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# The University of North Carolina Magazine

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Newman: The Holy War

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NOVEMBER, 1914

# The University of North Carolina

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# T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1914

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## SNITS

GEO. W. EUTSLER

Lolling under the vine-clad arbor in the center of the Quadrangle, the "Great Triumvirate"—as Menden, Jones, and Bankers very privately styled themselves—enjoyed the inevitable after-supper cigarette in the twinkling twilight of lazy September. That is, two-thirds of the organization did the enjoying—Perk Menden, who as captain of the football team and ex-officio king of the campus was on his best behavior, sniffed Tantalus-like as he watched the fragrant fumes vanish upward in floating spirals.

The practice of hazing had this year finally succumbed to the century-long attacks of the authorities, and every upperclassman had pledged himself against it. But of course the faculty, with characteristic academic blindness, had not seen fit to put any restrictions upon the conduct of the new men, with the result that the Freshmen, insolently secure in the self-restraint of the older students, coolly departed from the established paths of Freshman recititude and practiced upon helpless victims the severest and most unendurable form of hazing.

All of which probably accounts for the fact that the group of younger boys, Freshmen all, who were lounging under the spreading white oak just across the wide, gravelled "Prom", became unusually gleeful in their new acquaintanceships and unaccustomed freedom. Sounds of this hilarity penetrating to the arbor naturally aroused the trio to consideration of the constantly rehashed but

never hackneyed theme of the unprecedented freshness of the Freshmen—and the end of all things that would inevitably follow. At this extremely inopportune moment there came approaching at a jaunty swing the very epitome of all the things a Freshman oughtn't to be in the person of a slender youth, tall, well-knit, personable. The shimmering white of his summer outings was only emphasized by a streaming scarlet tie, and in bearing and appearance he was a marked man as he joined his fellows under the tree.

The unity of the three-in-one combination was abundantly proved, for as one man they came to attention with an unitedly explosive groan. With a rending sigh suggestive of utter worldly weariness Jones—who was by way of contradiction happily styled Bishop—muttered brokenly, “Red tie—bareheaded—dressed in white—privileges denied Freshmen since the days of Simple Simon, father of all the sorry tribe.” Being about two weeks removed from that despised state, the Bishop qualified as an authority on the subject.

The easy voice of the newcomer floated across to the listening three: “Say, fellows, all of you want to come out to the class election Friday night. Like to have you look at this ticket of officers and pledge your support, if it suits you.”

Disinterestedly, one of the Freshmen inquired, “Who’s up for president?”

Very casual was the reply. “I am, of course, and while I don’t especially need your votes, I would greatly appreciate—”

Again as one man the wholly trinity gasped—Bishop quite heartily, for Bankers smote him a lusty “dig in the slats” to enforce his little growl: “And so, Sarraman K. Tilbert, as you sign it across those big checks of yours, you’re politicking yourself into the Freshman presidency. Whad’yu think of your infant now, Perk?”



The immediate answer was a pained squeal from Bishop as he disgustedly deposited his rotund little self heavily upon the grass: "And those young fools think freshness and self-seeking are the proper things around here and they're pledging themselves to him!"

From the vicinity of Menden's diaphragm there came welling up a long, soul-relieving "Damn!" Then he crossed the Rubicon with a prosaic and ungrammatical statement to the effect that the brat's back oughtta be broke—and if it were not for his hazing pledge he would take great pleasure in so doing.

Blister Bankers stared at his friend anxiously. "Why, what can be ailing you, Perkins dear?" he stage-whispered, as in mock horror he called upon high heaven to witness that yet another demi-god had disclosed his feet of clay. "He, the quiet, the peaceful, the merciful, who has so loyally protected his townsman and restrained the bloody dastards from the throat of their innocent victims!" At last it seemed that Perk would see that his Freshman friend must be recalled from the damnation of freshness—by violent means, if necessary.

It was Bishop's opportunity and he chirped up with his most important air and involved sentences: "No wonder, Blister, Perk's in such a swivit to chastise the Freshman. When he goes down last night to see Irma, dear heart, at his regular and appointed hour, and sees sitting in his regular and appointed place in the other end of the hammock one measly Freshman of the panhandle Sarraman K. Tilbert, and when that same Freshman with no regard for hit betters coolly sits there all evening spoofing the aforementioned Miss Browes, while Mr. Menden, the jilted suitor, can do naught but sit and watch and say things,—naughty things under his breath—"

This flippant recital of his bitter woes wrought the desired change in the big athlete. Viciously he said, "If there was just some way to get around that pledge, I'd

punch him so full of holes he'd look like a yard of chicken wire."

"Such gross work don't appeal to our sense of the esthetic," softly crooned Blister. "There are more ways in heaven and earth to fix Freshissimus than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Perkio," he parodied. Having finally passed English by the drilling of his friends and the mercy of heaven, he was trying diligently to take the credit unto himself alone.

Bishop and Blister had privately devoted considerable thought to the intricacies of the problem before them. By enlisting Perk in their project they considered themselves so well begun as to be half done—according to the old saw of the Sunday school teachers. Reflecting with horror upon the certain ruin of Freshman presidents in general and college office-seekers in particular, they saw clearly that it became their christian duty to rescue the promising young fellow from his own folly. As Avenging Angels they had started, but "Angels of Mercy" was salve for the conscience that strained at the hazing pledge.

## II

"Dear Mr. Tilbert"—the letter was written upon very heavy, aristocratic-looking stationery with a little red devil embossed at the top:—"In consideration of your excellent record at the Warburton High School in athletics, scholarship, oratory, and general leadership, and your present prospects for still greater success in college, the Honorary Order of Beelzebub confers upon you the distinction of unanimous election to its membership. Over every member of the entering class you are chosen as pre-eminently worthy of this coveted honor. We must ask that you keep this invitation in strictest secrecy, as the nature and superiority of the Order demand that it be shielded from the prying eyes of the multitude. Mr. E. P. Menden and I will call upon you this evening to answer

any question concerning our organization and to acquaint you with the instructions incident to your immediate initiation." It was signed in flourishes befitting his prominence by Bliss T. Bankers as "Yours in the bonds."

