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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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The Trinity Archive

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., OCTOBER, 1914

‘Rosa Dulcissima’

D. L. EDWARDS

The sweetest rose will wither away,
Her beauty will vanish, her petals decay;
Her fragrant odors will waste on the air,
So gather the roses while ye may.

The loveliest lilies are blooming now,
In valleys Elysian they gracefully bow;
Not long will they be so wondrously fair,
So go forth and gather the lilies now.

The violets bloom in a sylvan glade,
And their rich perfume the forest pervades;
So into the woods your way you must steer,
Ere the blighting drought will have his raid.

O! Like ye the song of the sweet-singing thrush,
Who pours forth her music from out of the bush?
Then list while ye may to the lyrical air,
For soon she will tire, and her melody hush.

O! Life's little day is nearing its close,
So drink of the fountain as long as it flows;
Go gather the rose, and the lily so fair,
Ere summer's green meadows be hid by the snows.

Monsieur Beaunot

L. W. POWELL

It was late afternoon, and as the Police-Captain and I walked slowly along the street, he showed me various points of interest in the city. Many people were out promenading, and as we strolled along the Captain pointed out various important personages, some of whom I had already met at a ball on the preceding night.

The Captain was a good-natured fellow and an interesting talker. In spite of the fact that I had not been in Abitzburg long, he treated me as an old friend, accepting me instantly, in the name of my friend who was an old acquaintance of his. I liked the Captain very much, and during the three days that I had been in Abitzburg, we had had some fine times together, for the Captain was a royal entertainer, and through him I met some of the people of the town.

As we walked on, a pair of guards approached us, leading a prisoner between them, and as they passed, the Captain said:

"That man may or may not be guilty. I cannot tell. I had him arrested on suspicion. A murder was committed in the suburbs of the city three days ago. We arrested a fellow, a good-for-nothing rascal, who was thought guilty, but he soon proved his innocence. My men have been working on the case; but between you and me, Blythe, we have obtained little results."

"Do you know any cause for the crime? Why the man was killed?" I asked.

"Yes," said he slowly. "Monsieur Pardin, the dead man, had money on his person. The money is gone."

"Strange," said I. "If I had the time, I would like to look into the case. I used to do a little detective work myself."

A guard saluted and handed the Captain a telegram. I

walked a little ahead so as not to overhear any official business.

"Your pardon, please, Monsieur," said the Captain as he rejoined me. "I think I have it now, for that telegram comes from Paris and informs me that Beaunot, the famous gentleman-thief, is in this neighborhood. He left Paris with a bullet-wound in his shoulder. The wound cannot be healed so soon, and it will be the means of identifying the thief. He is probably the murderer of Pardin."

"Yes," I answered. "He is probably the man."

The Captain soon changed the subject, for he thought that I would be bored with such affairs.

After a while, we parted, agreeing to meet again and go to a ball together.

When the time came, the Captain was not at the appointed place, and after waiting for about ten or fifteen minutes, I went on to the ball alone.

He came in about ten-thirty, and taking me aside said:

"Just after we parted tonight, another mysterious crime was enacted. Madame Guire's maid was killed and the Madame's jewels were taken. It was Beaunot beyond doubt."

"What!" said I. "Madame Guire lives in the hotel where I am staying."

The Captain interrupted me:

"Listen: this bold Monsieur Beaunot will probably come here tonight. He is very likely already here. You keep an eye open for him. My men are stationed all about the place. He cannot escape."

We separated and mingled with the people, eyeing each in hopes of getting the famous Beaunot.

A stir arose among the crowd, and the guests began to talk in awed whispers. A diamond tiara had been stolen. Stolen from off the head of the wearer! She was sure that she had it a few moments before, but now it was gone.

The Captain gave orders, and guards appeared at each window and each door.

"Be quiet," said the Captain. "No person shall leave this place until all have been searched. It may be humiliating, but all must bear it."

The gentlemen were gathered into a separate room and here the search began. I assisted the Captain in his search. Each man's right shoulder was inspected to see if the tell-tale wound could be found. They submitted to the search very well, some muttering, some smiling, some laughing and talking, and all a bit uneasy.

There was only one other, a tall man with dark hair and eyes, whose hand was continually twisting his waxed moustache. He seemed to be a stranger to most of the men. A few knew his name, but all looked at him with suspicion.

As the Captain and I searched, the room was absolutely quiet. The man tried to assume an air of indifference and said nothing.

"Aha! Beaunot, we have you," said the Captain as he pointed an accusing finger at the man's bare shoulder. "There is the scar."

"But, gentlemen," said the accused, "I am not Beaunot. That scar was received in the war."

"Yes, to be sure," said the Captain as he took a pair of hand-cuffs from his pocket. "Certainly."

"But, it is preposterous," said the prisoner. "I am not Beaunot. I am ——"

A stir arose at the door, and a guard ushered in a short little man.

"Why hello! Rafait," said the Captain. "You are here earlier than I expected, but you are too late. We have our man."

"But Monsieurs —," said the prisoner.

Rafait looked at the Captain, then at me, then at the prisoner.

"Good joke on you, Captain. That's not Beaunot. This is Beaunot," said he slapping me on the shoulder.

I uttered a cry of pain. My wound had not yet healed.

The Shield of Calixtus

E. W. M'CULLERS

Two men, David Bartholomew, an archaeologist, in the employment of the British Museum, and Hubolt von Stienen, an historian, were touring Europe on vacation.

They had been in Italy nine days, during which time they had visited the Forum, the Vatican and other places of interest in Rome.

One afternoon they took a gondola trip on the River Tiber. Their boatman, an Italian, seemed to be a jovial fellow, and the archaeologist, who spoke Italian, began to converse with him.

The boatman had lived in Rome all his life, and he knew all about the city. As the tourists were to visit the Catacombs of the Sebastian church the next day, the conversation turned to this subject. They learned by chance that the boatman's father was, until his death, one of the guides of the Catacombs. When the tourists learned this, they questioned all the more eagerly.

The Italian told them in the course of the conversation that there was one way among the Catacombs, Via Agrippa, where one never entered on account of superstitious fear. For, the boatman said, at two different times, robbers, who had taken refuge in this corridor, had been found dead the day following. The boatman told them further that in this corridor of death, and upon his shield, rested the ashes of Calixtus II, Pope of Rome, who ruled from 1119 to 1124.

They asked the Italian how one might tell this tomb from the rest. He shuddered and said that he had never seen it, but that it was said that its fresco was the 'brazen serpent.'

Next morning while the tourists were seated in one of the Italian parks by the Tiber and were feasting their eyes upon the scenery in general, the attention of the historian was attracted to a fleeting spot in the sky; this spot finally became a bird which seemed to be fleeing for its life. On

looking again, a large hawk was discovered to be the cause of the fright. The sparrow, for such it was, seemed to be failing fast while the hawk steadily gained. It seemed the sparrow must fall victim to the hawk as it hopelessly directed its flight towards the nearest tree, like a drowning man snatching at a straw—but no! to the surprise of all, the little bird took shelter in a knot hole in the tree and thus escaped.

Neither man had spoken for some time when the younger said: "The hawk did not get his prize, did he?"

The archaeologist had been in a brown study; he had not observed the incident, and he asked, "What did you say?" Not waiting for a reply, he added: "I have been thinking, Hubolt, about what that boatman said yesterday. If there is such a shield as that in existence, such an old and venerated relic as that would bring us at least \$25,000 from the British Museum!"

"Well what do you propose to do about it?" asked the historian.

"Me? I shall go and search for the shield and find it too if it is there. Will you go with me?"

"Yes," answered the historian. "When do we go?"

"We go tonight. I myself will go there this afternoon and go in with the guide; after he shows me the Via Agrippa, the rest will be easy."

Accordingly, that afternoon while the historian amused himself in walking about viewing the Italian landscape, the archaeologist visited the Catacombs. The guide took him down a flight of stone steps, which had been worn three or four inches deep by the coming and going of those who had borne the dead of fourteen centuries to their last resting place, and entering a long dismal corridor from which odors, damp and musty, arose, he lighted a candle.

As they journeyed onward, the candle cast a wierd light upon the interior. The corridor was narrow and about eight feet high, while on both sides of the corridor arose the catacombs; tier upon tier of square stones, which served as doors to these little tombs of death, met their eyes. On each of

these doors was painted a special fresco, a Christian symbol, to commemorate the life of the individual; there were the frescos of doves, lambs, fish, anchors, the ark, the true vine, etc. These paintings were very clear and were retaining their color well. This seemed remarkable after having endured fourteen centuries.

Following the guide, the archaeologist was led through corridor after corridor filled with inmates that "sleep the sleep that knows no waking."

"What way is this?" he asked the guide.

"Via Roma, Seignior," answered the guide.

Shortly they crossed an intersecting corridor at the ending of which there was a statuette placed in a niche in the wall.

"And what is this?" the guide was asked again.

"Via Seneca, and that is his statuette," answered the Italian, pointing to the image.

As they journeyed the musty, damp odors became more intense, and as the two men came to another intersecting corridor, at the entrance of which was placed a similar statuette, the guide hastened by nervously.

"What way is this?" asked the archaeologist.

"Via Agrippa," replied the guide in an awful voice.

"Is that the statuette of Agrippa?"

"Yes," answered the guide.

"Enough," said the archaeologist, "We will return."

The archaeologist marked their returning path sharply; the distance was not great at all, though it had seemed so, for they had explored only one passage.

At last daylight was regained, and dropping a silver piece into the guide's hand, the archaeologist hastened back to his friend.

"Well, how did you succeed?" his friend asked him.

"I have found the way. We go tonight," he answered.

* * * * *

The Italian moon had risen high when the two men set out on their daring raid. On reaching the Catacombs, they

had but to swing open the massive door, which remained unlocked, and the only purpose of which was to serve as a barrier to dogs and the like, for no native would dare to go in that deathly place after nightfall. This door they opened and entered. The archaeologist lighted his candle and led the way.

If the surroundings had been weird during the day, they were horrid now. The beams of the flickering candle flame cast a ghostly light along the narrow passage-way, and the various frescos shone forth in a hideous glare, while bits of fox-fire glowed here and there.

The historian nervously hung back, but his companion hurried him onward.

"Let's hurry, for we have no time to lose," said the archaeologist. "Follow me," he continued, "the direction is straight ahead until we reach the second statuette."

Shortly they passed one statuette; leaving this behind them, they pressed forward.

"Let's hurry," urged the historian. "My head is swimming."

In the meantime the candle flame flickered badly, and after a few more steps went suddenly out. The archaeologist tried several times to relight the candle, but the flame died out. The historian grabbed a flashlight from his pocket and gave it to the archaeologist. Now, they turned at the second statuette and gazed with burning eyes upon the frescos.

"Here it is," cried the archaeologist, "let us hurry, in the name of the Almighty, before we die like the robbers!"

Frantically the two men tore away the fresco of the brazen serpent, dragged out a long oval metallic shield, and rushed back into the main corridor. As they turned into this corridor toward the entrance, the archaeologist dropped the flashlight. "Oh help us!" he cried, and in the darkness they saw the blue sky through the distant doorway. Soon they cleared themselves of the cavern and refreshed themselves in the pure air of the open.

"It was a close call," said the historian.

"It was surely," echoed the archaeologist.

"Where will we place it?" asked the historian.

"For the present upon the unused roof garden. I got the key from the land-lord today."

So in the dead of the night, they quietly took their trophy to the abandoned roof garden, and placed it there on the stones of the roof.

* * * * *

Neither of the men awoke the next morning until nearly noon on account of exhaustion. When they did awaken, they hurriedly went up to the roof garden to view the shield. They entered the place—and lo! the shield was ashes, and the \$25,000 was but dust! The shield, made of light bronze, in laying for fourteen centuries amid human decay had gradually been coated with phosphorus which had accumulated in the cold, damp pits. When the shield was brought in contact with the warm direct rays of the semi-tropical sun, the phosphorus was ignited.

Having corroded for so long a time, the phosphorus had so completely diffused itself through out that it too had consumed the metal.

An Allegory

E. LESTER CULBRETH

A God of wisdom once created
Many tiny flowers
To decorate in matchless beauty
This old world of ours.

They stand with tender grace and beauty
On their stems upright,
And toss their heads in eager prayer
To the source of light,

In order that they may receive
The dewy kiss of heaven
And be a blessing to mankind
To whom they were given.

When nature has begun to paint
All the forest, tender,
In many golden purple tints
Of autumnal splendor,

The flowers all will surely meet,
Howsoever fair,
The messenger of death a-riding
On the frosty air.

Alas! their beauty is forgotten,
And their buds how tender!
They fade in death at autumn's breath
And the cold December.

We see, and then we know not why
It is so begotten
That thorns do live and roses die,
Soon to be forgotten.

America and Evangelism

E. C. DURHAM

Winning Oration in Contest for Wiley Gray Medal, 1914—ED.

We talk about the question of the hour; but, according to Mr. Gladstone, "there is but one question—how to bring the truths of God's word into vital contact with the mind and heart of all classes of people." In this question more people are interested today than ever before, and are undertaking with relentless courage the whole program of world-wide evangelization, notwithstanding its immensity, its bewildering complexity, and its taxing difficulty. It is indeed a great task; for of a world population of 1,700,000,000 there are only 586,000,000 Christians to meet the challenge. Yet it is a binding obligation upon all Christendom, and upon that nation of greatest advantages of leadership in this world movement the obligation is most intense.

It is to America that Providence has given such favored advantages. That was a great day for the world when the Pilgrim Fathers founded America. Supremely fitting were the words read in their hearing by their pastor, John Robinson, which were the words of Jehovah in making His covenant with Abraham: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great—and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." These words had a prophetic meaning to the Pilgrims, and they saw in them a divine commission. Their conviction was that they were to found on this side of the sea a nation which should bear an important part in the world plans of Christianity. And throughout the history of the nation we have been blessed as we were at the nation's founding, until today we thrive, rich in blood, in intellect, in wealth, upon a continent geographically unique, with unequalled advantages of universal leadership.

A marked indication of America's place of leadership is

her strategic location. To quote Gladstone again, "America has a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by mankind." We may compare America with Israel. Israel's central location in the crossroads of the Old World gave her an unusual opportunity to influence all the then known world. Here is America facing the two great oceans: with many miles of coastline on the east, she is looking out toward the history making nations of the past; while "westward she faces that sea upon which look out the eyes of one half of the human race where life is all a-throb with the new awakening." Our coastline is very extensive on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, with a large number of great harbors for commerce and distributing centers for the gospel. Moreover, the United States is the nearest commanding power to the undeveloped parts of the world: Siberia, Australia, and South America all face on the Pacific Ocean, while the Panama Canal will bring closer together the eastern shores of America and of Asia.

The high human standard of the American people is another advantage of leadership. The human standard has been declared by men of authority to be higher in America than in other countries. Leroy Beaulieu, the French economist, says: "The Americans have been the product of a selection and of a double selection." He declares that it took the boldest, the most enterprising men of the old country to have the courage to make their tour across the sea for the purpose of carving out a new life in an unknown land, and then that it took the most energetic and wise to succeed in the new country. We are, therefore, the very cream of the Old World society: we grew out of the best life of Europe and inherit the intellectual and moral fiber of the Anglo-Saxon. This accounts for our great mechanical genius, which has given us the ability to master the forces of nature and to make labor-saving inventions for the progress of humanity. It accounts also for the noble genius of American intellect, and especially for America's superb system of common schools, which has set the pace for the world. Japan,

having seen that the public school was the power of the Western nations, has adopted our school system, and today there is nowhere a more marvelous example of an entire nation going to school than in Japan. And, finally, it accounts for America's being the home of great world movements, from the birth of the Student Volunteer Movement in a conference called by Dwight L. Moody, to the founding of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which is now organized in fourteen of the principal denominations of North America and in six other countries.

One other advantage of American leadership is our variety of rich resources. Here all about us is our great mineral wealth, which enables us to boast of furnishing the world today with 63 per cent of its petroleum, of supplying the world with 57 per cent of its copper, of leading the world in the production of coal, and of producing much more gold than any other country, except Transvaal in Africa. Here is a nation whose wealth equals 42 per cent of the total wealth of Europe. Here is the country unsurpassed in agricultural productions, producing corn and wheat in great abundance and five-eighths of the cotton grown in all the world.

Such are the advantages that we have of meeting the challenge from God and from the scattered nations of the earth to give unto the world the gospel of peace. To make use of these advantages is our glorious privilege and more especially our tremendous responsibility; for never to any nation has such a challenge been issued as to America. If we fail to respond to our divine commission, our opportunity for leadership will be forfeited, and our fate will be like that of the nations and individuals of the past who have been set aside because of disobedience. We can retain our place of leadership only by developing vision and consecration adequate to our task. Our problem is, therefore, a home battle and the world battle combined. We cannot evangelize the foreign world unless there is a deep spiritual momentum here in America. Without a genuine Christian civilization here our

impact on the non-Christian world will not be life-giving. It is a blunder for a nation, as it is for an individual, to attempt outward acts of righteousness without inner worth. Then at this crucial moment of missionary activity, when the whole world is looking to America for help, and when we are sending missionaries across the waters to teach, to preach, and to be questioned concerning the character of our own national life, we are responsible for being, in deed and in truth, a Christian nation.

How then shall we most successfully build up a strong, Christian nationality? Shall we eliminate the appalling evils of American life by destroying them as they come or by preventing their beginnings? The greatest Teacher of authority that the world has ever had taught in the parable of the tares that injury to the good would result from the destruction of associated forms of evil. Prevention is, doubtless, the better method. But America's great business today is largely the correction and destruction of existing evil. Almost every state in the Union has dealt with the liquor traffic with a view to its destruction; nation-wide interest is aroused in the promotion of social reform; law is busy with the punishment of crime, but penal reforms are negative because society actually manufactures criminals in its bungling attempts to punish crime. Economic and social reforms are positive, but external in that they lessen temptation, occasion, and opportunity. We cannot hope to make radical advances in the conquest of crime by either negative or external means: to make such progress we must resort to the constructive methods of creating righteous principles in the heart of life and action, that evil may be prevented and righteousness developed.

Primarily important, therefore, is our need of Christian discipline of childhood in the individual American home; for the life that is turned out of the home is the material for our nation-building, and the fitness of this material depends upon the nature of its development in the home. This is the place where the noblest habits should be formed, where

a strong will power should be developed, where permanent foundations of Christian character should be laid, and where personal difficulties should be discovered and removed before maturity. The child must know the right and must feel the religious impulse in its early growth if it becomes what it should be as a citizen of the nation and as an instrument in the cause of righteousness. It should be so thoroughly Christianized in its plastic period from childhood to adolescence that in the age of maturity it would be wise and strong enough to resist every opposing force with the daring bravery of a hero on the battle field. Such heroism as this is rare in the individual adult who cannot look back upon a Christian home training; and it is because we neglect the child in the home in regard to Christian discipline that we behold upon the vast stage of human performance the constant occurrence of criminal tragedy and pitiful wreckage of life. The true proverb that America should continually emphasize in her present clamor for national supremacy is that "no nation is greater than its homes." Our mothers who are rushing to the polls to vote and are clamoring for political positions, and our fathers who are abandoning home, going from place to place preaching social reform, should awaken to the fact that their prime duty is left undone. We talk about our perils and our tragedies: but the greatest peril that faces the American people today is our neglect of home, and our greatest tragedy is the home without a vigilant guardian to guide the infant, the child, the youth into proper channels of thought, of motive, and of action.

And then, Christian instruction should especially be given large place in the American educational institution, which comes next after home, which takes the aspiring youth and finishes his preparation for life and for destiny. Here is where habits are finally settled, where individuality is shaped, and where dreams and speculations are changed into concentration of energies upon one definite purpose. Our supreme need of Christian education, therefore, cannot be overestimated. It is fundamentally essential to the spiritual growth of

every individual in this finishing process of development, and thus to the growth of national character and to the divinely commissioned conquest of the world; for out of our institutions of learning are coming forth our leaders, our law-makers, and our rulers. This nation needs educated leaders, but above all she needs leaders who are prompted to righteousness from within by an abiding spirit of Christianity. The time must rapidly come when no life vocation in this great country shall be open to the un-Christianized educated man. America shall not have leaders who declare a conflict between science and religion, who do not see any connection between nature and the miracles of Christ, and who even declare that there is no possibility of miracles, while their own physical body as the product of the food which they have eaten is a greater miracle than they or anybody else can comprehend. America shall not have men saturated with intellectual coldness instead of spiritual vitality. America shall not have men to make her laws who do not make them with an eye single to righteousness. No; America must have leaders in all vocations who, through Christian education, have caught the vision of true ideas and have become imbued with ideas shaped into worthy motives to noble ends; men who are dominated by an ever progressive, noble selfhood, and "empowered with inner strength for outer service."

Highly important, finally, is our need of Christianity in all our law-making and law-enforcement. So often is it the case that our law-makers in framing laws to be enacted do not regard as they should the purpose of law; they are not prompted by correct principles, they do not exercise wisdom in the selection of means to ends, and moreover they do not place the proper estimate upon ends; therefore society acts in obedience to these unwise laws and makes vast and appalling blunders to be corrected. Such conduct as this on the part of the entire nation is not progress. Correcting repeatedly the blunders and sins of society which could be wisely prevented cannot be progress. We are bound to obey the laws of our land, however much we may disagree with the

principle involved, as long as these laws are upon the statute books; but it is our duty as patriotic citizens of this American nation to see that such laws are quickly removed from the statutes, and to see that no unscrupulous man shall have a place in our law-making bodies. All human law should be made in absolute harmony with God's law and enforced in the true spirit of Christianity.

These three institutions, therefore—the home, the educational institution, and government—are the fundamental sources of our national life. In solving her home problem, the chief concern of America today should be the purifying of these fountains from which her national life is flowing. This is the only way that America can hold her place at the front of the world movement. Such action will make her inherently sound and indeed a world-power. If Christianity should pervade all law, all law-making and all law-enforcement, and the Christian spirit predominate our home life and educational training, we would see a gradual elimination of evil from our nation, with national growth into spiritual prosperity, thus making the nation a light-tower unto the world, and Christ and America would walk hand in hand toward the goal of universal evangelism.

Will America retain her place of leadership? Will she develop a strong national life and become a world-power and wield the sword of the Spirit in a triumphant march to worldwide Christian victory? Or will America, like the old rebellious nation of Israel, squander her day of chance and be set aside in eternal derision by all succeeding nations? It depends absolutely upon her choice. Then let her grow strong, let her great heart throb with a burning passion for universal conquest, and let her respond to the divine challenge: "Arise, shine, for thy day of light has come! Move out, go forward, take the world for Christ: let the last lonely soul see the uplifted Cross, and let the whole round world be bound back to the heart of God!"

Beneath the Surface

MARY A. BERRY

"Yes," said the university man pensively, "human nature is a mighty factor and the study of human character is one of the most interesting as well as beneficial pursuits in life. As our great friend the philosopher says, 'the greatest study of mankind is man.' Every man's life is a picture formed by the shadow of his past, and if one is interested only enough in humanity to trace each line separately, the vague shadow will emerge into a real, distinct, living picture. Thus each man is a picture, and among the millions and millions of portraits in our art gallery of human life there are no two alike," he added, his eyes filled with the light of a deeper knowledge, "and it takes a keen and experienced eye to distinguish the master-piece."

"I have been an observer; I might almost add," he said, "an expert observer of the human face for many years, and you know the human face is only an index or rather a mirror in which is reflected the man, his inner self, and his past."

As he spoke he raised his eyes to see what effect his words had made. His attention was diverted just then by the sight of a rather unusual face among the passing crowd.

"Now that man," he remarked, pointing to a stander-by, "has rather a striking face and one worthy of closer attention just for the implicit trust displayed in it—happiness! joy of mere living! Perfect trust in his fellowman is written there." Here his exulting rhapsody died out and all interest appeared gone. "But," he continued, "no real development of character is there, only an example of the favored son of fortune who has traveled over the velvet path in life, and thus avoided all the jars and jostlings. It is a mere waste of time and energy to fathom his soul for it is plainly written in his face. Now if life had really revealed to him its disappointments as well as its joys, perhaps we might have had a rare picture—in fact a masterpiece—who knows?

But in such a face as that—impossible—all the philosophers agree there.” As he ended he gave a final glance, in which was mingled something rather akin to pity, at his companion, who was by no means what one would term a man of the world.

Old Father Graham was calmly smoking his old pipe and appeared completely over-awed by such learning. Finally he aroused himself, took his pipe from his mouth, and began:

* * * * *

Up in the cold and ice of Alaska, over the most desolate scene of desolation, the sun was slowly setting. No signs of human life seemed in sight; in fact, human life would seem rather out of place in such a setting—snow! ice! desolation everywhere! Could this really be a part of the earth, of God’s own earth? or was it the world after all? Finally in the midst of snow and ice something moved—a dark form—something shaggy—a beast of the Polar regions perhaps? Slowly with dragging steps it came nearer, then turned around. A beast? Yes, a beast of the worse type, a human being with the face and heart of a beast. One would be relieved to see even the face of an Egyptian mummy, cold and expressionless, with its staring eyes, but instead, this beast-like face, the hard, stony glance of the eyes, and worse than all the cynical sneer of the scornful lips. Of all the desolation and horror around, this being, one of God’s own creatures and possessing a soul, is the most horrible! Has he really a soul? Does God claim him as one of his? It seems very doubtful to glance at him.

A life of bitterest disappointments, one upon another, a life in which the very dregs of gall has been tasted, has completely crushed out all faith in humanity and even in God, and the result is this beast. He slowly dragged his steps through the snow and ice and finally came upon a rude hut or rather shelter, where he stopped. He built a fire and dragged forth a piece of wild game and rudely prepared it in order to satisfy his hunger. It was completely dark outside,

and as the flames flickered up, a flood of memories rushed upon him, his pack of brutal nightmares came to haunt him; memories of a time when he was out in the world of men, a man among men, as he had once thought, but beasts as he now knew them to be, each one trying to gain his own prey at the sacrifice of another.

"Is there sincerity anywhere? Why do people take such care to entwine themselves around so closely with conventionality and insincerity that you cannot fathom their real self? Is there any real self," he questioned bitterly, "is not all at heart selfishness and hollow mockery?"

As he questioned, the vision of a face arose in the shadowy mist around, and as the fire leapt up, it stood out in a distinct silhouette; the face of his old chum, a clear-cut manly face with a pair of frank, smiling eyes, a face to make one believe in the good in humanity. Yet as he looked the mask fell off and the traitor stood before him. Another face appeared, this time a woman's, pure, with appealing eyes. He dwelt upon this one in tender revery, then quickly aroused himself—was she not false as all the rest in that world of mockery? Uttering something similar to a growl, he forced back the cruel thoughts, savagely devoured his rudely cooked food and threw himself upon a pack of skins, and with that animal contentment of a beast whose hunger has been thoroughly satisfied, he fell asleep. In sleep his thoughts wandered back to the Jack Graham of other days and the savage face lost some of its hardness. Surely, his recording angel shed a tear or two that night.

The next morning Jack Graham awoke to another day of his bitter existence. "Will they never end? Will this endless chain of sorrow last eternally?" he questioned himself again as he he had done daily for the last two years since he sought refuge from men and the world in this desolation. He started out in search of food, and wandered aimlessly about. Suddenly a glimpse of some object half-hidden in the snow caught his eye. He picked it up—a tiny, much-worn shoe—what an object in such a place as this! He went

on a little farther. What met his gaze now was no hallucination, but a living reality. Wrapped in an old shawl cuddled up in the snow was a small child—a living child. A conflict of emotions went on in his soul. Will his lower self, which has had supreme sway for so long, rule? He hesitated, then with a firm resolve bent down picked up the bundle and carried it to his hut. On arriving he laid the bundle down, pulled aside the tattered shawl, and bent over the child. The drooping eyelids slowly opened, and the eyes stared up at him in mute surprise and innocence. The perspiration stood out on his forehead, something seemed to grip him from within. Had this desolation such an effect upon him that he could not bear the sight even of a helpless child? Why did the pure eyes haunt him? Why had he saved her anyway? Only for a life of trouble in contact with the wicked world. Why had God ruined his beautiful creation of the universe and all nature by placing man with all his greed for wealth and gain here? Later he understood why God had not stopped with just the back-ground of his picture, but had perfected it into a masterpiece by putting in the essential feature—man. He scowled, the pure eyes gazed straight into his, and the tiny lips curved into a smile as if in answer to his question. The man stepped back as if struck, shaken more forcibly than by the heaviest blow of an enemy. Something within him seemed to break, and for the first time in two years Jack Graham became aware of the presence of God and noticed that the sun was shining.

The months passed away, one—two. Jack Graham and the child became close chums; his very life seemed entwined around this little maid. One day, coming in from a tramp, he called the little one as usual, but only silence greeted him. He quickly went in the hut and found the little one completely absorbed in a little trinket, and talking to it in the most affectionate manner. He bent over her in idle curiosity, but fell back as in a faint. A smiling face looked up to him from the little locket which she held in her tiny hand. The eyes! As he looked at the pictured face Old Father Time roll-

ed back the slide, and he stood in the scenes of his yesterdays. The perfume of the lilacs with their overpowering sweetness was wafted to him through the warm clear night. A soft, peaceful charm abounded everywhere. An ideal night! created back in the annals of the foreseeing gods and goddesses to keep youth alive in the heart. A Madonna-like face was upturned to his in the moonlight and the eyes, frank and sincere as he believed them to be, gazed into his. Her pure lips trembled with the fervor of her promises to him. How happy he was! God, man, and all the Universe seemed conveyed to him together in one breath to thrill the depths of his being.

Jack Graham stood in silence overcome by these tender memories dragged forth from his yesterdays. Memories! Just memories! for had she not, with these vows still fresh upon her lips, made others and become the wife of his boyhood chum?

The child turned, saw him, and holding out the picture to him, lisped in childish love the one word "Mamma." The irony of it all came over him, and he laughed a bitter, hollow laugh. "Has God, not satisfied with his vengeance, come to follow me even in this desolation?" The brute in him seemed to gain force, bitter memories drove him on. He seized the picture, raised it in his hand, but the innocent surprise in the child's eyes held him. He clenched his hands until the nails buried deep into his flesh, the veins stood out in his temples. With one supreme effort he drew himself together and the fire slowly burned out in his heart. On his clear-cut features was reflected the manliness of other days. His recording angel must have sent forth a gleaming smile through her tears.

The practical side of Jack Graham, which had been dormant for years, awoke and he began preparations for a search. Surely the child had not dropped from the clouds, there must have been a party.

At the end of the ninth day towards sunset Jack Graham arrived with his small charge at what had once been the

site of a trading station, but was now only desolation and ruin. Under an improvised shelter at the foot of one of the mountains he stopped. In a dim, secluded corner, safe from the wind and blast, lay a dark shrouded form and over it another form was bending in grief. As he came up the dark form turned, and Jack Graham knew that he was at the end of his journey. Could this frail broken form be that of Harriet Winslow, the former favorite of society back in that glowing world of new and wealth? Surely nature does away with all bonds of society out in her domains! Here was a woman—a helpless woman alone in the snow and ice weeping over the dead body of her loved one. The child sprang from him, “Mamma” she gasped, and was tightly folded in the frail arms; but the shock was too much. Still holding the child close to her she looked up at Jack, her eyes filled, and her breath came in jerks. “Jack,” she gasped, forgive me if you can, but—I—loved—him.” Even now at the mention of his name her eyes seemed to reflect the joy of her whole soul. She feebly pushed the child to him. “Take little Harriet as a small atonement for the past.” With quivering hands she made a gesture towards the setting sun and the world of humanity; then fell back on the body of her loved one and they became united once more.

The sun was almost down. Sunset! Yes, a sunset in everything! his life! his hopes! Yet a calm peacefulness seemed to come over his soul. Had he at last become resigned? He bent over the pale face and pressed his lips to the cold, marble cheeks, and a tear fell on the still, fair face. Jack Graham raised a corner of the shroud on which she had fallen. The dead man’s face looked up to his. Death had indeed been kind; the traitor’s face was gone and only the face of his old chum remained. He bowed his head in silence. Surely God takes mysterious ways for the working out of his plans!

* * * * *

Old Father Graham drew a long breath, and turning to

his companion added, "That man you were just speaking of over yonder is Jack Graham, and the young girl at his side is Harriet Winslow, his ward, who has accomplished the task of bringing a worthy man back to humanity."

He awaited an answer, but a deep silence was his only reply.

A Sonnet

F. A. R.

E'en as a cloud at eventide doth lie
Cradled in glory near the setting sun,
Wafted by breezes 'cross the azure sky
From star to star, and then moves slowly on
Amid the radiant gleam of snow-crowned peaks,
Which guard the entrance to the beauteous west,
That haven which its tranquil spirit seeks,
That 'biding place of beauty and of rest;
Just so a traveler on his journey far
Into that mystic land of things unknown
Is guided by the glow of many a star
That oft across the rugged path hath shown.
Oh guiding star, Oh gleam of beauty rare,
Guide thou each pilgrim to that haven fair.

Anne's Career

LUCILE BULLARD

"Mother, I can't forget that dream I had of father last night. Visions of him lying stretched white and still have been coming before my eyes all day."

"Anne, dear, you must not be superstitious. I am sure it was only a dream. I never saw father quite so cheerful as he was at noon today."

Mrs. Huntingdon tried to turn Anne's attention from her gloomy thoughts: "Anne, are you filling that blue evening dress well with tissue paper?"

"Yes, Mother. I don't think it will be crushed." Anne was busily packing her trunk preparatory to her leaving for an Eastern college on the morrow, the first of September.

"Oh, I just love this dress," said Anne, as she smoothed out the satiny folds. "If we weren't going on the river tonight, I'd love to wear it for a last meeting with high school friends. I guess Dick will see it often enough next winter. I can hardly wait for the good times I am going to have at Blackburg College."

"Yes, I hope you'll have as good times as I did with Sue Dixon, Dick's mother, when we were there as girls together. I am so glad Dick Caldwell is going, too. I just couldn't trust you as far from California without someone else. Dick seems so much like one of the family."

Thus they talked of Anne's college life as Mrs. Huntingdon tried to bring back the smiles that always chased each other over Anne's sunny face. Dick, too, was a favorite theme. Dick and Anne had been friendly rivals as childish playmates and as school-mates. Now they were going away to the same co-educational college that their mothers had attended.

"Mover, do look at the pitty f'owers for daddy," little five-year old Eleanor cried out as she ran in with her arms full of goldenrod.

Just then the 'phone bell rang very loudly. It continued to ring with a jangling, discordant note until Anne's voice answered, "Two-fifty-six. This is Anne Huntingdon."

"I have some rather unpleasant news for you," said the voice at the other end of the line. Anne's fingers trembled as she thought of her haunting dream.

"Your—father—has—been—hurt. Remember—your—mother."

The voice trailed off into distance as the last words fell on Anne's ears. Her face was ashen as she caught a chair just in time to prevent a fall. Hearing the voice of her frail little mother, she ran for the camphor bottle before breaking the news.

"Anne, tell me quick what on earth is the matter. Quick! Quick!"

Anne tried to quiet her mother as she gently explained that her father was hurt, probably, not very badly. "Anyway, Mother, if father is hurt only a little, he will be worse when he finds you so excited. You must try to be calm."

Anne must also dry the tears of little Eleanor, whom she finds buried among the pillows.

By the time Dr. Maxwell arrived with Mr. Huntingdon, the family had assumed a little cheerfulness. Dr. Maxwell called Anne from the room where her father lay and explained how her father's bravery had saved a little street waif from a speeding automobile. In saving the little one Mr. Huntingdon had been thrown under the machine. Both legs were hurt; the wounds were serious.

II

College had not entered Anne's mind until a letter of sympathy came from Dick next morning. He also wrote: "This is to say good-by. I am leaving on the noon train."

It came over Anne all at once that there was to be no college for her. Dick would be gone; everybody would be gone. She cried bitterly as she thought of how much a college career had meant to her; of how much it meant to be a rival of

Dick. Of course little mother would need her now. The pocketbook, too, would be small without father.

After a few minutes Anne said to herself: "Anne Huntingdon, you're a selfish brute. Go right downstairs this minute and look at the patient suffering of your father."

Three weeks later found Mr. Huntingdon little better. The physician said that he might be able to walk sometime with the aid of a crutch.

Mr. Huntingdon had been superintendent of the Oxnard Sugar Beet Factory, which gave to the little city of Oxnard, California, one of its principal industries. Now that the father's salary, upon which the family was dependent, was cut off, something must be done. Without consulting anyone, Anne had decided what she would do.

On this morning, three weeks after the accident, Anne walked into the office of the superintendent of the Oxnard Sugar Beet Factory.

"Miss Huntingdon, I presume," said the pleasant voice of the young man who sat in the superintendent's chair.

The keen eyes surveyed the trim figure of Anne with a look of decided approval. He liked the glint of her golden hair; he liked the depths of her dark blue eyes; he liked the sweet seriousness of her mouth; for the work she was to do he liked above all the business-like air which her strictly tailored suit gave to her.

The young man was Mr. Horace Greely Oxnard, Jr., a son of the millionaire owner of the beet factory. As the son had recently been graduated from Harvard, his father wished him to learn something of the business world by accepting Mr. Huntingdon's position. Anne saw in him a pleasant-faced young man of medium height, with dark brown eyes and a firm mouth.

In answer to Anne's application for the position of stenographer in his office, Mr. Oxnard had promised an interview. After a few questions Mr. Oxnard felt assured that Anne was the right person for his work. With a pleasant "Good

morning" Mr. Oxnard smilingly bowed Anne out, saying, "I shall expect you tomorrow at eight o'clock."

III

Anne's family soon forgot the surprise which the announcement of her new position had given, and soon became accustomed to regard the eighteen-year old daughter as the head of the home. She nursed father; advised mother; petted Eleanor. Although she always appeared cheerful and contented, she had a fight with herself at the arrival of every letter from Dick or from any of the girls who were away at college.

Dick's last letter had contained an interesting bit of news: "Anne, at this Freshman reception I've been telling you about I met the prettiest, jollist girl in the world. Her name is Margaret. You can get only a dim idea of what she is like when I tell you that she has the most bewitching smile, the prettiest black hair, and the most sparkling eyes I ever saw.

"Anne, what are you doing with yourself these days? You write me of everybody in Oxnard but yourself."

Anne smiled as she added Margaret to the long list of girls with whom Richard had been desperately in love. Dick's question about herself was not surprising to Anne. She had written him nothing of her office work because she couldn't without showing her disappointment about her college career. She knew Dick would understand any difficulties, but somehow she didn't want him to know.

IV

Anne was enjoying her office work with Mr. Oxnard, and received with no disfavor the growing admiration with which he regarded her. He had visited the Huntingdon family several times, always leaving the father, who was now able to sit up in a chair, brighter and more cheerful.

One morning near the last of November as Anne was slowly walking down the hall to the office, she heard voices in Mr. Oxnard's office. Mr. Oxnard was saying in a low

earnest tone: "Yes, Durward, Laura has the purest soul of any woman I ever knew. I love her better than anyone in the world."

As Anne entered the office, Mr. Oxnard introduced to her Mr. Reynolds. After Mr. Reynolds had gone with a "See you tonight at the Washington, Horace," his face kept darting over the page which Anne was typewriting. Where had she seen that face? Surely, somewhere. After a morning of vaguely trying to remember, her thoughts became clear. Anne had often wondered whose picture Mr. Oxnard had in the back of his watch, a picture at which he often gazed with that tender, loving expression on his face. When Mr. Oxnard had been hurriedly called out of the office a few weeks ago, Anne, passing his desk, happened to glance at the picture in the back of the open watch. She saw there a delicately beautiful face with infinite sadness in the brown eyes, yet with a tender smile about the mouth. Anne no longer wondered at the expression on Mr. Oxnard's face. This Mr. Reynolds had the same features as the young girl, except that his expression was joyous and carefree while the girl's face seemed to betoken some great sorrow.

To whom could Mr. Oxnard have confessed his love sooner than to the girl's brother? Anne suddenly remembered having mailed, among the correspondence of the office, weekly letters to a Miss Laura Reynolds. "Surely that beautiful girl is the sister of Mr. Durward Reynolds and the sweetheart of Mr. Oxnard," she said to herself. In half-envy she said: "I wonder why she is sad. How can she be so sad with the gift of Mr. Oxnard's love."

On her arrival at home that evening Anne found a note from Dick which simply said that he would be in Denver the following week with the basket-ball team, which was on its Western tour.

With the note was a letter written earlier. Anne found much comfort in this part of it: "Anne, dear, I understand now why you didn't write me of your position. Uncle wrote me of your work. I admire your pluck in taking your father's

place, and I understand about the college life. Don't mind, little girl, things will come your way after a while.

Say, I envy that fellow Oxnard seeing so much of you.

Anne, I want to tell you something about Margaret: but—I'll tell you later.

Ever yours,

Dick."

Anne wondered what Dick was intending to tell her. "I want to tell you something" was always very grave for Dick. Perhaps his heart was broken again.

The first part of that night Anne's dreams were troubled. She saw her father, who had been suffering lately, a cripple for life; through all her dreams appeared the haunting face of that girl in the back of the watch; near dawn her dreams grew peaceful. She felt Mr. Oxnard's strong presence about her.

V

On Thanksgiving night while the Huntingdon family were gathered in the sitting-room, the door-bell rang in a manner peculiar to Dick Caldwell. Mother heard Anne's voice scream:

"Oh, it's Dick"

A moment later his tall boyish form, smiling blue eyes, and shining face spoke for themselves. Dick said that he just had to run over from Denver to spend Thanksgiving with his uncle and his friends.

After he had told the family of everything that had made up his life since he left them, Anne walked with Dick to the gate. The moment they were alone Dick plunged into the subject Anne had been expecting. He said that he cared no more for Margaret because he had seen her openly snub a girl whose father had recently failed in business.

"Now, Anne, I know whom I really do love. Anne, it's you. I never have loved anybody but you, and I've just found it out."

"Dick, please don't say that. Don't you know I only want to be a sister to you."

Dick poured forth his passion with all the beautiful words which a long experience had given him. Anne did not doubt his sincerity for that moment, but she knew that Dick's heart would be mended again.

VI

On the following afternoon Mr. Oxnard was watching Anne's expressive face as she busied herself with the typewriter. Noting that the loved face had lost much of its wonted color, he proposed a spin out to the orange farm for that afternoon. The ride was to be a celebration of the several holidays they were to have while new machinery was being installed in the factory.

That afternoon the roads were splendid; the sunshiny day seemed ideal. As the machine glided over the smooth roads, Anne and Mr. Oxnard talked of many things. He told her how much he loved the farmlife, but his father wished him to enter the business world. Anne talked of her ambitions for a college career, of the hopes for her father's improvement, and of her friend Dick.

As they grew more confidential, Mr. Oxnard said in a low tone:

"Miss Huntingdon, I have been wanting to tell you something for a long time."

He looked up to find out what her eyes were saying, but they were turned the other way. He proceeded: "I have loved you from that first day you came to my office. You are the first woman I ever loved. You and you alone I want. Won't you give me just a word in return? With that I can wait years if necessary."

Anne could scarcely keep back the words of love, yet, for her father's sake, she falteringly replied: "This is so sudden Mr. Oxnard. Give me two days to think about my answer." Anne thought of Laura, too, but she knew that now Mr. Oxnard would tell her of Laura in his own good time.

With the agreement that they should meet in the rose-garden two days later they turned the machine toward home. They had both forgotten the intended visit to the farm. The ride home was a silent one as both were busy with their dreams: Anne of a strong father and a happy home, Mr. Oxnard of Anne presiding over a beautiful country home.

Two days later a radiant Anne, in the blue evening dress that had been made for college, met Mr. Oxnard in the Huntingdon rose-garden. Her first words were that a consultation of physicians that afternoon had resulted in the announcement that her father would be enabled to walk again after a delicate operation.

Anne was doubly glad because she now felt free to tell Mr. Oxnard of her love for him.

"Anne, I already see the thoughts in your shining eyes. Say 'I love you' with your lips." Anne readily complied.

In their happiness Mr. Oxnard's thoughts turned to another dear one.

"Anne, did I ever tell you of my little sister, Laura, Mother's daughter by her first husband?"

Anne confessed her jealousy of Laura, while Horace told her of the patient young sister, a cripple since a runaway horse had thrown her several years ago. Her young life had been further saddened by the death of her sweetheart a year ago.

"You remember meeting Durward Reynolds at the office. Don't you Anne? Well, he is Laura's own brother."

Touched by the story, Anne resolved to become a true sister to Laura.

Out there in the moonlight of the rose-scented garden the two pledged anew the vows that were first spoken in that first garden centuries ago. As Anne with radiant face walked back from the gate, the nodding roses whispered: "We must ring the wedding bells for her in June."

The Spirit of Fellowship at Trinity College

W. K. CARR

It is very natural that a new student at any college be greatly impressed by the manner in which he is received at that institution. One of the first thoughts that came to me after I had been here a few days presented itself in the form of a question, "What is it about Trinity College that gives the new man that contented feeling found only in the home?" The answer came quickly, "It is the spirit of kindly interest and friendship that is exhibited by the older students." The first year student when he gets off the train at Union Station is greeted by a smiling and dignified member of the Greater Trinity Club. You can tell that he is of prize stock because he wears a ribbon. His badge denotes dignity; his easy manner reveals the unconcealable fact that you are looking into the face of an upper classman. His firm hand clasp and cheerful voice are only two of the elements that help to explain the meaning of the abstract couplet "Trinity Fellowship." All these things mean a whole lot to the fellow who is, in most cases, leaving home for the first time. The right hand of fellowship, the sincere good-will, expressed and meant, when offered to anyone among new surroundings and strange faces, cannot but be most encouraging and extremely helpful to the recipient. The new student finds all of these here. Even before he enters the portals of the College he feels and knows that he is a part, a definite part, of a community whose threefold purpose is the social, educational, and spiritual betterment of the young manhood and womanhood of our country.

But let us see if we can, to some degree at least, explain this kindly spirit that permeates the social life of this College. In the first place, the student body, as a whole, seems to be imbued with this same spirit. The older men, the seniors and juniors—the leaders in all the various affairs which constitute the life of any college are mostly men of honor and

high ideals. They know and appreciate the fact that on them rests the burden of making these new men feel satisfied. They also know that these men who are entering here for the first time will be the future leaders of the college community. And as they graduate and leave, the entering class must soon supplant them as leaders of the various activities.

“The Spirit of Fellowship” at Trinity College is both infectious and contagious, and unless you have already been inoculated with the deadly serum of discontent, selfishness, or conceit, you are by no means immune.

My Rosary

B. D. M'CUBBINS

A silver star, a gleam of light,
Alone and shining in the night,
A beacon in the starry skies,
My Rosary, my Rosary.

A silv'ry laugh, a golden smile,
A crimson blush so free from guile,
A pair of sparkling, deep black eyes,
My Rosary, my Rosary.

Again those magic bells are ringing,
And I hear "Old Joe" a-singing,
As your fingers play across the keys,
My Rosary, my Rosary.

Again she counts—that fated girl:—
Each thought a tear, each tear a pearl,
To her lover far beyond the seas,
My Rosary, my Rosary.

Again O Meditation slow,
Of haunting sweetness low,
Like pleading ghosts of lovers slain,
My Rosary, my Rosary.

A faded rose, a silent lyre,
A book untouched beside the fire,
A catch of song with sweet refrain,
My Rosary, my Rosary.

Editorial

THE ARCHIVE

The initial number of volume twenty-eight of THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is now before you. For the past twenty-seven years the magazine has continued to grow until now it fills a place in the life of the college that can be filled by no other publication. Now it behooves us as a Senior Class—or rather as a student body, for THE ARCHIVE is really all the students' magazine—to do our share toward making it what is ought to be this year.

Our responsibility is evident, and we must all do our duty. Now to do this means work, but that is what we are here for; in fact Trinity College has always been a place for earnest endeavor. Again I say it means work—work not only on the part of the staff, but work on the part of each individual student. Every one of us can write something for our magazine. Some may contend that they cannot write when they have never given themselves a trial. Now don't you think that in not trying you are treating yourself a little unjustly? No one knows what he can do until he has tried. Sit down right now and write out that poem, short-story, or tale that you have been thinking over. Even if it does not find a place in the magazine, it will do you good to have tried, for it is only by one's efforts that he improves; or if there be some among you who are too serious-minded to delight in mere fiction, work up a good essay on some interesting and helpful subject. THE ARCHIVE is depending on you. The point about the whole matter is: You can write if you will. Now, will you?

A PLEA FOR SCHOLARSHIP

President Woodrow Wilson a few years ago in giving a Phi Beta Kappa address at Yale University said in part as

follows: "I have heard sounded once or twice tonight, a note of apology for the intellectual side of the university. You hear it in all universities. Learning is on the defensive, is actually on the defensive among college men, and they are being asked by way of concession to bring that also into the circle of their interests. Is it not time we stopped asking indulgence for learning and proclaimed its sovereignty? Is it not time we reminded the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community unless they can show it by intellectual achievements? That if a university is a place for distinction at all, it must be distinguished by conquests of the mind?"

Such an utterance from a man who knows college life as thoroughly as does President Wilson should cause each of us to sit up and take notice. Surely President Wilson would not dare to make such an accusation without some proof with which to back up his statement, and he has the proof in the quality of scholarship that prevails in our American colleges and universities. It is a lamentable fact that in our American institutions the intellectual interests are becoming somewhat of a side issue; the athletic hero is replacing, to a dangerously large extent, the man of scholarship; the manifold social activities of college life are demanding so much time that they are becoming a menace to the prime object of our colleges; and true scholarship generally is becoming demoralized. The chief end of a college or university is to educate. Are we not drifting away from our ideal?

One of the most important branches of our culture studies and one which is most conducive to pure scholarship,—namely the classics,—is fast passing away. It is a fact that many high schools are ceasing to teach Greek or to require a knowledge of Greek of their principals. Worse than this is the fact that some of our colleges have lowered their standards to the rank of the preparatory schools and are now giving beginner's Greek. As long as we cherish pure scholarship and culture we must keep up the studies which tend toward that direction. There are cer-

tain professions which require true scholarship and culture. Among these the professions of preaching, teaching, and law stand out prominently. No clergyman, no teacher, no lawyer can ever hope to rank high in his profession without this culture and scholarship. If we wish to preserve the true scholarship, we must replace some of the "crip" courses in our colleges by Greek and Latin. These studies must form our basis for true scholarship and culture.

It is claimed by many people today, who think that they are perfectly right in the claim, that those students who spend their time in the pursuit of true learning and scholarship do so to the detriment and final ruin of their physical selves; that the "grind" soon wrecks his health and that the scholarship after all does him no good. Recently the Harvard Graduates' Magazine compiled some statistics of the Harvard classes from 1860 to 1884 which prove that the scholar does not emerge from his studies a wreck as some would have us believe. Of the Phi Beta Kappa graduates between the above dates 27.54 per cent. have died; of the other students 31.69 per cent., thus proving that the scholarly graduate is not necessarily doomed to an early and premature death. It was found also that these Phi Beta Kappa men were leaders in all their vocations, thus showing that true scholarship and culture are of value even in this industrial age.

This indictment of President Wilson probably is, in too large a measure, applicable to the students of Trinity College today. It is a noticeable fact that the number of students initiated into the "9019", our honor society, is much smaller this year than last, although the enrollment of the college has increased considerably. How can we account for this fact other than that scholarship is on the wane here among us? If we would stand fast to the principles on which true colleges are founded, scholarship must hold its own even in the midst of all the other activities of the college world. After

all is not scholarship the main thing? In the words of our poet:

“Let us then be up and doing
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.”

COLLEGE IDEALS

In its physical aspects Trinity College is a group of colossal structures arranged according to the best taste of the landscape architect and surrounded by plots of grass and trees of unusual natural beauty. From the standpoint of society, Trinity College is a group of young men of varying ability and ideals, searching after the truth that will make them free. These two existences of our college are important, but they do not differ materially from similar aspects of other colleges of our nation.

There is one respect in which our institution is different from many colleges—that is, in its ideals. The ideals of a college are similar to the individuality of a man. If a man does not preserve his individuality, he becomes a mere collection of organs and ideas without a masterful guiding spirit. In a like manner a college that has no ideals is a mere conglomeration of physical buildings and individuals, controlled by no dominant directing force.

What then, are some of the ideals that constitute the individuality of our college? They are too numerous to mention in detail, but a few examples will illustrate: Trinity stands for absolute amateurism in athletics. Winning a game is considered of secondary importance to the preservation of this ideal. Another ideal of Trinity is the prevention of hazing in all its forms. These two ideals are a part of that vast number that go to make up the individuality of our college.

The ideals of a college are hard to preserve because a new mass of material must be imbued with these ideals at the

beginning of each scholastic year. New men, it is your duty to preserve and propagate those things for which your college stands. Seek to learn the ideals of your alma mater as they will be taught you by the faculty and old students. Press your ear to the great mother-heart of Old Trinity, strive to preserve her individuality, and make for her something more than a mere social or physical existence.

J. W. C., Jr.

Alumni Department

THE LION OF JANINA

(A Translation from Modern Greek by Theogenis Kaikdjoghlu and others.—ED.)

The interior of the court forms a huge crescent. Various instruments of war are the only furnishings that one can see. From the center of the interior semicircle, where dwell the guards of the fortress, there extends to the exterior a long pavilion which separates the fortress into two parts and opens up three entrances. In this whole castle there are no windows facing the court; all of the windows look from the other side into the garden, where the three sons of Ali Pasha dwell. From here Ami, Almaham, and Sait—for such are the names of the three sons—can easily cast their glances out into the garden which they employ as a recreation for their harem.

The garden is indeed well fortified. In addition to the great high wall, there is a wide moat crossed only by one iron draw-bridge. No one really knows the mysteries of these. The copper gates with the silver arabasques seem to be closed eternally, for Ali Pasha alone and his dumb eunuchs are the only living beings who ever come out alive after once having crossed the threshold. The bloody heads of captives sometimes are thrust without to tell the horrible story of their slaughter. The walls of the central fortress are so high that it is impossible for one to see over it from the rampart of the exterior defence; but a traveler along the high Lithanidjas could by glancing towards Ali's palace see closed up in the high wall a magic castle with walls of colored marble beautifully trimmed and protected by silver embroidered railing. Turrets and domes of rich colors and crowned by golden crescents rise from the different parts of this wonderful palace.

The chief building of all the inclosure is a red iron tower, which by reason of its superior height is seen to rise far

above the other spires of the fortress. Different pavilions also rise up in the green garden, which abounds with fragrant flowers and vine arbors, from which climb vines high up the ramparts of this fearful citadel.

The spectator of Lithanidjas, during the dry clear nights of summer, could often distinguish the delicate tint of the ladies of the harem as they bathed in one of the garden ponds. At the same time, he would be running the risk of having himself dashed headlong from the cliff into the gaping dungeon by one of Ali Pasha's ever-present spies.

Into this earthly Paradise Ali Pasha withdrew when he wished to be screened from the eyes of the world. Here he had collected the most beautiful flowers on earth, delicate shades of all flowers, which in turn were equalled, if not surpassed, by the company of the most ravishingly beautiful maidens ever born from mothers.

By far the most charming of these last named was an exquisitely beautiful maiden, Emine, the sweet sixteen-year old daughter of the Pasha of Delvinan, who had given her as a present to Ali, as many of the Turkish officials give their daughters to their superiors.

It is indeed hard for many of these pretty girls just in the first blush of youth to marry themselves to some old man to whom they have been given at birth.

Emine was a fair, sweet, blue-eyed girl. Her complexion was so delicate that she resembled some flower which had been nourished by the rays of the moon. Her whole figure was finely tinted and well-formed. Indeed one would have compared her to an etereal creature which flies without wings. Her voice was so far softer than those of her companions that one seemed to feel rather than hear what she said; her words seemed to slip into the heart rather than into the ear.

