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THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

The Spanish Brig

A Legend

When Witches Ride

A Play of Carolina Folk Superstition

Elizabeth A. Lay

The Drammer

Thomas Wolfe

E

April, 1919

The University of North Carolina

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The Magazine

University of North Carolina

Volume 36

APRIL, 1919

Number 1

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM (Verse)..... <i>Elizabeth A. Lay</i> | 3 |
| “C’EST LA GUERRE”..... <i>Roland P. McClamroch</i> | 4 |
| AUSSIE THE DIGGER AND SAMMIE THE YANK | |
| <i>J. A. Capps</i> | 6 |
| NEW YORK AHoy! (Verse)..... <i>Moses Rountree</i> | 11 |
| THE SPANISH BRIG..... <i>A Legend</i> | 14 |
| GRANDMOTHER’S GARDEN..... <i>Lura Thomas</i> | 18 |
| THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS..... <i>Frederick H. Koch</i> | 19 |
| WHEN WITCHES RIDE (Play)..... <i>Elizabeth A. Lay</i> | 21 |
| “A SCRAP OF PAPER”..... <i>Robert W. Proctor</i> | 37 |
| ART IS LONG..... <i>J. Wilbert Love</i> | 47 |
| MEADOWS AND HILLS (Verse)..... <i>Elizabeth A. Lay</i> | 50 |
| CAROLINA, | |
| TWO VIEWPOINTS: { I..... <i>W. C. Eaton</i> | 51 |
| { II..... <i>Raymond M. Johnson</i> | 53 |
| THE TRUST (Verse)..... <i>H. S. Everett</i> | 55 |
| THE FRENCH SPIRIT..... <i>C. J. Parker, Jr.</i> | 56 |
| ✓ KEMP PLUMMER BATTLE..... <i>Collier Cobb</i> | 59 |
| “OLD PRES”..... <i>Hortense Rose Turlington</i> | 61 |
| EDITORIAL COMMENT..... | 62 |
| CAROLINA..... <i>John S. Terry</i> | 68 |
| SUCH IS LIFE!..... <i>A. Denham</i> | 70 |
| THE DRAMMER..... <i>Thomas Wolfe</i> | 72 |



And now, fired with the living spirit of those master men we knew and loved so well, we dedicate ourselves to the completion of their unfinished tasks. Theirs to plan; ours to build. And let the structure fling to the heavens the loftiest of spires, lest any should say: "They have lost the flame; they are toiling in the dark." For out of the tumult of this hour there is shortly to emerge a new University, finer than any yet dreamed of amongst us, and radiant and glowing with the fire of freedom!

The Magazine

University of North Carolina

Vol. 36

APRIL, 1919

No. 1

Edward Kidder Graham

ELIZABETH A. LAY

He passed and kindled with a purer light
Each life that touched his spirit's steady flame.
He passed and shadows fell on every heart,
Dark clouds against the brightness now unseen.
Yet ours the trust to carry on the flame
Undimmed that so the light may glow once more
Till in our lives made sacred to his faith
There shines immortally reflected light.

84209

“C'est la Guerre”

ROLAND P. McCLAMROCH *

First Lieutenant, Infantry, A. E. F.

I

THE FRENCH SHOP

As we walked slowly along the winding street, gazing at the wonders in the shop windows, an unusually neat one with the word “Tobac” printed on it, caused us to pause. We entered. Before the little bell in the rear had stopped ringing, announcing our entrance, a young girl, (for all the shop keepers are feminine now), came into the shop. After passing the customary salutations of the day we asked for tobacco. She smiled in evident surprise, raised her shoulders in the manner which seems to come naturally only to the French, and said: “It is impossible, Monsieur.” American curiosity immediately demanded “Why?”, but instead of giving us a detailed explanation, she only said, somewhat sadly: “C'est la Guerre.”

And so it goes. The French shops are religiously opened each morning and as religiously closed at night, but only those are frequented that have life necessities to offer. The existence of the ordinary shop is that of the paralytic. He possesses the body necessary for life, but lacks the vital power. “It is the war.”

II

AT THE STATION

“When does our train arrive?” A useless question, for which there is always the same answer. No one

* These realistic sketches of conditions back of the lines in France were received by the Editor in a recent mail. The writer, some eighteen months ago a Carolina student, is at present serving as First Lieutenant, Infantry, with the A. E. F.

knows. The aged station master, who now holds the position of ticket and baggage agent, alone moves about attending to his duties without haste or excitement. He has seen three years of it now, having been recalled to his former service after the enjoyment of luxurious retirement for ten years. The train is in. “Will our baggage be loaded?” It is difficult to say, for very often it is left. Not this time, however. The grey-haired baggage agent is returning with the empty truck. But the train has been in for twenty minutes and no start made. A half hour: another train is in. “What’s that he says? This train doesn’t go out?” “We must change to the other train?” Already, preparatory for the change, the uncomplaining old railway employee is loading his truck with the baggage. At last we are settled once more. As the train starts we see the station’s guardian slowly shake his head as he mutters to himself, “C’est la Guerre.”

III

A HOME-COMING

The lines had pressed forward. Another village was freed from the actual conflict of battle. Yet, even now among its shell-torn walls and fallen roofs there begins to echo the sound of human voices. Yes, for the former inhabitants are already returning. Now the old man, who is leading a horse, stops. The old woman and two children are assisted from the cart. They gaze from a distance at their former home. It appears to have withstood the vicissitudes of the past four years better than might have been expected. They approach closer. Ah! the doors and windows are gone, and where was once the tile roof there is now a gaping hole. They are at the door. Inside there is nothing but a crumbling mass of masonry and rubbish, left by passing armies. At this moment we are abreast of them, yet no complaint is heard. The old man is already cleaning the space before the door, and as we pass on the only words that come to our ears are “C’est la Guerre.”

Aussie the Digger and Sammy the Yank

J. A. CAPPS *

Before September 26th I had never come into contact with an Australian soldier. That he was not only a wonderful fellow but a scrapper as well I knew by reputation only. Three Tommies and I were standing by the roadside, in what was one time the town of Tincourt, discussing the possibility of finding a place to store a couple of cars of supplies that I had expected in sometime during the night. Although it was only four o'clock, the heavy traffic towards the front five miles away had already begun. Heavy war machinery of every description seemed to be struggling for a place in the endless line. While five fifteen inch pieces passed, we stopped talking—just looked on and smiled—a smile of satisfaction, for we knew Jerry would soon be receiving his share of “iron rations.”

* * * * *

“Hello, Yank,” a Digger over six feet tall had bounded from astride one of the large pieces and seized me by the hand. I could hardly keep from yelling with pain. He shouted above the noise of the grinding caterpillars: “I’m bloody glád to see you fellows up here. Gee, we need you.”

As he talked I silently surveyed him from head to foot, not knowing what to say, nor did I want him to stop talking. He filled my ideal of a physical man, and one could almost read his heart through his eyes. He was well clothed with a broad brimmed hat cocked on one side of his head; his boots were polished, so was his belt. A large revolver swung by his side. His cheerful, breezy air made one think of the western movie actor.

* The writer of these vivid sketches may well vouch for their truthfulness, they being snatches from his own experience in Y. M. C. A. service overseas.

As he ran on about the tough conditions, telling me how his fellows had been cut up (meaning by "his fellows" the members of his battalion), I ventured that I was glad to be there.

"Well, chummy, you won't be glad long, for I'm telling you it's hell! We ought to know; we been here four years and are bloody well fed up with the whole damn business. If these Englishmen had done their part, we'd a had Jerry on his own soil begging for peace long ago. But you fellows are here now, and watch him fly. You know, we like you Americans. You are just like us Colonials. That's the way we feel about it. We were preparing to take a week's rest when we heard that your fellows were going to pull off a big show up here, so we decided to volunteer and put over the bombardment."

I finally got the information over that I was seeking a billet for my supplies. Aussie seized me by the arm and led me towards an old church, at the same time informing me that he would get me a place if anybody in that sector had one. As we walked along, I ventured the statement that he had offended the three Tommies.

"Oh, no," he replied. "This is no place for people to get offended at the truth. Tommy has been in this game long enough to know that. He's a good chap."

It was already growing dusky, our batteries were talking more rapidly each minute; flares were going up all along the line—proof that Jerry's wind was getting high.

"You see, chummy, this ain't no place for hypocrisy. A chap never knows when he is going 'West,' and he never wants to make that trip feeling that he had something against a fellow and 'adn't told him about it. Tommy understands that."

"Say, why do they call you fellows 'Digger'?"

"They got damn good reason to call us Digger—or some-

thing! In Australia we dug gold, and since we've been over here we've dug the heart out of the bloody Hun."

He was a typical Australian soldier. The common friendship that sprang up between the men of his outfit and the American soldiers reminded one of the story of David and Jonathan, only every doughboy was a David and every Aussie was a Jonathan.

The Diggers were somewhat boastful; but they had good cause. For as every member of the "Fighting Thirtieth" will tell you, they were equal to the best scrappers that ever set foot on French soil.

* * * * *

On September 29, not having slept over ten minutes at a stretch since eight o'clock the morning before, I was making my way from the advanced dressing station to the supply dump where I knew I could get a cup of coffee and some blankets. Darkness was settling over Casualty Clearing Station Fifty-one when I arrived there. The only lights visible were those flying like great meteors along the horizon to the northeast. They marked the place of battle. Ambulances, hundreds of them, were sputtering and grinding in the mud and rain. From each, tired and worn orderlies would lift four stretchers upon which rested the wounded bodies of American or Australian doughboys. Over two thousand had already arrived since 5:30 that morning when the attack began, and the tents were filled. Those who were now coming in we placed in rows on the sticky mud. Many refused to let us cover their faces. Whether they wanted to see the reflection from the bursting shells or feel the cool rain upon their feverish flesh—I wondered. The lack of interest they took in things about them told me that their spirit was with the homefolks; or perhaps with the boys who were still pressing back the Hun.

We worked all night bearing stretchers, making tea,

giving out cigarettes and otherwise trying to be a little help. The boys didn't complain very much. They were concerned as to how the battle was going, and when I would assure them that we had taken our objective at every point that day, they always smiled.

As I passed down the line about daylight, I heard someone groaning. Stopping, I heard the following slow and deliberate conversation between two American doughboys:

"Say, Buddy, what's the matter with you?"

"I'm shot in both legs with machine gun bullets."

"Who are you anyway?"

"I'm Private _____."

"What's your nationality?"

"American."

"Why don't you act like an American then? I've got a bullet in my head and a dozen in my chest. Soon I'll be extra work for the burial detail, but, Buddy, I ain't squealin'; and when you go back I want you to tell the world I died like an American. Will you?"

The next time I came along with tea the lad's prophesy had been fulfilled. The boy with the wounded legs told me as I stooped to give him a swallow of tea: "He's gone, I think. But I can tell the world that he died like an American."

An Australian on the other side offered the information that he died "bloody game."

"I ain't got much wrong with me," he said. "Just a piece of H. E. in my hip 'ere. Three months Blighty and the war will be finished. But, Chummy, I'm glad I've been 'ere with you Yanks in this Hindenburg show. When I get to God's country, I can tell the folks I got this souvenir," he placed his hand on his thigh, "fightin' beside the greatest soldiers in France."

After six hours of sleep, I was back at the C. C. S. The wounded were coming in much more slowly now and the

majority of those who were there when I left had been evacuated. The walking wounded were standing in little groups talking of their experiences. As I passed cigarettes to a Yank standing on one foot with his arm resting on the shoulder of a wounded German, I inquired if they had any news from the front.

"Yes, I'm just back," replied the doughboy. "We got 'em smashed all to hell! They didn't get me until I got to their last line of defense. We could see 'em retreating from the town up there. Ask Jerry. He speaks English."

"Yah," answered the Hun, lighting his cigarette from mine, "Der war iss over. Der Australians make bloody fight, und, togedder wid dose Americans, nuddings from here to Berlin iss fur dem to stop."

* * * * *

That night Rev. D. M. Walker, of Kentucky, and I were growing warm in our praise of the achievement of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth Divisions during the past two days. Suddenly he grew quite calm, the muscles of his face twitched, his eyes seemed to stare at something in the darkness. I thought perhaps he scented gas. Finally he broke the silence.

"All we've said is true. No praise is good enough for those fellows! But who in the name of God has tried to reckon the cost?"

New York Ahoy!

MOSES ROUNTREE

Why doth the laughing man o' war
Appear so recklessly bizarre?

I fancied staidness was its law.

(You did? Ha, ha! The lubber!)

What makes the boys so full o' pep,
Wherefore the skipper's lively step?

(It never happens, mate, excep'

It's old New York—no rubber).

For we have hauled the top mast down,
An hour ago we cleared the Soun'
And soon we'll own the blooming town—

Oh, joy, the heaven of it!

On yesterday they gave us pay,
Tonight we'll throw it all away

Along the stretches of Broadway—

Say, boy, but don't you love it?

Then excavate them choicest "blues"

And sorter polish up yer shoes,

For ain't you heard the happy news?

Old New York lies before us.

Our one big time has come at last,

The trying days at sea are past—

Let all that are not dumb or gassed

Join in the praiseful chorus.

What is that I see ahead

Enthroned in mists of purplish red,

What but the giant Statue's head—

The bride of liberty?

And those dim edifices there,
 Unchallenged rulers of the air,
 What but the skyline? Boys, I swear
 It can no other be?

A few knots on and then the shrill
 Or basso voice of Tompkinsville;
 Some craft are moving, some are still—
 A motley aggregation!
 An old red ferry rustles by,
 A tug sends up its warning cry,
 The city grows upon the eye,—
 The heart swells with elation.

And now we round the Brooklyn side,
 Assume a smooth, majestic stride,
 And show our smoke in honest pride,
 For Gotham stops to wonder.
 Our band strikes up with "Over There",
 'Kerchiefs wave upon the air,
 And from along the shore somewhere
 Applause breaks loose like thunder.

We pass the battery and then
 Beneath the Bridge,—ah! lucky men
 Who occupy the crow's nest when
 Beneath the span it goes!
 For so conservative the miss,
 One almost feels that burning kiss
 Thrown from above—"Say, Kid, take this"—
 They scramble for a rose.

And now we're making for the pier,
 The bo'sn yells into your ear
 "You blinking fool, no loafing here!
 Away! Stand by your line!"

And so she ties up to the dock,
The cable's run through every chock,
But all the time Jack's mental stock
Is mainly girls and wine.

“Confound this razor—hello, Bud,
What's on tonight? You must be good—
No water? Darn the luck—this sud—
Ah, there it goes again.
The old town's natural, ain't it, Reese?—
Yes, Hippodrome—confound this grease—
You'd better give that leg a crease—
Well, Midnight Frolic, then.”

Their preparation being through,
They bid the ship a fond adieu:
“Good bye, old top, I may see you
Again upon the morrow.”
Earth once more beneath their feet,
A rhythmic disappearing beat,
And lo, again upon Sand's Street
For pleasure—maybe sorrow.

The Spanish Brig

A Legend of the Lost Colony

Just two months after the good ship that brought the first immigrants from the Old World to the North Carolina shore had set sail back to England, another ship put into the bay. Excepting the good and most reverend Doctor Pepperly no one saw her come and no one saw her go. And the good Doctor was at that time too busily engaged in assuring for himself the comforts of life to keep a diary, else there would never have been the least mystery about the so-called Lost Colony.

Outside, the wind whipped around the cabins with a vibrant moan. A sixty-mile gale drove the ocean out of its bed and sent it crashing onto the beach. Beyond, in the forest, great oaks bent back under the lash of the hurricane and an occasional tawny limb snapped with a splintering crash and plunged violently to the ground.

All the good folk of the settlement were abed, driven there by the elemental fury of the voice of God. For this was a night such as raises the hair on one's head and the fear of God in one's heart.

Dr. Pepperly was not in bed. To him the storm was an inspiration. The voice of God speaking in the wilderness: a warning that he on the morrow would thunder from his pulpit. So he sat in his cabin, his fire a mass of coals, a single flickering candle lighting the table over which he bent, and enlivening the walls with an hundred fantastic dancing shadows.

The latch-thong snapped, and his door crashed open almost as though impelled by a force more powerful than the wind. The rush of air glutted his candle, and gathering up the stray papers which littered his table and on which were written his laboriously evolved three-hour

sermon whirled them with a miniature whirlwind motion into the fire.

With a cry the good Doctor started up; then, as his sermon catching fire blazed up, sank back. And well might he sink back, for in the fuller light he saw standing in the door what looked like the devil's own. A stranger stood there, six feet tall, towering in the doorway. His shoes were large, with massive silver buckles. He wore a long black robe thrown about his neck and girded at the waist with a circle of silver. A broad brimmed, black-plumed hat shadowed a pair of gleaming black eyes, and an emaciated face with cynical, cruelly drawn lines about the mouth emphasized the droop of his black frazzled mustache. It was not the dress that startled; it was the face. Swarthy it was, but having a peculiar pallidness, a sort of hollow phosphorescent underglow that gave the features an uncanny skull-like fixity. His eyes were hypnotic.

He stepped into the room, caught up the good minister's cloak, fastened it about the Reverend Sir's throat, then drew himself up and pointed towards the door. It was a command; the pastor obeyed. The two passed out of the cabin, the stranger leading the way, the minister tremblingly following in his wake.

On the shore they halted and the minister saw as the sea swelled and tossed what looked to be a Brig. She was about 200 yards from shore, and four horizontal rows of lights appearing as she climbed to the crest of some roller made her out to be a four-decker. In those days Spaniards, and Spaniards only, built and sailed four deckers. But not even a Spaniard would dare to try for shore in a small boat in such a sea. Yet even as they stood there a small boat, manned by the same shrouded figures as the stranger who stood on the shore, rose out of the night on the crest of a breaker and came racing with the swell to the shore.

The minister saw through the foam the oarsmen leap out and draw the boat to safety.

And then as the moon broke through the clouds he saw that which made him fall trembling to his knees; for he stood beside a newly dug grave towards which the oarsmen were bearing a figure taken from the bottom of the boat. They lowered the bier beside the grave. It was covered with black satin. There on it, dressed in robe of satin white lay a creature, the perfection of all art, a woman of sublimest beauty. Her features were passive; high cheek bones perfectly outlined made her Indian, though the texture and fairness of her skin denied the fact. Her hair, an abundance of coal black fiery tresses, fell abundantly about her shoulders. Binding her forehead was a tiara of purest hammered platinum in the center of which there shone a brilliant sparkling diamond. Her feet were cased in sandals of serpent's skin beaded with emeralds. Though dead, she seemed to charge the whole atmosphere with a frigid coldness, a sinister warmth.

Presently the minister found himself saying the burial services. Before he ended the moon again went behind the clouds and the wind broke with redoubled fury, bringing with it a solid sheet of rain. Looking out across the waves he saw by the lightning flashes the great brig standing out to sea. From her top masts streamers of red fire waved, each port hole belched forth yellow flame, while the wind brought to his ears curses, groans, laughs, orders, music. As he looked she slowly dropped below the horizon, but far into the night he saw the streamers of red fire still flying from her mast-head.

And now the tale should end. But the good Doctor and most reverend Mr. Pepperly would have none of that. For, two weeks later, when fully recovered from a fever which his good parishioners took to be caused by witchcraft, he set out with pick and shovel, located the grave,

and opened it. And he found, if we are to believe the tale that comes down to us, not a body wrapped in satin white but chests of gold and silver bars, and gems embedded in platinum—and a deadly sickness! They found him beside his treasure: his face swollen, his whole body covered with huge black splotches. They carried him home. He died that night. And during the night a white-robed woman with serpent-skin sandals was seen to enter the room; and in the morning his body could not be found.

That night three men who had brought the minister home died, covered with the huge black splotches. The white woman came again, and their bodies could not be found.

The next morning all the treasures were reburied—and more black splotches came.

Ere night the settlement was deserted. Its inhabitants fled into the wilderness—away from the white robed woman with the serpent skin sandals and the diamond tiara.

This is the tale. *Croatan* was the tribe to which they fled.

And they say that even now on dark stormy nights one can see a brig with four rows of port holes belching forth yellow flame, and flying streamers of red fire from her mast-head. And sometimes they say that a white robed woman with a diamond tiara and serpent skin sandals walks along the shore, her coal black hair flying in the gale. And when she does, someone dies. And the Indians say that it is the spirit of Montezuma's daughter watching over the treasure that still lies buried among the sand hills.

Grandmother's Garden

LURA THOMAS

There is a host of flowers there
Myrtles mingling with the roses,
Hollyhocks and dahlias rare
Myriad rows of old-time posies.

Where lilies and lilacs in loveliness live
And larkspur and hyacinth a fragrance give.

Stocks and phlox and scented thyme
With pinks and "jessimine"—
(Thousands more that will not rhyme)
Purple pansies in their prime.

Where lilies and lilacs in loveliness live
And larkspur and hyacinth a fragrance give.

Peonies and iris too
Blooming with the violets blue
There you'll find that bluets grow—
Harebells with them in a row.

Where lilies and lilacs in loveliness live
And larkspur and hyacinth a fragrance give.

The Carolina Playmakers

An Announcement*

FREDERICK H. KOCH

Professor of Dramatic Literature

It will be the aim of THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS to translate the spirit of Carolina into plays truly representative of the life of the people—of the folk of Carolina. The idea is communal—an institution of neighborliness, of the common good and the common happiness.

It is to be a society of amateurs, of *amatores*, in the original sense of the word *amo*, I love. For the spirit of communal play cannot be formed by the machinery of modern organization merely, it must come spontaneously from the heart of man. It must be an expression of the joy of the worker in striving to create, to inform something into beauty—into poetry.

The Carolina country from the mountains to the sea affords a rich store of tradition and romance for the making of new literary and dramatic forms fresh from the soil. Among these are the legends of the "Lost Colony" and the Croatans; the tales of the intrepid pirate, Blackbeard; of such indomitable pioneers as Daniel Boone, Flora McDonald, and the Town Builders of Old Salem; the lore and the balladry of the mountain folk—a wonder-field for the maker of plays and songs of our people.

Already a number of interesting plays have been written in the University course in Dramatic Composition, three of which have been selected for presentation in this program. These are native plays in the full sense of the word—plays of the mountain people, of negro types, of village and plantation life, of the fisher folk—written by native sons and daughters of Carolina. There remains to be writ-

* Reprinted from the playbill of the opening performances of THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS, March 14 and 15, 1919.

ten the many-sided drama of the thrilling new life of Carolina today—of her contribution to America.

THE PLAY-HOUSE is to be an institution of co-operative folk-arts. Its adjustable stage, its scenery, lighting, settings, and costumes are home-made, designed and executed by our amateur playmakers here at Chapel Hill. We want THE PLAY-HOUSE to be an institution of neighborliness. We want it to be *yours*—A House of Play for you—of play that is not amusement merely, but recreation on the plane of imagination, of play that will be truly re-creation!

So THE PLAY-HOUSE was conceived by the imagination of Youth, built by the sons and daughters of Carolina, and now dedicated by them to all the people.

Being adjustable and portable, the stage equipment of THE PLAY-HOUSE may be readily adapted to any town hall or school auditorium. We are hoping that it may serve the people everywhere as a radial center, a creative center—that it may carry on the idea of folk playmaking throughout the State, and beyond—that it may help to make the people of Carolina (to use President Graham's beautiful phrase) "productive and happy."

In the New Day that is dawning there are everywhere signs of an awakened folk consciousness yearning for fresh expression of the common life. To give form to this awakening impulse of the people in terms of play, "the purest and most spiritual activity of mankind," is the aim of THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS.

Such expression alone will satisfy the heart of man and give him an abiding happiness. The individual finds his fullest expression in giving the best that is in him to the common good, his highest happiness, in contributing his best to the common happiness.

Come let us strive together toward the good of all. Come let us play together in the New Day that is dawning!

Then again, in good time, from the creative joy of man will flower forth a new beauty, a new song of the folk, a new drama of the people.

When Witches Ride*
A Play of Carolina Folk Superstition
 By ELIZABETH A. LAY

THE HERITAGE

We mock with facts the Southern folk-belief,
 And so forget the eternal quest that strove
 With signs and tales to symbolize the awe
 Of powers in heaven and earth still undefined.
 Yet may we catch the child-like wondering
 Of our old negroes and the country folk,
 And live again in simple times of faith
 And fear and wonder if we stage their life.
 Then witches ride the stormy, thundering sky
 And signs and omens fill believing minds,
 Then old traditions live in simple speech
 And ours the heritage of wondering!

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Uncle Benny, owner of the crossroads store.....George McF. McKie
 Ed, his son.....Walter H. Williamson
 Jake, formerly a railroad engineer.....George Denny
 Phoebe Ward, witch.....Alga E. Leavitt

SCENE: *The out-house of a country store. The store-room is a typical log cabin, roughly built. Red peppers, herbs and dried vegetables hang in bunches from the low ceiling rafters. Boxes and bales are piled in disorder among farm implements, kitchen utensils and miscellaneous*

* This is the first play written in English 31, the University course in Dramatic Composition. It was first staged at the opening performance of THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS in their own newly established theater in Chapel Hill, THE PLAY-HOUSE. The original cast for this performance is indicated above. On the same program were presented *The Return of Buck Gavin*, a tragedy of the mountain people, by Thomas Wolfe, and *What Will Barbara Say?* a romance of Chapel Hill, by Minnie Shepherd Sparrow.

articles from the stock of a cross-roads general store. Dust and cobwebs everywhere. At back right a small opening cut in the logs serves as a window. A rough shelter is fastened over it. Door at back left is hidden by a dirty sheet which keeps out the cold air. In right side wall is a huge stone fire-place in which a fire blazes brightly. To right a large supply of logs piled beside the fire-place. Big jug of liquor in that corner. Rough bench in front of the fire. In center of room is a rickety table. Three lighted candles, small straw-covered jug, glasses of liquor and coins on the table. The wind outside blows loudly. A storm is gathering.

ED, JAKE, and UNCLE BENNY are seated around the table on old boxes playing cards and drinking.

UNCLE BENNY is very old. His face is wrinkled and weather-beaten. He has few teeth and is nearly bald. He wears a rusty old suit. An odd length of cloth is tied around his shoulders like a shawl.

ED is middle-aged, red of face, very tall and lank. His shoulders droop as do his moustache. His whole appearance is that of slouchiness. He wears a dirty shirt with sleeves rolled up and ragged over-alls.

JAKE is older than Ed. He is burly and strong, commanding respect from the others who fear his bad temper. His manner shows that he considers himself an important character. He wears a dark coat over his over-alls.

UNCLE BENNY

Speaking in a high, nervous voice

This here's mighty good liquor, ain't it so, Jake?

JAKE

He pours himself another glass

Uh huh. (*Gruffly.*) It's your play, Ed.

UNCLE BENNY

I reckon you might's well pour me some more, too, while you're 'bout it.

Jake pours while Uncle Benny holds his glass. Suddenly a loud crash of thunder is heard. Uncle Benny starts up and jerks his hand away, nearly spilling the contents of the jug.

JAKE

He grabs the jug and sets it down with a bang
 Drat your hide, ole man! Do you wanter waste all this good whiskey? What's the matter with yuh? Hey?

UNCLE BENNY

Thar now, Jake, I didn't mean no harm.

JAKE

I reckon you nigh about wasted all this here liquor!

ED

Drawling, testily

Wal 'tain't your liquor, is it?

JAKE

Turning on him

An' what're you jumpin' in about. You're both 'bout to jump outer your skins! Watcher feared of? 'Taint nothin' but thunderin' a mite.

UNCLE BENNY

But 'tis an awful night, Jake. It's witch weather, thunder and lightin' on a cold night like this here, just the night for witches to be ridin' an' ghosts to be walkin' an' I can't leave off from feelin' that bad luck's comin' to us here.

Another loud thunder clap as the storm grows louder
 Oh, lordy, lordy.

ED

Hit's one powerful queer storm, sure. Brace up, Pop, 'n have another drink.

Mugs are filled again

UNCLE BENNY

Mighty strange things has happened on a night like this here, an' right nigh the Roanoke River here, too. I mind as how 'twas jest sech a storm as this when a ole witch rid my ole woman to death. Yes, suh, when she woke up in the mornin' they was dirt in between her fingers an' her toes an' hair was all tangled up where the witch had done made stirrups of it for to ride her through the briars. She was nigh about wore out for sure an' all she could do was to stare an' gape an' mumble 'bout goin' through the key-hole.