The letter enjoined "strictest secrecy" to little avail. The soul of the Freshman melted with pride and forthwith overflowed into a work of rare grace and charm, indited to a so-called "Queen of My Heart." Ah, what a future loomed before him? Neither Menden nor Bankers nor any other lord of the campus had been such a man as he so early in his course. Social recognition had come already; his election on the morrow to the highest office to which he was eligible was practically assured; and as for football, he could loaf and easily make the team, now that he had a big pull with the captain. And all his honors, all his triumphs, he would bring and lay at the feet of the adored one, and she—only the prosaic call of the supper bell served to quench these sweet ravings and to get the epistulary atrocity duly despatched to Miss Browes via the mail-box on the Avenue.

The evening visit was short and satisfactory to all parties concerned. It was with an elegant air of subtle condescension that Tilbert welcomed his callers—which both noted with delight. In glowing terms they painted before his enchanted eyes the long and illustrious history of the Order and the peculiar advantages it bestowed upon its members. The initiation would be held the next afternoon and night. The first part would be public and it was broadly hinted that the very fact of his being thus honored and made conspicuous in the heterogeneous mass of his classmates, was synonymous with victory in a Freshman election—and Tilbert laughed with the old counting chickens-before-they-are-hatched elation. All three shook hands heartily upon his acceptance of the bid and the Freshman gladly gave the required oath of secrecy and obedience to instructions.

The exercises of the following afternoon gloried Tilbert's heart. They were simple and impressive; his mere appearance created such a furor that his name was soon on every lip. Especially the Freshmen, unaccustomed to these performances, were curious and inquisitive, and showed their adoration of him by the scarce-concealed envy of their glances. His costume, as Blister characteristically described it while the Bishop fashioned it, was "the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome." Indeed, it smacked of as many other countries, ancient and modern, as Bish could weave into it. Typical parts thereof were an irised coat that would have made Joseph's blush in shocked modesty, a Chinaman's trousers—or lack of them—made of "abbreviated" pajamas, the whole overlaid with meagre kilts of Scotch plaid and topped off with a Turkish fez. Somewhat after the manner of the proud little negro marching at the front of the minstrel parade, he bore in his left hand a banner with the strange device emblazoned in lurid capitals a foot high: "Who is Snits?"

As his costume, so his conduct; both would have been considered lunatic in any but a college community. Ridiculous as to garb, solemn and melancholy in countenance, he walked the most frequented places and with the unceremoniousness of an Ancient Mariner button-holed every passer-by. Then with the most excruciating lost-last-friend expression he murmured thrice, "Snits"—nothing more—and between these oracular utterances he winked his left eye, protruded his tongue to the utmost limit, and laid his right forefinger alongside his nose. The effect was, one might say, ludicrous.

It was only to be expected that this entertaining afternoon performance should attract the attention of numerous small negro boys, "shines" and peanut-venders. Taking advantage of the enforced silence and hobbled limbs of this singular individual, they attached themselves

in sportive glee as a self-constituted body-guard. In his mute, hampered way Tilbert attempted to make known the true state of his feelings toward them, but they continued to march sedately in the rear or frisk about their helpless victim. At every stop of the procession they fought among themselves and gambled with many shiny bright pennies. After three hours of this fun, though manifestly wearied, they dejectedly tagged along behind. Tilbert finally gave up hope of losing their company and later remembered wondering that they should be so abundantly blessed and prospering.

Into each of the score of laboratories where upperclassmen labored over musty bottles and pickled bones this strange procession wandered. Then some crusty scientist with an overdeveloped sense of duty would shoo the whole assemblage out. Along the side-lines of the athletic field the clattering little coons made merry while this strange Pied Piper led them on with his one plaintive note: "Snits." Into every room of a dozen dormitories a merry kinky head was thrust and above it a dejected one enacted its little burlesque to the tune of "Snits."

### III

In the evening interlude the Freshman took inventory. He had, on the whole, passed a very pleasant afternoon despite several unfortunate incidents, as when an unsportive "bugologist" had acted a trifle impetuously in assisting him down his laboratory steps, and when a lunatic cook of revivalistic instincts had followed him for three blocks up Main Street beseeching him to have done with his youthful indiscretions. It had been a profitable afternoon, too, for in conference assembled his coworking politicians had just now told him that his election was as certain as any mundane thing, even though he were absent from the class meeting that night. Truly, the fame of his name was already resounding down the corridors of Time and dormitories.

The prospect for the night performance did not seem quite so entrancing to the "goat." Several times he caught himself shivering slightly at the intimation of coming events as aforshadowed in a curt bit of advice in the latest instructions: "It would probably be best for you to wear some rough clothes and heavy shoes." Despite himself he revolved in his mind all the stories he had heard of initiation horrors and accidents with dire results. He vigorously thanked kind heaven that this part of the program would take place in the secret recesses of the grove before only the privileged few of the Order, who had learned sympathy in treading the same path of hardship and humiliation.

It was an evil-looking crowd that some time later spirited the boy away. Not a smile; not a word; and the Freshman shivered as he saw that each fondled a bundle whose shape was ominously long and slender. They marched him through mystic woods, through the cemetery all ghostly in the moonlight, and down they plunged into a deep and rocky ravine. Other forms had frequently dropped noiselessly into line, until Tilbert was at a loss to understand the increased membership of the Order. Alumni back for the initiation, probably—

The ensuing chapter is blank. Details are mercifully omitted. Suffice it to say that the ceremony was elaborate and striking—very. The Freshman was justly tried and duly convicted of the unpardonable sin in the college world. Sentence was rigidly executed—and all his natural fortitude was needed for the ordeal. Even in the matter of white flannels, red ties, and bare heads the error of his ways was so forcibly impressed upon him that he cursed his folly and promised reform.

The Freshman class meeting, called for eight o'clock, was still in action—to speak truth, in very lively action. After the manner of Freshman meetings since time immemorial, everybody was present except the Freshmen.

Twice recess was taken in order that more of the flock might be coralled up to exercise the highest function of citizenship, which they so devoutly wished to abandon to its fate without exercise. But at a late hour a quorum was at last assembled and the auditorium was full of howling noises and struggling boys. From out the chaos came finally a hardy one who dared to act as chairman, and the confusion of nominating, seconding, and cheering was on at a very full blast. The name of Tilbert was the dominating cry, but twenty candidates or so had each their little noisy group of supporters. They prevented the call of the vote by methods that were effective, though not distinctly parliamentary.