Ali found great delight in playing with her blonde hair, in toying with her plaits, in covering his face with her curls, and in dreaming that he was sleeping under the shade of Paradise. In return, the young maiden loved her master

and husband, for Ali was still a handsome man. His soft and shining beard was as soft and as white as the downy breast of a swan; and the roses had not yet faded from his cheeks. When he smiled, he showed two rows of pearly teeth, which gave little indication of the tiger lurking within. The love of this brave old hero, who had preserved all the vigor of his youth, was for her not vain desire, but a reality. Emine had never seen any man excepting her father and her husband; naturally enough she imagined all men had white beards. Since the day of her birth she had never been outside of the harem, but had grown up with the other ladies and eunuchs wholly unaware of the romance which plays such an important part in the life of a young girl. Her husband seemed to her to be one of the perfect beings of creation. She felt for him all the love of her womanly heart and revered him as some supernatural being. Emine pictured Ali as one of those innocent giants which the tales of the Arabs describe as a creature which springs up from the earth or from the depths of the sea, beings a hundred times more powerful, ten times younger, and a thousand times more beautiful than the ordinary man.

The giants give wonderful rings to the women whom they love and the women in turn are ever ready to fulfill the slightest wishes of their masters. They play with their ladies in the boundless parlors of the palace, watch over them while they sleep, and shower them with loads of attractive treasures. These creatures of the Arabs' story are very kind. Although at one step they could crush the greatest fortress that man can build, yet they walk with such care that not even the lowliest worm or ant suffers from their tread.

Had not this Ali once fallen into a pond in order to save two drowning butterflies? Did he not also weep one day when he saw a poor bird kill itself while trying to escape from a cage? Oh yes, Ali Pasha was kind to such an extent that he even begged pardon of the flowers which he cut from his garden. His heart was so sensitive that he cried when he learned that the pigeons of Klissoura were burned in the

destruction of the city. Emine too, although she did not know the circumstances, was sorry for the poor pigeons which she pictured flitting about in the stifling smoke of the burning ruins.

The circumstances were as follows: Ali Pasha had besieged Klissoura a long time without success. The besieged, aided by the nature of the surrounding country, defended themselves so desperately that they held out against all attacks. Ali Pasha, seeing his efforts unavailing, announced to the defenders that he would give up the siege provided they hand over to him as a proof of treaty all their carrier pigeons. The defenders believed in this proposal to such an extent that they readily gave him all the pigeons to be found in the city. Ali Pasha, true to his promise, withdrew his heavy artillery. That night when all the inhabitants were asleep, the Pasha of Janina tied long wires with flaming wicks to the feet of the pigeons and turned them loose. The natural instinct of the birds lead them back to their nests in the houses of Klissoura. In a very short time the whole city was in flames and of course the poor pigeons perished with the rest. In relating this story to his wife, Emine, Ali Pasha wept, so sensitive was his heart.

But to return to Emine; this beautiful girl had everything that she could wish. In her rooms, lined with mirrors, were master-pieces of Venetian art, and the floors were covered with rich Persian rugs of flower design. Fragrant flowers adorned the windows and song birds in golden cages helped to lighten her life. Hundreds of servants were already to do her will, and joy and delight were hers from morning till night. Thirty adjacent rooms, rivaling each other in luxury, were all her own. At the end of these, however, there was a closed bronze door, through which Emine could not pass. This was the door to the red iron tower which overlooked all the other buildings. The curious little lady often wondered why the door was so jealously guarded by Ali Pasha, who continually wore the key about his neck. Time and again

Emine asked Ali what was in this tower, which she was forbidden to enter, and why he remained there so many nights. To these many questions Ali replied that he went there to take advice of the spirits, who could teach him to find the philosopher's stone, to learn how to attain eternal youth, how to foresee the future, how to make gold, and how to do many other wonderful things, which every woman who believes that all men have white beards could accept as the truth. Whenever the girl received such answers, she became thoughtful and serious, thinking perhaps of all the mysteries which were revealed to Ali in this red tower. Because of the fact that Ali always returned followed by a row of dumb eunuchs laden with all sorts of jewels and treasures, Emine began to think that Ali must manufacture these there. Day by day her curiosity increased. Often she had begged Ali to take her on his nightly trips, but he always smilingly replied that the spirits would not tolerate the presence of women.

When a woman once decides to do something, she will do it even though a seven-headed dragon oppose her. Fear is a great power in this world, but curiosity is still greater.

One night Emine followed her master to the bronze door where she threw in a pebble to prevent the door from entirely closing, although Ali turned the key in the lock. When the footsteps of her husband had died out in the depths of the hall, she quietly opened the great door and cast a curious glance within. She saw nothing frightful, so she began to steal along quietly, all the time half expecting some spirit to pounce upon her. Presently she found herself in a long hall, which she followed to the end. Proceeding mechanically, she soon came to a wide circular room dimly lighted by a lamp which hung from the ceiling. At the other end of this room was a dark spiral stairway that led in all probability to the tower. Emine felt of it; then mounted a few steps where she could see the rooms easily.

The walls of this room were almost covered with marble seats, vases of water, cones, and different other implements

of wood and iron, trimmed in leather. These curious shapes appeared all the more mysterious because of the dim light.

"These must be the implements that Ali uses to make gold," thought Emine, as she mounted a few steps and concealed herself where she could see unobserved all the proceedings of the room.

After a few moments Ali and his twelve eunuchs, bearing pine torches, entered. The room was then well-lighted by the torches of the eunuchs placed in their usual iron holders. One of the number kindled a bright fire on the hearth and gathered the instruments around it; soon something began to boil in one of the cauldrons. Ali meanwhile sat upon a small stool giving orders.

"At last I shall learn how to make gold," thought Emine, to herself, as she crouched lower in her hiding place.

Just then two eunuchs, at a nod from their master, had opened the mysterious trap door from which they re-appeared almost immediately leading—or almost dragging—two curious looking old men. Although these old men were securely bound in chains, Emine noticed particularly that they had long beard and hair and wore clothes such as she had never seen before in all her life. Emine thought that these must be the spirits that taught Ali how to make gold. "Fortunately I am not afraid because they are well-chained," Emine mused to herself. The two old men were led towards Ali Pasha who only smiled, stood up before them, and remained silent for a few minutes. Then he softly caressed the face of the younger.

"Well, Neapolitan merchant, don't you yet know where your treasures are hidden?"

"My master," the other replied in tones of deepest supplication, "I have given everything I have; I have nothing more."

"But, Neapolitan, how can you say that! I'll help your memory a little. You went to Toulon with a full ship of Indian merchandise, sold it, and now on your return you

hand over a paltry one thousand ducats while your books show a profit of over twelve thousand."

"These books are false, Master," said the merchant with a mournful voice; I put the numbers to keep credit with the market."

"Neapolitan merchant, you wrong yourself when you strive to convince me that you are not an honest man; I will help your memory a little."

At another sign from Ali the eunuchs caught the merchant, stripped him, tied him upon a board, and tortured him for two long hours. It would be impossible to describe the horrors that the old man suffered. How Emine had to pay for her curiosity! She was obliged to see these torments, which made her tremble as if the tortures were upon her own flesh. She covered her face, but the moans of the miserable man still reached deep into the sympathetic heart. Presently a curious numbness came over her; her conscience was deadened; and all her trembling was overcome by the thought of enduring this satanic scene to the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Vacation Time is Over

M. B. ANDREWS

I've rambled the forests wild
And through sweet fields of clover,
In gaining health and wildwood wealth:
Vacation time is over.

I've won the love of dandelions,
Retained the love of Rover,
Of grazing herds and singing birds:
Vacation time is over.

I now must turn mine eyes away
From wildwood scenes and clover,
And heed the calls of school-room walls:
Vacation time is over.

Wayside Wares

An auspicious time of the scholastic year is now upon us. Seniors are daily racking their brains in a vain effort to decide whether a goatee or side burns would add more dignity to their manly appearance; elated Juniors are beginning to assume that dignified air which tradition says characterizes upper classmen; and pompous Sophomores are looking with disdain upon that motley horde of verdant humanity known otherwise as Freshmen. Even the old campus, partaking of the spirit of the times, resounds nightly with echoes and re-echoes of nocturnal revels. The sonorous sound of the "90" as they attempt to impress with warlike clubs the importance of "19" on the minds of scholarly Juniors almost reminds one of a combat between the Germans and the Allied Forces of Europe; while the deathlike paleness of several familiar faces announces the fact that they have recently come from the sepulchre of the Tombs.

At a time like this when new opportunities and responsibilities are staring the upper classmen in the face, it behooves the Freshmen to get their bearings and make themselves known. There may be a Shakespeare or a Milton, an Uncle Remus or a Mark Twain, in the Class of 1918. Even in the life time of the present student generation most extraordinary events have come to pass. The Democratic Party and William J. Bryan, for example, have rightfully won recognition as worthy "come backs"; football at Trinity has joined T. R. in the vast realms of oblivion; and, more recently, the German army has startled the world with its strength and bravery.

Therefore, you men who are entering college for the first time, remember that "while there is life there is hope"; call to mind fond memories of that girl you left behind you, and, thus inspired, gain for yourself, by a contribution to THE ARCHIVE, the respect and good will of your fellow students.

WILD NOISES I HAVE KNOWN

R. A. STAMEY

Mathematics in every form has always been hard for me to grasp, even in my hours of quietest study; but at times in the midst of some of the various sounds usually to be found on a college campus, my mastery of this art is out of the question. Since an experience of a few nights past, I have been wondering why some man does not, as a parallel to Dr. Wiley's movement, bring out an agitation for pure sounds. There is no doubt but what an aspirant in this line would find Trinity campus a good place for a start; and I might add further that successful efforts in a movement of this kind would be an aid to those who, like me, find a difficulty in grasping even a faint knowledge of mathematics.

A few nights ago I had just turned my attention to study and was trying to decipher the meaning of "two unequal acute angles have different values for each trigonometric function" when suddenly I heard a most unearthly, in fact, a most ungodly sound. Being, as I thought, accustomed to the fifty-seven or more varieties of campus sounds, I paid no heed more than a casual notice and turned again to my text-book. But the noise continued and became louder. Determined not to allow anything to interfere with my work, I again directed my mind towards trigonometry; but, no sooner had I done this, than a peal louder than the last seized my ears, my brain, and me. My emotions, now beyond control, changed in order to annoyance, amazement, disgust, and finally to sheer horror.

What was this dreadful noise? What inanimate, human, or superhuman being could give birth to this death-like uproar? I found myself puzzled as well as horrified. Casting my book aside, I listened intently, dumbfounded and bewildered.

At times it took on the form of a musical strain. Music, did I say? Well, I apologize. The tumult rather resembled the combined efforts of a hoarse whistle, a buzzing wood saw,

a rattling buggy, and a tin horn. Music? I apologize once more; for certainly no music was ever like this noise unless, perhaps, it may have been a rendition by some unhappy character in Dante's "Inferno."

In despair I turned about to locate this hideous noise. I glanced around the room; I looked under the bed, in the closet, in the hall-way, and out of the window. In the latter place I received a shock and, maiden-like, came near swooning. There just beneath my window in the dim starlight was a frightful monster, the monster that had been giving vent to such hideous noises. Heavens, he was growing larger, he was spreading; no, he was separating. Now there were four of them. Heavens again, they were human, at least partly so. A voice spoke out in a clear tone.

"Well, Bill, old boy, let's all come out tomorrow night and try it again."

"Sure, old scout, at eleven-thirty."

And then I realized the cause of annoyance, amazement, disgust, and sheer horror—a Freshman quartette.

La Tomb Dit A La Rose

J. W. CARR, JR.

Said the tomb to the rose:

“What dost thou make, Oh lovely flower,
Of Heaven’s tears, thy daily shower?”

Said the rose to the tomb:

“What dost thou make, Oh solemn mound,
Of those entombed beneath thy mound?”

Said the rose: “Deadly tomb,

From tears of dawn beneath my shade
Perfume and lovely flowers are made.”

Said the tomb: “Graceful flower,

I make each soul that comes to me
An angel for eternity.”

Editor's Table

We generally think of a critic as a man who sees nothing but flaws, and of the word criticism as the art of flaw picking. Now there is such a thing as good criticism as well as bad. A critic, in tearing a production piece from piece, should expose its merits in conjunction with its defects:—both of these characteristics being present in nearly every literary effort. Certainly the true and conscientious critic should look for the one as assiduously as for the other.

In our exchange department we are attempting to carry out just such a system of criticism. Judgment, justly rendered, is undoubtedly helpful either to the amateur or professional writer. By frank criticism from without a man is enabled to make rapid progress, and in no other way can it be made, for we are unable to point out our own faults to ourselves. The great French critic, Rousseau, advises us to emulate our former selves, and, by consistent striving, to raise the standards we have already established.

We sincerely hope to have back with us all of our old exchanges, and to each we extend best wishes for a good year.

HARRIS & FREELAND

Managers of

**ACADEMY
OF MUSIC**
OFFERING FOR OCT.
WILL BE

October 15. Bringing Up Father.
October 16. The Virginian.
October 19. Stop Thief.
October 26 and 27. Traffic.
November 5. Little Boy Blue.
November 13. Primrose and Wilson's
"Minstrels".



THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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- A. R. ANDERSON *Editor's Table*
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The Trinity Archive

TRINITY COLLEGE, Durham, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1914

The Fall o' the Year

D. L. EDWARDS

The last lovely lily has blossomed,
And fading has withered away;
The meadows are fragrant no longer,
With daisies and violets gay;
The trees are becoming russet,
For this is the Fall o' the Year.

The auburn leaves are falling,
In heaps they cover the lawn;
And hither and thither they scamper,
As by the brisk wind they are blown;
And the days grow shorter and shorter,
For this is the Fall o' the Year.

The honey-bee, robbed of his flowers,
No sweets to the hive can bear;
And the birds have ceased to lavish
Their songs on the balmy air:
The sweetest singers have left us,
For this is the Fall o' the Year.

A Protector of the Innocent

G. W. H. BRITT

Some writers have held up for our sympathy that class of men known variously as hoboes, sons of rest, and floating laborers; others have found in them subjects for humor or romance. The theories of the first mentioned class would have wilted in the presence of Pete Terry, for the reason that that particular tramp was by no means broken in spirits or in intellect, but, on the other hand, highly satisfied with himself and remarkably apt in devising schemes for his own well-being. As he lay dozing in the twilight of the empty box car one evening late in September, no dread of the approaching winter disturbed his calm. He was even then about to start toward the warmer clime of the southwest on a through freight to New Orleans. Shortly before, he had stolen enough provisions for the journey, so why should he worry? He peacefully moved the remnants of a hat from his head to the floor and turned over for another nap.

When he awoke, the moon was shining through the half-open door of the moving car. He fished a somewhat flattened banana from his pocket, ate it with much gusto, and threw the peeling into the far end of the car. Immediately there was a startled grunt and the noise of scraping feet. Pete's feet also began to scrape, and in the lighted spot at the middle of the car, the two men came together. Opposite the soiled and tattered hobo stood a boy ten years his junior, dressed in the latest style of tailored clothes, but in a rather disheveled condition from too intimate contact with the car. Pete grabbed his collar and jerked him toward the door.

"Say what you got to say in a hurry," said he. "The old man gave us special orders to pitch off every bum we come to. This here ain't no snoozer and you ain't no passenger. Us regular crew does the only ridin' and sleepin' on this road."

The frightened young fellow made every effort to control himself, but without success.

“Who are you? Where you goin’? What you doin’ here?”

The boy began to understand the situation. “Mr. Brake-man,—I am Henry Lloyd—of Davidson, Oklahoma. For the past week I have been in the East at school, but I wanted to get back home so bad I just had to come. I spent all my money, so I crawled into this car to make the trip. O! Be merciful to a lonely boy far from home. My mother is well-to-do and I am her only son. Don’t put me off, and she will reward you.”

“Boy, don’t fool yourself. Even though I have a humble post on this mighty highway of steel, I hold the company’s rep as my own. I ain’t to be bought for no money, lands, ner other valuable considerations. Got anything more to say before I bounce you? How much chink you got on you, anyway?”

“Here is my whole pile. This two-dollar bill and some change. Take it. Anything I have. Only let me stay on.”

The “brakeman” relinquished his grasp on the boy’s collar and pocketed the fare. “You don’t seem to be such a bad sort of a feller, so I won’t be hard on you. You can stay on till the train slows up somewhere, and then it won’t hurt you to jump off.”

The boy began again to plead. He told of his happy home, of his fond mother, and of his beautiful sister whom he should never see again if he should be dropped from the freight train.

Pete, all the while, was gazing through the door at the passing shadows as if anxious for the train to slacken its pace. Presently he spoke, “Shut up your beggin’ kid. Ain’t you got sense enough to see that I ain’t none o’ them sneakin’ train hands. Don’t get ’fraid now ner riled either. Listen to a remunerative proposition. I don’t mind sayin’ that I’m enticed with your appearance, and I know me and you can get along together friendly and comfortable. I’m goin’ out to Oklahomy and beyond, myself, so let’s go in cahoots. I

been hittin' the road for long years, and we can shore ride up to your town O. K. if you come under my wing. See, you got the capital, and I got the experience. What you goin'a say?"

The other was too surprised to say anything at first, but he realized two things: first, a box-car is not a safe place for a lone one unaccustomed to such travel; second: a refusal of the stranger's offer would mean immediate expulsion from the car. Therefore, he gave a rather unenthusiastic assent. The hobo was delighted. "Let's shake on it. My name's Mr. Peter Terry. I disremember yours. Say it again."

"Henry Lloyd," gasped the owner of that name.

"Hmm-mm, right fancy! I'll just make it Hank for short. Now if we are goin' to be buddies, let's whack up the stuff." Pete returned half of the silver he had previously received. (The two dollar bill could not be divided so easily, so he had to keep it). "Now we'll split the wardrobe. Gimme your coat. That's the idee. It improves the looks of both of us. You got a swell pair o' pants, and I got a skrumpshus coat. Let's shake again' on 'er, Hank. Ain't you glad I found you?"

Thus began a comradeship which lasted half across the continent and through all kinds of luck. They comforted each other when a conscientious train man put them off in the mountains of Tennessee, and when another did the same thing near Birmingham. Hank stuck to Pete when that worthy became hilariously drunk in New Orleans, while the latter pinned up his companion's trousers after the adventure with the Louisiana watch-dog.

At last they were within a day's journey of Davidson, and Henry began to think of home and to try to brush the two weeks accumulation of dust from his clothes. He was by no means unmoved at the thought of leaving his protector, Pete. The hobo's experience and inventive brain had provided most of the meals they had eaten; while on those days when food was unobtainable, he had kept away the pangs by long

tales of past trips. Finally Henry took his partner by the hand and told him all that was in his heart. He thanked him for his protection, praised his mastership of the art of hoboing, and promised undying gratitude.

He was soon interrupted, however, by, "Hank, old pal, when we made this contract, I signed up to see it through to the jumpin' off place. I ain't goin'a drop you in no railroad yards. I'm goin'a deliver you into the arms of your lovin' mama. And then, from what I've heard you expashiate, I believe I'd like to stay a week or two and make you a visit."

Henry staggered. "Why-why-Pete—, Mother won't be looking for us and,—you know—she won't have things ready." (He had never gotten completely over his respect for Pete's knotty arms.)

"Aw, don't worry about that. I ain't much of a sport myself and she'll have good enough grub for me. Besides, I kinda want to see where you live at, and Hank, I been contemplatin' your sis, Sally didn't you call her? We might get married and camp in your old burg for life."

Henry staggered again. "Sarah is away on a visit, and to make it worse she has already promised another fellow."

"Don't matter. I can wait till she gets back, and I might not like her noway. I just brung in the marryin' part to encourage you. How long till we get there?"

"I think the train is late," he lied in an effort to find hope. "Besides Pete, you wouldn't like it at our house. They put on so much style I don't like it much myself."

"Sonny, when I was younger, I was strong on style. You can't get too swell for me."

The dialogue continued, but when the train began to stop in the outskirts of Davidson, two ragamuffins dropped from an empty car and stole up town.

A few hours later, Henry had explained it all to his mother, promised to go right back to school again, and was sitting, clothed and in his right mind, in his own room. Beside him sat Pete, looking very respectable in an old suit

found in the house. His welcome had been slightly cool, and he felt that a visit of more than one night might be unpleasant; still he enjoyed the strange surroundings.

As Henry had said, his sister was away from home. Pete regretted this deeply, but he was not to be utterly defeated. When he started for the little room in which he was to spend the night, he picked up the framed picture of Miss Sarah from the desk and turned to his host. "Pal, let me take this to my place in there so I can look at her a while longer before I go to sleep." Henry nodded assent, and stood smiling as he departed. The old scoundrel was a good scout and remarkably amusing in his seriousness.

Next morning, both Pete and the picture were missing. "Crazy fellow," thought Henry, "Can he have eloped with her photograph?" But as he walked down to the front gate, he found the picture cast aside behind a shrub. The little silver frame, however, has never yet been discovered, nor have several other articles of value from the house, nor has Pete.

Sequoyah and the Cherokee Alphabet

R. M. JOHNSTON

“Perhaps the most remarkable man who ever lived on Georgian soil was neither a politician, nor a soldier, nor an ecclesiastic, nor a scholar, but was merely a Cherokee Indian of mixed blood.” Thus has one of the foremost students of Indians spoken of Sequoyah, the inventor of the Cherokee syllabary.

Sequoyah, generally known to the white men of his time as George Guess and frequently known now as the Cadmus of the Cherokees, was born in 1760 at Tuskigi, a Cherokee village in Tennessee. He is thought to have been partly Irish or German, but he spent his entire life among the Cherokees. All of his earlier life was given to hunting and peltry trading. When on a hunting trip, while he was very young, he received a wound which made him a cripple for life. This physical injury gave him an opportunity to develop mentally as he never should have developed otherwise. He turned his attention partly to the working of metals, especially silver, and became a veritable Tubal-Cain at this art.

In 1809 Sequoyah learned that the white man’s civilization was based on his ability to convey and preserve his thoughts by writing. He immediately set about providing a system of writing for the Cherokee. Sequoyah knew no English; and his whole knowledge of the nature of the white man’s alphabet was the fact that it was a means of transmitting thought. He obtained an old spelling book, and, without even knowing which was the top of the characters, began the task of inventing an alphabet. He disregarded the only form of Indian writing prior to that time, picture writing, and, instead of trying to make his characters represent objects, used them only to represent sounds.

For twelve years he labored at this task. In 1821 his completed alphabet of eighty-five characters, some formed from the English characters found in the spelling book and

some original, was adopted by the Cherokee Council. Within a few months thousands of Cherokees could use the alphabet with facility.

He accomplished this achievement in the face of the bitter ridicule of his friends, who could not grasp the meaning of his bizarre life and studies. After receiving his physical injury, he probably spent the greater part of his life studying, for he is usually pictured smoking a pipe and bending over his studies.

In 1822 he went west of the Mississippi River to carry his newly-invented alphabet to members of his tribe who had gone to Arkansas and Oklahoma.

Parts of the Bible were translated into Cherokee about 1824; and later missionaries found the alphabet of great usefulness in reaching the Cherokees. The first North American Indian periodical, *The Cherokee Phoenix*, began to be published about 1828 at the Cherokee capital, Echota, near what is now Rome, Georgia. This publication, edited by Elias Boudinot, used partly English and partly Cherokee. It was discontinued in 1835 because of the continuous removal of the tribe westward. In 1844 *The Cherokee Messenger* was begun at Park Hill, Indian Territory. This publication used the Cherokee language altogether. In the same year *The Cherokee Advocate*, using both English and Cherokee, was begun. *The Cherokee Almanac*, an annual publication using the Cherokee language exclusively, was published for a number of years.

When a very old man, Sequoyah went in search of a branch of the Cherokee tribe which was said to have settled in the far West. He died near San Fernando, Tamaulipao, Mexico, in August, 1843, as a prominent writer has said, "perhaps the most extraordinary literary genius of all the ages."

It is hard to imagine what a high state of civilization the Cherokees might have reached with Sequoyah's invention had it come earlier. The Cherokees were saved the trouble of

building up a civilization, for, to the extent that they are civilized, they have adopted the ready-made civilization brought by the white man.

The writer who spoke of Sequoyah as "perhaps the most extraordinary literary genius of all the ages" probably exaggerated to a slight degree, but it was only slight. Most people, instead of going to the extreme to which the writer just quoted went, go to the other extreme, giving Sequoyah no recognition whatever. He is scarcely known today, particularly in the East. He has had one honor, however, which will continue to remind men of him: the giant trees of California have been named sequoias in his honor. When the matter of statehood came up in Oklahoma and Indian Territory in 1907 and the years immediately preceding, it was first thought that Indian Territory would be admitted as a separate state named Sequoyah, but it was later decided that both territories should be admitted as one state, Oklahoma. A recent Oklahoma legislature made an appropriation to provide a statue to Sequoyah for the Hall of Fame in Washington.

Alors

BY JOVE

The smoke wreathes up into the air;
It brings me dreams of other days,
Of chivalry and ladies fair
With fluffy ruffs and winsome ways.
Before my eyes revived I view
The members of that ancient midnight crew.

In sunny France we held our court,
Free from convention's rigid bond.
Our days were spent in festive sport,
Our nights given o'er to revels fond;
And weary-eyed Morpheus sought a seat in vain
Among the joyous ranks of Bacchus' train.

And Passion leapt at lover's kiss,
And laughed to see the long embrace,
As Cupid winged his shaft of bliss,
Nor cared for time's relentless pace.
But Saturn drops the curtain fold on fold,
And all . . . but ah, my pipe is quite, quite cold.

The Lesson

J. W. CARR, JR.

The commencement exercises of the Harrisburg High School had just ended. The stage of the spacious town hall was filled with flitting figures of young girls in snowy white lawn, accompanied here and there by neatly groomed young men. Soon the crowd on the platform began to thin out, each girl departing with a bouquet of gorgeous flowers on one arm and a blushing boy graduate on the other. George Kingston and Marie Constance were conversing earnestly in a nook formed in one of the wings. The other graduates passed by them in a continuous stream of blue serge suits and white dresses. The couples often paused as they passed the secluded nook, exchanged knowing glances, giggled, and went on.

"I tell you, Marie," George was saying in an earnest voice, "I do wish that you could start in at Randolph College at the beginning of the term, as will Dick and I. You know Dick Holmes and I are going to room together. He's a fine fellow, and I know he'll help me a lot, but I would just like to have you around!"

Marie blushed slightly at the compliment implied in this frank speech. "Well, George," she said, with a resigned smile, "you know that, since mother has been sick, it will be impossible for me to start before the Christmas Holidays. You'll get along all right, I am sure of it. I know that you won't shine in your books, but in athletics and college leadership, I am looking for great things from you."

"Dick will keep me studying," interrupted George, "for he is an awful grind. He's going to have to work his way through college, too,—I feel for him; studying is hard enough for a fellow when he is well supplied with cash."

"You needn't worry about him," said Marie. "He's the kind that makes good. But come, we must be going—the

place is nearly deserted, and mother will be worrying about me. Here's our machine. Good night!"

The summer vacation passed quickly for the young high school graduates of Harrisburg who were busy preparing to go to Randolph College. Richard Holmes was working in a bank and contriving various plans of making money after he went off to school. George was kept busy attending parties, dances, and shows, but he often took time to stop at the Constance home and talk of his future plans with the girl who watched at the bed-side of a sick mother. When the time for the opening came, Marie still held her decision of staying at home for a half-year longer. George, on telling her good-bye at the station, felt, as has many another prospective freshman, that he was leaving behind the one girl whom he could ever love. And was this feeling of regard returned by the object of his affection? If a yearning look from dark-brown eyes, a pink, rose-colored flush on olive-brown cheeks, and a highly embroidered and perfumed handkerchief case, as a farewell present, are signs of a sincere affection, then Marie "had it bad!"

After the first week, George Kingston was the most popular freshman on the campus at Randolph. He was free-hearted, generous, and inclined to be a sport. He was elected president of his class and representative to the athletic council. His father's wealth allowed him to take an active part in the social life of the community, and he soon became associated intimately with the members of the "fast set." The accomplishments of his sporting friends, smoking, loafing, spending, gambling, drinking and its attendant sins, he quickly acquired. The stable, straight members of the little college community shook their heads sadly when they saw Kingston and his friends pass. "Another freshie gone to the bad"—"Forrester's gang has another chicken to pluck"—"Young Kingston is the latest sucker"—such were the observations of the staid and steady members of the community.

Richard Holmes, George's quiet, unassuming, hard-working room-mate, had received no honors at the first election. His lack of funds, love of study, ambition to succeed, and puritanic morality had kept him in the straight and narrow way. His simple democratic ideas won him friends from every class of college society, and his high ideals of thought and conduct gained the respect of the whole community.

The room-mates soon found that, in the changed atmosphere of college life, they had very few things in common. Richard could not understand George's love of pleasure, neglect of work and tendency toward a fast, dissipated life. In vain he remonstrated with the young renegade about his choice of companions. "You know well enough, George," Richard often said, "Forrester and his bunch don't care a copper cent for you. All they want is your money. You'll realize that some day to your sorrow. Can't you see that the whole bunch is leading you straight to hell?"

"You don't know those fellows, old man" was the often repeated reply. "Why they are the best sports on the campus. They treat a freshman just as though he were a senior. What attraction your books, preachers, and Y. M. C. A.'s can have for you, I don't see. Come on, let's have a taste of high life; I can let you have the dough!"

These discussions between George and Richard were perfectly friendly for a while. One night George returned from one of his carousals almost intoxicated. This was not the first time that Richard had seen his friend in such a condition, and he was already disgusted with his actions.

The next morning while dressing for breakfast, Richard started the conversation, "Say, George, what do you reckon your folks will think of you when you return home? What would Marie think if she knew how you came in last night?"

"Aw, go to the devil," answered George, nursing his aching head in both hands. "I know you won't tell them about it; besides, a fellow has got to do like Romans when he is in Rome. All of my set drinks; why shouldn't I take a little now and then?"

"But, George," the other remonstrated, "You know it's ruining you. Why not leave Forrester, Blease, and that bunch alone? They are the very dregs of the campus; they care nothing for you, but everything for your money."

"That's enough of that damned cant, Holmes," answered George, angrily rising to his feet, "I am tired of your abusing my friends. Forrester and Blease are worth twenty of your canting, hypocritical, poverty-stricken Y. M. C. A. members."

"Yes, Kingsley. I'm a member of the Y. M. C. A. and goodness knows you don't have to associate with me or any of my friends: you can——"

"Yes and I will change room-mates," interrupted Richard heatedly. "You may look out for a new one at the beginning of the next term. Forrester has been after me for some time to occupy his suite."

At the beginning of the second term Marie Constance entered as one of the co-eds at Randolph. It did not take long for a girl of her perception to understand the situation of her dearest friend. Though he was as zealous as ever in his attentions, his face showed the effects of dissipation, his conversation was filled with the "shady" allusions and light jests of one who leads a fast life. Often Richard Holmes would come to see her, and they would talk of George's wild escapades, his chance of staying in school, and their hopes of reforming him.

Finally the faculty heard of some of the actions of the Forrester gang. One morning the President made a vitriolic speech in chapel. He enumerated some of the blackest sins of the Forrester gang and ended with the statement that some students had best clean up or clean out. Things quieted down for a while, but the advent of the Easter Holidays brought Kingston and his friends into disgrace once more. It was learned that the whole gang, two kegs of beer, and several cases of empty bottles had been delivered at the dormitory in an automobile truck, early Easter Sunday morning. The following Wednesday nine yellow envelopes

with *President's Office, Randolph College* written in one corner were pinned on the college bulletin board. One was directed to George Kingston, and others to members of his set. Every one on the campus knew what those envelopes contained and it was rumored that Kingston would surely "get his."

George Kingston took his letter from the board, screwed his courage up to its highest notch, and walked resolutely into the president's office. In five minutes he came out with a deep-red flush of anger and shame on his face. "Remember Kingston," the president had said, "just one more chance. Be sure to make good!"

That evening Richard Holmes and Marie Constance were engaged in earnest conversation on the Woman's Building porch. "I don't see what's to be done," Marie said, shaking her head sadly. "I tried what you told me to do. I told him that he had either to reform or to stop seeing me. Gracious, I will never forget the look that came over his face when I told him that! You see what it has done. He is only wilder and more wayward."

"It's a proposition to me," replied her companion, "but let me think." There was a silence of several minutes; then Richard jumped up, clapped his hands impulsively, and started toward his dormitory. "Wait," he called back, "I am going after some stationery; I'll be back in a minute."

It was two nights after this conversation that George Kingston was engaged in his usual nocturnal occupation in the suite occupied by Blease, Forrester, and himself. The air in the sitting room was reeking with tobacco smoke and alcoholic odors. The room was sumptuously furnished, containing mahogany chairs, settees, a baby grand piano, and several tables. The walls were covered with art sketches (some beautiful, some indecent) and pennants. The elegant Turkish rug was covered with cigar ashes and half smoked cigarettes. In the center of the room was a large table covered with poker chips, playing cards, and wine glasses. Six

young fellows in dressing gowns, cards in their hands, and with the composed look of experienced players upon their faces were seated around the table. George Kingston had evidently been losing. His pile of chips was very low, while Forrester, sitting opposite him, had several large stacks.

Suddenly a loud knock was heard at the door. For an instant every-one stood still; then each man brushed his chips into a box, and the table was covered with a large cloth. Then Forrester opened the door, expecting to see the proctor or night watchman. A messenger boy, with a yellow envelope in his hand, stood in the narrow hall-way.

"What do you want, young one?" asked Forrester impatiently.

"Beg pardon, sir, but here's a telegram for Mr. Kingston. Does he stay here?"

Kingston read the type written sheet, turned pale, and tendered it to his companions. "Well, wouldn't that jar you? Read it Forrester!"

Forrester read aloud, "Business has failed completely. You need expect no more funds for some time. Know you have grit enough to stick until I can get on my feet. Your father—G. W. Kingston."

"Expect we had best cash in and stop the game," said one of the players. "You won't care to play any more, will you?" he asked Kingston, a sneer on his face.

"No—don't believe I do," answered George, hurrying into the adjoining room with a dazed, puzzled expression on his countenance.

The other boys lighted cigarettes, leaned on the table, and discussed the startling news. "I thought his old man was just rolling in coin," said one dapper little fellow. "Why, Forrester, you told us he was well-to-do; if you hadn't he wouldn't have got into our set."

"Well, he's done for now," said Blease, with a knowing wink. "Fellows, we have sheared the lamb, let's drive it from the fold, hey?"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Forrester in a lowered voice.

"We ain't running a county home; we can't keep this pauper freshie on our hands. Let's drop him!"

Everyone nodded assent to Blease's opinions. When the crowd broke up for the night, Kingston's social doom was sealed and he had lost his "best friends."

The days following his father's reported failure were the saddest in the college career of George Kingston. He was openly snubbed by his former boon companions. His love for pleasure had to be conquered because of his lack of funds. He had to learn to look at college life from an entirely new angle. Formerly he had seen only its pleasures, dissipations, frolics; now he had to experience the stern realities of hard work and an empty pocket-book. If it had not been for his pride, he would have stopped college and gone to work, but his father had confidence in him, and he hated to disappoint his trusting parent. He would show them all that he had the grit necessary to stay at school.

One of the first to offer Kingston his help in the time of trouble was his former chum, Richard Holmes. Both youngmen were rather reserved and cold at the beginning of their talk, but the warmth of Richard's frank cordiality soon thawed his friend's reserve. At the end of a few minutes they were talking earnestly and interestingly of the many ways that a student could work his way through Randolph College. As Richard started to leave, he took George's hand in his: "Come around to see me real often, old man—and listen, Marie told me to tell you that she would love to see you."

A week later Marie, George, and Richard sat together on the Woman's Building porch. The conversation turned toward college friendships. "The hardest thing for anyone to admit is that he has made a mistake in choosing his friends; but I must say that I have been a fool. You were both right when you warned me that Forrester and his crowd cared only for my money. Just think of the months I have wasted!

You remember, Marie, the night you told me not to see you any more and gave me a lecture on choosing friends? What a prude I thought you were! But experience is a good school even if the tuition is high."

Marie and Richard exchanged glances. "Now is the time," whispered Marie to Richard; "he has learned the lesson and our ruse has done its work."

Richard began to speak, talking in a nervous, embarrassed manner, "Perhaps your father's failure was not so serious as his telegram implied; to tell you the truth, George, I don't think he failed. Marie and I were in desperation; we saw you going to the bad; we had to make you see the fickleness of the friends who were ruining you; so we wrote your father, told him the circumstances, and asked him to send the telegram. You'll forgive us won't you, old man?"

George looked at his friends with a half-puzzled, half-angry expression on his face. "Well it was all for the best and taught me a needed lesson. And so, Marie, you were interested in my reformation," he said, a strange warm light shining in his eyes. Randolph turned his back for a moment and watched the full moon peeping over a distant pine thicket. He walked to the farther end of the porch, and from there he could hear subdued voices of the lovers, talking of future times. Suddenly he realized that he was out of place, that "two's a company but three's a crowd." Silently he seized his hat and walked into the dark. As he left, he murmured to himself, "Yes, George has learned the lesson."

Uncle Pete—An Old Time Fisherman

B. D. MCCUBBINS

Thump! Thump! Thump! and instantly we all knew who was coming. Uncle Pete appeared at the threshold, leaning on his wooden leg and looking inquiringly around, his broad powerfully built frame almost filling up the doorway.

He presented a commanding figure as he stood there, a study in his type of men. His massive head was raised, and his snow white hair, flowing down over his shoulders from under his heavy storm cap, reminded one of an old weather beaten lion with his hoary mane. His gray, glittering eyes—those eyes which would be the first thing you would notice about him—flashed like points of gray steel from under their dark, shaggy brows. His little white, frayed beard bore signs of age and of a fierce disposition. His face was florid and furrowed with age, as would be expected of a grizzled old veteran who undaunted had faced bursting cannon balls and death in many and various ways in his time; but it was a face that was broad, open, and frank. Honesty, determination, and utter fearlessness were stamped upon its rugged features. It was a plain old face, not pretty to look upon, but which seemed to say to the stranger, "You can trust me." It revealed the character of the man, simple, honest, and true; but passionate, fiery, and violent when once aroused.

Uncle Pete's favorite pastime is fishing. He is a born fisherman. To him it is an art, just as painting is to the painter or crockery-making is to the master hand. Just as sacred as the ancient pilgrimages of the faithful Mohammedan to his beloved Mecca, so his yearly excursions to the distant green banks of the Yadkin are to Uncle Pete.

About the time when the fresh, green mulberry vine begins to twine around the serried bushwood and to glisten with its half-hidden bright red berries, Uncle Pete begins to act strangely and in an unnatural manner. He deserts his seat on the little front porch where he was wont to sit all day long,

day after day, like a piece of worn out old furniture, and goes pegging around the house with his hands behind his back as if he had something weighing heavily upon his mind. A strange glint comes into his eye, and occasionally he gives the ancient, superannuated hound a kick that sends him spinning and yelping in wrinkled amazement. As the days roll by Uncle Pete gets worse. A queer little twitching comes between his thumb and forefinger, and his rest is broken at night. He has wild, spasmodic visions of a huge, slimy, scaly monster springing at him from black mysterious depths, and several times his hand trembles violently. His eyelids grow pale and white, and his friends become seriously alarmed about him.

Then something happens. If you were to be out upon a certain little country road on a certain bright morning in June, you would see a heavily built old man trudging down the road on his wooden leg, a half dozen fishing canes across his broad shoulders, and a sack in his hand. His honest, rugged old face is lighted up, his eye is bright, and his hand clutches the fishing rods steadily. A lazy, long eared, wise looking old hound trails along behind. Uncle Pete is "homeward" bound.

All during the fall Uncle Pete idles around and then in the budding spring he quietly creeps off to the river to spend a few weeks of pure, solid comfort—he and his dog—in solitude along the silent, green banks of the Yadkin. A queer old man he is indeed. He never does any sort of work, except occasionally mending an old gun, but he must not be thought of as worthless baggage. His life has been a hard and worthy one. It was on a bloody field of battle, fighting for this fair Southland of ours, that he lost his limb. It is reported that when the cannon ball splintered his leg, he stolidly sat down, took out his pocket knife, and hacked and cut until he had severed the mangled member, and then he bound up the injury with his shirt.

Every year he makes these strange pilgrimages to the

river banks. As the years roll by, some day he will fail to return from one of these trips, and then a worthy citizen will be missed both by his friends here and the finny tribe that inhabits the cool flowing waters of the Yadkin.

Lost Love

E. W. MCCULLERS

The rose though crush'd bears fragrance still
Though you may tread it as you will,
Around its petals dead at last
The sweet perfume of all that's past,
Sends forth its incense to the sky
And sadly asks the reason why.

The heart of fondest hope bereft
Still sadly beats despite itself.
From day to day it struggles on,
While the past joys forever gone
From day to day add to distress,
And for that heart there is no rest.

The mind benumb'd by sorrow's load
Yet travels its dark, wretched road.
As it recounts each pleasure lost,
Seeing it crush'd, and dead, and toss'd
Beneath the feet of cold mankind,
That mind to solace now is blind.

Practical Idealism

JAMES CANNON, III

Wiley Gray Contest, 1914—Ed.

We are told that this is a practical, an industrial age, a time when business, economy, and efficiency are the keynotes of public sentiment, and the watchwords of world-wide movements,—an age when material success, large, shining, undeniable, is the height to which youthful ambition, middle-aged endeavor, and even the riper experience of old age would all attain. Efficiency, we are told, must measure the worth, and ability the position, of those who would become factors in politics and government, in business and industry, even in church and social service.

An old sage said: "To live happily and wisely is the supreme end of man." But the joy and the youth of life are now most often seen in eagerness for action, and insistently there comes the cry:

"Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change,
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

In the sweep of this tendency we have gone far towards the abandonment of Idealism, which once enlisted in its train a large share of the world's Seekers-After-Truth.

The chief problem to be solved in restoring Idealism to its old and proper place is largely the question of redefining and reinterpreting it. By this means it may gain its due recognition for its very definite and very valuable contributions to the world's welfare.

The first question that arises is, just what is the true Idealism in practice. Having disposed of the question we shall ask, what are the influences, the evidences, and the results of Idealism as set forth in the work of individuals and nations; and finally, in the light of these results we shall ask whether Idealism is practical.

It is far easier to tell who are idealists than it is to say what Idealism itself is, and the conception resulting from either process is the same. The doubters, the revolutionists, the experimenters are all idealists. "There is more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds," and so it is that there must be much of honest doubt if there is to be anything of real and living faith. The Bacons and the Edisons in science, the Tells and the Jeffersons in government, the Calvins and the Wesleys in religion, the Christ in all things, were among the greatest idealists. By understanding what they were we may know what Idealism itself is.

In all these persons, and many others like them, that which we may call their Idealism contained the common characteristic of complete sacrifice of self and all minor considerations, to the fulfillment of one great end, the attainment of one great aim. It is this fundamental trait of consecration to duty that constitutes Idealism.

It is a fact that true Idealism may very often be that which even the Idealist himself may not be able to dissect and explain in any articulate language. An ideal that lays hold of and consumes the energies and labors of a man, becomes too close and sacred a reality for him to dissociate it from himself, for in its very essence it is himself, and he is it. So when the true idealist is confronted by the bold, matter-of-fact demand that he defend, that he justify, his Idealism, which is his theory, the main-spring of his being,—he is confronted by the necessity of explaining, of defending, of justifying himself, and his very innate modesty withholds from such a task.

But every man with an ideal conception, with a principle for which he stands, when asked to explain these things, immediately feels surging within him this very essence that is himself. He feels the indomitable force, the overpowering passion, "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." It is this peculiar personal trait that has made Idealism hard for some men to understand inasmuch as they have not them-

selves experienced it. And then, too, Idealism, or Truth, appears to different men in different guises. But were it to seem the same to all, there could be no rhyme or reason to our world. All men cannot be painters, or all men cobblers. Some must serve, and some must wait, but "they also serve who only stand and wait." And so Idealism may be different for each individual: Truth may differ in manifestation, but not in substance.

To explain further, not only is Idealism a personal experience, not only do Ideals differ for different individuals, but the rejection of an Ideal, the failure to take the highest course of action, is to invite the tragedy of a soul's destruction.

"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. In that judgment hall there stand these two: Here the Supreme Idealist of all the ages going to the very cross because his ideal calls him to it. There, the Roman ruler, now face to face with God and questioning "What is Truth?" But in a moment, he rejected the ideal of courage, and washed his hands, saying: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." And from that hall the two went forth: the One to Death and Everlasting Life, and the other to stand forever as one who made the Great Refusal of seeing the highest and following it not.

In the light of these illustrations of the characteristics of Idealism, let us now ask: What is its influence on life?

All life is governed by the ideal. The child, seeing the sky by night, dotted with its myriads of twinkling stars, demands wonderingly of its parents, "Father, what lies beyond the farthest star?" "Still other stars, my son." "Yes, but what lies beyond the farthest, and the last?" Infinity, do you answer? What knows the child of infinity? And yet whatever reply is made will establish for the child the idea and the ideal of Infinite Space. We daily ask ourselves, "What will happen next?" And while no man knows, all

men continually ask. It is written: "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." And still we are not satisfied, but seek to pierce the darkening veil.

The child too will come some day to a point where he will ask: "What will happen next?" And this time the reply must be in terms of Infinite Time, and must establish an ideal of Infinite Time. Two of the Eternal Verities given the child in answer to two simple questions, and each establishes an ideal! The verities he cannot grasp at all, but the ideals are there. Even in his infancy the child knows that this is Right and that is Wrong, but why is Right and why is Wrong or what is Wrong or what is either, if there be not an ideal, a standard of conduct, by which one is esteemed good and the other bad?

The cobbler on his bench, the painter at his canvass may each do two pieces of work. One is a good and the other is a bad shoe; one an unintelligible blur of color and the other a masterpiece of art. What makes the difference? Would there be a difference but for an ideal of a perfect shoe and an ideal of a perfect painting? To the unskilled there is no difference, for to the unskilled there is no ideal. And so it is we say that all life is governed by the ideal. And if this be true, who can say that Idealism is not practical?

The chief evidence of the presence of an ideal is found in the nature of the service its pursuit calls forth. It is a fine, high, true ideal to stand for principle, for any principle: it is a finer, higher, truer ideal to pour into the service which that principle demands the energy of the resistless, driving, consuming power that some men call ambition, and some the pursuit of an Ideal. The ability that is inherent in every man can find its true expression only when every man has within him an ideal, "a motion and a spirit that impels" to the ceaseless seeking of opportunities for service.

He is no idealist who merely says: "I am a part of all that I have met." The question is: Is all that you have met a

part of you? Have you given to your every task something of yourself? Have things been shaped by your presence, or have you merely been shaped by things? What contribution has your ideal made? Have you made of your community a better place in which to live, or have you merely sucked from it the price of life and left it dry and barren? The test of Idealism is this: Does it send men into service, or is it a mere matter of speculation? Does it conserve and construct, or does it destroy? If the former, it is practical; if the latter, it is visionary.

Horace Mann was an idealist, but was the result of his Idealism practical or visionary? Let the schools of Massachusetts be his answer! Marconi an Idealist? Yes—practical or visionary? Let the wireless answer for him, as does the incandescent light for Edison, the aeroplane for Wright, Saint Peter's for Michael Angelo, the Madonna for Raphael, and a free Switzerland for Tell.

Was the Christ an idealist? Yes, the Supreme Idealist, but the civilization, the salvation, and the hope of the world answer that His Idealism was and is practical, because it was translated into service, for He sought to establish the Kingdom of God, the reign of Ultimate Truth in the hearts and characters of men, to set forth the Supreme Standard, the Perfect Ideal.

But the practical effects of Idealism may be seen in a nation and in national actions, no less than in an individual and his actions. The extent to which it may be infused into national life by the efforts of individuals is, after all, the great test of its practical value. Can we not find, therefore, in our own national life certain evidences of its presence? The greatness of Lee in defeat as well as in conflict gave to the South a new ideal in the place of that which was broken, and the New South arose from the old. Lincoln, at Gettysburg, set forth a new ideal that has taken root in North and South alike, when we, "the living," have highly resolved "That this nation under God shall have a new birth of free-

dom." Woodrow Wilson, on his inauguration day, said: "This is not a day of triumph, but of dedication," placing the ideal of statesmanship above that of partisanship. It was practical Idealism that made Panama a place in which white men might live, that rescued stricken Cuba, insolvent Liberia, and that gave back so many millions of indemnity to heathen China.

Idealism, then, is that personal, individual experience which sends men into service, under whatever guise that service may be performed, but which refused were better never known. It shows itself throughout all life in practical results, and by men's work it passes on to races and to nations. Can we not, will we not, O must we not,—see it, feel it, know it, love, and live it? It is the Divine Unrest of Dante; the "call" of which so much was once wont to be made; it is the iron that makes men able to endure the fire; it is the "resiliency" that is within by which, as Milton said, one may "rise to the height of a great argument." To Keats it seemed 'twas Beauty: "Beauty is Truth; Truth, Beauty; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." And still another said: "The highest culture is to speak no ill," and to him it was Charity, while Merlin cried, "After it, follow it, follow the Gleam." And another "when he had found one Pearl of Great Price, sold all that he had, and bought it." "For ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

The Letter

F. B. BROWN

Joe Harris was buried in thought, for he had not received a letter from his best girl in six whole days. It was preposterous, and there could be but one way to account for it. She must, surely, have fallen in love with another man.

With an expression of anxiety which is seldom seen anywhere save on the face of a man who has been jilted, Joe walked on down Main Street and turned into the Postoffice. There was just a bare possibility that Fannie had written him a letter the day before, that it would reach town on the noon mail. Hoping against all hope, Joe hastened to his box, and looked into it. There was a letter there! With a quick beating of his heart he opened the box with clumsy fingers, and reaching for the letter, he tore it open with a quick snap.

Then he read it. As he read, a dark frown overspread his countenance. His eyes glowered, and he put his hand to his head as if trying vainly to recall some incident that had occurred long since. For fully a minute he stood thus, then turned, and walked almost blindly from the office. For almost half an hour Joe wandered aimlessly up and down Main street, his head bowed down, and his eyes cast upon the ground. The passing throng gained no glance from his downcast eye; he walked as one in a dream, not seeing, not hearing anything about him.

Finally, he suddenly stopped before a large hardware store, as if he had determined upon something to do. With a hurried glance up and down the street, he stepped into the store, and walked up to the counter.

"I want to look at some automatic pistols," he said to the clerk who stood behind the counter. The clerk hesitated a moment, and looked at the wild eyes of the man before him. Men who bought pistols were not in the habit of coming rushing into the store after them at full speed, and with a look of wildness about them such as this man possessed.

Surely the man before him had some dark object in view, some object which might mean the death of some innocent human. Then the clerk took a second look at the face before him. No; that expression was not wildness, exactly. It was rather an expression of hopelessness. The man's whole face seemed to say: "Why should I wish to live? What pleasure holds life for me?" And this man stood before the counter and demanded to see an automatic pistol. It was murder or suicide; but which the clerk could not say.

"I want a Colt automatic," said Joe impatiently, as the clerk continued to stare at him, "and I want it quick. I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," exclaimed the clerk hurriedly, and reaching into the show-case he drew out several of the guns in question. Then, moving from behind the counter with a rapid motion, he rushed into the office of the president of the firm and called his attention to Joe, who was standing at the counter handling the deadly weapons before him.

"He is crazy, I think," said the clerk. "He is going to kill himself, or kill somebody else, I am sure."

"He has a wild, yet a hopeless look, certainly," said the president. "We ought not to sell him that gun." Then, after a second of thought, he added: "I'll tell you what we'll do. Go ahead and sell him the gun, and I will telephone to headquarters and get a policeman on his trail. I suppose that will be the best way to handle the situation." He reached for the telephone, and the clerk went back with nervous step to Joe at the counter.

After a little handling of the various weapons before him, Joe found a gun which he liked, and paying the clerk the stipulated price, he thrust it into his pocket and left the store. His face was still clouded, but he seemed somehow to be in a much happier frame of mind than when he had entered the store. He patted the weapon in his pocket, and actually smiled as the cold steel touched his fingers.

As Joe left the entrance of the store, a little man with

black beard and steely blue eyes was standing at the window. It was a plainclothes man from the detective agency next door, who had come immediately in answer to the telephone message from the president of the firm.

"There is the man," said the president, who had followed Joe to the door. "He is up to some kind of mischief; I don't know what. I believe he is crazed with dope, or has lost his mind. His eyes are wild; and my clerk here says that he seemed in a great hurry to get that gun. He actually smiled when he was looking at them; and seemed to fondle them as if he were trying to pick out one which would do some work for him best."

The little man with the black beard and the steely blue eyes thrust his thumbs under his vest, threw out his chest, winked one eye with an expression of self-confidence bordering closely on conceit, and said:

"Trust me—Lynch, the detective." With this reassuring remark, he set out upon the trail of Joe Harris.

Two blocks down Main Street, Joe began to get thirsty, and, realizing that one way to cure that feeling was to get something to drink, he turned in at a barroom. Lynch, the detective, saw him enter, and stopped on the outside. "Aha," he muttered, "he is meditating murder, and is drinking in order to steel his nerves for the deed. I know. I—Lynch, the detective." He thrust his thumbs under his vest and winked at space.

When Joe left the barroom, he struck out at full speed for the station, the little man with the black beard and the steely blue eyes following closely in his wake. At the station, Joe purchased a ticket for Saluda, and the little man behind him followed his example promptly. The train rolled in; Joe, still followed by the detective, boarded it; the whistle blew, the bell rang, and the big engine puffed out from under the shed. For an hour it steamed swiftly along, and then a black man in a blue uniform and possessed of an extremely sleepy

expression thrust his head in at the door of the car and sang out: "Saluadah! All off for Saluadah!"

Joe and his faithful shadow, the detective, arose and left the train. "Ah," sighed the little detective, as Joe struck out up the principal street of Saluda, "Now he is going to commit his long-meditated crime. He has blood in his eye. Look; he pats that revolver in his pocket, and is still fondling it. The villain! But he shall not succeed, for I shall prevent it—I, Lynch, the detective." He thrust his thumbs under his vest, threw out his chest, and winked at space.

Meanwhile, varied emotions were surging through the breast of Joe Harris. His face had a troubled look upon it, and suddenly he stopped and drew from his pocket a letter. It was the one which he had received that morning. With a hurried glance he looked through it, sighed, then folded it and thrust it back into his pocket, as he thought. The letter, however, as some letters of importance have a habit of doing, eluded the pocket into which he had tried to thrust it, and fell to the ground. Without noticing this, Joe turned, and made off up one of the shaded avenues which crossed the principal street.

Detective Lynch, with a rapid, cat-like movement, sprung upon the letter which Joe had dropped. "Ah," he exclaimed, "now I have the villain in my power. Here is the letter which is leading him on to his crime. This will give me the clue for which I have been working. This will give him up to the law. But I must follow him now. The letter—later." He turned and followed hurriedly after Joe, who was, by this time, far up the avenue.

From this time, Joe's movements began to assume a most suspicious character. He began stopping before each residence along the street, and looking for a half a minute or more intently at the house before him. After this intent staring at each house, he would move on up the street a bit, and stop and look again. He had every appearance of being bound on some criminal mission. What it could be

was difficult to state. One who had known Joe, and who knew his character, would have said that he was absolutely innocent of anything like crime, and that his mind was altogether perfect in condition. But surely, something was wrong. He had never been known to go through such movements as this before. And every minute or two he reached into his pocket and grasped the pistol which he carried there, and with a smile on his face—a smile which was enigmatic and strange—he would fondle the cold steel of the revolver with nervous fingers.

At length, after much staring in at houses, and after much walking slowly along the avenue, Joe turned in at one of the handsome residences and rang the bell. The door opened, and he disappeared within. Detective Lynch then grew exceedingly nervous. Here was his chance, and he knew it. Here was his opportunity to make himself famous by preventing the murder which was evidently the intention of Joe's strange actions. With nervous tread, Lynch tip-toed up on the porch and took a position at the window, where he could overlook all that went on in the parlor of the house.

Joe entered the parlor, but did not sit down. Instead, he ran his hand into his pocket, felt the revolver, and smiled—an enigmatic smile to Lynch—a smile that said distinctly "murder."