JAKE

Scornfully

Aw shucks! Your ole woman drank herself to death an' I reckon it didn't take much ridin' to finish her, neither. If you'd ben drivin' a railroad engine nigh about all over Carolina an' into Virginia like I have, you'd a seen so many sights that it'd take more'n any old hag to give you the shakes. Any ole back-country witch like Phoebe Ward can't scare me off from a good dram like this here, let me tell you all that.

ED

They do say ole Phoebe herself is prowlin' round in this neighborhood, she'n that ole toad she carries 'round. She slept 'cross the river last night an' Jeff Bailey seen her cuttin' through the low grounds 'bout dawn.

JAKE

Wal, I'd jest like to see old witch Phoebe one more time an' I'd finish for her. 'Clare to goodness the last time she come roun' to my house I fixed her good an' purty. (*Laughing loudly.*) I chucked the fire right full of red pepper pods an' it didn't take ole Phoebe long to pick up that toad of hers an' clear out of there, damned if it did! I reckon she won't come soon again to stay with me.

UNCLE BENNY

Fearfully

They do say as how she was married to the Devil himself once. I've heard 'em say he's comin' himself an' carry her off one of these days when her time's come.

JAKE

Joking

I reckon he'll get us all when our time comes, fer all that. (*Coarse laugh.*) Aw, brace up, Benny. I'd like to see ole Phoebe now, I would. I'd like to get my hands on her ole toad.

Uncle Benny looks around fearfully as though dreading her appearance.

UNCLE BENNY

I've heard tell it war her toad that's her sperit. The varmint leads her to a place an' then sits on the hearth stones 'twell it's time for her to move. She won't stir from that place 'twell her ole Gibbie commences to hop off first.

JAKE

She didn't wait fer the toad to hop the last time she visited me, let me tell you all that!

ED

He rises

Let's have another dram, Pop.

As he and Uncle Benny stoop over the big jug in the corner to the right a terrific thunder crash is heard. They drop the jug with a bang and Jake strides over to them, in a rage. The witch has entered unseen, having slipped through the curtain to the left. Phoebe Ward is very old and bent and wrinkled. Her dress is wrapped around her in rags and on her head she wears a huge night-cap. There are two bulging pockets in her skirt. She stands rubbing her hands, pinched and blue with the cold.

JAKE

With his back to the door

Damn you, gimme that jug, you two ole fools! Are you goin' to waste all the whisky, yet? (*The men are bending over the jug, paralyzed by the sight of Phoebe advancing slowly into the room.*) What're you starin' at? (*Wheels around and sees Phoebe, starts back in amazement.*) The witch!

There is a dead silence while Phoebe shivers toward the fire.

ED

Hoarsely

How'd she get in?

UNCLE BENNY

Cowering in fear

Sure's you're born she's done come through the key-hole!

JAKE

Hesitating

Whatcher doin' here?

PHOEBE

Ignores Jake and comes closer to the fire. She speaks in a high cracked voice to an object concealed in her pocket. Ed and Uncle Benny retreat into the corner.

Sho' now, Gibbie, quit your hoppin'. Sho' now, this here's whar you'll leave me rest a bit now, ain't it? Thar now, toad-frawg. (*To Uncle Benny.*) Uncle Benny, I'se powerful tired. I'se done come nigh onto ten miles from the river. Leave me rest a spell, me'n Gibbie.

UNCLE BENNY

He starts to speak hoarsely

Sure, now,—

JAKE

He takes a step forward, menacingly

Git out of here, you damned witch.

Ed and Uncle Benny pull him back in fright.

PHOEBE

Maliciously, watching the effect of her words which make even Jake draw back.

'Tain't no good luck it'll bring to you, Jake, ef you drives me off again into the storm. It's my Ole Man, the Devil, you'll be reckoning with this time. For it's the Black Ones has done led me to this place. It's the Demons what're ridin' in the storm. Them an' Gibbie, has done led me. Ain't it so, Gibbie? (*Patting her pocket, speaks to Uncle Benny.*) Won't you leave me warm myself a bit, poor ole Phoebe, what the spirits has been drivin'?

JAKE

Grudgingly

Wal, set down, Phoebe, an' warm yourself—but you gotter ride yourself off presently, you hear me?

PHOEBE

She sits down on the bench looking very helpless and old.

'Tain't ez ef I'll ever warm myself again, Jake. 'Tain't ez ef I'll ever set again an' watch the flames a-snappin' an' the sap a-sizzlin' in the hickory logs. When my Gibbie starts to hoppin' off from me poor ole Phoebe's 'bliged to go. She'll be gone for good, Jake, an' this here's the last time you'll lay yo' eyes on this poor ole woman, Jake, this here's the last time, the last time.

She mumbles—

JAKE

What're you talkin' about, Phoebe? Are you studyin' for to ride off home to hell with your Ole Man, the Devil?

UNCLE BENNY

Hoarsely

She's goin' to ride us all to death, Jake. Aw don't rile her. Let her be!

PHOEBE

More sounds of a storm are heard outside as the wind

increases. The shutter and the door rattle loudly. Phoebe looks around wildly.

I done heard the Black Ones callin' in the thunder. (*Rises and goes to the window, listening.*) The Devil's ridin' on the fiery blaze of lightin' an' the Black Ones are a-screechin' in the wind. (*Frenzied.*) Oh, they're straddlin' on the storm clouds an' they're leanin' down an' stretchin' out an' callin' for ole Phoebe. Don't you hear 'em, Jake, don't you hear them voices shriekin'? Don't you hear them demon claws a-scratchin' at the door? (*As the door rattles again.*) They're callin' me, ain't they, Gibbie? An' when my time's done up I'll go ridin' through the storm clouds an' this here's the last time you'll be seein' me on this earth. This here's the last time, ain't it, Gibbie.

Mumbles to the toad in her pocket.

ED

What's she mumblin' 'bout?

The candles flare in the draft.

UNCLE BENNY

Look! Look, Jake. We've got three candles a'burnin' an' it's a sure sign of death in this place. (*Quavering.*) Don't let her curse us all by dyin' in this place.

JAKE

Aw, I ain't no witch doctor!

PHOEBE

Be you feared I's goin' to leave this here ole corpse behind me when I goes? (*Exalted.*) Oh, the Black Ones 'll be callin' when my time's done over here an' the Devil himself 'll take me to be ridin' by his side. I'll be ridin' on the storm clouds as they thunders through the sky. I'll be ridin' off in lightnin' an' you won't see no trace of Phoebe left behind. (*Sinks down.*) Leave me lay an' warm myself just once more an' rest. 'Twon't be long afore my Gibbie 'll be signin' me to go, an' then I'll

have to leave the fire fer good an' ride into the storm. Jest a little while, jest a little while.

ED

Less frightened

Oh, stay an' warm yourself, Phoebe, an' don't mind Jake. He's sort of queer himself, I reckon.

They watch as Phoebe pulls the bench nearer to the fire and settles herself, crouched over the warmth. She pulls out an old corn cob pipe from her pocket. The men sit down as far away from her as possible but Ed and Uncle Benny are still uneasy.

PHOEBE

She fishes around in her bulging pockets for tobacco and pulls out the toad. She holds it in her hand, caressingly and speaking to it.

Thar now, Gibbie, did I take you fer the 'baccy? Sho' now, you're so quiet! (*Puts the toad carefully down on the hearth.*) You been a'wrigglin' round an' hoppin'. Now you'll set thar now by the fire an' mind you leave me set a spell an' get a rest an' warmin'. Set still, Gibbie, set still, set still.

Mumbling as she fills her pipe and puffs it.

UNCLE BENNY

Staring fascinated at the toad

I don't like these here goings-on, I don't. I don't like that varmint of hers!

ED

I sure wish that ole toad would hop off from here and sign the hag she's gotter move on. I hope to the Lord this is the last time for ole Phoebe.

PHOEBE

She lies down on the bench

Set still, Gibbie, set still.

UNCLE BENNY

Quavering

I—I don't like to stay in this place, Jake. 'Tain't no good luck comin' from three lights in a room an' I'm feared of that varmint. It's a demon, sure. Let's us go.

JAKE

Shaking off any fears and speaking with studied gruffness.

An' let the screechin' devils get you from the clouds.

ED

That ole toad makes my flesh crawl. Somethin's goin' to happen.

JAKE

Aw, come on, boys. I ain't goin' to let this here hag an' her dirty ole toad spoil my good liquor. I'm goin' to have a drink. (*He fills the jug and pours more whisky in the glasses. As he goes to the corner he looks defiantly at Phoebe.*) She's done gone to sleep as peaceful as you please. (*He sits down to drink and the others recover a little.*) I ain't goin' to let ole Phoebe 'witch me. I ain't feared of her.

ED

Looking at Jake intently

They do say as how witches can't harm them as is like themselves. (*Insinuating.*) They do say they's men witches, too.

Jake begins to show drunken bravado.

JAKE

Sarcastic

W-a-l, now, mebbe I am a witch. I ain't never thought about it befo'. I never did know jest how to call myself an' mebbe that's jest what I am, a witch. (*Laughing with a swagger at Uncle Benny.*) You'd better look out fer me, Benny.

UNCLE BENNY

Aw, now, Jake, I ain't never done nothin' agin you, Jake, now you know I ain't, Jake.

ED

Half maliciously

They do say there's somethin' queer when a man ain't feared of a witch an' her demon.

JAKE

Showing effects of the liquor as do the others

Naw, I ain't feared of her. (*Takes another drink.*) An' I'll tell you all what I'll do. I'll go right up to the ole hag an' snatch that cap right off'n her head, I will!

He rises.

ED

They do say she keeps a heap of money in that ole bonnet.

UNCLE BENNY

Don't touch her, Jake. Don't rile her. Leave her be. (*As Jake advances to the bench where Phoebe lies.*) Aw, Jake!

JAKE

I'll see if this here ole bundle is full of witch-spells or money.

He puts out his hand toward the night-cap. Ed follows him, drunkenly curious.

UNCLE BENNY

He jumps up trembling with horror as a thunder clap is heard outside.

Don't, Jake! Look at that witch! Look that! That ain't nothin' but her skin lyin' there. See how shriveled 'tis. Oh, Lordy, Jake, she's done already slipt out'n her hide an' she's ridin' through the sky. Mebbe she's ridin' my ole horse to death right now. She's left her skin behind. (*With despair.*) Oh, Lordy, Lordy.

JAKE

Aw, drat you, Benny. Quit your shriekin'. You'll jump out of your own skin next. This here is Phoebe Ward, an' all of her too, (*With a swagger.*) an' I'll show you. (*Before Uncle Benny can stop him he reaches out and lays a finger on Phoebe's hand. He draws back, awe struck.*) Well, I'll be damned! (*Touches her again.*) Benny, if she ain't dead! Git a mirror, Ed. (*Ed brings a cracked glass from the mantel shelf. Jake holds it before Phoebe's mouth.*) Yes, sir, sure's you're born, Phoebe Ward's done blew out. She's had her last ride for sure.

UNCLE BENNY

Wildly entreating

Cover her up, Jake. Cover her up! I don't want to see her no more. Them three lights was a sign. Oh, Lordy, Lordy!

JAKE

He goes to the door and pulls down the old sheet, throws it over Phoebe.

Thar, now, that'll do. (*He goes to the table and drains his glass.*) Here, brace up, all, an' have a drink.

They drink in silence.

ED

Well, she's gone.

JAKE

Say, you all, ole Phoebe's dead an' I reckon we might's well drink her wake right now. Fill up, all.

Ed pours the whiskey while Jake takes the candles from the table and places two at the head and one at the feet of the "corpse."

ED

Gulping

Here's you, Jake!

They all drink.

JAKE

Here's to old Phoebe.

Laughing coarsely.

UNCLE BENNY

Oh, Lord, help us.

ED

This place's getting cold; needs some more wood on the fire.

The fire has burned low and the light is dim.

JAKE

Well, you put it on.

ED

Solemnly

I wouldn't go nigh that there witch's corpse, not fer ten thousand dollars.

JAKE

Aw, I'd shake hands with her ole man, the Devil himself, tonight.

Jake gets up and goes around the bench, to the wood-pile, back to the "corpse." Phoebe sits up very slowly as the thunder is heard above the storm outside. The shutter bangs open and the candles are puffed out. Jake drops his load of wood into the fire and turns as he hears a sound behind him. He leans against the side of the fire-place right. All stand spell-bound.

PHOEBE

Give me a drap of liquor, Uncle Benny. It's mighty cold over here. (*Shivering.*) She gets up and shuffles toward the table. (*Ed and Uncle Benny retreat in horror.*) I'm done frizzed clean through. (*She shuffles to table, looks around bewildered as if listening.*) Jest—one—little drap—before I go! This here's my last time.*Picks up glass and gulps as if fearful that she will have to go before it is finished.*

JAKE

Infuriated

This here's the last time, is it? Warn't you dead? Ain't we done drunk your wake? Ain't it time to bury you now? You git yourself out of that door, Phoebe Ward! You're dead for sure an' I'm goin' to bury you now.

The storm grows more fierce.

PHOEBE

Menacingly to Jake

You'd best to leave me be, Jake, 'twell I go! 'Tain't in your hands to dig a grave whar Phoebe 'll lie. 'Twon't be no good'll follow him as sees me ride away tonight!

JAKE

Frenzied. Dashes her aside and strides to the door

You won't ride the clouds no more'n I will, you damned witch! You was dead an' it's time you's buried! (*Stumbles through the door and calls back.*) Come on out to your grave, or I'll come back an' drag you out, damn you!

PHOEBE

Listening as she moves to the door

I'm goin', I'm goin', Gibbie! (*Exalted.*) Oh, I hear the black ones thunderin' down the pathways of the sky! I hear 'em whirlin' through the clouds an' dartin' flames of fire! It's all of Hell is risen up to carry me away! Oh, they're screamin' out for Phoebe an' they're wild to sweep her through the storm with the Devil at her side! 'Tis the Devil himself is waitin' an' he's scorchin' up the blackness with the lightnings of his eyes! I'm comin', I'm comin'. I'll be ridin', I'll be ridin'!

She stands in the open door, facing the room and a terrific flash of lightning throws her figure into dark silhouette. Then she retreats backward and the door bangs behind her, leaving Uncle Benny and Ed crouching by the table.

UNCLE BENNY

She's gone. She'll get Jake.

ED

Oh, Lord, where's her toad?

There is a crash of thunder, the door bangs open and there is another blinding flash of lightning. Jake stumbles through the door in terrible fright. His hands are over his eyes as if blinded and he gropes stumbling to the table and falls into a seat.

JAKE

Stunned

I seen 'im, I seen 'im.

UNCLE BENNY

My Lord!

ED

What—what was it, Jake?

JAKE

Wildly

I'm witched. Oh, I seen all the Black Ones in hell, I seen the Devil himself. I seen 'im, I seen the Ole Man! The heavens done opened like a blazin', roarin' furnace an' the storm clouds wrapped ole Phoebe 'round an' snatched her up in fire, an' all the clawin' demons out'n hell rid roarin' past my ears. Oh, they've blinded me with balls of fire an' knocked me to the ground. Oh, the Devil himself done carried off ole Phoebe for to ride among the witches. I seen 'im, I done seen 'im!

ED

The Devil's done got 'im.

UNCLE BENNY

Moves back trembling and steps against the toad which has moved near the table. He jumps in fright and stares in horror.

Oh, Good Lord, the spell's here!

ED

What do you see?

UNCLE BENNY

The toad!

JAKE

In horror

She left her toad!

UNCLE BENNY

It's done moved. It's moved from where she put it.
Oh, Lord!

ED

Phoebe's gone an' her toad's done moved!

JAKE

In terror

He's moved, he's moved! (*Struggling as with a spell.*)
Oh, I gotter go too. The witch's toad's done got me an' I
gotter go. (*Retreating from the toad with his hands to
his eyes as before.*) I'm goin', Gibbie, I'm goin', I'm
goin.'

*He turns at the door and stumbles out into the
night. The door remains open on blackness and a
roaring wind blows through, leaving it nearly in dark-
ness as Ed and Uncle Benny stare at the toad and re-
treat in horror.*

ED

It done got him!

UNCLE BENNY

The Devil took him! Oh Lord, help us, oh Lordy,
Lordy.

*Ed and Uncle Benny fall on their knees in abject
terror.*

CURTAIN

“A Scrap of Paper”

ROBERT W. PROCTOR

James Wentworth leaned back in his seat and moodily smoked his pipe. He was not interested in the conversation of his fellow passengers, he was gazing out of the window at the swiftly flying hills. He was trying to think. Again and again he took a worn and wrinkled telegram from his pocket and read it over and over again, but each time he put it away with a sigh.

“Well, I never could understand Uncle Hugh,” he mused. “Why, I have never laid eyes on him since the day that father died. Since then he has sent me to school and supplied me with practically everything that I wanted, but he has never asked me to his home before. Something must have gone wrong or he would not have wired me so urgently.” With such thoughts coursing through his mind the young man finally fell asleep.

He was aroused by the porter, who informed him that they were nearing Elmston, his destination.

As the train came to a grinding stop, the young man alighted. The rain was coming down in torrents and the station was wrapped in darkness save for a feeble ray of light that shown through the door of the little station. He stepped into the waiting-room and sat down on one of the pine benches, which was ornamented and made uncomfortable by scores of deeply carved initials and names.

“Say!” he addressed a sleepy looking individual carrying a smoky lantern, “did any one meet the train tonight?”

“Nope,” replied the weary looking depot agent, “Nobody ’cept Uncle Ike who works for the hotel.” “Here he is now,” continued the agent, as he blew out his lantern and yawned.

“Hotel, Cap’n? Right this way. The Constituchun

Hotel. Best in the city, suh, the garden spot ob de sunny souf," said a very stout gentleman of color, poking his head in the doorway.

"Alright," said James, "lead me to this earthly paradise."

The old negro led him to a ramshackle hack of doubtful age and usage, with an equally disreputable animal between the antiquated shafts.

The ancient vehicle rattled up the muddy street, and stopped in front of the Constitution Hotel—the best and only hotel in Elmston. James regarded the low rambling structure, and was not pleased with the prospect of spending a night within its weather-beaten walls. The voice of the loafer, in the lobby, drifted out of the open doorway accompanied by the aroma of strong tobacco, expelled from much used corn-cob pipes. For it was summer and the time for debating and commenting on how the war should be conducted had arrived and the village wiseacres were having a heated argument as to what should be done with Pro-Germans and German spies.

"Uncle," said James, turning to the old darkey, "can't you take me out to Mr. Hugh Vernon's house?"

The negro rolled his eyes. "No suh, no suh, 'deed I can't. I had jest as soon go to see the old scratch hisself, as to go out dar. No suh, I ain't gwine ter make mahself consepchus to dat 'oman's conjuring, what stays wid massa Hugh," said Uncle Ike, as he shook his gray, woolly head.

"What's the trouble, Uncle Ike?" queried James, "Hants?"

"Hants? Trubble? Why ain't you heered about dat 'oman? Why, Lawdy mussy, she has conjured massa Hugh, yes suh, she has got him plum' conjured," ejaculated the old negro in an excited voice.

"How do you know?" laughed James.

“Well, I reckon dat I oughter know, I uster to wuk fuh de Vernons, sah. I was a member of de fambly till dat ’oman came and fired me. Yas, suh, she told me to leave right befo’ massa Hugh’s own eyes, and when I asked him, he looked at me lak he ain’t nebber seed me befo’, and goes right on foolin’ ’round wid dem quar things in dat place what he calls his labertory. Why ain’t dat scandiculous? Why, I uster—”

“That will do, Uncle Ike,” interrupted James, handing the old negro a coin and bidding him good night.

After being cross-examined by the bewhiskered clerk, as to where he came from, where he was going, his family history, and a dozen other questions to which one is susceptible in a village hotel, James succeeded in getting a room and finally went to sleep.

On awakening the next morning, he dressed leisurely and proceeded downstairs to breakfast. Finding that breakfast had been over for a couple of hours, he went out into the street.

A half-dozen stores, the post office and the “Constitution” composed the business section of Elmston. He walked back to the hotel and found Uncle Ike grooming his steed and dusting the scarred surface of his vehicle with a bunch of turkey feathers. Whereupon he smilingly engaged the services of the old negro to take him to his uncle’s home.

The three-mile ride to the Vernon place seemed to be a short one to James for he was continually entertained by the old negro’s “befo’ de wah” and “when de Yonkees wus heah,” tales.

“Dar,” said uncle Ike, pointing his hickory switch to a large white house set back in a large grove upon a bluff overlooking the river, “up yawnder is de Vernon place.”

At length the vehicle rattled up and halted before the high iron gate, which blocked the driveway. Young Went-

worth alighted and paying the old darky, bade him good bye.

The birds were singing merrily overhead as James walked beneath the arched boughs of the ancient oaks which lined the driveway. The old mansion, crowning the summit of the slope, was surrounded by weedy lawns and unkempt flower beds, and stood, a living relic of the pomp and splendor of the ante-bellum days.

After viewing the crumbling glory which surrounded him, James climbed the broad steps, past the tall Corinthian columns and tapped the door with the ponderous brass knocker.

It was not until he had repeated his summons that the door was opened. A tall, dark complexioned man cracked open the door a scant foot and peered out from the gloomy interior with a questioning look on his evil countenance.

"Is this where Mr. Hugh Vernon lives?" questioned James.

"Yes," said the scowling face, "he lives here."

"Well, I would like to see him," replied James, advancing toward the door.

"Sorry," said the man, "but he is not seeing visitors today," at the same time slowly closing the door.

"Hey, hold on there," interrupted James, thrusting his foot into the narrowing crack. "Tell him that James A. Wentworth is here and wants to see him."

"Sorry sir, but the doctor said—"

"What is the trouble, Carl?" asked a woman's voice.

"There is a young man who insists on seeing Mr. Vernon," said the man at the door.

"You wish to see Mr. Vernon?" questioned a large woman of perhaps about forty years of age.

"Yes, tell him that his nephew, James Wentworth, is here and wishes to see him."

"Why certainly, Mr. Wentworth, come right in, we

have been expecting you for some time,” said the woman, opening the door.

James was ushered into a gloomy parlor. The furniture in it would have brought untold joy to the heart of a dealer in antiques. After considerable delay, the woman came back and conducted him up the old stairway, down a grim corridor, and into his Uncle’s room.

James had seen his Uncle once, and remembered him as an old man with flowing gray hair, slightly stooped shoulders and a vacant look in his faded blue eyes, and here, lying in the bed, he looked as though he had not changed one whit.

“Can this be James?” queried the old man, beaming up at him. “My, my, how you have changed,” he sighed, as he surveyed the stalwart young man.

“Yes, uncle, this is James,” he said, as he grasped the thin and wrinkled hand. “Why, I don’t believe that you have changed at all; I actually do believe that you have grown younger.”

Taking a chair at the bedside, James listened to the old man as he talked of various things and tried to answer the questions which were asked in rapid-fire order.

James stayed at the bedside until late in the evening. Finally a rustic physician came, and after making preliminary observation of the patient’s condition, placed a thermometer in the patient’s mouth. He felt his pulse, peered over his silver-rimmed spectacles and stroked his straggling beard. After warning his patient against excitement, he plainly told him that his days were numbered. He left some medicine on the table and soon took his departure.

“James,” said the old man, when they were alone, “I sent for you because I felt that my time was drawing near, but the main reason is this: I have discovered a new explosive, and I want you to take the formula to Washington, I—”

“Shh,” cautioned James, as he jumped to the door and quickly opened it. Standing almost directly in front of him was the woman who had met him at the door. She blushed under his steady gaze and tried to explain what she was doing there.

“That will do,” said James, motioning her down the hall.

“Uncle,” said he, “does that woman know anything about this new explosive?”

“No, no, but she is to be trusted; she is an excellent lady and has been my housekeeper for several weeks.”

“Well, she may be all right, but I don’t like the way she was standing around that door,” muttered James. “Uncle—,” receiving no response James turned and saw that the old man was breathing hard.

“The formula,” gasped the old man, “there are two, one written in red ink and the other in black, red is the right one; the other will explode while it is being compounded. They are both under the ho—.” He did not finish, for with a rattling sound in his throat, he gasped and breathed his last.

The next afternoon the old chemist was laid to rest. It was with a sad feeling that James watched his last kinsman buried.

He walked slowly away from the grave. Looking back, he beheld the figure of Uncle Ike silhouetted against the red evening horizon. His battered hat was held in one hand and his woolly head was bent in sorrow. Faithful unto the last.

As James neared the house, he heard the low, indistinct sound of voices, and on looking, he saw two men walking toward him engaged in earnest conversation. Hastily stepping behind a rose bush, he listened.

“But,” said a gruff voice, “it can’t be found, and be-

sides, I don't believe that the old nutt had sense enough to discover anything.”

“But Kate says that she is positive that she heard him telling that young buck where it was hidden. She believes that it is in the house,” interrupted another voice, which James recognized as belonging to the evil-faced man who met him at the door.

Seating himself on a decaying bench, to think the matter over, he saw Uncle Ike, dodging from tree to tree, cautiously making his way toward the gate.

“Come here, Uncle Ike,” called James.

“Howdy do, suh,” politely said the negro, as he shuffled up, “I didn't think that you would mind if I jest come bac—.”

“That's all right,” interrupted James, “You say that you have lived here all of your life?”

“Yas suh, deed I wuz, bawn and bred right heah,” confirmed the old darky, with something like pride in his voice.

“Do you know anything about any secret passages in the old house?”

“Lemme see.—Lemme see.—It seems lak dat when I wuz 'a boy, dat durin' de wah, I members hearin' some of de old niggers, talking 'bout puttin' some silver in some sorter passage to hide it frum dem Yankees. I believe dat they said dat it wuz in dat old wall,” said Uncle Ike, scratching his woolly head and pointing to a high stone wall which surrounded the place. “I dunno, dat's been a powerful long time back; mebbe I drempt it, but it sounds mighty lak de truf to me.”

“No doubt you did dream it,” laughed James, banishing the absurd idea of a hollow wall from his mind.

Leaving the old negro he walked to the house and began to wander around its gloomy walls and narrow passages.

After eating supper, he went to the ball room, which had been converted into a modern laboratory. He looked everywhere but found no signs of the formula. Departing from this mystic realm of chemistry, he went up to his room and retired.

A faint tapping aroused him from his slumber. He could not tell from whence this mysterious noise came. Cautiously arising, he put on his clothes, and with a revolver in hand stepped out into the dim corridor. Down in the far end some one, with the aid of an electric torch, was methodically tapping the walls with a small hammer. Noiselessly he crept toward this mysterious person, until he was within about a dozen paces of the light; raising the revolver he boldly stepped forward, but as he did, he stumbled over some unseen obstacle. Quickly getting to his feet, he caught a glimpse of a figure hurrying down the hall. He raised his revolver, and fired in that direction.

The crack of his gun was answered by the breaking of glass. He picked up the discarded flash light of the mysterious person and proceeded down the corridor.

After searching all over the house he returned to the corridor to see what he had broken. Turning the light on the wall, he saw that he had broken a large mirror which stood at the head of the stairs.

On closer inspection, he found that the mirror had concealed a small doorway. Behind the opening a small flight of stairs descended sharply downward. He cautiously stepped into the small door and descended the stairs. At length he came to a small room, with a desk in the corner. Eagerly he opened the drawer of the desk and drew forth two closely written sheets of paper, which on closer inspection proved to be the formulae. One was written in red ink and the other in black. Which had his uncle said was the right one? *He couldn't remember!*

Hastily folding one he put it in his watch pocket, but while he was folding the other, detected a noise at the top of the stairs. He started to follow the passageway which went on past the little room; but on second thought, decided to find out just who this mysterious stranger was. Switching on his light, he crept back up the creaking steps. Just as he emerged into the hall, he saw a figure silhouetted in the pale moon light which streamed through the dingy window. The man turned and fled. With the formula in one hand and his revolver in the other, James pursued him down the large staircase, through the hall and into the laboratory. Just as he rushed into the door he was struck on the head. With a cry of pain, James sank to the floor. The formulae was snatched from his hand.

When he regained consciousness, he lay huddled by the door, just as he had fallen. He saw a group of figures about a man as he skillfully mixed portions and occasionally paused to read from a sheet of paper which he had in his hand.

The formula? Did he have the right one? The one in red or the one in black? One was the new discovery; the other would explode while compounding! He anxiously felt in his pocket—yes! one formula was there, but which one was it?

“Formula or no formula, I’ll not take any chances. I’m going to get out of here,” thought James as he scrambled to his feet out into the hall and started towards the front door.