Perk Menden pushed his way through the crowd to the stage. A yell of delight, cries of "Sh-h-h," and then the uplifted hand of majesty brought profound silence. The power of the football captain was autocratic. Not a man in the crowd would have refused his slightest request. It needed but two sentences from him to explain his wants, and throughout the room ran a murmur of assent. Absolute silence reigned as he disappeared down the winding stairs of the stage entrance.

In a moment he re-appeared followed by a strange figure. The loyalty of the boys was strained at the sight of this tousled, muffled form, carrying at its side a huge, covered basket, but the profound hush was not broken. The fellow walked painfully and followed Menden obediently. In the foreground of the stage Perk turned and addressed the figure in a loud and sepulchral voice: "You now stand before the throne of his satanic majesty. Prostrate yourself, make your speeches, bring your gifts, and prove yourself worthy to become one of his imps."

Three times the figure bowed grotesquely to the floor. His memorized, sing-song chant began to flow: "Your Imperial Majesty, I am Snits. I am your beloved imp, Snits. Here is proof that I am Snits: My name is Snits,

S. Knittson Tilbert, Snits Tilbert, Your Highness. Everyone knows me as Snits, Your Majesty. I bring you as an offering a bundle of Snits, more priceless than fine gold, sweeter also than the honey and the honey-comb. I myself look like Snits. See myself and my offering, Great Satan." Slipping his bandage as he lifted his bundle from the basket, Tilbert blinkingly presented to the choking boys a perfect little, shining little, black little coon, who, startled by the lights, let out a lusty yell.

It was a signal. The tumultuous roar that arose was at once a paeon of delight and a requiem, a dirge, and an epitaph of dead political hopes.

## THE HOLY WAR

AFTER DOROSCHEWITCH

SAMUEL NEWMAN

At a fair in the city of Beirut there stood a Fellah (Syrian peasant) by his camel which he wanted to sell. A Mullah (Moslem priest), walking about the market, came up to the Fellah, and after greeting him in the name of Allah scrutinized the camel very carefully and said: "You are here at the fairs for the first time, are you not?"

The Fellah bowed deeply and said: "Your words are quite right, my lord. It is the first time in my life that I have been at a fair and it is the first time in my life that I have been in this city."

And the Mullah answered briskly: "One could notice at once that you are here for the first time. Such poor camels are seldom brought to Beirut. A poor camel! A very poor one! But as you are here already I have sympathy for you and offer you ten piastere for your poor camel" The Fellah bowed and wanted to accept the money. But at that moment a Christian priest alighted and said: "The camel is not so very bad. I shall give you fifteen piastere for him."

"What, are not you ashamed of yourself, Christian," exclaimed the Mullah in a high voice, "do you want to cheat a poor toiler and give fifteen piastere for a camel that is worth twenty? The camel belongs to me, I give twenty piastere."

"Why are not you ashamed, unbeliever?—answered the priest—one Moslem wishes to cheat the other Moslem! You want to give him twenty piastere for a camel that is worth twenty-five! I want to pay the right price. Here are twenty-five piastere!"

The Mullah took the Fellah by his arm and led him to

the side of the street and whispered into his ear: "Do not allow yourself to be cheated by the priest. Here you get thirty piastere if you will let me have your camel."

Hereupon came the priest, pulled the Fellah by his coat and said "Look to yourself and see how he is trying to defraud you; if he gives you thirty piastere I will give you thirty-five."

The Mullah turned white as chalk and the priest red as a stewed lobster.

"Hush you Christian dog!"

"Shut your mouth, you Mohammedan cur!"

And from words they passed to deeds. The priest snatched the turban off the Mullah's head and threw it into the middle of the road. The Mullah also did not remain passive and pulled down the black crucifix from the priest's breast and trampled upon it.

"I shall not allow you to insult a Moslem!"

"And I shall avenge the honor of a Christian!"

The Mullah grabbed a knife from a near-by bakery and the priest a cleaver from a butchery.

They jumped one on the other.

"Death to the dog!"

"I will stab you like a swine!"

The curious crowd that gathered around the combatants scattered with fear as they saw the terrible weapons in the hands of the Mullah and the priest. But an old man who accidently passed by gathered up courage and approached the duelists. With one hand he grasped the priest and with the other the Mullah. He wrenched the weapons from their hands and threw them to the ground; to the fighters he said: "Now tell what are you quarreling about?"

The Mullah and the priest started to insult one another the old man quieted them down and addressed himself to the Mullah:

"Why do you want to kill him?"

"Because he does not believe in the holy prophet Mohammed," replied the Mullah.

"Why do you want to kill him," asked the man of the priest.

"Because he does not believe in the Lord, Jesus Christ," replied the priest.

But the old man said: "I am unable to understand you; all that I am able to learn of you is that you both are unbelievers." Turning himself to the Mullah he asked him:

"Is Mohammed a prophet?"

Upon this the Mullah answered:

"Yes, yes, blessed be his holy name!"

"But every disciple ought to walk in the ways of his teacher?"

"Certainly!"

"And the more the disciple goes in the ways of his teacher the better he is?"

"Very true."

"And the less he goes in the foot-steps of his teacher the meaner he is, is it not so?"

"Yes, so it is."

The old man was satisfied with his answers and with the questions he turned to the priest but instead of using the name Mohammed he used the name of Jesus.

When he received from him the same replies, he looked at both with a smile and said:

"Do you think if Jesus and Mohammed would meet on the street they would jump each upon the other and fight with knives?"

The Mullah and the priest had nothing to answer.

The old man picked up the knives and returned them to their owners—to the baker and the butcher.

"According to your own words you are bad disciples of your masters. You would tear down the stars from the blue sky and with them hit your brother in his eyes, and

you would drag down from heaven the half-moon in order to make a sword out of her with which to behead your fellowmen. But thanks to the Lord that he fixed the moon and the stars so high that you can not use them for your evil doings. But allow me to give you my good advice: When you people quarrel, fight, and shed blood because of a camel do not say that you are fighting for religion."

All the by-standers laughed, but the priest and the Mullah went away with quiet steps, each in a different way.

The Fellah who for the first time came to Beirut exclaimed:

"Mohammed and Jesus have helped me! I know now how much my camel is worth."

He sold his camel for a hundred piastere.

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Russia fights to protect the weaker Slavs.

Germany fights to save civilization from the inroad of the Slavs.

England fights to preserve the neutrality of Belgium.

Is there any one that does not see the camel?