Then came the climax. A large, heavily-built old gentleman entered the room, and walked over towards Joe. From his appearance, the old man did not in the least suspect that anything was wrong. He seemed to have no idea of the deadly weapon which lay in Joe's hand, hidden in the folds of his coat-pocket. Unsuspectingly, he went to Joe, and offered his hand. Joe took it, and shook it cordially, apparently. Then the two men talked for a moment. Lynch could not hear what they were saying, but in his imagination he pictured words of the most abusive nature. Feeling along the window where he stood, Lynch put his hand upon the frame-

work, and prepared to rush on the scene at the least indication of trouble.

And then, suddenly, Joe pulled from his pocket that deadly revolver. Without a moment's hesitation, Lynch burst through the window, and, with the crashing of glass and the rending of wood, he leapt upon Joe with a fury that would have done credit to the name of wild-cat. In an instant Joe's hands were bound in hand-cuffs, and Joe was a prisoner.

"Aha," said Lynch, "you are my prisoner."

"But why?" exclaimed Joe and the stout gentleman at the same time.

"Why? Why?" Lynch turned to the stout gentleman. "Why? Didn't you see him trying to murder you? I have had him under watch all day. I congratulate you, sir, on your narrow escape. I have saved your life—I—Lynch, the detective." Lynch thrust his thumbs under his vest, threw out his chest, and winked at space significantly and proudly.

The stout gentleman broke out into a hearty laugh. "Murder? Why, he wasn't meditating murder. He was merely going to give me a present. That pistol was a present."

"But the letter! The letter!" exclaimed Lynch, drawing out the letter which Joe had dropped earlier in the day. "That will condemn him."

"Read it," said the stout gentleman.

Detective Lynch tore the letter from its envelope, and began to peruse its contents. At last he came to this statement:

"Please bring me a good revolver when you come back to Saluda. I need one to—"

But Lynch did not read any more. He went back to his home town. At the office of the detective agency, he said to the official above him:

"That man was no crook. I knew that all along. I—Lynch, the detective." He thrust his thumbs under his vest, threw out his chest, and winked knowingly.

An Evening Dream

G. H. FERGUSON

Out upon a stormy sea
Sails a bark too light.
The skipper knows not where to turn
In the darkness of the night.

Along the shore that lies so near,
Walks an anxious maiden fair,
Looking, looking, ever seaward,
Fearful of the dangers there.

“Oh! I fear he’s lost his bearings
In this dreadful, dreadful night,
Homeward will I call him now,
Perchance ’twill help him guide aright.”

Floated out o’er dashing waves,
“Father, father, come this way.”
Again, again, she sounds the cry,
“Father, father, come this way.”

Out upon the stormy sea,
As the bark the waves did meet,
Full upon the skipper’s ear,
Fell those words so sweet.

Then around he turns the bow,
Whence that guiding voice doth come;
O’er the waves with mighty struggle
Rides he to his haven home.

Each of us is a bark as light,
Out upon the sea of life,
Greatly beset on every hand
By toil, defeats, and strife.

Then let our hearts with thanks o’errun
For the voice that comes at night,
And leads us ever onward, upward,
Near the Source of strength and light.

The Rogue

L. W. POWELL

Harison Wheeler stood leaning against the steamer's rail, gazing at the beautiful sky and water. The moon was setting, and Wheeler was visibly affected, for he sighed a love-lorn sigh. He longed for something romantic; something apart from the commonplace things of daily existence. He gazed along the deck and sighed again. 'Twas almost deserted, for few cared to stay up on deck on this the first night out.

Wheeler began to wonder how heroes felt when they performed some act of daring. He began to think of rescuing lovely ladies from be-whiskered villains bearing a S'death expression. He began to think—

A female scream interrupted his meditations. Glancing quickly in the direction, he saw a dark form hurtling through the air and heard it splash in the water. Without a minute's hesitation, he stood upon the rail and sprang overboard. When he came up, he gazed around but the darkness was too great; he saw nothing. But ah! he felt something brush against his arm. He caught at it, but 'twas not there. Taking a deep breath, he dived downward. When he came up to the surface, he held a limp form in his arms. He began to swim slowly toward the ship. The alarm had been given, but as yet no boat was in sight. Each second counted. He swam more laboriously now, but it was a delightful sensation to hold this strange person in his arms. It was dark, but he knew she was beautiful; she had to be. All ladies in distress are beautiful and stately and kind and lovable.—But would they never come? He began to struggle harder. A light from the ship,—just one small beam—fell on a pair of lips close to his shoulder; then darkness again. They were beautiful lips, slightly parted; he had seen no more of her face except those two lips—would the boat never come?—He felt himself sinking. It was hard to

struggle—but, the lips. He ceased his efforts, and turning his head, he kissed this woman he had tried to save. He kissed those two beautiful lips. No one would ever know; no one could ever know, for they were drowning. He felt the rush of water in his ears, but he was happy. Then there was blackness.

When he regained consciousness, he looked about him. His surroundings were unfamiliar. This was not his room. But, yes, he remembered now. A kindly-faced doctor was holding something for him to take. A pretty nurse bustled about the room. He drank what the doctor gave him, and sank back into slumber. He dreamed of stolen kisses; he dreamed of a beautiful, stately woman; he dreamed of black bitter water and of a pair of beautiful lips framed in the darkness by a ray of light.

When he awoke, he felt strong and able, and he wanted to get up for he had a great curiosity to see the woman he had saved—and kissed.

After awhile he was allowed to dress and when he had called a steward, he asked to be shown the lady's room. At his knock, the door was opened by a nurse who recognized him and allowed him to enter.

"She's asleep now, but she may wake at any minute," said the nurse. "You may stay until she wakes if you wish."

Wheeler looked at the bed, "No, thanks," said he, "guess I'll wait outside."

"Thunder!" he said as the door closed upon him.

"What's the matter, boss? Is the lady dead?" asked the steward.

"No," said Wheeler, "she's not dead, she's my wife."

Despair

B. H. SILER

Shadows dark and hopeless rise,
Crush out life, and I despise
Fragrance in the flowers.
Phantom ghosts of sorrow rend
Heart and soul, while I attend
Death-watch o'er the hours.

Visions of what might have been,
Had I shunned the mire of sin,
Strangle half-cursed prayer.
Evening breezes reek with knells,
Countless dismal funeral bells
Mock my black despair.

Editorial

ARISTOCRACY

Political equality in this country found its practical expression in the Declaration of Independence. On the principle, "All men are born free and equal," the government of our nation was founded. But even this high-sounding phrase in the declaration of the colonies was only a beautiful piece of rhetorical expression as long as the system of negro slavery existed in our country. With the extirpation of this benighted institution the principle of political equality—the principle that every man is equal before the law and has an equal power of making the law—was made the dominant idea of our democratic government.

We, then, have realized in America a species of political equality. Does this mean that the ideal of the Socialist, the ideal of an absolute social equality will ever be made practical? We believe that such will never be the case as long as the Creator endows men with different impulses, varying powers of will and of normal fortitude. Some of the firmest exponents of political equality that our country has ever produced have considered themselves far above the common run of people. Thomas Jefferson, the father of independence, lived like a lord in his mansion at Monticello, and exacted homage from men of all classes whom he considered beneath himself. In the actions of the office-seeking politicians of the present time we witness the nearest approach to social equality, but we have adequate reason to doubt that such professions are ever sincere. Political equality and social equality are entirely different terms, and though we have realized the former to a certain degree, we are far from the realization of the latter.

The fact that men are built different, that each individual is, in one sense, a type prevents the realization of so-

cial equality. Among the most obvious differences between men are those that are external, such as difference of wealth, clothes, culture, and education. There are also other imbred differences in individuals brought about through inheritance and environment, which create varying degrees of moral strength, self-reliance, and will power. We often group this last class of differences under one term—character.

Since there must forever be differences in individuals, there must be an upper and lower class in society; there must be an aristocracy and a common people. The only question that confronts us is what shall be the dividing line? How shall we separate the common from the aristocratic.

In the past various standards of separation have been used. In monarchial Europe family ties were the tests of aristocracy. Membership in the upper class was conditional upon family name. This idea has been imported to America and enters into the so-called best circles and membership is often dependent upon family relationship. Here in commercialized America we have developed another test of aristocracy—money, wealth, and education are often made the prerequisite of membership in the "Four Hundred." With the advent of higher culture and civilization, the third and more justifiable test of education and refinement has been applied. Often a combination of all three of these prerequisites—wealth, family, and education—is required in the highest circles of society; often any one or two of them are sufficient. In our American society wealth is the most necessary of the three.

The student of man in his social relations is soon forced to admit that wealth, family, and education, as tests of an aristocracy are superficial, inadequate, and false. The greatest men of an age are nearly always poor, often of an obscure birth, and sometimes uneducated. Men like Burns, Luther, Lincoln, and hundreds of others are protests against the standards of judgment for entrance into the highest circles of society. If we wish our aristocracy to include the moving

spirits of the age, the men and women who do things and have done things, we must select our members by tests less superficial than wealth, money, and family.

In discussing above the differences in men, one class of differences was grouped under the term *character*. Ambition that urges man to surpass; will power that helps him to stick; pride that makes him hold up his head; moral strength that keeps him pure; individuality that makes him different—all of these are included in the term character. Differences in character spell success or failure in life. The test of character separates the wheat from the chaff; he that has a strong well-rounded character contributes to human progress, human civilization, and hastens the day of the realization of a Creator's ideal. He that has not the necessary qualities of character is mere mud on the wheel of progress, a stumbling block in the path of society, and a hindrance towards its reaching the highest type of civilization. Then should character not be the test of aristocracy?

In a college community, as in that larger group of individuals called society at large, there must be an upper and lower class. If the false standards of social superiority—wealth, family, education, or culture—are used in selecting the aristocracy of our community, the ideals of our college will be lowered and defamed. But if the true test of social superiority—the test of a strong character—is made the prerequisite of a high social standing, our college must send forth men who will occupy a commanding position among the *true* aristocrats of our nation.—J. W. C., Jr.

Alumni Department

THE LION OF JANINA

(A Translation from Modern Greek by Theogenis Kaikdjoghlu.)

(Continued from last month.)

Ali evidently was a past master in this art. He gave all the orders, to pull out a nail here, to apply the red-hot sandals, or to pour on the boiling oil. After the other tortures just enumerated, then came the most horrible one of all. The poor merchant was wrapped in the fresh skin of a buffalo and laid before the fire. The fire contracted the skin, which in turn pressed upon the wounds of the tortured. Such as this was beyond human endurance. The Neapolitan merchant was forced to confess that his treasures were hidden in the hold of his ship. Then the eunuchs freed him from the hide, and rolled his almost lifeless form, foaming at the mouth and bloody from head to foot, upon the cold marble floor.

"Do you see, my friend," said Ali smiling, "from how many embarrassments you would have freed yourself if you had made this confession earlier?" At the same time he nodded to the eunuchs to take him out.

And this was the way Ali made gold! What easy alchemy!

But now it was the turn of the second one in chains.

"Well, shall we not know your name, brave fighter?" asked Ali.

"I'll tell you your name, demon! Satan!" he hissed.

"Thank you, that honors me. But that which interests me is to learn your name. I suppose that you are some Venetian gentleman whose tracks are now much sought by different rich relatives who would consider your freedom a great service."

"Understand now," replied the other, "that I am a gen-

tleman and very rich, but at the same time you will never see one para, (.1 cent), of my treasures, because I have taken poison. Do you see the yellow spots on my hands? After a while you will see them on my face. After five minutes I will be dead.”

The man actually fell down and died in a few minutes, while Ali, foaming in his anger, cursed the prophet.

Eminé from her hiding place was seeing everything and was thinking.

The eunuchs carried out the corpse and Ali once more nodded to them to bring out other captives. The two doors opposite each other were opened and the eunuchs led in from the former a girl of marvelous beauty and from the second a most handsome young man. When the two young people saw each other, their eyes were filled with tears. Undoubtedly they were lovers, and they did not conceal the fact even in such an hour.

Eminé for the first time perceived, not without astonishment that there were other kinds of men without white beards. The youthful prisoner with his graceful appearance and coal black hair enchanted her eyes to such an extent that she did not want to turn her glance from his countenance. It was something which she now saw for the first time.

Ali came near to the pair, and heard from both their lips a curse. He turned to the young man and said: “Sacrifice your sweetheart to me, and you live.” And the young man answered: “Ali, curse you!” Then he turned to the young lady and said: “Love me! Be mine, and your fiancé shall live.” The girl replied: “Ali, curse you!”

Eminé from her hiding place, seeing everything, understood the curse inwardly without knowing what they said.

Ali then compelled the young man to kneel, and the eunuchs took off his clothes. One of them caught him by his long hair and lifted him off the ground, while another with naked sword took his place behind him.

"Your lover in a moment will die," roared Ali in a rage, "unless you want to save him. Well, I leave it to your choice. Will you embrace me or the headless corpse?"

Eminé now looked at Ali, who was almost unable to be recognized in the transport of his madness.

With one voice the youthful pair cried out: "Ali, be cursed!" Some one may think that the young people had sworn not to say any other word.

In the same moment the sword made a circle in the air and came in contact with the neck of the young man. His beautiful head jumped up into the air, and rolled to the foot of the circular stairs just under the hiding place where Eminé was concealed. The headless body shook for a few moments with the last convulsion and then fell forward, spreading its hands to the place where the girl stood trembling with fright. The rolling head seemed as if it exclaimed something while the lips appeared to move. Eminé thought she heard something, but perhaps it was her heart that talked. Taking advantage of a moment while Ali was with his eunuchs facing the other side of the room, Eminé came out from her hiding place, caught the blood-stained head of the young fellow, wrapped it in her shawl, and escaped, running speedily to her room where she hid the horrible, but still more beautiful, booty under her sofa. Then she ordered her maids of honor to come before her, and to amuse her with their dancing and songs.

The dawn approached, and still the entertainment of Eminé continued. Then Ali returned from his tower smiling and in a pleasant mood, followed by two eunuchs carrying gold and jewels in two large baskets. They emptied these treasures at the feet of Eminé and withdrew. She jumped in her childish joy, embraced and kissed Ali, and drew him near her on the sofa.

"Behold, a curious thing happened," said he. "My demons sent you treasures, but one of them rolled somewhere and I could not find it."

Eminé smiled. "Perhaps the demons stole it from you," she then said, ingeniously smiling.

Ali saw her smiling and caressed her, bending over her childish eyes, seeking to penetrate the mysteries of her heart. While the two were conversing, *Kislar agha* entered the room, bringing with him a brunette who wore a veil.

"Most gentle *Chanoum*," said *Kislar agha* with a bow. "I bring you a Grecian girl who has heard of your reputation for kindness, and came voluntarily here to put herself under the light of your reflection, and to obtain new light from your smiles."

Having said these things, he brought the veiled young girl nearer Eminé who studied the face of the girl whose lover Ali had beheaded on that very night. Eminé then playfully said to the superintendent of the harem:

"That's all right, but the young girl herself is trembling all over; and if you don't hold her, she will fall."

"That is because she is so bewildered here, gentle lady."

"But she is so pale!"

"That is because your beauty overshadows her," said Ali.

"But look! She cries!"

"These are tears of joy," said the Pasha with a kind smile.

Eminé gave *Kislar agha* a handful of ducats for his trouble, and told the veiled girl to stand before her. Then she ordered foods, cakes, other refreshments, and Ali's nargileh, and rocking the white-haired head of Ali on her bosom, she took an instrument like a mandolin, and sang the sweetest and most ardent songs and romantic Arabian love lyrics, by the charming melodies of which Ali Pasha fell asleep. When the amber mouth-piece of the nargileh fell from the hands of Ali, Eminé ordered all the entertainers out, and retained the new Grecian girl. Eminé showed her a silken pillow and motioned to her to sit on it, and at the same time she put a fan in her hands, and ordered her to refresh the sleeping Ali. Then she asked the name of the Greek girl.

The young girl shook her head sorrowfully, but she refused to answer.

“Why don’t you tell me your name?” asked Eminé.

“Because I have one more sister at home,” answered the young girl.

Eminé understood the meaning of this answer and slowly began to say:

“I had a curious dream last night. It seemed to me that I was in a large tower the interior of which was lighted by twelve pine torches. Each corner which the torches lighted revealed new horrors to my eyes. Curious objects, terrible and fatal, appeared before me. And though twelve torches were burning there, the room seemed plunged in darkness. It seemed to me for a moment that this darkness or mist was only a pile of human beings which from time to time opened their eyes. Then I saw Ali sitting on a high velvet throne with feet like a tiger, and as Ali was sitting, it seemed as if these feet were his own. Several horrible sights appeared before my eyes, and at last the only persons left in the room were a young man and a young lady, who, to every question asked them, replied to Ali: ‘Be cursed!’ Immediately the young man’s head was seen rolling on the floor from one end of the room to the other until it reached my feet and then a drop of blood stained my shoe. And the curious thing was that when I awaked this drop still remained there. Look now! Is it there yet, or perhaps is this terrible sight fooling me?”

When Eminé had said this she drew out her foot which until that moment she had hidden under the sofa, and stretched it toward the Greek girl, who immediately fell upon it and kissed it again and again. But the kisses were not addressed to the nice shoe of Eminé, but to a fresh blood-stain which appeared very clearly on it.

“Look here,” said Eminé then, “one drop of blood, and yet it burned the leather of my shoe. What will it be when this same drop falls on the soul of Ali?”

She turned to Ali and looked upon him with abhorrence and a shudder. Pasha was sleeping the calm sleep of the just. For seventy-nine years Ali had lived happily, rejoicing and free from care, as if he were the favorite of the angels. All the curses and all the murders which were piled upon his head had not succeeded in engraving a single wrinkle on his brow, or in taking away one day from his life, or in depriving him of the sweetness of his sleep, or in confusing his dreams.

Eminé stooped over him and slowly stripped his breast, which the breathing of the sleeper raised up regularly.

"On that table is a dagger," she said to the young girl. "Bring it here."

"The young girl hastened, and brought the dagger. Then she stood nervously trembling before Ali, and awaited a nod from Eminé to plunge it into his breast.

"No!" said Eminé, "don't take his life, but only cut the string which holds the key to the tower." Then she cut off with the dagger the thin string with which Ali carried the valuable key hanging about his neck.

"We will proceed to the tower," said Eminé. "At the time when they carried out the corpses from the room of tortures, I heard the splashing of water. This tower adjoins the Acherousa Lake. We'll let ourselves down with ropes. I can swim, and you can swim, can't you? When we reach Lithanidjas, we can take refuge in the forest. Whatever may happen, I am not afraid. I prefer to live with wolves and with wild animals than with Ali. Will you do whatever I tell you?"

The bosom of the Greek girl swelled with excitement. The young girl caught the hand of Eminé, and kissed it passionately.

"Freedom!" she whispered full of excitement; "Freedom is the only happiness which is left to me."

"No one will catch us," said Eminé, putting aside the jewels which she now abhorred since she knew of their origin.

“It is the last night of *Bairam* (A Mohammedan festival). All will hasten to make up for the privations of *Ramadan* (A Mohammedan fast corresponding to the Christian Lent). Others will sleep, and the guards will be entertained in the mansion of the princes. And the three sons of Ali will also amuse themselves with *Mukhtar* (the court jester). We will escape, and the whole world is open before us.

The Greek girl had pressed the hand of the Mohammedan lady.

“We will escape together,” she said. “My brother lives in the mountains of Corinth. He is brave, and he will protect us.”

“Then you go there! I’ll go to Constantinople where my relatives are. And now go to the rooms of the harem and seek dresses. I already have my plan. If the maids of honor are sleeping, return quickly with the dresses, but be careful that *Kislar agha*, who sleeps with one eye open, does not suspect anything. If he asks you where you are going, show the handkerchief of Ali, and he will suppose that Ali Pasha wants you and he will let you pass.”

The Greek girl at these last words blushed crimson. The idea that she would be forced to become the concubine of Ali made her shudder. Eminé nodded to her to proceed, and when she went out of the room, the young Mohammedan lady withdrew the head which she had hidden under the sofa and placed it on a round table in the middle of the room. For some moments she remained silent, looking at the expressionless eyes, the gaping mouth, and the black hair whose curls surrounded the gentlest countenance. Softly, softly Eminé stroked the beautiful head and the cold brow without any abhorrence or fright. For about an hour she stood in front of the lifeless head, observing it and buried in thought, while nearby Ali, the fear and terror of Janina, slept deeply. Eminé was thinking. What would happen afterwards, she could not realize, but in that moment she did not care to learn it.

Within an hour the Greek girl returned. She entered so quietly that no one perceived her. Eminé herself was so frightened at her sudden appearance that she could hardly suppress her terrified voice. The Greek girl approached the table speechless on which the head of her fiancé stood, kissed it, and bathed it with tears; then she felt Eminé take her hand, and saw her nod to her to hasten. The two young ladies dried their tears, and placed the dead head just opposite Ali, so that when he awoke, it would mock him, and they came out, after the Greek girl had once more bidden farewell to the last remains of her dead lover.

After some minutes they found themselves inside the tower and in the room of the tortures, which was empty. The floor had been washed, not a sign of blood could be seen in it, nor anything else to remind one of the terrors which had been enacted in there the last night. They went straight to the trap door from whence the victims had been led the night before. As they had supposed, this opened to the lake. Artemis (that was the name of the Greek girl) and Eminé were both excellent swimmers. Without hesitation they dived in and swam to land beyond the fortress. It was the last day of Easter, and every one was engaged in revelry or slumber. The two girls after a long embrace, now free from the outrages of Ali Pasha, swore eternal hatred to him, and parted, one to seek her brother in the forest near Corinth, the other to find her relatives in Constantinople.

THE END.

MEMORIES

MARY WESCOTT, '14.

Long dreams of sunny hours beside the sea,
 In sylvan glens, by rippling mountain stream.
 O happy hours, O happy life of mine,
 With naught to do but calmly sit and dream.

O long ago when fairies still held sway,
 When robber knights lurked in the darksome world,
 When Arthur's knights still served the Table Round,
 Nor Riding Hood e'en dreamed of growing old.

O dreams, pass not away beyond our call,
 O memories, hang close in radiant tiers;
 For lo! you form the bridgework back again
 From this gray work-day world to earlier years.

 COLLEGE DAYS

M. B. ANDREWS, '14.

Pass by slowly, College Days,
 And hurry not along:
 Some were bitter; some were sweet,
 Inspiring as a song.

Pass by gently, College Days,
 As lazy waters flow:
 All the bitter ones may flee,
 The sweet ones must not go.

All the bitter ones must die,
 The sweet alone are ours:
 Live forever, College Days,
 And bloom as fragrant flowers.

Wayside Wares

A RAMBLE

JACK W. WALLACE

Did you ever go out on a ramble with no particular destination in view, and wind up at some place where you never dreamed of going? Have you ever pledged yourself to an evening of hard study, and found your defunct corpus three sheets to the wind when the cock crows for Aurora to rub her eyes and crawl out? Come, come, did you ever begin your story with the hero the dominant figure at a temperance meeting and unintentionally follow him to a beer garden? Now such things do happen in the best regulated Greek restaurants, and I have only referred to them to remind you not to look for an Elian treatise but for a jolly good ramble. So if the subject of a sentence has to do with oyster cocktail, it doesn't follow that the predicate will contain broiled trout and French peas.

Dress and the world of fashion take so much of our time, thought, and finances that they have become a ready topic of conversation at our tea-drinkings, and at our next to nature discussions; so while on a promiscuous ramble, one cannot go far without stumbling on some phase of the question. But just because I am dealing with clothes, I would not have you think for a moment that I am striving for a "Sartor Resartus" effect, for patched clothes would not appeal in this day of multi-Millionaires. Ha! you think I boned on that word multi, don't you? Well, I didn't. I just heard an old lady pronounce it that way at a charity bazaar when some guy went three plates of punk junket ice cream. These bazaars always were strong on junket ice cream. Why only the other day I found cabbage in the chicken salad.

Now don't get angry. I have been writing articles on

'unity in the composition' for so long that it just comes natural, and its really not my fault that the thought is so closely connected. But let us hence to the subject of clothes. If it were my task to elaborate on the gown of a young lady whom I saw at the theatre the other evening, it would hardly be necessary to import dye stuffs from Germany to print the account. And this same little lady remarked when in one scene the ballet was especially diaphanously clad:

"Too breezy for me, too breezy for me."

And there she sat the whole time at perfect ease in a costume that would have made a chorus girl blush like a baked apple.

"No thanks. I'm not the slightest bit chilly," she replied to her escort, who reached for her cape; and at that time I had already had my overcoat on for an hour, and the old lady next to me had sent her maid home for a hot-water bottle. Now of course the young lady had it to do, for the girl in front set the pace, and who'd be a quitter? But I shan't criticise the ladies for following this custom of such long standing, lest I be caught in my own snare. We men, also, have to follow the fashion lord to some extent, and I really do not object to the dum-dum hats or the cleaving trousers, for the latter come closer to nature, nor am I trying to infringe on Cato's sinecure of criticising our youthful follies of dress, but when it comes to calsomined collars—nix on the glow worm. I saw a piece of neck gear today, decorated with red markings as if it had come in contact with a theme corrector. Perhaps the fact that it brought to mind unpleasant recollections of theme correctors prejudiced me against this new 'goosel' binder. You know that's one order of society I never could digest, and I've tried every thing from creamed turnips to clam chowder, kept over from supper. I can't reconcile myself to a man who deliberately sits down to get rid of a ten cent bottle of ink, which he bought at Kress'. I once knew one of the dear fellows who had this ink dispensing art down to a nicety. Every two lines

he would jot down a big D, which he followed with a P, alternating on every fourth line, regardless of the sense. Whenever a student, who took pride in his themes, sprung something a bit original, he would manage to spill at least a half bottle of ink on the sheet, and make the perfectly innocent freshman rewrite. I recall another instance of a Freshman getting 95 just because he wore white silk socks with a little black stripe up the side.

But pooh, pooh, for the theme reader. Enter a smart looking chap with a fifty cent monocle attached to a vest that hasn't been paid for. He plunges a rapid right into a patch pocket, emerging with a loud cigarette case, which one who wasn't acquainted with him would consider solid gold, but upon closer examination would find to be an octagon soap wrapper premium. The hero then takes a cigarette in his right, and taps the branded end on the thumb-nail of his left, as he saw J. Warren Kerrigan do in "Just off of Broadway." The cigarette is now neatly lighted, and the hero inhales a long, deep pull, exhaling the filmy mass with the air of a man heavily laden with matters of great moment. We follow him to a quick lunch counter where he immediately falls into a heated controversy with the waiter over the price of stewed okra. He retires to his room where he tries for two hours to make his monocle stick in his eye. He now goes to supper and calls for country kraut.

Good night—its a show-down.

"VIV"

D. L. E.

Her eyes are blue as azure,
 And golden are her curls;
 And shells she wears for tiny ears,
 Her teeth are rows of pearls.

Her voice is sweetest music,
 Her glance is free of guile;
 Her brow is fair beyond compare,
 Enchanting is her smile.

Her cheek is like the rose,
 And ruby are her lips;
 In grace naive, my lovely Viv
 There's no one can eclipse.

When building castles in Spain,
 On Fancy's web I weave;
 And life will seem a fairy dream—
 If lived with fairy Viv!

SIT STRAIGHT IN THE BOAT

"NAP"

Sit straight in the boat as onward you float
 Upon the rough sea of existence,
 And ever your eye turned to the sky
 For signs of a storm in the distance.

Sit straight in the boat,—the mote
 That is seen in the eye of another
 Must not be effaced till you have erased
 The beam from your own eye, my brother.

Should you run aground, don't fidget around
 And make the air blue with your twaddle.
 Swing 'round to the breeze, get down on your knees,
 And shove hard ahead with your paddle.

(The above is fondly dedicated to those who attempted to write a permanent name on the fences of fame just before Commencement, nineteen fourteen.)

Editor's Table

Although fully realizing that it is no easy matter to obtain literature suitable for a magazine during the first month of college activity, we can not justify *The Wake Forest Student* in editing a series of debates and orations for their first number. These may be good in themselves, but should not form the essence of a college magazine to the almost utter exclusion of literary effort. The only attempt at narrative, "The Spider's Web," is well drawn; the unexpectedness of the climax being its main fault. The author of "The Development of Mr. Hardy's Philosophy" has a good critical style and his production must be highly commended. The verse, with the possible exception of "Twilight," is hardly worthy of comment. The magazine's editorials, although few in number, contain some good advice to the new student.

In so far as literary attainment goes, *The Red and White* for the past month cannot be considered as a very complete magazine. The leading article of the volume, "Education and Vocational Training," advances the idea advocated by many people that in education a person should gain some practical knowledge for his life work. Both "Retribution" and "He Learned About Women from Her" have rather good plots, however ordinary they may be. The latter story is constructed well, but needs a few more strokes of the brush to blot out some of its glaring crudities. Unfortunately, the theme of "The Traitor's Death Bed" is much better than the verse employed. The editorials are all rather shallow,—in fact, most of the subjects chosen could be treated much better as topics of news than as editorials.

True to its word, *The University of North Carolina Magazine* has adopted the plan of publishing a magazine

for the university. At least half of the articles vitally concern university life in its varied phases. As it is the mission of the college periodical to forward the interests of the college, we must highly commend this first issue. Aside from the articles in regard to the university, the magazine contains several stories of interest to everyone. "Snits," a story of a Freshman and his pranks, gives us a good picture of college life, although a rather unusual one for this day and time. "The Holy War" and "Venice during August" are both attractive;—the former, in its clever plot and dialogue; the latter, in its naive description. In the editorials we find several questions of importance to the student well discussed. We have no comment to make on the plans of the Exchange Department except to wish success for it in its venture.

It is rather hard for us to judge as a collected work the true value of the *Davidson College Magazine* for the past month. It presents to us a varied aggregation of narrative, verse, and admonition to the student. The only short story, "Uncle Henry's 'ittle Massa," is a good narrative, but rather hampered by the detailed style of the writer. "The Age of Young Men" and "The Claim of the Present" are well worth the reading. In both articles the advice given could well be considered by the college man of the present. Of the verse in the edition, "The Fishing Smack" ranks first in both rhythm and warmth of feeling. Although well chosen, the editorials are rather carelessly written, and are apt to become somewhat tiresome.

From our neighboring state there comes to us an attractively bound magazine, *The Era*. This issue contains quite a number of short stories, among which "On Unalaska," erstwhile published in another college magazine by the same author, takes a prominent position. The theme is handled well by the writer,—the intense feeling affecting even the most casual reader. The George Fitch style in "Mother Takes a Hand" falls a little flat, although the plot is rather

cleverly worked out. The verse in the edition fails to come up to the standard set by the prose; this defect, however, is largely conterbalanced by the good editorials. We notice that Emory and Henry has a weekly now, so we advise that the department of locals be dropped from the monthly magazine.

Several good short stories and a few critical essays form the essence of the *Vanderbilt Observer* for the month. Of the stories, "Willie, 1918" is by far the best, not only in plot and structure, but also in style and phraseology employed. The opening chapters of "Just Fate" gave us reason to believe that a good narrative would follow,—we were disappointed, however, as the writer entirely misunderstood human nature, and put much more to Fate's credit than was really due it. Lively imaginations are responsible for the two clever productions, "Love is War" and "Buried Alive." "Some Racial Problems of the European War" presents to us clearly some of the great questions that arise from the continental struggle, while its companion, "War and Culture," shows us conclusively that culture does not necessarily efface the love of strife. The editorials, aside from being well chosen, are written in a very convincing way.

As a well balanced and artistic unit, *The Transylvanian* comes to our table. The contents consist of two admirable short stories and the same number of equally good poems. None other save a masterful hand could have depicted for us such a well knit plot as "The Cranium" possesses. The atmosphere created is strikingly gruesome, and we are sustained to the end of the story by this intense feeling. "Love and Ice" is a well told tale of the Kentucky mountains,—the author shows particular ability in handling mountain dialect. The exotic phraseology of "Beyond the Rainbow's End" marks it as a poem worthy of notice, while "The Captive" is good verse. Quite a number of comprehensive editorials serve as a fitting end to the magazine. Our criticism

of *The Transylvanian* is that most of the work is done by one writer,—the periodical thus fails to become a true representative of the student body. Also, a few critical essays would add much to the value of the volume.

From two distant states there come to our table this month the magazines, *The Trinitonian* and *The Arkansan*. The former magazine contains only one article worthy of note, namely, "The Man at the Helm." This essay gives us a concise resumé of Wilson's political life, and also contains an admirable estimate of the man. The short stories are rather mediocre, while the editorials are badly chosen,—in fact, almost their entire contents could be included in Y. M. C. A. notes. *The Arkansan* contains two excellent critical productions, viz., "The Cynicism of Byron" and "Dramatic Monologue in Browning." Both these essays add poise and weight to the magazine. Probably the best short story in this number is "A Dependable Independent; the plot is clear cut and rather interesting. The editorials here are rather weak,—no question of student life is taken up, and the writer devotes himself entirely to the work of the magazine.

On account of the late date on which we received *The Wofford College Journal*, *The Emory Phoenix*, *The Buff and Blue*, and *The Southwestern University Magazine* we have unfortunately been unable to review these for the past month.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

TRINITY COLLEGE, Durham, N. C., DECEMBER, 1914

Christmas

FRANCES E. VANN

The majority of people who celebrate Christmas believe that it is the time of the year at which the Christ Child made his appearance at Bethlehem. This belief is an error, because the exact time of the birth of Christ is not known. It was probably in the spring. The festival of Christmas was borrowed by the Roman church from the northern pagans. These northern people celebrated at this time a feast to the Sun, which they worshipped as the source of all life. As the time of the winter solstice approached, they, dreading the eternal disappearance of the sun, spent the time in prayer that they might not be left forever in darkness. With the return of the sun they manifested their joy with rude and boisterous demonstrations.

The Christmas tree did not originate in the Christian church. In an ancient legend, Saint Winfried, who was in the eighth century a missionary to the Scandinavians, is credited with having set up the first Christmas tree. He tried to show the people that they had not worshipped a living god by offering human sacrifices in the dense forest, but that they had worshipped the trees. On one Christmas Eve when a great number of pagans had assembled around one of the largest oak trees of the forest to offer the annual human sacrifice, Saint Winfried told them that this worship was not only wrong but useless. To prove that the tree had no supernatural power he cut it down. There was a beautiful

young fir-tree standing near them, to which he turned saying: "This is a living tree, untouched by human blood stains, and it will be the sign of your new worship." This fir-tree was taken to the chieftain's hall where the pagans performed their sacred rites of lore to it. In the Christmas tree was embodied the fertilization spirit because of its green and life-like appearance among the other trees which were devoid of foliage and flowers.

The ancient Teutons, who were sun worshippers, thought that the spreading of the great tree was symbolical of the sun rising higher and higher in the heavens, and that the decorations with apples, nuts, and candles symbolized the sun, moon, and stars; while the doll or image placed on the topmost sprig represented the sacrifice to the sun god.

The first record of a Christmas tree was in Strassburg, 1604. This was without doubt introduced by the Hanoverians. These Christmas trees have become more and more elaborate from year to year. The gifts no longer consist only of sweetmeats but also of every kind of toy.

Santa Claus, loved everywhere by the children, has from the beginning been connected with the Christmas tree. *Sankt Nicolaus*, is the Old German for Sanct Claus which we have in English, Santa Claus. Thus the Greek Saint Nicholas of the fourth century receives his child name through the Germans. Nicholas is the patron saint of children. He is held sacred by both the Eastern and Western churches. His parents were rich Greeks who lived in Patara, in Asia Minor. Like John the Baptist he was a child of promise. One of the most remarkable incidents of his childhood as related by his parents is this: When he was baptised, he knelt three times before the font in honor of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In the prime of his youth his parents died, leaving him an immense fortune. He determined not to use it indiscriminately for himself, so he went secretly helping the poor. There was a nobleman who had lost his wealth that could not provide

his daughters with marriage portions. Everybody pitied this aged father and his three most beautiful daughters. This story reached Nicholas' ears, and, as he was walking by their home one night thinking in what way he could get a purse of gold to the eldest daughter, suddenly the moon threw its pale light on a hole in the window. Through this hole, seeing the father and his oldest daughter sitting by a fire, he threw the purse at their feet and went away. He repeated this visit a second time, and a third time. But the third time the father saw him and asked him why should he try to keep his benevolence hidden from the world. Everything that came to people in need from that time has been ascribed to the good Saint Nicholas. Even the women in the convents would hang their silk stockings on their doors with their wants written on a card placed over the stocking.

Although the Christmas tree is essentially pagan in its origin, the spirit of the celebration of which it was a part is akin to the spirit of the time given to commemorating the birth of Christ. When the church took this part of the pagan ceremonies and engrafted it upon their celebration of Christmas, they thought of the fir-tree decorated with candles as representing Christ in whom there is eternal Life and Light.

The Yuletide

D. L. EDWARDS

The Yuletide is near,
With its mirth and its cheer—
The happiest time of the year :
For O, it is sweet
One's kindred to meet,
And the dearest of friends to greet!

The yule log so bright
With its ruddy red light
Will crackle and burn all night;
We will list, 'round the fire,
To the notes of the lyre,
And sweet music our hearts will inspire.

As the candles burn low,
Their beams they will throw
On holly and mistletoe :
The mistletoe green
And the holly, I ween,
Will add to the joy of the scene.

Our voices will ring,
As praises we sing
To Christ, the new-born King :
The youth will be told
The story old
Of His birth, and the gifts of gold.

The Philanthropist

L. W. POWELL

Blinks staggered down the street. It was Christmas Eve, but what did he care? It was cold. Snow was on the ground, but what did that matter to Blinks? There was warmth within his whole body. His face shone and his nose glowed like a furnace. He was jostled by the passing crowd and he swore good-naturedly as it stepped on his toes. As he staggered on, he saw more of the Christmas displays than anyone else. Each electric sign glowed double, each shop window was over-loaded with toys. But what did he care? He felt happy. He neither paid attention to the beautifully decorated windows, nor concerned himself with the glaring signs. Indeed, he could not, for they were too numerous and too far away. He mildly and stupidly wondered what people were doing with so many packages. He heard some one say "Merry Christmas," and his dull brain grasped the idea.

"Why, yes," thought he, "Merry Christmas."

He tried to embrace a passer-by and muttered a "Merry Christmas," but before he had completed his greeting, the person had eluded him and had passed on. Hurried hither and thither by the crowds that surged along, he felt foolishly happy. In his breast, there was a feeling of kingship; a feeling of supreme domination and of unlimited power. He staggered on, muttering an unexpressive "Merry-hic-Christmas." He bumped into people, and was thrust back, he was punched and jabbed and knocked by the heedless crowd, but through it all, he kept a foolish, happy smile, and did not lose his good nature.

Presently he checked his staggering steps and leaned comfortably against a lamp post, muttering a "Merry-hic-Christmas," each time he was jostled.

Something attracted his attention, and, steadying himself, he gazed stupidly at a man and a little girl. They were standing close to the curb; and, as Blinks gazed, he saw that

the man was a "swell" and was elegantly dressed. Had his intellect been clearer, he would have seen that the little girl was ragged and dirty, but this did not concern Blinks. He saw only a well dressed man, lavishly giving money to a street waif.

"Hic-h-rich hic-phil-an-thro-pist-hic," stuttered Blinks to himself. Then his mind acted faster. He himself could be a philanthropist. He owned the whole world. Why couldn't he give some of it away? Ah, yes, he and this man were brothers, so to speak. He would go and embrace his brother.

Blinks made haste, for the man was entering a taxi; but Blinks' feet were getting more and more unsteady. Alas, he slipped and fell, his whole length stretched out in the muddy gutter.

"Hic-mer-ry-hic Chris'-his-mas," said Blinks, as he regained his feet. His face, his clothes, his whole person was besmeared and caked with mud. He had been dirty and shabby before, but now he was not recognizable. Swearing and muttering foolishly "Merry Christmas," he resumed his aimless walk. The passing throng disregarded him. It did not care for him, but Blinks, eternally happy, tottered on, murmuring monotonously, "Merry-hic-Chris'mas."

A shop-window caught his eye and slouching nearer he gazed in. He waved a dirty hand at a red Santa Claus standing within.

"Hic-mer-hic-ry Chris'-hic-mas," stuttered Blinks thickly. The Santa Claus smiled, and Blinks waved again; but Santa had a disgusting way of seeming to be two persons instead of one. Blinks tried to discover which was the real Santa, but in vain. "Hic-Merry-hic-Chris'mas," he muttered, and turned to go, but he stopped.

Standing by his side, gazing wistfully at the pretty things in the window, was a little girl. Over her head there was a ragged shawl, clutched tightly at the neck by two scrawny little fingers. A tattered coat hung about the body and the

feet were half covered by old shoes. As she gazed, her breath moistened the glass and obscured the beautiful things in the window. To see better she moved nearer to Blinks, and sighed. She, like all the rest, paid little attention to the ragged and dirty thing gazing in the window. Blinks remembered the rich man, and looked at the child. Here was an opportunity to play the philanthropist and give away some of his wealth. He leaned against the window to steady himself, and, reaching into his pocket, he drew forth a five-dollar bill. 'Twas all he had, but Blinks did not know it. One dollar he had spent at Joe's for whiskey, and this five was the remainder of his week's wages; but he had forgotten. He neither knew nor cared. He only knew that he owned all the world. He was not touched by the pathos, the sadness of it all; he gave no thought to the appearance of things. He held the money out to the child.

"Mer-hic-ry Chris'mas hic," he blubbered.

The girl gazed wonderingly at Blinks, then at the bill. Blinks' muddy face wrinkled into a foolish smile.

"Mer-hic—"

The child seized the money and darted away, disappearing immediately in the crowd. Blinks steadied himself and, placing his thumbs under his vest, strutted off. All the while the red Santa Claus gazed on wonderingly.

Blinks marched to the curb.

"Hic-uh cho-feur," he called at the top of his voice.

Two policemen hustled him into a patrol wagon, and slammed the door.

"It's Blinks again," said one.

"I'll tell his wife where he is."

Blinks, inside, sank back into slumber on the cushions of the police wagon.

Five dollars had purchased much for the little family, and, now seated close to a warm fire, the tired mother thought

of the kind man who had given Mary five dollars. She wondered who he was and what he did.

"God bless him," she murmured. He had made a Santa Claus to come to a needy home.

A policeman thrust his head in the door. "Mrs. Blinks," he said. "Your husband won't be home tonight. Sorry, but we had to round 'im in. He was a bit tilty."

Christmas Among the Savages

JANIE L. COUCH

“Well, Walters, that is an interesting group you have just introduced me to. The father with his long shaggy hair and beard and his sturdy physique is exactly my mental picture of a bushman. Did you notice how his wife stood in awe of him and how quiet she was? She liked the way we noticed her children, and I think perhaps she might have been led into a conversation but for the imperious glances of her superior. I should like to try my hand on that nappy-headed little fellow, the one that stared at you so hard, and see if completely changed environment could make a cultured man of him. I have my serious doubts on the subject. They all seem to have a great deal of reverence for you, old man, but it’s my opinion that the sociological work you’ve been trying to do has not made the slightest impression on even the surface of any of them. They haven’t any idea of sanitation, hygiene, culture, or even of the most fundamental laws of morality among the civilized. They know nothing of the kind of life you tell them about, and they have no sympathies for it. I would think I was in quite a scrape if I had to do what you’ve taken upon yourself to try.”

“You are rather discouraging, Blair, but that is what I expected you to say. I must confess that I don’t think I have done much for these people; but since circumstances over which I had no control placed me here, I thought I’d make an effort to reform this place. I got tired of doing everything with a conscious aim to cure my own diseased body, and so I began to work on these people, particularly this home we have just visited. In doing this I have found mental relief by forgetting my own ailments; and, as you see, I’ve gotten just the exercise to make my health incomparably better than it was when I left the university. But with the exception of the good I have done myself, I think I’ve been a failure. I’m really interested in this kind of people,

though; and if it's possible to help them to a higher life, I want to do it. We must ride faster, Blair. Use your whip a little on your old nag. We have three miles, most of it rough like this, before we reach my shanty, and its beginning to snow."

There are few exercises more invigorating than rapid horseback riding when the snow flakes are beginning to fall through a still, cold atmosphere. The motion, the contact with the cold, the beauty of the scene, and the stillness of the woods disturbed only by the re-echoing music of the horse's feet, excite the body to the highest degree of vitality and fill the mind with a healthy optimism. And all such emotions on Christmas Eve are doubly strong, for Christmas is a holiday whose deepest significance is felt by those who live nearest to nature and nature's god.

Our two friends, Jackson Blair and Paul Walters, had spent a busy day. Since the morning Mr. Blair, who had come from the university to spend Christmas with his old friend, Mr. Walters, had been drinking in new scenes with the greatest avidity. He was a scientist and professedly a materialist. He jokingly had written to his friend Mr. Walters that he was coming out into that mountain hollow to find the "missing link," and all day the two men had visited the mountain homes in which Mr. Blair was for the past six months a rather frequent caller. Mr. Walters had prepared to give the mountaineers a big Christmas tree on the evening of the twenty-fifth; and, in order to make them feel the more welcome, he and his friend gave each one a personal invitation. To a great many of them the idea of celebrating Christmas thus was perfectly new. They had only a very vague idea that there was any such holiday or what its celebration meant. Mr. Blair took a very great interest in the demonstration of his friend's savages, as he called them, and had a great deal of curiosity to see how they would take the celebration.

The two men were not very far from their shanty when

Mr. Walters, who was riding in front, suddenly stopped his horse and alighted.

"Some poor fellow down from too much drinking," he said, as he went to the side of a figure lying stretched out by the side of the path. "Good Heavens!" he cried out as he leaned over the man. "It's Brown. He never drinks, I know. Foul play somewhere. Tie these horses, Blair, and we'll carry him to the house."

In a few minutes they had placed the unconscious man on a bed in the shanty. Mr. Blair knew something about medical science, and upon an examination he decided that the man was under the influence of some drug the effect of which would wear off with sleep. Since Walters seemed to be acquainted with the fellow, he questioned him as to his character.

"He is a kind of hero among the people here. Everybody likes him, but none of them seem to know anything about him. I have never been able to find out anything from talking with him; he is always very quiet and rather gloomy when I am around."

"Is he a native of this section? He looks to be a man of some intelligence and refinement. He is the only person I have seen that appeared touched with civilization, except you," he put in with a laugh, "since I landed here."

"I know nothing about him. I am confident that he does not belong here. None of the people here will talk about him except to praise him for some kindness. I asked that grizzly old fellow you were so much impressed with this evening something about where this man came from, and he was not at all disposed to be communicative. I really don't think they know anything about him any more than I do. They feel a kind of mystery about him, and they do not try to get into it. He's been here long enough, probably, for them to feel that he is in a way one of them, and they resent my questioning him in any way. So I've given it up. I've had a kind of fellow-feeling for him ever since I met

up with him though, and I'm sorry he and I could not get into a more cordial relationship."

"Perhaps he envies your influence with the people here."

"Not at all," Walters replied in a positive tone. "He is not the missionary or the reformer type. The influence he has is not due to any special effort on his part.—Let's finish up with supper, Blair, for we have those Christmas things to fix up tonight. In the meantime perhaps Brown will wake up. We have him pretty warm, and he seems to be in a natural sleep."

Mr. Walter's servant, an old colored man, had a splendid hot supper ready, after which he pushed in two large boxes which contained the articles for the Christmas tree. The boxes were sent by freight from a distant city.

"Blair, I've held down my curiosity for three days in order to have you share the fun with me in opening these things. I have no exact idea as to the contents. I wrote to a superintendent of a Sunday School in N—— asking him to send me a treat and Christmas presents for about one hundred and fifty savages, and——"

"Well, here satisfy your curiosity, for I have this one opened while you were talking. These are oranges, I can tell from the odor, and confectioneries. Didn't send any nuts—wise superintendent! Guess he thought mountain savages might try to swallow them whole and give you some trouble with the results. Here's the red and green and yellow net bags like I used to get candy and oranges in when I was a kid. Here are a load of candles. Look at the decorations! Hurrah for Christmas! Stop looking at me, man, and open up that other box. I feel like Santa Claus."

Walters gained sufficient self-possession to help the old servant open up the other box. In it were contained a great number of dressed up dolls, little wagons, trains, and all kinds of toys for children; shawls, gloves, mufflers, and many other useful articles for the older people.

"This is a bright superintendent," said Blair, as he unpacked as many as twenty-five mirrors from the excelsior. "We have enough to give one to each household in the neighborhood. Now, maybe you can keep your savages' faces clean. Here are towels, soap, and combs! Well gentlemen! Did you write for all this stuff?"

"Not exactly, I merely told the superintendent to whom I wrote what I was trying to do in the way of sociological work. I sent him a good check and told him to buy at his own discretion. We have enough of this junk to give some to each household besides the presents. Now let's fix up for a tree like the ones our mothers used to fix up when we were boys.—Why, look, Brown is sitting up on the bed.—How do you feel?" Walters said, going over to him.

Mr. Brown looked at him with a somewhat dazed expression. "Will you please tell me where I am?"

"Certainly; you are in Paul Walter's shanty. You know me: and that's Jackson Blair, an old friend of mine. Are you comfortable?"

"Will you please tell me how I got here?"

"Certainly; we found you lying on the mountain path between here and the commissary and we brought you in. Would you like to have something to eat?—Bob, prepare Mr. Brown some supper," he said to the servant.

After eating, Mr. Brown announced that he was feeling perfectly well, and he joined the others in preparing for the Christmas tree. Gradually he lost his coldness of manner and joined freely in the conversation.

"This evening carries me back fifteen years," he said. "I'm glad you are giving these people a glimpse of Christmas here. They know very little about it. What is your plan for the celebration? Just going to have a kind of festival without any definite aim, or are you going to carry out the Santa Claus idea, or," he paused a moment reverently, "are you going to tell them the story of the first Christmas?"

The two men looked at each other with a puzzled expression.

"We haven't decided about that," Walters replied. Then he added, thoughtfully, "I should really like best to go back ten years and regain my boyish attitude toward Christmas. I should like to give these people from my own heart the story that I once believed in implicitly. Why not do it? After all, the world is a mystery; there is nothing that we can understand. And I believe that that story is the real soul of Christmas. It's appeal is universal—These men will appreciate it as I—used to. What about it, Blair?"

"Follow your own judgment in the matter, Walters. I shall be merely an interested spectator."

The three men worked on, arranging for the following evening. By midnight all preparations were completed and the presents were ready for the tree.

On the night of December 25th, the old building that had served as storehouse, schoolhouse, and church was crowded with the entire population of the community. Men, women, and children gazed in rapt admiration at the tall fir-tree which sparkled with candles, gold and silver ornaments, snowy strings of pop corn, and the vari-colored bags of oranges and candy. Occasional murmurs of pleasure and delight went over the crowd. When finally Walters stood up, the room became absolutely silent and every eye was fixed upon him as he read in a clear, impressive tone that wonderful lyric passage in which Luke tells of the birth of Christ.

“. . . For behold, I bring you good-tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David, a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men”

After the reading the presents were distributed. The same stillness prevailed. When the last present was taken from the tree, a sturdy, grizzly figure that Blair recognized from the previous evening came to the front.

"Men and women," he said, "all of us want to thank these here men for what they done for us tonight. I'm glad Mr. Walters read us that story about that Child that came one Christmas. I remember hearing something about that when I was a boy. We ain't none of us as good as we ought to be. I'm for one going to try harder from tonight."

The crowd quietly dispersed without any demonstration. The three men remained standing before the Christmas tree. Mr. Brown was the first to break the stillness.

"Men," he said, "I owe my life to you, and to my association with you since yesterday I owe my desire to live. I had almost lost both. Ten years ago I embezzled a large sum of money and paid myself out of the results of a secret crime which threatened to come to light. All this happened while I was away from home at an eastern university. In order not to break my mother's heart or to blacken the family name, I got my old chum to establish it as a fact that I had been drowned. My people were confident of my death: they had no reason to doubt it. In the meantime I fled to this mountain hollow where I have lived ever since. Yesterday morning I received the first news I have had from my home for ten years. All day long I roamed through the woods like a madman with my past coming before me. Late in the evening, exhausted, I took some medicine I thought to be a restorative. It was a drug and I was overcome by its effects. This Christmas celebration has helped me to decide to go back into the world among my former friends and to face whatever may come. My home is across the continent. I shall leave for it tonight."

The First Yuletide

E. LESTER CULBRETH

Before a tent, upon the grassy lea
That overlooks the distant Caspian Sea,
There sat three men, the type that nature fills
With rich and rugged wisdom of the hills.
These shepherds, waiting for the source of light
To die among the hills bequeathing night,
Were startled by untimely notes of cheer
Occasioned by the crowing of the chanticleer,
Imprisoned in the court near by their tent.
In fright the men their leathern girdles rent
And swept the sky in patience for a sign
By which they would be able to divine
The frightful omen and the fated reason
Why thus the cock was crowing out of season.

The sun, adorned in vesture made of clouds
Like to the veil of glory that enshrouds
The portals of his chamber in the west,
Retired in splendor for his evening rest.
The moon and stars alone were left to fight
The Stygian darkness of the fated night.
Above the western hills the shepherds saw
A visitor unknown to natural law
That sent its light above the hills serene
About a little town in Palestine;
And at the first appearance of the star
The golden gates of heaven stood a-jar.
Then came an angel from the lighted sky
And on his shining pinions did he fly
Down through the Stygian darkness to the earth.
And to the shepherds, in a tone of mirth,
The angel said: "Fear not! For lo I bring
The joyous tidings of your new-born King,

For in the town of Bethlehem to-day
A babe lies in a manger on the hay
Who will out of his lowly bed arise
And then become the monarch of the skies.
In him all men shall find salvation free
E'en by his blood to flow on Cavalry."
Then sang a heavenly host a thousand strong
Until the hills re-echoed back the song,
"The highest glory be to God in heaven,
Let peace on earth—good will to men be given."

The shepherds gathered up their woolly flock
Into a large corral of broken rock,
And traveled far along the rugged way
That led to where the holy infant lay.

Oh! cruel fate that did the shepherds bring
Into the palace of the Jewish King.
Before the mighty monarch they were led.
The king, intoxicated, to them said:

"Unfold to me the wisdom of the East
And then enjoy with me my evening feast
Of oriental wines and choicest fruits
Together with the rarest hundred lutes
That I could find in all my great domains
That cover many wooded hills and plains."

Ignoring what the drunken king desired,
The leader of the shepherd band inquired:

"Where is the one of whom the angels sing?
Where is the Child that is to be our King?
In our eastern land we saw His star
And we have come to worship Him a-far.
An angel said, 'Fear not! For lo I bring
The joyous tidings of your new-born King,
For in a quiet manger far away,
A Saviour and a King is born today.'

The ancient prophet said that Bethlehem
Would be the town to own the birth of Him."

The monarch said: "Away to Bethlehem
And back to me that I may worship Him."

The men set out in all the haste that wills
A harmless journey 'cross the western hills.
The shepherds, thinking only of their God
And his beloved Son as on they trod,
Increased the frenzy of their speedy pace
Until they came unto the holy place
Above which blazed the brilliant, sacred star.
They found the heavy manger door a-jar
And saw a vision picturesque and mild,
The watchful Virgin and her sleeping Child,
Reclining on the hay within the hold.
The gifts of myrrh and frankincense and gold
And treasure not by sinful hands defiled
Were given by the shepherds to the Child.
Each shepherd his devoted homage paid,
His treasure at the infant's feet he laid,
And worshipped there until his life became
An altar kindled by the hallowed flame
That lighteth up in shining radiance grand
The royal courts of the celestial land.
When the auroral blushes of the morn
Lit up the manger where the King was born,
The men arose and went away to sing
The joyous carols of their new-born King.

The Confederate

F. B. BROWN

The Confederate army had, under the leadership of the great Robert E. Lee, penetrated into the territory of the Union; it had pushed across the borders of Pennsylvania; had been concentrated near Gettysburg; and there, in a terrible battle which raged for three days, it had been compelled to give way to the Union army under General Meade. It was on the fourth of July that Lee withdrew his shattered columns across the Potomac river into Virginia.