“Stop him!” shrieked a woman’s voice.

Two figures arose directly in his path. However he quickly turned and eluded them, ran up the stairs and through the little opening in the wall, down the narrow stairs, past the little room, and into the dark passageway.

After stumbling several times, he stopped and listened; but could hear no sounds of the pursuers. He moved on

cautiously. The fetid air of the passage almost suffocated him. After travelling a good while, James came to an abrupt wall, he felt around but could find no avenue of escape. Striking a match, he saw only a blank stone wall overhead and in front. He held the match until it burnt his fingers and then sank weakly to the ground. The pain in his head was becoming intense; he was almost ready to give up, when he heard a grating sound and saw a ray of light streaming through a small opening overhead. He gulped in the fresh air and clambered up toward the opening, but found to his dismay, that he could not pull his body through it; he was too weak.

“Uhuh, I tole him so, I knowed it come to these gate postes,” chuckled a familiar voice.

“Hey, Uncle Ike, help me out,” gasped James.

“Good Lawd!” exclaimed Uncle Ike, turning to flee through the gray mist of the dawn.

“Hey, come on back here, it’s me, Uncle. Come help me out,” shouted James, after the fleeing figure.

“You sho did skeer me. I was afraid you wuz a hant,” said Uncle Ike as he helped the young man out of the opening, and assisted him in getting into his dilapidated rig, which stood near by.

“Well, suh, I got to studyin’ bout what I tole you,” said Uncle Ike, as he clucked to his weary steed, “and when I drove by, a comin’ frum de camp meetin’ I thot that I would find out fer sho whethe—”

He was interrupted by a terrific explosion which shook the ground. They looked and saw smoke and flames pouring from the windows of the Vernon mansion.

“Luck was with me!” said James, holding fast to the now flying vehicle, which was moving by a much frightened steed. “Pure luck I happened to get the right one!”

Art is Long

J. WILBERT LOVE

It was in the Metropolitan Club, the richest and most exclusive in New York, that it began. And Stone and Fitzgerald started it. They had argued and argued on every conceivable question, from the best way to woo a young lady to the chances of Omar-Omar to win the Long Island Steeplechase. Of course the mysterious and sensational robbery in which Tiffany's lost a fifty thousand dollar necklace came in for its share. And that led to the question of crooks.

Quite a crowd had collected when Richard Ashley Anderson arrived and joined the convivial party. Now Richard Ashley was a person of importance. He was richer than Croesus and Carnegie, and had won enough polo cups to turn any young man's head. Besides, he was handsome and witty—a favorite with both men and women. His hobby was crooks. So when Stone advanced the hypothesis: no amateur can commit a crime and not get caught, or no amateur crook can commit a robbery and "get away with it," Bob Anderson began to speak.

"You're wrong, Stone," he said. "An amateur crook of intelligence *can* commit a robbery and 'get away with it.' If he systematizes, no detective in this town can nab him. Why, I'd wager quite a little sum that I could, for instance, steal the justly famed candlestick of our friend McCreigh, there, and not get caught."

Gaylord F. Montgomery, the quietest man in the club, announced that he would wager five thousand dollars that Bob would fail should he try. Then Bob, in his headstrong manner, declared that Montgomery was a bit close with his money, and they had quite a vociferous debate. Well, the upshot of it all was that they brought in the

club's famous "wager book," and entered the bet. It ran like this: "Mr. Robert Ashley Anderson, unwatched, unfollowed, and generally left to his own devices, must in three months (the time they had decided upon) obtain in person from the house of Mr. McCreigh, a large, brass monogrammed candlestick, or pay ten thousand dollars in cash to Mr. Gaylord F. Montgomery." Both men placed their signatures at the end of the wager. Then they drank a toast to Bob and his career of crime, and after wishing all kinds of luck and offering a great deal of useless and unnecessary advice sent him off with rousing shouts of "Good Luck," "Don't get shot," "Look out for Sherlock," and "Hurrah! See the new Raffles."

That night in his bachelor apartment Anderson began to lay his plans. He called up Egan, Commissioner of Police, and found out who was on the beat in which McCreigh's house was situated. He gave his man, Dobbs, a handful of yellow bills and told him to secure, by some hook or crook, a key to the front door of McCreigh's house. He marked a date for the crime—the last Monday in April, the last one of the three months allowed him.

Two weeks elapsed before Dobbs reported that by strategy he had at last succeeded in bribing McCreigh's second butler, thus obtaining a key to the front door of the house. The butler had also drawn a plan of the lower story of the house. Dobbs handed over both key and plan to his master. He said, furthermore, that the butler had sworn that the candlestick was on the right hand end of the mantle in the library. He was very sure of this.

"Ha! Dobbs," complimented Anderson, "you'll win the Iron Cross yet. You're a brick. Why this is going to be too easy. I'll be ashamed to take the money."

"Yes sir," said Dobbs. "Thank you, sir."

Time in its flight finally brought the last Monday in April. It was the crisis night. Early in the evening Bob

dressed carefully, and then went to a theater. It was a good show, and he had thoroughly enjoyed it. By George, he felt like a bloodhound on the trail of the fox; like a strong man he desired to race. He set out, walking rapidly, toward Central Park. It was almost one o'clock when he reached it and rested on a bench. At two he arose and started for McCreigh's.

Three blocks from the house he stopped. In the shadow of a building he took from his overcoat a pair of gum overshoes and slipped them on. He walked on noiselessly. Without a tremor he approached the house and went up the steps quickly, three at a time. He opened the outer door with his false key, stopped a second in the vestibule, and slipped on his small black mask. He opened the inner door and proceeded cautiously down the hallway. He turned into the library. Thank heavens, he had studied that plan carefully. He stretched out his hand; it touched the mantel. He felt for the candlestick; grasped it; dropped it into the right-hand pocket of his overcoat. Quickly he returned to the door. He closed it without making a sound. Ah! how good the night air felt. And he had won. He had *won*.

Down the street he went. He had won; he had won. The money was his; ten thousand dollars. It all rang in his head. He felt like an eagle soaring in the sky. He began to whistle a little tune.

Suddenly he brought up against the muzzle of an automatic. Behind it loomed the figure of a policeman.

"Don't move," said the policeman, unnecessarily. "What game are you up to, coming out of that house at this time o' night?"

"That's Mr. McCreigh's house. I'm a friend of his, and—"

"You look like it," retorted the policeman.

“And why shouldn’t I come out of his house?” continued Bob Anderson, ignoring the sarcasm.

“That’s what I want to know. Here, slip these wristbands on,” said the policeman, slipping them on. “You’re under arrest.”

“I’ll have you up for this,” fumed the exponent of crime as it ought to be. “Under arrest, am I? Well I’d like to know what for?”

“What for? What for? Well, I don’t know, myself, yet; but I guess it’s for the same reason you’ve got that mask on.”

Meadows and Hills

ELIZABETH A. LAY

Earth had no hills in man’s first happy life,
 The meadows stretched like flowering seas of peace
 In happy bays between the folding woods.
 The sun shone ever on the even fields
 And all was quiet loveliness—with streams
 And meadows white with lilies, tint with bloom
 Of blue and orange, rolling fresh and fair
 Into the peaceful shadow of the trees.

Earth had no hills and tranquil were its joys—
 But now the hills! the hard slow pain—to climb,
 To leave behind the valleys and the flowers,
 To climb and then to pause on some high rock
 And catch the sharp swift joy, the vision spread
 Of rolling hills, so far and blue with mist!
 To watch the birds wheel down into the clouds,
 To hear the thunder echo in the storm—
 And know that ever from the peaceful fields
 We may mount upwards to the hills again.

Carolina—Two Viewpoints

I

A SENIOR

The symbol of the University spirit—what is it? I can see it standing in the center of the campus, calm and mute. It is a simple statue of a sturdy American figure going hand in hand with that of a strange European. As brothers they stand together, yet each is a clear-cut individual. The rugged form on the right gazing so earnestly and wistfully toward the west is the great American pioneer, Daniel Boone; and beside him stands a Spaniard, the immortal Don Quixote. A curious comradeship, you will say, and a still more curious symbol of the University spirit?

Yet it represents something glorious in the life of the University. Don Quixote incarnated the high spirit of chivalry, of gentlemanly action, of good sportsmanship; and Daniel Boone was a real pioneer, hewed his life true to his thought, and illustrated a life of virile freedom.

In every genuine University man lurks Don Quixote. He is the young man of young men. Before his reverent eyes the world lies as a wonderland, as a dreamland. The gold-tinted sunset has poetry in it for him, and he can feel how mysterious and wonderful is the earth. To touch the secret of his nature: he has a naive and sincere way of looking at the world, uncorrupted by cynicism. Yes, he is an idealist in the true and upright sense of the word. He starts out in life with a wholesome belief in the goodness of people and with a high ideal of what a single man can do in the world. That is exactly what a University man should have—a vision of what the world should be and of his part in its pulsating life. He must carry ideals into that world where men sweat and fight for existence.

And Don Quixote is the superb fighter who overcomes those fiery dragons of the generic name, "It can't be

done." Why, he is looking for heroic things to do. It gives him a thrill to tackle giants and monsters. "Try for the highest!" he ejaculates exuberantly. His spirit speaks forth in the knightly youth Georg, of Goethe's "Goetz Von Berlichingen," who, kindled by the sight of a warrior on a magnificent white horse, exclaims: "Holy George! Make me great and strong, give me such a lance, armor and steed, and then let me come to the dragons!"

Finally, Don Quixote stands for refinement, for honor in all the relations of life. He exemplifies the gentleman's point of view, a high lofty way of looking at things and of regarding other people. "Know ye," he says, "there is something genuine and eternal in you which makes you respect yourself and conduct your life on an elevated plane."

Side by side with this admirable character we place a simple unpretentious man, Daniel Boone, who symbolizes the deeper current of University life. Daniel Boone was pre-eminently a stout-hearted pioneer. Typical of this pioneer spirit, three passions ruled his being: first, he wished to be a free man; secondly, he had a spirit of adventure; and thirdly, in a rude and unconscious way he was striving for perfection. He realized that the very basis of progress and development in the case of an individual or of a people was freedom. He was not interested in freedom in the abstract and philosophical sense. But he was tremendously interested in freedom as a man-to-man relation, as a practical problem in life. He thought of freedom as doing what you think is right and best for you to do and not what other people think is right and best for you to do. Emerson has splendidly expressed this thought: "I shall live my life for itself, and not as a spectacle."

These two figures, Boone and Quixote, stand for no essentially new thing. There has always been freedom in the world; there has always been chivalry and refinement. But the vital question to us is how far we can relate them

to our individual lives. Just how far can we be free men, just how far can we be pioneers? The man who undertakes to solve this problem will find that every man can rise triumphant over his surroundings, can be a free man anywhere on God's earth, and can be a genuine pioneer in his life-work. So the answer to the question is simple: there may be a limit to what a man can do, but, thank Heaven, there is no limit to what he can try to do!

W. C. EATON.

II

A FRESHMAN

To have begun a course at the University of North Carolina, is to have tasted one of the richest experiences that can come to any young man at this time. High School days, with their bit of science, English, French and Latin, were but the song before a great play. They were interesting—they were more than interesting, for they were filled with memories of great friendships, and High School gives the first impression to the youth, what true education really is. But one does not become conscious of the fact that education is the biggest thing in life, yes, life itself, until he enters college.

I had read books telling of college experiences, until my conception of college life was, that it was a place where young men met together to play tricks on Freshmen mostly; to paint the buildings red; to write love letters to their girls at home, or to chase about over the football field. But college life, I have found to be much more than this. In fact, when a man comes to the University of North Carolina, he is admitted as a gentleman, and that must be his standard if he wishes to remain.

Quoting from a poet, "College Life is a Bag of Riches." I might open this bag and show you a bit of the wealth contained on the inside. To me the University of North Carolina is an ideal community, running its own newspaper,

magazine, Y. M. C. A., its own government, and its own athletic teams.

I repeat, when a man comes to the University of North Carolina, he is admitted as a gentleman. There are no rules which compel him to act, except that thing which we call Student Honor. There are no restrictions as to how long he may stay out at night, no compulsion as to what church he must attend, or what friends he must choose. He is a free individual, in so far as he does nothing that will stain the honor of Carolina.

I cannot conceive of a more religious place than the campus at Carolina. The men are not holy, pious or effeminate, but great big, healthy, wholesome individuals, carrying their religion with them into the mess hall, classroom, and onto the athletic field. The Y. M. C. A. is the religious organization of the campus. It conducts its religious meetings, operates its free moving picture shows, and bible study groups. Recently, three hundred and fifty have enrolled for bible study. The college edits its own newspaper, the board of editors being chosen from the student body at large. Then there is the athletic field. No matter in what branch of athletics, a student will find a place in the athletic life of the University. Of course, a man just entering, cannot hope to make the varsity, but by continually practicing on the class teams, he makes himself fit physically for the varsity teams. The same honor system which governs the life of the student in the classroom, and on the campus, governs the life of the student on the athletic field.

College life is no one activity. Some men come to college, confine themselves to their rooms, and do nothing but study. Others spend most of their time on the athletic field, thinking college life is that and nothing more. But the real, true, Carolina man, is the man who takes part in athletics; attends the literary society, and becomes a

vital part in their debating; he who goes beyond college walks, to teach the peoples in the rural communities, the mill districts, and the negroes, and one who does it sympathetically. The real Carolina man is a good sport. He laughs—he sings, in fact, he is the most wholesome individual I can imagine.

What I have given you, in brief, is college life, as it has appeared to me, one of the many who has tasted, and discovered, that college life is good, and one who longs for more.

RAYMOND M. JOHNSON.

The Trust

H. S. EVERETT

When I review the past few months and see
What we have lost, a feeling of despair
Arises in my heart and seizes me.
Three men with spirits noble, pure, and fair;
Gone forever from this mortal world of ours
To that great beyond which baffles alike both small
And great, with its infinite and wondrous powers;
Their bodies laid beneath a flowery pall.
But are indeed their souls departed hence?
Do they not live and work among us still?
It seems to me that each of us from whence
There comes a purpose and a fixed will
To live and strive to further their ideal
Is helping make their souls among us real.

The French Spirit

C. J. PARKER, JR.

Our table, composed of some twenty correspondents, several English and American officers, a French major, De Couilly by name, and myself, composed a jolly if not a hilarious group, which more than once earned the maledictions of the guests, as we made the walls of the old *Hotel de Ville* echo and re-echo the sounds of our mirth; nevertheless the dinner progressed without interruption, for the fare was good, and the wine excellent, so excellent, in fact, that it loosened the men's tongues and brought forth numerous anecdotes, humorous and otherwise, that were based on experiences at the front.

Notable among these was an incident related by De Couilly, the French major, a man aged at thirty—veteran of four years constant fighting. He told of a French girl, Marie Ribot by name, who belonged to the Intelligence Division of the French army, and who, at the French evacuation of Noyne, was left behind to man the wireless outfit left concealed in the walls of a half demolished chateau. Several days after the German occupation of the town she was discovered, and questioned concerning the French plans, but she would disclose nothing. She was, as a result, turned over to a group of officers, in whose hands she suffered many cruelties, and was finally murdered and thrown into the streets. This incident, related in the cultured and eloquent manner of De Couilly, cast over the table an atmosphere of melancholy, which was not to be expelled; therefore, I was sincerely glad when a half an hour later the dinner was concluded, and I was at liberty to retire.

I returned to my room, donned my smoking-jacket and settled myself comfortably before the glowing open grate.

I should have been at work, as there were some important despatches to be gotten off, but I was in no mood for work. I could do nothing but think of that Frenchman and his story. It seemed impossible to forget it. In desperation I picked up a book, thinking to occupy my mind by reading, and, as luck would have it, the volume was Hugo's "Les Miserables." I soon became deeply absorbed, reading rapidly and eagerly, following with intense interest the action of the story. I covered many pages, and had barely finished the incident on the death of Fantine, when the clock struck four. Like a thunder-bolt came the realization of my morrow's work; I was going up front, and must have some sleep. I slammed the book shut, and started to rise; but no, I was too comfortable, and I wanted to think, my mind had become peculiarly active.

Lighting a cigarette, and allowing the smoke to curl lazily upward, I gazed into the grate. The dull red glow of the coals, now dormant, now bursting forth into phantom-like tongues of short lived flame, lent fancy to my thoughts. I gazed deeply and profoundly into their midst, and lo, instead of the glowing coals and dancing flames, I beheld human figures! I shook myself. I would not let imagination run away with reason; but I was awake, yet I saw. The mass blurred out, and but one figure remained—it was Fantine, stepped out of Hugo's romance into the heart of the dying embers! She was at the shop, working, as always, for her child; she had no thought for herself, only for Cosette; next she was in the streets, and lastly she was at M. Madeline's hospital, a poor wasted soul, who had sacrificed first her vanity, next her honor, and finally her life toward the interests of her child.

The scene faded out, and in its place there appeared a second, even more gruesome than the first; a young woman, but scantily clad, her long hair all tangled and matted, and her body turned a sickly blue from the in-

tense cold, lay huddled upon a pile of debris; the blood still gushed forth from the wound in her breast, and she quivered and groaned in her agony. Her lips moved—she was praying, the last prayer of a worthy soul, for it was Marie, sacrificed to German lust.

The bed of coals caved in, the scene vanished, and the yellow flames crackled merrily over the grate, as if to dispel the gloom created by the dual tragedy. But I had seen, and could not forget; in fact, I was completely taken aback by such a striking analogy. Hugo over sixty years ago depicted the spirit of the French as the noblest of the noble; Fantine had sacrificed everything, even her life for her child, Cosette. Marie had done similarly for her mother, France. Sixty years had not served to alter that splendid spirit characterized in Joan of Arc, predominant in Fantine and Marie, and symbolical of the French ideal.

Kemp Plummer Battle

1831-1919

COLLIER COBB

Connected with the University for seventy-five years, as student, tutor, trustee, second founder, president, professor, this inspiring leader and devoted son of the University has completed his course with distinction, and with the warm personal regards—yes, devoted affection—of every student with whom he ever came in contact.

Dr. Battle has served well his day and generation, and has impressed himself upon the youth of the State in such a way that his influence will be felt for years to come. Indeed such men never die. Ever hopeful and ever helpful of others, he was at three score years and ten younger than most men of fifty. And even in the years that followed, Dr. Battle did not grow old. He renewed his youth with each incoming class, and never failed to follow with fatherly, nay brotherly, interest the fortunes of each outgoing class. For some twenty-five years it had been the pleasure of each graduating class to receive Dr. Battle's benediction in the form of a prayer service and farewell address of admonition on Monday morning of commencement week.

Twenty years ago the students presented him an axe of solid gold with a compass inset, made to their order by Tiffany, of New York, in recognition of his having cut out the paths through Battle Park, "making them," he said, "just wide enough for two to walk together side by side, as people ought to do." A prominent alumnus has recently said: "To have known President Battle, to have walked with him and counseled with him on a journey through Battle Park, to have received the cheery word of a life devoted to service, and to have known intimately that familiar figure in his declining years as he paused at the

post office for the noon mail—this would have made a four years sojourn at Chapel Hill a rich heritage.”

His efficient administration of offices of trust, his way of clinching whatever he undertook to do, his demand for truth and justice—a justice tempered by mercy, his broad sympathy and ever-helpfulness, his always striving to create an atmosphere of harmony, were some of the things that endeared him to young men. After the completion in 1912 of his monumental *History of the University*, Dr. Battle undertook the writing of a volume of *Reminiscences*. His closest friends and the members of his family had little hope that he would complete this work, but they did hope that such employment would keep up his keen interest in life and prolong his years. But he did complete the book last August, and he left two other valuable manuscripts about ready for the printer.

The inauguration of the literary societies into their new debating halls (the northern additions to Old East and Old West, made in 1848) was attended with interesting proceedings. In the Dialectic Hall the first President of the Society, in 1795, James Mebane, was present, having come from his home near Milton. Mr. Mebane, who had been speaker of the House of Commons, by request took a seat by the side of the President, Mr. Kemp Plummer Battle. The same scene was repeated in 1898, when the venerable ex-president of the Society and of the University occupied a seat by the side of the then President of the Society.

Dr. Battle had many canes brought to him by friends and former students from all parts of the world, and he was fond of showing these and relating their history to his young friends. Few who have been entertained in his hospitable home can ever forget the genial humor and fund of anecdote of their admirable host. His ready sympathy put him in touch with young and old. Children loved him, youths looked up to him, strong men counted him their friend.

“Old Pres”*

HORTENSE ROSE TURLINGTON

Oh, do not call him old, for still there lingers
 Upon his smile and in his cheery voice
 The spirit of youth; and even Time's iron fingers
 But daily show him new cause to rejoice.

With each incoming class his youth renewing,
 As the young eagles, with them high he soars;
 With each outgoing class, their steps pursuing,
 He knocks anew at fortune's waiting doors.

Not old, but some day, its clay casket rending,
 That strong, pure soul shall hear a voice, “Arise
 To meet thy God.” Angelic hosts attending
 Its flight, 'twill mount beyond the vaulted skies.

And then a thousand years of peaceful lying
 By heaven's fair river resting there shall be,
 Where there is no more sin nor pain nor sighing,
 While mortal puts on immortality.

Then, when the Judge reads from the book what writ is
 Of him, “Well done,” he'll hear with joyous thrill,
 And say, when offered kingship o'er ten cities,
 “I thank thee, Lord, I'll just take Chapel Hill.”

* We are permitted to reprint these lines on President Battle, written some five or six years ago and published at that time in the Yackety Yack. The last stanza gains especial pathos viewed in the light of his recent passing away.

The Magazine

University of North Carolina

The University of North Carolina Magazine is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its function is to stimulate the creative literary life of the University, and to give expression to it.

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Spring Subscription, Three Issues, Fifty Cents

THE MAGAZINE this Spring intends to carry on its pages only material of *interest*. It wants to be popular. It wants to be widely read. It wants its subscribers to pay for a subscription not because of sentimental "college loyalty" but because they enjoy reading what it prints. In short, it wants to stand on its own feet. To attain this objective it is risking the criticism that literary merit is being sacrificed to popularity. But it doesn't mind that. It doesn't think the criticism is just; it is trying to find a combination of literary merit and popular appeal; nevertheless its chief attention is frankly directed toward the latter.

But why this sudden seeking for popularity? The reason is this: The MAGAZINE has reached a critical stage in

its development. The Literary Societies, which bear half the expense of its publication, have become steadily more impatient of the burden, and this year were persuaded only by dint of much arguing to continue their support for even one year. So the MAGAZINE feels that it has been thrown overboard to sink or swim according to its merits. This is why it wants to be popular. Men will support what they like. If the Societies like the MAGAZINE they will pay the bills.

Yet there is in the minds of the editors a far larger vision than the mere producing of a likable publication. It is the vision of a magazine *of the student body*. After all, why should the Societies pay for the MAGAZINE? Why should it not go into the hands of the student body just as completely as the Tar Heel? Why should not the editors be chosen on a competitive basis, rather than by election from a group? Why should it not make its way or collapse according as it supplies or fails to supply a real demand on the campus? It is in the hope that this very thing may come to pass—soon, perhaps next fall—that the editors are now trying to give you the sort of thing you want, namely: a popular magazine.

UP WITH THE CURTAIN!

Under the stimulating genius of Frederick H. Koch, professor of Dramatic Literature, there has sprung up on the campus a very genuine and enthusiastic interest not only in play-making but in art in its broader aspects. It is needless to comment on the glaring absence of things beautiful with us here; all too often have men lamented the "crudity" of our aesthetic life; it has been a weak spot. For instance, when is any really fine music heard in Chapel Hill? where may one enjoy a beautiful painting? a splendid statue? Professor Koch comes to us not only with

an enthusiasm for his specialty, the drama, but for art and architecture, music and poetry, as well. It is a new element that he brings to the campus, and one which is bound to affect it deeply. It strikes a chord of response in many a heart, where it satisfies a craving long stifled and perhaps scarcely realized. We are to have art, music, poetry, pageant and play! That excellently conceived and efficient organization, *The Carolina Playmakers*, has already commenced its work in masterly fashion. It has broken the first trail. It has demonstrated the possibilities. Now let us have their accomplishment.

WE HAVE WITH US

I want to tell you about a body of men on this campus with whom I am sure only a very few of us are acquainted. I am not a member of this body, and am therefore at liberty to talk about it freely and to my satisfaction.

I think that you all will agree with me when I say that lately the University has, and probably will undergo some marked changes. In this connection you have no doubt noticed certain peculiarities in the student body as a whole. Certainly, there are two marked changes. First, there is greater individualism among the students. Not long ago we were accustomed to look on a few individuals as leaders and to rely on them for "putting things across." These were the "big men" in college. But now the Carolina man stands even more than ever on his own feet. He thinks out things for himself, has his own convictions, and if necessary has the ability to put them into operation. In the second place, he is more efficient. Probably this is due somewhat to the intensive quarterly system of classes; however, this much is evident—there is far less loafing around in vacant periods, less time spent "down the street" and on the contrary, there is more method and scientific procedure in seeing our duties to the finish.

But undirected initiative among the students has many times before proved a failure, and it became vitally necessary to create a form of leadership which would gather up our floundering ideas and tendencies and by proper direction convert them into real activities. And therefore I am telling you about the Student Cabinet, a new creation on the campus. This Student Cabinet is for the most part composed of men who have seen the University as it was and who see it now as it is. They therefore are peculiarly adapted to interpret the desires of the student body. The work of this organization is to find out the tendencies of the student body and to direct those tendencies in the form of college or class activities. It must know what the students are thinking about and then make their ideas practical realities. It is a new thing and by no means an easy job, but the members of the cabinet have undertaken their job like men. We know that they are interested in making our lives at Carolina even more pleasant and wholesome.

We should therefore be very much interested in the work of the Cabinet, and consider it a privilege to welcome such an organization on the campus.

E. EMERSON WHITE.

THINK IT OVER

The North Carolina Club was organized to acquaint students with the needs and affairs of their own state; so that, possessed of this knowledge, they would be able to render maximum service to the state. If, then, our education means training for leadership in our communities, and if the Carolina Club will aid in the accomplishment of this, it is serving a worth-while purpose. And today there is a greater reason for the Carolina Club than ever before. A revitalizing force is gripping the nation. The people are demanding progress and improvement. Our failure or

success depends upon our ability to meet these problems fairly and squarely. Just as North Carolina did her part in war she must do her part in peace. And the problems of peace are going to be greater than those of war.

Every Carolina man desires to become a good citizen. It is his right and his heritage. But in order to become such a citizen he must know the needs of the state, its problems, its economic forces and its people. He can acquire this necessary knowledge through membership in the North Carolina Club. The Club has now a greater task than ever before. Your encouragement, your interest, your attendance will help speed on its task. But whether you join or not, the Carolina Club will carry on its work. You need the Club more than it needs you. Think it over!

PHILLIP HETTLEMAN.

A CHANGE NEEDED

When the University first threw open its doors to students, and invited them to enter and prepare themselves for life, it made certain requirements besides those of scholarship and conduct. Every student who was admitted had to join one of the two literary societies. In time the student body grew sufficiently large to maintain the societies by voluntary enlistment. Gradually the spirit of democracy began to permeate the walls of the institution. Compulsory membership in the societies was abolished. *But* the entire membership of the Yackety Yack board was still confined to those having society membership.

Fraternities had also become influential on the Hill. Each fraternity was given an associate editor yearly, and every third year the fraternities elected the Editor-in-Chief. The other two years the societies elected the Editor-in-Chief, alternating between them.

But conditions have changed much in recent years and accordingly there has arisen in regard to the Yackety Yack

a problem to be solved. We have a Pharmacy School, a Medical School and a Law School. These have their own societies. Is it right that we make a pharmacy student become a member of a literary society to be eligible for representation on the board, when the very meetings of both the pharmacy and literary societies conflict? Furthermore, many other students are neither society members nor fraternity men. This includes the engineering students, quite a number of whom, for various reasons, do not have an interest in the societies; not to mention that other much esteemed class of students who are neither society men nor fraternity men, namely co-eds. Now since the Yackety Yack is supposed to be a representative annual of the University, could not an agreement be reached whereby all students might at least be eligible for membership on the board?

Suppose we initiate a new scheme: Let each of the four groups mentioned above: the fraternities, the two societies, and the general student body (that which has neither fraternity nor society connections) elect the editor-in-chief every fourth year. And also let each of these four divisions elect an equal number of associate editors every year. Then, and only then, will we have a truly representative annual.