## THE SOCIETIES—OVERGROWN OR OUTGROWN

W. P. FULLER

The Di and Phi Literary Societies as present organized are worn out, outgrown institutions—with a grand past of achievement and glory, it is true,—but nevertheless obsolete. They must be reorganized. Never before in history has Carolina suffered such a defeat on the platform as last year. It was either the men or the system. Many think it was the latter.

At one time the whole interest of all the college centered in the societies. They were founded the same year the college opened: June 3, 1795, and for half a century they were practically the only extra-curriculum institutions in college. There were no publications, no organized athletics, no out-of-town attractions, no social orders. A man's society colors meant as much then as does a man's frat pin, varsity sweater, dramatic club monogram, paper editor-in-chief-ship today.

The societies simply absorbed all the energies of all the men in college; and they were wonderful organizations. They even had supervision over the morals of the members. Men would and frequently did fight to defend the honor of their society. There were no professional schools. Every man had practically the same studies: History, English, Ancient Languages, Philosophy and Mathematics; and therefore to a large extent the same tastes and inclinations. The number of students was small and moreover they were all housed in three closely grouped buildings; the South, East (now Old East) and West (now Old West). It was practically impossible to leave the Hill and no attraction to make it desirable. No wonder then that that earnest group of young men who dared travel horseback across half a state of wilderness

in search of education and who were thrown so closely together, and with absolutely no other attractions or distractions, formed a society whose reputation traveled up and down the Atlantic seaboard.

But that day is past. The old reputation is ballooning out a shell today that otherwise would have collapsed two or three years ago. Today there are a hundred influences at work that make it impossible and in reality undesirable that the societies maintain their former position in University life. Fraternities, the Library, Dramatic Club, Sigma Upsilon, Omega Delta, Amphotothen, the English Department, Star Course, the literary publications, the professional schools, automobiles, varsity athletics, the Pickwick, have one by one stripped power and prestige from the societies until they are now almost destitute of their former glory.

Custom, reverence, tradition and inertia have all maintained the old forms; but the spirit is gone never to return to the old body but only to come with re-organization. I will trace the important events in the history of the two societies, and significant changes in student life; and attempt to show how they have affected the two societies.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century student life at Chapel Hill was rather limited. Outside of society work activities consisted of shinney (or bandy), marbles, skating, dancing, walking, annoying the faculty and townspeople, and consuming alcohol.

In 1851 fraternities were established in the University and the first great rival of the societies appeared. They had attempted to enter in 1842 but were forbidden because they were "not less injurious to the regularly established Literary Societies in the University than to the cause of good morals and sound learning." Their presence made a serious break in the power of the societies. As a matter of fact the societies had to a great extent served the purpose of the fraternity. Extracts from Dr.

Battle's "History of the University" show this. He was in college during the years '45-'49.

"Old students sometimes rode miles into the country to meet the incoming Freshmen. Girls wore the society colors in much the same spirit as they wear frat pins today. The societies had elaborate regalia for their special ceremonies. The colors worn by ball managers and other gala day officials were always the societies colors. The moment a new student arrives at the Hill he is seized by the members of one of the two societies, receives every attention, has every wish gratified, is taken to the libraries, introduced to other members, is flattered and cajoled. If this isn't sufficient to secure him, every little inconsistency or rash act of the other society is presented to him."

But the coming of the fraternities marked a gradual cessation of these customs. By 1884 the situation was quite serious. Each society was divided into "fractions," or parties, usually distinctly frat and non-frat. New men were pledged to one or the other at entrance and usually the voting, which was always along strict party lines regardless of ability, was very close. At this time the Phi was nearly wrecked because the two factions were even and one side ran in two new members at the last meeting before election. The defeated faction seceded and all the efforts of the faculty toward reconciliation were vain. A little later (1889) joining one or the other was not made compulsory, concerning which Dr. Battle says: "It is probable too, that some fraternity men were satisfied with their own meetings and desired no other."

The next crippling influence was the library. All that remains of a once dominant factor in the influence of the societies is the tablet in the entrance of the library which reads, "Library of the University of North Carolina endowed by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies."

The societies founded the first libraries in the University. They started with fifteen books in 1796 and ended

in 1886 with about 9,000 each. They also subscribed for papers and periodicals. The rivalry was keen. When one society bought a book the other would duplicate it. When one remembers that often no mail arrived in the village for weeks on a stretch, that postage was from fifteen to forty cents on a letter, that newspapers and novels were a rarity and the modern magazine unknown, one realizes to some extent the attraction these libraries had for the members. By 1812 the libraries had from 800 to 1,000 volumes, and by 1844 the number had grown to 7,000 each. In 1844 "The two libraries together had probably the best collection in the State." As a fine example of the prestige of the societies in 1850 Smith Hall (the Law Building) was built by the University at the petition of the societies with the idea of using it among other things for a library. There the books were kept until consolidation on March 18, 1886.

Consolidation came only after bitter opposition: "The minority of the Di (the vote being 42-30) with great justice thought that the movement would diminish the prestige of the Societies." And it did; although as a matter of fact even at that early date, the newspaper, cheaper postage and the popular magazine were all rivals for its popularity. For a while the societies had a partial control of the library but that, too, gradually ceased.

At about this time another serious competing force was felt. This was the department of English. Two statements, the first made in 1848, the other in 1889, show this graphically. "The members too listened with interest to the written theses or compositions which were read on each alternate Saturday, and the one deemed of sufficient excellence was on motion, by vote of the members, filed in the archives." The second quotation was the result of a discussion on the advisability of having class work on Saturdays. "The chief opposition came from the Di Society in which declamations and readings of compositions had

for many years been features and were considered of much educational value. In answer to this it was argued that this practice had grown up when practically there was no English Department in the University." The proposed change was made and it eventually ended essay work as a feature of the societies.

The early nineties were bad years for Di and Phi alike. The University was getting too large for two efficient societies, the professional schools were becoming disturbing factors, and varsity athletics began to grip the attention of the student body.

The question of size has always been a sore one with the societies. Only twenty-two days after the birth of the first society a split was made so as "to have the number so small as to allow and require every member to perform some duty at each weekly meeting." Again in 1838 a split from the Di attempted to form a society styled the "Delphian." The main cause of the split was too large a membership. A statement of their position follows.