All of those who had gone with Lee into Pennsylvania, however, were not in the ranks of the Confederate army which went back across the Potomac on that fourth of July. Thirty thousand men, and more, had been left on the field of battle, killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among them was George Gray, a young lieutenant in the Second North Carolina Volunteers.

On that memorable afternoon of the third, when Lee had determined to throw the fate of the whole battle upon a desperate attempt to break the Union center, George Gray had charged with the thousands of his comrades straight into the withering fire of the heavy Union lines. The charge was brilliant and it was desperate, but it was in vain. The Confederates were thrown back with heavy losses, and George Gray was left upon the field with a Union bullet through his breast. As George sank down with that bullet in his bos-

om, he saw the long gray line hesitate and falter, and then fall back. He was alone, and desperately wounded. Still, he did not wish to fall into the hands of the Union soldiers in the blue line before him. It was growing dark, and George lay still and quiet, and waited.

Night came on, and under its cover, the wounded man, staggering and stumbling, arose, weakened already with loss of blood, and made his way into a clump of trees which stood

near. Guided by some unseen hand, he made his way past the Union sentinels, until, with his mind wandering and with a black veil of darkness before his eyes, he fell in a faint before the door of a country mansion.

Alice Bigelow, daughter of James Bigelow, was sitting inside the house with her mother. For three long days they had been in constant dread lest the battle, which was raging two miles away, might sweep in their direction and bring destruction with it. For three long days they had heard the rumbling of the Union and Confederate guns and the distant cracking of the small arms. Every minute they were in fear lest the charging armies should come down upon them and ruin home and family. Each night they had seen the gleaming of fires in the distance; and once or twice parties of soldiers from the Union lines had passed before their very door, moving to other points down on the line of battle two miles away.

Suddenly there came a sound from the porch as of some heavy body falling upon the steps. Alice and her mother jumped and looked at each other with a frightened glance. Perhaps it was the husband and the father, wounded, who had found his way back home from the front where he had been nobly supporting Meade against the onslaught of the Confederate army. Both women rushed precipitately outside; and there they found George Gray, motionless, pale, senseless, lying with white face upturned. The light of the moon which shone down upon him revealed a blood-clotted shirt, and on the bosom which the torn shirt laid bare could be seen an ugly hole where the bullet had torn into his flesh. His form was as still and pale as death, but he still breathed.

The sight was too much for Mrs. Bigelow. She could not stand by and see any one thus wounded, possibly to the death, and not do her best to save the life. What matter though the man were an enemy to her country? Was he not yet a human being in distress? She turned to tell Alice to fly for help from the servants, but Alice had already gone for them,

and even now was returning. Gently George was lifted up and carried into the house. There a bed was provided for him and a physician was called in to attend to his needs.

When the doctor departed, he told Mrs. Bigelow and Alice that the wound was not fatal, but that it would take a long time for it to heal. He told them, also, that they ought at once to turn George over to the Federal authorities as a prisoner of war, and thus rid themselves of the incumbrance. But Mrs. Bigelow was not that kind of a woman. She was determined to see to it that George was healed, and she, together with Alice, was determined that their prisoner was not to be turned over to the prison authorities as a prisoner of war.

Alice did see to it that George Gray got well, too. She took particular pains to be at his bedside at almost all hours of the day. When George first woke from his swoon, the first object which he saw was Alice. She was standing there by his bedside looking down at him. Her big brown eyes were filled with tenderness as she looked down at him, and her hand fell upon his with an unusually tender grasp as she warned her patient to be still and quiet. Alice pitied George, lying there in a hostile country, wounded and alone save for the kindness of those who had taken him in.

As time passed on and George recovered more and more, Alice's interest in him increased. Her pity grew, in spite of herself, into something deeper and more lasting until, at length after some weeks, she realized that she loved him. She tried not to, she fought against it; but in spite of her efforts she found herself irresistibly drawn toward him. When the authorities had discovered that George was in the Bigelow house, she had realized her love for the first time. For the fear that he would be seized and carried away came upon her with almost overpowering force. But the Federal officers through the intervention of Mr. Bigelow, had given George his parole, and he had sworn never again to take up arms against the Union—to remain in the north until the

end of the war. Then, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Bigelow, he had consented to remain at the Bigelow house until he had fully recovered from his wound.

With this arrangement Alice Bigelow found herself remarkably pleased, for she could not bring herself to think of his departure. More and more, as George began to recuperate and regain his former good spirits, Alice was attracted to him. She found herself almost constantly near him; and to wait upon him and to make him comfortable became one of the greatest pleasures of her existence. There could be no doubt of the fact that she was in love with him; but did he love her? That was the question which was vital to Alice.

For six months Alice had cared for George and attended him. Slowly his strength had come back under her tender care, and now he was preparing to leave. His oath to the Union government, of course, prevented him from going back to North Carolina, but he had told Mrs. Bigelow that he could no longer impose upon her hospitality. He was going West, where he had relatives.

Alice was crushed. Her pride would not allow her to show her love for George, and yet it seemed that it would be impossible for her to part with him. She looked forward to the day of his departure with pain. Could she keep from showing her love for him? Already, perhaps, he had seen her love shining in her big brown eyes. She had not, for a month or more been able to conceal that; not, since she had listened to the story of his life that night before the blazing fire. How manly, how noble he had appeared to her that night! She did not believe that when the time came for them to separate, perhaps forever, she could withhold some sign of her love. But she would—she must! Some other girl might already have won his heart, and her own love might be absolutely hopeless. That was probably the case. Certainly, he had never said a word of love to her.

One night only a week from the day he had set for his

departure, George and Alice were seated alone before a roaring fire. No other light was in the room, and the flickering flames in the grate threw dim, fantastic shadows on the walls, and lit the faces of the two young people with a ruddy glow.

Both George and Alice seemed busy with their own thoughts that night, for neither was attempting to carry on a conversation. George was gazing into the flames with an air of absolute abstraction, and Alice, from the corner of her eye, was studying his face. Only the crackling of the flames broke the silence.

"Alice!" There was something in the word that came so suddenly, something in the intonation, something so serious written on the face of George as he spoke, that Alice felt her heart flutter. Perhaps, perhaps—but no, it was impossible. He did not love her. It was something far different which he wished to tell her.

"Alice!" George repeated.

"Yes?"

"Do you remember a night, weeks ago, when I told you the story of my life?"

"Yes."

"Well, I did not tell you all then. I left out a very important item. May I tell you that now? Would you mind listening?"

"I will be glad to hear your story," she smiled. Her heart fluttered strangely. Was it true after all? Was it possible?

"The important item which I did not tell you of," continued George, "is this: I am in love!" He gazed straight into her deep, brown eyes with an expression which she did not understand, which she had never seen before. Her own eyes dropped.

"In love?" she queried, her voice trembling very slightly.

"In love!" repeated George. "Would you like to hear about one of the sweetest women in the world?"

Alice only bowed her head and did not dare to meet his eye. She knew that, should he say he loved her, she would be unable to control her own love for him. But certainly, he should never see her love first.

“Look,” said George. He walked over to her chair and placed in her hand a photograph, worn and soiled. It was a picture of a beautiful girl. Alice took the picture as one in a dream. Her eyes fell upon it without seeing; she trembled; unbidden, a tear welled up into her eye; a blush suffused her cheek; she was silent. The very foundations had been swept away from beneath her hopes in that instant. George did love another, as she had feared. Her own love was a hopeless love. Her little hand gripped the picture tightly, and an unconscious sigh heaved her bosom very, very slightly. Then she heard George’s voice speaking. He was telling her of his girl, his sweetheart, whose picture she held.

“Yes, Alice,” he was saying, “I am in love, and I wish to tell you about my sweetheart.” He paused, and she could feel his eyes upon her, although she did not look up at him. He was studying her face intently, and not a passing expression did he miss. Why did he wish to tell her this? If he had only known that she herself loved him, then, perhaps, he would not have forced her to listen to the story of his love for another. Alice could scarcely speak, and yet her own silence seemed to weigh heavily upon her. She must not let him know; she must appear to be interested.

“Is this her picture?” she asked.

“That picture is the picture of a girl I love. That girl—but listen—I will tell you of the girl that I love most of all in the world—of my sweetheart. Listen; and when I am done, tell me if I could do otherwise than love her. First of all, she is beautiful. Her dark brown hair frames a round, full face that shines with youthful color, and her deep, brown eyes seem to look at one with an expression, tender beyond all belief. Her little red lips are always parted in a smile, showing her gleaming white teeth. But the beauty, though great, is not what counts in her. Her character is more

beautiful than her face. She is the very soul of modesty and of tenderness." Alice sat with far away eyes, gazing into the fire and saying nothing. George was still studying her intently.

"This girl," and he pointed at the picture which Alice held, "this girl lives in the West where I am going now. I shall see her very soon. I love her, and soon I shall be with her again."

"You should be very happy," said Alice, almost in a whisper. And then she added as if to herself: "And so this is your sweetheart!"

"No; that is not my sweetheart." She looked up in surprise. "No," he repeated, "*that* is not my sweetheart but *this* is." He stooped and took one of her hands in his. Alice started, and thrust his hand aside, and the blood flew into her cheeks.

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Alice, I mean that I love you; and that I have loved you for weeks and weeks, but I have been afraid to tell you. I had scarcely hoped to win you. But I have been studying you while I was talking just now. You do care something for me, don't you?"

Alice bowed her head, and he took her hand again.

"No," she exclaimed, and drew her hand from his once more. "No! You just told me that you loved this girl in the picture."

"And I do. That girl—but look on the other side of the picture."

Alice turned it over and read there: "From your sister in the West."

"But, but, the girl you told me you loved just now—the girl you were describing?"

"That girl was you."

Again his hand grasped hers. His arm encircled her waist. His head bowed down towards here; and then—then—the light in the fire died away, its last spark went out, and left the entire scene in darkness.

The Old Miser of Lantern Yard

B. D. M'CUBBINS

Poor deluded old Silas Marner! Chasing a miserable spider-fly just because he had tasted the bitter dregs of the world's wine, and hurting himself even more in the chase, until at last, caught and led back gently to light, faith, and hope by a silken chain in the tiny fingers of a little child!

Silas Marner's character is marked by simple greatness as one worthy of deep study. His impressionable, guileless, trusting nature did not understand men, nor suspect them because he was true and honest himself. He was generous and self-sacrificing, with a leaning towards those who assumed a position of greater knowledge and power in worldly things; slow and painstaking in his habits, though superstitious and narrow-minded, but yet with a determination which would carry him into the shades of death to satisfy his conception of right and wrong, and a magnanimity, even in his narrow-mindedness and illiteracy, that would have graced a nobleman.

His greatest imperfection was his own selfish sensitiveness. All his later faults grew from this one source. He was not a miser by nature. The fatal fascination that the glittering, golden dollars had for him was only a temporary illusion. Before he came to Ravelee he cared nothing for gold beyond its native worth. But there, in the lonely life he led, aimless, monotonous, with all ambition and hope gone—when the golden dollars poured into his hands, he yielded and worshipped Mammon because there was nothing else to which his benumbed, wounded heart could turn; and a man's mind, under such circumstances, naturally demands a diversion to keep him from going mad.

What could be a more pathetic picture than the deluded old miser, after securely bolting the door and jealously shutting out all sunlight, creeping, with trembling hands and glistening eyes, to the secret hole under the floor, reaching

down with desire-distended fingers to bring forth his treasure for his evening revel—to spread it out before him in front of the blazing fire, to caress it and “bathe his long, lean fingers in the glittering pile,” to feast upon it, to eat it, drink it, and feast his soul therewith! And then again, later, to see him screaming and wringing his hands in agony and “moaning low as one who seeks not to be heard,” when he discovered his precious gold, his supremely precious gold, wrested from him!

In Lantern Yard, Silas Marner was a mild, uncontradictory person “of clear eyes and white hands,” who regarded friendship as something sacred. Humility, simplicity, and sincerity as clear as the falling snow were his chief characteristics. After he was wronged by his best friend and unjustly convicted for the crime of another by that institution to whom he, secure in his innocence, looked for his vindication, he dashed to the ground the sacredness of friendship and became a bitter misanthrope. His words, “There is no just God, but a God of lies that bears false witness against the innocent,” are not the vicious blasphemy they seem, but the sudden outburst of a faith blinded in selfishness, the awakening of an overtrusting disposition to the falsity of human nature.

When little Eppie came into his barren life, he indeed found his gold returned to him in another form and he received it with a heart that was redoubled in thankfulness tenfold; but a thankfulness of a purer, higher kind, one steeped in the nectar fountain of human kindness and enlightenment. In those days he would have trod on thorns rather than wantonly crush a crawling caterpillar. It was amusing to see the fond, kind-hearted old bachelor blundering around in his rough kindness and sorely tried at Eppie’s mischievousness, not in anger but in fear lest she might not grow up to be a good girl, as Mrs. Winthrop had explained to him. But he resolves to become a martyr to Eppie’s pranks rather than step on her majesty’s miniature train. In his new-found

happiness the glittering illusion of the gold passed away and he wondered at his folly, "And now, I was just a-wondering, since the gold has come back, what to do with it." Doubtless then, Silas Marner understood "how God puts us on our backs that we might look heavenward."

The Sower

Scattering the grain; he needs must toil,
Who hopes to win great increase from the soil;
Must fence and dig from break of dawn till late;
Then, having toiled, must bide his time and wait.

Biding his time; though all the sons of men,
Feverish, rush on to bourne beyond their ken;
Must stand, faith girded, signs of growth to catch,
Since growth takes time, must, all unceasing, watch.

Watching with eyes that tireless vigils keep,
While lesser souls shake off their cares in sleep;
Must fend the crop from hurt it cannot cope
Withal; give stroke for stroke, in patience and in hope.

Hoping in faith, e'en though his longing soul
May see, as yet, no guerdon of the goal;
Needs, reaching up to unseen hands alway,
Must toil and wait and watch and hope and pray.

Praying for light to see beyond the veil,
What time his earth-born vision seems to fail;
Praying for strength, to grip his wavering will,
To hear the calming call of "Peace be still."

In peace, brave toiling 'neath a scorching sun;
In peace, calm waiting till the day be done;
In peace, through sorrow till the prize be won;
In peace, till bitterness and strife be gone.

* * * * *

Now from the fields that he in spring-time sowed
Himself, creator, beareth ripened sheaves
Into the spacious Granary of God.

A Christmas Fox Chase

CARLOS U. LOWRANCE

Dr. Lewis lived in a small town in the fertile piedmont section of North Carolina. On the evening of December 24th, he came in from a long trip in the country. As he climbed stiffly out of his car, he said to his chore-boy, "Ben, saddle up Dick and go tell the boys to come around early in the morning and bring all their dogs, and we will try 'Old Tam'." "Old Tam" was a wise, swift, and cunning fox who gained his sobriquet from his elusiveness, for he was as difficult to catch as the proverbial will-o'-the-wisp or Tam O'Shanter.

The next morning about four-thirty o'clock the doctor was aroused from his slumbers by the mellow blast of a fox horn coming from the direction of the barnyard. He arose quickly and dressed, then went to the dining-room and hastily ate a few cold beef sandwiches. He next slipped an innocent-looking flask into his coat pocket, drew on his gloves, took up his horn and whip, and went out to the motley crowd of hunters assembled in the barnyard. He greeted them all with a "Merry Christmas!" and passed the flask to a man standing near, who took a healthy "swig" and handed it to the man next to him. After going around, the flask was returned to the doctor almost empty. He chuckled, put it in his pocket, mounted his restless horse and with a "Let's go get him, men!" cantered out of the gate. Mr. Gregory, a guest of the doctor's from a nearby city, rode by his side. The remainder of the party, a half-dozen gentlemen of the town and three or four farmers, followed in two's and three's. The party went towards the Yount Woods, a large tract of timber and undergrowth lying about a mile from the river and two miles from town.

Here "Old Tam" had his haunts, much to the ire and despair of the farmers in that locality, but they were sportsmen and would not shoot or trap him. In a dense cane

thicket bordering a small stream, he had made his lair, and was sleeping quietly. It was, however, that peculiar sleep of all wild animals in which their alert ears and noses are sensitive to the slightest sound or scent of danger. Once he raised his head and listened, for he thought he caught the faint, far-off cry of a hound. "Urr! only a bad dream," he growled to himself and dozed off again.

On arriving at their destination, the hunters urged on the eager hounds, which were sniffing about in the frost searching for the scent of the trail made by the fox the evening before. After many false openings by the younger hounds, the melodious voice of the old strike-dog pealed out, far down in the woods. The other hounds joined in and gradually the trail became warmer. "Old Tam" raised his head again. Ah! no dream this time, but grim reality; springing up and shaking himself, he bounded away, while the foremost dog was yet a hundred yards distant. The leading hound quickly covered this distance, and reaching the vacant, but still warm bed of the fox, he raised his head, yelled his war-cry, and the chase was on! The sun had just risen.

The fox made a grand circle and swept past the group of men, bounding smoothly over the earth, fur shining, ears erect, and fluffy brush stretched out straight behind. After erect, and fluffy brush stretched out straight behind. After the older ones blending with the shrill yelps of the younger in a great volume of sound which is glorious music to the ear of the true fox-hunter.

"He's headed down the river to the big bottoms," said an old hunter, "and will circle back next to the woods around 'Graveyard Hill' "—so named because it was once an Indian burying ground. "Man! ain't they drivin' him!" he cried. Then he let out his voice in the famous fox-hunter's yell, and the distant hills across the river caught up and tossed back the rolling echoes. The fox and hounds finally passed out of sight around a hill covered with open stubble-fields; they were so far away that the dogs resembled a group of vari-col-

ored butterflies skimming along after a grey ball of thistle-down which floated away ahead of them.

Gradually the noise of the dogs died away in the distance. The hunters and horses became restless, but no one ventured to question the prophecy of the veteran hunter, except a small country boy, mounted on a sleepy and decrepit grey mule, who sighed and drawled out, "Doc, I don't believe that old fox is ever comin' back." Just then some one cried, "Listen!" and everyone did so with bated breath. The old man was right; sure enough the fox had taken exactly the route he had said it would. On they came, pursuers and pursued, one running for glory, the other for life. As they came into view, it was seen that the fox was tiring; his coat was wet, and his brush was sinking lower. The dogs were closer to him, but several had fallen out of the race. The sight of the hunters, yelling like demons, seemed to inspire both fox and hounds to a fresh burst of speed, and away they streamed up the river, through wide meadows, and out of hearing again into another tract of timber. Here "Old Tam" attempted some of his famous tricks, endeavoring to throw the dogs off the trail. But no! they were pressing him so closely that he turned again to his native heath.

Again he was sighted by the hunters, but he presented a sorry sight now compared to the beautiful creature which had leaped forth in the early morning. Bloody froth coated his chops, and his pretty brush—his principal ornament usually—was now its greatest curse. The melting frost had wet it, and it had become plastered with mud, thus giving him a burden to carry in addition to his tired body. This last grueling stretch of the chase had wrought havoc with the hounds also, for of the original seventeen only five were now loping breathlessly along in the rear of their quarry.

After leaving the timber he "plugged" back down to the bottoms again. He wound about through the cane-brakes, then toiled up over a sedge-field and entered a thicket of stubby pines and undergrowth. He dodged here and there,

but in vain; he was pushed into the open by the panting hounds. He swung down across a long slope to the bottoms in his last desperate spurt for life. The hunters galloped after, for they knew that the end was near. When the fox reached the foot of the slope, with straining, bloodshot eyes he sighted a friendly thicket and dashed for it. It happened to be the very one from which he had started in the early morning. A wide gulley intervened; he made a frantic leap for the farther side, but fell two feet short. He rolled to the bottom and was instantly covered by the snapping hounds. He gave one shrill squall of agony, and then the days of "Old Tam" were ended. Nothing was heard except the snarling of the hounds as they worried the limp body. The hunters came up, and since Mr. Gregory had the good fortune to arrive first, he was, of course, awarded the brush.

"Fours hours and twenty minutes," said Dr. Lewis. The party then swung around to return to the hospitable home of the doctor for a great Christmas dinner; after which, amid the wine and cigars, the entire chase would be run again from reveille to taps.

Who Was Right?

J. H. SMALL, JR.

It was nine o'clock one evening in Southern New Hampshire in the foothills of the White Mountains. The bright September moon glistened upon Silver Lake far down the hillside. Among the birches one could hear the stealthy progress of a "porcy." Save that and the faint pop-pop of a distant motor-canoe, all was silent. We of Samarcand tent-house were early to bed that night. The younger members of the summer camp were already quiet.

Some one stirred sleepily in his bunk. By degrees, regretfully, a conversation began. The spell of the night drove away sleep. It was not long before our talk turned to experiences.

"Say, Uncle Bill! What was your most exciting time in college?" said Jim May to Uncle Bill Johnson, our tent-master.

"Oh, I can tell you that all right. Do you want a long story?"

"Sure," came from all of us.

"Well it was in my sophomore year, about Christmas time. We were getting ready for our annual class dinner in Boston. At my college it was customary for the sophomores and freshmen to have these dinners and for one class to try to break up the other's dinner. If the president of a class was captured, the dinner was considered a failure.

"That year we had a particularly good plan. A committee was appointed to go across a field to a spot about a half mile from the college where there was a group of buildings. Its duty was to collect a mass of material for a big bonfire. Then we had another committee of two who promised to get the key to the tower and ring the bell for a fire alarm. A special train was engaged, a big dinner ordered, and all seemed in readiness.

"Six o'clock on the appointed night the bonfire blazed

forth. But everything would have fallen through if two old faithfuls had not begun to yell 'fire' at the top of their voices. You see at the last moment the fellows who were to ring the bell failed us.

"Well there was only one thing to do. I rushed into the Dean's office, which was empty at that time of day, got the key to the tower, and rushed up stairs. Unlocking the tower door, I found that the rope had been cut by some freshman who evidently suspected something was up. However, I crawled up the ladder and lay down on my back by the wheel attached to the bell. It was too cramped for standing. Down below everybody was shouting, and as the historic bell pealed forth, the clamor increased.

"I stuck to the job for a few minutes until very quietly, very suddenly, the head and shoulders of a prominent member of the faculty appeared.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Johnson?" said he.

"'Ringing the bell,' I answered.

"'Report to the office, when you come below.'

"'Yes sir.'

"You may be sure that I didn't ring much longer. But I knew that if I stopped at the office, I would be caught and the banquet would be a failure—"

"You were president then?" broke in one of us.

"Yes, so I didn't stop, but hurried away to the special train. To get to it by the shortest way, I cut across the fields in a direction towards the fire. The funny part about it was that here I met with a big husky freshman. As we ran together, I thought how lucky it was that he didn't recognize me in the dusk. But I soon branched off and reached the train, to the great relief of the rest of the bunch.

"Well, we got to Boston and had our dinner. It was a great success. Everybody was rejoicing at the way we had fooled the freshmen. However, they knew that there was trouble to come, and they agreed to stick by me if anything happened.

"The next day I was called to the office. I explained matters as best I could, but the faculty couldn't see that I had enough provocation to disobey direct orders."

"What happened?" we all said at once.

"Well, it didn't take them long to decide to fire me, but my class immediately objected, drew up resolutions against me being fired, and sent a committee to the faculty. Since this alone didn't do any good, the freshmen class did the same thing. Then the juniors followed."

"You must have felt mighty important," came from my bunk.

"It was too exciting for that. But listen to what happened next! After a couple of days of deliberation by the senior council, the senior class sent a petition to the president of the college, announcing itself as favoring all steps taken by the other classes; but the college would not change its decision, and I had to go home. That didn't please the student body, however. After a few days, when it was seen that there was seemingly no indication of voluntary action by the college, in the same order in which they had presented their petitions, every class in college struck."

"Struck!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, every one, even the seniors, a great many of them of very moderate means, to whom a degree meant everything."

"Did the college give in?"

"No. It called a meeting of the trustees, who went all over the whole affair. I had to return and tell all I knew. Even then they refused to consider the petition of the senior council, but the students, all of whom had remained in college, refused to give in also."

"What happened?" asked Jim May.

"Well, each side held out for two weeks, but public opinion all over New England at last made the college agree to let me return."

"Did they give you a fair show after that?" I asked.

“Why, yes. The authorities didn’t seem to have any hard feeling about the matter.”

“It’s evident that the students didn’t, with you president of the class in your senior year, captain of the baseball team, captain of the basketball team, and crack football, hockey, and track man,” interposed Henry Hayes.

“Maybe that’s why they wanted him back,” laughed Charlie Weeks.

“But tell me, Uncle Bill, all things considered, who do you think was in the right?” I questioned.

“I guess I’ll leave that to you,” said Bill.

To the Belgian Christmas

BY JOVE

'Tis Christmas Eve, and o'er the war-swept land
 Each Belgian child sets out his wooden shoe,
 Expecting dear old Santa, kind and true,
 Who e'er before has come with liberal hand.
 But on the morn the shoe doth empty stand,
 And vainly seeks the child for presents new,
 For mother's dollars are alas too few
 Since father has been planted in the sand.
 And thus the iron heel of war has trod
 Relentless o'er the joys of humble life,
 And stained with father's blood the native sod,
 While o'er the land bloodshed and murder rife
 Profane the sacred laws of man and God
 And justice far hath fled the maddening strife.

A Heart That is Broken

D. L. EDWARDS

A heart that is broken is stricken with grief,
 Try as it may it will find no relief.

Life's pleasures are flown,

All happiness gone;

But anguish and pain

In the heart remain—

Yes, anguish and pain and sorrow alone,
 So the rest of life will doubtless be brief.

A heart that is broken will wither away,
 Pining and wasting from day to day:

Of course, as you know,

There's an outward show—

A weary smile

That lingers awhile,

And then—the lifeblood ceases to flow,
 For a heart that is broken is broken for aye.

Jane's Lover

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<i>Sue</i>	}	<i>Six girls, sixteen or seventeen years old.</i>
<i>Tommy</i>		
<i>Cat</i>		
<i>Patty</i>		
<i>Jane</i>		
<i>Rene</i>		
<i>Jack</i>		<i>A good-looking young man.</i>

ACT I

SCENE I.—A BOARDING SCHOOL

A girl's room—in a boarding school—in school-girl disorder. Girls sitting on bed, trunks, floor, everywhere except on chairs. Jane, Patty, Cat, Sue, Tommy, and Rene. Jane dressed in an exceedingly plain school dress. Other girls dressed for dinner in latest fashion.

Patty (standing at the dressing table, powdering her face, discovers a box of rouge). Jane, whose rouge is this? Is it possible that it's yours? But of course it isn't. Do you know that as long as I've known you, I've never seen you "dolled up?"

Rene. Nor I. I wonder how you would look! I'm terribly afraid you're going to ruin our class by being an old maid if you don't change.

Sue. Why, of course she is. She's a regular man-hater anyway.

*Tommy. I bet she had a love affair once and the man—
Jane (laughing). Oh, yes, of course, and the man ran away, or—*

Patty. Oh, Jane, don't be so sarcastic. Tell us about it—sure enough. Don't you even like boys? You're the only single girl in our crowd that hasn't had some friend come to see her.

Jane. The only *single* girl! Who's married? Why, Patty, I thought a good many girls had been to see me.

Patty. Oh, yes, girls; you have more girl friends than all the rest of us put together. But boy! You've never had any boy friends come.

Jane. Boys aren't everything.

Patty. How about the man you met—no, not exactly met—but the man you talked to so freely on the train Christmas? How many times is it now he's been?

Cat. Oh, you girls hush! I don't see what room you have to talk.

Patty. Now, that's just like you, Cat. Well, anyway, each time he's failed to come he's always had some perfectly excusable excuse.

Cat. Oh, yes, I believe the first time he had bought him some oxen and had to go and try them—before he could take you riding, of course; and the second time he had bought him a piece of ground—presumably for you a home—and the third time he had married him a wife.

Patty. Well, Cat, you see I'm not wearing widow's weeds. I've plenty others.

Cat. Oh, of course. But then he did have such big, soulful eyes.

Rene. Yes, so trustful—. But, tell us, Jane, suppose you were to have a real "*sho 'nough*" beau; what would you do?

Cat. Why, fall on his neck, of course, and say, "O, you Darling! Lo, I have waited for *thee* all these many years—"

(*Knocks heard at the door.*)

Girls (*all yelling together*). Come!

(*Enter maid with a huge box of candy.*)

Maid. For Miss Jane; and please, you are wanted at the telephone.

Jane (*jumping up*). For me?

Others (*crowding around*). For Jane?

Jane. Are you sure it's for me?

Patty. Oh, look for the card.

Rene. Yes, do. I'm wild to see who it is.

Maid. But, Miss Jane, you're wanted *by* the 'phone.

Tommy. Go, quick and see who it is. We'll tend to the candy while you do that.

(Exit Jane and the maid).

Patty. Do you suppose it's anyone.

Cat. Why, no! of course it isn't any one—just a cross wire, sounded like Jane.

Patty. Oh, Cat, you know what I meant.

Cat (mockingly). Certainly Pat. Do you suppose he has those heavenly eyes?—

Patty. Cat, you're the meanest girl in the world. Won't you ever get the candy open, Tommy? I want to see the card.

Tommy. There isn't any card that I can find. Besides, I'm lots more interested in the candy part.

Sue. How nice and thoughtful of him to leave his card out. 'Cause now if she doesn't like him, she doesn't have to send the candy back—for she doesn't know.

Patty. Why, I wouldn't send it back anyway.

Sue. No, you wouldn't Patty. But Jane, why Jane's different from anybody.

Tommy. You don't think we ought to wait until Jane gets back, do you? I'm just starved for some candy. Can't I have just one piece?

Sue. No, Tommy, don't be a pig. Let's wait.

Rene. But who do you suppose could have sent Jane this? I do wish she would hurry. I'm just eaten up with curiosity.

Jane (entering breathlessly). Oh, girls. He's coming!

All except Tommy. He? Who's he?

Tommy. May we eat it?

Jane. Why, my—*(stopping with a sudden thought)*—my dearest boy.

Sue. That from Jane! "*Her dearest boy.*" Sludge, that sounds like Patty.

Patty. It doesn't do it. You never heard me say anything that slushy.

Cat. Now, Patty, you know what you said about your trainmen: "O, Cat, dear, when I looked into those heavenly eyes, I knew that I had found my man—"

Patty. If you say another single word, I'll never speak to you again.

Rene. Jane, tell us is he coming? What does he look like?

Tommy (eating candy). I hope he's as nice as his candy. Won't you girls have some?

Patty. Where did you find him?

Cat (looking at Patty). What color are his eyes?

Jane. I haven't time to answer all those questions. He's going to be out here in half an hour to see me.

All. Oh, you must dress up!

Patty. Jane, please for just once dress up fluffy. Put on that new pink dress of Cat's and let her curl your hair.

All. Please do. Just this once to please us.

Cat. Yes, Jane, dear, won't you wear my pink dress? Come on, I'll take you up to my room and make you a butterfly.

Jane. Well, to please you girls. But I'll feel so foolish.
(*Exit Jane and Cat.*)

Patty. I wonder what he looks like. Girls, I'm just dying to see. Can you imagine Jane and a man. I wonder how she will act. Like an iceberg, I suspect.

All. Oh, this is truly romantic. I wish we could see it through.

Patty. Well let's do. Girls, I've thought of a plan. Jane never gets mad with any one, and she wouldn't with us even if she were to find out. You know those four big pictures Miss Jennings has on exhibition in the library? Well, that's where she will have to take him.

Tommy. In the pictures?

Patty. No, you goose, in the library. Don't infuriate me. Well, we'll hide behind the pictures and pull off a big joke.

Tommy. Now that would be lovely, wouldn't it? Since when, *Patty*, have you started eavesdropping?

Patty. But that would just be a joke and wouldn't be "sure enough."

Sue. What if he should see us? What would we say?

Rene. I think that would be dreadfully embarrassing.

Patty. But he won't see us. Will you girls do it? Just think of the fun!

All. Well, we'll risk it. But let's be careful.

Sue. I know, let's black our faces so he won't know us.

Patty. Pray, when did you meet him? "So he won't know us?"

Sue. I meant so he won't know us when he does know us.

Patty. For my part, I would rather have him see *me* as I am.

Tommy. Well, I don't think eavesdropping is a bit nice. But I would like to thank him for his nice candy.

Rene. I'm just anxious enough to see what Jane's lover looks like to do most anything.

Patty. Who said he loved her? Maybe he doesn't know many attractive girls. When he meets—

Tommy. Undoubtedly, you are the most conceited girl. So you would even rob Jane of her only beau?

Patty. Oh, no. I guess he'll be as ugly as possible, wear great big steel-rimmed glasses and have to look over them to see; will come in and say (*imitates*): "How do you do, Miss Jane? So glad to see you. Found an interesting article on the development of the mind, and thought I would like for you to read it."

(*Girls all laugh*)

Rene. Good! Now, what will Jane say?

Patty (imitating Jane, as if embarrassed). "Oh, Mr. Israel, it's so kind of you to think of me. Would you prefer sitting on your hat or hanging yourself?"

(Roar from girls)

Sue. Hush! Here comes Jane.

(Enter Cat and Jane. Jane in pink, a beauty, with her hair in latest fashion. Girls all astounded.)

Cat. Miss Jane Smith, young ladies.

Patty. Why, Jane! You are positively beautiful. I can't believe my eyes.

Jane. Oh, Patty, so kind of you.

Sue. You are the prettiest girl in school.

Rene. It that the way you looked when you fell in love with him?

Patty. Jane, you are just a little too pale. Come here, let's make you rosy. You look too much like a lily, and men love roses (*rouges her cheeks*). Now, your lips—so when he kisses you tonight— (*Girls all scream "Kisses!" One peal of laughter after another*).

Sue. Imagine Jane! Patty, that's the best joke I've ever heard you pull off.

Patty. Now you're perfect. Well, girls, let's go and let her enjoy her last few minutes alone. By the way, Jane, here's this week's *Puck* you may take down so if you get too bored with each other.

(Exit all except Jane and Cat.)

Cat. Jane, be on your guard. They're up to something. There, I hear the bell. I wish you much luck.

(Curtain.)

ACT II

SCENE I.—THE LIBRARY IN THE BOARDING SCHOOL

Room furnished as a library, but with four large oil paintings leaning against the wall in back of room. A settee with the back to the pictures and a long distance from them. Patty, Rene, Tommy, and Sue, each behind a picture. One picture is heard whispering to another picture.

First Picture. My, but they're taking a mighty long time to get in from the hall. I wish we could have heard the greeting, but we just couldn't manage that.

Another picture. For heaven's sake hush? O, if they should see us.

A third picture. I wish I hadn't come.

First picture. Oh, wait; you can take a nap while he's reading her the development—

(*Enter Jane and a tall, good-looking man.*)

Jack. Can this be Jane? Why, I haven't got my breath yet. Jane, is it really you?

Jane. Yes, Jack, it's the same Jane but a different style. Do you like me this way better?

First picture (a head peeking out shows it to be Patty). He's good looking (*in a whisper to nearest picture*).

Jack. Why, Jane, I can hardly say. But it's you still, and my eyes can hardly look elsewhere.

Another picture whispers. Pray that they won't!

Jane. Jack, dear, I'm just as glad to see you.

First picture. "Dear!" take notice.

Jane. It's been so long—to me, anyway. But I'm not offering you a seat. (*They sit down on the settee, with backs to the pictures.*)

Jack (taking both her hands). But you are still my little Jane, with all that change, aren't you?

Jane. Why, Jack, of course I'm still yours.

Jack. You haven't changed your mind yet? You still want me to have that little bungalow built for us next summer and you are going to be my little housekeeper?

Patty (aside rising up again). The eternal man. And he's so attractive, too? (*Sees him holding Jane's hand, says almost too loud, "Look, girls! Look."*)

(*Warning hands motion her to sit down appear from the other pictures.*)

Jane. Are you sure there isn't some one else you would rather have? Haven't you met some girl you'd rather have pour your tea?

Jack. Yes, I've met you. You're enough to keep me interested for a year anyway.

Patty (rising up again). The brute, well, I call that frank—a year, anyway! (*To the others*). He's still holding her hand. Please look! (*Others raise hands in supplication.*)

Jane. No, you will tire of me sooner than that, Jack, dear. But I can darn your socks and sweep floors and cook your meals.

Patty. You'll have that to do without offering, young lady.

Jack. Not much; no work for you. Nice long spins and tramps and games—all play for you for one year, my dear.

Jane. Oh, Jack, tell me all about your year. Has it been very happy?

Jack. Yes, happy, but not so happy but that I missed you.

Jane. Well, I've missed you too, Oh! so much! But the girls have been so sweet to me. But they think I'm queer not having any boy friends. I never mentioned you to them. They don't know anything about me except that I'm just here. I've never even told them I have a brother, because I was so afraid some girl would like me because I have a good-looking brother, and I wanted them to like me for my own self.

Jack. Well, I'm sure only a brute of a brother would object to being unknown with such a reason as that. And have you succeeded in making them love the real Jane?

Jane. Oh, yes, they seem to, for they are all so considerate of my feelings, especially Patty.

Jack. Um, anything but a Patty. I never in the world could like a Patty.

Jane. But, Jack, she has the dearest turned up nose and the reddest hair, and is so sweet and shy.

Patty (aside rising again). I haven't. I'm not. I'll get even with you for that, Jane. (*Shakes her fist. Other pictures motionless.*)

Jane. Oh, that's what you think, but if you should meet her, I know I should be jealous. Then there's Tommy and Sue and Rene—such dear girls!

Jack. Oh, I know they must be, if you like them. But I know I should still like you best if I knew them all. Jane, you know the boys say I'm the most indifferent man to femininity they ever saw.

Patty. I just wish I could get a try at you.

Jane. I'm so glad. I wouldn't like for you to love all the girls. And I think you are the dearest boy anywhere.

Jack. Now, that's a new Jane—to be flattering. But you can't turn my head. You do like me best, though, don't you, dear?

Jane. Do I? Best of any one else in the world. Ever since the time when I wore gingham aprons and you pulled my hair to tease me, there's been no one else but Jack.

Jack. You don't look like that little Jane tonight.

Jane. But Jack, just look what time it is! If you don't go you will miss your train.

Jack. I haven't seen you a minute, it seems. How about letting that train go and going tomorrow.

Jane. No, business before pleasure. Besides, summer isn't so very long off and you will see me so much then. Kiss me good-bye and run on like a good boy.

(All girls rise from behind pictures.)

Patty (low). Kiss you good-bye. Can that be Jane?

Others (gasping). Jane? *(Stand with their mouths open in astonishment.)*

(Jack takes her in his arms and kisses her.)

Patty (counting). One, two, three, four, five, six).

Jack. Good-bye, you dearest, dearest sis.

Jane. And good-bye, you dearest, dearest brother.

(Girls fall back against wall as if stunned. Just as Jack goes out. Jane turns and waves to them. Curtain.)

Editorial

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is here again. Already we are beginning to feel the holiday spirit in our bones, and we are longing for the good times at home. We are anxious to gather around the family hearth again and to enjoy the merry spirit of the great holiday. Christmas has perhaps lost some of the fascination and mystery of our younger days, but it is still a most welcome occasion for us all. Christmas for the children has one meaning; for the grown-ups another, but for both it means a time of happiness and mirth. Each one of us remembers the time when he used to hang up his stocking before the fireplace and wait anxiously and impatiently for the approach of old Santa. Oh how wakeful we are! How full of curiosity! and how eager we are to catch the dear old fellow in the act! Finally from sheer exhaustion we are forced to give up to sleep. And oh! What a change takes place while we sleep! At the first sign of day we are awake. Lo! instead of the empty stocking of the night before we see one stuffed with all kinds of good things to eat and overflowing with toys. The Christmas spirit gets us completely under its influence, and we enjoy the occasion to the fullest extent.

We have grown older. Christmas is seen by us now from a somewhat different viewpoint and it has something of a different meaning. We begin for the first time to see the serious side of Christmas, to realize why we celebrate it, and to understand something of the spirit of the occasion. The great festival, commemorating the birth of the Saviour, brings us year by year the assurance that God still loves the world and cares for each of us. The realization of the sacredness of the occasion dawns upon us with all its all-pervading influence. It is a time when the boundaries of earth and heaven seem to touch and intermingle and when the love of

God makes itself felt in the hearts of men. It is a time of "peace on earth, good will toward men." For God so loved the world that he changed a cold, gray, cheerless wintry day into the happy Christmas occasion.

There has grown up about the Christmas festivities many hallowed customs notable among which is the practically universal custom of giving. From the faithful old darkey who greets us on Christmas morning with a "Christmas gif', boss" to the most influential citizens of our country this custom holds sway during Christmas time. And is it not meet and appropriate that this should be the case? For certainly giving is the highest expression of one's good will and love. It is by planning and carrying out our plans of making others happy that we come nearest to God. We ourselves are happy in making others happy, and nothing produces happiness for both the giver and the receiver as do Christmas gifts. Of course Christmas giving does not mean the spending of large sums of money for gifts in return for which we expect other gifts. Rather it is giving where we do not expect gifts. Christmas giving is the putting of one's whole soul into the business of making others happy. "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us," says Saint John, speaking of God's great gift to humanity. On Christmas Day God gave his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to a sin-cursed world. Ought not this then to be a time of giving?

Christmas then is the best time of the year—but let Scrooge's nephew tell us about it in his own words: "I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other

journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

THE BRAXTON CRAVEN CONTEST

A warning has recently been sounded to those who are interested in submitting essays in competition for the Braxton Craven Prize to get busy with their theses at once. It is really time that this work was begun, for the task of writing a literary essay is by no means as easy as some would think, and it cannot be well done in a short while. Although the essays are not to be submitted to the committee in charge until April 15, yet it is not too soon to begin to get interested in looking up material. Considerable time is required for research and reference work, for a systematic study of the facts as a whole, and for the final arrangement and presentation of the conclusions drawn.

The chief criticism made in reference to the contests of the previous years has been in regard to the scarcity of contestants. Last year there were only four contestants, and the year before there were not many more. This should not be the condition of affairs. This contest is open to all undergraduates in Trinity College taking regular courses, and the medal is awarded by the committee in charge to that contestant whose essay is adjudged to be the best literary treatment of any given subject. The ability to express in literary English one's views on subjects of interest is no mean accomplishment and the honor is well worth striving for. Let us get busy and make the contest this year a lively one.

Alumni Department

ALUMNI POEM

N. I. WHITE, '13

(Read at Alumni Dinner, Commencement, 1914)

You who have fared across the heavy seas,
 You who have felt the sting of salty spray,
 You who have faced the mighty winds that sweep
 Across the lonely distances, once more
 You come to rest within the Mother Port.

Aye, you have tales to tell,—a ringing tale
 Of high emprise, perchance, in art's demesne,
 A tale of triumph in the streets of trade,
 A tale of humming industries that spring
 From mighty minds, ^{and} capable strong hands,
 A manly tale, a worthy and a fair,
 Of those who walk the little paths of life,
 With blithe, courageous footsteps swinging on;
 A tale, perchance, a grand and noble tale
 Of those who fought, and fought, and ever fought
 Against the odds of fortune, and who fell—
 Ah! fell, but with a spirit yet defiant!

But featly deeds are their own best narrators,
 And all today, within these campus gates,
 Are yet once again, with deeds undone;
 Youths in the merry buoyancy of youth,
 Youths in the splendor of a dream un-lived;
 And you who hear the daily symphonies
 Of trade and commerce, lusty-throated hymns,
 From all the old Earth's laborers, might love

youths

To hear again a simple campus song,
Singing the haunting melodies that thrill,
Unspoken, through our mellow campus lights.

There are lights upon the highways,
Fairy lights upon the by-ways,
 There are lights within the arches of the sky,
There are blinding lights of splendor,
There are home-lights gleaming tender,
 There are lights within a rougish lassie's eyes;

But it's O for the campus lights a-glisten, O for the
 campus lights a-glow,
To stand in the shadows and look and listen, and breathe
 of the magic thoughts that flow;
Here in the green of a light that's shaded, here in a
 driveway flooded white,
To smother the cares of a soul pervaded with all the
 sombreness of night.

Twinkle of dew where the lamp-light greets it—gems
 from the court of Allahabad,
Golden earth where a stray gleam meets it—finer than
 gold that Croesus had,
Distant shadows that move uncertain, murmur of voices
 rising slurred,
And never a voice from back of a curtain but breathes
 a romance yet unheard.

These are the lights of the future gleaming. This is the
 light of a lord of trade;
That is the light of a great soul teeming with magic yet
 unmade;
This is the light of a young Apollo; that is the light of
 a youthful Burke,
And all are the lights of the men that follow the Holy
 Grail of the great God Work.

O lights of green, and lights of yellow, merry and sad
 with the throbs of life,
 Singing the dream of the college fellow, singing the song
 of his battle strife,
 You are the lights of a human vision, you are the lights
 of a star new-found,
 You who have fashioned the fields Elysian out of the sky
 and the golden ground!

So its campus lights of yellow
 For the jolly college fellow,
 With their merry, merry summons as they twinkle
 from afar,
 Till the God of all creation
 Holds his last ~~great recitation~~, *Examination*
 And shows us what the true lights are.

The song is ended. Soon we all shall go
 About the great world's business, and forget
 Or think that we forget—in serving Fact,
 That ever Romance touched us on the sleeve
 And whispered youthful fair imaginings,
 Until another June, with flaming skies
 And fields aflame with daisies, heart aflame
 With tense unspoken poesy will dawn,
 And we shall feel the campus call again!

For its campus lights of yellow
 For every college fellow—
 'Tis a happy, happy summons as they twinkle from
 afar—
 Till the God of all creation
 Holds His last examination,
 And shows us what the true lights are.

GOOD-NIGHT

O star so bright,
 That gleamest, yet with ever lessening ray,
 In heaven a-down thy night-dogged passage-way,
 Find out the object of my love, and say
 To her, the while thou sweetly softenest
 The happy shadows that enfold her rest,
 That he who charged thee ne'er before hath guessed
 The painful depth and passion of the love
 He bears her; and hath closed the lingering day
 With prayer to gracious Heaven that it may
 Be ever kind and lavish with my girl
 In gifts of health and happiness,—my pearl,
 My priceless gem; and, 'mid the blinding whirl
 Of life, will ever pray the God above
 To keep her safe and peaceful in His love.
 And ere thou fade, caress her thrice, and say
 For me, "Good-night."

SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, my darling, sleep,
 God will safe guard keep;
 Sun hath fallen in the west,
 Twilight calleth all to rest.
 Sleep, my darling, sleep.
 Angel forms from heaven fleeting,
 On her lips impress my greeting!
 By the starshine soft caressed,
 Sleep, my loved one, sleep.

Sleep, my darling, sleep,
 Sunk in slumber deep,
 Calmly as the stars above,
 Gently as the breath of love,
 Sleep, my darling, sleep.

Soothed the pain and banished sorrow,
God will give a bright tomorrow.
While the night-time shadows rove
Sleep, my darling, sleep.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES—AND GOOD
AT EVERY ONE

T. J. GILL, JR., '14

“Do you know Jones—the man who runs a shop down on the corner?”

“Who, Bob Jones? Certainly, I know him.”

“What kind of a fellow is he?”

“Aw—well, I tell you, he’s a regular Jack-of-all-trades.”

“And good at none?”

“No, no, Jones is a regular genius. He has done everything from carpentering to bookkeeping—runs a bicycle shop now. And the beauty about Jones is that he becomes enthusiastic over everything—does everything well, but—he just will not stick to anything long enough. He’s always broke.”

Did you ever know a man like Jones? Did you ever make the acquaintance of a Jack-of-all-trades? You will find them everywhere, but not long in the same place. Do not misunderstand him. The Jack-of-all-trades is cursed with no poverty of intellect; he is not the incapable, slothful, easily discouraged man you would think him to be. He is controlled by the burning fires of change. He is actuated by the same impulse that causes the tramp to waste his life in profitless wanderings: the wanderlust as surely has its hold upon him. For him the time of life is too short to be spent in cultivating one small groove. He begins each new trade with zest; he makes friends with great ease, and his new business is soon booming. The next time you call around at his place of business you need not be sur-

prised to find a new proprietor in his place. Jones has departed. *Discouraged?* Oh, no; he has simply felt a call to a business which he has not yet tried. Having once adapted himself to certain conditions, he feels that the situation has nothing further to offer. This is one of the strangest phases in his character—*adaptability*. He has a mania for fitting himself into new conditions.

Is such a man as Jones educated? Certainly the power to adapt goes far towards attaining education, and the man who can adapt himself has a fair chance of success, but there can be too much of a good thing. Nothing is good of itself, but only in so far as it harmonizes and co-operates with other things. Even adaptability must have a balance, a check upon itself; and we find such a check in that quality which makes a man cling to the good that lies next to him. Jones has acquired only half of an education: he has breadth without depth. He is educated in that he can adapt himself to circumstances; he is uneducated in that he lacks the co-partner to adaptability, that is *stickability*.

To make a concrete, successful citizenship, then, it is necessary that these qualities be combined and harmonized. This is the task of education and more particularly of higher education. For the lower schools this is clearly too great a task—at least one for which they are not at present prepared. The graduate of the high school indeed has a mass of knowledge that tends toward adaptability; yet, if he pursues his education no further, it is stickability that he has acquired; the two are not yet harmonized. With too great an ability to stick the balance is yet uneven; there is depth without breadth.

The college today is interested in uniting these two qualities, adaptability with stickability. College courses are mapped out with just this in view, namely to give both breadth and depth. Thus the student is required to stick to some one thing: this one thing, however, must not claim his entire attention. There must be other things for the

purpose of broadening the student's interest so that he will not have an interest, but interests. His education is allowed to become neither too narrow nor too general. The college thus seeks to turn out a man who has these qualities combined in him to such an extent that he can succeed in any vocation. In short, the college is attempting to make out of every man a potential Jack-of-all-trades.

Wayside Wares

A NEGRO DEBATE

Debating is probably one of the oldest arts in existence. It is very likely, judging from the biblical account, that Adam and Eve had many warm discussions, and from that good time until this the art has been practiced more or less by the human race of both sexes. Modern civilization has seen fit to make of it a thing worthy of much study and the students of all schools are taught that it is a thing greatly to be desired. I have heard many debates from time to time, but it seems to me that the one I am going to tell about has more in its favor from a standpoint of false logic and incorrect conclusions than any I have heard.

While spending the summer in a certain village in North Carolina I attended a meeting of the local negro debating society. The negroes of the community, being eager to advance their meagre stock of knowledge, thought that a debating society was absolutely necessary to this end, so the society was duly organized. The president was, of course, the one individual of supreme importance and he was greatly puffed up with pride on account of the dignity of his office. He was president, critic, executive committee, marshall, and judge, and thus combined the functions of any well organized society in that he was the legislative, judicial, and executive force of the organization. Fearing that his decisions upon certain matters might be disputed, he kept a young cannon, which for lack of a better name is called a "bull-dog" revolver, near him and this never failed to add respect and admiration to his presidential administration.

The program was carried out much in the same way as they usually are. The admirers of the contestants lined up in their respective positions and exhorted very vehement-

ly for their favorites. It is very probable but for the president's artillery that the meeting would have ended in a free-for-all fight, but that dignitary was a great exponent of law and order, so with a few expressions of great dissatisfaction and threats of future vengeance, the defeated side left the room and retired to a near-by tiger where all their cares were drowned in "Western Tanglefoot."

Two other Americans were with me in this assembly of Afro-Americans, so the president waived his right of judge and conferred the honor of deciding the question upon "the most distinguished white gentlemen who am wid us dis ebenin'." Of course we accepted the honor and took our places. The president, who was known by the rather commonplace name of Si Grub, announced that two of the speakers were drunk and would not be present, but that Josephus Stovepipe, who would defend the affirmative, and Bologny Huckleberry, who was the "exponent" of the negative, would give us something to think about. He then read the question, "Resolbed, Dat de pen am mightier dan de swod," and called the first speaker. This speech struck me as being the better, and since he won the question, I'll give as much of it as I remember and in the words in which it was delivered.

"Presiden' Si Grub, most distinguishable, learned, and all-powful jedges, immodess disagreeer, ladies and gentlemen! It gib me a whole heap o' pain to 'pear on the pen side ob dis question—it allers did gib me pain to be on a pin nohow. But since I'se up har, I'se kwine to approve to your ignunce dat de pen sho am mightier dan de swod.

"Now de fust pint am dis, dat anything dat hab a pint am a pin. Now whut you got's say to dat, Bologny? Ob course we all knows dat dare am many diffunt kinds ob pins. Dare am de couplin' pin, de rollin' pen, de chicken pen, de bull pen, de cow pen, de ox pen, de calf pen, de shuck pen, de hog pen, de stick pen, de pen-itiary, and many oder pens dat I'se done gone and forgitted about. Dare-

fore, most illiterate jedges, when my opponunt make a pint, it am a pin and he am debatin' on my side ob de question. Remember dat!

"I'se gwine 'proach dis subject some mo by mentionin' a pin I lef' out while ago, and dat am de brooch pen. Den agin, Bologny, a swod hab a pint, and darefore it am a pen, so you see I got you dare.

"Now agin, mister jedges, supposin' dare war no pens, what would de wimmen folks and de chilluns keep dare dresses hooked up wid? Huh? In fac, gentlemen, dis am de only safe side ob de question anyhow, for who eber heard of a safety swod, and ebery one of us am more dan extrerodinary and dam nigh excruciatingly well familiur wid a utinsel known to all humernanity as de safety pin.

"An' you, Presiden' Si Grub, and you most cantankerous jedges, and you Bologny Huckleberry—you condemnation upon de heels of insanitary—how would youns fasten yore crib dore if it want fer er wooden pen? Den dare am annudder pint I wants to pint you to, and it had mo dan a pint of influence ober my opponunt, and dat am de pint ob good old co'n whiskey. Glory hallelugum, I e'n almos' tas 'er now.

"But to my mind and nose I knows dat de bes' pint I hab am de pen we's all familiur wid; it am in ebery back-ya'd in dis toun, it'll make you run when de swod will not, an' dis pint am de hog pen. Now on dis pint only I hab de question, so I'se gwine 'er remit de floo' to my disgussible negitater so dat he can show his ignunce."

Incog.

E d i t o r ' s T a b l e

The Wake Forest Student shows great improvement over the first issue of this magazine. In place of the long, tedious orations of the first number, short stories are substituted, which, with a number of poems and a few critical essays, form a good magazine. Of prime importance in the magazine is the essay, "The Highest Patriotism." The lesson from this admirable portrayal should come home to every thoughtful reader. "Social Life of the Restoration" is only fair; the writer does not seek to have studied very intensively the interesting customs of this period. "Mr. Snaggle," the story of a simple, generally unknown type of man; "Little Danny's Dream," a story of western cowboy life flavored with scenes from the stage; and "The Return of Jim Hardy," an original treatment of a rather gruesome subject;—all these stories show that considerable attention has been given to the purely literary side of the magazine. "The Faithful Worker" and "The Dream and the Mist," both contributions by the students, are good poems,—the latter surpassing the first both in literary style and lyrical rhythm. "The New Education," a product of the editor's brain, presents a new idea to the student probably not seriously enough considered before.

The composition of *The Georgian* for the past month shows a good selection both in short stories and verse. "Myra," a romantic tale of the mountains, has a certain amount of vim and go to it that sustains the reader to the end. Although rather long for a college magazine story, still the reader's interest is never allowed to lag. "A Romance from the Wiregrass" and "Unadulterated Dullness" are both entertain-

ing sketches;—probably these stories should not be classified together as they have nothing in common save that both are well written. The exhortation concerning the Rhodes Scholarships certainly comes at an opportune time. Students surely should heed this advice and avail themselves at least of some knowledge concerning this valuable prize. The sketch, “Franz Josef, Kaiser of Austria-Hungary,” contains an accurate review of the reign of this notorious ruler, and should be valuable to every war news fiend. The verse in this issue, “A Sonnet” and “Die Nachtlid,” are poems of unusual merit; both show a polished style. The editorial, or rather editorials, alone do not deserve any especial unfavorable criticism, and here we only wish to guard the editor against a rather too intimate style in addressing the students. The contents of the editorials are good,—the matter of fact way in which they are expressed, however detracts somewhat from their real value.