W. J. NICHOLS.

Carolina

JOHN S. TERRY

A rising sun peeping through the slats in
The coop on the top of Old South, sees the aged bell
Sway. Men rise thanking God
The S. A. T. C. is gone, and lieutenants from Georgia, and
Flu with its ravages—
Classes—Rooms upon rooms full of them.
Med students in labs hacking bodies.
Noon—Showers of pink envelopes,
Smelling of heliotrope, lavender, attar of roses.
Quarter to one o'clock—Beans, Swain Hall, boarding
houses.
Afternoon—men in baseball suits playing on
Emerson Field.
Yackety Yack photographing at the Episcopal church.
Basketball played on courts by the Y. M. C. A.
By men who never saw a basketball. Freshmen
Fresher because they snow-balled the sophs.
Down town—boycotted fountains still
Selling drinks at fifteen and ten.
A would-be musician banging in Gerrard Hall
(Now a church) and Frats booting and being booted.
Night follows lengthening shadows!
Bread is again thrown in Swain.
Then—
Men swaying in the dance hall;
Whistlers spoiling orchestral dance
Music in the Pick.
Hymn books cracking heads at the "Y" picture show.
Showers of hymn books, hot cigarettes—youths yelling:
"Whoopee, girls, a game with Elon College."
Later—Dorms invaded by Magazine, Tar Heel, but

Especially Alumni Review canvassers, and beggars
Who wish to help Turks, or other Huns.
County Club meetings; Bull sessions;
And some studying.
Quiet begins at eleven—
Till a mystic white-robed band stalks across
The campus raising cain—or Freshmen's beds tumble.
The moon lights up old South, noble old South,
The old well with its white columns,
Glistening in the moonlight.
A neglectful student, turning restlessly,
Murmuring,
“Life is one d—n thing after another.”
Thus this poem is poetry,
Life! One d—n thing after another.
And some really study.
Ain't it h—?*

* Blanks by the editors.

Such is Life

OR

The Amazing Adventures of Hank the Hick

Episode in 4 Parts

BY A. DENHAM

PART I

Hank's mind was a jungle to himself. It had always been that. Whenever he had tried to ramble through it in search of a clear thought he would get lost, hopelessly and irretrievably. So it was that no one among his acquaintances wondered, when he grew into a happy-go-lucky kind of a fellow, with never a care in the world. Picture him: a big, husky, light-haired, blue-eyed boy, with an everlasting smile on his face.

This day, Hank was unusually perplexed. That morning a letter had come to him, from unknown sources, asking him to be present (yes, lovers of melodramatic romance) on a certain bridge, at the ghostly hour of midnight. Hank tossed a coin, and went.

END PART I

PART II

Beyond the river, at the other end of the big city, lived a pretty little girl. Of course she was in love, and (how could it be otherwise) her ogre of a father was opposed, very strenuously, to the affair. So she and her swain, who, by the way, passed by the name of Michael Delehanty, decided to elope. They spent long hours in discussing various methods and means of eloping; there should be no possibility of the failure of the attempt, but it had to be romantic. She insisted on that. They finally decided to meet on a certain bridge at midnight.

END PART II

PART III

Aha! The plot thickens. Here we have on the one side: our hero, Hank, hurrying towards his destination, the bridge; on the other side: ditto, Mike Delehanty; also, our pretty little girl.

END PART III

PART IV

Well, we are sorry, but—

Hank tripped on his way to the bridge, twisted his ankle, and sat down on a convenient door-step to rest; Mike was arrested for robbery; and the pretty little girl was caught and severely reprimanded by the father ere she had left the front piazza.

END PART IV

NOTE: When the p. l. g. heard about Mike, she decided that she hadn't been in love with him a-tall!

The Drammer

THOMAS WOLFE

I love to view the passing show
For that is where true art is,
And surely modern writers know
Just where our modern heart is.

Last night I looked upon a play
That fully won my favor;
A melodrama, by the way,
Of blood and thunder flavour.

And lest you think the program tame,
Meet: "Violet! the Prairie Rose!
The fairest lily-flower that grows!"
For this is all her program-name.

Then Desmond, deep-dyed vaudevillian,
The hero's chieftest hater,
(Hero's a rising aviator)
But Desmond drops him—this is killin'.
(*Act I, Scene 1. Exit Hero on Stretcher*)

Mary was on concealment bent
From Desmond bold who wooed her,
But everywhere that Mary went
The villian there pursued her.

In vain she scorned her suitor's suit
He reaches out and nabs her
(*Act I, Sc. 2*)

And when with scorn she spurns the brute,
The scoundrel ups and stabs her.
(*End Act I*)

And now we see a towering cliff

(*Act II, Sc. 1*)

Below a railway trestle,
In agony we wonder if
He'll do it—And they wrestle.

(*Act II, Sc. 2*)

Behold below!—a speeding train
He sees—th' plot is thick'ning,
She fights for life with might and main
But falls—the thud is sickening.

(*End Act II*)

Now lo! We see wild Yukon chaps

(*Act III, Sc. 1*)

And Mary—what's her motive?
(A little tired and pale, perhaps,
From the weight of the locomotive.)

She's safe!—no!—Desmond know's no pity,
He looks for Mary far and near;
He tracks her from the teeming city
Until he finds her hiding here.

(*Act III, Sc. 2*)

He looks and laughs with fiendish note;
We really could berate him;
And when he chokes her fair white throat
We certainly could hate him.

(*Act III, Sc. 2, Still*)

He chokes her till she gasps for breath,
He chokes her fair white throat, alas,
The rascal yet will be her death;
Why should things come to such a pass!

And then he pleads between her screams
(Act III, Sc. 3)

“Oh Mary, darling, hear me!
 Oh Mary, idol of my dreams,
 My precious—dost thou fear me?”

So runs the modern author's theme
 'Tis thus they love to treat it—
 Avaunt! Ye Greeks that would demean
 Its beauty—Can you beat it?
 (No, you can't)

And in this wise we're bound to feel
 We'd like to use the critic's hammer
 Upon his ignominious dome
 Or send him to the Old Folk's home,
 When we are witnessing the real
 Or reel—I love the drammer!

EUBANKS DRUG COMPANY
Offers 25 Years Experience

GOOCH'S CAFE

The place of good eats for the hungry man. Midnight lunches a specialty.

“CAROLINA MEN FIRST”

The Magazine

University of North Carolina

Volume 36

MAY, 1919

Number 2

CONTENTS

—

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| ONE MINUTE AT THE WINDOW (A Japanese Sketch). <i>K. Aibara</i> | 78 |
| AN APPRECIATION (Verse)..... <i>Thomas Clayton</i> | 79 |
| THE MYSTERIOUS VASE..... <i>R. Arthur Spaugh</i> | 80 |
| THINGS THAT COUNT..... <i>Jonathan Worth Daniels</i> | 85 |
| THE DAWN OF MAY (Verse)..... | 89 |
| TWO CAPTURED FRESHMAN { I..... <i>Anonymous</i> | 90 |
| AUTOBIOGRAPHIES { II..... <i>Very Anonymous</i> | 93 |
| IOTLA LOVERS..... <i>Frances Franklin</i> | 96 |
| ONE SIDE OF A DOLLAR..... <i>W. Edwin Matthews</i> | 105 |
| AMERICA'S FUTURE..... <i>Louis Nelson</i> | 111 |
| EDITORIAL COMMENT..... | 113 |
| DIRGE..... <i>E. Atkinson</i> | 119 |
| CURIOSITY, NOT SO?..... <i>Convict 337</i> | 120 |
| ARIA—(One Acre)..... <i>William K. Higgins</i> | 121 |



They have asked whether the University retains its old time fire and vigor. Of course it does; it is the gathering-place of Youth. Can Youth be stifled? Youth knows no bounds, admits no limitations. This is its power: it is blind to its own impotence. Not visionary, but blest with vision; not idealistic, but ennobled with ideals. Restless, impatient, ever grasping a little higher, unsatisfied: this is Youth, this is the University!

The Magazine

University of North Carolina

Vol. 36

MAY, 1919

No. 2

Dedication

With rattling knees and jellied tissue
We offer up the second issue.
Oh, do not let your merriment
Disparage our experiment;
For, Gentle Reader, be it known
That we ambition's seed have sown
Mid young and old and meek and crass men
Particularly underclassmen.
And now, O Reader, what they think
Is yours to view in printer's ink.
Neophyte Number! Wot it well!
Go softly, critics, for the knell
Or birth of genius here is sounded
Which needs your bouquets gently rounded.

Selah!

One Minute at the Window

K. AIBARA

The robins, woodpeckers, and even frogs came somewhere outside of my room, and were singing their Spring. As I listened the music of the nature, this snatched my ears and then my mind, while I myself left Chapel Hill for Natine, a long, long way over sea. It is the Spring now! Over there the plum, the peach blossoms everywhere in the garden, the orchard and the field. But the *most* flower in Japan is neither the plum nor the peach blossom. It is the cherry, the national flower, which is called by some a king of hundred flowers in the Spring. The Spring season deeps. It is the beginning of April. It is cherry tree season; and usually we have almost overcast weather when the cherries are in bloom, and therefore the lovely haze spreads over the field and hills.

It is a scene: the avenues of cherry trees are in full bloom, and under them many stylish ladies and children look in their new fashion dress like flowers, and the haze is a really beautiful picturesque. It may be said the scene looks like a dream, but it is not a dream, but a reality. So, many poets will be writing about the beautiful cherry trees as compared with the lovely girls and boys under the flowers. Even the most ignorant peasant or laborer becomes a poet in the cherry blossom season, and almost every visitor writes a little poem and ties it to a tree.

Here it is a foreign land; here is English speaking country. But, my mind touched with a beautiful nature, loveliness of the nature, I keep burning thoughts for the cherry tree season in my breast.

* We found our Japanese friend standing beside his window and asked him to write us his thoughts. You have them here, in all their original quaintness.

An Appreciation

THOMAS CLAYTON

All Japs, he says, are poets then,
When blossoms bloom in old Japan;
Ah! this is common to all men
When blossoms bloom—since time began.

And he is far away from home
And crudely, rudely tries to write
Of something that he feels so deep
Of old Japan, where blossoms keep
Their vigil, blossoms far from sight
In old Japan across the foam.

Now would you wonder if I said
My eyes got bleary when I read
This little story of the Springtime
That comes so whitely to Japan,
The joyous, smiling, rustling spingtime
That brings fond mem'ries to the man?

The Mysterious Vase

R. ARTHUR SPAUGH

It was a beautiful vase, swelling from the small pedestal on which it stood up to within a few inches of the top, suddenly contracting there to a thin, slender neck. On its side, deeply impressed in the metal, appeared an altar from which a heavy cloud of incense arose, encircled the vase and seemed to vanish into its mouth. The mouth was closed with an odd-shaped piece of metal in the form of a three-peaked mountain, each peak terminating in a little knob shaped like a rock. Before the altar seven figures lay prostrate in worship.

Hosham stood and looked, and smiled. How the vase appealed to his curio-collector's appreciation of beauty. Some rich "sahib" would pay at least five hundred dollars in gold for it. And with that he might possibly enlarge his little shop, obtaining more room for curios that could be sold for more money. He chuckled softly beneath the white beard which covered his swarthy, thought-wrinkled face, except where two jet black, sparkling eyes flashed at his customers over a thin, hooked nose. How lucky that this drunken seaman had chanced to come to his shop with the vase and had been willing to part with it for five silver dollars. But perhaps he might have bought it for less. He should not have been so hasty. He was sure, now that he thought of it, that the seaman would have sold it for four dollars. He had undoubtedly suffered a severe loss. Well, it would have to be sold for a dollar more. He could not afford to lose so much.

Now, if he could only open the mouth of the vase. It was so heavy that it must contain something, but the queer lock which closed its mouth had resisted all his efforts. Another man, young, swarthy, and clad, as was

Hosham, in sandals, a long, flowing robe of brown, and a white turban, which wound around his head and served to accentuate his swarthy complexion, stepped noiselessly into the room.

“Ah, Gomed,” greeted the old man, “look!” and he pointed toward the vase which was resting in a little cleared space on one of the crowded shelves, surrounded by curios of every nature and description. It seemed to stand apart from the knives, earthen pots, scabbards, shepherd pipes, blankets, slings and other articles which lined the walls, hung suspended from the ceiling, and were piled up in the corner of the little room. It seemed to give forth a glow which helped to light up the dark, strangely scented little shop, whose only illumination, save the little door and the one window at the front, was an ancient incense burner, suspended from the ceiling and giving a flickering, uncertain light.

The young man stepped softly up to the vase and ran his fingers slowly over the figures impressed on it. He turned it around, gazing at it keenly the while. Suddenly he gave a start. He reached forward and put his hand on the odd-looking piece of metal which closed the mouth of the vase, fingering it carefully.

“Ah, the Grecian lock,” he muttered to himself. Again he looked at the top of the vase. “No. It cannot be.”

“What is it?” inquired Hosham.

“It is nothing,” returned the other. “I was merely wondering how this vase came into the possession of the sailor. It is very pretty.” So speaking he turned and walked out of the shop.

It was after supper of the same day, and both Hosham and Gomed were sitting silently before the little, dingy stove which stood in one corner of the shop. Hosham was smoking a pipe in short, irregular puffs, as if excited by something he was thinking of. Gomed sat staring at the

little stove, in his eyes a strange glitter which the impassiveness of the rest of his features made less noticeable than it might otherwise have been. He was breathing rapidly, as if he too were excited.

Hosham slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe and arose.

"I go to see Sahib Carrland about the vase," he said. "He will buy it perhaps." Gomed merely nodded. The other turned and walked noiselessly out of the shop.

For a short time Gomed sat in silence. Then he arose swiftly and walking to the door looked out into the street. Hosham was not to be seen. Quickly pulling down the shades of the door and window, he turned the key in its lock. Then he walked back to the shelf on which the vase stood, his eyes glittering with eagerness.

"Our fathers said that it is sacred to the spirit of the God which dwells therein," he muttered to himself. "But they also say that it is full of jewels. Oh, jewels! It cannot contain the spirit of God." Then he thought of the stories that his father had told him of the man who had gained possession of this vase. He thought of their weird deaths. All of them had been found dead, killed by some unknown cause. "But, I am one of the seven men in the world who know how to unlock its mouth! I am one of the seven who have the right to do so. It cannot harm me. My father told me that there have always been seven men who had that right, though none of them has ever tried to exercise it, each of the seven telling the secret to his oldest son. Strange that I should find it here in Mecca, utterly by chance, after it has been lost for so many years. I *will* open it! Think of those jewels."

He started for the vase, but again he stopped. He remembered his Father's last words, "But, my son, though you have the right, do not touch it." He remembered the stories of those white, still faces of the men who had

broken the law of the vase and had tried to open it. They had died without apparent cause. It seemed that they had merely stopped living.

“But, I have the right,” he muttered. He reached out for the vase and carried it beneath the ancient incense lamp. With fumbling fingers he began to turn the little knobs in its mouth. It would not open. Again he tried, but with the same result. A third time he turned the knobs. “Ah,—!”

Hosham, returning an hour later, just as night was falling, with a command to bring the vase up to the wealthy Sahib Carrland’s mansion, found the door of his shop locked. He knocked, and after waiting a few minutes, knocked again. Receiving no answer he pounded on the door.

“He must have gone out,” he said to himself, “I must wait for him.” He sat down on the step and waited. It grew late, and still Gomed did not come. “He has never done this before. Something is wrong. But I must enter.” Speaking thus he drew a dagger from underneath his robe, and standing on the window ledge, gave the pane of glass over the window lock a hard blow, smashing it. Raising the window he stepped within. There was a very slight odor that seemed peculiar and the lamp was out. He reached for the door knob, thinking to open the door, but it was, of course, locked. He had forgotten that. What was this? The key was in the lock. How could Gomed have gone down town and left the door locked on the inside? He turned the key, and opening the door, started back to relight the incense lamp. He reached for the lamp, lit it, and turned to close the door. For a moment he stood motionless, staring in front of him.

“Gomed!” He dropped down beside the stiff, motionless figure lying on the floor, its features made calm, white and passive by death. He gazed in horror for a minute,

and then, shuddering violently, turned toward the East and began to pray. Finally, he arose, and, shunning the dead man, crept to the door and out into the night, leaving the figure lying still and ghastly in the little shop, its face alternately gleaming and fading as the light of the incense lamp flickered, while the vase stood close above the dead man's head, as if guarding him.

An hour later, Hosham returned, accompanied by an American doctor. "There he is. There. I cannot look at him. You go to him." Saying this Hosham turned toward the door and went into the night again. The doctor kneeled down beside the still figure and carefully felt for his pulse. Then he began a minute examination. After fifteen minutes swift work he stopped, and getting to his feet, gazed perplexedly at the dead man.

"That's strange. No signs of foul play. No skin broken. No evidence of poison. His heart seems merely to have stopped." And so it had. The power of the vase had again asserted itself. Science was baffled. The man had merely stopped living.

Things That Count

JONATHAN WORTH DANIELS

Office of the President.
The Mid-Continental Railroad,
New York, N. Y.

My Dear Senator Morris:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I heard of the tremendous majority by which you were re-elected. It was not only a success for the party but for the nation. With your able support many of the constructive measures now before the Senate will be easily carried. Where the strong men lead, the weaker follow.

I hope that you are interested in the Davis Bill, a farcical law, which as you know would be a great evil for the country.

How easy it would be for a man to be nominated for the Vice-Presidency like yourself who I know will stand with us on the Davis Bill.

Hoping that I shall read "Nay" by your name on the roll call tomorrow in the Congressional Record, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES JORDAN.
(President).

Senator Morris read and reread this letter. The Vice-Presidency! How ambition swelled in his bosom at those words! The Vice-President, second only to the President himself and then—there would be other elections, perhaps he might be—at least he might aspire to being President.

How happy Mona would have been! She who had been so anxious for his success and so sure of it. Mona, his dear dead wife; three years ago this very month she had died. How happy she would certainly have been.

This Davis Bill was, he decided, after all a very petty affair. He had studied it. It was a bill which provided that the railroads should be compelled to use steel passenger cars without exceptions. Though at first he had believed in this bill, he could readily see that it would be of enormous expense to the railroads and hence to the country as a whole. He reasoned thus with himself and though he was unaware of it the chief argument against the bill in

his mind was the thought, "Vice-President Me, Vice-President, Success for Me, Power for Me, Bigness for Me."

He thought of arguments against the bill all the time while his car was speeding toward the capitol. With each new argument that he found against the bill he felt better and when he reached the capitol he felt wonderfully exhilarated.

When he took his seat in the Senate Chamber, he cast an envious glance at the present Vice-President. The Senator had been working very late on the previous night and was tired, and while he sat in his seat and waited for the Davis Bill to come up he was considerably disappointed and irritated because an issue in which he had no interest came up first. He listened listlessly for some time, but the words grew less distinct and fewer—then he fell asleep.

* * * * *

There was once a boy, long years ago whose name was also Morris. He was a student in a great university. He was a boy who had fine high ideals of truth, honesty, trust, and women. He was poor and he worked hard for an education, for he felt surging in his bosom the ambition that ignorance could not fulfil. He studied hard and worked hard, but he was a perfectly normal youth who loved to dance with other youths. And so it happened that in his senior year he met a girl, the girl, and while she danced and sang she was also ambitious and had fine high ideals of truth, honesty, trust, and men. They met and became friends. They talked together of their ambitions, ideals, and hopes, he not scoffing as men are apt to do. She said that she intended never to marry but to become an independent woman (now this was before the recognized day of independent women, through education).

But it was only talk, for when the boy became a man and asked her to marry him, she transferred all her hopes and ambitions to him and became his wife.

Those first few years were hard, for John was just getting his clients, whom young lawyers find come very slowly at first, but they were superbly happy.

They had a little house under a big oak. Such a little house in comparison with so big an oak, but a very homey, happy house it was. And if John went out into the world in the day and found that life and ideals in the streets of life were not so high, he could always fly back to his refuge beneath the oak, and he and Mona would talk of the world with happy, trusting hearts. Their ideals remained the same, steadfastly. He talked over his cases with her, and she was often able to help him with her logical, educated mind. They would have been content to have remained thus all their lives but wealth and fame sought him out.

So they moved to a new and beautiful house high on a hill overlooking the city and they called it, High Ideals. High Ideals became for John and Mona just another little house under the oak, and they lived there happy in their own love.

John became a great man in his state. He was looked up to by men of his own and other political parties, so they asked him to run for the Senate. Mona and he talked it over with happiness. They were enthusiastic and ambitious. He was elected.

Joy and grief are so closely brought together in all our lives we scarcely know the one from the other. Thus joy became grief in John Morris' life, for his Mona died on the night following his election.

"John," she said, "Let us always be together. Our ideals, ambitions, hopes have been the same. Take our high ideals with you wherever you go, John, for you will go far. We have worshipped together at the shrine of truth, now you must worship there alone."

* * * * *

He awoke with a start. He had been dreaming, living over his life.

The Davis Bill was on the floor of the Senate. "You must worship there alone," and he had almost failed. He took the letter that had tempted him and crumpled it. Mr. Meyer of Maine was speaking against the Davis Bill. John Morris listened. He grew cool and waited. When Mr. Meyer had finished speaking, he arose and was recognized by the chair, and then it was that John Morris made the greatest speech of his life. He scathed the railroads for daring to oppose a measure in behalf of humanity, a measure that would save hundreds of lives yearly. To which he added: "And these men (the railroad owners and managers) bloated with wealth and power even attempt to control the Senate, the highest law-making body in our government. This letter is an attempt to bribe me to speak against the Davis Bill. The writer, a railroad president and a man of great political power, promises me as a reward the Vice-Presidency. I had rather have it said that I, John Marvin Morris, was a true servant of my country, than be President of these United States."

* * * * *

Late the next day while the country was ringing with his name, John Morris drove up to his old home in his own town.

"Tom," he said to the old colored butler, "I am tired and have come home."

He walked into the big living room where Mona and he used to sit in the evenings and where now hung her portrait.

A huge fire was blazing at one end of the room. He stood

before it, gazing deeply into the heart of the fire. The name of the place graven in the stone of the hearth caught his eye, "High Ideals." He looked up at his wife's picture.

"Mona," he said, "I have come back to 'High Ideals'". He was sure that she understood.

Two Captured Freshman Autobiographies

I

ANONYMOUS

I shall skip over this part of my life, and begin in the middle of the next school-year. (Winter '13-'14). I find myself in Vienna, the Queen of the Danube, and capital of Austria. Here incidents began to crowd on one another. First, I joined the Boy Scout force. (I had previously been a Scout in America.)

At that time (March, 1914), the yearly meeting of the "Jugendschützen" was to be held. (A word of explanation: this is an organization to promote sharpshooting. The membership takes in practically every town in Austria; there are about 106,000 "Jugendschützen"). The Crown Prince, Archduke Ferdinand, of Austria, was the head of the organization. That noble man! Oh, that such a fate should have overtaken him at that critical period of his country's existence; his influence alone would have kept the world out of war. He had a plan for the reorganization of Austria that would have totally eliminated the Czecho-Slovak trouble; it would have given the Austrian Poles, the Magyars, the Bosnians, etc., their independence, and would have created good feeling among the nations of Southern Europe. If he had been alive, Austria would never have precipitated a war on such inconsequential grounds.

To resume: The annual convention was called. To assist him in his work in connection with the organization, the Archduke asked for two Boy Scouts, to be used as personal adjutants. From those who volunteered, I was selected. His Excellency was charming. He took me out to lunch with him; he presented me to his cousin, Prince Karl, the young man who later became Emperor of Austria,

and to the various ministers with whom he came in contact during those days.

Then, on June 28, he was assassinated in Sarajevo. The people he was going to liberate murdered him!

The war broke out; and we packed up and left for England. A few weeks later, at the Savoy Hotel in London, we received word from my grandfather that he was in Antwerp, that he could not get out (the Germans were closing in on it), and that he was seriously ill.

How it happened that I was taken along in that rush for Antwerp, I do not know. We had to unwind a pile of red tape in Holland, before we were permitted to cross the Scheldt into Antwerp. We found my poor grandfather suffering intensely from chest trouble, aggravated by lack of decent care. We were thus necessarily forced to put up for a few days in the besieged city. Our ignorance of the new regulations concerning lights after dark,* etc., came near getting us into trouble the first night of our stay. The second night we were sharply awakened by the big siren shrilling out a warning against an air-raid. Not only a simple air attack was this, however, but at that very moment, the German cannons opened the bombardment of the encircled town. For three days and three nights we stood this; then we managed to get out of the town with my grandfather.

On our return to England my father opened business negotiations with Lord Northcliffe, the British newspaperman. The result of these negotiations was that my father went to *Germany* as his Lordship's acting representative. We went along.

The marvel of all this is that Germany permitted us to remain, unmolested, in her country for so long a

* "Regulations, III, Art. 7.—After sundown no lights of any description whatsoever are allowed to be kept. It is forbidden to strike matches; except indoors, with the shades down."

period. Finally, however, this "got the goat" of even the patient and long-suffering Germans. We were given 48 hours to leave the country—and took 17. I do not doubt, that if we had not been Americans, there might have been a different story to tell. But we would not have been the ones to tell it.

Foggy, misty, London welcomed us; London in its war paint; with its art-works protected against air raids; its street lights darkened; its searchlights playing ceaselessly on the skies.

In the meantime, the American Relief Committee had been organized, with Herbert Hoover as Chairman. Father was given a position on it, but he had soon to leave England to attend to the difficulties his American business was encountering. For a while we remained behind; then we too crossed to Holland to embark for America. The Rotterdam, on which we were lucky enough to get a cabin, was at that time the largest ship remaining in the trans-Atlantic passenger service.

We left Holland and started down the Channel. As was expected, the ship was stopped by the British at Dover, and the mails were taken off. For a seemingly endless week we lay-to in Dover Straits; then we moved again. Alas, it was not far! We but rounded Land's End and were piloted up Bristol Channel into Bristol. Well, we thought, as we pulled up to the wharves and docked, at least we will be able to go on land and look around a little. We were doomed to disappointment. It was forbidden us to put a foot off the ship! In this condition of virtual imprisonment we remained for two weeks. Only one event helped to break the monotony; this was the sailing of a British transport to Gallipoli. We had, when we first entered Bristol Harbor, but barely noticed the big, hulking boat that lay moored not a hundred yards from us. Then one day things began to happen. First, the ship began to get

up steam. Boxes and crates arrived (provisions, probably), and finally the soldiers. In long serried ranks they came marching down to the dock. Joking and laughing they stood, when the command to halt was given. Was it my eyesight, though, that tricked me, when I thought I saw a faint shadow cross each man's face as he went up the gang-plank? Not a minute did it last, however; each one joined in the fun that was going on aboard until someone noticed, seemingly for the first time, the "Rotterdam."

Immediately every one rushed for the side of the boat that was nearest to us. As it happened, a man in a rowboat just then put in an appearance. We (that is, all the passengers) quickly bought up all the available supply of chocolates and cigarettes on board, and let them down into the boat. The man rowed over to the transport, where, by means of strings, the articles were hoisted on board.

The Tommies now decided to do something in return. They tore off their buttons, their regimental insignia and numbers, etc., and dispatched them, with thanks, to us. I have several of these small tokens yet, and as long as I live, they will remain one of my cherished possessions. Two days later they sailed, some of them, perhaps, never to return.

After another period of inaction, we finally left Bristol, and sailed for the United States. After we had, by order of the captain, slept one night with life-preservers on, we got through the submarine zone; the rest of the trip was uneventful.

II

VERY ANONYMOUS

Who am I? First of all I am a freshman.

Though Pharaoh built the pyramids, Nebuchadnezzar his hanging gardens, though Caesar reaped a harvest of victories over the foes of Rome, though Aristotle startled the

world with his thinking, though Luther (like Sampson) toppled the pillars of the Church, though Napoleon severed the joints of Europe and made them Bonaparte's for France, though the Kaiser kicked up a nasty fuss in Europe and tried to convert the people into German garbage with which to feed his avaricious swine, though all these facts be true they look like a catfish beside a submarine as compared with that great outstanding world-wide fact that I—I am a freshman.