"They (the Delphians) have formed a body for mutual improvement in oratory and science for advantages impossible to be secured in bodies containing as many members as the Di and Phi Societies. There are few, if any, of the members of the old Societies who do not find the duties arduous and fatiguing. From the increase of numbers these duties have become a burden rather than a pleasure. For advantageous improvement fifty are sufficient for any literary society."

A final evil effect of too large a membership is shown in another quotation. "For many years it was the rule that all students should join one or the other of the two societies. As the numbers increased it became necessary to excuse first the Seniors and the Juniors from regular attendance. (This was bad as it put the society in the hands of inexperienced members.)

"Then again the increase of the Law, Medical and

Pharmacy Departments and of the special science schools introduced a large number of students who would have found it extremely irksome to be forced into the society obligations." So in 1889 joining was made voluntary because hostile members were introduced in such numbers that "there was begun disorder unknown in the early days such as applauding or hissing speakers, which seriously affected the character of the bodies."

The great defect in the societies today is a large membership, only a small per cent of whom are interested. In 1894 with a total of two hundred and sixty-two members in both societies, forty students entered the varsity try-outs. Last year the twenty candidates were an exceptionally large number. Yet the two societies today have four hundred members.

Then, of course, the expansion of dormitories consequent upon a larger student body has had hurtful effect. Up until 1878 all students roomed in the South, East and West buildings. The important part from a society standpoint was that each society had definite dormitories for its members, were held responsible for damages to the rooms, and to an extent for the order in their sections. The Phi had the East and the front half of the South. The Di had the West and the other half of the South. As the Halls were in the East and West respectively it practically amounted to a frat hall. It is significant, too, that the frat faction was usually located in the South away from the direct influence of the society halls. As the dormitory accommodations spread the influence of the societies was dissipated and soon the definite society quarters ceased.

But probably the greatest influence against the societies in the early nineties was the organization of varsity athletics. Walter Murphy, Baskerville, and George Stephens were putting Carolina on the athletic map. The students went athletic mad. In 1891 sixty out of every hundred played football; thirty-three, base-ball; fifty, tennis.

“Every man in the University except one approves of college athletics.”

Then, as a direct result of this athletic fever came another weakener of the old societies. The Tar Heel was started by the Athletic Association. The magazine which had been having an “off again, on again” sort of existence since 1844 was a child of the societies. But this new publication came from a rival organization and gave it more offices to fill and consequently more power and importance.

That the literary spirit had been growing among the students but not strong enough to force itself upon and into a large society full of men with diversified and conflicting interests was proved by the foundation of the “Odd Number Club,” a chapter now of Sigma Upsilon, in 1905. A little after the Tar Heel came the Yackety Yack, for a long time merely a fraternity handbook. The Magazine was having its palmiest days. The energy that had been first absorbed from the societies by the English Department had grown until it came forth, not in the societies where it would have appeared twenty years before but as the times and conditions demanded; in an efficient compact organization devoted to one thing—creative literature.

A correlary to this and another blow at the parent trunk was the Dramatic Club. Years before the societies produced and staged elaborate and creditable plays. But again a complex society had forced specialization upon the students. The societies continued to lose ground.

During the last three years the losses of the societies have been appalling. Their natural enemies have multiplied on every side. The Pickwick, the automobile habit, Durham shows, Amphorothen, the Star Courses, have all conspired to make the old position of the societies impossible. Even the High School Debating Union has practically no connection with the Di and Phi.

The automobile lines to Durham and the shows there have but hastened the inevitable "Saturday exodus" problem that has been vexing the Eastern colleges for a generation. So even the good roads movement is hostile to the societies.

Amphotorethen is the strongest opponent and strongest sermon the societies have. Founded in 1912 for the purpose of stimulating discussion and thought along certain lines—the very thing the societies are supposed to do—it has drawn many of the men into it that the societies cannot afford to lose. In fact this organization is the modern reproduction of the society of 1796. With a limited membership carefully chosen, real work is done. Personally my connection with it for a little over a year and under rather unfavorable circumstances has meant more to me than the literary society ever can. The Amphotorethen type is the inevitable future of the debating societies.

So one by one time and expediency have stripped the honors and departments from the grand old societies until none remain but one: debating. No longer can the societies hope to be the organization on the Hill. They must specialize as all their kindred orders in their little world are doing. They must have for members only those men whose main or large minority interest is debating.

In my opinion the societies should do three things. They should have a limited membership with a hundred as the outside limit; initiation should be in the late fall or spring after the new men have had time to choose their college life work; resignation from the society should be made easy. There are two other things that might be advisable. In the first place, abolishing the custom concerning Eastern boys joining one and Western boys the other might enliven interest by competition. Second, the value of secrecy is open to question.

For a man who loves the societies to consider such a move is painful. The idea of giving up the old traditions

and customs and the recognition of the organizations as eclipsed in importance is painful. But restoration of the societies as they were is impossible. The trouble is organic. What is needed is the surgeon's knife of the reformer, not the physican's pills of the orator. Invoking the ancient Gods of Tradition cannot put life into a dead body. The societies must face the fact that this institution is now really a University, not a college, and that there are a hundred pregnant counter currents of taste, desire, ambition, training and necessity. Let them concentrate on their one duty. Let them specialize. Strip off the dead wood of tradition and get down to a fighting basis. As it is they are consuming ninety-nine per cent of their energy in revolving the machinery of operation, and the one in useful work.

## TWILIGHT TO NIGHT

J. N. WILSON, JR.

I saw a veil of mist enclasp  
A valley down below;  
I saw the paling sun sink down  
With fainter, fainter glow;  
I saw the lines of forest-world  
All melt and merge with shade;  
I saw the last light-gleam of day  
To softer radiance fade.

I saw the gold-kissed stars peep out  
From panoply above;  
I heard from dusk-stilled mountain side  
The tired coo of a dove;  
I heard the echoed whisperings  
Of breezes in their flight;  
I saw the great god Moon glide forth,  
The guardian of the night.

## VENICE DURING AUGUST

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT

T. C. LINN, JR.

Although many incidents have occurred within the last few years which far sighted people interpreted as unmistakable harbingers of a pan-European conflict, the present war came as an incredible surprise to the average American traveler in Europe. The international difficulty arose so suddenly, and developed with such rapidity, that most tourists were entirely unprepared and many would have been penniless had it not been for the consuls.