The Randolph Macon Monthly for the past month is a rather hard magazine to judge on account of its varied productions. Many poems lend variety to this edition and make a rather attractive volume.

THE RAN-
DOLPH
MACON
MONTHLY

“The Prodigal Calf,” a typical motion picture drama of a humorous nature, is well written and very entertaining. The other short story, “When Marble Speaks,” is a rather intangible story even to the moderately careful reader. The indefiniteness of the story necessitates its occupying a less conspicuous place in the magazine than it otherwise would. “The Image,” “The Gathering to Arms,” and “A Random Reverie,”—all deserve note as being better poems than the average college verse. The remainder of the verse is presented in rather piecemeal fashion; sincere efforts on the part of these contributors would have rendered the verse in this issue unusually good. The editorials are well written and are of genuine interest to the college student. Our main criticism of this magazine is the lack of a critical essay to

give poise to the number. "What is Sigma Upsilon?" is hardly anything more than an explanation and should not take the place of a discussion of some kind.

Possibly we were expecting too much on receiving the *Vanderbilt Observer* for November. At any rate we are somewhat disappointed in its contents. The **VANDERBILT OBSERVER** lack of any live short story is the chief criticism,—instead of this the magazine contains several narratives, none of which come up to our expectations. Possibly "An Empty Shell" is the best of the stories, although the plot is about as shallow as the love of the girl described. "Come Again" and "The Black Book" are both rather childish,—both could be excused, however, if some story of genuine merit added especial weight to this issue. To atone for the dearth of stories two good essays are published in the magazine. The title, "Woodrow Wilson, Author," explains itself as it discusses our versatile president from this point of view. Its companion piece, "The American Jury System," formulates the origin of the trial by jury, and exhorts every man to lend his hand to the betterment of the present system. The verse in the issue centers around the two poems, "War" and "Camp," both admirable poems. The well chosen editorials are carefully written and we sincerely hope good fruits will be reaped from one especially, viz., "To the Contributors."

The College Message for the month of November impresses us as being rather incomplete and hardly representative of the school from which it comes. **THE COLLEGE MESSAGE** "What the Witches Can Do" is the only story worthy of mention,—this borders a little too much on the realm of improbability to be of interest to the reader. The sketch, "Miss Perkins' Hallowe'en," is written in a good dialectic style; the fact that it is a mere sketch necessarily adds no weight to the magazine. The only noteworthy verse by a student, "A Campus Medley," shows

a marked lyric touch. The editorials show little originality and less effort in preparation. Too few questions vital to student life are discussed in this, one of the most important departments of the college magazine.

The Transylvanian for the past month compares rather unfavorably with the first issue of this magazine. This fact, however, is due largely to the excellence of the first number, and not necessarily to the lack of good material in the present issue. "The Captain," the story of first importance, treats of a girl's influence over an irresponsible college boy. The writer handles his material well,—like so many college stories, however, with very little variety in situations. "Poet's and Tea-kettles," replete with quaint anachronisms, supplies a humorous touch to the magazine. "War Impressions" a rather serious sketch of Europe's nations going to war, and "Following the Sunset," the only verse in the issue, complete a very good magazine. The editorials of the magazine contained some good advice, both to the contributors to the magazine and to students in general.

Considerable originality is shown in the last copy of *The Arkansan* that has come to our table. Although a rather distant neighbor, we are always glad to receive an exchange which shows such marked improvement over previous issues. "The Gate Swings Open" is a thoroughly wholesome story,—humorous, yet somewhat tragic in its termination. "Baffled" is an attractive story of college life; probably it is not the typical school girl's life, yet it is the one that appeals more to the average reader. "Over Coffee and Toast," a sketch of Alfred Noyes and his work, is a very entertaining piece of writing,—a little too ornate in its diction, but still attractive. "Child of the Laughing Hours," a rollicking bit of verse, reminds us of Longfellow's "The Children's Hour." The editorials are too few in number, but contain

good advice for the college man, especially the one on "Our Daily Speech." Surely we are becoming careless in this respect, and a check should be placed here before this careless form of speech becomes overpowering.

It shall be our policy henceforth to work more intensively and less extensively, and thus render our reviews of more quality rather than quantity. Under the present system of making a number of short, desultory reviews, no one reaps any benefit,—a remedy for this would be to lessen the number of reviews and to work more intensively on this lessened number.

We have received this month several other college magazines, chief among which are the following: *Winthrop Journal*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *University of Tennessee Magazine*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Trinitonian*, *The Tatler*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Erskinian*, and *The Roanoke Collegian*. Having already reached the usual number of reviews, we have been unable to review the above mentioned magazines.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

VOLUME XXVIII

FEBRUARY

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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The Trinity Archive

TRINITY COLLEGE, Durham, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1915

Two Ages

JOHN O. DURHAM

I

In youth a kind of veil of romance covers all we do,
And makes it seem like a fairy dream—a fairy dream come
true.

We have no time for reverie, no time to count the cost
Of a friend that's by some good chance won, or by some
ill chance lost:

We have but time to work and climb and keep abreast the
fight,

For thinking that to be our goal we strive with all our might.
True hearts have we, and fearless are, not knowing, just
the same,

The things that make our life sublime, things of substantial
gain.

II

But when the wine of Life runs low and its leaves begin
to fall,

We find a mighty solace 'round the fire our friends to call,
And let each within the leaping flames a vision clear to see
Of all that is his heart's desire, of all he would have be.

It is then my dream of happiness takes form and life and
being

In the lightly curling wreathes of smoke that float up toward
the ceiling

From the bowl—filled with tobacco velvet smooth, and rich,
and ripe—

The bowl that holds the Universe, the bowl of my old pipe.

College Ideals

N'IMPORTE

In this college where idealists predominate and where the faculty, at least, think that ideals are the only things to be gained in a college course, those who do not hitch their wagons so high and who refuse to take life so seriously are rather out of place. Now, ideals are excellent things to have around, and beyond a doubt the idealists, if given a free hand, could so change this old world that it could be run without police and alarm clocks and chapel monitors; but since they never have and probably never will have a chance to run things in this Utopian manner, there is something to be said on the side of the fellow who is contented with things as they are and decides to enjoy them while they last.

Through that part of the Land of Life known as College there are two roads which are most commonly traveled. The first is the way of the idealist, the way that the Freshman is advised by the opening address of the president to take, since it soars but does not roam. True, it soars. It leads first up the steep Hill of Mathematics, across the deep river Latin, into labyrinth of French and German, thence along the million-mile stretch of English II, out on the arid desert of Psychology and Philosophy into the chill and stately mountain range of Higher Education, whose crowning peak is the Library. Along this road there are no seats but hard stone benches and few of them; no beauty but the bloodless classics, no music but the siren call of the typewriter, no drink but the midnight oil, and no end but a sheep-skin and a pair of spectacles. The band who tread this road rush feverishly, persistently onward, their eyes fixed on the snow-capped peak in the distance where dwells their ideal.

The other road through College, although it follows the general direction of the idealist road, is very different in character. The student who chooses this path skirts the foot

of Mathematics Hill, crosses Latin River on a "Jack," dodges through the layrinth of Modern Languages, hits the higher places of English II on the instructor's notes, and finally, upon reaching the Mountains of Higher Education, admires their lofty grandeur from the foot, but chooses his way through the green valley to the broader Plains of Life beyond. And since the student does not have to keep his eyes "peeled" for some highly rarified ideal, enthroned in a snow-covered palace of books on some library peak, he can dodge down the inviting by-ways on his route, where soda fountains bubble, where footballs are not contraband of war, where health and enjoyment run rife, and where youth and companionship abound. Although he may not find a highly purified ideal in the valley, he at least learns to enjoy youth and life while they last and to put off for old age the evils thereof.

Now let us see how the men who tread these two paths fare on the Plain of Life. The student who comes down from the mountain top clutches in one hand a sheep-skin and with the other hugs to his breast the ideal he plucked from the snow-capped crag of higher knowledge. His ideal is perfect in his own eyes, and he seeks to make others appreciate it. But although his ideal might succeed in abolishing capital punishment or in stopping the liquor traffic, it does not aid him in driving a dray or adding up a ledger or in driving education into ten-year-old heads. Thus his ideal does not flourish in the warm sunlight of life and reality, but pines for the highly rarified atmosphere of its mountain home and either withers away and dies or has to be crated up in ice and carried back to its bleak home among the libraries.

On the other hand, the student who emerges upon Life from the valley comes with open arms, ready to take in whatever may be in store for him. He is very versatile, and fits in anywhere. If he pilots a mule through a field of corn or sells pianos to one-armed men or directs the finance of the world, he still finds time to enjoy the pleasures of living. He

hears and responds to "the silver-tongued bugle of romance," and probably settles down in happiness and contentment with a better half and several little Williams and Johns and Marys to keep him company.

Thus we see that although the man of truly rarified ideals may lead a perfect life here on earth, he still goes through life in a bloodless sort of way. He never enjoys the taste of stolen sweets; he never feels the companionship of a brother scapegrace in trouble; in fact, he never enjoys the true zest of living. On the other hand, the realist, the man who takes life as it is, although he may tread a more commonplace road here on earth, and though he may wear a smaller crown in the world to come, yet he at least enjoys his life while it lasts, and at the same time fills an important place in the human society, for by these men is this world managed.

Peggy

SADIE M'CAULEY

G——, North Carolina, May 6, 1914.

DEAR UNCLE JIM:

Can't you let me come home just for a few days before examinations? I am so sick of school I think I shall die if I can't come home. I want to see you; I just must tell you something. I can't write it because I know Aunt Kate always reads my letters! and instead of sympathizing with me, as you do, she would say that I am frivolous.

Everything is mighty dull around the college now. I can't find anything to do to amuse myself, but to study and you know that grows monotonous to one who doesn't like studying any better than I do. When I do try to study, someone is always "butting in" to disturb me. Tonight I thought I would read *Des Mädchens Klänge* to see how the poet felt when he wrote the poem; (our German teacher told us that if we read our German poetry deeply enough, we would feel the same mood come over us that the poet felt when he wrote the poem), but before I had read the second line, Sallie Jones (you have heard me talk about what a braggart she is, haven't you?) came into my room, all flossed up in the second spring coat-suit she has bought this spring, to tell me that she had two beaux to come home with her from the game this afternoon, that one of them was going to take her to the moving pictures tonight, and that she knew the other boy was mad when he did not get to ask her to go with him because she could tell he was crazy about her from the way he half-way asked her to wear his frat pin. Finally she asked me why I did not go to the game. "But," she said, "I am mighty glad you did not, for if you had, I am sure you would be going up street now instead of me. Really I never thought that I should be able to take Jack away from you."

That was enough. Up to that time I had done nothing but sit with my mouth open and listen, but when she at last said what she had been trying all the time to say,—that Jack was going to take her to the moving pictures—I thought I should explode. I told her my time was too valuable to waste on such things as ball games and boys.

Jack gone with Sallie Jones to the picture show! If a poetic mood were to come over me, how could I feel it with that thought ringing in my mind.

Uncle Jim, I don't believe I can wait any longer to tell you what I want to. I am going to tell it now and put you on your honor not to let Aunt Kate see the letter. Jack and I have quarreled, quarreled a whole lot—so much that we don't even speak. I should not care half so much if he would act as though he were sorry; but he seems not to care the least bit. Yesterday I sat on the steps between two boys a whole hour and talked until I was hoarse trying to make him jealous enough to come over where we were at least; but he didn't, he just sat there on the grass and whistled all the rag-time song he knew.

This is how the quarrel came about. He asked me last Wednesday afternoon to stay at home from the reception that we were going to that night. Of course I felt very flattered that he should prefer to talk to me at home. While I was thinking about what I should say, he said, "I am going to stay whether you do or not. This social life is all foolishness any way." I did not feel quite so flattered at that and told him that he would certainly stay by himself. He said in that case he would go to the picture show—and he did. I went to the reception, but I found out that what he said about social life was about true. I never saw people do and say so many silly things in all my life.

But Uncle Jim, don't you think I did right in going? Shouldn't I treat him just like he isn't in the world? Tell me what you think about it—telegraph me, and I won't come home.

Affectionately,

PEGGY.

G——, North Carolina, May 12, 1914.

DEAR UNCLE JIM:

I knew you would say that I am doing right. But it does hurt my feelings to have to walk right by Jack and not even look to see whether he smiles or not. I used to adore the way he smiled after running across the campus bareheaded just to open the door for me. He was an ideal boy, anyway. There wasn't anything sissy about him. He was like that before the quarrel—but isn't it strange how one's opinion of a person will change? I would not dare tell you what I think about him now. In fact, I don't think about him at all. The time that I used to spend thinking about how he looked when he threw a ball, and how much like a hero he was when he fell down on the grass and pushed his black hair out of his face, and how his brown eyes would sparkle when he would say, "Let the d—— stuff go, I want to talk about something else," when I would want him to read French—all that time I am spending on a declamation that I am going to deliver in the girls' society next week. I am going to win the medal. I want to make Jack say, "Gee, don't I wish she were my girl now. I see what I have lost."

I'll telegraph you as soon as the contest is over. It is ten o'clock now and I am going to study three hours on 221g and 231a, two punctuation rules which I have been trying all the year to master.

Your studios,

PEGGY.

W——, North Carolina, May 18, 1914.

MY DEAR PEGGY:

I am mighty sorry you failed to win the medal in the declamation contest, but we, I especially, appreciate your effort. Don't worry any more about it. I would not have my little Peggy's nerves wrecked for a thousand medals. I had a nice little surprise for you which I did not intend to

tell you about until I met you at the station, but since I find that I can not be here at the time you come home, and since you need something to cheer you up any way, I think I had better tell you now.

Listen: We are going to spend the summer at our farm. Yes, away out in the country ten miles even from a railroad station. You will like it though. You can learn to ride mules, to milk cows, to row a boat, to love nature and—and—don't you reckon you could?—to stop thinking about that pesky Jack. Aunt Kate is going to raise chickens. She has bought forty hens and has already calculated how much the eggs which she will get will amount to at twenty-five cents a dozen. And what am I going to do? I am just going to sit back and be boss! I have employed four college boys to stay out there during vacation and help look after things.

Aunt Kate asked me if I thought there was any danger of your getting up a case with any of the boys, if I did not think you had better stay in the city with some of your friends. I told her you were not half so apt to fall in love with one of them as she was, and besides, you had existed between four walls in the city all your life, and I wanted you to live life for a little while as it should be lived. With a consenting sigh, Aunt Kate compromised by saying she reckoned she could keep tab on you. But I don't feel the least bit of uneasiness, for none of the boys are at all good-looking except the one who is to be our chauffeur when we need one; he rather impressed me. He has such peculiar characteristics of his own. I told him I had a niece who would be out in a few days and I would let him talk to her sometimes, at which he just frankly confessed that he did not want to have any more dealings with girls, that he lost his head over one not long ago and was going to stay in the country now just to get over the "effects of her sting," I believe is the way he put it.

But here I am telling you the boy's love affair and have wasted nearly all my time. I am glad you want to stay for commencement. I reckon Aunt Kate has looked after your

frocks. I told her to. I wanted to get you a pink frock and hat, but Aunt Kate flew up and said she wished I would leave such things to her, that I never did have any taste. I had to admit that I did not know much about taste, but I did know that pink gave a pretty tint to your complexion; then I asked her if she remembered that pink calico dress and bonnet that she had about thirty years ago—*that Easter*. She grinned as if she were about half ashamed and said she would get you a pink afternoon, no, evening dress, I believe.

Aunt Jennie is going to spend the first month with us. She, Aunt Kate and the cook have already gone to the farm. They will meet you next Thursday at whatever train you can come on.

Your most affectionate,

UNCLE JIM.

G——, North Carolina, May 26, 1914.

DEAR UNCLE JIM:

I certainly am glad I am about ready to leave this place. I don't think I could possibly stay here three more days, for everything I look at makes me think of Jack. I truly believe that "the wages of sin are death." Listen, and I'll tell you why. After Jack and I quarrelled, I thought that he did not care at all and maybe he might think that I was really sorry; so just to show him that he was only a secondary suitor who would not have amounted to anything any way, I wrote to an imaginary girl friend of mine and told her that my beau at Howard (of course he was an imaginary being too) had asked me to wear that perfectly beautiful diamond ring of his, but that I refused until he got your consent. I told her not to ask me anything more about my sophomore friend here, that he was a mighty fascinating dunce, but he wasn't deep enough for me. At the same time I wrote Jack a note telling him to send my picture back. Then

I made a perfectly probable mistake. I put the wrong note in Jack's envelope. Five minutes after that letter was in the postoffice, I would have given millions to have had it back. But the deed was done. The next day and the next, Jack called me up ever so many times; but I could not go to the 'phone, not because I did not want to talk to Jack, but because I could not confess the story I had acted—never! I would have died first! I knew to uphold that one would call for more and, Uncle Jim, I just couldn't tell them. I thought about the time Aunt Kate made me get down on my knees and ask God to forgive me for telling her I had washed my face when I had not, and I just wondered what she would make me do if she knew this.

After that I thought I could see Jack's hatred for me in every one of his movements. How do you reckon I felt last night when his roommate told Sallie Jones that Jack left ten days ago, very despondent over the way I had treated him and that Jack said he would like to put an end to that lucky guy who had made such a fool of me all at once. O, if he just did not think that I hate him, if he only knew . . . but I know he hates me. I know I could never do anything to undo what I have done.

The carriage has come to take me to the station. I am mighty sorry you aren't going to be at home when I get there, for you know Aunt Kate doesn't like to take up time with me. I am not going to speak to the stiff boy who doesn't like girls. I shall show him that I utterly detest boys.

I'll write some more when I get home and will tell you how I like the farm.

Later: Uncle Jim, why couldn't you have told me that your chauffeur's name was Paul Jackson? Why couldn't you have told me from what college the boys came? I saw an "ad" for boys posted on our bulletin board, but I never one time thought that it was you who wanted them. I thought they were from W.

Can you imagine my consternation and horror when I jumped off the train in the arms of Aunt Kate who hugged me three times and passed me over to Aunt Jennie who hugged me and said, "Mr. Jackson, this is our niece." I looked up and saw nobody in the world but Jack. Everything I had ever said about him flashed into my mind at one time, but first of all was "*He is a right fascinating dunce, but he isn't deep enough for me.*" My face turned red, white, and blue while he stood there and calmly said, "How do you do?" I thought I read in those four words the greatest contempt that one person could have for another.

Aunt Kate said, "Let's hurry on home. Peggy looks tired."

I didn't know anything until I heard some one say, "She is all right now. I think she can stand the trip." I opened my eyes before a crowd of people in a place which seemed to be a drug store, but the only face I could distinguish was Jack's. He was holding a glass of something, but when he saw me he walked away.

I am now in my room in the country. Everything is beautiful, but I am too sleepy to tell you about anything.

May 27, 1914.

Uncle Jim, I got up early this morning and went down into the garden to see the sun rise. I had just fixed myself on the fence when I heard the gate open. When I looked around, I saw Jack, bareheaded, coming in with two large water sprinklers.

"What are you doing here?" I asked as stiffly as I could.

"I am going to water the flowers. Don't you want to help?"

I believe those words—or rather their tone—would have moved mountains. I smiled, and Jack seemed to understand it.

Long after the sun was glaring down on us, and after the flowers had been watered, Jack asked me what I was going to do with that Howard man. I told him that I could not consider him at all since you *would not*. I am glad you like Jack. You will like him better than ever when you see more of him. There is the dinner bell.

Good bye,

PEGGY.

The Song of the Carrion Crow

BY JOVE

The vulture flapped his coal black wings,
And soared where mighty winds do blow.
His maw was gorged with dreadful things;
And as he sailed he gazed below,
And gazing sang of war and kings;
And this is the song of the carrion crow.

Here's ho, for the kings of earth,
Here's ha, for the men who fight,
Here's truce to joy and mirth,
And down with peace and right.

I gorged some mother's son,
His eyes stared bright and cold.
I pecked them one by one;
Here's ho for the brave and bold!

Long live the war and strife,
Long live imperial rule.
Here's to each riven life,
Here's to each driven fool.

Dread carnage reigns o'er all,
The fields are strewn with dead;
And still do thousands fall,
While many a tear is shed.

Here's ho, for modern science,
Which brings such feasts to me.
And ho, for each alliance;
And the new artillery.

Heres ho, for the time to come
 When the starving women die,
And never a man at home
 To hide them from my eye.

Here's ho, for the babe alone,
 And never a mother there,
And ho, for the clean-picked bone,
 And ho, for the tangled hair.

Here's ho, for the battle plain,
 And the thousand corpses there.
Here's ho, for the mutilated slain,
 And ho, for the putrid air.

The carrion crow hath ceased his song,
 And ended with a yo, ho, ho,
For fair to him was the bloody throng,
 And every corpse whence life did flow.
But men below nor weak nor strong
 Will heed the song of the carrion crow.

O. Henry

G. M. CARVER

Since the beginning of time men have listened with interest to the story-teller. Especially is this true of men who have written pieces of humor. The story-teller, who has combined wit, pathos, and gripping human interest into his stories has always found ready audiences and eager readers. O. Henry has perhaps succeeded better than any recent writer in combining into his works these three elements, wit, pathos, and gripping human interest. It has been said that no man becomes great until he is dead. This is true in O. Henry's case. Before his death his works were read, laughed over, and pronounced good. Now he is heralded as a second Mark Twain, the "American Kipling," and by various other titles. But the stories are always told in O. Henry's inimitable way, and the unusual demand for his books in recent years is proof enough of his growing popularity.

Who is, or rather who was O. Henry? This question will perhaps sound foolish in a well-read college community, but there are still perhaps a few who can not answer off-hand. He is first of all a Southerner. Sidney Porter is his baptismal name. The reasonable desire of Sidney Porter to share none of O. Henry's fame has brought into existence no end of O. Henry legend. This is a natural outgrowth, for when a man's work deeply interests people and there are no facts at hand to illumine his personal bigness and trivialities, rumors come in from the world of gossip and fable. So it is I have pieced together from various sources and from magnified bits of gossip a partial review of our latest humorist, Sidney Porter, alias O. Henry.

The story goes that he had been tramp, tintype artist, book agent, penny-a-liner, prospector in hard luck, cowboy, artist, and druggist. These bits of gossip have been misleading to the public. O. Henry wandered over land and across

seas; toward the East and around to the West; but his aim and purpose in life never wandered. He had set his heart on becoming a writer. He felt in his heart a call and he toiled hard and unceasingly to write well. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867. When still a youth, he went to Texas, and spent nearly three years on the ranch of Lee Hall. Even as early as this he was beginning his plans to write, and to further his plan, he secured a position with *The Post*, a daily newspaper of Houston, Texas. After a year spent with *The Post*, he went to Austin, and for two hundred and fifty dollars purchased Brann's *Iconoclast*. A few months later he gave the name of *Iconoclast* back to Brann, who had established a paper in Waco, Texas, and rechristened his own paper *The Rolling Stone*. The paper was written and illustrated entirely by its editor. Its life, however, was short, for O. Henry soon sold out and with a friend went to South America.

This friend had intended to engage in the fruit business, but for some reason the venture fell through. "Most of my time there," says O. Henry, "I knocked around among the refugees and consuls." From Central America he returned to Texas, where two weeks in a drug store served to keep alive for twenty years the myth of his occupation as a druggist. Then he went to New Orleans, where he began to write with more consistency of effort than ever before. It was in 1895 that he moved again, and this time to New York.

Perhaps one is curious to know why he took up his *Nomme de Plume*. Let O. Henry tell it:

"When I was in New Orleans one day, I said to a friend, 'I'm going to send out some stories. I don't know whether they are any good or not, so I want an alias. Help me pick one.' He suggested that we get a newspaper and select a name from the first list of notables we found. In the description of a fashionable ball my eye lighted on the name Henry. 'That'll do for a last name,' said I. 'Now for a first name. I want something short.' 'Why not a plain initial?'

asked my friend. 'Good,' I replied, 'and the easiest of all to make is O.'"

He sees all phases of life and portrays them all with ease. This was probably due to his many adventures met with in his travels. Texas is the scene of one, Central America another, New York City still another, and others may be located anywhere or nowhere at all. The stories whose scenes are laid in New York are generally thought to be his best, but their excellence lies in the stories themselves and not in the scenes. "People say I know New York well," says O Henry. "Just change Twenty-Third Street in one of New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the Town Hall. Then the story will fit just as truly elsewhere. At least I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life, the mere change of local color will set it in the East, West, South or North. The characters in the 'Arabian Nights' parade up and down Broadway at midday, or Main Street in Dallas, Texas."

There are wonder tales of derelicts, of flat-dwellers, of half-educated boys and girls behind counters, nor are they told in a patronizing way or as a preacher of reform, but with quick wit and occasional irony, always with a kind, sympathetic feeling for the character he is depicting. In a flash here and a flash there he shows us the rapid succession of days and nights in which the toilers and workers of the world find their wage. His style is vivid, human, real, and gripping, bearing a large philosophy and tender sympathy, with here and there a gleam and flash of wit and humor. "Life," he says, "is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating." His characters are all lovable, whether it be the "shop girl who masquerades for a week as a great lady," or the young clubman who chooses between a fortune for himself and one for a homeless girl; and this loveliness of his characters is due to his tender, painstaking fineness, and quickness of humor. He weaves his romance

and humor so closely that we can scarcely distinguish it. Take, for example, his story of "Hearts and Crosses":

"Santa was lyin' in bed pretty sick. But she gives out a kind of smile, and her hand and mine locks horns, and I sits down by the bed—mud and spurs and chaps and all. 'I've heard you ridin' across the grass for hours, Webb,' she says. 'I was sure you'd come. You saw the sign?' she whispers.

"'The minute I hit camp,' says I. 'Twas marked on the bag of potatoes and onions.'

"'They're always together,' says she, soft-like—'always together in life.'

"'They go well together,' I says, 'in a stew.'

"'I mean hearts and crosses,' says Santa. 'Our sign—to love and to suffer—that's what they mean.'"

The last story he ever wrote, in spite of the fact that it told of his own vain search for health, was probably the most gloriously funny of all.

O. Henry follows just one rule in his work and this he has tabulated for us: "Rule one of story-writing is to write stories that please yourself. There is no Rule Two. In writing, forget the public. I get a story well in mind before I sit down at my table. Then I write it out quickly, and without revising it, send it to my publishers. In this way I am able to judge my work almost as the public judges it. I've seen stories in type that I didn't at first blush recognize as my own."

O. Henry is dead but his works are still living and making us laugh. I feel that in Sidney Porter the South has another son of whom she may well be proud. May the day soon come when others of her sons will produce living literature.

A Grafter's Luck

L. W. POWELL

Lynch's malevolent, cynical face drew up into a smile.

"Nice graft," said he, as he calmly tried to force a large roll of bank notes into his pocket. Not succeeding, he thrust them into his overcoat.

"Don't call it that; it sounds too damned coarse," said the man who faced him, as he too slipped a somewhat larger roll into his own pocket.

"Don't ever allude to a man's profits as graft," continued the last speaker. "It's just his legitimate income. Graft is for the little fellows. Have a cigar." The last was more a command than an interrogative.

"Well," said Lynch, "I don't care what you call it; it means two thousand dollars for me."

"Same here," returned the other, contentedly puffing rings of soft, blue smoke toward the ceiling.

"No it don't," said Lynch.

"Why don't it?" asked the other sharply.

"Because," answered Lynch, a bit enviously. "It means *three* thousand for you."

"Oh," said Lynch's companion. "That's because I engineered the scheme. I furnished the brains and the money; and if I hadn't let you in, you wouldn't have been two thousand to the good. Quit kickin'. Let's go to the club and have a little game."

Lynch and his companion had reaped the reward of a successful graft. These two men were typical of two types of parasites who prey on society; the one calm and unscrupulous in planning and conceiving the scheme, quelling the drops of his conscience by lies and excuses; the other openly criminal, with no conscience, no scruples, no limits. These two formed an excellent team. They had divided the spoils of their little scheme, and now Lynch and his companion walked on calmly toward the club.

When they had arrived at the club, and in the dim light of the cloak room, were ridding themselves of their overcoats, Lynch suddenly stopped. Turning to his companion, he asked:

"What are you going to do with the money? Is it safe to leave it in here in the coats?"

"Sure," answered the other. "What else can we do with it? You can't get it in your clothes; it's too large." Following the other's example, Lynch, a little reluctantly, left his overcoat with its valuable contents in the coat room.

Pretty soon the two men, with two others were seated at a table engrossed in a game of poker. On the table was a bottle and four glasses and, as the men played, they frequently drank; indeed the effects of the drinking were apparent on the face of each. Lynch was opposite his former companion, and from time to time he glanced at the other's face. The face, thought Lynch, was evil. It was full of a kind of bloated devilry. The puffy cheeks, the shiny bald head, the small, pig-like eyes, and the double chin protruding beyond the collar, all helped to indicate the real character of the man, and, as Lynch watched, he realized that he hated this man. He detested him; he scorned him as an inferior.

Complaining of a headache, Lynch left the table and took a seat apart. The gaming and the drinking went on as before. The bottle had given place to another of the same sort and the glasses clinked more often. Lynch, calling a boy, ordered whiskey, and when the whiskey came, he resumed his former thoughts. His face drew into a sneer as he watched the companion of his graft.

"Why," though he, "has this man a right to more of the spoils than I? I worked; I struggled; and I deserve as much if not more than of the money than he. Ah—yes—the money!" He moistened his dry throat with a big drink.

"The money! Three thousand dollars in this other man's overcoat pocket, and that overcoat was hanging in a dimly lit coat-room."

Lynch took another drink. That three thousand was really *his property*. He had made it, but this big domineering companion had calmly assumed it as his own. Three thousand dollars! He, Lynch, had only a measly two thousand. Lynch glanced at the table. The gaming had given place to drinking. The men had thrown down their cards and had given themselves up to the sleepy stupor that was creeping over them.

Lynch looked again. His former companion had his back turned toward the cloak room door.

"Easy," thought Lynch. He took another drink. With face flushed and nervous step, he walked toward the cloak room. No one noticed, and the three men at the table paid no attention.

Lynch was in the cloak room now. He turned his head, and as he watched the door, he stealthily fumbled along the wall. His fingers came in contact with a coat. Ah! There it was; a big, bulky roll. With his eyes on the door, he thrust the roll under his coat. Some one was coming. He heard footsteps. Quickly he stepped to the door and looked out. A man was approaching. Lynch sprang back inside. When the man entered, Lynch was calmly buttoning up his overcoat. As he passed out, he mumbled a greeting to the new comer and said something about the ill-lit cloak room.

"Ha," thought he as he gained the street, "now I have it all." A policeman passed and Lynch stared him straight in the face. He felt good; he was elated and happy.

Soon he was in his room. When he had locked the door, he hastily unbuttoned his coat and taking the roll of bills from underneath his arm, he laid it on the table. Then he reached into his pocket to get the other roll. An expression of blank amazement spread over his face. His hand came out empty. Hastily he felt in the other pockets of his overcoat, but he found nothing. Then he looked at the package on the table.

"Fool," said Lynch aloud, "picked my own pocket."

Sunset

—B. D. M.

Sun of the western sky,
Bright in yon amber light,
Sink, sink, until you die,
In shadows of the night.

And now at close of evening,
With the breath of flowers,
Back to me comes floating,
Thoughts of vanished hours.

So many tender mem'ries
So many deeds undone,
O guardian of destinies,
Gently sinking sun.

Now as the twilight dies,
Long shadows night foretell,
Beneath the dark'ning skies,
Farewell, O sun, farewell.

The Eyes of the World

(Book Reviews)

B. W. BARNARD

Knowing the place that Harold Bell Wright holds among modern novelists, one would have a right to expect a better book from his pen than *The Eyes of the World*; not that the story is not fascinating; not that the captivating charm of the mountain scenery is one whit less effective than it is in his other books, but just as in *That Printer of Udells* the author fails to qualify his condemnation of the church; so in this book, by intimating that all art and literature are bound to a domineering and decayed aristocracy, he is equally unfair.

With a heritage of inspiration from his dying mother, who stunted herself that her son might prepare to become a master artist, Aaron King begins life anew at Fairlands, California, a fashionable winter resort. There in Conrad Lagrange, the writer of *risqué* novels, King meets an invaluable friend. As their friendship ripens, Lagrange unfolds the plan of a great allegory in which King is to play a part,—he is to represent “Art”; James Rutledge, “our bull-necked friend and illustrious critic,” is “Sensual”; “his distinguished father” is “Lust”; Mr. Edward Taine, “boon companion of ‘Lust,’” is “Materialism”; Louise, the effervescing daughter of “Materialism,” is “Ragtime”; Mrs. Taine, the prudish society leader, “the reigning ‘Goddess’ in the realm of ‘Modern Art,’” is “The Age”; Sibyl Andrés, the wonderful mountain girl, is “Nature”; and “the famous Conrad Lagrange” is “Civilization.”

By the influence of “The Age,” King is made to see the mercenary, worldless mission of art. By the stereotyped approbation of “Sensual,” the subservient praise of diseaseracked “Materialism,” and the meaningless ebullitions of “Ragtime,” he is carried on his way toward ruin, checked

only by the friendly, though sarcastic, warnings of "Civilization." The evil influence of the tools of "The Age" on "Art" is not really counteracted until "Nature" by her simple, naturalistic, though often weird, exposition of the true art brings him to a full realization of the deeper meaning of his mother's dying request. The friendship of this unassuming mountain girl for the artist, at a time his ideals are moulding themselves into permanent forms, proves the deciding factor in his life. Although threatened at times with disruption by the insinuating deviltry of "The Age," this friendship, growing into love, culminates in the union of "Art" and "Nature" to the satisfaction and delight of "Civilization."

In several respects the book is good. Standing out almost above the prominence given to his theme, the author's masterly handling of the mountain scenes is inspiring. Although the story is lacking in some of the simplicity which characterized his portrayal of the Ozarks in *The Shepherd of the Hills*, still one is thrilled by the natural beauty of his fascinating descriptions. The charm of nature is enhanced, it seems, by the musical names, such as San Gorgonio, San Jacinto, San Timateo, San Galenas, and San Bernardinos. No one but a person who has spent many years in the midst of the mountains can know what fascination a realistic picturing of mountain life lends to a story. Wright is an adept at this kind of work.

On a par with the living beauty of the mountain scenes is the well-worked-out character development of Aaron King,—the central figure in the book. At first, fired by a worthy desire to succeed, because a wish for his success was the heritage his mother left him, he saw success only as another name for fame. Meeting with the soulless Mrs. Taine, he allowed his misconception of success to be fanned into a flame. To counteract this influence came the biting sarcastic comments of the novelist, Conrad Lagrange, and particularly his love for Sibyl Andrés. Under these influences we find him turning from the material view of fame to catch a fuller

conception of art as a thing divine,—a great, eternal, unflinching truth.

Blended appropriately with the treatment of the hero is the singular character of Sibyl Andrés. Reared in the free mountains, educated by the mysterious Miss Willard—the woman with the disfigured face—she inspires one with a love for the elf-like vision of innocence that she is. Under the explanation of a passion for art—the soul of her violin and her love for nature—many of her erratic actions may be understood; even her strange, mannish, violent, greeting of Conrad Lagrange in the spring dale may be passed with nothing more than a lingering question, but even the credulous and indulgent imagination must falter when on the same spot (page 226 ff) she dances the weird, fantastic dance of the butterflies. Utterly inexplicable as the act of a sane being, utterly out of keeping with the girl so gentle, so tender, so natural, the dance makes one stand stunned,—it is like a dash of cold water in the face. Why did the girl this one time assume an attitude so weirdly different from her real self?

However fascinating the story itself may be, and however strongly the characters may appeal to one, these pictures are subordinated, almost entirely, to the development of the author's theme, namely, the utter subservience of modern painting and literature to unworthy masters. Certainly, practically every scene that the author pictures may be found in real life, but the impression he leaves that these scenes are typical of all art in its relation to life is extremely misleading. He explains, for example, the attitude of James Rutledge (page 422) toward Sibyl Andrés as a kind of insanity, saying, "What else can be said of a class of people who, in an age wedded to materialism, demand of their artists, not that they shall set before them ideals of truth and purity and beauty, but that they shall feed their diseased minds with thoughts of lust and stimulate their abnormal passions with lascivious imaginings?" or again (page 446) in commenting on the first portrait of Mrs. Taine, "The picture cried aloud

the intellectual degradation of that class who, arrogating to themselves the authority of leaders in culture and art, by their approval and patronage of dangerous falsehood and sham in picture or story make possible such characters as James Rutledge" (the puppet celebrated art critic). These sentiments may be applicable to a certain class, but to say that painting and literature are absolutely subservient to this class is putting the case rather strongly.

Look here and there at random through the book, and down beneath the surface one finds a source of dissatisfaction. Try no matter how religiously to overlook the fault, it will not down. Attempting to treat the true relation of modern painting and literature to life, the author comes to a highly questionable conclusion, indicated best in his own words (page 312) "In that hour when Mrs. Taine had revealed herself to him so clearly, following as it did so closely on his day's work and the final completion of the portrait of the girl among the roses (Sibyl Andrés), he saw and felt the woman, not as one who could help him to the poor rewards of a temporary popularity, but as *the spirit of an age that threatens the very life of art by seeking to destroy the vital truth and purpose of its existence.*"

Editorial

DE EXAMINATIONS

Examinations! How fearful a word to the ones who procrastinate! Why not pass a decree doing away with these monsters which come twice a year to destroy the peace and tranquility of our college year? After all what good are they? These and many similar questions doubtless have been passing through our minds during the recent days of "boning" and "cramming" for the ordeal just over.

There is another side to this question however. Examinations should not be looked upon as instruments of torture in the professors' hands (although they sometimes are) created expressly for our inconvenience. There are many things which may be said in favor of them. This is hard to believe, yet it is a fact. One argument is that they present opportunities for the student to get a comprehensive view of the work as a whole; in other words, they enable him to summarize and systematize his work. Even the quickest wits have to take time to summarize. Nothing has been found as effective for this as the examination.

Who is there who does not wish to do something and to be something? We will always have opposition, and it is best that we do, for we appreciate the things most which are hardest to get. Any kind of fair contest causes the contestant to gain thereby. In any athletic contest the success of the contestant depends upon his ability to use the training he has derived from former contests. There is no truer statement than "each victory will help you some other to win." Every victory we win either in athletics or scholarship during our college course has its effect on us in after life. If we play the game fairly in all our contests, no matter what kind, training of an invaluable nature is acquired. In after life we shall

meet trials and tests in very much the same way in which we have been trained to meet them in college. If we step up and meet the issue fairly and squarely and do our best at all times, we will acquire habits which will govern our dealings in after life. Failure after having done one's best can never be disgraceful, although it sometimes may be disappointing.

There are times in the lives of all of us when we are called upon to meet crises or tests, times when our very existence, all we are and hope to be, are put to the test. In any walk of life this holds good, especially so in the professional vocations. A young doctor, for instance, may spend years in study and training and learn all that can be obtained in the best professional schools, but when he begins to practice for himself, there are going to come times when he will be called upon to make instant and accurate use of what he has been studying. In other words, he is going to be tested. Whether he makes good as a physician or not is going to depend upon his ability to use the knowledge he has acquired. It is just the same with the examinations which we have to stand here in college. Just as the doctor's success depends upon his ability to meet the crisis successfully, so will our success as college students depend upon our ability to meet our tests successfully. Of what use is our knowledge if we cannot make use of it when required? Education is mainly a process of development. We must obtain and make use of our knowledge. The educated man is not the one who has acquired the most facts, but rather the man who can use what he has acquired. To be truly educated then we must be able to meet the tests successfully.

AN EVIL AND A REMEDY

(At chapel exercises recently President Few said that he hoped there was no great amount of Sunday studying in our community. Despite our President's hopes, a close observer of conditions on the campus must admit that Sunday study-

ing is the rule rather than the exception.⁷ It cannot be an exaggeration of the facts in the case to say that over fifty per cent of the students do some work on Sunday. That such a prevalence of Sunday studying is injurious to the students and little befits a college like Trinity, which has for its purpose the fostering of religion as well as education, cannot be denied. Even if we leave out the religious objections to such Sabbath violation, it must be condemned on account of its evil effect on the physical and ethical side of the students.

The human body is not a machine. It requires recreation and rest at regularly recurring periods. For the average man even regular sleep and exercise is not sufficient. A day of rest is essential to the most efficient use of the physical powers. The statesmen of the French Revolution realized this truth and, even though establishing an atheistic state, provided that every tenth day should be set apart as the day of rest. In the case of the student such rest is especially essential because the very nature of his work exhausts the vital energy.

Again, Sunday study is to be condemned because increasing work is injurious to our ambitions, purposes, and ideals. The highest type of student is not he that spends all of his time in absorbing knowledge and in seeking after truth. Such human sponges only go through half of the educational process. To get a real benefit from the knowledge he gains, the student must take time to ask himself the questions: In what way is this information connected with my life purposes? How can this work help me to realize my ideal? There should be set aside a special time for such a comparison of one's execution of his life's plan with the plan itself, and Sunday is the logical day for such contemplation, because on that day our minds should naturally be occupied with these higher things of life. By making the Sabbath a mere common-place day of work, we injure ourselves by putting all of our attention on the accomplishing of work, but none on the relation of such activity to our purposes and ideals.

When an evil is so widespread as is this one of studying on Sunday, there must be some universal conditions that make it so prevalent. Some studying on Sunday is caused by loafing during the week, and work accumulating from this cause is inexcusable. But most of the students of our community realize the evil of breaking the Sabbath, and would gladly avoid work on Sunday. The reason that such men are forced to compromise with their sense of right is that they believe—above all things—in doing their duty. When work is assigned by a professor, the average student feels that he is duty bound to do it. One may ask: Why not do Monday's work on Saturday evening and night? As a rule literary society activities consume much of this regular studying time, and the ingrown idea of a "Saturday afternoon off" fills up the remainder. Just as much work is assigned for Monday as for other days, and more in the case of at least two classes, which have to hand in themes. Moreover, much of the work that is done on the day of rest represents an accumulation of assignments outside of the regular recitation work. More books on parallel reading are taken from the library on Saturday than on any other day. This shows that a large part of the Sunday studying is done in preparation of parallel readings, term papers, and special assignments.

With these causes for existing circumstances in mind, what are the remedies that can be suggested? As regards the inexcusable kind of Sunday studying, caused by wasting of time at other periods, the remedy must be left to the realm of the moralist; but studying that is done because it is practically unavoidable can not be eradicated by moral arguments; only practical remedies will suffice. The faculty can do much to eliminate Sunday studying by decreasing as much as possible the assignments for the Monday recitations, but even then a great amount of accumulated work will be done on the Sabbath. The only remedy that will completely eradicate the evil is a Monday holiday. Human nature naturally likes to put off until tomorrow what does not have to be done today,

and with the prospect of a Monday holiday, no student will think of studying on Sunday.

The Monday holiday will cause a complete change in the college program, but the cure is surely worth the disadvantage of the remedy. And will any less work be done by omitting Monday's recitations? Our President says that more work can be done in six days than in seven, then does it not logically follow that more work can be done in five days than in six? Without doubt the evil is prevalent, and the remedy will be effective. The Methodist institution of the State, the College that combines education and religion, should take some steps to stamp out an evil directly opposed to its ideals. The question is—what will Trinity do?—J. W. C., JR.

Alumni Department

THE NEW YEAR

MARY WESCOTT, '14

Hail, latest born of all the myriad years,
 A mighty nation welcomes you with pride—
 Lo, at your call her mighty gates swing wide
 And you are bidden enter with glad cheers.
 Your heritage from out the former years
 Awaits your coming; yea, on every side
 Rich harvests for your Midas hands abide,
 Within you lie a nation's hopes and fears.
 But lo, the while one people's prosperous cause
 Calls greetings to you on your natal day
 Forget not them, we ask, whom Freedom's laws
 No longer hold enthralled. Grant that they may
 From bloody carnage know a swift release
 And feel the healing balm of lasting peace.

SUNSET AS SEEN FROM THE SLUMS OF A CITY

M. B. ANDREWS, '14

Here are scenes of toil and struggle,
 Faces wrinkled deep with care;
 Here are life and death and sorrow,
 Souls engulfed with gloom, despair:
 Yet, through all this veil of darkness
 Gleams the radiant sunset rare.

O that every heart of sorrow
 Burdened with a load of care,

From this filth and stench and sickness,
From this stifling gloom, despair,
Might look up and see the glory
Of this lovely sunset rare.

THE DREAM WEED

H-13

There's a weed that grows in bonnie Carolina,
Where the cotton, corn, and goober-peas thrive,
Where the soft southern breezes whisper lightly to the clover,
And the honey-bees are humming in the hive;
And its great green leaves garner up the joys of summer,
With the mystic strains of Nature's harmony;
And they tore away the peacefulness of fertile fields and
valleys
And the happiness of pickaninnies' glee.

Then the year rolls 'round, and the chilling blast of winter
Shivers shrilly through the barren, leafless trees;
And the snow holds sway o'er the mountains and the meadows
And the cheerfulness of Eden leaves the leas.
But happy sits the Tar Heel with his legs stretched out be-
fore him
In the warmth of his hickory logs' blaze,
For the bonnie rogue of summer from his corn-cob yields its
pleasure,
Like a genius freed, in rings of smoky haze.

Wayside Wares

SEVENTEEN

B. A., '17

The stars of night were fading fast,
As through the Trinity campus passed
A youth who bore, with fixed mind,
A banner with a strange design,
Seventeen!

His brow was glad; his eye was bright
As dew drops in the sun's bright light;
And ever as he trod he sung
The accents of that well-known tongue,
Seventeen!

As he walked on no noise he heard
Except the chirping of some bird;
In front he saw the towering pole
And 'neath his arm the cherished roll,
Seventeen!

"Try not the deed!" his conscience spake,
But this did not his courage break;
His eyes were gazing toward the sky,
And from his lips came the reply,
Seventeen!

"Oh, don't!" his conscience spake again,
"Thou bravest of the bravest men,
What good will that do thee up there?"
One word descended from the air,
Seventeen!

“Beware O. T.’s keen piercing eye!”
 Again the voice rang out on high,
 As slowly down the old flag pole
 The fearless youth stealthily stole—
 Seventeen!

Well into morn there came a cry,
 “See on the flag pole what doth fly!”
 Soon many voices filled the air;
 The wind blew hard as if ’t would tear
 Seventeen!

A flag upon the old flag-staff
 Caused more than one a hearty laugh;
 Some jeer, some praise, but few do blame
 The sportive raising of this same
 Seventeen!

Now, at the summit of the pole,
 Old Glory flies in peace untold;
 The Black and Gold is seen no more,
 But in our hearts still high doth soar
 Seventeen!

FASHION’S DECREE

E. LESTER CULBRETH

A pair of flashing, silken hose
 Emblazoned with a stripe;
 A pair of cleaving trousers built
 Upon the English type;

 A coat (with English roll lapels)
 By far too short at best;
 A waist-coat almost hidden by
 A chain across the breast;

A collar, tinted green, o'er which
The laundryman complains;
A blazing strip tied-up below
The usual place for brains;

A "Dum Dum" hat, and many things
That laughter doth inspire,
Compose the ample list that makes
The student's loud attire.

E d i t o r ' s T a b l e

Naturally, but rather unfortunately, the sketch of a professor is by far the best that appears in this magazine for January. Just as Ben Lomond lends its beauty to the Scottish scenes described, **THE WAKE** so this sketch sheds an artistic glow over **FOREST STUDENT** the other compositions. "Dolce Far Niente" is a well worked out and interesting picture of college slothfulness; the plot is so brief that it hardly deserves mention as a short story. The author of "Hair Tonic Plus Tragedy" uses dialectic English well, but he has his characters use some rather unsuitable words. Such a man as the one described would have hardly used the words "digreshun" and "oases"; probably his knowledge of the desert is limited to the scenes on the varied packs of Egyptian cigarettes. The essay, "Sovereign State Rights and Interstate Ills," presents a very important question to the American people today, namely the effect of the present European Conflict on America. Of the poems the one "To Shakespeare" is the most acceptable; here the writer creates a rhythmic poem without the use of the too often misused rhyme schemes. The editorials are characterized by plenty of "pep," a thing usually lacking in the cut and dried editorials of a college magazine.

Far be it from us to dampen the ardor of any literary spirits or to place a ban on literary efforts, but there are times when even the college magazine **THE RED** must use a certain amount of discretion **AND WHITE** as to what it publishes. The December number of *The Red and White* hardly deserves the name of magazine; we can not believe that this represents the literary talent of the college. "A Fortunate

Case of Deafness" starts fairly well, slows up as the story advances and ends in a childish, fairy-story way. "The Fox Hunt," true to its name, leads us on a long ramble, and sets us down nowhere in particular; the gentle humor of Lamb characterizes this sketch. The essay, "The Advantage of Individual Motors," seems to have been outlined briefly and then elaborated; this, however, has been too scantily done, the sketch remains a mere outline and nothing more. "Cris-mus Am A'Comin'" is the best piece of writing in this issue; this is really creditable verse to which the negro dialect adds much. The description, "To the Yadkin," must have been near the river's source for nowhere else is it "limpid" and "crystal"; possibly this is a touch of idealism. The dissertation on various college boys hardly takes the place of some good editorials more necessary to the student.

Among the extraordinary stories that it has been our lot to review this year may be placed one from Davidson's December number. "The Quality of Common Things" is an unusual story even for an allegory. Every man should certainly read the adventures and ultimate success of a few men as depicted here. "The Man Ahead" might be called a probable impossibility; certainly the story sustains a lively interest and fascinates us by the touch of the supernatural. "My Star of Hope" and "A Story of the Artists' Home" are both of a distinctive type; the former deals with Italian life in New York, while the latter pictures the sad career of a struggling artist. We are brought face to face with the mountain country of France in the sketch, "Salers"; one can almost see the narrow gray streets of this little town with its old buildings and quaint ox carts. "Mohkanshan" and "A Prayer for Peace" are both well constructed poems; the first with its description of mountain and sky should appeal to every lover of nature. Of the editorials we have no

comment to make save that they are well written and interesting.

Possibly in this magazine the sketch which impresses us most is "A Study in Authors." In this composition the comparative popularity of English and American authors is rather vividly shown by the vote of an English class at the University. We can not here enter into any discussion of these authors; suffice it to say that the test certainly opens our eyes concerning the reading material of many college boys. The simply told story, "Chickens," portrays the art of natural writing well. After all, we can learn as much from nature as from a good many books. One of nature's great characteristics is simplicity, and such a story as the one here charmingly embodies this characteristic. The French literary circle of "The Chateau Delthrope" blends well with the old gray stone castle and mediæval tone of this classic rendezvous. Just such a place as this must have fostered the romantic spirit of France which flamed high during the perilous days of the Revolution. It is a pity that the old chateau could not release to mankind the numerous stories that its heavy walls conceal. "Marooned" and "Djengis Khan" are both poems above the ordinary; the vague atmosphere of the mysterious is introduced into what otherwise would be rather unromantic. The poem, "Dusk," leaves us a distinct picture, or rather feeling, of sadness and death. A magazine of this type should contain more than one editorial. No matter how good that may be, only one theme can be introduced, and all attempt at variety must be abandoned. And some one has said that variety is the spice of life.

A great many magazines have come to our table this month which, for lack of space, we have been unable to review.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, Durham, N. C., MARCH, 1915

College Ideals

CHARLES R. BAGLEY

A fixed purpose, which is but another name for a working ideal, is just as necessary to the building of character as are the architect's plans to the construction of a building. The builder sees a picture of the finished edifice before the corner stone is laid; the sculptor has a conception of the completed bust ere he begins to chisel; and likewise the pilot of a ship knows the intended course and the destined port a long time before the captain gives the order to put out to sea. Common sense teaches the intelligent man that he who would succeed in reaching the acme of his own possibilities in this life must have a definite goal towards which he is daily striving. There is no such thing as a lazy man. This so-called laziness, according to Dr. McMurray, is only the lack of a specific purpose.

How often have we seen this principle exemplified in little children. Let the mother tell her son that he may go in swimming when the wood box is full, and you will see the axe fly faster, directed now by one who is stimulated by a motive of interest and purpose. In like manner we recognize the same thing in our own lives, witnessed by the interest attached to a course of study which we intend to teach. Not only in our own lives does this principle hold good, but it is even more clearly substantiated by the ultimate successes of those men whose names are familiar to the students of history.

We realize, then, that a working ideal is very important—practically indispensable, in fact, to the successful life, in that it not only affords a motive for work, but also gives us

joy as we tend towards the goal, in the expectation of the eventual realization.

Ideals are not such theoretical things after all; they are practical to the man who knows how to conceive and to use them. The beauty of it all is heightened by the fact that our ideals, no matter how lofty they be, may be attained if we are willing to labor assiduously and intelligently towards this end. King Alfred realized his dream in keeping the Danes off British soil. Peter the Great, in the face of over-whelming odds, pictured helpless Russia as a world nation; every one knows the result. Few people in Lincoln's little home town of Kentucky ever expected to see the rail splitter directing the affairs of a nation, but no less remarkable was Garfield's rise from canal boy to President. It is indeed a rare thing that we see such a combination of indomitable will and clear foresight as shown by these heroes, but every one may have his own high ideals and reap the full joy of trying to attain them. Even though we fall short of the mark through some faltering Hamletism or lack of will on our part, there is still the sweet consolation of Robert Browning's lines:

"Ah, a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for!"

What is the real ideal in this life? This is the main question. Some students try to convince themselves that Omar's twenty-fourth Rubaiyat points the way:

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust unto dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end!"

Our own literature, however, is full of idealism which clears up this delusion. Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, and Lanier are all followers of the ideal.

Excelsior paints the upward struggle of a youth, intent upon reaching the pinnacle of his earthly possibilities. This ambitious young man sets his face firmly towards the goal

and allows no worldly temptations to thwart him. Although the road is steep, the path slippery, and down below there are numerous promises of pleasure dearest to the heart of youth, he goes onward, upward, higher, higher, over difficulty and danger, until he has reached the top,

“Still clasping in his hand of ice
The banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!”

But this is not all. College men, especially, should remember that there are others who are endowed with fewer talents. They need the assistance of a helping hand that they, too, may reach this coveted height. It may be only a little word of encouragement here or a little deed of kindness there, but that means a lot to a discouraged soul.

Sidney Lanier has summed up this beautiful ideal in the last stanza of his *Song of the Chattahoochee*:

“But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall,
Shall hinder the rain from attaining the plain,
For downward the voices of duty call—
Downward to toil and to be mixed with the main.
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a thousand meadows mortally yearn,
And the final main from beyond the plain
Calls over the hills of Habersham,
And calls through the valleys of Hall.”

This poem is picturing the unselfish soul which comes down from its lofty position in order to share the burdens of its brothers. The man who is full of the “milk o’ human kindness” realizes that there are many things to be done down in the plain; the thirsting flowers of youth need the moisture of an encouraging word, and the mills grinding out the little deeds of life need an honest workman to assume his part of the task. Lanier’s ideal man devotes his life unselfishly to serving his fellow men, but he never loses sight

of the final goal of life. What could be more beautiful than this! Christ himself lived just this sort of life. At the tender age of twelve years he was already about his Father's business, and on the cross he forgave his very murderers, for, "Father, they know not what they do."

American literature is full of such ideals. If a man conscientiously studies Holmes' Chambered Nautilus, he cannot fail to see the responsibility and beauty of life. The last stanza, the best of them all, is:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Holmes here describes that restless longing of the soul for something better. Dr. Smith, of the University of Virginia, himself somewhat of an idealist, points out the truth of the statement that a man cannot stand still. The moment that a man becomes satisfied with his work, he begins to go back. We should make each new achievement greater than the last until at length we have built up our lives to the point where they have outgrown the physical condition of this world and are ready to pass on to something better. A student who thoroughly understands the spirit of these three poems (literature is full of others almost as pretty) will not ask again, "What is the real ideal?" From Longfellow we get the idea of unswerving determination and perseverance towards the best in life; Lanier adds to this the idea of service along the way; and Holmes completes the ideal by portraying that restless feeling in a man which urges him on to something higher and nobler. A combination of the three is a good guarantee of success.