Being such a renowned figure upon this dome of earth, I am of course a man prominent in the public eye. In fact the Public cannot open its eye without seeing scattered broadcast over the face of the globe the harvest reaped by the mighty machine of my intellect, which is duly and deservedly considered the most vital force in modern civilization. My brain is quick as a flash, it jumps about in a sprightly fashion in the hollow of my skull,—much like a traction engine or steam roller over the hills. And it is equally as crushing and weighty. It stops for nothing: boulders or trees. Greek, calculus and philosophy it leaps over without even touching. The weight of my intellect is like that of Stone's, it is deep as Wells', sharp as Gale's, keen as An axagores', fertile as Pasteur's.

Discoveries? Yes, I am noted for them! It was I, ego, me, who first startled the world, yea, made it gape in dubious incredulity, stare in bewildered amazement, behold with trembling mystification my great discovery that birds have feathers. Then later I again touched a strange and unsounded key in the regions of unexplored sciences; for it is to the undying embellishment of my magnificent intellect that I discovered that professors are of the human species. When you reflect upon the marvellous advancement of science and of the human race perpetuated by these unparalleled discoveries, you will be stupefied and overcome in the vain attempt to apprehend the mag-

nitide of an intellect so powerful, so profound, so prodigious.

Next to my intellectual powers comes my physical prowess. Being extraordinary, I am not one of these professorial types whose brain muscles look like oak roots, but whose arm muscles resemble the branches of a weeping willow. Never! I am a second Sampson, a Hercules, a Goliath. Jess Willard equals me much as a tea pot does a turbine or a minnow a whale. My strength is stupendous. I have snapped matches in two like mere twigs before astonished onlookers who mistrusted their eyes to comprehend such strength. My teeth are like steel. They snap a Commons biscuit as though it were no tougher than stone and Commons steak as though it were mere elephant's hide.

Thus I am as you see me here portrayed. Perchance a touch of egotism here, and a dash of braggadocio there, but withal a simple and unaffected narrative of the facts.

Iotla Lovers

FRANCES FRANKLIN

The council fire burns bright. In its light show forth the troubled faces of Junaluska's braves. Troubled indeed, for on the morrow they must leave Echota, leave the peaceful valley never to return. Squaw, papoose, and brave, all must go—such was the white man's word. The Cherokee country was being cleared for white settlement. The Indians were to follow the western trails to new homes in far off Oklahoma.

The flames of the council fire rise and fall. Modi, the medicine man, gazes fixedly at the fire and then in wailing tones foretells the future of Echota. "The red sun sets, the moon arises. The tent folds, the cabin comes. Peaceful and bountiful is Iotla. A little girl rules the valley, rules through force of love. In that new day out of the west comes a Young Chief, of Junaluska's blood. He woos the blue-eyed maiden. He now rules the valley. But all is not well. The Great Spirit sends storm and trouble. In the midst of the storm, Young Chief leaves his bride and goes west over that long long trail which leads to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

* * * * * * *

Colonel Trotter was entertaining. Not in such style as would have graced the days when his wife was alive and managed his household for him but still he was offering a bountiful feast. The people of the valley were his guests. In honor of Mahota, they had come to help the Colonel send his daughter forth to be gone "devilish long, yes, devilish long." "You see, she's going to college. It is her mother's wish. Four years is too long for me to be without the girl. But that's the way we plan it. During the summer months she is to be with Cousin Kate Daniels in

New York, to give her style and polish. I'll go to see her, now and then, but she is to leave the valley, leave Iotla for four long years. Boys, let's make merry tonight for we shall miss her when she's gone." Colonel Trotter was a veteran of Jackson's men, who held New Orleans against the British in 1815. The Valley loved him. He loved the Valley, but more than all things else he loved Mahota. And so with song and dance they sent her forth to learn to be a "lady."

Mahota learned. By the lordly Hudson, mid stately college halls, she grew in wisdom and beauty. Each year made her more like her mother. So much so that the Colonel said it was sweet sorrow just to look at her. For him she sang sweet haunting melodies. And how she worked. Two interests were hers—her music and the Indians of her far-off Southern home. By some strange intuition she had "taken" to the story of the Otari Cherokee, the red men of the Southern mountains. In history and English, her fancy was to specialize on Indian lore. In working on a history of Cherokee, Mahota learned how in the days gone by, Junaluska and his braves had lived in the Iotla valley—her Iotla valley in western Carolina. Echota, town of refuge, was Junaluska's home. She wondered on what reservation the descendants of Junaluska's braves now lived. Letters written to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, put her in touch with them. In that part of the Indian Territory which is now Oklahoma, she found Junaluska's Cherokee. And more wonderful still, their young chief was a college man, a graduate of Carlyle, now taking advanced work at Columbia in New York City. Some of Mahota's research letters had been referred to Tuscola for answer. And so it came about that she and the young chief became acquainted. And then they met.

'Twas in the month of June. Tuscola came to see her

graduate. The Colonel was there too, and Cousin Kate from New York. It was glorious just to be alive. But more glorious than ever was it, to be alive and of surpassing beauty. Tuscola came, saw, and was conquered. There was nothing that the young chief wanted so much as this queen from the valley of his fathers. Tall, dark, of splendid physique, Tuscola was good to look upon. His college days had taught him white man ways, so that polish, courtesy, and craftiness, or shall I call it shrewdness, were his. Indeed the adventurous blood of his fathers, led him to the gay fast life of New York's fashionable spenders. His allowance from the government was generous, but cards, women, and wine are expensive. Tuscola had traveled far, very far, from the forest simplicity of his sires. While his blood was the blood of a chief, yet he never more would return to the tents of Oklahoma. Yet, Mahota knew nothing of this. All she saw was a handsome man whom her imagination shrouded with romance. They had much in common to talk of. The Colonel too, seemed pleased with Tuscola and invited him to visit Iotla.

And so it happened when autumn was turning the mountain leaves to flames of color; the flame of romantic love brought Tuscola to the home of his fathers and took him over the hunting trails with a girl whom the valley worshipped. She showed him the improvements in the valley. He showed her the old council rock, the rock which he had learned of from his people. Little did they know that in the long ago Modi, the medicine man, had here dreamed of them in the flames of the last council fire.

One beautiful evening as the sun was glowing behind Wayah, Tuscola first told Mahota how he loved her. She was in love with love, and the romance of being loved by a chief whose fathers had ruled the valley, quite captivated her. Then too, Tuscola was adept in all the arts of endearment which city-ways had taught him. The light

in her eyes was a light from the skies which Tuscola said was brighter than the diamond which betrothed them. The Colonel was pleased and was not pleased. And like him was the Valley. However no one opposed Mahota's choice. In happiness in woodland nooks, as is the way of lovers, they told each other, over and over again, the old, old story that is ever new—I love you.

In one of their rides together Mahota and Tuscola climbed the mountain trail of Wayah, up and up to the very top where grew wonderous acres of azalea. Here they sat and viewed the country round. The Valley of Iotla lay before them outspread as a map. The home place shone forth in dazzling white. The little farms up and down the valley, had an air of quiet, plenty and content. Tremont in the distance looked like an Indian mound. From its side rose a plume of smoke, marking the Colonel's mine, where mica had been found. Tuscola was more interested in it than in any other feature of the landscape. For perhaps untold riches lay imbedded there, riches that might mean city gayety if once his fingers grasped them. But of this he spoke not to Mahota. Instead he whispered words of love and humored her request that on the downward trail they call on Mammy Martha, an old colored woman, whose local fame was great as one who could foretell the future. In Mammy's hut, before the fire from circling grounds of an old yellow cup, Mammy crooned to them of things to come.

“Missy, Missy, there are happy days before you. Happy with love. But darkness gathers. Strife comes. Ah, Missy, I would the Good Lord would save you, but in the end there is trouble and sorrow. One whom you trust is a snake. But not only you—many, many folk shall weep. I wish it were otherwise.”

Depressed by the old crone's message Mahota slept but little that night. Indeed the times were perilous. The

week-old papers which the mail brought were full of war. War between brothers; between the North and the South. Lincoln had been elected and nothing seemed able to stop the impending conflict. Tuscola by training and sympathy was for the North. But knowing the Colonel's Southern views, he pretended to agree. Mahota yielded to his importunity, and at Thanksgiving, they were married. For their honeymoon, they journeyed West and viewed the Indian homes of the reservations. Tuscola showed himself a master horseman and led his bride to all the spots her romantic interests in the Red Men urged her to visit.

Then the lovers turned to the city ways and journeyed to the North. In Washington they viewed the inauguration of Lincoln. Excitement was at high pitch. The war seemed inevitable and all men spoke of it.

Letters from the Colonel came, calling for Mahota to return to Iotla; calling for Tuscola to join himself to the South, taking the Colonel's place in the ranks. Age had placed the Colonel on the retired list, he must needs be a spectator in the coming war. However the valley and the mountains knew his worth and sent him to Raleigh to represent them in the State Senate.

Then came the rift in the lute. The harmony of Mahota's life was broken. Then first she learned that Tuscola opposed the South and that he planned to enter the Northern service. Stung to the quick she left him. Back to the circling arms of her own dear Dad she came. Sobbing she told of Tuscola's northern views. The Colonel was appalled at this break in his family, but his old heart rejoiced that Mahota had come to him.

Then came four years of alternate heaven and hell. Sacrifice, bravery, and greed mingled in the life of the people. Tuscola joined himself to the Quartermaster's Corps of the Northern army and grew rich through government contracts in furnishing horses to the cavalry.

The Colonel put all his resources into the government bonds of the Confederate states. His patriotic thought was that if he could not fight in person, at least he would let his money fight for him. Throughout the war he served his state in Raleigh, at first as senator, and later, as member of the Governor's cabinet. Mahota was with him through it all. When Appomattox sounded forth the death knell of the Confederacy, the Colonel, broken in health and finances, returned to the quiet of the hills.

Nightmare followed tragedy; reconstruction followed defeat. Among the northern officers who came South in command of the Union soldiers who were stationed in the "conquered provinces" was Tuscola. Through wire pulling he secured appointment to a command in Raleigh.

The Colonel with dismay saw his Iotla home and land advertised for public sale in order to pay his debts. The bonds into which he had sunk his money were now worthless. Word of the sale came to Raleigh, came to the ears of Tuscola. A light of pleasure came to his eyes as he realized that here was the chance for him to buy the homeland of his fathers. And too a chance perhaps, to become reconciled with Mahota. Through an agent, Tuscola bought at a good price all the Colonel's holdings.

The Colonel was broken with sorrow and mortification the day of the sale. The next day he was filled with conflicting emotions. A letter came from Tuscola to Mahota telling that it was he who had bought the place, and offering the use of the place and all of the stock without charge to the Colonel and Mahota. The letter plead that bygones be forgotten and that he be permitted to visit them at Iotla. After a sleepless night, during which the Colonel and Mahota debated the question, they finally decided to accept Tuscola's offer and to invite him to Iotla.

Tuscola came. His manner was all courteous, his resources seemed boundless, and his desire for reconciliation

was evident. Influenced more by his kindness toward the Colonel and herself than by love, Mahota resumed her place by Tuscola's side trying to fulfill her duties as his wife. The illusion of first love had passed; ardor had given away to a marriage of convenience. However she purposed to do her best to make Tuscola happy.

Tuscola stayed a month. During that time the valley took on something of the appearance of the old happy days of Mahota's courtship. The farm was put in shape, stock was secured, buildings were repaired, and the mica mine was reopened. Prosperity seemed again to smile upon Iotla.

Tuscola and Mahota left for Raleigh as Tuscola's duties as an army officer were centered there. In Raleigh, Mahota found herself housed magnificently and treated with deference by Tuscola's friends. But—ah, surely there was something the matter. The circle of friends with whom Colonel Trotter had been intimate, could not even see her when she passed. She was a social outcast from the very circles with whom she most desired to associate. Why? Prejudice against her for marrying a Northern officer? Yes, that must be it. Oh, how it did cut her and hurt her, but she purposed to endure it for the Colonel's sake. And so three years passed.

And then came the terrible revelation. The day of carpet-bag politicians passed. And with it passed Tuscola. In a trial which was pushed by Colonel Thomas and Governor Swain, it was proved that Tuscola had stolen several hundred thousand dollars of state money. Not outright stealing, but rather "high finance." Through the sale of state bonds and the payment of the proceeds to "contractors" much money had been spent but little work had been done. Large blocks of stock in the Western North Carolina Railroad had been so handled. The case was so

strong against him that Tuscola fled to Havana, Cuba. Mahota in misery accompanied him.

The court declared Tuscola bankrupt and decreed that all his property should be sold at public auction. And so it happened that Colonel Trotter once more saw his Iotla estate pass under the auctioneer's hammer. However a good man bought it, none other than Governor Swain, who desired to make it his home.

The disgrace of Tuscola's conduct, sympathy for Mahota's suffering, the sale of the old home, all combined to break the Colonel's spirit. That winter, he died. The doctor said it was pneumonia, but those who knew him best said the Colonel died of a broken heart.

The long arm of the law found Tuscola in his Cuban seclusion and carried him to New York City for trial. He was found guilty and sentenced to serve ten years in a federal prison. He was arrogantly confident that his money would "get him off" but when the prison doors first closed on him, his nerve broke. He only served one month of his sentence. His money *did* "get him off." Someone brought him poison, and one gray morning Tuscola was found dead in his cell.

Mahota in shame and misery turned to Cousin Kate Daniels for comfort. Cousin Kate mothered her and with rare tact found new interests to fill her days. The poor are always with us. Mahota took an active part in charity work among the poor of New York's East Side. And in ministering to the sorrows of others she learned to forget much of her own sorrow.

Then came a letter, a wonderful letter from home. Yes, from Iotla. The Governor had heard of her from the people of the valley, and would she consent to visit them. The people wanted her, and he too wanted to meet her. She accepted.

The Governor met her at the train and drove her "in

triumph" to the assembled friends who were guests at the welcoming feast in the "big house." Their open show of love and affection made her so happy that it hurt. Her eyes shone with happiness. And into her eyes Jack Swain looked that night.

Jack was the Governor's son, a mining engineer by training. He was now in charge of the development of the mica mine on his father's property. It looked good.

And so it happened that Mahota the next day was taken to inspect the mine. The young engineer was enthusiastic in describing the machinery and plans. And Mahota was a sympathetic listener. An attitude of admiring attention has led many a man to "talk." So it was not many days before Jack Swain "talked" of other things than mica. Mahota was yet fair, despite the sorrowful years through which she had passed.

The valley folk looked on with evident approval. When the Governor announced the engagement of Jack and Mahota, it seemed to good to be true.

They were married in New York at Aunt Kate's home. As a wedding present the Governor gave them his Iotla holdings.

In due time the happy pair returned to Iotla. The Governor had plans for the upbuilding of the valley, plans that were extensive and expensive. "If" the mine should prove a bonanza, some of the Governor's plans were to be tried out. And so they dreamed and worked together in a happy conspiracy for the good of their people. In living for others they found happiness for themselves.

One Side of a Dollar

W. EDWIN MATTHEWS

Far out on the dusk hidden trail from the Gulch, there glowed a pinpoint of fire. Around it sat three men busy preparing for the night. It was easy to see that they had ridden hard that day, for their discarded saddles were damp with sweat, and their faces streaked with dirt. The most prominent of the three, evidently their leader, was the embodiment of the old western type: a plainsman from his rakish sombrero to the extravagant spurs jutting from his booted feet. He was busy smoothing and cleansing his dust-covered chaps, for a plainsman treasures his chaps second only to his horse.

Turning to his companions, he said in a pleasant, confident manner: "Well, Pete, I reckon you and Slim better see if them horses are pegged down tight. There's no telling what fool notion the mustangs'll take, and after our little work today, I don't want to have to chase any onery horse all over this great and glorious state of Arizona."

"You've spoke my idee jest plum," returned Slim, "for so much dodgin' that dern sheriff has kinder tuckered me out. Who in th' hell'd a thought they had him in the stage? Oh well, times is changed, I reckon. Arizona aint the grazing ground she uster be, but pard, when they puts it over on us they gotta climb down offen them stable-raised things they calls horses! Horses! My Gawd!"

"Cut th' blow," interposed Pete, "and come on and help plug them nags."

The two men melted into the darkness and the third, Drane, known all over that God-forsaken sandblast as outlaw, highwayman, without fear and devoid of scruple, began to make the simple preparations for supper. Soon the odor of sizzling bacon saturated the night air. Pete

and Slim broke in from the darkness and, fishing bacon from the pan, squatted on their haunches to devour it.

"I must admit, this beats a free lunch down at Phoenix—behind bars," said Drane between bites.

"Right," mumbled Pete through a crammed mouth. "All we need now is a good-looking female and one o' them gilt signs with 'Heaven Bless Our Happy Home' on it." Then, looking up, "I don't exactly know whar we'd hang it though. It's kinder fur to the rafters."

"Now you've mentioned it," continued Slim, "them same rafters does look kinder up in th' air—and I like it. I aint one of them poet fellers, but jest th' same, I like for that old blue dome to spread out sorter protecting-like over me. Jest like you said, if we jest had us a gal like them you see on the Coco-Coler signs down in th' Gulch, I'd be willing to camp here th' rest o' my claim on life.

"Women," spoke Drane from his reverie, "women are mighty fine and"—he knocked the ashes from his pipe—"mighty fickle." Continuing in this reminiscent mood, he said, "I used to want to sit on a bench and say 'God have mercy on your soul' to such as you and I, but fate stepped in and—here I am tonight with a price on my head; set by the very machine I used to want to control."

"Say that again, pard," put in Pete. "I got it alright, but I'm a little skeered Slim didn't ketch that about fate and the machine."

"Pardon me," laughed Drane. "I must explain. There was once a time when the world blossomed with invitation, when the future rivalled the dawn in its roseate promise, but pards, I've since found out that all these things are only illusions held out by fickle fate to lead men on."

"But why the highbrow lingo?" cut in Pete.

"Because," returned Drane, "when I think of those days that were, this mask of roughness slips off, and my

thoughts hunt for expression in the language they used to use so fluently. But to tell you the rest of the story, let me see. It was May of my last year at college. Or was it April? No, it was May, for I remember it was only one month till our marriage. She was the daughter of my professor; and, in the idealism of my youth she seemed perfect; sweet as the dawn, beautiful as the sunset, and pure as the magnolia blossoms at her home. After a year of friendship we became engaged, and the whole world seemed to smile on me. Then came that damnable night in May when Cranston, dissolute rake and dude that he was, conceived the hideous plan of winning this woman for himself. He began to be with her much of the time, and to offer her countless trivial pleasures: theaters, autos, in fact whatever her foolish whim demanded. I remonstrated with her, but she accused me of jealousy—and went to a dance with Cranston.”

“She was just leading you on,” ventured the highly sympathetic Pete.

“Shut up!” growled Slim, equally interested.

“Well, perhaps so,” resumed Drane, “but one morning her father sent for me in haste. I dressed hurriedly and went, puzzled by the peremptory summons. He met me at the door and drawing me into the house demanded, rather nervously, whether I had seen anything of Doris. And when I replied that I had not he told me his fears. Cranston had suddenly left the university, leaving no one the wiser of his motives, and Doris, too, had disappeared. The case was plain. The girl on whom my whole faith rested had eloped with Cranston. My dreams were shattered; my belief in the justice of things gone. I left college on foot with but one idea: to drift as far as possible from the life I had once cherished as ideal. And now, here I am, a fugitive from justice, my picture in every saloon in the Southwest, and my pockets full of another

man's money. And" (taking from his pocket a silver dollar) "the irony of it is that on every dollar I seek to gain there is that which I seek to avoid: Woman."

Peter stirred uneasily, then looking at the top of his boot. "That shore was tough, pard. It makes me think of a gal I uster——"

"Cut it out!" growled Slim. "Do y' wanter make this a old woman's sewing party?" Then turning to Drane, "Speakin' o' picters reminds me, pard. Down to the Gulch there's a man who's got your picter in his saloon, and he swears if you so much as stick your head in his door he's gonna get you. Me an' Pete wisht he wasn't so dern perticler since they say they's a powerful purty woman down that-a-ways. Some says she's his wife, but he ain't never let on."

"Well," Drane smiled, "I suppose you an' Pete'll have to see her. I'll not stand in your way. And," he adds seriously, "I guess anyway I wouldn't mind looking up the man who says I can't come into his house. I wonder if there's anything behind it?" He suddenly sat bolt upright. "We'll go tonight; it's not late. We'll give him a little surprise party. Are you on?"

"We're on!" from Slim and Pete. The horses untethered, and the fire doused with a skilletful of sand, the descent into the Gulch began. All through the blue expanse above them trembled tiny points of light, and the great stars shimmered like diamonds. Off in the darkness a lone coyote raised a long wavering cry. The prairie night grew still, and slept.

Leaning forward in the saddle, Drane could discern in the distance a lurid splotch of yellow; and occasionally his ears would catch the faint echo of hilarious revelry below.

The usually voluble Pete had remained silent for nearly an hour, and the silence began to oppress him. Summoning

his courage, he spoke his mind: "Pard, I been a studying this 'ere move, and I kinder figger maybe we ain't doin' th' wisest thing in the world, arter all. Running into a gin joint the very next day arter we raised such a racket as we have ain't going to be sech downright pleasure."

"Well," returned Drane, after a few moments thought, "I aint so much figured on that. Perhaps we ought to——" His horse shied suddenly. In its wide sidewise leap it lost its footing and came down on its knees, lacerating them on the gravelly road. Drane leapt lightly from the saddle at the first jump, and going back a few steps, picked up a gaudy bit of calico: a woman's bonnet. He looked from the bonnet to his injured horse and back; then exclaimed wrathfully: "God! Some woman is always my undoing! That kind protecting fate of mine has laughed again, and I'm going down into that hole to spite hell, threat or no threat!" So they went, leading their horses, down the gulch into the town.

As they hitched before the saloon, Pete edged close to Drane and whispered: "Pard, jest say so and I'll keep a drop on him from the window thar."

"Thanks, no," replied Drane. "What I can handle I can handle alone." He strode across the porch, paused a moment before the door, then lifted the latch and stepped in.

Men forgot their games, and looked up to stare at the stranger who had so suddenly entered and stood there so calmly and keenly observing the faces before him. They knew him. A dancer on a whiskey-soaked table turned smilingly towards the door. At sight of Drane, she seemed suddenly paralyzed, and stood rigid, poised. Then she gave a cry, "Dick," and rushed to him. Drane saw a man rise from the table and draw. Like lightning he reached for his own gun, but a soft feminine hand delayed

him. A shot crashed out. Its echo was Drane's well-aimed reply; and the man at the table fell sprawling on the floor.

And then suddenly the woman became a weight in his arms, and looking down he was startled at the drawn whiteness of her face. Bending toward her he whispered: "Doris! Why did you?" A flicker of consciousness crossed the ashen face. "He carried me away. I have always loved you, Dick. I love—I—dear——" Her voice trailed away into silence, and she dropped in a crumpled heap to the floor. As he bent over her tenderly, a silver dollar fell from his pocket, spun noisily for an instant and then lay still, face up. Drane picked it up, smiled bitterly, and cursed. "Fate, always jesting—always mocking!"

America's Future

LOUIS NELSON

When peace and happiness again reign on earth, America must wisely take her position as a member of the world family. After four years of living hell and destruction, civilization, weak financially and physically, demands of the world the progress and strength that is due her. The part that America has played in the war demands that she take the lead in this rebuilding of civilization. Just picture to yourself America as a neutral and then as a belligerent. Two years ago she was nothing but a happy-go-lucky country, whose chief desire was money, pleasure, and idleness. She never dreamed of the power and strength that lay idle under that false film of pleasure-seeking. Germany's misconception of our true character by boldly infringing upon our rights was what caused her downfall. Then remember how America, when fully aroused, became absolutely unified, and exhibited to the surprised world a character that they never dreamed that she possessed. It is not necessary to relate the great things that America did. They are too well known.

Just as the Allies accepted America as their leader, so will the world look to her for future guidance. The time has come when she must break away from Washington's policy of no entangling alliances with European countries. In his time America was young and weak, and that policy was exceedingly wise; but today, when civilization rightfully demands our leadership in the great reconstruction, that policy must be substituted for a broader one. The world is now trying to decide upon some league that will have power to make the future safe from militarism, and safe for anyone to live and lawfully act as he desires. President Wilson wishes the world to adopt the ideals and

principles upon which America was built and has prospered. Also, we must apply to the world Wilson's interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. It is: "that no nation or nations shall try to get possession, either by force of arms or by financial obligations or loans, of any American state." If this doctrine could be enforced, there would be no more costly wars to disturb the world. The time has come when narrow nationalism, which embodies the advancement of our own wealth and strength, must be substituted for that broader ideal of internationalism. The war has made us into one large family, and our relative position to the other nations should be maintained as are the relations of one member of a family to another. Let our business, social, and commercial relations, be so arranged that the other nations will be benefited as well as our own. Show them the American spirit. That which the lives of Washington, Lee, Lincoln, and Wilson have exemplified. Make them feel it! Thus success is bound to follow, and if this position be accepted by America, and the league of nations enforced, there will be no more hideous and bloody war, and happiness and prosperity will shine forth in beautiful splendor in the progress of all nations.

The Magazine

University of North Carolina

The University of North Carolina Magazine is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its function is to stimulate the creative literary life of the University, and to give expression to it.

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Spring Subscription, Three Issues, Fifty Cents

THE NEOPHYTE NUMBER

And why shouldn't one issue of THE MAGAZINE be devoted to Freshman and Sophomore material? These classes represent two-thirds of the total population of the campus, and deserve more literary cultivation. If you doubt this, be kind enough to read the next paragraph.

What is a college magazine for, anyhow? Well, various things. Amongst them: "To stimulate the creative literary life of the University, and give expression to it." Those words are quoted from the fine print between the double lines just above the list of editors on this page. They have been printed just that way ever since sixty years ago when THE MAGAZINE was only beginning to be. They ought to

be printed in red ink on the front cover. Perhaps we shall do that in the next issue. But read them again now. They mean simply this: that the purpose of a college magazine is not only to produce a likable publication, and one which will compare favorably with those of other colleges, but at the same time to develop local literary talent. This it can never accomplish by drawing its contributions only from some dozen picked and already clever writers.

So just once we have broken away from custom and are offering our *Neophyte Number*. We realize in anticipation of the critic that in literary quality it does not measure up to the standard set by the first issue and to be maintained by the third. Nobody expects it to. We offer not the cream, but the milk from which the cream will rise. In short, our position is this: We are so anxious to set a precedent in giving the underclassmen an occasional liberal chance at the printer's ink that we have resolved to give this one of our precious three Spring issues to them entirely.

THE NEXT ISSUE

The JUNE MAGAZINE will wind up the Spring with a flourish. Entitled *The Carolina Number*, it will deserve the name, every page of it. Already there is a goodly stack of material in the editorial basket, and the call has only just gone out. Seventy-five pages of live readable printing between attractive covers; for you know we are very jealous of your approval, and nothing delights us more than merited popularity. You will want your name to appear in this issue of issues. Our advice is always the same: A bottle of Waterman's and a sheet of white paper; then "obey that impulse."

CLASS ATHLETICS AND VARSITY TEAMS

What part should class athletics play in a college? This is a question which has been asked and discussed by the athletic council of every college trying to produce teams of the highest type. It has perplexed many coaches, and has been a stumbling block to the success of many varsity teams. This problem has to be solved as best suits the particular needs of each college, but in general the solution is similar for all of them.

Class athletics, when under proper regulation, serves a twofold purpose. First, it develops a fine class spirit and a genuine rivalry as nothing else could possibly do. Second, and probably more important, it raises the standard of the varsity teams. This is done, first by affording a stepping stone for the men so that they are able to develop into good varsity players; and next by eliminating any possibility of having a misrepresentative varsity team.

Of the first of these purposes only a few words need be said. The type of class spirit that existed in most of the colleges up to a few years ago is no longer tolerated. There has been a complete revolution of ideas as regards the attitude of the classes towards each other. The new idea is, that while rivalry has a place in college life, it must be a sportsman-like type, instead of a brutal and roughneck type. The sophomore no longer meanly takes advantage of the freshman. This great change has been brought about largely through class athletics, which will develop on any campus a fine sportsman-like spirit—the spirit which President Graham did so much to foster at Carolina.

The reputation of a college is based to a large extent on the type of varsity teams the college produces. Athletics is one of the greatest advertisements a college has, for it is the side of college life which appeals to the outsiders more than any other, mainly because it is the greatest means by which outsiders may come into contact with the

college. If the sport is clean it helps the college greatly; if not it is an injury, because the people expect the teams to represent the best there is in the college.