The busiest man in Venice was the American Consul. Since he represented the American Government he became immediately the guide, adviser, and protector of all American citizens in Venice. He toiled diligently and took considerable thought for the morrow. No sooner had the war broken out than he sent bulletins to the hotels and tourist agencies of Venice requesting every United States citizen to register at the consulate—that is have his name and address in Venice and in America registered in the official book. Each citizen was then given a certificate which was not a passport but which served as a means of identification. A card index was then made of the registrations. Thus if an inquiry was received concerning anyone in Venice, he could be immediately located and an answer sent to his anxious relatives in America. From the first until the tenth of August at least three hundred Americans came to the consulate every day. The consul had to interview each one of these three hundred persons, hear each one's complaint, and give each one advice, besides answering dozens of cables and letters, issuing passports, taking registrations, lending money, and doing innumerable other things that take time. Six assistants were helping the Consul and Vice-Consul—seven

including the sleepy gondolier who dozed in the back office and gave way intermittently to somnolent utterings in Italian. When banks and tourist agencies were unable to cash checks and letters of credit, the Consuls came to the rescue. For a time nobody was able to get actual cash. People with thousands of dollars in checks and letters of credit could not get enough to buy breakfast. Several wealthy men, however, who were fortunate enough to get money before the banks ceased payment, gladly provided the consul with funds to use in relieving the need of their fellow-travelers. Thus the consul was able to lend money to those who were without it, and nobody was in need. After a short time payment on checks was resumed, hotels extended credit to American tourists, and aside from the fact that everybody was disappointed at having his trips interrupted, there was no suffering.

Disappointment among the Americans was very keen. At the outbreak of war there were probably five hundred American tourists in Venice. Some of the more fortunate who had landed at northern ports had, of course, already seen Germany, France, and Switzerland before the war began, and to them a stay in Venice and a voyage home through the Mediterranean was not at all distasteful. A large per cent, however, had landed at Naples only a short time before and had hardly begun their trips through Europe. Women who had recently landed at Naples and who had spent their savings to make the idealized trip to Europe, were forced to turn again southward and pay exorbitant prices for passage to America. One German woman with her son was returning to the Fatherland to visit her old home, after ten years of absence in America. She, too, was compelled to return to her adopted country without reward for the long trip except sorrow and an empty purse. Another woman who had gone to Austria to meet her sister, had been unable to reach the appointed place, and was compelled to return to Venice. From there

she cabled her sister to come to Italy, and began forthwith to haunt the railway station with tearful eye and great persistence. Each day from dawn to dusk she watched the trains draw into the station, stop, and discharge their passengers. No sister, however, arrived. One day, by some sad error she was not present for the arrival of one train, and it was then that the long expected one arrived. The two finally met with considerable exchange of sentiment.

In spite of the general depression which characterized everybody, humorous incidents were always happening at the consulate. One lady upon receiving her passport wondered if she needed another for her fox terrier. Another is said to have anxiously inquired whether the government was "really going to send over airships to take back the Americans." A college professor to whom the consul had lent enough money to pay his expenses to Genoa, proceeded to buy books, stayed in Venice, and returned to the Consul for more money.

Despite the war which was desolating northern Europe, there was very little visible change in Venice; to the casual observer it did not differ from the Venice of other summers. Of course the absence of Americans toward the end of August and the consequent hungry appearance of the pigeons in St. Mark's Square could be noted. The music boats with their dancing lanterns were not to be seen any longer on the Grand Canal but the military band played as usual every evening in the Piazza. There was no increase in prices and the natives looked as untroubled as the lazy water in the canals. Occasionally troops would be seen marching through the streets, and occasionally provision boats manned by soldiers were poled along the canals. To be sure, two Italian gunboats which were lying idly in the lagoons at the first of August had coaled and steamed away before the fifteenth. There was, however,

no apparent change in the city; not even the mosquitoes had left to seek the luscious diet of the battlefield.

Of the mosquitoes permanent residence along the canals no one need ever doubt. If Venice should some day become a modern metropolis with an elevated to replace the slow moving gondolas and skyscrapers to stand where the faded palaces now are, still the mosquitoes would stay and from their lofty perches on the sixtieth story pounce down on the passers-by. Or if Venice should be stormed and razed and sunk beneath the waters, still the mosquitoes would be there to sing her requiem. They are not to be moved.

## CHOOSING OUR DEBATERS

G. A. MARTIN

Not because of any failure of last year do I think we need to make a change in our system of choosing debaters. It would have been very difficult, if not quite impossible, to have selected from the student body four debaters better than those chosen to represent Carolina last year. But if they were the best debaters and were selected by means of our old system of choosing debaters, yet a system that is bad will sooner or later get us into trouble, and our system is bad.

Shall our debaters be chosen on the basis of their oratorical ability? or shall they be chosen because of their ability to debate? One may be an orator and not a debater, or one may be a debater and not an orator. And just as oratory and debating are different, so the method by which we choose orators will not serve as a system of selecting the best debaters. With a few weeks' study on a subject, almost any one can write and memorize a fairly good speech. But let a good opposing debater disarrange that speech and bring out the opposing arguments, then if there is any debating ability in the speaker, it will show itself. The trouble is that with our present system we must wait until the final contest to learn who are real debaters.

To select orators we have an oratorical contest, and the way to select debaters is to have a debate. It has been urged that this is impractical. But let us see. Suppose, for instance, that twenty men were in the contest—ten on a side. That is about the number in the preliminary last year. We would have two divisions of the first preliminary. The first night five debaters would represent the affirmative against five on the negative in a real debate, and the next night the remaining five on each side would debate. Each night select two debaters from each side.

Then after two weeks more of work let those eight men have the second preliminary, and from these select four debaters. In the first preliminary limit the time of each debater to fifteen minutes on the first round and five minutes on rejoinder. In the second preliminary the debaters might be given a few minutes more on rejoinder.

Thus this system would enable the judges to hear the men debate twice. During the two weeks between the first and second preliminaries the debaters would do some real work, and the second contest would be a genuine debate. It would give invaluable practice to the debaters, and above all, it would give the committee ample opportunity to select the best debaters.

## A REAL LIBRARY

A. R. BROWNSON

I know a man in my town who has spent his whole life collecting books. He has had his hobbies all the way from present day fiction to Carlyle and Americana, and he has gratified those hobbies too, for he is a wealthy man. At his country place are to be seen shelves on shelves of books, thousands piled on thousands. Every room is a library in itself. Even the tables, chairs, and desks are always covered with scores of volumes. This man really loves his books but loves them merely because they are books. For him they take the place of a dog, an automobile, a wife. He delights in taking them up, fondling them, turning them over in his hands. Verily he is a bibliomaniac.