There is, though, a general tendency among students to "let things slide," as they say. A good many men have told

me in good faith: "Oh, it'll be time enough to get down to brass tacks after we finish college. Let's get some college life." Of course, it is advisable for a student to enter every possible phase of college activity so long as he doesn't build something now which will have to be torn down later. It is much easier to build a structure from the base than to be forced to clear the site of some condemned building before the new structure can go up. The man who aims at nothing usually hits what he aims at.

The affairs of college life demand great will power on our part. An act of will, according to Dr. Angell, is nothing but the concentration of our whole attention upon the desired result, to the exclusion of all counter argument. To do the right we must not only know the right; it is equally essential that we keep only this one vision before our eyes at all times.

Our life is a *building* of character, a *sculpture* of what is good and beautiful, a *voyage*, as it were, on a sea, mined with an infinite number of temptations. Why not have a definite plan, a specific purpose, a working ideal—a course which we can follow during the formative period of college days?

The Winning of Elizabeth

B. D. McCUBBINS

It was one of those hot, sultry days in July. Not a breeze was stirring and the hot rays of the evening sun beat down upon the beach in a way that made one wish fervently for the cool days of autumn. The beach was deserted, with the exception of Ralph Balfour, who lay basking in the sand under an umbrella reading a magazine.

Suddenly Ralph threw down the magazine as if disgusted and casually watched a cluster of clouds that were gathering in the east. Far away, down on the lower beach he could distinguish the form of little Marie Worth, playing with sand in an old boat that was drawn up upon the shore. Little Marie was the pet of the hotel, and especially of Ralph, since she was the sister of Elizabeth Worth. His thoughts then turned to Elizabeth. He loved her and had told her so that very morning, but she, like a little fairy water nymph,

“So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughs dimple
The baby roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.”

Ralph, becoming impatient at her continued disregard of his inner feelings, had left her rather abruptly and sought the quiet solitude of the cool, sandy beach. Tired of the sea-shore, tired of the magazine, and tired of Elizabeth's pranks, he fell asleep.

Several hours later he was awakened by a loud peal of thunder, and found the suddy, foaming waves of the incoming tide washing at his feet. The sky was overcast with black, threatening clouds and far out the waves were tossing and rolling high like furies. Instantly he realized that a terrible storm was rising. He arose and made his way back

to the hotel amid the blinding, dashing sand. There he found everything in confusion. Men in rubber coats were hurrying about and running towards the life-saving station, and signals of distress were heard going up. Ralph immediately knew that some one was missing from the hotel. "Who could it be?" he wondered. No one had been on the beach that evening except himself—and then he thought of little Marie and shuddered.

"What is wrong?" he asked a passing porter.

"Little Marie Worth has not been seen since dinner," the porter answered.

In an instant Ralph was rushing back towards the beach to a small fishing boat which he had noticed out there that afternoon. He found it, jumped in, and plied the oars rapidly. The little boat shot out into the rolling waves. The rain was now pouring down in torrents, the lightning flashed, the earth quivered with the rolling thunder, and each succeeding wave threatened to dash the frail little boat back upon the shore or crush it within its seething bosom. When he finally reached the place where he had seen the child, he found the water nearly six feet deep there. He tried to use his glasses, but to no avail. He tried again and again, and at last could descry a tiny, white object on a huge, sea-lashed rock which projected about ten feet out of the water some distance away. Mortifer Shoals it was called. He headed the little boat around and begun to pull for the rock with all his power. The little boat battled bravely with the breakers which threatened every moment to engulf it. Darkness had fallen upon the sea, and only through flashes of lightning could he see the rock ahead which seemed to be fast disappearing beneath the water. Almost despairing, he pulled on, and with a superhuman effort, plunged the boat up against the rock. At this moment a huge, mountain wave crashed down, struck the boat, sending it spinning under the water and dashing the man against the sharp rock. Bleeding and almost unconscious, he kept on and, aided by the lightning

flashes, managed to reach the shoals again. He grasped the child and stood there hardly knowing what to do. The water was rising steadily and covering the rock inch by inch. Almost exhausted, he had given up hope and was uttering a prayer for the child when suddenly he saw the faint gleam of a pursuing life boat coming towards the rock. He shouted with all his might and at last, when the water was creeping around his neck, they reached him and dragged him unconscious into the boat.

When the rescuing party landed Ralph opened his eyes and beheld a sweet, familiar form bending over him, her face aglow with admiration and tenderness, her eyes swimming in tears and her long, dark hair, damp from the rain, hanging loose around her shoulders. Beliving it a dream he closed his eyes, whispering, "Elizabeth!"

When he awoke again he was in his room in the hotel. A physician was feeling his pulse and saying, "He will be all right in a few days." He leaned back and closed his eyes. Suddenly he felt a soft hand wander over his face. He opened his eyes and saw Elizabeth kneeling beside the bed.

"Ralph, did you mean everything you said this morning?" she asked in a low voice.

He started quickly; his eyes sought hers in a glowing light of happiness and, raising up, he gently kissed her.

Just One Thought of Thee

J. W. CARR, JR.

Oh, just one thought of thee, my dear,
When in the depth of sin!
Oh, just one thought of thee when fear
Doth grip my soul within!
Oh, just one call from thy sweet voice
When hopes around me die
Can make my heart once more rejoice
And raise my ideals high.

When the siren song of sin
With luring, damning swell,
Calls back the times that once have been
And drags me down to Hell—
When from habit's iron chain
No *will* can set me free—
What can make me pure again
Except one thought of thee?

Oh, when I think how thou lov'st me,
And how that I am thine
How much care I how fleshy be
The pots of Egypt's shrine?
Or what care I how sin may smile?
Her smile is but a leer,
And can me ne'er away beguile
If I think of thee, my dear!

The Historical Element in Falstaff

W. I. WOOTEN

Every reader of Shakespeare is doubtless struck with that incomparable character, Sir John Falstaff. The wit and drollery of this unscrupulous knight keeps one in a constant roar of laughter. Yet when we begin to realize that the King, Hotspur, Douglas, Mortimer, and others were real historical personages, we are curious to know if any such person as Falstaff actually lived at that time. Was there really a big fat old knight who acted as the companion of Prince Hal in his wild life? Upon investigation we find that there was a certain Sir John Fastolf who was a close friend of the young King Henry V. However, instead of being the unscrupulous character Falstaff is represented as being, Walsingham tells us that he was "dear and acceptable to the king for his honesty and worth." This can hardly apply to Falstaff. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare's character Falstaff, much as it undoubtedly owes to the rich imagination and incomparable wit of the dramatist, was an embodiment of traditions concerning two distinct historical personages, Sir John Oldcastle and Sir John Fastolf,—traditions which no doubt had they not been preserved by the genius of Shakespeare, would have been irrevocably lost.

Sir John Oldcastle, the first of the historical personages whose traditions have been preserved by Shakespeare, was born in Edward III's reign, about the year 1360. His early military services were rendered in Wales and in the adjoining counties of England. In 1409 he married the heiress of the wealthy and powerful Lord Cobham, and, in accordance with the custom of the time, Oldcastle inherited the title as well as the estates of his wife's family. History gives us no such picture of him as Shakespeare's plays suggest. On the contrary we learn that he was an intimate friend of the king and was well thought of by that monarch for his honesty and worth. Further evidences which disprove the idea of him being a man of lax morals and sensual tastes may be found

in the fact that he stood out prominently as a supporter of the cause of the great reformer, Wycliffe, a cause which aimed at the purification of the church from scandals in the lives of its churchmen as well as the purification in doctrine. It must be recalled at this point that Wycliffe's translation of the bible and its subsequent spread of the truths which it contained were highly displeasing to the Church, which claimed the sole right of dispensing truths. Accordingly a synod of the bishops and clergy of England was called to meet at St. Paul's Cathedral in London to deal with the question of the Lollard heresy, as Wycliffe's movement was called. The real purpose it seems was to deal a blow at Oldcastle, who was designated as "a principal favourer, receiver, and maintainer of them whom the bishops misnamed to be Lollards." Oldcastle appeared and was subjected to a rigorous examination, the result of which was that he still stood firm in his belief. He obstinately held out to the end, which came in his condemnation as a heretic and subsequent sentence to the Tower. His stay in the Tower was short, however, for he soon escaped (by unknown means) and took refuge in Wales, a country familiar to him. After five years of hiding he was betrayed and taken back to London, where he was condemned as a traitor to his country and a heretic against God. He was accordingly hanged and burned on the 25th of December, 1417.

By what gradual process the popular opinion of the good Sir John Oldcastle underwent transformation we are unable to know. We can, however, theorize as to the change. It is probable that the priests, whom he had so bitterly denounced, taking up some of his own confessions to the synod, probably the part which contained his account of how he had spent his early life in covetousness, gluttony, and lechery and how he still hoped for forgiveness, kept them before the popular mind constantly and always gave him a severe condemnation. Thus it was that for more than a hundred years the friars told the story, the good traits in his life becoming gradually fainter and fainter and the ludicrous incidents, real and im-

aginary, always growing more prominent. It was a favorite theory in the middle ages that the way to make wickedness odious was to make it comic,—thus the comic side of Oldcastle.

Although Oldcastle probably figured quite prominently in many of the miracle plays, the first dramatic work to mention him by name and give him the part of the disreputable old knight was the *Famous Victories of Henry V*. We know nothing of its author, but we can place its date some time before 1588. The play contains the leading incidents which are depicted in Shakespeare's three plays, *The First and Second Parts of Henry IV* and their sequel, *Henry V*. Shakespeare borrowed, in addition to the main incidents, the characters of "Ned" or Edward Poins, Gadshill, and Sir John Oldcastle. We notice that two of these characters kept the same name. Why did not Sir John Oldcastle keep the same name?

This brings us to a discussion of the traditions of the second historical personage embodied in Falstaff. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare did at first incorporate the same character, Sir John Oldcastle, name and all, in his play *Henry IV*. Proof of this is found in convincing abundance. Nicholas Rowe, the first editor and biographer of Shakespeare, has the following to say: "Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of the family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff." A certain Dr. James, almost a contemporary of Shakespeare, says that "in Shakespeare's first shewe of *Henry V* the person with which he undertook to play a buffon was not Falstaff, but Sir John Oldcastle." In addition to those unimpeachable authorities we find further evidence in the plays themselves. In Act I, Scene II, of Part I of *Henry IV* Falstaff asks Prince Hal: "Is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" The Prince replies: "As the honey of Hybla, my *old* lad of the *castle*." This is taken to be a con-

scious play upon the word *Oldcastle*. In this same scene we also find this incomplete verse: "Away, Good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death." If we substitute *Oldcastle* for *Falstaff*, we find the meter corrected, another fact which shows that the name *Falstaff* was inserted after the play had been written. Moreover, in the quarto edition of the *Second Part of Henry IV*, printed in 1600, though the name Falstaff is used throughout, the printer in one place made a slip and placed the prefix *Old* before one of Falstaff's speeches, thus showing that he evidently was setting the type from a copy of the play in which the witty old knight was known as Oldcastle. As conclusive proof the *Second Part of Henry IV* is furnished with an epilogue in which these words are found: "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This is taken to mean that at first the Sir John of that play was Sir John Oldcastle, and later had been changed to Sir John Falstaff.

We learn from Nicholas Rowe that Shakespeare was commanded to change the knight's name. But why did he change it to Falstaff instead of to some other name? It is quite probable that Shakespeare, after having given up one Sir John, cast his eyes about for another who could take his place. It is also natural that he turn to some one who would fit in with the play historically. The first name that he came across was Sir John Fastolf—the name Falstaff and Fastolf being used indiscriminately—a not unimportant character during the reigns of Henry IV, Henry V, and Henry VI. We learn from the *Paston Letters* that Fastolf was unpopular in his generation, and like Oldcastle left an unmerited bad name behind him. A further resemblance to Oldcastle may be found in the fact that he too was a Lollard. This probably accounted for some of his unpopularity. Tradition informs us that Fastolf was in some way connected with a certain Boar's Head Tavern. This is substantiated by the *Paston Letters*, which prove that he owned a tavern by that name, not situated in Eastcheap, however, as the play has it, but in Southwark. For other traits of the historic Fastolf which are discernible in

the play, we must look to a study of his life. The Falstaff in the play is said to have served in his boyhood as "page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk." Mr. Gairdner, the editor of the *Paston Letters* and a writer of an article on Falstaff, makes the assertion that Fastolf really did spend his boyhood with that nobleman whom Shakespeare makes guardian of Falstaff, but admits that he can produce no contemporaneous manuscript authority. He bases his belief, however, on the communication of Blomefield, the county historian of York, to Oldys, who wrote the article on Sir John Fastolf in the first edition of *Biographia Britannica*, in a letter written September 29, 1749. Accepting his assertion and it seems quite plausible, we have a strong link in connecting Fastolf and Falstaff.

One is curious to know whether Shakespeare really intended to embody the tradition concerning these two historical persons. In studying the question, one must come to the conclusion that the dramatist did not set out with the intention of making his Falstaff represent a historical personage. He was undoubtedly familiar with all the popular traditions concerning the two knights. The writer's main purpose, however, was not to dramatize these traditions, but to create a character true to a type in his own mind. He needed a companion for the wild Prince Hal, and, influenced as he always was by the traditions and folk-lore of his people, Shakespeare set to work and created this character.

James A. Riggs, Bachelor

L. W. POWELL

Riggs loved a lady. And indeed, why shouldn't he for was it not spring? The first breath of summer was in the air; nature was beginning to smile; and all animal life had begun to feel that mysterious call of the springtime. That same mysterious call had come to Riggs, and he had succumbed to it. Exactly two evenings previous, he had proposed to Corrinne, but Corrinne had put him off with a promise to think it over. She had not felt the spell of the season, for it was a trifle early, and perhaps she, in her light feminine apparel, was not so susceptible as poor love-lorn Riggs in his heavy male attire. The weather plays queer pranks on us poor humans. Here was James A. Riggs, a confirmed bachelor of thirty-five, good looking, and fairly well-to-do, struck by the good looks of Corrinne,—all because of the weather. But Riggs, as he stood before his mirror, felt determined to get an answer from his lady love. He felt a great desire to marry, for he wanted to quit the shiftless life of a bachelor.

"Just look at him now," said Graham, his room-mate. "Don't he look like a gallant Troubadour going to sing beneath the window of his lady's boudoir? Oh my, look at that hair! What makes it so slick, Riggie? Did she say you were her ootsie-tootsums as you held her hand?"

"Shut up," said Riggs.

"Riggie, old man, take my advice and let the women alone. Never get married 'cause you'll be henpecked for certain. This is an age of woman's rights, and they don't usually want any rights till they're married. Ah, Riggie, my boy, it grieves me to see you leave us and go to live with some cruel woman."

"Ah, cut it!" said Riggs.

"In one year after you're married," continued the other, "when you come home about midnight, you'll walk up the stairs bare-footed to keep from waking wifey. In two years

after you're married, you won't walk up the stairs at all, 'cause you won't be out after six o'clock. But if you will get married, take a course in domestic science first, and learn how to wash dishes. You think you're going to get your socks darned, but you will not. She'll be too busy with meetings to darn your old socks."

"Shut up," said Riggs, as he gave a farewell pat to his necktie.

"Won't you kiss me good-bye before you go out, Dearie," said Graham, mockingly.

Riggs grinned foolishly.

"Better wear your overcoat," said Graham.

"No, don't think I'll need it," replied the other. "Good Night."

"Good-bye, sweetheart," laughed Graham. "Don't be out long."

Riggs slammed the door and walked out to the street. Since he had plenty of time, he decided to walk the entire way. As he hurried down the street, he whistled an old southern love song, and his thoughts naturally turned to Corrinne. Ah, what would her answer be? Would she say *no* or *yes*? Suppose she said *yes*, would it be proper for him to kiss her? He grinned foolishly. Suppose she said *no*, then what should he do? How should he act? He shivered, and wished that he had worn his overcoat, for it was getting colder. He put his hands into his pockets and walked faster. Suppose Corrinne did say *yes*. Then they would get married; they would rent a little flat, and begin life together. He recalled the picture of his mother and father, as they sat around the fire. Then he thought of what Graham had said.

"I wonder if it's true," thought he; but he banished the thought as soon as it arose. "Corrinne is a fine girl; she'll make an excellent companion. Ah, my dear Corrinne."

By this time he had reached his destination, and glancing at his watch by the light of a street lamp, he saw that he was a little ahead of time; but since it was rather chilly outside, he decided to go in. He felt his tie to be sure it was all

right, then with some misgivings, he rang the bell. A maid ushered him in and went upstairs to announce him. She returned almost immediately and said that the lady would be down in a short while. Riggs was sorry now that he had come so early, for it was evident that Corrinne was not ready.

The room was poorly heated, for the fire had just been made, and Riggs was decidedly uncomfortable. As he waited he thought again of what Graham had told him. He wondered how Corrinne would look with her hair not done up. He wondered if she would develop a sour disposition, and if she would allow his whiskey soda. He wondered if her color was natural.

From somewhere in the back of the house, he heard voices. Ah, she was coming. No, that was her mother, he heard. Suddenly he heard a female voice, shrill and scolding.

"No!" it screamed.

Then a male voice in a low pleading tone said something.

"No! I tell you, no!" retorted the female whom Riggs recognized as Corrinne's mother.

"But——," said the man.

"But nothing," shouted the woman. "I say no!"

Riggs was getting uneasy. He had no wish to overhear a family quarrel, but though he coughed once or twice, the scolding went on.

"I won't be gone long," pleaded the male voice.

"Shut up!" said the woman.

Riggs fidgetted about in his chair. He wished Corrine would hurry up. He wished her father and mother wouldn't talk so loud. He wished they would close the door. He wished he had not come at all. Then he thought of Graham, Graham who was at home in an easy chair, enjoying a cozy smoke.

"You are not going, that's all there is to it; so shut up!" screamed the female voice. Then a door slammed.

Riggs was more nervous.

"My," thought he. "Suppose the daughter is like her mother." He shivered.

“And this is the married life Graham was telling me about!”

He crossed his legs, then recrossed them. He folded his hands. He smoothed his hair. Then he glanced nervously at the door.

Suddenly he cautiously got out of his chair. Then without the least noise, James A. Riggs, aged thirty-five, fairly well-to-do, and good-looking, made his way on tip-toe to the door. He crept cautiously across the hall and secured his hat. Then with the same cat-like movement, he reached the front door and opened it. Noiselessly it closed behind him, and he was soon in the street.

“My,” said Riggs, as he hastened homeward. “That was a narrow escape. If that’s married life, I’m henceforth a bachelor!”

Sunset Land

D. L. EDWARDS

There's a western land
Where the ocean strand
Is decked with myriad shells;
Where the seaweed grows,
And the west wind blows,
And the beautiful naiads dwell.

Where the billows roar,
And the sun-lit shore
Is washed by the salty foam;
Where the surges break,
And the echoes wake,
The nymphs have their island home.

And ocean waves,
And the inland caves
Re-echo the billows' roar;
And the breakers rise,
And the low wind sighs,
As the waters roll on the shore.

In the evening calm
The majestic palm
To the sky its head doth raise;
In the balmy shade
Of a sylvan glade
A murmuring fountain plays.

The sailors declare
That often they hear
The bewitching naiads call;
But landsmen believe
It's a fable they weave,
And trust their reports not at all.

If ever you roam
O'er the briny foam,
Where the lofty billows are curled;
You must make your way,
Thro' the flying spray
To this garden spot of the world!

Our Mountain People

B. W. BARNARD

“Western North Carolina isn’t the only missionary field,”—that remark by a Senior from the western part of the State reminded me of an editorial I saw last summer entitled *Picturesque Fiction*. The editorial was an arraignment of that great quantity of well-meant mis-information which pawns off on the reading public strange tales of a strange people who inhabit this strange mountain country. We read so much of this stuff that we who live in this strange country sometimes doubt if we are not either blind or see things different from what they actually are. We wonder what the truth really is.

These prolific writers lead us to imagine that the inhabitants of our mountain country are closely related to some uncivilized race. To be sure, our mountain people are different; were they not, their existence in their surroundings would be an anomaly. The people of Maine, for example, are different from those in Georgia. Each section of the country must have its particular localisms, its peculiar traditions, and its distinct customs. We are not satisfied, however, to leave the question suspended thus. We want to know more of the truth.

In more ways than one, it must be confessed at the outset, the life of these people falls far short of an Utopian dream. Some of the men have a peculiar idea of the relation of the individual to the state; the result is an occasional blockade still. Sometimes the operator knows better, but evil instinct rules; more often, I am inclined to believe, the operator, influenced by the natural air of independence and freedom which the spirit of the mountains fosters, feels that the revenue officers are unjustly interfering with his liberty. The mountaineer unconsciously believes in the old theory of *laissez faire, laissez passer*, and he never lets the fires of his belief die down.

This same spirit of independence is often shown in the attitude of the people towards schools and compulsory education. Although fast giving away before a more reasonable attitude, prompted by a realization that education is essential, there yet remains an inkling of that former feeling so aptly expressed by the well-known words of Governor Berkley, of Virginia: "I thank God, there are no free schools, and I hope we shall not have any these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world." The worst that can be said, it seems, is that the people of the mountains are children of their environment.

This spirit of independence is but a forerunner of that virtue so refreshing because so rare,—absolute frankness. The first visit to the plain little mountain home denotes a welcome, or it does not—the people know no middle ground. They are plain, straightforward, honest, and in their utter simpleness these mountain folk speak their mind with little fear or favor. They preserve a wonderful harmony of action between the hand, the head, and the heart.

We hear much of Southern hospitality, and we wonder if it extends into the distant fastnesses of our mountain country. Whether extended there or inherent there—I am inclined to believe the latter—it exists. Pushed back by civilization and recoiling before the all-pervading spirit of commercialism, the beautiful old custom which made every man's home an inn for the tired traveller is left to a few favored regions, the mountain section of North Carolina prominent among them.

During the past summer my cousin and I visited one of these mountain homes, far up a little creek above the country store—post-office. We had scarcely arrived when several small watermelons were brought out onto the porch. No, they were not very good, but they were the best to be had. At the supper table it was hard to say which was more profuse, the quantity of the food or the apologies of the housewife. There would have been beans, but the continuous rain of the afternoon had made it almost impossible to go to the

bean-patch (which was doubtless a quarter of a mile from the house). We should have had chicken, also, but it was next to impossible to run one down through the high weeds and wet grass, bearing in mind always that these mountain chickens, accustomed to the more or less frequent visits of the Methodist preacher, can run like things possessed. Such apologies were clearly out of place in the presence of the bountiful supper we had. Prepared simply, substantially, abundantly, capable of fitting and keeping men able to live the life demanded by the rigors of the country, the supper was a rare treat.

This spirit of hospitality, so intimately connected with the spirit of friendship, enters early into the life of the children. Old enough not to be afraid of strangers, they come to climb upon his knee; sometimes with clothes not too clean, but why should we object for that reason? The friendly little mountain girl of today will be the industrious, hospitable housewife of tomorrow, and the little tangle-haired boy will own the little store and keep the post-office.

Entering more intimately into the home life of these people, what do we find? Is the wife the equal of the husband or is she a burden-bearer? She may be either, depending entirely on the individual woman. Sometimes she is boss; sometimes the two work together, and sometimes she is bossed; so no conclusion can be drawn from this relationship as uncertain as the vagaries of the individual woman's mind. The very nature of the country, causing as it does the making of a living to be a hard task, tends to make the woman a co-laborer with the man. And yet this occasional working in the field, this tramping over the mountains, all this apparently extreme drudgery is taken with the same degree of equanimity which characterizes the New England housewife as she goes about her daily work. The nature of the country and the demands of the mountain life make necessary a peculiar people.

One of the stock descriptions of our mountain people contains the startling and highly interesting statement that these

people know nothing of the bible, and get their knowledge of the church from a word dropped by the chance traveller who had succeeded in penetrating this remote and uncivilized region. The following story illustrates:

A Presbyterian minister with missionary tendencies was once traveling in the mountains. As he was going up a small creek in a sparsely settled region, he came upon a typical mountaineer home. Looking over toward the creek, he saw the thrifty housewife bending over the wash-tub.

"Good lady," he enquired, "are there any Presbyterians in this neighborhood?"

"I don't know, sir, but my old man caught some kind of a critter up the creek t'other day and fetched him home. We didn't none of us know what hit was; so he skint it, and hung hits hide over thar on the smoke-house. You can go and look fer yourself, and see if hit's anything like what you're lookin' fur."

Again we ask, what is the real truth? As a matter of fact, there are few places in the United States where more sincere religious zeal is manifested than in this region with its strange brand of Presbyterians. Here we find the Baptist, of both the hard-shell and straight variety. Although not so numerous, there are many Methodists, devoted members of their church. We must not omit the Methodist preacher—the ever-faithful circuit riders; they are among the truest and most dependable sons of the church. No kind of weather is too stormy; no distance is too great, and no time is too inconvenient for them to go to the aid of their people. They do their work in a quiet, unassuming way, and they get results.

True, the religious zeal of these people is not stable. It has a slight element of that inconsistency which prompts the Southern negro to visit his neighbor's hen-roost on Saturday night and sit in the "amen-corner" Sunday morning. With a zeal that would do credit to the early Pilgrims, these people go to their "meetin's,"—sometimes twice, but more often only once, in the month. They worship with the extreme

thoroughness which is characteristic of so much of their life, but no one can guess how long the impressions will last. That impressions are made there can be no doubt, for the preacher's sermon is one of the stock subjects of discourse on Sunday afternoons, and woe unto the child who goes to "meetin'" and does not remember the preacher's text! But yet it seems that this fervor, sincere and frank, which returns after each fall from grace is a worthy index to the character of those mountaineers who rise from every fall with the trusting faith of a confident and determined people.

We know that our mountain people are uncouth; we know that there are many homes of ignorance that would be better as homes of knowledge; we know that the living conditions of our people are often bad; but we object most strenuously to the painting of our lives by hands unsympathetic, and not guided by a knowledge of conditions as they are. Recognizing the evils that exist, we are anxious to remove them, and we are willing that our friends should aid us; but we insist that stories of our people must be representative—must picture conditions that are typical, and not scenes that are selected. If we do not have an appreciative conception of these people, an understanding gained through acquaintance with them, rather than through the writings of those who do not know them, we can not hope to form a just estimate. True citizens of the United States, human beings not unlike other human beings, and yet different,—that is their story.

A Strange Case

JACK W. WALLACE

There stands near the termination of the Piedmont plateau, not far distant from that chain of foot-hills which serves as the plateau's western boundary, the town of Sherburne. Like the great mass of towns which spring solely from that desire of people to congregate and enjoy the comforts of fellowship, nature has given it no marked advantages. It has no navigable waters in its vicinity nor rich mineral deposits which give birth to a city in a night. Time and time alone serves as its stimulus to advance and at the present with the exception of the laboring element, which the factories contribute, the population is largely the descendants of the original founders.

It is one of those places where wealth is comparably evenly divided, for there are no opportunities for sudden acquisition;—where infants spring into being, pass their childhood days, drift away always to return, to be finally laid to rest near the scenes in which they first took delight. Such surroundings cannot be calculated to inspire men to marked endeavor; they rather place limits on them.

The Reed family was among the town's first settlers. The Civil War left Andrew Reed the sole support of a mother and two spinster sisters. Such a circumstance was enough to sober a boy in his teens had he not been so by nature.

He employed himself in the one store of the town with which his uncle was formerly connected. This store served as a middleman for the entire surrounding country, to which country merchants brought their produce to exchange for the necessities of life. But this was not its only value. It offered employment to numbers of young men and gave them opportunity to learn the art of salesmanship before seeking larger centres of trade. As soon as a clerk became familiar with the stock, he was given samples and a territory to travel.

Reed remained in the house for some time before he attempted the road, but at the end of his second year, he de-

cided to try his hand. To pack the large sample cases required experience, so days in advance he packed and unpacked, each time more disgusted with his lack of self-confidence and his inaptitude to learn. The day arrived and at evening of the same day, Andrew returned with two wicker baskets of samples for which there was no room in the case, chagrined and disheartened. From that day to this he has always remained a clerk, one of those men who prefer the simple existence with the joys which a life of sacrifice and devotion to duty give it.

One by one the youths of the town succumbed to the lure of the West which was just then opening up. Tales of adventure, of sudden wealth, of a strange land, may have filled him with desire, but the one thought of his mother and sisters sufficed to dispell such hopes.

Wanderlust is one of those things which disappear with the passing of youth. Ten—twenty—thirty years found him still a clerk. Meanwhile he had buried both mother and sisters, while he remained the sole occupant of the house. An old negro woman prepared his meals and kept things in order.

There lived next door two spinster sisters who added to their income what they could by needle-work. The younger, named Mary, was of a loquacious disposition while the other of an opposite nature. Each morning when the sun had climbed over the old church, which kept away its first beams, found them, Miss Mary and Andrew, at their wells exchanging the morning's greeting, and in the gardening season when the day's work was at an end, both were to be found at work in their little gardens. From time to time they stopped, leaning on their hoes, and talked of this and that over the wicker fence—of the dry season, of the potato bugs and of the new minister.

"Well," said Andrew, "if I listened to him, all my money would be in heathen China and my soul in hell."

Thus he saw year follow year, living from January to July when dividends come due, and then he would sit down

and figure what he would be worth at the next milestone for this was his measure of time.

But monotony has its effect as well as excess. Suddenly he went to pieces. The doctor ordered a change of climate, so he went away to a nearby resort to drink the waters which were said to possess curative qualities. Unmindful of the physician he stayed but one day. He was lost.

Like the highlander longs for his native hills, which separation makes doubly dear, so did he feel some irresistible desire to return. Was it the old homestead, the little patch of mignonette by the well, the open fire? No, none of these but—Miss Mary.

He returned and laid his case before her. He related how he had lived year after year content even to be near her, never regarding her any more of his life than the old grandfather clock whose mellow chimes had awakened him for years.

“Somehow, Miss Mary, I believe a guiding hand stepped in to show me the way.”

They still live there. The old well and the little patch of mignonette still remain but the wicker fence has long been torn away.

Peace

E. LESTER CULBRETH

Away with winter's chilling blast and snow,
 Away with stinging cold and frowning skies,
Away with frost; and killing winds must go
 So that the fragrant lily may arise
To mock the glory of the setting sun,
 To drink the health of Venus from the dew,
To quiver at the fire-cloud's rolling dun
 And pray for sunlight in the central blue.

Be gone, the thund'ring cannon's murd'rous breath!
 Away with martial pomp and flashing steel,
The bugle's blast, commanding men to death,
 Must sound no longer on the battlefield
Until the nations shall their warring cease
 And crown forever more the Prince of Peace.

Editorial

THE NEW PUBLICATION

It is with a great deal of pleasure that THE ARCHIVE welcomes the announcement of the new publication, *The Trinity Alumni Register*. This publication, which is to appear quarterly beginning this April will fill a need long felt by all Trinity graduates and former students. The agitation which resulted in the founding of this periodical took definite shape last Commencement, at which time the Alumni Association appointed a committee to investigate and to take such steps as it saw fit looking toward the establishment of an alumni publication. Recently the committee sounded the alumni as to the magazine, and the hearty response, as shown by the success in obtaining advance subscriptions, predicts a great success for the new publication.

It is the plan of the staff, as has been announced, to have three general departments of the magazine: one department to be devoted to the current campus activities in which the alumni will probably be interested; another, in which communications from former students may be published; and lastly, space for editorials. One important service which *The Register* will render, in addition to keeping the alumni informed concerning the campus activities, will be the publication, in the first issues of the periodical, of a list of all former students of the college, giving their years in college, dates of graduation, present address, and other facts concerning them which will be of interest. It is the purpose of the management to make the publication a channel through which the alumni may become acquainted with the activities and progress of one another. In this way it is hoped that the publication will aid in the organization of the graduates and former students into a compact and active body for the

promotion and advancement of everything that pertains to the growth of the greater Trinity.

There is a tendency in the college graduate to drift farther and farther away from his *alma mater* as he becomes older, but this tendency is one that can easily be checked. Just as one, who is not actively associated with the old home and its associations, is prone to forget them, just so is the college graduate prone to forget his college. It is a perfectly natural thing, however, for one to be interested in the activities of one's college. The problem then becomes one of keeping the alumnus in touch with his college. To accomplish this various means have been tried. It was with this end in view that the Alumni Department of THE ARCHIVE was added. Such efforts have been found, however, to be more or less unsatisfactory. Something with a more definite and specific purpose was needed. It is believed that this want will be supplied by the alumni publication.

That *The Register*, under its energetic and capable corps of editors, will receive the great welcome which it deserves is quite certain. It is thought by all that it will be a success from the very beginning. Every loyal son of Trinity has felt its need, and now that the need is about to be supplied THE ARCHIVE, in company with all others, rejoices and wishes for the new publication the greatest possible success.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Honorable W. J. Bryan—in his great lecture, "The Making of a Man," said that man is made up of three beings: the physical man, the mental man, and the spiritual man. Indeed these three phases of man's being are so closely inter-related that any one of them is dependent upon the others for its fullest, healthiest activity. So nearly are they associated that we can scarcely conceive of a man in whom these three elements are not present and not harmonized. So essential are these three aspects of man's existence that it is difficult to say which is the most important; and yet we

can come to some conclusion on this question by speculating on the nature of such a human being as might be in a full and harmonized possession of two of these fundamental elements, but either lacking or weakened in respect to the other. A man physically and mentally perfect but spiritually degenerated would be the arch-criminal of the universe; a being spiritually and physically developed but lacking in mentality would certainly not be a criminal and would probably be ignorant and harmless; a man of perfect development in mind and spirit but lacking in physical body could well be the leader of the world to a higher and nobler conception of life. The one saving quality in the last two of these hypothetical beings is the development of their spiritual side. From such a comparison of abstractly constituted beings, we must conclude that the spiritual phase of man's existence is the most fundamental, necessary, and important of the three. Character, moral tone, and correct ideals are all dependent upon a proper development of the spiritual side of the individual and are also the greatest determinants of his value to society.

Education is a process of making men, of preparing the individual to adapt himself to his environment, and of fitting him to change or influence that environment so as to make it a better place of existence for himself and his fellow-beings. Since education strives to develop all sides of the individual, none of the three basic elements that go to make up the perfect man should be left without the pale of education's influence. Above all things the spiritual or religious development, the most important and fundamental of the three aspects of the individual, should not be left to mere chance. Religious training should and must be an integral part of any perfect system of education.

Such considerations as the above caused the earliest schools of this and many other countries to be founded and controlled by the churches. The most spiritually enlightened men of our nation realized that religious training was essential to good citizenship, and that such training could best

be given in institutions founded and conducted by the churches. Such considerations as the above lead to the establishment of Trinity College, with her motto, *Eruditio et Religio*, which embodies in its meaning education in its truest and broadest sense.

In the case of primary education this correct conception of education had to be abandoned early. The very manifest public good obtained from uniform primary educational facilities; the great number of sectarian churches, each wishing to propogate a special form of religion; and the very evident possibility of giving the child religious instruction in the home,—these forces combined to take primary education away from the churches and to put it into the hands of the state. In the case of the secondary schools and colleges no such justification for leaving out the religious element of education could be found, but in the last half century there has been a tendency to remove religious influence from our secondary as well as our primary schools. There has been a tendency to emphasize physical and mental development, while religious or spiritual training is relegated to the background. Non-sectarian colleges and universities in great numbers have been established, and it seems as though religious education is fast becoming an institution of the past. Schools that formerly maintained that religion should be a part of education have become non-sectarian, throwing off what has come in many cases to be considered an influence restraining them from broad-minded truth-seeking.

Among the causes for such a change in the conception of secondary and higher education might be mentioned the growing skepticism among certain classes of intellectuals, the idea that all education should be taken care of by the state, and the narrow-minded religious attitude of some denominational schools. Over the first two causes the church schools of our country had no control, but they are to blame for the change of attitude in so far as it was brought about by the third cause. Some of the ground which has been lost for religious education can be won back by existing de-

nominal schools assuming an attitude of broad-mindedness and tolerance in religious matters, to the extent that they can do so without deserting the principles for which they stand.

We believe that Trinity College and other such institutions of the state have the correct conception of education, namely: as a process of development of the spiritual, as well as the physical and mental sides of the individual. Let us see to it that this conception does not die out. Let us not carry sectarianism to intolerance, nor yet fail to stand for a broad training in the fundamentals of the Christian religion. If we avoid intolerant sectarianism on the one hand and cowardly conformity to prevalent tendencies on the other, Trinity College can not but help to keep alive the principles of religious education.—J. W. C., Jr.

Alumni Department

Sehnsucht

E. C. CHEEK, '11

(Mr. Cheek, who graduated with the class of 1911, is at present in China in the employ of the British-American Tobacco Company, having secured a position with this company immediately after his graduation. During his senior year in college Mr. Cheek was Business Manager of THE ARCHIVE.—Ed.)

A candle flares up and out again ;
 The smoke rolls up in hazy curl,
 Recollection paints with dim and longing brush
 The ever present yet so distant past ;
 The time, the place: a girl.

A dark outline of Carolina hills,
 With a pale big moon o'erhung ;
 The glistening sheen of a moon-lit stream,
 And nearby a gurgling branch's song.
 A peach orchard's bloom in the morning haze
 Glowing through the rising mist,
 A diamond dewdrop on each fairy petal
 By a morn's sun's peeping rays kis't.
 The music of a well-known laugh
 And soon loved fingers are binding ;
 The cool sweet touch of ripe red lips
 And dancing deep blue eyes reminding.

Then awake with a start and a lurch and an oath
 To the snores and the stench and the diet and the filth,
 Extremely evident each and both ;
 To the fumes and the glow of a charcoal fire
 In a mud-walled Chinese Inn.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The first and last stanza of this is an exact imitation of the Chinese "short-stop." I wrote the first stanza before I ever heard of Chinese poetry, and here I find that it is an exact copy of a form used twenty centuries ago. In this form the Chinese value the suggestion and surprise in the last line.

Wayside Wares

AN APOLOGY FOR SMOKERS

R. A. FINCH

This is an age of smokers. From the far-gone days long before the white man discovered America, when the American Indian, surrounded by his kinsmen, seated by the dull fire light in his wigwam, telling of former hunts, of the Great Spirit, and of the Happy Hunting Grounds, puffed great clouds of smoke from his long-stemmed peace-pipe,—from that time even to the present moment men have been smokers. Even Sir Walter Raleigh, great man that he was, is probably best known to most of us because of his experiences with his historic pipe. Numerous other great men from all parts of the earth,—kings, emperors, presidents, to say nothing of the hosts of statesmen, poets, millionaires, artists, doctors, professors, and other relatively insignificant persons,—might be mentioned as good examples of modern tobacco users. And the wonderful thing about it all is that this vast army of “lovers of the weed” is continually increasing in number. Demand has long since caused the old method of curing and manufacturing to become a thing of the past, and in its stead we now see huge tobacco plantations and large factories, which are turning out daily thousands of dollars worth of finished products, numbering in brand and variety far into the hundreds.

Yet, in spite of the wide-spread prevalence of tobacco users today, there is an opposite party who have made sundry experiments and have gathered together certain indisputable facts as to the harmful effects of tobacco. These persons have been very sincere in their denunciations, and I have no doubt but that the arguments which they advance against the use of tobacco are entirely correct—so far as they go. Tobac-

co in any form,—dipping, chewing, or smoking,—is, in the last analysis, what we call a luxury. Besides, it is very harmful to the physical being; and, for these reasons, it has been severely attacked by various enthusiastic non-users, our so-called anti-tobacconists. Smoking, for example, has been sternly censured. Doubtless much that has been said against this particular form of the use of tobacco is true. Nevertheless, it seems to me that, in order for this indulgence to enjoy such an extensive popularity, both in past and present, there must be something to be said in its favor. It is of this particular something that I now wish to write. And, although a man may not be a smoker, it should not be wholly against his will to listen to the arguments of a smoker.

The man who has never mastered his first chew of tobacco or his first cigar has missed one of the keenest joys of life. There is something about such an experience that one never forgets. It is that same feeling of pride, of high spirits, that one feels when accomplishing any other of the great achievements of life. A mastery of any situation carries with it a feeling of intense joy, and it is this feeling that one gets from one's first smoke. I myself remember very distinctly when I smoked my first cigar, and it is with no small amount of pleasure that I now look back upon that event. Already I had become very well acquainted with my father's pipe, but not until I had survived the effects of my first cigar did I feel that I could be classed as a real smoker. Doubtless every mature smoker can recall similar experiences; and you, my dear smoker, perhaps remember very distinctly your own futile attempts at maintaining your equipoise in a huge Morris chair at the time of your first grapple with a real cigar.

But the reward is well worth the price, and after you have recovered from the highly exciting effects of the first cigar, the remainder of your life is one great opportunity for enjoyment. When friends have forsaken you, there is nothing nearly so consoling as the sedative tobacco smoke. With every draw your troubles flee; and, like the unstable smoke

itself, they are driven off by the winds until they are no more. When you are "broke," when the check fails to come, there is nothing that will go half so far towards allaying your grief as a good cigar. Although you may be penniless and a stranger in a city, if you can pawn your watch for the price of a good cigar, you can then walk the streets or lounge in some public place with as much abandon and ease as a real personage. The shorter the cigar becomes, the more real is your joy, until, finally, with the tiny "duck" held safely upon the point of a toothpick, and the coals occasionally burning your lips, you draw short, bitter mouthfuls of yellow smoke,—not until then is your joy at its highest.

As a rule, at some time in their lives, most people are lovers; and, also, very frequently, for some reason or other, happy lovers have to separate. When your love is absent, a good cigar makes an excellent substitute. A room in which the air is perfectly still is all else that is necessary. In such a room, as you blow the lazy, light, floating smoke into the unmoved atmosphere, by using your own imagination you can see her as she floats before you. Once again you behold her as she looked when last you told her good-bye, and with every whiff appears a new picture, a fairer face, a deeper smile.

To stand on the rear platform of a street car, or to lounge in the smoker of a local passenger coach, vigorously pulling at a burning cigar stump is one of the most exhilarating experiences of a trip. The privilege of blowing great mouthfuls of stifling smoke into your fellow-passengers' faces, without being molested, is certainly very gratifying. Furthermore, on such occasions a cigar lends you a peculiar distinction, which cannot be obtained in any other way; and, although you may possess only thirty-five cents, if your collar is clean and your clothes fit well, you may draw inquisitive glances, or remarks from your fellow travellers; and sometimes you may be mistaken for a millionaire. Surely such ability would afford an inestimable amount of real pleasure

and joy. After all, life is just a big bluff, and nothing goes quite so far towards helping one to run a bluff successfully as a neatly rolled cigar.

And yet, life has its serious moments as well as its frivolous ones. In either case the cigar is well nigh indispensable. For instance, when the busy railroad president or the proprietor of a suburban grocery store wishes to plan some business scheme, the tiny brown roll of tobacco becomes his staunchest ally. Lost in a cloud of sedative smoke, as he leans over his desk, his nerves become steadier, his jaw firmer, his eye clearer, and the decisive stroke is made which means millions to the one, a home and a name to the other.

Finally, there is another type of being who should be most grateful for his use of cigar smoke. The particular person of whom I make mention is the henpecked husband. On hundreds of occasions smoke becomes his most effective weapon against his garrulous mate, and not infrequently he accomplishes more by it than he could possibly do with a club or a broomstick. When he wishes to read the morning paper, a wild-west story, or a dime novel, usually about the only way he can do so undisturbed is to crouch in one corner of his room and in such a position defend himself with great volleys of tobacco smoke. In the majority of cases such a defense is very effectual, and his wife will either swoon, or, with her apron over her face, flee from the room, leaving her husband at his own pleasure. On other occasions when neighbor Brown or Smith comes around to play Mr. Henpeck a game of checkers, chess, or poker, the only conditions under which such a thing can be done peacefully is under the protecting shadow of tobacco smoke. As long as the smoke continues, so will the game, and the best that Mrs. Henpeck can do is to keep at bay until the smoke has rolled away.

E d i t o r ' s T a b l e

To a southerner at large in the world to know that a man is an American is one thing, to know that he is from the Southland is quite another. The union stands to-day stronger than ever before, yet ever and anon there arises the spirit of the old South,—not as opposed to the North, but rather in sympathy with Dixie. In Virginia's magazine, the story, "A Toast to Lincoln," clearly embodies just this idea of the old South, the South of chivalry, the South that every one loves to picture for himself.

**UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA
MAGAZINE**

Quite another type of story is "Eternal Comradeship." Here the supernatural power of Poe or the fantastic influence of a spiritualist can be felt. Uncanny as this story may appear, still fascination for the unnatural attracts us as much as charm for the natural. As the title suggests immortality of the soul is intimated in this narrative.

The good that men do is not "oft interred with their bones," nor does it necessarily await the death of a man to appear. The timely sketch, "An Appreciation of Dr. Alderman," is an admirable resumé of the work of this noted educator. We are forcibly impressed by the spirit of restlessness innate in this man; a man always forging ahead and never satisfied with what has already been attained. Would that every one could be infected with this same spirit!

The three poems of this magazine all deserve mention. Possibly "A Garland to Columbine" is the most noteworthy of these three. Here the kaleidoscopic treatment is charming, each picture coming before our eyes and then passing on to give place to another. "Folk-Lore" is a clever bit of rhyme concerning women and their ways.

The single editorial of the magazine should furnish Virginia students with matter for serious thought. The ques-

tions that the writer asks are vital, not only to men at Virginia, but to all college students.

The college magazine, above everything else, should strive to be a true representative of the college; to mirror in its pages the thoughts and ideas of the college community. However, such an anniversary number as the February number of *The Wake Forest Student* should not come amiss. After all the magazine is primarily for the student, and much benefit can be gleaned from such an issue as this. Certainly this should be a profitable number with such contributors as Judge Clark and Judge Pritchard.

The article by Judge Clark, "Some Myths of the Law," is as interesting to the average layman as to the full-fledged lawyer. These myths are the interpretations of the common law, the Magna Charta, and the power of the courts. The discussion of the third topic is of more interest to us since it corrects some prevailing erroneous ideas concerning present day courts.

Every lawyer or aspirant to this title must necessarily feel a keen stimulation on reading Judge Pritchard's article, "The Majesty of the Law." This sketch carries us back to the giving of the Ten Commandments; the power of the law, or rather the majesty of the law, has been felt from that time to the present moment.

Aside from the serious essays in this issue appears the one short story, "Attorney for the Defense." The blending of narrative and description here is excellent; easily we are able to put ourselves in the place of this struggling lawyer. At the close it is with a feeling of relief rather than pity that we see the young attorney lose his case.

True, this issue is entirely a law number, yet one editorial on this subject would have been sufficient. We should like to see this editorial department discuss some important student questions and not do work of the piecemeal variety. A little careful study will soon remedy this evil.

The simple title, "Thoughts," is certainly a misleading one when, in a retrospective way, we look back over this story. The thoughts of the man furnish the nucleus for the story, it is true, but at the same time make a rather unfeeling title. Submerged in the story, we soon become unaware of the title; such a naive, interesting tale deserves a better name.

**DAVIDSON
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**

The second story of the issue, "A Hollow Mystery," is entirely the work of a clever imagination. A boy's dream furnishes the entire plot; such a complete story would hardly have been depicted in a dream. Still the scope of dreams is so infinite that we can not criticize their substance.

"Longfellow's Secret of Finding Readers and Retaining Them" is a subject which hardly needs discussion. His poetry is so self revealing and realistic that its charm is irresistible. In this essay the author quotes quite freely from some of Longfellow's poems, each one a true representative of the man.

Of the verse, "Another Chance" with its simple lesson appeals to us most. "Summer Evening," a picture rather inadequately expressed on paper, and "Lines," verse full of feeling, are both good poems.

It is especially gratifying to find such an editorial as "College Ideals." The haphazard, hit-and-miss methods of a great many college men are almost appalling. If we are to form habits from such methods, what will be the destiny that we reap?

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Columns*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Red and White*, *The Wofford College Journal*, *The Trinitonian*, *The Chicora Almacén*, *The Acorn*, *The Niagara Index*, *The Emory Phoenix*, *The Mercerian Orange and Black*, *The Georgian*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Winthrop Journal*,

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

VOLUME XXVIII

APRIL

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, \$1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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The Trinity Archive

TRINITY COLLEGE, Durham, N. C., APRIL, 1915

At the Dardanelles

JOHN W. CARR, JR.

In legendary times of yore
They fought around th' Aegean shore,
The Greeks and Trojans locked in strife
Fought over Helen, Paris' wife.
Around the walls of ancient Troy
They fought for glory, love, and joy.
With breast to breast and shield to shield
They strove. Who best the sword could wield—
His was the fame of war's renown;
His brow was wreathed with victory's crown.

Each man could then with strong right arm
Defend himself from hurt or harm.
The brave Achilles' arm of steel
Could slay a Hector; at the wheel
Of his deadly chariot could haul
His body thrice around the wall.
There was romance, there was fame!
There were heroes worth the name!
There was Love's coquettish smile,
There was dying worth the while!

The moderns fight on the Aegean shore,
But fight not as those men of yore.
From the dreadnaught *Elizabeth*
They scatter havoc, fire, and death.
The Allies' fleet with shot and shells
Is pushing through the Dardanelles.

With telescope and aeroplane
They find the range far on the main.
With deadly guns of largest bore
They shoot and kill an unseen foe!

What counts a man in such a strife?
What counts this waste of human life?
Grim death has changed his antique blade
For a patent reaper, the best that's made!
With automatic gun and shell
And plates of armor, forged in hell,
Is fitted out this grim machine
Which reaps the fields of mankind clean.
Oh, War, whence has thy Romance fled!
Thy glory gone, thy fame is dead.
Oh, give us war as 'twas of yore,
Or let us have it nevermore!

The Other Man

JACK W. WALLACE

Judson Bartlett tucked a white satin box in his vest pocket and stepped out into the street. Changing his mind, he drew it out again and clasped it tightly in his right hand. Once out of the shop district, he turned down a side street into an avenue and found himself in the fashionable residential section of the city.

Here he stopped and opened the box. Inside was a magnificent solitaire. He smiled, for the April sun made it sparkle. A woman brushed his arm in passing. He thrust the box quickly into its hiding place again and continued his course down the avenue. First he set out at a moderate pace, but suddenly he broke into a swinging stride as if determined on a certain destination.

He tapped each pole with his cane as he walked along. The mild day had drawn scores of nurses with their charges to the avenue's broad walks, and often he stopped to peep under a protecting top at a smiling face. Once he stopped at a crossing to help a nurse readjust a carriage top. A machine drew up to the curb, and a man with a light overcoat stepped out.

"Well, Judge Bartlett, tell-me-what-you're doing here."

Bartlett gave the tap a final turn and looked up surprised at this familiar greeting.

"And, Dr. Fuller Cabot Henry, you answer that same question."

The two men hugged one another like two bears. They had been roommates at college. Like men do, whose interests draw them apart, they had lost all trace of each other. With women the case is different. The bond that binds woman to woman seems struck from deeper sympathies. The two stood at arm's length and looked at each other in silence.

"Ten years hasn't made any dents in you, Judge. Don't look henpecked a bit."

"For a very good reason. But, Fuller, why that happy hunting ground?" Bartlett asked, running a hand over his own smooth chin.

"Oh, my goatee. Well, you see, for professional reasons. An old woman will swallow a pill quicker for a bearded M. D. You know that old gag about beardless youth. But you haven't told me what you're doing here. Business?"

"Not exactly. Friends I met last summer. I'm only up for a few days. They're expecting me at eleven."

"Well, jump in. I'll run around a bit and drop you there at eleven."

The low roadster drew away with a leisurely chug.

Let's see, Fuller, it's 1038 Park," said Bartlett, drawing a card from a bulky card case.

"So the Brettons are your friends?"

"You know them, then?" inquired Bartlett, laying an eager hand on Cabot's arm.

"Oh yes. I'm the family physician. Judge, are you going to see the family or one specific member of that family?"

Bartlett did not look up. He was intent on something which he held in his right hand. It was uncomfortable in his vest. Cabot caught sight of the ring.

"What! That serious? You? Judson Archibold Bartlett succumbed?"

"Well, here's to you, old fellow!" he added with a sigh.

Bartlett's eyes were still fixed on the sparkling jewel. "It's a beauty, isn't it?"

"I bought one once."

"You did?"

"And I still have it."

"How's that? Then you're married?"

"No, not hardly. By the way, it was four years ago today."

"What? Did she die?"

"No, she married. I'll tell you about it. A little fatherly

advice on that line won't do you any harm. So many men rush in pell-mell and after they have day-dreamed for a year or two about a loving little wife and suburban bungalow, bought a la installment, with a big rock fireplace in the living room, with a pot of narcissus on the table, with your own fresh eggs for breakfast every morning, then some other brooser steps in and you're bumped. Oh, I know how it is."

"Pell-mell, I guess you're right, Fuller. Most men do. Pell-mell—but I'm past that. You see I'm a man of thirty now. I don't fall for a pretty face. They rarely draw a second glance. It takes more than that to interest me. I look for character, and, Fuller, she's true blue, is Emilie Bretton."

"Don't think for a moment, Judge that I wish to disal-lusion you, not for a moment. It was just my luck, that's all."

"Oh, it's all right, Fuller, go ahead. Let's hear it."

"Well, it was just such a morning as this. I went down to Partee's and bought a ring for the finest girl in the world. I walked out, for I intended to take the whole day off, just like you, to put that ring where God intended it to go. I met the postman at the gate and we walked in together. She was out on the steps to receive the mail. He handed her three letters, all for her. I insisted that she go ahead and read them, which she proceeded to do. Two of them were of lavender stationery; the third was a large white one. Evidently from a gentleman. I had no objections. Let her have her men friends. I noticed, however, she didn't read it but tucked it in her bosom, regarding me out of the corner of her eye.

"Go ahead,' said I.

"Oh, it's nothing but a circular, it can wait,' she said.

"I looked at her squarely. She was embarrassed, confused. She couldn't look me in the eye. Suddenly her confusion grew into anger. She jumped to her feet and cried in my face, 'And what of it?'

"I stepped back. 'Nothing,' I said. It had dawned on me—suddenly—out of a clear sky. That night she eloped."

"And you still have your ring?"

"Yes, I still have my ring."

"And you've never loved since?"

"No. I have never loved since."

"Perhaps you weren't really in love. Just momentary infatuation, you know."

"Perhaps I wasn't. But when a man prescribes syrup of squills for a confirmed dyspeptic, kisses every old lady he visits, and chucks all the young ones under the chin, then there's something wrong somewhere."

Henry brought the car to a stop before an imposing brick home.

"Well, here we are and on the dot. The punctuality of a lover all right."

Bartlett stepped out on the landing.

"Thanks for the lift, Fuller. And when shall I see you again? It's not just every day that one runs on an old roommate. It seems like old times again. What are you doing tonight? Meet me at Rontgen's at ten and we'll put Johnny Green under the shower again."

Henry's taut features relaxed into a smile at this reference to his college days.

"All right, Judge, I'll be there."

The car drew away and Bartlett mounted the steps of the terrace and disappeared in the portico.

The Brettons were charming people. Emilie played and sang for him those old love songs so full of sentiment, with which our grandmothers used to rope in our grandfathers. Those old songs on which every man feels he ought to have the copyright. Bartlett left that evening firm in his belief that Emilie Bretton was fashioned expressly for Judson A. Bartlett.

Henry arrived at Rontgen's at the appointed hour, select-

ed a quiet corner, and ordered dinner. Bartlett joined him there.

They spent a delightful evening there by themselves. They chatted while they ate, swapped jokes, recalled mutual pleasures, spoke of old acquaintances, and exchanged experiences.

They smoked while they talked.

"Fuller, try one of mine," interrupted Bartlett, drawing a case from a pocket in his vest. Without glancing at it, he extended the open box to his companion across the table.

"Then you didn't give it to her?" inquired Henry, eagerly.

"Give what?"

"Oh, pardon me, that's my cigarette pocket. I didn't notice. Here they are. You'll find them mild. No—I didn't give it to her. Tomorrow's another day."