A large number of colleges depend upon the prep schools to supply the material for the teams. These prep school men under the first-year rule are developed into varsity material. But in the south, and especially in this state, the prep schools are few, so the colleges cannot depend entirely upon that source. Some of the best material in the state is found in the high schools, but this, as a rule, has had very little coaching and generally requires two, or possibly three, years for development into varsity material. A large number of these men would not go out for the varsity; they, however, would try for the class teams. And when they have played there and made good, they will go out for the varsity. In this way, the varsity would get some good material that it otherwise might lose completely.

Carolina's head coach will be back next year, and he will enforce the first-year rule. Class athletics will also be stressed more than ever. And with the combination of these Carolina's athletics will rank foremost with that of any college.

WILLIAM H. ANDREWS, JR.

"LEST WE FORGET"

When the roll was called at Chateau Thierry Carolina was there. And when the dust and smoke of that battle was cleared away, and the toll of those who fell upon the field of honor was taken, Carolina was there. When the call came for a volunteer to fly over the German lines to destroy a dangerous fortification, Carolina was there. What if ere the attempt was completed this son of Carolina fell victim to the Hun planes, and only his ashes were left to

tell the tale? What if many another brave deed of our heroes remains untold by death-sealed lips? They never faltered at the call of duty, but stepped to the death careless of the cost; and so they honored the spirit of their Alma Mater.

The fleets are fast returning many soldiers to their native homes and to the peace and happiness their sacrifices have so richly earned. But every ship that sets sail from a French port leaves sons of Carolina asleep beneath that foreign soil. They have given their all. We cannot duly celebrate their worth in words. We wish to give a lasting tribute.

How oft in the years of our sojourn here have we paused at the sight of that splendid monument to our Confederate dead; those men who gave to us the glory of Marye's burning Hill, Chancellorsville, Appomattox and Gettysburg. How fitting and appropriate, then, another monument on this same campus, this time to those who bravely, fearlessly gave their lives at Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne.

Would it not, after all, be but a small tribute for us to pay, to those over whose graves the fresh green grass and flowers are now first creeping with the return of beautiful Spring?

R. C. MAXWELL.

INTERPRETERS AND OTHERS

You know them, and so do I. You have met them all too often, and so have I. They are the great guy and the gay girl who always sit one seat to the right or one seat to the left of you, one row to the rear (At the Pickwick, the Paris, the Strand, the Broadway, and also in the Superba, the Alamo, not excluding the "Y" performance at Gerrard). They are the ones who have seen the show years ago and who are being bored to extinction for your ben-

effit. You stir uneasily in your seat and its hinges creak loudly. You get hot around the collar and fidget restlessly. Finally you lose patience and wonder why you must suffer because of the fact that your neighbors are not inclined to leave this show, which they announce in loud tones some thousand times that they have seen before. They light up memory's lantern and tell you ahead just what the next picture will be, and that it is all punk, or at least that it doesn't even begin to compare with the movie they saw at Hickeldory down in Sugar Neck. But after all these movie neighbors are very kind at heart. Suffering with the supposition that your eyesight is bad, or at any rate your ability to read not fully developed, they read the screen statements aloud for you.

These are a pretty good bunch of folks. They are cousins to the library loiterers who mark all the choice passages in the books, lest we fail to see them. With everything carefully labelled there is hope that we too may see the poignant phrases, the flashing wit, the stirring thoughts. Without the signposts we would of a surety be sorely handicapped.

Now, all together for the book-markers and the movie-interpreters. What *would* we lesser lights do without them!

A SUFFERER.

Dirge

E. ATKINSON

The wind was whispering softly, the little birds did sing,
I walked the Arboretum paths one morning in the Spring,
My thoughts were most harmonious of so fair and sweet
a dame

I resolved to give THE MAGAZINE a poem on her name.

Just then I met an Editor. He asked me what I'd write.
I said I had a poem which would be quite out of sight. BUT
I couldn't get my poem read, not even in the Spring, FOR
That Editor declared that love was most *un-in-trust-ing!*

O, weep for care-worn Cupid, he is dead!

And Venus and Adonis charm no more.

Facts realistic rule the world instead

And Romance, exiled, mourns on Lethe's shore.

Curiosity, not so?

CONVICT 337

It is said: "Curiosity killed a cat, and the mouse was happy."

I am the mouse. My wife told me yesterday that I was half-brother to a rat. Therefore I must be.

All this is apropos of the buying of a white poodle by my better half, and the consequent consequences.

A poodle is a poodle and nothing can change the fact.

Poodling is contagious, and he turned everything poodle: he poodled the flat, he poodled the landing, the roof, the furniture.

Where I wasn't, the poodle was, and wasn't where he was when he wasn't.

I have often wondered why poodles weren't eliminated in the scheme of creation.

I threw him downstairs, yesterday.

Q. E. F.

Aria—(One Acre)

WILLIAM K. HIGGINS

*Time: Night**Place: Pasture*

Purple, vermilion cows,
Contentedly grazing by moonlight.
(Not really purple or vermilion,
But looking thus in moonlight,
Which sifts through willow branches,
Weeping willows, wallowing waving,
Weaving mystic checks on the sod).
Yellow stars, black clouds,
Black shadows, funny fences,
Horrid shrieks of night birds—
Peeps of sleepy rats—
Lonesome whippoorwill whistling,
Lonely wanderers wandering wearily,
Bristling bushes breaking, perforating pathways.
Poe! Poe!
Horror!

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The Magazine

University of North Carolina

Volume 36

JUNE, 1919

Number 3

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE GATEWAY (Verse)..... <i>Elizabeth A. Lay</i> | 125 |
| A MAN'S RELIGION.... <i>The late President E. K. Graham</i> | 126 |
| THE TEACHER (Verse)..... <i>Hortense Rose Turlington</i> | 131 |
| THE RESCINDED ORDER..... <i>W. Edwin Matthews</i> | 132 |
| DEFERRED PAYMENT..... <i>Thomas Wolfe</i> | 139 |
| THE FOUR-MILE HOUSE..... <i>A. C. Norfleet</i> | 154 |
| A SONG (Verse)..... <i>Elizabeth A. Lay</i> | 162 |
| ELEMENTAL MAN..... <i>Willard Goforth</i> | 163 |
| I AM (Verse)..... <i>W. R. Wunsch</i> | 181 |
| FOLK BELIEF AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE <i>Elizabeth A. Lay</i> | 182 |
| EDITORIAL COMMENT..... | 185 |
| RUSSIAN FOLK SONG (Verse)..... <i>Thomas Clayton</i> | 191 |
| CAROLINA ADVANCES IN FRANCE..... | 192 |



There Are Great Days Ahead!

Comrades, you are the University. ---Stone, mortar, timber: Did you think they were the University? Why, they are the mere skeleton. The life resides in you. Are you young? Carolina is young. Are you ambitious? Carolina is ambitious. Are you eager for greater things? Carolina is eager for greater things. You are the University.---And the future is bright. The youth of America are to do no small things in these approaching days. The time is ripe for deeds of greatness; and deeds of greatness make great men. You are standing at the gateway of life; the future lies before you. It is dawn, radiant dawn: the dawn of a new age. Enter! The realm is yours, the pathway plain. Go to the limit! And whither you go, Carolina goes; and your success is her success; your victory hers!

There are great days ahead!

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University of North Carolina

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The Gateway

ELIZABETH A. LAY

The path leads through a gateway in the walls
Onto the college grounds, which lie half-hid
By trees which stretch their softening limbs to frame
The glimpse we see beyond of paths and trees
And buildings, all before us through the gate.
A cedar hung with ivy, darkly green,
A background through all times of one soft shade,
An elm in front blends lacey twigs and leaves
Changing in color as new growth appears—
In spring its swelling buds of misty brown
Throw hazy shadows on the cedar's green
Then yellow gold of budding leaves bursts out
And grows to brilliant green against the grey,
In delicate new shade of tracery.
It seems the symbol of new life and growth
Within our University. The old lives on,
A background of tradition, changeless, true;
But always changing seasons bring new growth,
New visions of the future yet to come.
Young, with her face forever to the sun,
The University, our Mother stands
And calls the young to share her ancient gifts
And give their youth, a consecrated pledge
Of newer vision springing from the old.

A Man's Religion

THE LATE PRESIDENT E. K. GRAHAM

EDITORS' NOTE: *It is at once a pleasure and a privilege to publish here for the first time this address of our late President E. K. Graham, delivered March 9, 1913, before the Y. M. C. A. at Charlotte. It seems peculiarly appropriate that in a forward-looking Carolina number such as this, these words, so expressive of the breadth and vision of the man we loved, should find expression.*

“Ye men of Athens I perceive that in all things ye are very religious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He gives to all life, and breath and all things; and hath made of one blood all Nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth.”—Acts XVII.

One of the most impressive remarks I ever heard was made some years ago by a young man from this city as he was on the point of leaving college. “Well,” he said, “I have my education, I have health and friends, I'm pretty well fixed financially and I suppose I ought to be happy; and I would be if I could just get God.”

Now, I don't profess to be a theologian and I am certainly not a philosopher, but I have a profound conviction that that remark is one about which men can talk simply and frankly as they would about anything else.

I am not one of those men who have lost faith in the Christian religion. I believe we are on the verge of a great forward movement in Christianity. I realize that in our Christian civilization there are many things which discourage us; that there are in the life of the Church many things which cause us to have a sick sense of failure,

and that there are such things also in our own personalities. But I believe that the subject of vital Christianity is the most vital subject that men have to deal with today. I do not believe, as do some, that that forward movement is to come solely through some efficient organizations, although not discounting the value of these. But in my opinion it will come as all forward movements have come by going back to fundamentals. This is true in government, as the North Carolina Constitution recognizes and declares. Every forward movement in the Church has taken place through a recurrence to the fundamental principles on which Christianity was founded.

This was what Paul was saying to the Athenians, "See the point in religion. Have vision; pick out the essentials from the non-essentials. See Christ and see life."

If we could see our civilization in Charlotte and were asked, what is the essential thing, what is the real thing in the inner life of the men of this town, what would be the answer? Some would reply, "Money. Nothing but money." I am not one who is willing to believe that this which is known as a commercial age has the acquirement of money for its main purpose. Of course our activities are concerned with it, but I can't believe that the men who are working for money are after that alone. They desire freedom from want, the success of the game; freedom and power and self-expression.

The same thing is true of the athletes in this gymnasium. The exercise of the muscles is something, the victory of the game is something, but the expression of life is more. We here in Charlotte are seeking just what all the Athenians were seeking—freedom, power, self-expression and spiritual expression. If Paul were on our street corners today, where the monuments to commerce rear their heads toward the sky, he would say to us just what he said to them: "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him

declare I unto you. This God you're seeking you will find here, and when you find Him, you'll find life."

Paul was speaking as an apostle of Jesus Christ, and this is the wonderful and the thrilling thing about Jesus Christ, and he alone of all the prophets makes this promise. Paul saw the unspoken desire when he faced the Athenians in Athens and the Romans in Rome. Job and David voiced it. It's just as patent today as it ever was in the history of the world, and the modern young man is just as much interested in religion as was the adventurous young ruler who sought Jesus Christ by night. "Where can I find God?" is the ruling question with each.

What is the answer to this thirst? In so far as we fail to be satisfied with our answer, it is due to one of the three reasons which obscured the view of three civilizations.

Some try to get God in an intellectual fashion, as did the Greeks. We look about us and we see that the world is governed by laws. Every external act of our nature or of our business is governed by laws, and we say truth is in these, and God is there, and we go and search for Him there. It may be in material things or in study that He is sought. The Greeks worked on this idea more than any other nation in the world and attained to the highest point of intellectual splendor. They peopled the world with gods conceived after this fashion.

The Roman theory was "God is in power." He is in organization of society; in civic consciousness. And, proceeding on their idea, they made Rome the mistress of the world and attained the highest pinnacle of material power. Some men feel that way about it now. They say that if men are made to behave in certain ways the desideratum will be attained. "Law is in civic consciousness. Truth is there." Christ doesn't deny that law. He came to fulfill it.

There is a third class whose view is like that of the race to which Paul belonged. The Jew believed in a God as external and as mechanical as the deities of the Greeks; one who spoke His commandments on tables of graven stone, who assumed the form of a burning bush, and whose countenance was so brilliant that none could look on it and live. Christ came not to destroy the law of the power of God, but to fulfill it. He said, "God is not up yonder. The earth is full of Him and every common bush is aflame with God." This is the doctrine which Paul declared in an Areopagus, and this is the doctrine for which He died.

This enunciation located the center of man not in an outside law but in the spirit of man himself. As Woodrow Wilson is declaring in his book, "The New Freedom", "Government is for man." Religion is not in any fixed law of the Church. Christ was spit upon because He said that even the sacred Hebrew institution, the Sabbath, was intended for man's use and man should not be subservient to it.

In consequence of this transformation which Christ made when he changed the center from outside of man to inside of man, he revolutionized government, revolutionized science, revolutionized philosophy, put our children in the schools, put health in the body, put light in the eyes, put hope in the heart of man and comfort in the life of man. He translated existence into life. The Kingdom of heaven is within you. Through Him we find perfected law, which is truth. "It is I myself working in you." He says, "I am the way, the truth and the light."

To discover in ourselves through Christ the truth is to put ourselves on the infinite current of God's power. This is to begin the Christian life. "I am the vine and ye are the branches," is the way Christ expressed this vital relationship. This is what I understand by believing in Christ—accepting this vital connection with him.

To the average man the Christian religion, compared with the other things in which he does believe, does not seem a practical, real and vital thing. It seems on the contrary unreal, effeminate, a trifle silly and almost weird. But I want to say to you with all the emphasis of which I am capable that not a syllable of such an idea comes from Jesus Christ. The whole doctrine of Christ is of the most simple and normal type. The difficulty, in fact, does not grow out of its complexity, but out of its simplicity; not out of its abnormality, but out of its normality.

The truth is, it doesn't consist of words at all, but of life. It is not explanations and theology, it's life. He called it that all through the gospel of John.

Christ also pointed out the way: to "become as a little child." This points the way to development into practical Christianity. A child learns from experience that its fullest, freest life is through obedience to the law of its life, and its constant progress grows out of this obedience to fundamental law. There is no growth unless it is a progressive growth. The religion of Christ is not constituted by any single finished act, but Christianity means the practice of the presence of God in every act; it means that life shines through every act. No one need hesitate because he doesn't understand the doctrines that Christianity teaches. One knows by doing. He that wills to do the will shall do the will and is destined to progress as the little child grows.

There is no limit to this progress that Christ offers to us, and this is the real proof of the finality of the Christian religion.

Christianity is the supremest challenge that has ever been offered to the most virile manhood of the world.

The Teacher

HORTENSE ROSE TURLINGTON

As from some magic storehouse he drew forth
A generous treasure of historic lore,
Taking the stingy structure of the text,
He built from it a stately edifice ;
Built to its arch of truth fair buttresses.
Added to pillared facts rich capitals,
Embellished the gray annals of the past
With gilded and effloriate ornament.
He peopled empty halls and corridors,
And made plain casements into oriels
Where bygone queens sat with their tambour-frames.
From the clear torch of his own fervid zeal
He set a torch within the edifice ;
The erstwhile stingy structure glowed and lived.

The Rescinded Order*

W. EDWIN MATTHEWS

My curiosity had been aroused by the unusual place in which the old rusty safe behind South building lay—just under a window, and I determined to find some one who could explain its mystery to me. I was fortunate in finding out on the Hillsboro road an old negro who in his youth had pottered about the University and who knew its traditions entire. He told me this story around the safe, and I shall attempt to visualize it from his rather sketchy tale.

* * * * *

A few sharp bugle notes rang against the front of South and echoed down the length of Old East. Simultaneously a rigid "company front" dissolved into a melée of grey clad figures who charged around the well and splashed themselves plentifully in their eager efforts to remove the dust of the drill field and in a frantic desire to cool their dry throats with copious draughts from the battered bucket. The bugler, an earnest-eyed, appealing slip of a lad, limped up to the well and received a dipperful of one of the gay party. The boy thanked him with a smile and, without further ado, tucked his bugle under his arm and hobbled up the steps of the South. As he disappeared behind the doors, one of the crowd addressed his friends:

"Isn't it hard on Dicky to have to keep out of this?"

"Yes, Tom," replied one. "You can see that in his face. That crippled leg—but then, too, he's just a Soph and that makes him ineligible."

"I know; but he could go next year if it wasn't for that foot."

"Do you think the war will last another year?"

* The writer is indebted to the late Dr. Kemp P. Battle for the historical data in the story.

“I hope not; but Captain Martin says we are only beginning, and I’m afraid he’s right. No, I guess Dickey will have to stay.” Then, springing upon the edge of the well, he said:

“Fellows, we’re going to be in this thing. We expect to leave tomorrow, but of those we leave behind us I pledge my highest respect to the most patriotic and most loyal of us all—little Dicky Sprunt!”

The wild cheering of zestful youth greeted this toast, then the boys betook themselves to their various tasks.

These wearers of grey were members of the University Volunteers, C. S. A. They had formed the corps under the direction of President Swain while the wavering favors of the conflicts of the first year of the Civil War was fresh in the minds of all. They had been drilled by Professor William J. Martin, who was now Captain of the corps. Captain Martin had faithfully kept a record of the military campaigns of '61 in his safe in the Adjutant's room in the South building, and with the position of bugler, Dicky was entrusted with the care of these documents, and, excepting the officer, he alone knew the combination. Thus stood matters on the eve of the Battalion's departure in the spring of '62.

Morning melted from the night, and the solemn pealing of the bell on South awoke the corps for the last time. Chapel was held before breakfast, and silently the boys came into the Gerrard Hall. Never had the old hall seemed so homelike; never had the professors seemed so near. Thru the mind of each ran memories of chapels “cut”; they saw chapel in a new light, and they wished those days were before them instead of irretrievably gone. President Swain rose solemnly, grandly, and, bowing his head, sent an appeal to God for the safe and victorious return of these boys who had become as sons to him. Then he spoke from his heart to the boys, telling them of the ideals of the Confederacy, and that they were dedicating their services,

their lives, perhaps, to the Cause, and that they must ever defend its flag to the utmost, and keep it untainted; that their sacred obligation was the defense of the weak, and that they owed the highest respect to the women of the North as well as to the women of the Southland.

“Soldiers of the University,” he said, “I—” his voice choked—then, “You are more than that, you are Soldiers of Dixie! And in your battles, in war and in the peace that *will* come, strive to keep alive the traditions and teachings of your Alma Mater. God speed you! That is all.”

The students rose slowly and left the building.

Assembly rang out upon the air! The Battalion quickly formed and swung into column.

“Forward! March!”

Along the main street the town ladies had festooned the tree trunks, and the Southern Cross hung from every window. Pride radiated from the corps as it marched along in step with the snare drum. Every face shone; every shoulder squared as the column passed the reviewing stand and under the eyes of President Swain, the Major and other celebrities. On one side of the President stood his daughter, Eleanor, a true rose of the Southland; on the other was Dicky Sprunt, his face drawn and white, his thin, soft lips quivering. The great man laid his arm on the boy's shoulder and said, “Dicky, son, they also serve who only stand and wait. You know that you are entrusted with the safe in Captain Martin's room. Guard it well, and you, too, will have served.”

At this Dicky straightened and stood proudly, but his face retained its deathly color. That night Dicky confided his grief to Old Uncle Ben, his ever-ready helper in time of trouble. Uncle Ben was black as night, but his heart was white clear through; and, although he knew there was no danger, he sought to humor the boy and made him

a comfortable bed in the Captain's room, where he could keep an eye on the safe.

For three long years the whim of fortune shifted the men on the great checkerboard of battle, and thru it all Dicky studied and watched, now jubilant at some victory, now despondent over some defeat. He sought companionship with Eleanor Swain, who, tho' several years older than he, always made a confidante of him. In this way a great comradly friendship grew between them, and for long hours they would discuss the scarcity of provisions or would mourn the loss of their friends. Already had come news that touched deep into their hearts. Junius Battle had been wounded at South Mountain; Lewis had fallen at Gettysburg. Professor Johnston and Professor Royster had died at Gettysburg, and Brigadier-General Branch, Johnston Pettigrew, Garrot and Anderson had given their all under the Southern Cross.

Then that black day of despair when news of Lee's surrender came to Chapel Hill. All spirit fled; all hope was crushed. Dicky was disconsolate, and even Eleanor failed to cheer him. He went to his safe and lovingly fingered the precious papers. In silence he read them for the fiftieth time and slipped them back into the box. To Dicky it seemed the end of everything.

A week later the town rushed to its doors to watch the entry of Wheeler's Cavalry (the 5th Tennessee Division), which was ordered to take Chapel Hill and report to President Swain. They found that the President was with ex-Governor Graham arranging for the surrender of Raleigh. The Federals under Colonel Atkins established headquarters opposite the Episcopal Church and awaited President Swain's return. After discharging his duty at Raleigh, the President returned. What a sight greeted his eyes! Horses were picketed everywhere—on the lawns, in the fields, along the sidewalks, and some were tied to the

front porch posts. The streets were thronged with Union soldiers, and the President hurried home to see how his family had fared. Turning in at the gate, he beheld his daughter indignantly upbraiding some cavalry officers for permitting their soldiers to rob the hen-house. Seeing her father, she brushed past the officers and, rushing to him, threw her arms around his neck in a manner eloquent of relief and confidence. Disengaging Eleanor's arms, he addressed the officers:

"And whom, sirs, have I the honor of entertaining?"

The foremost officer replied:

"This is President Swain, is it not? I am Colonel Atkins of the 5th Tennessee Cavalry. These officers are of my staff." Then, looking at Eleanor: "We have unwittingly incurred the wrath of this young lady—"

"You must take no account of the foibles of youth," interrupted the President. "This is my daughter Eleanor, and we shall entertain you to the best of our poor ability during your sojourn at Chapel Hill."

"Then allow me," replied the Colonel, "the pleasure of thanking you both for the hospitality you've shown us, and to you, Miss Swain, I express my sincere regret that your fowls were abducted by my men."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Eleanor, "since you will be the loser in the end."

"I'm afraid my Southern friend is more impetuous than wise; but it may appease your wrath to know that I've issued orders to have the next disturber shot. It may seem harsh, but it is a simple rule of war, and is very effective in preserving order. My staff has been telling me of the beauties of this aristocratic old town. Won't you point them out to me? The air is so wonderfully balmy and—will you?"

Eleanor cast a look of appeal to her father and, receiving his consent, she replied graciously: "Why—certainly!"

It was foolish of me to be angry over those old chickens, and I'll try to make amends."

Colonel Atkins' answer was lost as the two sauntered thru the church yard and up into the campus. In the walk there grew a sweet romance that turned the days into minutes and the impetuous Colonel successfully pled his case before the Court of Cupid. The dashing cavalry officer had won the Southern rose!

Dicky lay awake in his room pondering over the startling rapidity of the events of those few days. Suddenly from beneath his window there came the creak of a wagon and the tramp of a team. The rumble ceased, and presently a figure outlined itself in the window; a second followed the first, then a third, who carried something in his arms. They leapt lightly into the room and, ignorant of the boy's presence, began talking in low undertones.

"Are you sure this is the room?"

"Sure as shootin'," came the confident answer. "And there sets the old safe as plain as daylight—'ere, Bill, bring that tackle and hook it on that jist yonder, and we'll have that old box thru the window and on the wagon in no time."

During the subsequent stir, Dicky crept silently to the washstand in the far corner of the room. There he stood, trembling, but determined to stop them some way. As the tackle tightened, the old safe rose slowly and was pushed thru the window. Now was Dicky's chance! Lifting the water pitcher, he sent it crashing against the men at the window. The shock of the shattering china and the cold water caused them to turn the tackle loose, and the safe fell with a splintering crash onto the wagon below. The startled horses jerked the front end loose and charged down the field. A sentry heard the noise and fired his musket; others popped from everywhere, and in a moment the malefactors were under guard—caught red-handed in

pillage, and that meant death! They were securely locked up, and the next morning they were hauled before Colonel Atkins and his staff. Dicky, wild-eyed and frightened, gave his testimony, and the men were sentenced to be shot.

Eleanor was returning from a visit and met the prisoners as they left the house. She was touched by the mute appeal in their faces, and at once ran to the Colonel, inquiring the cause.

He took her hands in his and said: "Eleanor, dear, those men are the ones who attempted to carry off the safe last night, and—er, well, they are to pay for it with their lives."

She went white, then said tremulously: "Oh! no, they must not—it would be terrible—and on our wedding day, too. Oh! you *can't* do this. You will pardon them—for me? Promise."

Looking deep into her eyes, he whispered: "For you, my Southern rose, I'd do anything!"

That afternoon all Chapel Hill gathered around the President's home to learn the fate of the prisoners. Some few were for summary execution, but most were lenient and wished to avoid the deed that would so mar such a joyous day. President Swain came out on the porch beside Eleanor. With him came the Colonel, and limping behind was Dicky. The crowd did not cheer; they were too deeply interested. Placing Dicky in front of him, the Colonel spoke:

"My Southern friends! I want to give public recognition to this brave lad, who, tho' weak in body, is valiant in spirit and but for whose heroism your valuable records would probably have been forever lost. As for those unfortunate men, I believe they are sincerely repentant, and"—looking at Eleanor, who blushed prettily—"my superior has commanded me to rescind the death order. The men are free."

Dicky smiled happily. He, too, had served.

Deferred Payment

THOMAS WOLFE

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| The Man | Jack |
| The Woman..... | Lucy, his wife |
| The Convict..... | Jack's brother |

SETTING: *A cabin interior. To left forefront a rude wooden table with red cloth. Thick tableware thereon. Walls garishly decorated with newspaper supplements, etc. Large stone hearth at right center. Tongs, poker, iron kettle, and andirons. Spinning wheel. Rocker before fire. Two straight chairs at either end of table. Door at right rear. Window left rear. Exit to kitchen shed left center. Trundle bed left rear, with patchwork blanket. Lithograph over door inscribed with "God Bless Our Home!"*

THE WOMAN—*worn, frail, perpetually frightened looking—is laying thick, ugly pewter stuff and iron tableware on the table. She looks toward the door furtively, and wipes hands on a dirty apron. The sound of heavy boots outside, and an impatient rattling of door knob; then a hammering on the door.*

THE WOMAN

In frightened voice

Who—who's thar?

THE MAN

Outside, in harsh voice

Lemme in, Lucy.

THE WOMAN

Wearily

Oh, hit's you. All right.

She unlocks the door. Enter the man, bestial, unshaven, gorilla-liké.

THE MAN

Glowering

What th' hell's this mean? A purty welcome—th' door locked, eh? Whut fer?

THE WOMAN

I—I didn't think y'd git back so soon. Y' come earlier'n usual.

THE MAN

Well, whut uv it? Is thet any reason for keepin' th' door locked?

THE WOMAN

I—I wus afeared. I git afeared somehow, lately, when hit gits dark. I—I didn't know when ye'd git back—ye're gone so much lately.

THE MAN

Roughly

That's nothin' t' y'—so keep yer trap closed. I'm boss uv these diggins, an' th' sooner yer find hit out th' better fer y'.

He scowls at her a minute, then grips her suddenly, brutally, by the wrist and draws her to him. She shrinks back frightened.

THE MAN

Jeeringly

My lovin' wife! Glad t' see me, ain't ye?

THE WOMAN

Oh, y've been at hit agin!

THE MAN

Mockingly

Sure. Hit's m' right.

THE WOMAN

Timidly

But—Jack—hit's not right—hit's agin th' law!

THE MAN

Thet so? Why? I use m' own cawn an' m' own still, don't I? I don't sell none uv hit. Whut right's th' law t' stop me? I ain't ha'min' no one, an' if they come botherin' me, by God—

He pauses ominously

THE WOMAN

No, y' don't ha'm nobody—I reckon.....but yer-self.....an'—an' me.

THE MAN

In surprise

An' ye? Gittin' all-fired high an' mighty all uv a sudden. Whut y' got t' do with hit? I guess yer in need uv a little hoss medicine agin.

THE WOMAN

Jack—don't—be keerful! Ye hurt me last time ye—ye got this way, an' I couldn't do m' work fer a week.

THE MAN

Sullenly

Aw, fergit it. Supper ready?

THE WOMAN

In a minute. (*He scowls.*) I—I didn't think y'd be hyeh.

