, and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment.—*Flamner*.

Thanks for the many orders for men's tailor-made suits, and I am still taking 'em.—C. A. HUGHES.