"But, nothing's happened?"

"Oh no, nothing at all. It won't do any harm to wait."

The corners of Henry's mouth shaped themselves into a cynical smile.

"Competition, eh?"

"Nope, not that I know of."

"So much the worse. One of these handicap affairs with one entry."

"Oh, I won't bother about that. When a man meets the right girl, he knows it. A third party's not desired. And besides she is an unusual girl. Not one of your little fire-fly kind, but a sane, sensible little woman. And hasn't she told——"

"Now, Judge, be square. Suppose a third party should step in. One of these Newport—Daytona Beach affairs,—good looker, suave, abnormal bank account, and all the other accoutrement. What would——"

"Why Fuller, I'll give you my word, I wouldn't turn a finger if—why, man, I'd—oh, you can't understand. You see, she's different."

“Well, there’s no use trying to tell anything to a lover. Just like arguing with a woman. Of course, understand, Judson, it’s quite none of my affair, only, my lesson cost me so bitterly that I don’t want to watch another trip over the same log. The point I make is to go slow. The knot is easy enough to tie all right, but—”

“Oh, go ahead, Fuller. On the contrary I appreciate you. I guess it’s best to talk over these matters. I’ve known Emilie now for almost a year and I’m convinced that she is true blue, so a day or so doesn’t matter. And now if you were leading the attacking party, how would you advance?” Bartlett added with an inquiring smile.

“Well, Judge, I’m afraid you won’t like it. It’s rather crude. But you know, you can’t improvise one of these Sir Edward Grey affairs just off hand. It takes a day or two to work out a scheme whereby a South Sea island is added to the encyclopedia and still make the natives feel like it’s a little missionary enterprise. My scheme is a kind of a Teutonic affair, but it may serve the purpose.”

“You’re the doctor. Let’s have it.”

Bartlett drew his chair nearer the table and propped his chin on his hands. Henry took a sip of wine and straightened up.

“Tomorrow evening Mrs. Camp is to have three tables of auction. The Brettons are to be there. I am to provide three gentlemen if I may include myself. I have asked a fellow Rucker, and you are to be the third. Rucker is quite an attractive fellow. A man of means and besides a gentleman. I happen to know that he has taken a fancy to Emilie Bretton and if he received encouragement, he will be very attentive. I’ll see him and tell him the *status quo* of things on the side.

“Some scheme. And you are sure a red blooded man of thirty will agree to be a puppet for another man of thirty, especially when he is fond of the girl, as you say?”

“That’s just it. It will enable him to sail under a neutral

flag and to advance under cover. If she turns him down, then he—oh, euphemistically speaking, that's your satisfaction."

"Yes, my satisfaction. Some satisfaction! I get satisfaction either way."

Both men laughed.

"Oh, it suits me all right. It's up to him." Henry looked at his watch. It was eleven thirty.

"Judge, I tell you. I'll drop you at your hotel and then go to Rucker's apartment. If everything's all right, I won't phone. Tomorrow you can put in good time at the Brettons."

Henry did not phone, but Bartlett did put in good time at the Brettons the following day. That evening when Henry called for Bartlett, he found him in the best of spirits. They were the last of the guests to arrive.

Emilie Bretton was in her fighting clothes. A grey taffeta with a short waist of chiffon. In the nautical terms of the day, she was bared for action.

As the evening wore on, Rucker became more attentive. He was her partner. If there is one thing some men value, it's a woman who can play a decent game of auction and Emilie Bretton could. Sidney Rucker was one of those men. He was by her side the remainder of the evening. They ate their ice together. They talked of mutual friends. Rucker had ceased to be an actor. He lived his part.

Bartlett and Henry joined them at their table. The smile on Rucker's face disappeared. The one on Bartlett's had some time ago. Henry was the only one of the three men who could talk. They were thinking. When they dropped Rucker at his apartment an hour later, they were still thinking.

Shortly the car drew up before Bartlett's hotel and he alighted.

"Good night, Fuller. Enjoyed the evening. By the way, when are you to hear from Rucker?" Bartlett added, incidentally.

"He's to come to my office Thursday at eleven. Good night!"

The car moved off leaving Bartlett still standing on the curb where he had alighted.

"And I'll be there at eleven, too. And in the meanwhile I'll see to it that Miss Emilie Bretton is not neglected."

He turned and disappeared through the corridor.

He did see that Emilie Bretton was not neglected and one, Sidney Fenner Rucker, did likewise. From Monday evening until eleven o'clock Thursday morning is only a matter of a few hours, but it can be a long time, and Judson Bartlett thought it was.

A minute was a long time to Judson Bartlett, standing behind the portieres in Henry's office Thursday morning. Emilie Bretton was true blue all right, for he had a note from her last evening. It was merely the suspense.

Some one tapped lightly on Dr. Henry's private door, turned the knob nervously, and stepped quickly into the room. It was Rucker. He had played with fire. He was pale.

"Well Doc, I'm here on time. I've uh—uh—lost out. I—uh—"

Bartlett threw back the portieres and advanced to Rucker with extended hand. His features wore that look of beneficent dignity which the victor feels for the vanquished. Rucker looked up surprised. He recovered his composure and grasped the proffered hand.

Henry drew a bottle of brandy from a cabinet and the three men took seats around the table.

"Now since it's over, I'll tell you how it happened, but first here's one to the victor."

Bartlett bowed to Rucker and the three men emptied their glasses. Rucker continued:

"When I went out this morning, I met the postman at the gate. We walked in together. She was there on the steps to receive the mail. He handed her a large white letter

and an oblong box. I insisted that she go ahead and read it, and she did. When she had finished, she unwrapped the oblong box. It was white satin. She opened it and there—was a brilliant solitaire diamond set in platinum. She slipped it on her finger and held it close for me to see.

“ ‘Isn’t it a dear ?’ she said

“ ‘It’s from him.’ ”

Bartlett’s hand sought his heart. He held it there a moment. He relaxed and it slid slowly down his vest. An obstruction stopped it. A white satin box rolled out and fell to the floor.

The Confessions of a Theme-Reader

N'IMPORTE

Of all the jobs open to the undergraduate while going through college, perhaps none requires more work for less pay than that of assistant in the English department. For ten or twelve hours a week the theme-reader has to decipher and correct piles of half-written manuscript covered with worse-constructed English, much to the detriment of his eyes, his temper, and his immortal soul. And yet, since the work is very interesting, the theme-reader enjoys it very much as he would a Turkish bath: He is glad when it is over, but he wouldn't have missed it for anything.

The first week or two after the theme-reader takes up his job, he starts into his work feverishly, enthusiastically to make good. He buys a brand new bottle of the most crimson ink he can find; then filled with the high ideal of doing very man justice on every theme, he puts himself into an impersonal and highly critical frame of mind to start in dispensing justice with a benevolent but infallible hand. He reads every theme carefully about three times, criticizing minutely every word, every sentence, and every paragraph. But he soon finds that this scheme is far too thorough and perfect to work out in practice. The average freshman theme is too thin to stand much criticism; therefore, when the conscientious reader tries to put a just grade on the work of art before him, he finds that there is nothing there to grade but red ink. By the time he has worried through about ten themes in this manner, he comes to the conclusion that he would be gray-headed before he finishes the batch before him. Accordingly, he rushes through the remainder, sacrificing his ideals and turning out a very poor job. The next week, therefore, recalling the system used by the reader who graded his freshman themes, he exchanges his esthetic ink bottle for a very black pencil, reads the themes in a general way, and grades

them with the first Arabic numeral between fifty and ninety that comes into his head. After a little practice, however, he works out a system that brings satisfaction to himself, at least. The most satisfactory plan that I have been able to devise for criticizing a theme in a reasonable length of time is to read it once carefully, marking the errors as I go along, and then glancing over it again to estimate its worth. Of course, very good or very bad themes require special attention and grades; but as a rule I do not debate whether to give a man seventy-five or seventy-six or eighty-two or eighty-three: the main question is, "Does he deserve eighty?" When this question has been decided, the extra points are frills thrown in for realistic effect.

In the beginning I referred to freshman themes as badly written manuscript covered with worse-constructed English. This characterization is not literally true of all the themes, for some of the freshmen write very legible hands, and some fewer (God bless 'em) typewrite their work. Here and there may be found a freshman who has had sufficient training in the preparatory school to write a good theme. But much of the work is far below the standard of a self-respecting high school. The fault in the themes seems to be chiefly in the preparation of the students. Now, in the school that I attended, the students began writing themes in the sixth grade and kept it up until they graduated. Not a single man prepared in that high school has ever flunked on English composition when he entered college. But the freshmen from many of the rural schools complain that they have never written a theme in their lives. I believe their statement. Many of them cannot write a sentence; most of them know practically nothing of the fundamental elements of composition structure; and none know anything about punctuation, at least as it is taught by Woolley. Therefore, it does not take a very imaginative mind to picture the freshman themes turned out in the first few weeks of the college year. After witnessing twenty such massacres of the English language, the theme-

reader feels like weeping tears of unadulterated joy on the neck of the freshman who can really write a creditable composition. But most freshmen are willing to learn, and even the most thick-skinned cannot help absorbing some knowledge when it is sprayed on him in showers for a whole hour each week, not counting various fervid consultation periods with the instructor and sundry crimson and rather penetrating comments on the back of his theme. After a month or two the troubles of the theme-reader diminish as the themes approach the standard of college English.

But besides the somewhat scant financial returns which the theme-reader gets for his time and trouble, he also acquires from his experience some smatterings of knowledge which may or may not be of use to him in after life. If he intends to be a school teacher, he learns some valuable lessons from practicing on the classes below him. But even if he does not choose the profession of teaching, the experience he gains is not without value. He learns to read critically, to dissect and analyze a literary production, to determine its merits and demerits. He picks up much varied information, for the range of subjects dealt with is broad, and the chances for acquiring knowledge many. He learns quite a bit of practical psychology from his observation of the workings of the freshman mind—much more, indeed, than he would be able to learn from reading Henry James. And, finally, he should acquire a good prose style of his own. He certainly has impressed on him what good English is not, and from telling a freshman how rotten his work is and why it is poor, the reader gets constant practice in phraseology and diction that should make him a very clear, forceful writer.

Thus, although the theme-reader's task is not a bed of roses, it has its silver lining, as an erudite freshman would say. Although the theme-reader may impair his eyesight, neglect his work, and lose all taste for the English language for the time being, when it is all over he does not begrudge in the least the time and trouble he has expended.

The Castle of Content

D. L. EDWARDS

Inviting it stands, at a dizzy height,
And defiantly looks down;
In the morning light it glistens bright,
And a challenge it seems to frown.

And many there are, in the distant glade,
Who drink of the fountain of Hope:
And never dismayed, and never afraid,
They start up the towering slope.

But long is the way to the distant crest,
And their strength declines each day;
Till, forgetting their quest, they long for a rest,
And disheartened they sink by the way.

For the few who strive with might and main—
And attain at last the goal—
There is balm for the pain of the trying strain,
And repose for the weary soul.

In German, Der Narr

ELLA TUTTLE

Gingerly, piece by piece, she pulled away the clumps of damp earth that clung with a provoking persistence to the something—she didn't know yet what—that she had pulled out from between two of the foundation rocks of the East Gate of Troy. Her eyes were hurt by the relentless rays of the noonday sun and her fingers were scratched by contact with the rough gravel and rock, but because her chin was the kind of chin it was, because her hair was red, two features that in her spelled determination, she had succeeded in bringing from the hiding place that had served its purpose so well for over two thousand years, this little something.

When with a sigh of satisfaction she pulled away the last particle of Trojan dirt, she felt the indescribable thrill that only an inventor or a discover could experience—she had discovered something, even if she didn't know what it was. To all appearances it was a simple oblong metal box, the kind of receptacle her archæologist father had described to her so often, but it was so utterly unlike anything she had ever seen before, that she had her doubts about its connection with anything ever known before. Far on the other side of the plain she could hear the workmen resuming their digging after their mid-day lunch of dates. They were bellowing to each other in that abominable language—that Greek language—that in her college days she had never liked and which only confused her now. For a second she was tempted to run to them with her treasure.

“No, I won't do it. I've been here almost a year and I haven't done a thing by myself. I believe I promised Dr. Litt on my old Greek VI class that one day I'd show him how much he had taught me by discovering something, and here's my chance!”

With her amber eyes, usually wide open but now narrow-

ed to a critical squint, she examined her find; like a woman and an amateur connoisseur she philosophized about the exterior before attempting an interior investigation, but when she finally decided that nothing was to be learned from the outside, she pulled, pushed, and knocked in a vain effort to get access to the inside. When it refused to comply with her very vehement request, in disgust she threw it viciously from her. Hitting on the first convenient stone, the box flew open with a snap, and completely pacified, she stooped to examine the contents. Instead of a profusion of jewels of some deceased Trojan lady, they consisted of a faded parchment covered from top to bottom with characters of that abominable Greek language. Disappointedly Ann scrutinized it; it certainly looked like Greek and very old Greek at that, but it couldn't be for she was reading it. She, Ann Hollister, was reading it, reading Greek that had evidently been buried for two thousand years! The funny part about it was that she was surprised for a moment; then it seemed perfectly natural that she could read it. With eyes opening wider and wider from astonishment she translated the curious document into known English:

“O, most Beloved,

“The last battle has been fought, the last onslaught made. Although I have received my death wound, I'm being true to my compact in writing the note that will lead you to me sometime, somewhere. Our love is a part of the universe; it can never die, and though our souls may live in other bodies in future times, we will recognize each other and renew the love that this untimely war divided. The word we decided on as our recognition sign is the word that I whispered to you on the Danian Shore while the ships of our heroes waited for my farewell kiss, this word *phluaréo*—

Ann balked at that word. After her fluent translation of a whole page, she couldn't find an English word that would translate that simple Greek one.

“O, what is it?” she stamped her foot in anger and dis-

may. "That's the very word that I missed on class the other day; no, I mean when I was in school—it has haunted me ever since, but I never did learn it. In German," she mused, "it would be something like *Narr, das, no der Narr*, but in Greek—and I've forgotten what *Der narr* means. Well, I'll go on; maybe I'll remember, at least I can pronounce it."

—"remember this one word, O my white armed love, and in whatever body you may be when you discover this message, which I am hiding by the wall for you, fail not to carry out the compact that you made when a fair-tressed Greek princess at the court of your father. Repeat this pass word to every brown-eyed man (for Zeus has promised that I shall always have brown eyes) you meet, and you will find me by the translation with which I shall answer. The foe is pressing upon us from the rear. Fail not, for Aphrodite has vowed that we shall inhabit this planet together again in——"

Here the writing had been obscured by a dark blot, blood, Ann was sure. For a second she was stupified, then she remembered that she had always believed that one woman and one man were made for each other and that she had always upheld the theory of the transmigration of the soul. She understood. The note was written to her, only she could have found it. She even now remembered something of her old life in Greece, something of her lover vowing devotion beside the sparkling fountain in her father's court and swearing by the river Styx that if he should be killed in the Trojan expedition, he would meet her in some future time; of their—

But time was passing. She would find her prehistoric lover and then together they could talk over the old days. Hurriedly she snatched up her drooping hat and sunshade and, in her happiness and excitement stumbling over the half-excavated gate, she hurried to seek out her professor father from among the workmen.

In an incredible short time she was again in America, for she was sure that only in her native land would she find her

hero. Eagerly she scanned each passing face searching for an answering gleam of recognition and always repeating to every brown-eyed man her little intranslatable word. When she met a tall, athletic, god-like looking man with a countenance decorated with brown eyes, she was hopeful of his identity; when she met a little brown-eyed man she was not so enthusiastic, but when she saw a fat one approaching, she was dreadfully frightened. But her fears were groundless. Tall men, slim men, middle-sized and little men, and even the frightful fat men received her unusual greeting in varying degrees of warmth minus the recognition; they always smiled, for she was exceedingly pretty, but beyond a few vain efforts at a flirtation, their interest ceased. Like a moving picture film run foot over the screen, she was now in one city, now in another; now in Alaska, now in Japan, chasing hopefully the elusive keeper of that key to her happiness. She had lived years in only six months and now there was nowhere to go. She had circled the globe. One country remained; she hadn't tried the trick in Turkey; with a start she remembered that in her enthusiasm to get away, she had neglected to search among the Turks. Hastening from the Jones house to the dusty little station of Smithville, Texas, she bought a ticket to New York.

As if carried on wings she was in Turkey again at the site of the excavations. The workmen were still eating dates and glabbering while her father directed them. As she slipped from her donkey at the foot of the famous plain, she glanced toward the East Gate and there with a radiance diffused about him, stood a man—a tall, god-like looking man whose brown eyes out sparkled the sun. Running up the steep side of the rock hill as easily and gracefully as if it were a marble staircase, she whispered, "*Phluaréo.*"

"Wake up," whispered the brown-eyed boy next to her.

With a jump Ann opened her eyes. The Greek VI classroom was still darkened and the picture of the East Gate of

Troy was still on the screen; the magic lantern in the rear of the room was still buzzing monotonously and instead of hearing the enraptured reply of her lover, she heard:

“That concludes the lecture this morning; remember the importance of the East Gate and take the next ten pages for Thursday.”

The Master of the Red Buck and the Bay Doe

B. W. BARNARD

Of interest to North Carolinians and of particular interest to Trinity students is the book entitled *The Master of the Red Buck and the Bay Doe*, recently published by William Laurie Hill, of Robeson County. It is an historical romance dealing with the critical period of North Carolina history towards the close of the Revolution when the British were especially active in this State. It is understood that the author contemplates the early publication of a similar romance dealing with the period of the Civil War.

Noteworthy to Trinity students is the fact that the book is illustrated by Henderson, ex-'13. Many will recall that Henderson made a reputation as a cartoonist when in college here. To use his own version, he received, also, the degree of B. B. (baseball). After leaving college, he was cartoonist for *Charlotte Chronicle*, *Pittsburgh Post*, and the *Chicago Record-Herald*, successively. From time to time, in addition, he has been sporting editor of the *Charlotte News*, Sunday feature writer for the *Pittsburgh Post*, and President of the Southern College of Cartooning. At present he is art editor for the publications of the Anti-Saloon League of America. The illustrations excel in that particular most difficult for successful representations of a former historical period,—they are true to the customs of the time they picture.

The story, for the most part, has swing enough to carry it along. In the Brush Creek settlement of Chatham, one Sunday morning in 1781, "Father Davy Rowe," the combination blacksmith and Baptist preacher, was giving his congregation the "gospel according to King George." At the close of the meeting Col. David Fanning, "the master of the Red Buck and the Bay Doe," and royal recruiting officer for

Col. Craig, rode up and turned the meeting into a recruiting rally. From that time on there was no peace in the Brush Creek neighborhood. The harrowing and blood-thirsty tactics of Fanning and his gang drove the people wild and forced many of them to join the Whigs.

At "Skin Quarter" young and beautiful Polly Rutherford Scurloch lived, the only daughter of "Honest Men-repent" and Aunt Mandy Scurloch. She was loved by plain, rugged, manly Luke Stallings,—they become engaged. The concern of the parents and the love of Luke prompts them to take Polly to the home of Rev. David Caldwell, and leave her in the care of that famous Presbyterian divine of Guilford County.

In the meantime Fanning is active. He captures the Chatham courthouse, and takes the court officers to Wilmington. With the aid of Col. McNeill he captures Gov. Burke, of Hillsboro, and on the way to Wilmington is wounded in the arm by Luke Stallings at the battle of Cane Creek.

At her new home Polly meets Col. Paisly, a continental officer. Immediately she is captured, but she has given her word to Luke. Col. Paisly meets Luke, and they fight side by side at the battle of Cane Creek, where Luke is wounded. They make their way to Mrs. Gordon's, an aunt to Col. Paisly, and there they meet Polly and Rev. Mr. Caldwell. After Luke recovers, he joins Col. Paisly's troop. With a prayer for his safe return Polly sees him go away to die as a worthy patriot at the battle of Yorktown.

Polly found Col. Paisly a consoler in her grief, a friend in her trouble, and a lover and husband for life.

Although on the whole the story runs along well enough, it is marred here and there by faultiness in technique. The first sentence gives one the jim-jams, and makes him want to call for the "peach and brandy" which Father Rowe found extremely comforting. The last sentence of the same paragraph, in which the good housewives *ply the plough* to fur-

nish clothing for husbands and sons, is, to say the least, a bit far-fetched. Another example of rambling incoherence of sentence structure appears at the opening of chapter twenty-three (p. 260). The writer evidently sets out with the best intentions, but he often changes his mind before he reaches the period.

The story has a good coherent plan, but it juts out and hits the reader in the face too often. In the middle of a chapter we find such statements as (pp. 56-7) "We will leave them all as we found them for the present, and return to Aunt Mandy and Hannah; for through Hannah's questionings we will find out something about the perilous journey that ended in Polly Rutherford's reaching the Caldwells in safety." Had the author been writing history or even a straight-out narrative, such boldness in outline would have been pardonable, even proper, but in a novel it is annoying to be constantly stumbling over pieces of the scaffolding that should have been removed.

Frequently, also, the writer forgets himself and the position of his characters so far as to make them speak abnormally and in a tone quite different from their usual simple selves. By no means the only offender, Luke Stallings is made to sin most often in this respect. He "had very limited chances" in a period when education and culture were the exception, and yet he is made to soar thus (p. 173), "He knew of my nervous state, madam, and I think there is an opiate in that bolus I have taken; when I get fully under its influence, I shall sleep. Oh, to sleep! Mrs. Gordon, 'tis the sweetest boon given to man when in trouble," etc. Worse still (p. 196), "My appetitie is not only carniverous but omiverous." Goldsmith's advice to Samuel Johnson not to make his little fish talk like whales still holds today, and failure to heed that warning makes the character appear suspicious if not ludicrous.

The characterization, on the whole, is good, but the heroine is not quite satisfying,—she is slightly overdrawn. When

we are told that "she had succeeded in a remarkable degree in educating herself," that "she wrote a beautiful hand," that "the wonderful talent she possessed enabled her to become quite proficient in playing the spinet," and finally a "rich and well-moderated voice was also her special gift and charm," to say nothing of an endless number of household accomplishments in which, of course, she was *par excellence*,—when we are told that she possessed all this catalogue of superior excellencies, we shake our heads and call the case an example of the borrowed and distorted use of poetic license.

After we have been led to expect so much of Polly, we are genuinely disappointed because she deliberately neglects wounded and suffering Luke to enjoy the attentions of Col. Paisly. Quite natural? To be sure, quite natural; but she had not been created natural, and we are stunned by her change in behavior. Either a more than woman—something divine—all the time, or just a plain sure enough human being,—a mixture is harrowing.

So far only minor points have been considered, but there yet remains one serious outstanding weakness which does more than any one thing to impair the readability of the book and to make it a less successful romance. The author does not seem to realize that the conclusion of a story ought, with-in at least a respectful distance, to follow the climax. When Luke is killed (p. 216), the *dénouement* becomes as plain as a chartered skylight, and yet the story rambles on for eight pages. Some good and more or less interesting events are recounted in those remaining pages, but the "beginning of the end" might have come agreeably much earlier than it did. When Luke dies, there is no longer any suspense, and we object to being dragged around through so many little by-paths trying to get everybody comfortably stowed away.

In spite of these serious defects, the book leaves a good impression. It does give in a substantial manner an interesting and true picture of the times. For military history, it is

just as good as reading chapters from *Col. Ashe's History of North Carolina*. We meet such well-known people as Herman Husbands, Col. McNeill, Steve Walker, Major Craig, Jack Rains, David Fanning, Gov. Burke, and Rev. David Caldwell. Then, too, such places and incidents as Old Buffalo Meeting House, capture of Chatham Court, capture of Gov. Burke, Battle of Cane Creek, etc., recall the history of the period.

The story gives what is far more interesting and beneficial than an account of military operations—it gives a vivid description of the customs and feelings of the people. There is old Tony Sidebatton, the doctor for the whole countryside. "In surgery he was a 'past master.' Having in his youth wrought laboriously at the blacksmith forge, he developed great mechanical skill." Father Davy Rowe has already been mentioned as combining the labors of a blacksmith with the services of a preacher,—not to omit mention of a very strong predilection for "peach and honey."

Such characters as Corneal Tyson are especially interesting. He was "nearly as broad as he was tall" and "quite a diplomat." He states his position admirably when he says, "I made my money under King George, Tony, and could get along to the end of my days without this upstir. I allow there are grievances I would like to see rectified and taxes is as hard on me as any man in Brush Creek settlement. . . . If any of the Whigs got in a tight place, and a few guineas would help 'em, I don't say as I wouldn't let 'em have 'em; but my big carcass wasn't made to stop bullets for an idee." Of a very decidedly different disposition is Aunt Mandy Scurloch, a thoroughgoing Whig partisan. "It wa'n't anybody but Steve Walker, and I would go to his hangin' as cheerful as I would to a good breakfast,"—a typical speech.

A very pleasing characteristic of the author is the fondness he shows for lingering at the table to enjoy the last of good things "flavored to the liking of an epicure." Reminding one of a similar weakness so attractively displayed by Dick-

ens, the author revels in the veritable feasts which he creates at every opportunity. "Hot yopon, foaming milk, and sparkling cider were served in fresh creamy-white gourds. There were loaves of rich bread, hot corn-pone, generous beefsteaks and mutton broils hot from the coals, roasted potatoes, baked apples, domestic sauce and pickles and honey dripping with its golden sweetness" (p. 204). The author abundantly proves his right to rank as a food connoisseur with decided epicurean tendencies.

As has been intimated, the character sketching is on the whole good. Col. John Paisly, if not the hero, at least the fortunate winner of the heroine, is every inch a man. "Born rich and educated by David Caldwell," he is characterized by Men-repent Scurloch as "a knightly gentleman, and one o' the smartest I've ever talked with. He is a good farmer, can handle a hammer and saw with the best of 'em, and then he knows all words; can talk with parson Caldwell on doctrines, or plead a law case." He was "one of the brainy men of Guilford." His love for Polly and at the same time his friendship for Luke stamped him as a character well worth while. He is the sort of man you would trust sooner than yourself.

Taken all in all, the book has some rather substantial qualities not usually met with in modern fiction. Although halting at times, the story does come out. For historical background, the book appears excellent; for entertainment, it is decidedly readable.

Which is Socialism?

RAC

He stands in the street on a wooden box,
His feet and head are bare;
Uncombed, uncut are his tangled locks,
With his arms he beats the air.
He speaks and sways with his words the crowd;
With hate as his theme and greed
As his text and with curses long and loud
He pleads for the workman's need.
"What is this doctrine?" one may ask,
"Upheld by logic fine?"
To state it is a simple task:
What e'er is thine is mine!

He walked by the sea of Gallilee;
He taught and healed the maimed;
He told of the Kingdom that would be,
And for it laws he framed.
"A new commandment I give unto thee,
That ye may love each other,"
Such were His words. He longed to see
Man bound as brother to brother.
"What is this doctrine," one may ask,
"Thus preached with love sublime?"
To state it is a simple task:
What e'er is mine is thine!

Editorial

WHAT TO DO

In a few months some eighty-odd young men and women will go out from this institution to take up their life work. That every one of this number has a high ambition, a desire to become an important person in his community, and a hope to make a success goes without saying. This feeling of hopefulness and optimism is natural in young graduates, for they stand, as it were, on the very threshold of their life work and with buoyant hearts and high aspirations are awaiting their entrance on the stage of real life. The spirit of combat is fresh in them and they all are eager for a chance to make good in the world.

What occupation to follow is a question that is uppermost in the minds of all at present. It may seem strange to some that a college graduate should have to stop and consider what field of work he is to pursue, but it is nevertheless a fact that in a great many cases students graduate without knowing definitely what occupation they will eventually follow. Of course it would have been better for them had they decided what to do before entering college and worked in preparation for that occupation. In some instances this is the case, but in a great many it is not. In college, however, we have a better opportunity for thought and a wider field from which to make our choice. Some of us have already selected our ideal, but the difficulties which we will meet in pursuing it will force some to abandon it. We will be driven into occupations which we formerly had no intention of following. In this connection it is well to remember that the only person who can be humiliated by his occupation is he who is smaller than his job. The one who is larger will bring it up to his plane of dignity.

The business of choosing one's occupation is essentially one's own. Of course, it is permissible for one to consult an older and wiser person in a question of this kind, but it is not right to rely entirely upon the advice given, for in this way more failures are made than in any other. After receiving all the advice, which should tell of both the advantages and disadvantages that will result from the choice of a certain profession, one should weigh in his own mind the whole question of his fitness for the work, his chances for success, and his likelihood of failing, and then make the decision himself. No matter how much wisdom and foresight one may have, it is not a safe proposition for him to map out the future for another. In the final decision the ultimate choice rests with the person himself.

After considering all the professions and occupations which one may enter, if one still stands out as the one to follow, it ought to be followed assiduously. Success can only be had in this way. A chief element to be considered in making a choice of an occupation is that of being interested. It is necessary for one to select something in which he is interested. A lack of interest in any case is sufficient cause for a failure. In fact without being interested success is impossible. It is said that Benjamin Franklin's father had planned to have his son continue his soap and candle business in Boston, and that it was not until after Benjamin's apparent lack of interest and enthusiasm in the candle business that the older Franklin allowed Benjamin to become an apprentice to a printer. In this business the boy became interested. He learned to read what was printed and longed to write something himself. His success dates from the moment of his becoming interested. Another example may be found in the life of Darwin, the great scientist. It is said of him that his father vainly tried to persuade him to study medicine and become a physician, but young Darwin absolutely refused to become interested in that profession. He was next sent to Cambridge to study for the ministry, and it

was here that he, by chance, came upon the study of natural history, in which he became very much interested. It was something that appealed to him, something that interested him, and the result was that Darwin became a famous scientist and an exponent of the theory of evolution. Thus for success in any profession interest in one's work is necessary.

No matter what occupation we finally enter to win success should be our desire. By success we mean the accumulation of a certain amount of wealth; not that wealth is the main thing, but in this time wealth is considered a measure of success. In the next place the winning of a high social position is a measure of success, for no one can be successful without making himself felt among his associates. And last of all the winning of success depends in a large measure upon the choice of a profession or occupation that will bring us happiness. In measuring our chances for success in any field of work these three elements must be taken into consideration, and only such an occupation as will bring success should be chosen.

COLLEGE LIFE

"There will be time enough to think of that when I get out in life." That is what we college students have either thought or said many times when confronted with some problem. Most of us realize in a vague way that college life is or should be preparing us for the time which we are to spend in the world, but we do not always appreciate just how the work, play, pleasure, and pain that makes up the routine of the college course is connected with the activities of that broader field into which we hope to extend our efforts. Here in a small community we acquire more or less knowledge every day; many of us will probably never make any practical use of it after we have left the campus. Here we make friends—only to leave them and forget them; here we build up healthy, athletic bodies—only to grow soft and weak after a few

years; here we fight for honors—only to find in after life that they are mere insignificant baubles. Then is college life really a preparation for what is to follow? It is not always preparation in the sense that it gives us a minute, definite set of rules by which to guide our future existence, but in the broader sense a college course is more than a preparation for life. College life is life itself; it is life idealized, epitomized, concentrated, and raised to the N'th degree.

Here on our campus we have cut out for us a small portion of the world, or rather we have here a small world, a minature of the real one. A college community, just as the world, is a society of individuals, having common interests, governed by common laws, professing common loyalties and solving problems of interest to all. On the campus we have different strata of society just like those we find in the larger society. We have here the honest straightforward citizen and the crooked politician, the drone and the worker, the rich and the poor, the wise man and the fool, the Christian and the infidel.

In college life we face problems that are analogous to those which we must later solve. The political questions of the literary society and of the campus are typical of those of the state and nation; the prizes and honors for which we strive are representative of those greater rewards which await us further on; the disappointments which we learn to bear as students help us to take philosophically and optimistically the defeats which we shall experience in the world; the moral problems which confront us are those which we must face in stronger form later on.

Thus we could go on indefinitely tracing the similarities between this minature model and its vast original. May the comparison we have drawn convince us! May we not put off our activities until that vague time when we shall get out in the world! We are not preparing for life but we are now living our lives. Our campus is our world. Let us live college life as we hope to live our lives in the world.—J. W. C., JR.

Alumni Department

MY FIRST CART TRIP

E. C. CHEEK, '11

In the course of human events it became necessary for the Chinese to become free and independent—and for me to make a cart trip. What's the connection, you ask? The connection is that I was disconnected from quite a few of life's road graders in the shape of silver taels for doubled cart hire, same double cart hire being the direct result of several hundred of the heroes that made China free (of queues), encamping in the surrounding mountains after being dismissed by the government. The aforesaid heroes forming thus a free constabulary of their own, began collecting expenses from the travelling public.

It was from a disinclination to furnish horses for this heroic group that caused me to pay double for the pleasure of riding in a Chinese carriage. Have you ever ridden in a genuine Pekinese carriage? If you have ever ridden in the bed of a good old S. J. Nissen springless wagon over Carolina corn beds (old style),—then you may have a faint idea of the ups and downs of this life; otherwise not.

It was with three of these clumsy, wooden-axled, great-wheeled, shock-gathering efforts at transportation that we embarked on a certain sunny morning amidst a great hubbub of grunts and bumps and whip-cracks and Chinese oaths. If you have never heard an oriental swear, you have missed hearing a great art at its *ne plus ultra*. A couple of excited Chinese cart drivers would turn an Irish gang foreman or a pair of night-walking, backyard fence cats in a sociable mood green with envy.

After walking a few li, I decided to take a little exercise for a change and crawled into my carriage. While testing

the great law that says it is impossible to be in two places at the same time and meditating on the comparative ease and monotony of broncho busting, I was suddenly alarmed by a racket that would make a free-for-all dog fight seem like a gentle rustling of the breezes "in the leafy month of June." Amidst a cracking of whips like musketry fire my driver, sitting out on the shafts, began jumping, yelling, waving his arms and swearing, and shaking one leg in the air and using the other as a busy encourager between the old pack mule's legs. The old cart began to break her own previous records, and amidst a world of stars that at once began cracking and humming about my head, I tumbled out of the cart panic stricken to know what was the matter.

"B'long velly how, allee samee ketch number one calt," he said, endeavoring to quiet my fears by telling me that we were only trying to catch the number one cart.

Now this number one cart was an important affair. For motor power it had a sprung-kneed pony, a horse with both hind feet "knucked," and an old gray mule; the horse division going in front and communicating its power by ropes attached to the axles and the old gray mule occupying the post of honor between the shafts. For the direction of this power plant there was an engineer and a driver, it being the sole duty of the number one driver to communicate continually in picturesque language sundry opinions of the number two driver's ancestry.

But with all the enormity of the undertaking we did slowly worm over quite a bit of the Chinese landscape, the typical one of North Central China. In front was a great semi-circle of flat plain broken up in the near distance by green mounds and village groves, and in the extreme horizon could be seen a feathery broken outline of trees, of which only the tops were visible with a streak of light under them. The phenomenon of the tree-tops appearing unsupported on the horizon gave a peculiar illusion of light on water between

the near view and the background, making the distant surrounding line seem a series of groves and lakes.

In the afternoon we came in sight of the mountains and about sunset lumbered through the gates of a large walled village which presented the most peculiar view I ever saw. Through it stretched a long central street, bordered with trees loaded down with a crop of cawing, chattering crows in comparison with which an Orgeon apple orchard would seem as barren as the gaunt old tree trunks rising from the ooze of the Dismal Swamp. As far as one could see in the pink haze of the twilight there was a panorama of queer Chinese roofs intermingled with fluttering tree-tops full of crows. In the center of the village—to come down to earth—were a great knot of people, bundles of rags, and vermin. In this mob could be seen beggars, blue-legged coolies, and silk-skirted Chinese. Wondering what was up, I pushed forward to the center and found myself facing an aquiline featured, pale-faced, heavy-lidded Chinaman enclosed in a lattice cage up to the neck with his head protruding. Something peculiar in his appearance caused me to look down. Heavens! His feet were swinging six inches from the ground; the man was dead. Dead for lack of visible means of support (literally speaking), said support being only six inches away—a boundary of six inches the space between life and eternity. He was a robber caught the day before, and, poor fellow, he was robbed of his last bid for notoriety by my appearance on the scene, his previous role of star being usurped by myself. *Vanitas vanitatum*, such is life.

Next morning before the sun was up we had rumbled down between the sleeping rows of mud huts, out of the creaking old city gates, and had set out on the broad plain, a slight mantle of snow showing it up white and ghostly in the half-light. With the cold air nipping our cheeks and breath steaming out in whitish wreaths, we headed for the mountains.

Late in the afternoon we reached them, great bare rugged black piles of rock heaping themselves up in the midst of the plain in a string that reaches from the Yangtze to the great wall. Winding amidst the bases of these for the next few hours, we came just after dark to the gloomy gates of a city wall.

We drew up before an inn, and, as I stood stamping and shivering in the crisp night air by a pile of luggage, my attention was attracted to several round black objects hanging from certain poles and tree limbs. It was one of those twilight nights when the moon filters just enough light through the thin layers of clouds for ghosts to walk by, a time when what is lost in detail is made up in outline. Watching curiously one of these round shapes, my interpreter ran up with a lantern and swung the bull's eye onto the horrible, grisly, gory, contorted features and bare blood-dripping teeth of a human half-head, a head shorn through at the mouth by one stroke and swinging by the hair.

Truth may not be stranger than fiction, but I dare any morbid imaginer to conjure pictures more horrible than may be seen in the interior of China every day.

That night the little mud hut with its grove of grisly trees was our hotel. The captain of the soldiers hearing of a "Wageran's" arrival, sent down a detail of soliders. Just before dozing off to their whispered chatter, from my lonely cot in the corner I raised my head for a curious peep. Truly it was a picture for a Hogarth's pen. Out just in front of my cot on the ground were the bundled-up sleeping figures of my cook and coolie; farther on in the center of the space covered by the old smoke blackened rafters with their burden of thatch was the group of turbaned village soldiers, squatting around a brazier of glowing charcoal, which gave peculiar leers to half-shadowed faces and cast flickering shadows into a hay-filled corner from which issued the sundry grunts and squeals of a family of dozing pigs, while through the em-

brazure of the open door a round black outline gently swayed in the dim gray ghost-like.

When we left the next morning, it was too dark for any but large figures to be seen. We slipped out between two shadowy lines of soldiers standing at attention, and had swung around the city and down the glen when the sun arose. 'Twas a beautiful sunrise; enlarged by coming up from behind an old curving roofed Josshouse on the side of the mountain, the sun appeared a great glowing globe slowly rolling up the mountain side. Today was to be the crucial point. We were to pass over a range in which there were supposed to be a thousand robbers. Only the day before a scouting party of soldiers had been surrounded and killed.

All went well for a couple of hours, and I was enjoying a little exercise in my carriage (by courtesy), when suddenly behind us there rang out, bang! bang! a regular fusilade. Now, as a rule, I have very well behaved hair, comparatively amenable to discipline, but at this particular moment every hair rose erect and stood at attention as straight as Andrew Jackson's. Amidst trial and tribulation, against the indignant protest of every muscle of my limbs, I crawled out to see a sight which I had often heard of but had never seen—a Chinese marriage procession.

In front went two joyous relatives shooting firecrackers, next came friends bearing furniture, and then the bridal sedan. And really that bridal chair was a fancy article. Beside it an American Indian in full warpath rig would look like an episcopal parson in a Fifth Avenue easter parade. Every color and shade of color into which light may be made to reflect was glared in the hangings and coverings of that chair, and to finish it off up around the top was hung every piece of tin or anything else in the family's possession that would shine. When it passed, very much to my surprise I heard loud wails proceeding from the inside. My interpreter explained that the bride was on her way to her husband's house. Poor thing, I suppose she wasn't exactly certain what

was coming to her. At any rate she seemed to think, with certain people at home, that for the present it was better to be on the outside looking in than the inside looking out.

Nothing else happening, we were soon out of the mountains, and about sunset we passed through the ages old city gate into———, the end of the journey. Like many old Chinese towns, inside the walls was a lot of unoccupied waste ground. Just inside was a series of little hills rising up with the wall on their backs. On the side of one of these was a large gathering of people, in the middle of which we could see a couple of poles with one bound across. Going up a little knoll, we could see the attraction, one that I earnestly hope I may never see again. Hanging by the arms where the poles made a cross hung a naked human figure with its head sunk on chest, and the remainder of the body one splotch of mangled flesh and blood. A bystander eagerly explained, and my interpreter passed along as follows:

“First makee shot with gun, then with revolver in hade; then cut open for soldiers to make chow of heart.”

Terse but to the point. You, dear reader, in far off America or even in China's treaty ports may laugh at the idea with scorn as impossible; but it is a certain fact which may be substantiated by more than one who has lived in Central China that the heart of executed robbers are eaten by coolies and soldiers to make them brave.

It was a scene I'll never forget, that limp and mangled figure hanging up there lone and grewsome outlined against the sunset reddened sky. For the first time I felt dreamy and homesick, seeing for an instant the boundless gulf between past and present, ancient and modern, typified by the East and the West.

Wayside Wares

ARTISTIC FLIRTING

J. ESTON BENNETT

Flirting is an art. It has not become an art, but has always been one. One may call it a lost art which has been regained and much improved upon in recent years. This art starts away back yonder with Miss Eve, when fig leaves as dresses were the rage and the only style to be considered. Every one remembers the story of her flirtation with the serpent; so there is no use to repeat it. Some people, like Eve, are natural born flirts; some are born with considerable talent and become professionals with little difficulty; others who have little or no talent may acquire the art of flirting by constant study for two or three years.

The modern flirts have the advantage over Eve and other flirts of history, in that these historical flirts had no semi-dark moving picture shows in their time, where they might go to practice their art, and where they would have before them constantly, a picture demonstrating the finer points of the art. If one doesn't know how to flirt, and has within him a burning desire to learn, the modern motion picture show is the best school in the world. Just go down town some afternoon (about four o'clock is the best time), go into a moving show, and take a seat somewhere near the rear of the house. More than likely Miss Skezilicks, or some other jolly dame, will soon come in and occupy the two seats next to you. Watch her very closely while she is depositing her muff, gloves, handkerchief, and bull dog on the seat next to you; and, if the bull dog falls out of the seat, politely pick him up and reseal him for her. After you have done this, devote about two minutes of your time to quieting the bull dog; then as soon as you catch her peeping at you out of the corner of

her eye, turn toward her and make some gallant remark about her dog, for it gets next to a woman when you brag on her dog. Tell her what a fine looking, and well behaved animal he is, and even though she does not say much, you may look into her eyes and know that you have made a fair start. Keep up the conversation about the dog. Ask her where she got him, what his name is, if he has fleas, or if he will catch rats. The next step is to get the dog, and that other crowd of stuff off the seat between you and the fair damsel. For a starter, you might suggest that your seat is very much more comfortable than the one which the dog is sitting in seems to be, and that you would be delighted to swap seats with him. When you have once gained this seat, you have marched around Jericho for the seventh time, and the only thing to do now is to take the city. Now watch the pictures with all your might for some chance to start the conversation rolling. When the scene is that of love, gently nudge her with your elbow, when it is that of horror and destruction and she shrinks in terror, manfully place your strong hand upon her downy one, and breathe gently in her ear: "Don't fear, little girl, I'll protect you." If you follow out these instructions, you will soon find yourself in her parlor, charmed with her skill at the piano, and thrilled through and through with the squawks emitted from her balmy throat.

In closing, one word of advice might be given to all freshmen following these instructions: Be very careful about handling the dog.

THE SPRING POET

W. K. CARR

He rips and raves and sucks his pen;
He bites his nails and chews his chin,
Until a smile o'erspreads his face.
He grasps his quill with wondrous grace,

And then proceeds with joy and bliss
To reel off to us such stuff as this:

In Spring

The flowers then doth bloom so gay,
The birds and insects happy play;
The child, its cheeks a redder hue,
Stoops to pluck the violet blue;
The sun, his rays so clear and bright,
Smiles on the earth with purer light;
The moon her lesser light and gleams,
Her soft caress bestows on streams;
The woods and meadows, and heav'ns above,
Proclaim, "'Tis time for youth to love."

Why should we, sunshine or rain,
Have to endure such awful pain
As listening to this line of guff,
About turtle-doves and wooing stuff?
Away with him to some dire place
And there push in and spoil his face.

E d i t o r ' s T a b l e

FOREWORD

During the past month a fellow student, on borrowing one of our exchanges, made this remark, "If this story is as good as you've described it, I certainly want to read it." We haven't received confirmation of our favorable criticism as yet.

How that man found his way in the Editor's Table we have not been able to ascertain. Let us say here: our sole purpose in criticizing is for the benefit of the author and not for the student. We would be entirely satisfied with the work in this department if any of the writers for our exchanges really gained any help from such criticism. So, we say to the student, do not aspire to read one of these stories and then die.

Just as the short stories appear in this magazine, so they rank in value, and in the same order we will discuss them.

"The Get Away," a sketch of the Western plains, possesses many characteristics of a good story. Description and narrative are well blended here,—enough of the former is present to make the scene picturesque; enough of the latter, to make it interesting. At times the old man's conversation becomes unusually imaginative, yet we can make allowance for this in an old frontiersman.

Our interest in "The Devil's Woodyard" is centered in the supernatural at first and later in this yielding to the natural. With this conception the writer mixes well the superstition and dialect of the mountaineer.

"The Agreement," the final story of the magazine, is a rather amusing one of college life. After once starting this story, we are forced to finish it for the sake of curiosity, if

for nothing else. To say the least, the ending is unexpected, but (in order to make a paradox) we expected that it would be so.

Such an article as "The German: Citizen and Soldier," is very helpful at this time. We need not necessarily take sides in the present conflict in order to look at such problems as these fairly. Whether we are to take such articles as these as being absolutely true or not is another question; certainly we should consider them thoroughly before rendering either condemnation or praise.

Of the poems of this issue, only one attracts our attention, namely, "Broken Idols." With the explanation that the idol is a woman, the title gives us the theme of this poem.

The editorial, "The Present," presents to us the every day truth that the present is the time in which to live and act. Such editorials as "A Change" should be left out of the magazine. If it is meant for humor, why surely it has no place here, and we could not consider it otherwise.

In all stories, whether real or fictional, the reader should be prepared for future actions of the characters. We look behind every act for the motive. In the story, "The Brother," we have a noble character changed to a brutish one in the twinkling of an eye. The most hardened villain would have been touched by the simple request that the brother made; to have the highly emotional boy to refuse that request is nothing short of ridiculous.

We are reminded of our friend Uncle Remus as we read the story, "How Trueball Lost His Limb." The dialect of the negro, if used with discretion, adds charm to even the simplest of stories.

The question of America in relation to the present war is fairly well discussed in "Shall We Aim." Our criticism is that the writer inadequately treats some of the topics here. For instance, the propagation of such plans as the Rhodes

Scholarship plan is only touched on; the discussion of such plans should have been taken up.

Only one poem, "Inisheen," appears in this issue. It is a conventional form of verse and thought, but we cannot ask more from sophomores. The entire magazine is the production of this class; it is to be commended for the ingenuity and versatility shown.

We usually associate the word romance with something entirely foreign and vague, so we are always pleased when it comes to earth and settles near us. In the story, "The Hands of Destiny," this elusive thing romance visits a little town in Georgia. Now in this visit do not think that we have a rival of O. Henry's famous romance of Nashville,—no, indeed. As critics, we must discuss things in a learned, even if exaggerated manner.

**THE WAKE
FOREST STUDENT**

The simple story, "Jake's Trip Abroad," is rather commonplace and uninteresting. The author at times lets his dialectic English influence his customary language. The remaining story, "The Fall of Silas Smith," starts off with the gun, weakens about fifty yards down the track, and falls down within sight of the goal.

As is the usual custom with this magazine, some good essays lend their strength to the weaker departments. Discussions of the Christ element in Browning, of the socialism of the Roman empire, and of the probable future wars; these topics give some idea as to the broad scope of these essays. The last topic mentioned (entitled "The Last Great War") deals with the possible and probable conflict of the future. The writer bases his contention on the fact that growing nations such as China and Japan will sooner or later demand more territory. The question is whether such extensions will be made peaceably or otherwise.

The democratic note in "The Song of the Street Car" is well sounded. This poem is the only one in the issue that deserves mention.

The editorials again fail to perform their duty; that of discussing questions of vital importance to the college man. Some very good questions are taken up, but none are treated carefully enough. For example, in the editorial, "A Word Out of Season," the editor offers some advice and then half-heartedly withdraws it.

The improbability of a dead man returning to life is rather cleverly overcome in the short story, "The Cadaver."

**THE RED
AND WHITE** Interest in this story is sustained by the wierd narrative style. The general tone and style of this story is well above the previous standard set by this magazine.

Drink and intoxication certainly lead to some peculiar and ludicrous events. "My Hero" is a story of the usual motion picture type in which an actor such as Billie Ritchie would feel very much at home. The humor in the college yarn, "How Jim Remembered the Maine," falls somewhat flat. We hardly developed a smile over something which caused uproarious laughter, if we are to believe the author.

We would suggest that little sketches as "Slow to Forgive" and "Sunset of the Chief" be lengthened out with more description and narrative. True, in such art treasures as Heine's "Ein Fichtenbaum Steht Einsman," we have a complete picture with one stroke of the brush; yet we are not all artists like Heine.

Educational progress in our state is discussed in "The Awakening in North Carolina." The writer takes up the transformation from the old education to the new, and also adds a word concerning the ever growing prowess of the South.

Possibly for fear that it would not be read, the editor places his editorial at the opening of the magazine. The single one on current topics is good, but we would much prefer seeing it in its proper place in the magazine. Also,

we offer the suggestion that the editor give a title to each editorial.

It would hardly be fair to the author of "The Rebirth of Harry McDonald" to criticize this as a piece of dramatic writing prepared for the stage. We will not attempt to discuss the defects the play present; suffice it to say that the general moral of the play is good. Dramatic writing in a college magazine is a rare thing and we hope that the author will continue his efforts either for the attainment of some special goal, or simply for the sake of amusement.

**THE RANDOLPH-
MACON MONTHLY**

A rather conventional rain-fell-in-sheets storm is pictured for us in "The Wanderer." The conception is rather novel; we suggest a little more originality in describing such a scene. If the author will compare his description of a storm with one of Stevenson's, say, he will readily understand the meaning of this criticism.

"The Motion Picture and the World Peace" brings to our mind a new purpose towards which the already valuable motion picture may strive. It is certainly true that the horrors of war are only vaguely presented to us in our great newspapers. The unnatural struggle becomes for the first time vividly clear when seen on the screen.

Clear rhythmic movement is the main characteristic of the poem, "Spring." The feeling of the poem arises quite naturally with the coming of the spring.

The editorials on "National Prohibition" and "Summer Employment" are both well worth the reading. A better place for the editorial concerning "The Library" would be in a weekly paper if Randolph-Macon has such a publication.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

VOLUME XXVIII

MAY

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, Durham, N. C., MAY, 1915

To Trinity in Springtime

BY JOVE

The languid air breathes balm on every head,
Perfumed with odors of the blowing rose,
Fair in its sylvan setting each building shows,
While 'neath the trees, on many a grassy bed,
Behold, the student's lazy form is spread.
When night folds o'er this pleasant scene, there flows
Up to the stars, the melody of those
Who sing and laugh, full of life, and blood that's red.
The campus smiles and clothes herself in glory,
As to recall each dear, departing son,
Now going forth to struggles hard and gory,
On fields where life's success is lost or won.
May each recall those days of song and story,
May each return to show a work well done.

Convalescent

SADIE MACAULEY

A week ago today since I came here! I am sure I shall die before I become reconciled to this mud. I think this is the most nerve-racking place I ever saw—and yet, I am here to rest up. Miss Cynthia says I'll learn to love the dear old town and all the people as much as she does before I have been here a month. Maybe I shall. But the houses are all so curious. Ours is the only one that is really a house. The others are just patched up remains of what used to be houses. They are so big and dilapidated and lonesome looking.

Miss Cynthia is awfully nice to me. But she has such curious notions. The very idea of her writing mother to send me some waists that fastened up at the neck. She would be right good-looking if she would put on some stylish clothes. She says she has worn that gray silk dress two years, but I know it must be five. There is such a difference between her and mother I don't see how mother ever became so attached to her, if she was as indifferent about her appearance when they were in school as she is now. Think of mother wearing a last season's hat! But I reckon the girls at college had to love her if she was as sweet to them as she is to everybody here. Why, people seem to look upon her as their guardian angel!

I wonder why Jack didn't write to me today. I hope he isn't getting indifferent about writing so early. Of course Jack and I are not crazy about each other, but I should die if I did not have some one to keep me posted on what is going on out in the world. Jack and I used to have such good times together at school. He used to come over so often to read French to me, but then I always had to read it again after he left. Dr. Bunn says sitting up so late at night caused my nerves to give way. Maybe it would have been better if Jack had not come so often. I wish he would come over here and bring his machine. We used to have such glorious

spins together. Now I have to ride in a mud-spattered buggy. But I don't mind that, though, as much as I thought I should. I like the horse; he is so big and gentle and faithful looking. Jack always said he liked horses.

Miss Cynthia is expecting the preacher to call almost any afternoon. I have been afraid to tell her that I didn't have any use for preachers. They are always trying to pick a fuss with people when they try to have the least bit of good time. I don't reckon anybody in this little town dances though.

The preacher called this afternoon. Shall I ever get over it? Miss Cynthia saw him coming up the walk. "Well bless my soul if yonder isn't Mr. Saunders. I thought he would be coming over soon."

"Who is he?" I asked. But by that time she was saying, "Why come right in, Brother Saunders. I am delighted to see you."

Strange I had never heard her say what our preacher's name is. I hope I didn't blush when she introduced us. He is better looking than I thought preachers generally are. I acted mighty unconcerned. I didn't intend to join in any conversation with them, but I couldn't even if I had wanted to. They talked about the war and women in Belgium and good roads and the Woman's Missionary Society. I never knew before that preachers were so clever at carrying on a conversation. I think I'll read up on some of those things so I can talk to Miss Cynthia about them. I am afraid Miss Cynthia was a little irritated at my rudeness, for I kept right on reading "The Twenty-fourth of June," or rather pretended that I was reading it. But I was very much taken off when I came back to realization and found that I was holding the book bottom upwards. And I saw him smile, too, when I turned it around. I didn't want to talk to them, but I never felt so ignored in all my life. He didn't even seem embarrassed because I was there. Then at the fifty-ninth

second Miss Cynthia had to say, "Brother Saunders, you must take Miss Page over to the mountain as soon as the arbutus opens. She needs to take long walks, and I just can't go with her on account of my bunion."

"It's awfully nice of you to ask him to go, Miss Cynthia, but I am afraid——"

"Oh, yes, you can go. You won't have to talk if you don't want to. I generally entertain little girls by giving them Chiclets, anyway." And he held up a box of Chiclets before me. "They tell me you don't like Hillsboro," he said.

"They tell the truth, too," I answered rudely. "I have no taste for mud."

People say he and the school teacher are engaged. I guess she would make him quite a practical wife. She looks practical—everything about her from her flat-bottomed shoes to her carefully-pinned-in-place hair.

I think he is about the stiffest person I know—just like all preachers. But his eyes are good-looking. I wish Jack's eyes were blue, and too, I wish Jack knew how to talk like the preacher. He says lots of witty things and is mighty entertaining sometimes, but I don't believe he knows much about sure enough facts.

After four days of rain Miss Cynthia asked me to go down to call on the Sykeses. She said she was feeling quite too bad to go out, and that she really wanted to know what Mrs. Sykes was doing.

Mrs. Sykes lived in the first made-over house at the end of this street. When mother calls on people who live in houses like that, she always says, "How much wood do you need? Have you got any meat?" But the Sykeses would be insulted at such a question. They think they are quite as well-to-do as anybody.

Mrs. Sykes met me at the door. She had on a big cook apron.

"Come right in, and do tell me how Miss Cynthia is," she said breathlessly. "I have been trying all day to find time to go over to see her, but I haven't stopped a minute today.