THE MAN

Irritably

Fer Gawd's sake git a move on. Th' way y' moon aroun' hyeh hit's a wonder y' git anythin' done. Now, hurry—I'm hungry.....Whar's th' paper? Come yet?

THE WOMAN

On th' table thar. I haven't opened hit yet.

THE MAN

Well, git out uv hyeh an' bring yer supper on.

She goes out. He picks up paper and tears wrapping off, then opens it casually. Sits down and puts boots on table, fills corncob pipe, lights it, and prepares for a leisurely perusal of paper. He reads silently for a minute, then grows tense at something he reads, and leaps to his feet.

THE MAN

After a minute, slowly

Gawd, he's got away—flew th' coop clean. (*He is greatly agitated, and paces the room.*) Knocked a guard in th' head, hit says hyeh, an' made 's getaway. I—she mustn't know uv this. (*He crumples paper in back pocket.*) Gawd! Whut if he did come hyeh!

He looks into fire, in great agitation. The door opens and another man comes in quietly. He is badly dressed in ill-fitting garments, coat buttoned up tightly, hat pulled low over his eyes; unshaven, but not bestial-looking. In fact, his features are characterized by sensitiveness. His skin glares ghastly white

under his beard. He slowly unbuttons his coat. Under it is seen the glaring black and white shirt of the convict.

THE CONVICT

With soft irony

My—brother.

THE MAN

Jumping as if shot, then turning and gazing stupefied
You hyeh!

THE CONVICT

Coughing hoarsely, and grinning a ghastly grin
Glad I come, ain't y'?

THE MAN

Fiercely

Y' fool—why'd ye come hyeh? I told ye when they got ye not to try t' git away. I told y' not t' come hyeh.

THE CONVICT

Slowly

No, I reckon hit wan't th' best thing—fer ye, anyway.

THE MAN

Startled

Whut d' y' mean?

THE CONVICT

Oh—yer sech a good, law-abidin' sort uv a citizen.....
By th' way, how's the cawn crop this year?

THE MAN

Sullenly

Aw—ye— Look hyeh, yer a fool f'r gittin' away like this. An' hit 'll go hard with ye fer gittin' th' guard. Why'd ye come hyeh?

THE CONVICT

I reckon ye know why. I told y' I'd be back.

THE MAN

If ye think I'm goin' t' hide ye, yer powerful wrong.

THE CONVICT

Quietly

I'm not askin' y' to.

THE MAN

They'll git ye mighty quick. Ye can't git away.

THE CONVICT

Coughing hollowly

I'm not tryin' to.

THE MAN

Bluntly, but a little uneasily.

Well, what d' ye come for?

THE CONVICT

Oh, ye know, even us jailbirds gits tired uv th' same ol' scenery an' all thet sort uv thing, an' we feel as if we jest has t' visit our dear friends an' relatives—sometimes. Thet's th' way I felt, anyway.

THE MAN

Sharply

Whut y' mean?

THE CONVICT

Drawling

Oh, nothin' much.....I've been plannin' this hyeh leetle visit quite a bit now.

THE MAN

They'll git ye.

THE CONVICT

Thet's all right. It 'twont take me long t' make m'visit.

THE MAN

Fer Gawd's sake, whut're ye driving at?

THE CONVICT

Cain't ye guess?

The Man does not answer, but trembles. He is greatly agitated.

THE CONVICT

Continuing in slow, gentle voice

Evah see a cat play with a rat—huh?

The Man still gives no answer, but he trembles

THE CONVICT

Insistently

Did y'?

THE MAN

Yes.

THE CONVICT

Well, I'm th' cat. (*He pauses a minute.*) I reckon I've played with y' enough. Y' dirty dawg, y' know why I'm hyeh.

THE MAN

Wildly

No—no, I don't—

THE CONVICT

Shet up! I know all about that frame-up now. (*After a minute, impressively.*) Will Carver died in th' pen two months ago.

THE MAN

Horror-struck. After a minute

Gawd! Did he—?

THE CONVICT

Grinning sardonically

Oh, don't worry ovah that. They won't git ye. He didn't tell no one—but me.

THE MAN

But—but ye? Whut—whut y' mean?

THE CONVICT

I mean I know now who stole my gun outen my room. I mean I know who fixed Smithers that night—with my gun—

THE MAN

Blustering

Look hyeh, d' y' mean t' accuse me—

THE CONVICT

Quietly

Quit yer bluffin'. I got th' goods on y' now. Carver, th' feller y' fixed that deal with, got sent up himself 'bout a year ago fer a job he did down East. Y' never knew whut 'come uv him, eh? Well, they got 'im—not like they got me, nobuddy *framed* him—but they got 'im clean—with th' goods.

THE MAN

Did th' damn skunk tell—tell y'—

THE CONVICT

Going on, disregarding the Man

He couldn't stand th' inside work down thar at Hell's Half-acre—*whar ye sent me*. Hit got 'im as hit's gittin' me—hit gits lots uv us. (*He coughs hollowly.*) Consumption—thet got 'im—but before he died, he tole me.

THE MAN

Determined to brazen it out

Well, whut uv hit now? Nobuddy knows but th' three uv us, an' *he's* gone. Hit's yore word agin mine, an' ye're a jailbird. So thar y' air. Ye cain't do nothin' 'bout hit.

THE CONVICT

Significantly

Cain't I?

THE MAN

No, y' caint.

THE CONVICT

Thet's whut y' think. But I tell y', Jack, if y'd spent th' last two months in a six-by-eight cell, a-grindin' yer teeth an' a-clawin' at yer skin, an' stuffin' yer jacket in yer mouth t' keep frum yellin', y'd be ready t' do some-thin'. So I made my plan down thar in my cell. When th' cough got bad they sent me out on th' road gang. Three days ago my chance come. Hit was night. I got th' guard frum behind—I slugged him an' took 'is clo'es—an 'is gun.

THE MAN

An' here ye air?

THE CONVICT

With deadly intensity

Thar's a reason.

He moves slowly toward the man and reaches his hand into his rough convict's shirt. He pulls a blue steel automatic from his shirt. At sight of it the Man's face becomes a dirty gray.

THE CONVICT

An' now y' know why I come, I reckon.

THE MAN
Hysterically

Fer—Gawd's sake, Sam—n-not thet. I'm yer brother!

THE CONVICT
Sneering

Air ye? I fergot about thet a long time ago. Y' oughta remembered I wus yore brother.

THE MAN
Wildly

Good Gawd! Ye cain't be meanin' t'—t'— Ah—yer jokin'!

THE CONVICT
Speaking with low, intense passion

Am I? Well, hit's a rough joke on ye, Jack. I'm goin' t' kill ye.

He raises the gun slowly, its blue barrel winking ominously. The Convict seem to get a cruel satisfaction out of his sport. With a bitter smile he watches the man sink back on the table, a palsied, shaking heap.

THE MAN
Pleading

Give me a chance. I'll make hit up t' ye. I'll 'fess up. I'll take yer place in th' pen—anything—only in Gawd's name, give me a chance.

THE CONVICT
With a sneer

Ye use his name a lot, don't ye?

THE MAN

Groveling pitiably

A chance—jest give me a chance.

THE CONVICT

Ironically

A purty chance y' gave me!

THE MAN

Eagerly

I'll fix hit up now—I'll fix hit fer ye.

THE CONVICT

Giving a croaking cough and tapping his chest, as he grins bitterly.

Ye'll fix thet, will ye? Naw, hit's too late. I'm a goner. Y've fixed me, Jack, already—fer keeps—but I'm goin' t' fix ye 'fore I go.

He raises the gun slowly again, and points it. The door opens, and the woman comes in.

THE WOMAN

Sharply

Sam.....Don't!

THE CONVICT

Turning in amazement and uttering choking sob
Lucy! Here! Oh, my God!

THE WOMAN

Speaking rapidly

I stood behind th' door. I heard y'—— (*Turning fiercely to the Man who cowers in the corner, she hisses:*)
Y' beast—y' murderer!

THE CONVICT

Sternly

Whut 're ye doin' hyeh, Lucy?

THE WOMAN

Breaking down suddenly and sobbing

He lied t' me, Sam, he lied. He said y' wanted—wanted
I sh'd—sh'd— (*She shudders*).

THE CONVICT

Horror-struck, as it dawns on him

Air ye—his wife?

The Woman nods dumbly

THE CONVICT

In an agony of passion

God! God! God!

He is seized by a paroxysm of coughing. When he recovers, he is calm. Two hectic flushes burn in the pallor of his face. He speaks to the Man.

THE CONVICT

That's another count agin' y', Jack. I'll fix ye now.

He raises the gun

THE WOMAN

Pleading

Sam—don't—fer my sake! (*With scorn.*) Let 'im be, Sam. Don't dirty yer hands with th' likes uv him.

She grasps his arm gently and takes the revolver from him. The Man notices this with a quick, furtive glance. He sidles over to the table and grasps a long, sharp carving knife, holding it behind his back, unnoticed.

THE CONVICT

Wearily

Yeah, I reckon yer right. But y' must leave hyeh, Lucy. Now, I say. I'll go back an' give up. Don't matter much now, anyway. They won't have me much longer. (*He coughs.....then continues.*) But y' go t' ol' man Judson—tell 'im I sent y'—he'll give y' work. Y' cain't stay hyeh now. Y' gotta go, Lucy. (*He pauses, then says sharply:*) D'ye heah me?

THE WOMAN

Dully

Yes, Sam.

THE CONVICT

Ye'll go?

THE WOMAN

Dully, as before

Yes, Sam.

THE MAN

Interrupting furiously

Trying' t' separate us, huh?—lawful wedded man an' wife! Tryin' t' come 'tween us, huh? Tryin' t' threaten m' life, air ye? Well, take thet, ye meddlin' fool!

As the Convict takes a step toward the Man, the Man stabs him in the breast with the knife. The Convict reels back, staggers, and collapses in a chair. The Man gazes dully at the knife, then at the Convict, then lets the knife fall to the floor and wipes his hand furtively on his coat.

THE CONVICT

Slowly, from between white lips

You—dawg!

THE WOMAN

Horror-struck

Oh God, he's stabbed y', Sam!

THE CONVICT

Quietly

He got me.

THE WOMAN

Sobbing

Hit's my fault—I should've let ye.

THE CONVICT

Musingly, as it comes to him

No. I see it now. Y' were right. Thar's a law for sech.

THE WOMAN

A law?

THE CONVICT

Yes, an' all air bound to hit.

THE MAN

Stupefied

Gawd—what've I done?

He stares unbelievably at the Convict, then at the knife on the floor. He gasps chokingly and looks again at the Convict, then stumbles to door.

THE MAN

With his eyes fixed on the Convict in a fascinated stare, and fumbling for the latch.

I—I cain't stay hyeh—I gotta leave hyeh.

He stumbles out blindly

THE WOMAN

Sobbing hysterically

Oh, Sam, hit's all my fault.

She clasps him almost fiercely

THE CONVICT

*Smiling gently, and speaking almost inaudibly, as he strokes her hair*No, hit's all right. Hit's all right. Nothin's lost.....
(*in a whisper*) I—love y', Luey.

THE WOMAN

*Monotonously*He got y'—I c'd've saved y'—he got y'.....
he's gone—free!

THE CONVICT

Through stiffening lips, as he dies

No! He will pay!

A VERY SLOW CURTAIN.

The Four Mile House

A. C. NORFLEET

The rain swept over and covered the lumbering coach with a hissing grey blanket; rain tapped on the glass panes of the rickety door, and crept through the crevices to lie in little puddles around the feet of the only occupant: a lonely figure muffled in a heavy coat. James Fox was returning home.

In the seat ahead the coachman crouched lower at every whistling gust, and attempted with numb fingers to pull the collar of his great coat higher about his ears. The old-fashioned candle lamps gleamed mistily through their mud-streaked panes, and dimly outlined in their wavering light the laboring backs of the two horses, struggling valiantly through the sticky mud.

One of the horses stumbled suddenly; the creaking, jolting progress of the coach ceased, and the only sound was the shrill attacks of the rain squalls. Blasphemously the coachman unlimbered his stiff joints, and slowly descended to the road. The horses stood head-down against the driving rain, their streaming sides laboring heavily. The off horse stood miserably on three legs and turned mournful eyes at the splashing approach of her driver.

"Mon Dieu! It is Juan," exclaimed the driver in sudden distress, and cooing softly. He tenderly lifted the leg and ran his palm over the hoof.

"A light," said a fresh, young voice at his elbow, and the solitary occupant of the coach appeared, swinging one of the coach lamps which he had detached. The dim light revealed a rock embedded deeply in the tough cuticle of the hoof; so deeply embedded, indeed, that their united efforts failed to remove it.

"Ah, Monsieur, I fear—I greatly fear that you must

find shelter for the night hereabouts; it is impossible to go forward without Juan," said the driver, shaking his head sadly, and glancing at the tall figure which stood revealed by the light of the uplifted lantern; a strong young figure it was, a lithe body, and a finely modeled head with a long jaw and fine dark eyes.

"Easily done," said the young man lightly, "I well remember this country road; does not the Four Mile House be scarcely a mile from this spot?"

"Ah, mon Dieu! Monsieur, the Four Mile House, never, never, no, no!" said the little coachman, dancing excitedly, his eyes rolling in terror. "It is a house of the devil! Monsieur never expects to stay there for a night; I beg of him to consider, to do anything but stay in that house of evil! Does not Monsieur know that men who go there never return?"

"What ails you," said the young man sharply, rather impressed in spite of himself by the little Frenchman's evident terror.

"I know not, truly—only I know that men who spend a night there are never seen again; there was Jean, my wife's brother. He was seen to enter, but we never saw him after. Men say that he fled to escape his debts, but I know better."

"Nonsense, nonsense, an old wives' tale," said Fox impatiently, "these foolish tales spread and ruin the reputation of a fair country; a law should stop them from being bandied about. I would stay in the house a night even to discredit this tale."

"If Monsieur insist, he will go; but it is a sad thing that one so young should perish," said the driver sorrowfully.

"Do you go with me?"

"I? Never! I will ride Marie to the town; better to face the furies of nature than the powers of darkness. I bid Monsieur good bye, maybe forever." And leaping

on the back of the uninjured horse, which he had unhitched, he waved his hand once, and was swallowed up by the darkness.

The young man stood alone in the road and gazed long in the direction in which his companion had disappeared. He shook off impatiently a slight chill of loneliness which partook somewhat of the nature of fear, and, turning, tramped sturdily in the direction of the Four Mile House.

He was quite familiar with the country, and after an hour of steady walking, buffeted by the storm, he caught the gleam of a light in the distance. The howling of a dog came faintly to his ears above the storm.

Stumbling and slipping, he groped along the muddy road; the dim light of the lantern piercing the intense darkness for only a few feet ahead.

The light drew nearer and nearer, and at last appeared; a yellow square of radiance in the darkness ahead; then, stumbling over the broken remains of a bridge, he came suddenly upon the old inn. The house loomed dark ahead of him, with only the one patch of yellow light breaking the blackness of its front. Great trees surrounded it on all sides. He knew, having seen them under better circumstances, that they were live oaks, heavy with parasitic grey moss. They rose gigantic now before him, and as the wind whistled round their boles, it shook the laden branches which rustled sorrowfully together and seemed to be whispering a warning.

A childish fear shook Fox for a moment. He came near flinging down his lantern and flying back the way he had come; but his pride held him.

“Foolishness,” he snorted to himself, angrily, “to be frightened by the bogey tales of an ignorant coachman.” So, mounting the mouldering steps, he groped for and found the brass knocker; it fell with a clang, and rang through the house in a thousand hollow echoes.

A door slammed noisily, and a rough, hoarse voice shouted, "Who wishes to enter an honest man's house on such a night?"

"Open!" shouted Fox, "I wish a lodging for the night."

A growl answered him, and a heavy tread sounded in the hall, bolts creaked as they were shot, and the door opened cautiously, to show the tremendous form of a man, lighted by the wavering flame of a candle. A sudden gust of wind slammed the door as Fox stepped across the sill into the damp hall, and the bolts creaked back into place. Instantly Fox was sorry he had entered. He turned to regard his host, who stood with his back to the door, shading the candle flame with his free hand. A great hairy giant he was; slightly stooped, with great, hairy hands and arms, and a bare barrel of a chest, surmounted with a shaggy, unkempt beard, coarse cruel features, lighted with small pale eyes that were both bold and cunning in their glance, and displayed bold whites. He evidently had some negro blood in his veins. Fox felt a slight shiver of disgust that the pure blood always feels at the sight of the half breed.

The man turned slowly from Fox's scrutiny and belled hoarsely: "Marie, Marie, prepare the guest room, a gentleman wishes lodging for the night."

A shrill voice answered from some distant part of the house: "Fire, sheets and food on such a night! and my old bones aching! I will not go."

"Enough from you, do you hear? I speak only once, go do as I tell you," yelled the man angrily.

"Aye, aye, I go, I go; only have patience with an old body," and a door slammed hurriedly down the hall.

The innkeeper beckoned to Fox, and opened a door through which the dancing flames of a bright fire shone. "Go in, Sir; 'tis a cold night for a man to be abroad; go to the chimney corner and warm yourself, while I see to

your comfort," and, pushing Fox into the room, he slammed the door and went tramping up the stairs, his heavy footsteps echoing through the house.

Fox, left alone, examined the room curiously; it was not particularly unclean, the firelight shone cheerfully on the rude furniture, and the polished copper kitchenware on the walls. The fire itself sprang crackling from a huge pile of pine knots in the tremendous fireplace, with a sooty, little kettle singing cheerily in the flames.

"Come nearer the fire, gentle Sir," said a senile, chuckling voice, from a high-backed chair, directly in front of the blaze; "'tis a raw night for gentlefolk to be abroad, I'll be bound." Fox started in surprise at the voice, but he accepted the invitation, and walked slowly across the room to the fire. He settled himself comfortably in the warm chimney seat and glanced curiously toward the occupant of the big chair. There, wrapped in fold upon fold of flannel, sat the figure of the most ancient piece of humanity he had ever seen. The face was the face of a mummy; it seemed to be made up entirely of tiny wrinkles, millions of them, with a larger, deeper wrinkle for the mouth. Hands, like parchment claws, lay folded across the chest; the only visibly living thing about this strange creature was the eyes; they shone intensely bright in the firelight, with the beady stare of a bird. The mind which looked from the eyes was blank; the stare was meaningless.

Fox's scrutiny seemed to amuse the mummy, for some unknown reason, for he broke out suddenly into shrill peals of chattering laughter, which ceased as suddenly as they had begun. The lips murmured some low words; Fox bent forward to catch them. "One more and the last," the lips said, and the light in the beady eyes dimmed. The creature seemed to pass into some sort of coma, from which he did not awaken even when the hairy man came

to show Fox his bed. He noticed Fox's fascinated gaze on the shrivelled piece of flesh and bone in the chair.

"My father," he muttered, and led the way from the room up the rickety stairs, to a small, neat bedroom, with a cheery fire on the ample hearth, and clean sheets on the pine bed. "Make yourself at home, Sir," he said meaningly and went out, leaving Fox to ruminate over the strange events of the night. The coachman's story insisted on thrusting itself upon all his thoughts.

The night's adventure suddenly blurred before his eyes, and he realized that he was sleepy and tired; so tired, indeed, that he flung himself fully dressed upon the bed, and drifted off to sleep almost immediately.

An hour passed, and the steps creaked stealthily; the door opened a crack, and a brilliant eye regarded the sleeper for a second or two; the door closed as silently as it had opened, and the stairs creaked suggestively as some one descended.

Another hour passed, and Fox awoke in a cold sweat; a nameless terror gripped his throat and ran an icy finger down his spine. As his senses grew clearer, he became aware of a low murmur of voices in the room below. Stealthily he slipped from the bed and laid his ear to the loose boards of the floor. Slowly his face grew whiter and whiter; he arose trembling with terror and gripped the posts of the bed to steady himself. His senses seemed numbed; suddenly the murmur below ceased. As it ceased, Fox's brain grew clearer. A step sounded on the stair. Fox's glance fled wildly around the room for some means of escape; his glance fell on the sheets. They were long and strong, and his bedroom window was not far from the ground. Quickly he knotted a sheet to a bedpost and let himself out of the window; his feet scraped horribly on the stucco wall, but at last struck ground. At that in-

stant a wail, piercing high, came from the room he had just left.

Fox fled wildly toward the road; a rush of footsteps came from the house; briars clung to him and dragged him back, and the oaks lifted great, shaggy, threatening arms above his head. The door of the house clanged and heavy footsteps beat on the porch, and thudded on the soft mold behind him. The storm was breaking, and a big round moon looked calmly down on the strange scene beneath her.

Fox ran, and ran, with the soft footsteps behind him; ran until his limbs numbed, until his breath panted through a froth of blood on his lips, until the footsteps behind him ceased, and he felt the welcome rough of Charleston cobbles beneath his feet; until a house loomed before his eyes. He had just strength enough to scream—and fell heavily against the door.

It was raining. He could feel the drops on his face. Then the horror of it all seized him again, and he screamed and woke. Around him clustered a crowd of eager, questioning faces. He blurted out his story to a hundred startled faces. They believed enough of the tale to organize a mob, which streamed silently down the country road and flowed like water around the inn, now standing dim, and unlighted, in the full radiance of the moon.

A crowd rushed the doors. They gave with a crash. The halls and rooms echoed with the rush of many feet. In a few minutes every possible hiding place had been searched. Not a sign of recent inhabitants could be found. Only in the room where the fire had burned lay a few remnants of charred flannel; while the house was full of the indescribable odor of burnt flesh.

A yell from the rear of the inn brought a rush of men. And adventurous young tradesman had fallen through the

mouldering flooring of the hall. He was rescued white and shaking. "There's a room below," he whispered; "I fell upon a pile of something soft."

The crowd murmured together for a few minutes in high excited whispers. At last three of the braver spirits volunteered to search the underground room. They were lowered quickly into the yawning hole, carrying lanterns and long knives. All was silent for a few seconds; then a yell of horror echoed hollowly in the room below. The excited listeners in the hall drew back in sudden terror.

"Tear up the flooring," shouted a dozen voices. In a few minutes the rafters of the cellar were bare, while the rafters themselves were lined with the white faces of the mob. The three men in the cellar were crouched together in a far corner of the room; one pointed silently toward the center of the floor, and the crowd, gazing, saw what at first seemed to be a great pile of rags, that moved in places; then a low murmur of horror passed from mouth to mouth. The pile was a seething mass of corruption; of human bodies, which shone phosphorescent on patches with decay. After the first thrill of terror had passed the mob began to hum madly. Searching parties set out to scour the country for the murderer or murderers, their terror all forgotten.

A grave was dug, and the unspeakable mass, which had once been living, breathing human beings, was shoveled in, with a short funeral service.

At daylight the country swarmed with searching parties. Rivers and marshes were dragged, and every possible hiding place searched; but the murderers had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

But even the greatest excitement cannot last forever.

In a month the story was old; in two years it was a bore; and now it has become a legend.

As for James Fox, he became a respectable old gentleman with a romance, which he loved to relate; too well, perhaps, according to some of his closest friends. But there is one point that he has never explained, and the question, even now, causes him to blanch when it is asked: What did the voices whisper in the lower room?

A Song

ELIZABETH A. LAY

Still through the hawthorn
Blows the cold wind.
White flowers, downward borne,
Drift on the wind.
Hushed is the joy of Spring,
Chill rain the sharp winds bring—
Blowing, ah, blowing
Still through the thorn.

Still through the hawthorn
Blows the sharp wind—
Mists of the dripping morn
Rent by the wind—
Sorrows of wailing cries
Sob as the cold winds rise—
Blowing, ah, blowing
Still through the thorn.

Elemental Man*

WILLARD GOFORTH

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Ica Mack.....an overgrown mountain girl 15 years of age
 Mrs. Mack.....her mother
 Bess Setzer.....a gossipy neighbor
 "Bud".....her son, age ten years
 Charlie Pope.....a mountain youth, nineteen years of age

THE SETTING: *The scene is laid in the interior of a small, crude mountain shanty, in a room which serves for kitchen, dining room, bedroom and sitting room. The room is unceiled and strings of dried beans, apples, pepper and smoked meat hang from the rafters. A plain old ladder leans against the wall and furnishes the only means of reaching the loft. Hanging on nails driven in the walls of the room are old clothes, while several pairs of comparatively new shoes are set sedately against the wall. The room is necessarily very crowded. At the right there is a fireplace before which there is a small old-timey cook stove. On the walls around it some very smoked up pans are hanging. On the mantle (or fire-board as they would call it) are numerous bottles, boxes, cartridges, and a lamp with a smoked chimney. Sitting catacornered on the same side of the room there is a cupboard, the door of which is open, revealing coarse dishes and cold "vittles." At the back of the room*

* The facts of this play were taken from real life. The murder occurred several miles from Lenoir, N. C., in the fall of 1916, very much as it is related here. The attempts at poetry, which are used here, were actually written by the victim and are to be found in her letters to the lover who later became her murderer. They are on file in the Caldwell County court-house where the case was tried. The place where the girl fell is marked by a tombstone in the manner described by the characters at the close of the play.

there is a table covered with worn red oilcloth. There is a molasses pitcher, some cold baked potatoes and other dishes on the table. At the back of the room there is a shelf on which there are jars of canned vegetables and to the left of it there is the only door to the room. In the left corner there is a rough looking bed poorly made, and covered with a worn pink quilt. At the foot of the bed there is a sewing machine. Here and there on the floor there are rag carpets. All the chairs are straight and cane-bottomed.

A tall, well-built girl is standing by the table peeling potatoes. In reality she is only fifteen years old, but she looks mature enough for twenty. There is a healthy glow in her cheeks. Her straight hair is drawn neatly back from her head. Her dress is a bright red, poorly made middy blouse suit with a straight little piece of ribbon for a tie. Her shoes are large, shiny and very cheap looking.

There is a long, lank mountain youth sitting in a chair before the stove. He is only nineteen, although he, too, looks older. He has on a cheap store suit, the color of which is almost purple. It is decorated with many pockets and buttons. A flaming red tie is tied loosely around the neck of his sport shirt. His hair is parted rigidly in the middle and gives the appearance of having been greased into place. His shoes, as well as the rest of his attire, are his very best. He is whittling for amusement, but he stops this frequently during the conversation to look up at her admiringly. She also looks shyly at him at times. It is very evident that they are avowed lovers.

CHARLIE

Air yer been awaitin' to see me much sinet I been here last, Ica?

ICA

I sure did, Charlie. I wuz ahopin' that I'd be over to the singing at Banners Elk, Sunday evening. Where wuz you at then?

CHARLIE

I wuz over to ole man Roberts aseein' bout gittin' a job in the cotton mill, I reckon, Ica. How'd yer like ter go ter town when we gits the knot tied and live the city life fer awhile?

ICA

She speaks eagerly

That sure would suit me fine.

CHARLIE

They ain't much chanct fer me an' the ole man both ter make a living offen that there three acre spot, whilst down in that thar mill I reckon I could walk away with six or seven dollar a week.

ICA

With admiration in her voice

That sure would be a pile of money, Charlie. At that speed we'd soon be mighty rich.

CHARLIE

Proudly

You bet we would. Wouldn't be long fore we could buy we'uns a little shanty mighty nigh as purty as this here of yer maw's.

He casts an admiring glance around the room.

ICA

I want that time ter come awful bad, don't you, Charlie? Maw said, 'at the next month was a unlucky one fer a gal born in May ter be marrit in, so's I reckon hit'll have ter be the next 'un.

CHARLIE

Getting up and coming towards her

I'll have the license fixed up O. K. by then.

He attempts to put his arms around her, but she draws away shyly.

ICA

Now, don't be a carryin' on that away. Don't yer know as how maw would skin me alive if she'd see hit?

CHARLIE

She ain't agoin' ter see. When you wuz down at my sis's you let me hug you.

ICA

You bet, but I ain't goin' to run no chanet uv maw aseein'. She seed you that thar night when I went with you as fur as the chip pile an' she sure did lay me out.

CHARLIE

I 'low your maw don't set much store by me nohow.

He looks at her dubiously.

ICA

I don't know so much about that now. She's been talkin' awful good here lately.

CHARLIE

If she don't let me have you 'thout makin' no fuss, I'll jess tote you off same as the man I seen in the picture show tother night. You sure ought ter have seed hit.

ICA

Eagerly

I sure would aliked to. I ain't never seen no show.

CHARLIE

Hit's worth a life time to see sich as that thar. We'uns

'll go every night when we goes down thar ter live. Country ain't no fitten place ter live nohow.