However, all of us are not bibliomaniacs, and even if we were such freaks, very few of us would be in a position to gratify our cravings. Most of us have a few modest shelves and are of necessity content. A great number have practically no books at all and they too are content, for they have never had the training or environment that tend to instil a proper appreciation of the bound volume. In contrast to these latter are the vast throngs who possess a good education and a strong taste for good literature, yet have not the means to purchase a suitable library, a library of the best examples of the world's poetry, essays, science, art. How are they to obtain the rightful shares of literary pleasures to which their application entitles them?

Well, I am sorry to say that I can not give them much encouragement. Their cases belong to the past. Opportunity's golden key has been thrust into their hands and carelessly tossed aside. In childhood and in youth are the foundations of a real library laid,—the only library that will stand the test of time. Away with your special edi-

tions, your tiresome sets, your expensive moroccas, and if need be your age-stained leather traditions,—they have no place in your life, they are in no way connected with your inmost being! Bring me instead your old arithmetics and geographies, and histories, those cartooned records of your first years at school; bring me your first volumes of poetry, essays, drama, and let me see the annotations contained therein, your increase of vocabulary and knowledge of poetic terms; bring me every one of your old writing books, and let me see how much your penmanship has improved,—ay, let me see them all, even up to your college books your trig, your Latin, your Greek. How many can you produce?

Just as I thought: no one possesses this real library. Some of you have a partial record of your twenty-odd years of schooling, some, I see have lost all trace of it. A great many of you probably kept your school-books until they began to take up too much room, then bundled them off to the nearest second-hand book stall. Alas, how many reminders of a joyous youth lie in the musty shelves of the old book-store!

Who would not enjoy walking into a library, his *own* library, and from his well-filled bookcase take down his first arithmetic, (what a wee, small volume!), glance at his name written on the fly leaf in his father's strong hand, casually take in his first artistic efforts, and then let his eye wander at will over the whole line of his mathematical training,—first, second, third, grade—on up through algebra, geometry, trigonometry? You may think that alone is enough knowledge for anyone to have in his head. But no, look again. Why, there is your primer, the very first book you ever had, and just see that long line of volumes leading up to your college essays, drama, and poetry. And just look at the rest! Sixteen histories in a row! And twenty Latins! Look with me no more, gentle reader. I realize that you can no longer bear the torrent of envy and remorse that besets you.

You and I and everyone who professes to be in any way enlightened could even now be possessing just such a library. We probably still have some fifteen or twenty of these precious volumes, but ah, for the scores that are missing! They are even now being torn and soiled by ruthless young hands that know not their value, and you have nothing, absolutely nothing to show for them—oh, perhaps a few silver coins, but what is silver beside a sentiment! You and I were young—we knew no better—we saw the silver, but were too young for the sentiment. Some older, more experienced person should have been our adviser; some man or woman with a true veneration of the past should have chided our carelessness of youth. We have committed no crime—we have suffered a wrong, a frightful wrong, the record of which is forever stamped on our incomplete bookcases.



# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies  
of the University of North Carolina

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## EDITORIAL

**GROWTH** The MAGAZINE joyfully announces that it becomes this year an eight-months' instead of a six-months' publication. The size of individual issues is, however, sacrificed, for the allotted space is not increased but simply spread over two more issues. Nevertheless, it is certain that a smaller, more frequent, and better Magazine will have a psychological as well as an advertising value in its further growth.

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**CAROLINA  
OUR FIELD** The college magazine is, "at best, a contradiction still." In all the years of its existence it has failed to work out its destiny. The widest variance exists in the conception of the functions of the

college literary publication. Here on the one hand it is burdensomely, unreadably literary; yonder it is the organ of an English Department striving to inject interest through the lure of print. Again it becomes an archive for the preservation of intellectual but musty debates and orations, or exploits the strained short story and essay, unworthy rivals of current periodicals.

For ourselves, we stand pat on our policy of last year. Our task is first, last and all the time to be read. We propose to give our subscribers what they want and not what we think they ought to have. Nor do we consider ourselves able to compete with the Saturday Evening Post and satiate the inveterate consumer of short-stories. Nor do we plan to delight the world with an abundance of artistic lyrics. The distinctly literary essay we leave to those numerous periodicals who can pay trained specialists to produce these works. Not that we will not encourage these forms—far from it. We are always on the lookout for them, but personal experience of two years of work on the college magazine shows them to be few and far between.

We lay down the dictum that the successful college magazine of today must make itself independent of the established literary forms. Writing for writing's sake is too rare and creative literature as an art is too erratic.

Hence we propose this year to feature each issue only the best short-story and poem of the month. For the rest, North Carolina and North Carolina's University shall be the theme—our one unchallenged field. Articles upon subjects of current interest to the college community, problems of local need, investigations of practical value concerning ourselves and our institution—these constitute our chiefest activities. Always we have before us the ideal of a Carolina Magazine for Carolina men.

**THE DEPART-  
MENTS** The sketch department is little changed. Emphasis is still placed upon those small incidents whose clever narration is so interesting. In addition we wish more of those lilted pieces of doggerel whose composition requires most wit and whose very nothingness makes them attractive.

The "Around the Well" department is Everyman's editorial page, the first auxiliary of the Greater Student Council, and an open forum for conflicting opinions on all campus issues. Its columns should be indispensable in presenting the views of all factions upon such questions as that raised by Mr. Fuller's article on the societies.

The Exchange Department, in the new Carolina spirit, finds its sphere of usefulness among the High Schools of the State. Our critics and commentators are as clever as those of other colleges, but we prefer to fill the distinct need felt for vigorous, sympathetic interest in High School publications. Ours is the Magazine Extension Bureau—and of equal possibilities with the Debating Union and the athletic championships.

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**YACKETY  
YACK BILLS** Frequently in the spring Yackety Yack bills are a source of questioning annoyance. Last year every organization to which I personally belonged made vigorous protests about the amount of its bill. The case is conservatively typical. Many organizations are unable to pay and others flatly refuse—result: someone is bearing someone else's share of the burden. The several classes dabble about settlement and are usually at one time or another deeply in debt to the publication for the class picture and roll.