Have a seat," she said, as she led me into the living-room where seven big rocking-chairs were pulled up around a bright fire. "The children have got the room in a powerful litter, but little Janie fell down this morning and hurt her leg so she can't walk and the other children have been trying to entertain her while I have been busy." Surely they had, for there were magazines and paper dolls strewn all over the table and all around on the floor. "Our preacher is coming around to take supper with us; and he is so fond of chicken salad, I was afraid he would not enjoy his supper if we didn't have any. He brags on my salad. Excuse me just a minute, and I'll bring you some. Come on in, son. Your blouse is mighty dirty, but Miss Page has seen children before."

Yes, I have seen them, but I can't think I have ever seen anything quite so dirty as the six-year-old kid who came in and slammed the door behind him. But that made no difference to him. He insisted just the same upon sitting in my lap and upon my "telling a 'tory."

"Miss Kate holds me in her lap and tells me 'tories when she tums to my house. She is teaching me how to spell dog and man and how to——"

"I am bringing you some of my pound cake too," interrupted Mrs. Sykes as she came in with a plate heaped with the good stuff. I don't blame any body to brag on it.

"You have met our preacher, haven't you?" she went on. "He is one of the finest young men I ever saw. I should like to be his mother. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he and Kate Wiggins marry. In fact it is rumored about that they are engaged. Kate is such a sweet little thing. She would make him an excellent wife. Let me bring you another piece of cake. I wish you wouldn't go so soon."

She is right nice, but I wonder if there is any limit to her talking capacity. I wish she wouldn't talk to me about *that preacher*. He will never be anything but a stiff dignified preacher in my estimation, no matter what people say

about him. I have never been used to associating with any such walking encyclopedias as he is, and I am not going to waste a minute of my time trying to make an impression on him. But I reckon he is right nice in the eyes of people who like preachers. He did look great and noble last Sunday when he got down on his knees and put his arm around that little child at the altar. However, I wouldn't have him to know that I have the least bit of good opinion of him for anything.

I am so glad Jack is coming over soon. I want to show people here that my taste doesn't run in the direction of preachers. I reckon they think because the preacher and I haven't made a hit with each other that I haven't any beau. I shall get Miss Cynthia to ask the preacher over to supper while Jack is here. But I want to warn Jack not to say "I'll swear" where Mr. Saunders is. That is one thing about Jack that I don't admire anyway. If I really were in love with him, I should *demand* that he stop swearing.

It has been three weeks since I have written in my journal. I have been too busy to write. Everything is nice and easy in my room now. The thick green curtains are drawn and there is a crackling wood fire in the fireplace.

I had quite a pleasant afternoon most of the time at least. One feels very much at home when one visits these big-hearted generous people. I believe they would divide the last two grains of corn with anybody. Mrs. Sykes' chicken salad makes me homesick. I just naturally like her anyhow. I don't see what Miss Cynthia wanted to ride with that preacher for. I didn't want to and I don't believe she did either. But there is something about his voice that one has to yield to.

Everything is beautiful since the mud has dried up. I was in quite a silent mood this afternoon, but Miss Cynthia talked enough for both of us. When we had driven quite a piece—I think he had been making a few idle remarks oc-

asionally—he said, “Isn’t there anything we can do to interest you?”

“Why don’t you offer me a Chiclet?” I asked with a touch of sarcasm.

“Can’t. Haven’t any.”

But he took from his pocket a penny and held it out to me.

“Oh, I am just thinking,” I said, “of how long it will be before I can go home. I haven’t played any bridge in so long that I am afraid that I shouldn’t know one card from another now.”

How mean of me to say that when I don’t even play bridge! But that didn’t have the desired effect, for instead of preaching me a sermon on the immorality of card playing, he simply said, “You ought to go around and see some of my church members some time. They would not entertain you at bridge, but you would feel better after your visit than if you had won the prize at a card party.”

By this time we were driving up in front of a tiny log house about a mile from town. He hitched his horse to the gate post and asked us if we would go in with him.

There in front of the big open fireplace sat a little woman in a rolling chair stringing bags for the A. T. Company for thirty cents a thousand. I couldn’t help but think of how many thirty cents I had thrown away.

“I am so glad you all have come. I get very lonely here sometimes. Brother Saunder’s visits are a great consolation.” Then turning to me, she went on, “I have not walked a step in three years. I used to become very discouraged and wonder why I, with three little children to raise and help support, was called on to bear his affliction. But now I just look forward to the time when I shall be able to walk again and never grumble about the present.”

When we left, she almost begged us to come to see her again. I felt horribly bad over seeing her like that. I felt worse when I thought of how patient she is, and I am sure

there is no chance of her ever walking again. What would I do in her place?

"I don't see anything about that to make one feel good," I said as we drove away.

"Oh, you don't get any pleasure then out of seeing other people happy. It gives me great pleasure to know that I can make people feel good by my just being around for a little while."

I am going to see her again and carry her my new blue bed-room slippers.

As we were coming into town we passed Kate Wiggins with a crowd of children. I guess she had been out walking. I wonder what she thought about my being with *her preacher*.

But I was mistaken when I said the preacher was the stiffest person I ever saw. He isn't so stiff as I thought he was. He can be very agreeable when he tries.

Jack is here; no time to write. It's like old times to see him again. He is the same spick-and-span, clear-cut young man. The preacher dined with us tonight. He and Jack seemed to like each other very well. They talked right much together. But really I think Jack ought to read up more. He shows that he isn't half as well informed as he should be.

It is all over. Jack left this morning. He asked me to marry him last night. I was sorry to have to refuse. I like him, but I could never love him. I wonder why I am so sure.

Miss Cynthia is sweet enough to be anybody's guardian angel. How dear of her to tuck me in bed like this and bring me such a dainty supper when I am not ill at all but just excited.

I don't know how it all happened. When I discovered that he was standing there on the bridge beside me—we two alone for the first time, and I have been here two months—I couldn't say a word. My heart was bumping away at the rate of five hundred beats a minute. He made some casual remark about the weather, I think, perfectly natural.

Just then Kate Wiggins passed us.

"She is one of the finest girls I ever knew," he said as she passed,—queer way to speak of a fiancée, I thought—"She is to be married in June."

"I have been hearing of the marriage for a long time, but I didn't know the date had been set. Let me congratulate you," I said stiffly.

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Aren't you?"

"No," he said quite calmly. "It happens that, even though people here have had us engaged ever since I came here, she is going to marry another man, a doctor in Richmond. I am glad that it isn't I, because there is another girl whom I want to marry."

"Oh, there is some one else then. Does she live here?" I said in a rather hollow tone of voice, as I gazed far down the river.

"No. She is here only for a while" and————

It is silly to write any more. There is Miss Cynthia coming now to see if I am asleep. I'll wait and tell her about it in the morning.

Adelheid Popp's The Autobiography of a Working Woman

JOHN W. CARR, JR.

Most of us have the idea that the socialism of which we hear so much is merely a radical propaganda founded on the principle that wealth is wrongly distributed, and that there should be redistribution; most of us think that socialism is based on class hatred. In the autobiography of her life this Austrian working woman, Frances Adelheid Popp, has revealed to us a deeper side of the social-democratic doctrine; the socialism which she shows in her life is founded on a passion for service, a desire for self-sacrifice, and a conception of the brotherhood of man which is essentially Christian.

This book not only clears up some of the common errors as to socialism, but it also gives us some idea of the trials, sorrows and conditions which confront the poorly paid, poorly fed working woman, or the worker who wants a job, but cannot get one. The scarcity of labor for the unskilled worker, the sweating of women and children at starvation wages, and the dumb submission of the women to their employers—such conditions are described as existing in Austria, and the American reader feels that the picture portrays the industrial conditions in his large cities as adequately as it does those in Austria-Hungary.

At the very beginning of the life story of the gifted Adelheid Popp we are introduced to a scene of squalor, gloom, and poverty. Her father, a drunken sot, and her mother, bread winner for a large family of children, would not or could not give their little Adelheid any of the joys which make childhood the happiest time of life for most of us. The death of the father, sickness in the family and scarcity of work brought the family into most destitute poverty, and forced the mother to take her precious girl from school before she had received a thorough education. As she says: "No one

protested against my being withdrawn from the legal eight years of school attendance. A certificate that I was ready to go into the fourth class of the elementary school was my sole equipment for life."

The first work to which this child was sent was the making of shawls. From six in the morning until eight at night she plied the crochet needle. She says: "Only one eager desire came to me again and again—just for once to have my sleep out. I wanted to sleep until I woke up—that seemed to be a most splendid and beautiful thing." At the age of twelve she was apprenticed to learn the profession of lace making. Working by the piece all day long, and often taking work home to do at night, she was able to make a few cents. But even in this condition, all pleasure could not be denied to a child who could read, and who loved to do so. A veritable fairyland of romance was open to the child when she could snatch a few minutes from work or sleep to read a book bought with money that should have been spent for food.

After two years her apprenticeship was finished and then came that most difficult of tasks, looking for a job. After having many times repeated the plea, "Please, sir, I would like to work," the girl finally obtained a job in a small, overheated bronze factory where she was for several months subjected to unhealthy working conditions. As a result of this work she fell sick of a malady that attacked her at intervals for several years. When she was partly recovered, to quote her own words, "The search or work began again. I left home early in the mornings to be first at the gates, but it was always a vain quest." After months of useless searching she became sick again, and having recovered, decided to learn the trade of seamstress. This new occupation did not bring work, and the return of the older brother, who had been in the army and knew only how to fight, increased the poverty of the family. "Please, sir, I want work," must again be said innumerable times. Finally she succeeded in getting a place in

a gloss paper factory where the young woman quickly found favor with the traveling man of the firm. The presumptuous attentions of this "masher," coupled with the scornful teasing of her fellow workers, led the young girl to decide to give up her job, but her mother told her that such conscientious squeamishness was merely due to the unwholesome books she had read and advised that she stay and take advantage of the promotion which her drummer lover could get for her. Disobeying her mother because of her moral convictions, she was confronted with the problem of getting another job so as to hide her disobedience. Unsuccessful, meditating suicide, she narrowly escaped the talons of a scoundrel, who was willing to give her money in return for her honor. In summing up the years of her childhood, she says, "The burden of childhood spent thus influenced my disposition for a long time and made me a creature disliking mirth from my earliest years. Much had to happen, something great had to step into my life to help me to conquer." And this "something great" was contact with the doctrines of the socialists.

"I found work again," she says; "I took everything that was offered me in order to show my willingness to work." In the large factory where she was situated, she worked from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. for one dollar a week, which was more than she had ever received before. Describing the conditions of her fellow workers she writes: "Here were the best recognized conditions of work. In none of the neighboring factories were wages so high, but even here, in this paradise, all were badly nourished." Again, in speaking of those girls who had the misfortune to become special favorites of one of the foremen, displeased him, were fired, and thus forced into prostitution, she says: "They were always blamed, and I was also filled with indignation, but later when I could better judge of cause and effect, I learned to think differently of them." Speaking of her employer she says, "He had become rich by the productive labour of the men and women working

in his factory, and we can see from his case how profitable is the sweating of human labour.”

It seems hardly probable that, in the submissive atmosphere of such a factory, a young woman could maintain enough individuality to become a follower of social democratic doctrines. But this young woman had developed herself through her love of reading, and in satisfying her desire for such pleasure she did not confine herself to the cheap novels of her childhood, but read some real classics. Even before she became interested in social democracy she often went without food to buy a newspaper.

It was through these newspapers that she first came to hear of the Social Democrats, and to admire their principles. While living with one of her married brothers, she met a socialist who explained to her the principles of his party and gave her a copy of the Social Democratic newspaper. She immediately became enthusiastic, although she did not think of taking an active part in the agitation. The reticence which had formerly characterized her association with her fellow-workers was thrown aside, and she strove to become intimate with her companions in order to spread the new doctrine. She worked continually to get new subscribers to the party organ. Social democracy became for her a kind of religion. She says: “My journey (to the newspaper office) for the paper had always something of a festive nature for me. On that day I put on my best dress as I used to do when I went to Church.” In regular religious matters, she became a free thinker in order not to be bound by superstitious catholicism which surrounded her. Such agitation for the cause of socialism brought her in conflict with the authorities of the factory, but she did her work so thoroughly that no reason for discharging her could be found.

From the newspaper to which she subscribed she became acquainted with the demands which the socialists were making for improved working conditions for the women and for

the political equality of the sexes. Discussing the effect of this revelation she writes: "I did not sleep; it was as though scales had fallen from my eyes, and I pondered over what I had read." She studied books on economic conditions which she obtained from a trades union library, and attended socialist meetings. Everything she heard at such meetings urged her to exclaim, "I know that too. I can tell such things!" "All that I heard," she writes, "appeared to me so natural that I was only astonished because so few men understood those things."

She tried to get her companions in the factory to demand a holiday for May 1, which was to be generally celebrated by the socialists as labor day. She did not succeed the first year she tried because of the weakness of her fellow-workers. The next year she employed better tactics and was successful. Her first public speech came in pursuance of a call for general discussion in a meeting of about three hundred men and nine women. She says: "I spoke of the suffering, the sweating, and the mental poverty of working women. . . . I spoke of all that I had experienced and had observed among my fellow-workers. I demanded enlightenment, culture, and knowledge for my sex, and I begged the men to help us to them." This short speech was enthusiastically received, and she was asked to contribute an article for the paper on the subject of women's needs. This was the beginning of her leadership in the party of women socialists.

She soon began to agitate for reform in the factory where she worked. Long hours, child labor and fines for observing the first of May as a holiday, she strove to abolish. She became so interested in the social agitation that all her spare time was spent in either reading or attending meetings, where she spoke to both men and women. In this work she was very much opposed by her mother, who could not understand the new principles, and who thought that marriage was the greatest blessing she could desire for her daughter. The ac-

tivity of Adelheid Popp became so widely known that she was chosen to devote all of her time to the organization among working women. She was now supremely brave, although she met with opposition and abuse from her mother, who could not be made to understand this great work. To this joy in the work was added the blessings of domestic happiness for, as she writes: "I obtained a man for a husband who shared my opinions and whose character attained the ideal of which I had dreamed."

As a married woman, Frau Popp showed that woman can do her duty in the home and still have time for a profession or career. She became the mother of three children, did the necessary house work, and found time to carry on her socialistic agitation. Her husband, as an ardent socialist, was always glad to remove any of the responsibility of the home from her shoulders in order that she might not neglect the great work to which she had consecrated herself. She suffered imprisonment several times for her radical socialistic utterances. In these trials her husband was a great support to her. When he died only a few years after their marriage, it was indeed a heavy blow to her, but she found comfort in her children and her work. She writes: "Socialism had given to me so much, had lent my life so much peace that I had strength to go through much without succumbing. To be inspired to serve a great cause gives so much joy and lends such high worth to life, that we can bear very much without losing courage." In this spirit of devotion and optimism she ends her autobiography, but her life is not yet ended nor is her high ideal for womankind yet realized.

We have read much of socialism in its various forms by theorizers on the subject, we have heard much of the abject conditions of the working women of our large cities, in articles written by scientific investigators; but in the autobiography of Adelheid Popp we have an interpretation of socialism by one who has experienced the evils which it

would reform and a description of industrial conditions written from the inside. The information of this book is first hand, descriptions are not described but experienced; it is not theoretical but is practical—for these reasons the work contains new and enlightening ideas.

A Song of the Little Pee Dee

D. L. EDWARDS

The Euphrates and Tigris rivers cradled
A civilization grand;
And boats on the African Nile were paddled,
Ere the pyramids rose on the sand;
But Indian braves were the first to see
The sparkling waters of Little Pee Dee.

The Tiber was famous in song and story,
When Rome over all was supreme;
Sweet Afton and others are old in glory—
Their praise is the poet's theme:
But, search as you will, no praises you'll see
For a river that's known as the Little Pee Dee.

O sometimes I long for an hour of fishing,
Where gently the waters curl;
And often, again, I find that I'm wishing
Another glimpse of a charming girl,
Whom I learned to love on the Little Pee Dee—
The languid but lovely Little Pee Dee.

Let the English regard the Thames as the dearest,
And others the Danube or Rhine;
But somehow another is far the fairest—
At least, to these eyes of mine:
For of all lovely rivers, it seems to me,
There's none to compare with the Little Pee Dee!

The Hand of Vengeance

Jim Norris, private detective of the New York police department, walked nonchalantly into the office of Deputy-Policeman Wallace, threw a pair of heavy hand-cuffs on the desk, and yawned. "Gee, it's after twelve o'clock, and I'm as sleepy as a cat. Any news, Wallace?"

Deputy Wallace looked up from his desk, where he had been absorbed in deep study. "Yes, quite a bit of news, Jim. Have caught a new murderer, and he is completely crazy. I have put him in the padded cell so he can't hurt himself, for he is nutty enough to try suicide. Can't you hear him yelling?"

Norris listened and heard faint groans interspersed with shrieks coming from the closed passage that led to the prisoners' cells. "You are sure that gink can't get hold of any weapon, ain't you, Wallace? He yells as though he is hog-wild."

"Yes," was the reply. "I searched the padded cell carefully before I put him in it. He is certainly a curious case. You know, he thinks that there is an invisible hand suspended over his heart, trying to stab him with a dagger. You ought to see him fight the air, trying to ward off the fancied death-dealing blow,—and superstitious! I have never seen any one that would equal him. You know he had some kind of a rectangular shaped box, about half an inch thick, a foot long and as broad as your hand which he didn't want me to take away from him. It was embossed on the outside with a crucifix. He wouldn't let me open it, saying that it contained the only thing that could save him from the ghost of his dead pal. I suppose it contains some kind of religious relics. I didn't take his plaything away from him, for goodness knows if a poor wretch like him can have any religion, I don't believe in trying to keep him from enjoying it. My that's horrible! Listen, hear him shriek?"

"A clear case of mental illusion or hallucination," responded Norris. "I have seen it before. The dagger he sees must be connected with the murder he committed. Tell me the whole yarn of the killing."

"Yes, the dagger was connected with the murder all right. You see, he used it—but I might as well tell you the whole story." Wallace stopped to take a chew of tobacco and then continued: "It was the day after you went out on that robbery case that I got a rush call to 145th Street for a couple of policemen. You know where that is, in the heart of the dirtiest slum-quarter of the city. I knew that it must be serious, so I went along with two men. A man had been found dead in one of the dark alleys of that section. A dagger was sticking in his heart, and he was cold in death when my men and I arrived. There was no trace of the murderer, and the only means of identification found on the person of the victim was a dark lantern and a black-jack. Evidently the dead man was not a very desirable citizen. I left a couple of detectives to work on the case and came back here, little hoping to catch the bloody murderer. Two days went by and no arrest had been made. The dead thief,—for such I guessed him to be, was buried in the potter's field, and the dagger which had been found in his heart was placed in the coffin with him. You know, Jim, that was a peculiar dagger. It was made of the finest steel, about eight inches in length, and dreadfully sharp. The hilt was carved in the form of a crucifix with an image of the Virgin on one side and certain mystic symbols on the other. I thought for a while that I would keep it as a souvenir of one of the most baffling murder mysteries that had ever come to my attention; but I finally lost my nerve. The thing was too suggestive. So the dagger was buried with him who had been its victim.

"It was two days later that I received a 'phone call from Deputy Dawson up in the fifth police district. He told me that he had apprehended a crazy man who talked continuously about a dagger and a murder; that it was probable that

some crime that he had committed had driven him crazy. He suggested that he might know something of that 145th Street murder mystery. I had the prisoner sent down and received him here in my office. As he came into that door, he went into a paroxysm of fear just over the spot where the murdered man's body had been laid and had left its spots of blood. The crazy fellow—he says his name is Castillo—fought the vacant air wildly with his arms as though he was trying to repulse some foe whom we could not see. He cried for help and begged us not to let it murder him. I told him that nothing was going to hurt him, and he finally became calm. I questioned him closely for a few minutes, putting together the facts I knew about the murder, and finally accused him directly of committing it. His will was weakened by the terror of his hallucination. He broke down, admitted his guilt, and I extorted a full confession from him.

“He said that he and his murdered partner had been in the burglary business and had made several successful hauls together. He mentioned several daring robberies in the 145th Street section which had baffled my men for some time and said that he and his dead pal had pulled them off. It was the usual story: he and the murdered man were dividing the spoils of their successful hauls, a dispute arose, and he knifed his accomplice in order to get the whole of the booty. When Castillo told me this part of his story he became terribly excited, and went into a paroxysm of fear. ‘I killed him,’ he said. ‘I killed him for that filthy silver! I killed him because he tried to cheat me! How he looked when I sank the dagger into his heart! How he uttered those last words, “Remember, pard, I will pay you back for this.” In such a tone! I can hear it still!’ Then the crazy criminal's voice sank to an almost inaudible whisper as he continued: ‘He said he would pay me back and he has tried to do it several times. Look, I see him now? There he is; those eyes, how they burn with hate and cruelty! That hand,

see it clutches the same dagger which I sank into his heart! Help! Save me! Keep back that deadly hand!

“Castillo sank to the floor in a frenzy of fear, his eyes started from his head, he foamed at the mouth. Of course, I could see nothing. It is the clearest case of an over-powering hallucination that I have ever seen. After I had revived him from his fit, he described to me very minutely his illusion. He said that he had seen the eyes of his partner, filled with hate—the same look as when he died—floating in space, shining with a phosphorescent light; that there was also a bare forearm and hand clutching the dagger with the cross shaped handle, which the arm ever strove to plunge into his heart. He said that he saw nothing else—only the glaring eyes and the arm-propelled dagger. He’s in the padded cell now and can commune with his spooks as much as he pleases. It is certain he can’t harm himself. I searched him carefully for weapons before I locked him in. I didn’t leave him anything except that religious box of his, the thing he said would save him. I expect that he is praying to it now.”

Wallace had finished his story and both men became silent for a while. “Our murderer is even too quiet for prayer,” said Norris. “I don’t hear him yelling any more. He must be asleep. It is a blessed think that such poor wretches as he can thus forget their troubles.”

Suddenly an unearthly shriek came from the direction of the cells. There were sounds of a struggle, of something metallic beating against the iron bars. The cries gradually died out, the screams sounding muffled and stifled. They finally sank into a kind of gurgling, rattling groan, the sound heard in the throat of a dying person. Both Wallace and Norris stood still for a moment, undecided. Then the detective seized an electric search-light and a bunch of keys from the desk. “Come,” he said; “there must be something wrong.”

They both rushed down the dark, damp passage, and into the cell of the murderer. In the middle of the little room, near a pool of blood, lay the dead body of Castillo. Norris

threw the glare of the electric search-light upon the distorted countenance of the dead man. He stooped and examined him closely. "Dagger wound in the heart," he said. "He died almost instantly. The distortion of his face shows that he labored under intense fear."

In the meanwhile the deputy was fumbling on the floor in the pool of blood. He picked up a heavy blood-reeking object and held it under the glare of the light. It was a dagger with a hilt in the form of a crucifix, carved with an image of the Virgin on one side and mystic symbols on the other.

"My God, man!" exclaimed Wallace. "It is the same dagger we buried with the man he murdered!"

The deputy fumbled once more in the dark, and picked up from the blood-covered floor a black metal box, about a foot long, an inch thick and three inches broad. "That's the box which he said would save him," said Wallace. "Let's open it and see what he worshipped."

Norris touched a half-hidden spring, and the case flew open. The interior was lined with green plush in which there was a cross shaped hollow. Wallace laid the bloody dagger in the box. "Why," he said, "It fits the hollow exactly. That is certainly a slick way to hide a weapon. And he said that the box would save him from the ghost of his dead pal. Well, it saved him in the only possible way."

"But where in the world did he get this dagger?" exclaimed Norris. "You said you buried it with the other man."

"It might be a facsimile of the one I put in the coffin, but it looks like the same one to me. See that image of the Virgin, and those symbols. It must be the same. Mysterious, ain't it?"

"We'll settle it tomorrow," said Norris. "When we go to bury this one, we can look in the other's grave and see if the dagger is still there. In the meanwhile let's go tell the coroner about this business."

The next morning detective Norris and Deputy Wallace

started for the potters' field. As they drew near the grave of the man whom Castillo had killed, Norris hastened his steps. "Look!" he said. "The grave has been opened and the coffin is gone."

"Well the body hasn't gone anywhere," said Wallace sniffing the putrid atmosphere. "See, there the coffin is behind those bushes. It has been opened. The lid is prized off! The dagger is gone!"

Both Wallace and Norris stood for a minute staring at each other with white faces. Suddenly Norris smiled and then burst out laughing. "What are you laughing at fool?" said Wallace. "I don't believe in ghosts, but it does look mysterious! The dagger is gone, and it's found in the cell of the man who committed this murder, of a man who saw that same dagger suspended over his heart before he was killed. Leaving out ghosts, how do you explain it?"

"Why, it's simple," answered the detective. "Any one who has had dealings with murderers knows that they have a morbid desire to be near either the scene of the murder or the corpse of the one whom they have killed. Castillo, obeying this innate impulse, came to the funeral of his pal. He heard you speak of the dagger being in the coffin. Having a superstitious regard for his weapon, on account of the religious symbols on its hilt, he came back at night, exhumed the body and recovered his weapon. The sight of the dead body of his victim probably helped to unbalance Castillo's mind and to bring on the hallucination under which he was laboring when he was first brought before you. He then had the dagger on his person and succeeded in hiding it from you in the box which you thought to contain religious relics."

"That does sound probable," said Wallace. "I believe that I will keep that dagger for a souvenir after all."

College Journalism and *the Clarion*

B. W. BARNARD

Recently a North Carolina editor, writing to a college correspondent, said, "They may be able to teach journalism in a college, but they can't teach newspaper writing." That man expressed the common opinion of the people who have not taken the trouble to investigate the actual work carried on under the name of college journalism. When about nine-tenths of the people talk about *practical* and *college training*, they do not think to associate the two. This indictment in the form of a pre-judgment is the explanation for the greater part of the criticism directed against a very practical undertaking on the part of the colleges—the establishment of schools of journalism.

The historical importance of the work, like that of most movements to do something new, was not recognized until its success was assured. In June of 1864 the plan for such schools was outlined by an editor in a letter written to one of the leading periodicals of the time, but, as later lack of development proved, the movement was premature. The germ of a similar idea was embodied a few years later in the motive that prompted Robert E. Lee to give fifty press scholarships to Washington and Lee to men "intending to make practical printing and journalism their business in life." These scholarships were given up to the year 1877-78.

It seems that the first technical journalistic instruction was offered at the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania. The University of Missouri probably has the distinction of establishing the first separate school of journalism. The school, now nine years old, ranks with Columbia as the largest in the country. In 1907 a school of journalism was established at the University of Washington, and since then journalistic training has been introduced in nearly two-score American colleges. Columbia, starting in

1912 with a million-dollar endowment left by the late Joseph Pulitzer, is the latest and most noteworthy addition to the number. Although the movement began only about a decade ago, it has spread to over thirty-five colleges and universities, and in 1913 had 1,456 students enrolled in the work.

The point has been made time and again that these schools of journalism are building up a professional school to rank along with the schools of law and medicine. The letter previously referred to said, "If we have schools for lawyers, for physicians, or for ministers of the gospel. . . . I cannot see why we should not have schools for editors." Again, a student at the Columbia School of Journalism asserts that "Editors, reporters, and writers generally, can be trained just as effectively by the 'hypothetical case' method as navy officers can be trained to fight imaginary battles or sink phantom ships that never were on land or sea." By establishing journalistic training as a profession, the colleges have welded another strong link between college life and the real world. In this very practical work they have gone a long way to remove the grounds for the painfully common criticism that colleges are missing their mark if their purpose is to do work that will fit a man directly for a life occupation.

On account of the fact that journalism has been so recently established there has been worked out no uniform course of study. Director Williams of Columbia said he was thankful that the schools were still experimenting, and that as long as they continued to experiment, they could be counted on to make good. The diversity of the work done may be illustrated by the fact that in New York University magazine writing and trade journalism are stressed; at the University of Kansas the country editors are given especial attention, and at the University of Washington extension work in the high schools is undertaken. Instead of showing that the movement is hopelessly confused, these various plans indicate that the work is alive to the needs of the individual com-

munity and in this manner makes itself eminently worthwhile.

A striking feature of the training given, which tends to show that the movement will make good, is the actual *bona fide* newspaper style of the work. The Marquette University students accompany regular reports in Milwaukee; at the University of Wisconsin real work is done on the Madison papers; the journalistic students at the University of Washington write and edit a Sunday page of the *Seattle Times*, and at Columbia "as far as possible regular assignments are covered—city hall, police headquarters, criminal courts—and from them all day long trickle into the city room over the telephone tips or stories which are written up by the office staff." This common-sense way of teaching is getting results and will make the life of college journalism a fixed certainty.

It must not be thought, however, that schools of journalism restrict their curricula to newspaper writing. Director Williams, speaking of the Columbia school, said, "But writing, important as it must be in the training of the newspaper man fills less than a third of the four years work of the School of Journalism." Among the extra-newspaper subjects taught in these schools are: physics, chemistry, natural sciences, philosophy, politics, history, economics, law of libel, English, newspaper French and German, labor and trust problems, etc. All these subjects are studied and taught with special emphasis on their direct connection with newspaper work. This broad curriculum makes the schools for journalism attractive not only to the man who expects to do newspaper work but also to the man who wants a broad cultural education with a definite turn.

In keeping with this journalistic trend, when an advanced course in composition was established at Trinity, a portion of the year was set aside for newspaper work. Although, to be sure, work of a pretentious nature cannot be undertaken, yet

what is done is practical and thus worth-while. If the knowledge obtained does not more, it at least increases the ability to judge good newspaper stories and teaches the students to read newspapers with a better understanding of relative values both as between papers and as between the news within the single paper. In addition, arrangements have already been made whereby those taking the course in the future may be able to do actual reporting for at least one of the local papers.

Naturally in the early period of a new educational activity one of the difficulties hardest to overcome is the lack of suitable textbooks. Although not a textbook in the generally understood sense of the word, *The Clarion*, published last fall by Samuel Hopkins Adams, is a textbook that interests and instructs—a happy combination. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the book is the fact that the author knows what he is talking about, and he is not afraid to tell what he knows. For ten years he was a reporter on the *New York Sun* and later he has done work for several leading magazines. He also had a prominent part in securing the enactment of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, and out of the knowledge obtained in that fight he draws ideas and scenes of striking realism for his book.

The novel is a story of Harrington Surtaine, a college graduate just returned from travel in Europe, and his efforts to run *The Clarion*, the newspaper which he bought with his father's money, on a high and independent plane. His task is made difficult because of the influence of his father, a quack patent medicine manufacturer, and his love for Elinor Elliott (Esmé) who is interested in seeing that her friends are not exposed by *The Clarion*.

Harder still does he find it to live up to his ideals when the business men stand united against him and as a result leave him without the very necessary financial support which comes through the advertising. Even Esmé deserts him. Finally, under the shadow of a suit for civil and criminal

libel, and brought to the supreme test in the matter of the suicide of a woman who had pinned false hopes to the efficacy of his father's medicine, young Surtaine wavered in his course and was on the verge of turning to the common path of the suppression of news and subserviency to the interests. Gradually, however, his eyes are opened to the evil of his father's business, and he finds that the safety of the town is threatened by the spread of an epidemic of cholera from a section known as the Rookeries. His course is determined, he casts aside all restraint and prints all the news—even to the exposure of his father. His office is attacked by an enraged mob from the Rookeries. This attack is the turning point. The other newspapers come to his aid, the business men back him again, the libel suit is dropped, and as a fitting conclusion he and Esmé are reconciled.

The value of the book for the student of journalism lies in the vividness with which it portrays the actual working of a newspaper office and in the realism with which it pictures the need for a clean, untrammled journalism. The methods of running the office are not told as a piece of cold exposition, but the characters rush about, they do the work before your eyes. When the time came to run the epidemic story, things happened: "The composing room seethed and clanged, Copy readers yelled frantically through tubes, and received columns of proof which, under the ruthless slaughter of their blue pencils, returned as 'stickfuls' that room might be made for the great story. Cable news was slashed right and left. Telegraph 'skeletons' waited in vain for their bones to be covered with the flesh of print." Instead of being told in a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact sort of way that, when a big story breaks, an unusual amount of activity results, in this story we actually see and feel what is happening—and we see it while it happens. We get to see *what* is done rather than to know *that* it is done.

The novel, in addition, inspires the embryonic journalist with enthusiasm for a free press, and forces upon him the

conviction that the present-day curse is the subserviency of the press to the interests. This weakness of the press is the central theme of the book, at times overshadowing the love story, and it is played up with force and characteristic "punch." The indictment of newspapers in general may be a little severe, but the extreme way of stating the case serves all the more admirably to emphasize the existing danger. As teaching by living actors the working of a big newspaper and as pointing the way to the true position of the worthwhile newspaper, the book does a good work well.

There seems to be a more or less general impression that this book is above all else a textbook to be used in the study of journalism. As a matter of fact, it is a novel with plenty of action, with characters who have wills and use them, with struggles that grip, and with a love story that gives life and interest to the whole. People can forget the purpose for which it was written, read it as a straight-out novel, and get entertainment from it. The characters do not always do the ideal things, and therein lies one of the chief charms of the book. They are people who are real human beings.

In short, the book does in a small way what the schools of journalism are striving to do,—it brings into close relation the newspaper and life. Back of the thousands of folded papers that are turned out from the huge press every morning there are people who determine what shall be printed on those pages, and these men are just as human as the ones talked about in the columns of the paper. The men who make the paper what it is struggle, fall, rise and delight in victories won just as truly as the statesman whose victory is chronicled on the eighth column of the first page. By means of *The Clarion* we are introduced to these men behind the press, and we feel a vital interest in their work.

The newspaper editor may say "they may be able to teach journalism in a college, but they can't teach newspaper writing," but the scope of the rapidly growing movement begun such a few years back gives every evidence of a far more

ambitious result. The success of this movement will be due in a measure to the sympathetic understanding of the work illustrated by such books as *The Clarion*. From similar sources the future newspaper writers will get the inspiration to do their work in a way calculated to advance the moral integrity of the press.

The Students' Farewell

RAC

Farewell, O Alma Mater, dear
Unto the students' heart!
Farewell, O life of studious cheer!
The time has come to part.

Farewell, ye campus flowers green,
Ye oaks and maples fair,
Ye college lights o' silvery sheen
Which fill the nightly air.

Fairwell to thee, O vesper bell,
Which peals in the evening gloom
And tolls for the day a dying knell
And tells of the night that's come.

Farewell to the friends of college life,
To the work, the love, the play;
Farewell to the joy of friendly strife
In the athletic fray.

The eaglet from its lofty nest
Is pushed into the sky,
The mother bird has given it rest,
And taught it how to fly.

The bird must fight the wind that swings
Around the dizzy height,
But it has the strength in its supple wings
To fly to the sun's pure light.

So we must leave old Trinity,
Our Alma Mater dear,
And fight the winds of adversity
With strength not born of fear.

The mother bird has plumed our wings
And now 'tis time to fly
To the sun that in life's heaven swings,
To the sun of our ideals high.

A Cartoon in the Making

J. H. BURRUS

Since the days of the famous Thomas Nast, the father of the political cartoon in America, a steadily growing interest for the cartoon has manifested itself in the American people. Today the cartoon appears in the most prominent places in the newspapers; and the three popular magazines of humor, *Life*, *Judge*, and *Puck*, speak for themselves. In spite of this great interest, however very few understand the framework; that is, the processes through which every cartoon must go before it can appear in print.

As in any other piece of work, the cartoon must have its foundation, and this foundation is a subject. The cartoonist, having his subject definitely in mind, can then work out his idea and place before his imagination the setting, the position of the objects, and the characters with all of their peculiarities of face and body. These are the characteristics which give interest and "punch" to the cartoon.

The next step in the construction of the cartoon is a clear cut outline of all its figures and objects. This is done in pencil and is merely a guide for the pen and ink work. It renders mistakes less liable, for when doing the ink work the artist has before him the exact position of all his objects. Moreover, if a mistake is made when drawing with a pencil it can be easily erased; this is a great help to the amateur. Not in all instances does the outline have to be closely followed, for the cartoonist may be able to improve on the original when inking it in.

The inking in process is simply going over the pencil outline with a pen which has been dipped in India ink. This is a jet black ink, and is used in nearly all cartoon work. The details are then worked in, and the cartoon is now ready for the engravers.

The drawing in its present form, however, is too large to appear in any book or paper of ordinary size. Generally the

cartoonist makes his drawing twice the size it is to appear in print. This gives a chance for the defects to disappear in the reduction. The nature of the drawing determines its size, and if the lines are drawn close together, they will not admit of as much reduction as if the lines are drawn large and far apart. The reduction takes place in the engraving.

The cartoon is now sent to the engraving plant where it goes through the simplest form of engraving,—namely, the zinc etching or photo-chemical process. All cartoons consisting of lines, dots, or masses of black without any intermediate shades are reproduced accurately by this method. Etching is a form of engraving by means of acid which eats lines in the surface; and because zinc is used in the engraving of cartoons, this process is known by the term zinc-etching.

When the sketch reaches the engravers, it is photographed by electric light upon a plate of prepared gelatine with a solution of rubber to strengthen it, after which the film is stripped from the glass plate, turned, and placed with the positive side up on another sheet of glass. A sheet of zinc about one-sixteenth of an inch is polished until it is as smooth as glass, and without a flaw of any kind. The glass plate containing the turned negative is now placed in a printing frame over the sensitized zinc plate and exposed to the sunlight, or to a powerful electric light. This light shines through the transparent part of the film on the zinc plate, which becomes hardened whenever the light strikes it. The black part of the film protects the balance of the plate from the light, and it therefore remains in its original position without hardening. The operator now inks the plate with a lithograph roller, distributing a thin coating of etching ink over the surface of the lines caused by the light. An acid proof powder, known as dragon's blood, is sprinkled on the plate, adhering only to the inked portions. The zinc plate is then put in a solution of sulphuric acid, or nitric acid, which eats the blank spaces between the lines, leaving the actual pen marks clear and distinct in high relief. This process of

powdering and immersion in the acid is continued until the etching is deep enough for printing,—usually three or four baths are given to secure the proper depth. The hand engraver then takes a steel router and makes the blank spaces deeper. The plates are trimmed, cut, cleaned, and mounted on a wood base which is the same height as ordinary type. The cartoon is now sent to the printer and placed in the press with the type. Its appearance in the paper now is a mere matter of press work.

One of the essential features of a cartoon is timeliness. The stale joke and the cartoon that is not up-to-date affect us in the same way. Both are nuisances. The effective cartoon, too, should be complete and tell its own story without words or explanation; a phrase or sentence may be added to strengthen the point which the cartoonist wishes to convey. Many of the so-called cartoons are mere pictures. A cartoon to be good must have point and “punch.”

Editorial

VALE!

In the long list of periodicals the college monthly has perhaps the most unenviable lot. Too often the editor is not given the support which is necessary for the publication of a creditable magazine. The college magazine should reflect the literary life of the college, and if it fails in this, it is not always the fault of the staff entirely. In a measure every student is responsible. It is their magazine, and they are the ones who can make a success or failure of it. The college student is too prone to criticise it when he has no right to do so. We would not say that we do not want criticism. On the contrary we invite it, for it is only in this way that we can improve. But no student has a right to speak disparagingly of the college magazine when he has not given any support in making it a success. Oftentimes the task of editing a college magazine is made a thankless and unappreciative one. This should not be so. It should be a position which is made pleasant and inspiring by the loyal support of the whole student body.

In spite of the difficulties and disappointments met with in editing this magazine, the task has not been wholly an unpleasant one. There have been many pleasant incidents in connection with it. In all the work a conscientious effort has been made to give every contribution careful consideration. Of course some manuscripts have been rejected, but in most cases the authors have realized why their production was not accepted. They should not be discouraged, but strive all the more to produce an acceptable contribution. When a real good contribution is received by the editor, it gives him a distinct feeling of joy. One of the keenest joys that can come to an editor is that which follows the presentation to the pub-

lic of worthy contributions. Such cases as this make the life of an editor a pleasant one. When the publication meets with favor, the editor is encouraged and he experiences a certain kind of satisfaction. There is a kind of pleasure in reading the manuscripts which are turned in and in passing on the merits and demerits of certain pieces of literature. This is some satisfaction to say the least.

So it is with a mingled feeling of joy and gladness that the editor closes the twenty-eighth volume of the ARCHIVE, and bids it good-bye. We have endeavored to do the work as it seemed best to us. If our work has met with approval, we are glad; and if the ARCHIVE has met with any success, we are to be congratulated; if it has not, it should be encouraged and supported better in the future. Only such treatment can make the publication the success it ought to be. May the TRINITY ARCHIVE achieve even greater success in the future than it has in the past.

THE PURPOSE OF AN EDUCATION

What is the purpose of higher education? Why do young men come to college and spend four of the most important years of their life? Among the Greeks of the pre-Christian era it was held that the purpose of an education was personal aggrandizement of the individual. The Sophists, who carried this educational ideal to its most extreme application, held that only such subjects as would help the individual to gain a selfish precedence over his fellows were worthy of being studied. In the schools of the Sophists the main courses were rhetoric and debating, which were thought to fit a student for a political career.

In one respect the modern educational ideal is very similar to that of the Greeks. We have come to realize that education should have a practical value, that the student should be taught things which he can use in a world of work. That the tendency of modern education is utilitarian is shown by

the prominence which has been given to sciences and modern languages in the curriculum of colleges. In a very fundamental aspect, however, the modern idea of the purpose of education is different from that once held by the Greeks: the individual is no longer put first, but the good of society is held to be the primary aim of education. The individual is no longer given a training that he might make a selfish success for his own personal benefit. Social esteem, political honors, and money may come to a man as a result of his education, but such things are certainly, in the best modern thought, not considered as of primary importance. The ideal of today holds that the individual is educated in order that he might do more for society; success in the worldly material sense may come, but it should be merely a secondary consideration. Education, then, is not an investment, but is rather a trust. We should not expect to make something out of it, but rather we are obligated to give something to the world because of it.

We have not all discarded the educational ideal of the Greek. Many whom we meet daily hold that personal advancement is the main purpose of an education and a life. Such an opinion, if put into practice, can never bring ultimate happiness. It is eternally true that only he who loses his life in the service of others will find and lasting satisfaction in living. Christ's teaching of humanitarian service has repudiated the selfish ideal of education. They who have not yet realized that an education is a responsibility are still in the darkness of the pre-Christian era.

It is especially important that we who are preparing to use our knowledge should get a clear conception of our responsibility to the world. The trained man is one out of a thousand. Selected by a gradual process of elimination, he has reached a high eminence of intellectual and moral attainment. He is the salt of the earth, salt that should preserve and save society. If the salt has lost its savor, it is worthless: if the educated man proves false to the trust committed to his care, his life is a failure for himself and for society. The

seniors of Trinity College must soon in their lives answer the question, What is the purpose of an education? May the response be embodied in a complete consecration to service for humanity.—J. W. C., JR.

Alumni Department

THE CALL OF THE WORLD

M. B. ANDREWS, '14

Oh, do not sing of "College Days"
As though they shouldn't part;
I hold in store ten thousand ways
To stir and thrill the heart:

Perchance you now desire to rise
Unto the heights of fame;
Then I will help you reach the skies
Where you may write your name:

Or if to you the world should bow
Because of your renown,
Then I will place upon your brow:
A kingdom-worthy crown:

Or if, instead, your heart were glad
With simple, honest worth,
The fields are white with harvest, lad,
Throughout the fertile earth:

Then say farewell to every hall
Where youthful strength is furled,
And heed the strong, imperative call
That's coming from the world!

Wayside Wares

HAND-SHAKING

Why hand-shaking? There we have an example from the weighty questions that float through the mind of a poor, work-ridden college student as he laboriously racks his brain to think up some excuse for failing to write his theme for the next day. He puts his thoughts on paper, and he has a theme in spite of himself.

To be plain and honest, hand-shaking is just about as perfunctory and non-sensical as many similar performances the human race goes through with because it hasn't time to ask why,—and yet hand-shaking has its defenders. Its justifications range all the way from a true index to character to its derived function of transmitting wireless messages between two persons in an abnormal state on a moonlight night. Since we seem to get an unusual amount of satisfaction from having our follies made to appear useful, we seek to give every worthless performance a value. Hand-shaking has received a liberal portion of this charitable treatment.

Jones, he's the common man, you know, has his stock explanation. We see it used often as a space-filler in some obscure corner of our Sunday newspaper. In remote ages, so the little clipping runs, when our ancestors were extremely savage in their nature (I should judge somewhat similar to the inhabitants of some of the European countries today), our forefathers waged almost constant warfare. In times of peace, to show their friendliness and absence of weapons, they always approached with extended hands. The theory is essentially fallacious. In approaching his friend, did our ancient ancestor always hold out the right hand? If so, then there is no point to the theory, for, if the man was *left-handed*, he would still have that hand free to hurl the

clumsy stone or to use the concealed dagger. But, if our ancestors always extended the hand used in fighting, and if our custom is a survival of that practice, why do we always extend the *right* hand? In either event, the old theory falls through.

There is an explanation, however, quite simple, quite logical, and it has the additional advantage of strict conformity with the comparatively recent theory of evolution. We are told that our ancestors were monkeys, apes, gorillas, baboons, etc., and we get mental pictures of many forms going from tree to tree, and swinging from branch to branch,—all the time grasping something with their fore-paws. After the advance from the limb-swinging stage to the cave-dwelling period, the innate desire to grasp something remained, without, however, a satisfactory means of gratification.

The first idea hit upon was to grab his fellow-being, but the inclination, when practiced often, became rather annoying because of his eagle-like talons, especially since he used little discrimination as to the part of the body he seized. Later, as man developed those rational faculties which were to set him apart from the so-called lower animals, the idea dawned upon him that nothing could be more sensible than that they should seize each other's hands. In one simple, harmless action two people could get gratification, a great economic discovery.

As centuries went by, man became more intellectual. As he was beginning to free himself from many of the useless habits woven by instinct, he examined with a doubtful eye various things he had been accustomed to do. He kept the habit of grinning, because, in facing his enemy and in dealing with his own numerous progeny, he was thereby enabled to add an air of ferociousness to his general demeanor. On the other hand, however, he abolished the habit of wagging his tail to keep time with the lively chatter of his children. Thus deprived of a large portion of its active usefulness, that

portion of his anatomy amortized, and now in sadness we bewail the loss of that romantic appendage.

He was in a quandry when he came to consider hand-shaking. The habit was firmly fixed and could not be abolished; it was as old as the race, and older. The best thing to do was to attach to the performance a significance which would justify its retention. Thus hand-shaking came to indicate friendliness.

Before going further, however, it might be well enough to get an exact image of the performance in order that we may judge it more fairly. We espy a fellow-creature, we know him, and we advance. The right hand is resting peacefully, harmlessly at our side, but we arouse it, push it forward. Our friend goes through the same contortions. We then regulate our approach so that a perfect connection is made. We give a few up and down or lateral pumping motions, and then break connections. The performance is over.

Perhaps there are some even yet, after the architectonics have been exposed for their benefit, who will cling to this ancient convolution. Such people should be very practical, and thus we appeal to them on the ground of waste of energy. Although there is no exact means for computation, and although the result is beyond bounds dreamed of by unthinking men, it has been estimated that if the eneregy expended in hand-shaking by Trinity students should be harnessed to a dynamo, enough electricity could be generated to light the college campus ten months out of the year. Such a waste of energy in this utilitarian age is appalling.

And yet we continue to shake hands. The baboon got educated and became a cave-man. Our primitive forefather got lazy, and lost his tail. The cave-man used a little common sense, and began to grasp hands with his fellow beings. Thus all was progress until the world became enlightened. Now we stand still, and continue to hold on to a habit long since without an excuse for its being.

E d i t o r ' s T a b l e

For almost the entire year we have received this magazine and we are pleased to say that not one issue has been in any way a disappointment. Always the magazine editors have shown excellent discretion in selection of literary material and each month the university's magazine comes to us as a well balanced unit. We hope and trust that the future of this magazine will be as brilliant as the past or present.

**UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA
MAGAZINE**

The issue for April contains several stories of interest; both of the leading short stories are of the same type, that of the emotional narrative. "John Dough Goes to Hell" presents a rather weird conception of after life, tempered with a quiet romance within hospital walls. Dialogue, when rightly used, adds zest to any story, and the author has succeeded well in this rather difficult art.

The love described in "The Love that Lived" acts at the same time as an inspiring and yet a disintegrating force. Disappointment leads to the certain doom of the lover, especially since this disappointment incurs constant debauchery. And still the love triumphs.

Two essays in this issue make it one that distinctly belongs to the university. "Our University" discusses vital questions to the students alone, so comment here would be rather out of place; especially since an outsider can not judge conditions at Virginia. "Music and Democracy" contains some good suggestions which any and all colleges might use. A more democratic spirit is needed at many colleges and this suggestion should bear fruit.

Of the poetry, possibly "A Sabbath in Santa Helena" with its vivid picturesqueness ranks first. The rhythm of the poem, breaking away from the conventional type of college

rhyme, is especially pleasing. The weird conceptive phantasy, "Rosa Mundi," also deserves mention.

The editorial, "An Extension System," expresses the general trend of the movements in most colleges towards a more extensive scope for these institutions. The editorial is well worth the thought of all college students.

A rather long period of time has elapsed since this magazine came to our table, but we are pleased to find that the former luster has not been dulled by a little thing like time. The April number is edited by the co-eds entirely, and in answer to their query we would say that they certainly merit a share in the college publication.

**VANDERBILT
OBSERVER**

During our thankless studies of college magazine stories, we have been struck by the love of the writers for the fantastic, for the unreal. Is it that the human is so hard to portray? Possibly this is it, and possibly the writers think that only the fantastic will be remembered, while the ordinary, human narrative will be forgotten. In the preceding review, two such grotesque conceptions have been discussed and here we meet another. "The Silver Ring" does not deserve this masterful criticism, and the above is just a thought in passing. The story here glorifies the human in a picturesque vision of fairyland.

The simple feeling in "Brioux's Letter" is the most attractive expression in the entire magazine. Not only can this be taken as a panacea by the lonely soldier boy, but also by everyone whose way is fraught with the sorrows of life. The translation is admirable; we have not seen the original, but it can hardly express more than the naïve letter as it is here.

Another sketch worthy of note is "Mary Antin's 'The Promised Land.'" We are forcibly impressed by the opinion of America that the immigrant holds. Vitally connected with this is the attitude of America towards the great war in Europe.

Certainly we have felt the same desires depicted in the poem, "Longing." That spark,—well, more than a spark,—of spirituality that is instinctive to all of us is the cause of such ardent longings.

Every month during the past year this magazine has come to our table. Along with its faults, and all have their faults, *The Student* has its many good qualities. The constant high standard of the magazine is very gratifying; the work for the year is highly commendable.

**WAKE FOREST
STUDENT**

A death scene is always effective when handled properly, and especially is it so when we are in sympathy with the person passing away. "The Immortality of Sidney Traymore Allan" gives us the short epilogue to a poor poet's life. With the assurance that his fame is lasting, he falls peacefully asleep. Keats and his immortality furnish the background for the narrative.

The human traits of a whimsical old man are simply portrayed in "The Surrender of Shakespeare Harris." The story is interesting for its human appeal if for nothing else.

No less than four critical essays appear in this issue. Of these we will only discuss two. In "Alsace! Again French!" the varied history of this province is related to us, and its present status discussed. A comparison, or rather contrast, between Marlowe and Goethe is made in the essay, "Faustus and Faust." It was Marlowe's mission to show how well adapted the legend was to drama; it was Goethe's, to make this adaptation into a world famous drama.

The poem, "Springtime on the Farm," gives us a picture of farm life as it really is. We are brought back to nature; such poems might be called romantic for this reason.

For a long time the question of health and athletics has been one of great importance in college. The editorial, "Ath-

letics," discusses this question by giving us a quotation from a northern magazine.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines: *The Wofford College Journal*, *The Exponent*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *The Virginian*, and *University of Tennessee Magazine*.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

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NOTICE!

**ALL CARS STOP AT
YEARBY DRUG STORE**

We invite Trinity Students to make this your headquarters while up the street. We live to please and please to live. See us first for

**STATIONERY, TOILET ARTICLES,
JOHNSON'S CANDIES AND
COLD DRINKS**

"Doc" Chapman (Class 1915) is again with us this year and in position to give College trade special attention:

"If you want it, and we haven't got it, what it takes to get it, we've got it."

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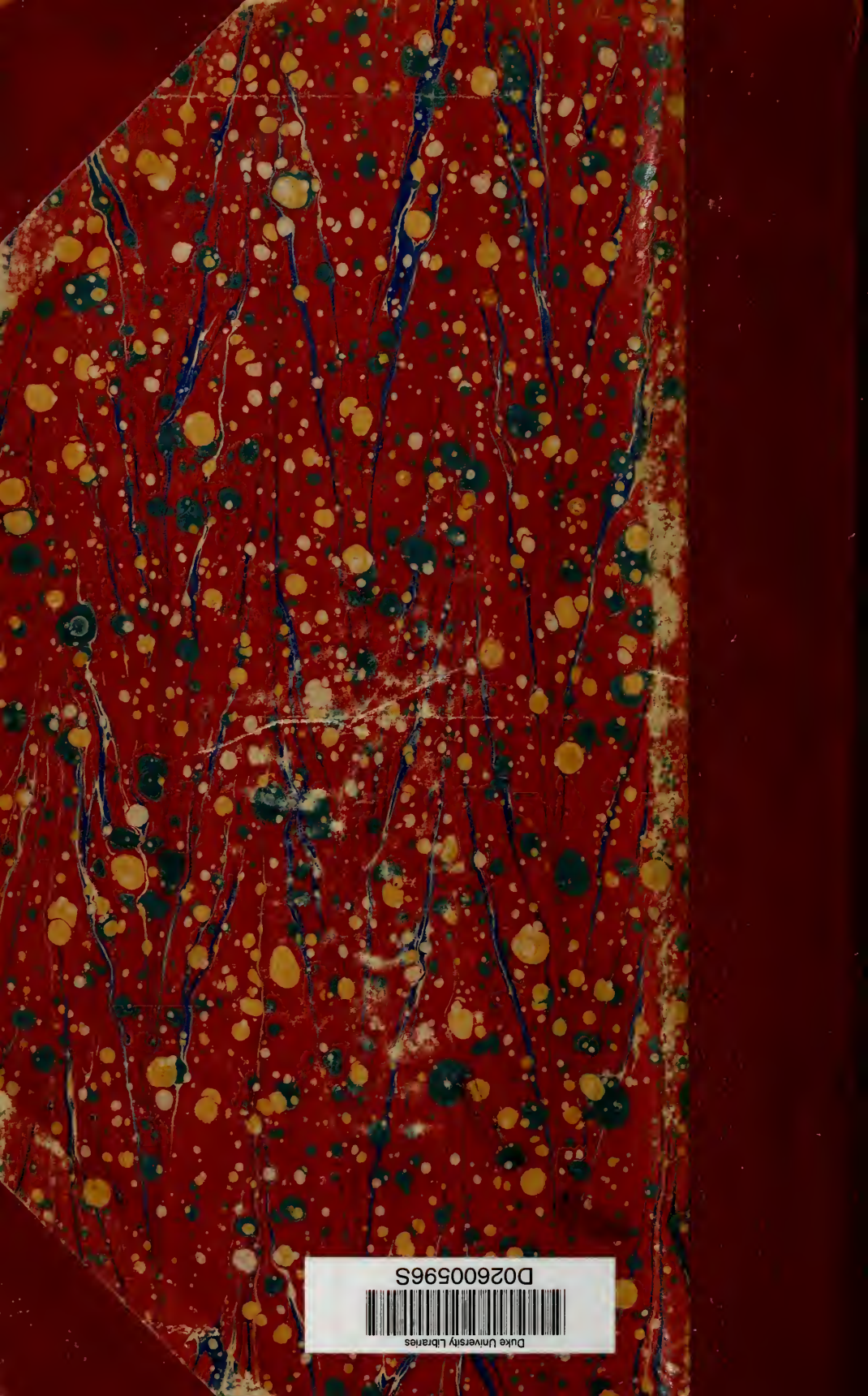


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