He says this as though he had found a great truth and was duly proud of it.

ICA

Hit is kinder dull like with nothin' but singin's an' sich onet in ever so often.

There is a kind of weariness in her voice which disappears as she says brightly:

Want me ter show you sumpin', Charlie? I got a present fer you.

CHARLIE

Sure, you bet I do. What yer got?

ICA

She goes to the drawer of the cupboard and takes out something carefully wrapped in paper.

I had my beauty struck tother day. They wuz a man a passin' round with one of them machines an' he tuk this here. All uv weuns had ourn tuk.

She carefully unwraps a post card picture of herself and hands it to him.

Hit might do ter scare crows out'n the corn.

There is a note of pride in her voice as she says this, for she knows that he will deny it immediately.

CHARLIE

That thar sure do be fine, Ica. That sure air purty.

He says this with all sincerity and pride. Ica looks very pleased.

ICA

Read that thar on the back, Charlie.

While he reads she walks over to the stove and busies herself with the pans.

CHARLIE

Reads aloud from the back of the picture

“I loved you once, I loved you twice,
 I loved you next to Jesus Christ.
 When this you see, think of me;
 For you can see this when you can't see me.”

Now, ain't that thar purty, though? You sure kin write some swell potry, Ica.

ICA

Blushing

Hit's you what makes me feel fer writing such, Charlie.

CHARLIE

That thar one in my last letter sure wuz sweet.

ICA

Which one wuz that, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Hit wuz what wuz at the end uv the letter :

“Wrote with a pencil, sealed with a kiss,
 - May God bless the boy that reads this.
 Wrote with a pencil, sealed with a kiss,
 If you love me any, please answer this.”

That wuz so fine an' takin' that I brung myself fer the answer, Ica.

ICA

I sure do like to hear you a speakin' that way, Charlie.

He comes over to her and takes her hand awkwardly.

What do you think uv this here one that cum to me las' night when I wuz lookin' at its pitcher (picture)?

“Dear little Charlie, sweet as any rose,
 How much I love you God only knows.”

He starts to put his arm around her, but she draws shyly back.

Stop your foolin', Charlie; I'm feered maw'll cum in. I seen her an' Mis' Setzer down at the spring a minute ago.

CHARLIE

I sure am glad you're cumin' back down to Wesley's soon agin, where you won't be skeered all the time.

ICA

I'll sure cum 'bout next Sunday. Reckon I'll stay this here time till you'uns gits tared (tired) uv me.

CHARLIE

We ain't liable ter do that soon.

ICA

Reckon what I had ter tell maw ter make her let me cum?

CHARLIE

What'd yer tell her?

ICA

Laughing

Tole her that you sed as how Wesley had tole you that if I'd cum an' ten' to the house and gardin his ole woman could make a sight uv money workin' in the cotton mill.

CHARLIE

Hit sure will be fine fer you ter stay a long time. I hope you git thar 'fore the revival starts, so's we'll have some place ter go ever night.

ICA

That sure will be fine. I'll sure be there if we git the corn laid by.

CHARLIE

Mysteriously

I got somethin' fer you too, Ica.

ICA

Curiously

What yer got? .

CHARLIE

This here.

He takes a cheap looking ring with a big set from his pocket. Holding it proudly and tantalizingly before her, he walks over to the window.

Cum over here by the light whar you kin see hit good.

ICA

Taking it and examining it closely.

Whoopee! That sure is a beaut. Where'd you git hit?

CHARLIE

Wal, little gal, I jest bought up all the octagon soap wrappers maw an' Aunt Sal had saved up a' bought hit fer you.

ICA

I ain't never seen anything so purty. Hit must atook a lot.

CHARLIE

Hit tuk a heap ter git maw ter give hern up, fer she had her heart set on a Chiny dish. Hit tuk all I've made fer three weeks.

ICA

Hit is a beaut. Shines jest like isin' glass.

She holds it up before the window and gazes at it proudly for a while; then, putting her finger up to the side of her face, she says in a smart way that old trite phrase:

My maw's got cucumbers in her garden these long.

CHARLIE

Enthusiastically

You sure are sweet, Ica.

This time he has his arm all the way around her, but draws it away quickly when a little boy of about ten sticks his head in the door from around the corner, where he has been eavesdropping, and yells:

BUD

Charlie, you'n Ica better be keerful. I see maw an' Mis' Mack acumin'.

At this Ica comes back to the kitchen table and peels another potato, while Charlie sits stiffly in a chair on the other side of the room. There is silence for a few seconds while they wait expectantly for the women to come in. No one enters, however.

ICA

Charlie, I might nigh got mad at what you writ about takin' Ancie Bell to the box supper tother night.

CHARLIE

Aw, you cain't 'spect a feller not ter have some gal ter go with in a city sich as Saw Mills, whar all the other fellers are goin' out with gals.

ICA

In a voice which she thinks will bring a compliment to her,

Do you like her much, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yep, she's right pert. Jest as purty as a peach.

ICA

Turning to him apparently very angry

Don' you talk ter me lak that, Charlie Pope. I'll not hear tell uv your talkin' about anybody else in sich a way as that.

CHARLIE

In a teasing voice

You can't 'spect a feller ter think that you're the purtiest gal in the world.

ICA

In a very high tone of voice

Wal, if them's yer opinions you kin git out'n here, fer I'll not be cut out by no sich beanpole as her. Yander's the door.

Charlie looks at her questioningly for a few seconds, then goes toward her.

CHARLIE

Say, Ica, couldn't yer tell I was a foolin'? This ain't regular. Don't raise such a fuss, gal. I was jokin'.

ICA

Jokin' er nothin', I sed "'git,'" and when I says anything I don't take hit back soon.

BUD

Again peeping in the door

Say, Ica, you better not talk ser loud. Maw and Mis' Mack's astandin' out at the chickencoop and they heered yer.

ICA

Shrilly

Mighty lot I keer.

Then more quietly

You kin go, Charlie. I've got another beau better lookin' than you are anyhow.

CHARLIE

Looky here, Ica, calm yerself down. You know I didn't mean a bit of hit.

He says this in a soothing tone of voice and then, trying to take hold of her hand, he says pleadingly,
I wuz jest ateazin' yer.

ICA

Throwing back her head proudly and walking to the window

If you don't git out uv here I will, and that's the last word I speck ter waste on yer. Go, I tell yer.

CHARLIE

Looking after her pleadingly

Ica!

ICA

Stamping her foot

Go, I told yer.

CHARLIE

Picks up his hat and goes to the door. At the threshold he stops, turns around and looks at her again.

You don't mean hit, do you, Ica?

ICA

Sneeringly

That's what I sed, ain't hit?

He goes out the door and bangs it after him. She crosses swiftly to it, opens it and calls after him,

When me an' yer friend Joe Wall gits marrit, you kin cum ter see us, I reckon'.

Then she comes back toward the stove and, laughing, says:

That's a good 'un on ole Charlie. I reckon he'll set more store by me next time. Lord, won't that makin' up be sweet.

Just here the door opens and Mrs. Mack and Mrs. Setzer come in. Mrs. Mack is tall, big-framed and gaunt. She is somewhat stooped and shows the effect of hard work done both indoors and in the fields. She has on a worn black skirt which is pinned up on the sides, and a blue flowered percale dressing-sack. Her sleeves are rolled up. Her shoes are worn out men's shoes.

Bess Setzer is low, very stout and has a coarse, red face. She has on a blue skirt, a cheap white waist and a clean blue striped alamance apron tied tightly around her waist. Her shoes are large and cheap. She wears a black sunbonnet, which she takes off on entering the room, and after she is seated she fans with it vigorously for a while. All during her conversation she rolls it up and unrolls it.

MRS. SETZER

What did Charlie take hisself off in sich a hurry fer, Ica? You ain't been quarreling, have yer?

ICA

Not 'xactly quarrelin'. I jest made as if I was mad at him jest ter see what he'd do.

MRS. MACK

You wuz a raisin' a heap uv a racket.

ICA

Laughing

Yep, in jest as mean a tone as I could git I tole him that I didn't aim ter keep company with him no longer.

MRS. SETZER
Very interested

What'd he do then?

ICA

Also very pleased to be the center of so much interest

Wal, he got awful sweet on me an' tried ter make up, but I jest thought I'd have a little fun an' larn him a lesson.

BUD

Who has been playing out in the yard, comes in and says:

Ica, Charlie's out in the yard an' says fer you ter cum ter the door.

ICA

Loudly

Tell him I'll cum when I git good an' ready.

In a lower tone of voice she says to the women:

Maw, you an' Mis' Setzer jest listen now if you want ter hear somthin' interestin'.

She opens the door and faces him

Do you want me ter tell yer one more time, Charlie, you kin go?

CHARLIE

Pleadingly

Ain't yer goin' with me any more, ain't yer, Ica?

ICA

No, I hain't.

CHARLIE

You ain't forgot what yer wrote in them letters, have yer, Ica?

He pulls one from his pocket and reads in a sing-songy voice:

“Remember the present, remember the past,
Remember me, dear Charlie, as long as time lasts.”

ICA

I wuz jest fooling' with you then, didn't yer know that?

CHARLIE

An' yer ended up that thar un with saying, “From its best little friend that will always remain in love.” What 'bout that now?

ICA

Yep, I reckon I allers will love yer friend, Joe Wall. Hits all up with you, Charlie, an' you kin go.

With this she bangs the door in his face and comes back into the room

Ain't he might nigh crazy, though? If I hadn't done that I'd never woulda knowed how much he keered fer me.

MRS. SETZER

That's right, gal. You never know how much a man keers fer you when he's onct sure he's got yer.

MRS. MACK

Yes, hits right ter make him work ter git yer. Law, ain't he asufferin' now?

MRS. SETZER

I sure am glad thet I cum this mornin'. I wouldn'ta missed this show for a hole heap.

She laughs as though she were enjoying it immensely.

ICA

Don't yer wish you could see us when we make up. He sure kin be sweet at them times.

MRS. SETZER

How long air ye goin' ter keep this here up lak this, Ica?

ICA

Till about Sunday, I reckon. He's acumin' then ter take me ter the singin'.

BUD

Again opens the door and sticks his head in

Ica, Charlie's done cum back agin an' he wants ter talk ter ye.

ICA

Going to the door and facing him

You're 'bout the thickheadedest thing I ever seed. Ain't yer ever goin' ter believe what I says?

CHARLIE

You don't mean you ain't ever goin' with me any more, do you, Ica?

ICA

Ain't that what I jest sed a dozen or so times?

She speaks quite stormily

CHARLIE

You don't mean it, though, do you, Ica? You ain't tellin' me ter go fer good when you writ me jest the other day sich a sweet little po'm about

“Tis sweet ter meet, tis sad ter part,
Tis hard ter say ‘Goodbye’ sweetheart.”

ICA

Joe liked that 'un, too. But you, Charlie Pope, you needn't spect ter win me back by sayin' my own po'try to me. Never!

CHARLIE

But you writ that when I wuz goin' away jest fer the night, and now you're wantin' ter send me away fer always. (*Very pleadingly*) Do you know that, Ica?

ICA

Stormily

Don't yer give me sense enough ter know what I'm sayin' when I tell yer to leave here, that I ain't goin' ter fool with yer any more? That me and Joe—

CHARLIE

Good God, Ica, you don't mean hit that final, do you?

ICA

Don't give me any more of your soft soap. You kin go an' tell them things ter Ancie Bell. Now, why don't yer git out uv my sight?

CHARLIE

Ica, I say, don't do me this way—it ain't reg'lar—don't, Ica.

Again, however, she has banged the door in his face.

MRS. SETZER

Laughing loudly as she rocks

Lordy, I wouldn't a missed this here show for forty dollar. Lordy, Lordy.

MRS. MACK

She sure has got him goin'.

ICA

I tell you hits worth while to have sich a beau as him. I kin jest see whar I don't git run over lak maw's been.

MRS. MACK

Hit's a lot uv fun fer you ter do this away an' ter keep a man danglin' twixt sartinty and unsartinty; but they's a limit ter all things, gal, an' hit ain't much that a man in love'll stand for. Jest recollect that.

ICA

Now, maw, don' you reckon I know that nothin' on earth could make Charlie Pope quit a courtin' me? Why, if I axed him ter cut off his head fer me he'd do it.

MRS. MACK

Yeah, that's what they all say; but mind my words, gal, I believe you're carryin' this thing too fur—

MRS. SETZER

Now, now, Mis' Mack, don't spile the show. I ain't had no sich fun in a long time, not in many a year. Let the gal go on, let her see how fur she kin drive him.

MRS. MACK

Getting up and going to the cupboard to set the table

I'd ruther not see this here go no futher. I tell you a man in love is kinder lak a animal—you can't do nothin' with him.

ICA

You bet I kin manage Charlie, O.K. Can't I, Mis' Setzer?

MRS. SETZER

Hit looks that way ter me, that's sartin'.

MRS. MACK

I wuz areadin' in the paper not so long ago bout a case sich as this here over 'bout Banners Elk, whar the man got so wild fer love that he tuk a axe and knocked the gal's brains out. That's the truth, and I'm feared fer sich as this to be carrit too fur.

MRS. SETZER

I heered sumthin' bout that myself, an' I seen the very spot in a lone dark piece of woodland where hit happened at.

ICA

We wuz awalkin' out by thar onct and they've riz a tombstone wher the blood run out uv her head. But I ain't feered that sich as that will happen ter me. I know Charlie too well fer that.

MRS. SETZER

Laughing

Yer maw's feered that Charlie'll kill you and she'll have to put one of them headstones up fer you, Ica, an' she's too stingy to do it; that's why she's atalkin' so.

BUD

Opening the door quickly, and talking very excitedly

Lord, Ica, Charlie's acumin aflyin' up the hill lookin' as mad as a turkeycock—

ICA

Going to the door

Now watch me calm him down, maw, you and Mis' Setzer.

Charlie comes to the door, takes her roughly by the arm and says in a hoarse voice:

Cum out here, Ica, I got ter talk ter you private.

As she goes out the people in the room can hear him say:

I can stand this no longer. Is it final, Ica, that you ain't goin' with me anymore?

ICA

That's what I sed, ain't hit, now?

While this conversation is going on without Mrs. Mack is saying:

Hits a big word—the word what they used in the paper

for that man what killed that gal over at Banners Elk,
'case he uz mad with her; "*elemental*" wuz what—

*Just here there is a sharp pistol shot and Bud runs
madly in, screaming.*

BUD

Charlie's done kilt her—he's shot her.

General excitement.

CURTAIN.

I Am

W. R. WUNSCH

I am the breath of the new-born rose;
The purity of the falling snows;
I am the glow in the evening skies;
The sparkle eternal in Beauty's eyes.

I am the law of the farthest star
That binds it to its parent star;
I am the roll of the ocean waves;
I sing my song in starless caves.

I am the love in the mother's lay
That she croons to her child at the close of day;
I am the gift that the heavens send,
A kindred heart, the soul of a friend.

I am the light that the ancients sought—
The Star in the East and the rays it brought;
I am the path that the prophets trod;
I am the life of the sky and clod.

Folk-Belief and International Peace

ELIZABETH A. LAY

It is the desire of those who stand for an ideal of permanent peace and justice to all that realization come, not through a league of nationalities ranged against each other but through the enlightened peoples of the world. Before this is accomplished there must be an attitude of mind entertained by all people which will search out common traditions and ideals and treat them with sympathetic friendliness. This is not a task for diplomats. It is a responsibility resting on every citizen of every country, on the laboring man whose conception of national ideals is based on newspaper cartoons and on the tourist who has been interested only in the queer and different in other countries. In the feeling between peoples as well as between governments there has been too much scorn and misunderstanding.

A certain writer on folk-lore relates the tale of an English gentleman "who had spent some time among wild tribes in a foreign land, and on returning to his home wrote a book about them. One chapter was headed 'Customs and Manners' and consisted simply of these words, 'Customs, beastly; manners, none.' This represents the mental attitude of the average European towards more primitive people." It is not too much to say that this is also the attitude of most patriotic citizens of one country towards the traditions of other nationalities and even of most educated people toward the folk-belief of their own land.

Yet when we study the folk-tales of other peoples, with the purpose of understanding them, we meet on the common ground of wondering and in the common quest of truth. The guise may be homely but the aspirations of the folk is there. The fairy stories of different lands show common traditions, they often run on parallel lines and the fairies,

“little people of peace,” do not recognize national boundary lines but become universal in the traditions of countries which have for ages been hereditary foes. The same story motive exists in a variety of forms in independent countries. The American Indians have their own Cinderella and the myth of the Sleeper is almost as universal in folk-belief. There is woven into these tales the same explanations of the wonders about them and all hold in common a faith in supernatural beings, growing out of the search for truth in things which the power of the senses is unable to define. This common element of wonder grows up independently in far removed countries but with the intercourse of nationalities the fairies of one country mix with those of another until they become common property. Thus the French Sleeping Beauty is translated to England and its original nationality no longer remembered.

It would seem that nations are not so different in fundamental ideals. The folk of different lands arrive at the same goal of belief, groping towards the truth. Yet the diplomatists would deny a common meeting-place of ideals and aspiration. The interchange of students and professors through different universities has brought about a better knowledge of language and government but has it added greatly to the community feeling of nations? Is not a kindly understanding of the individual traditions and aims of peoples imperative to the discovery of what is common to all? It rests upon all citizens of all lands to bring about a closer association in Peace. It is by the association of the folk that true peace is to come, not by the leaguings together of governments alone, however democratic their form.

Soon after the beginning of the war, a cartoon appeared which depicted the god of War, raging through Germany and sweeping before him all the kindly tradition of that country which other peoples had entertained—trooping sorrowfully from before him came a host of the “little people

of peace," pixies, giants and little gnomes familiar to every fairy book. Our traditional idea of Germany as a land of pleasant life and legend was shattered by the horrors that followed. There seemed no more kindness in her folk, transformed by the intrigues of her government. We do not understand it all yet—how the easy peasant could personify the tyranny of his own giants. Yet we have placed the fault upon the leaders, not upon the folk, and it is our task now to come to an understanding of them.

However hard it may seem now we must strive for the time when all peoples shall meet upon the ground of common tradition and association. Only then will the nations of the world come to an appreciation and a sharing of universal truth and aspirations which do not conflict but flourish universally. Then the patriot of one country will become a friend of all others, with a sympathy with other customs and manners and an interest in other folk as sharing a community heritage of tradition, wonder and hope. The task may be long but the peace which comes will be the permanent friendliness of all nations.

The Magazine

University of North Carolina

The University of North Carolina Magazine is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its function is to stimulate the creative literary life of the University, and to give expression to it.

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CAROLINA NUMBER

In these fast-moving times it is difficult to follow the rapidly changing interests of the student mind. Two months ago it was the war, a month ago peace, and now it is the outlook on the future. This we have gathered from observations on the nature of material written for THE MAGAZINE this Spring. The first issue was an echo of the war. Men coming back from service could write of nothing else. They gave a unique contribution: the war as seen in perspective from the college campus. It is this element which made the first issue peculiarly interesting. The present issue engages no less interest, for it manifests an almost complete change of emphasis. Apparently already tired of looking to the past, the student has turned his eyes to the future. This is healthy. He is crossing the threshold of a

new age. There is vigor in the thought. It gives worth to the meanest task; freshness to the most tedious duty. It engenders happiness and productivity. To have caught and crystallized something of this forward-looking spirit of the youth of America is the high privilege and pride of this issue of THE MAGAZINE.

TWO STEPS UP

Two pressing needs of the University are to be ministered to next year. There is to be instituted a School of Commerce, for the first. Five years ago this announcement would have been the signal for a general conclave of all "Utilitarians" for purposes of general rejoicing. It is still cause for such a rejoicing, but the wire-drawn distinction between "Utilitarians" and "Classicists" has lost its keenness. With the growth of our educational institutions adherents of both clans have come to see that the larger function of the university is to cater to the needs of all men, however varied and however particular. It is in this spirit that the University of North Carolina establishes a thorough-going, up-to-date and efficient School of Commerce.

And as for the second need, there has been appointed a Director of Music. A sign of the times. Two months ago we wrote in these columns: "We are to have art, music, poetry, pageant and play." Pageant and play we have already. Music is to come. What may not the future bring?

THE HEART OF THE CAMPUS

The *tradition* of the campus centers in the Well. Its *life* has come to center in the Y.M.C.A. The old building isn't beautiful, but it is our nearest approach to home, and the doors are always open wide. The secretary isn't exactly motherly, but he is at any rate the next best thing.

And so the Association strives to satisfy the physical wants of the campus. Yet this is perhaps the least of its aims. Standing firmly, as it does, on the ground that real Christianity consists in living the normal, healthy, wholesome life, it has caught the spirit of the Carolina man. Impatient of trappings and non-essentials, distrustful of an excess of words and doctrine, it plants the claims of the Christian life squarely on its own merits, and seeks no other appeal. The Association in this way endeavors to grow the whole man. It is thus that it has entered in the fullest sense into the life of the campus. Primarily a religious organization, it has discovered in religion not a thing to be talked of occasionally and lived one day out of seven, but rather life itself: simple, every-day living. Herein the Association has gone deep; it has touched the very springs of thought and emotion and action. And thus it is that it has so rapidly gained an all-pervasive force on the campus; working here and there, everywhere, simply and earnestly for the cultivation of the normal wholesome Christian man. It has in truth become the heart of the campus.

RENEWED RELATIONS

This year has been an eventful one in many ways—markedly so in our athletic events. Our teams have all been successful, when we count victories won. But our greatest victory has been the improvement of athletic relations between the various colleges of the state.

We have renewed relations with N. C. State College in basketball, baseball, and we will play them in football next year. We have resumed relations with our old Methodist rivals, Trinity College. We had not met them in baseball since 1898 until this past season, when we played them two games.

We broke relations with these two colleges because of the rowdy element among the students several years ago.

Things were once in such straits that the least dissension or dissatisfaction called for a fisticuff or a general student riot. Now we settle all disagreements by talking things over like gentlemen players while the student bodies remain in the grandstand.

We are glad to resume relations with our sister colleges of the state. We are glad indeed to be back with them again. It means well for all the colleges and for the athletics of the whole state. We promise the state and the other colleges clean athletics, fair dealing and good games.

Our renewed relations should be the cause for increased, but more friendly, rivalry. If all the colleges in North Carolina will begin to co-operate, college athletics should create a greater interest than the state has ever known.

A TEAM MANAGER.

WHAT'S BACK OF IT?

How may an Honor System be successful at Carolina or anywhere else? Is it by instituting a list of rules and regulations such as we have not? Is it by compelling students to report violations by means of threats and rewards? No, it will succeed by the very methods we are using, even though it may take a long while.

The "Carolina way" is the very best way and it deserves to succeed, but it can be greatly improved. If each student who is now here and who will be back next year will ask himself the question: "What is the Honor System and how may it be successful?" and will answer it intelligently—to himself, we will have gone a long way toward perfecting this wonderful thing we call the Carolina Honor System.

How may he answer it intelligently? If a student is familiar with our attitude toward things he must realize that anything done which is not becoming to a gentleman is

not in keeping with our honor system. And he must further realize that it is his duty to become a part of this system and to see that no violation occurs. A student here who allows a thing to go by without a challenge, who allows his friend to do a wrong thing, who refuses to look at a sidestepping of our honor principles, is not a true Carolina man.

Our new class, the class of 1922, will become a great class in the truest sense and will see Carolina at her best if its members make themselves a vital part of our system. It is not your duty merely to act properly. You must be dynamic to the extent that you see others act properly. To refrain from reporting a violation of our Honor System because of friendly relations or because you "hate to see a man shipped" is not only weak but it is unprincipled. To grow our Honor System we must grow ourselves.

LUTHER H. HODGES.

FOOTBALL AGAIN

All indications are now pointing to a great football season next year, for with the material that we now have on hand and the old men who will be back, we should certainly put out a winning team. And a winning team means a good year for the college in more than one way. A good football team carries with it more than victories and financial successes. It brings a college spirit that nothing else can ever bring. Men get into the atmosphere of Carolina through the spirit of its football team. The team intensifies all the varied activities of the campus and heroes and class presidents are made on the gridiron, because it is the appealing American college sport. Next year will be a "Carolina Year" for, with Tommy Campbell and our team on the Hill, the new men are to be introduced to the old spirited Carolina.

THANKSGIVING 1916: CAROLINA 7, VIRGINIA 0

By beating Virginia in 1916 our team did more than win the first Carolina victory for eleven years. It made us confident of ourselves. It showed us that no longer was the mighty "V" invincible. And now our teams are just as much at ease with Virginia and just as anxious to get at them as any other of our rivals. Our coach has been paid in past years to beat Virginia. Coach Campbell did it. Now he is paid to put out a Carolina team for us which will play *every* game to win and win fairly.

This change in our attitude has helped the University more than we can estimate. Virginia once paid little attention to us; she looked upon our game with her as a big one—financially. Does she honor us now? Considerably!

Let us start now to get behind next year's team and pull for it; and by Thanksgiving Day we will be ready for Virginia again with a string of victories to back us up. Let us make next year's Freshman class feel the old pep and spirit from the start. The spirit that we generate with the "Big Team" should carry us through the whole year.

LUTHER H. HODGES.

Russian Folk Song

THOMAS CLAYTON

Whose carcass hangs from yonder tree?
His ugly face a-mocking me—
Why, that's a damnéd plutocrat
Who owns his shoes, his coat and hat,
With lots of other things—ten dollars,
A bank account, three ties and collars.

If that is so, why, he's well strung;
All such as he should be well hung.
'Tis said he did his daily work,
A deed all honest men should shirk.

'Tis said he spent his time in makin'
A home for wife; some bread and bacon
Did grace his board come every Sunday;
And he at work on time come Monday.

Ah, can it be? Then he's well dead,
As sure as I'm a Russian Red;
Such men as he, I keenly feel,
Are dangerous to the common weal.

Ah, brother, we do well in givin'
Th' rope to those who think of livin'.
Come! Let's away to Petrograd,
Where Ivan Trotzky needs us bad.

Carolina Advances in France*

Port Bail 3me Octobre, 1918

Cheri :

Ah, mon Walter, que ce semble longtemps que je t'ai vu. Vois donc, il est maintenant déjà Octobre. Tu dois m'écrire un peu de plus, car tous les horreurs de la guerre ne sont rien en comparaison avec de devoir attendre une de tes lettres.

Tu me dis que tu as reçu une lettre de North Carolina; es-ce d'une fille? Je suis jaloux, Walter; assure-moi que ce n'est pas ainsi.

Walter, l'autre jour il y est passé ici une brigade de la trentième division Americaine! Ils se sont arrêtés dans notre village, et un de leurs officiers est venu nous demander la route a Carterêt. (Tu sais, c'est le petit village a ou nous nous sommes promenés quand tu étais ici; c'était le jour quand tu m'as dit dans ton cher français que tu m'aimais si beaucoup.)

A revenir: le jeun officier m'a dit qu'il vient de 'Durham', ou quelque chose comme-ça, en North Carolina. Est ce près de l'Université que tu as visité? J'étais enchanté de voir un homme de la même patrie que la tienne, et je suis presque tombé en pleurs quand il a immédiatement pris son départ: je voulais lui parler si beaucoup de North Carolina, car j'espère le voir quelquetemps (dans ta compagnie?).

Jes suis allé voir un jeu de 'baseball', hier, comme tu m'as suggeré. Walter, je n'ai compris *rien du tout*. Pourquoi ne peuvent-ils pas parler en français? On comprendra mieux. Chéri, qui est l'homme qui est derrière le 'batter'?

* The above letter fortunately or unfortunately fell into the hands of the Editors of THE MAGAZINE. It is printed herewith unchanged and bona fide, incontrovertible proof of the fact that a Carolina man will talk love, college and baseball under any circumstances, anywhere!

—Tu vois que je me souviens encore de quelquesunes des noms Américains que tu m'as appris.—Cet homme, donc je parle, c'est celui qui élève ses bras tous le temps et crie quelquechose. Un homme assis près de moi, m'a dit que chaque fois qu'il criait nous devions crier aussi! Est-ce vrai? Je vai m'acheter un livre sur le sujet de base-ball, et quand nous sommes dans les Etats-Unis, toi et moi, nous irons chaque année voir les jeux, donc tu parles autant, entre ta Université qu'était, et celle de Virginia. Walter, reviens a moi, à ta petite Béatrice qui t'aime tant.

Avec de nombreux baisers, *ta*

Béatrice.

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