The manner of contracting for Yackety Yack space is characteristic of academic inefficiency. One morning the bulletin board announces that such-and-such a class will have its picture taken at such-and-such a time and place. The class in beautiful faith appears, the picture is made,

and corresponding space is given in the year-book. Some months later the bill is presented with the explanation that the Yackety Yack is trying to get out the best book ever, second to none in the country, etc., and therefore the bill is a little larger than usual. The rebellion and animosity engendered in the class are not conducive to full and early settlement, and students and managers alike share in unpleasantness of what should have been a strict business contract.

Because half its members thought the bills unjust and the other half were not millionaires in their own right, the class of 1915 struggled against Yackety-Yack debts for two years. Then, wise in experience, it appointed a man to the express duty of securing class representation in the book. Before ordering space he demanded and secured a written statement of the maximum approximation. In open meeting the class adopted the report unanimously. On the basis of it the class worked out its financial salvation. Younger classes might well employ this safeguard.

But, Messrs. Leach and Nance, do you not think a larger per cent of your Yackety Yack bills this year will be paid more promptly if the class contracts by an open vote in the fall for what it must pay in the spring? Written contracts with doubtful classes are sometimes drawn—to the mutual advantage of class and managers.

# AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY G. A. MARTIN

EVERYMAN'S EDITORIAL PAGE

## OUR STUDY SYSTEM

Of course we all know how to study. And most of us pursue a common system. Otherwise we wouldn't all get such high marks—high, numerically speaking.

Well, you see, our system runs something like this. We invariably and religiously commence the night of laborious and continuous study by going to Pickwick.

Pick "that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course."

It has been decided for us long ago that as an intellectual tonic and brain-duster Pickwick can have no substitute. It is not a luxury, but a necessity if we would bring minds fresh and vigorous to our work. Oh, certainly! Therefore, fellow-students, however, much we may differ in the minor details of our system, we are unanimously agreed in this: that going to the Pick is the one and only sensible and authentic way of beginning our study. Thus endeth the first lesson.

The next stop on our system road is the Post Office. Though it is already eight o'clock we must make a stop of an hour or so. By all means. Nobody knows better than we do how useless it would be for us to go up to our room and try to study, with a check from home or a dainty little envelope from "somewhere else" waiting in the box.

But after the mail has been up a good while and we have drunk a couple of chocolate shakes and looked vainly in the box five or six times, we get disgusted and go up to

work. We pull down the math book, the history and the Latin jack, dust them off and—great heavens!—come very near opening one of them. But we don't. We, instead, are suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling that our temporal and eternal happiness depends on our getting a chew of tobacco immediately. So we go into the next room to borrow one. Nobody's at home. We can't find any tobacco, but we do find a *Cosmopolitan*, which we take back with us. We read Robert Chambers's new serial until eleven-fifty when the owner bursts in audibly wondering "where the devil" his magazine got to.

Thus endeth the second lesson, a la system.

We turn back to math, but the mystery of X, the romance of Y, and the adventures of Z are not exciting enough to keep us awake three minutes. Our room-mate seems to be snoring a lullaby; and we are about to nod off all the head we have left. Suddenly (and all in perfect accord with our system) a happy thought comes to us: we'll go to bed now and get up early in the morning and learn these idiotic lessons. Everybody knows, anyway, that it is easier to learn things soon in the morning than late at night. So we go to bed, but we don't get up in the morning in time to do any studying.

All honor to our system!

Seriously, fellows, that is the kind of a rut we have gotten into. We've got to pull out. And we've got to smash our dear, beautiful system all to smithereens. If not, you know what.

—W. T. POLK.

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#### GIVE US VARIETY

This month over four hundred students are boarding at Swain Hall. Next month this number will decrease and I feel safe in predicting that by next May only a comparative few will avail themselves of the advantages of the "Co-operative System." At least this always proved to

be the case with the old Commons. I ask the question, why! It seems only plausible that such an establishment, provided by the State with an up-to-date equipment and endeavoring to make no profit whatever upon the investment, would be able to provide better board to the student for \$12.50 than the ordinary boarding houses could furnish for \$15.00 or even \$18.00. But does it? We certainly cannot complain at the quality of the food and the way it is prepared. It is all that could be asked in these respects. So evidently the trouble lies in another direction. I think it can all be summed up in three words,—lack of variety. We know for a certainty exactly what we are going to get for the next meal. For instance, we have a cereal, steak, and coffee for breakfast. For dinner, soup, peas, corn, beef, and pie are always placed before us; while for supper, we may be assured that beef, grits, potatoes, apples, and tea will constitute our menu. Now this does very well for the first week, and we can put up with it for the second week, but at the end of the fourth week it becomes unbearable. So consequently we go to a boarding house where we can get some variety. "Variety is the spice of life," so Mr. Management please give us variety.

—HUBERT BLALOCK.



# EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY B. F. AULD

CAROLINA OUR FIELD



The question of the place of the Exchange department in college magazines is a question which is now of greatest importance. The old department which praised, criticized, lauded, and condemned was not read. Such being the case, the exchange department must either be done away with entirely or must be made to fit a need in college or University life. Some college magazines have, accordingly, already abolished their exchange departments and others have modified the old established form.

We feel, however, that this department can fill a place in the larger work of this University. The University is essentially a state University, and we intend to make our magazine embrace the state in the scope of its work. We believe that this is the peculiar and fitting place for this magazine to fill and we hope to accomplish much through this department.

Here are our plans:

To encourage all the high schools of the state to get out a magazine. Every high school should have, and we believe has enough girls and boys of literary ability capable of publishing a good magazine. High school publications are sometimes woefully mismanaged and literary energies criminally misdirected. We travelled that rough road ourselves and trust that our experience may be of value to some successor.

We wish to get in close touch with all the state high school magazines through this department, personal letters and exchange of publications.

In order to create an incentive to a higher standard of literary production, we shall review the field of High

School magazines and probably print in this department each month at least one article from such a magazine. This may be either a story, poem, or any other special article.

As far as justifiable this department will be devoted to this work. Young editors, we invite you to make it your own and use its service to your best advantage.

# T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1914

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Old Series Vol. 45

No. 2

New Series Vol. 32

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## EVE \*

S. F. TELFAIR

She was a wild thing, a part of the sea and the sand dunes it washed. All her life she had lived in a fishing village, built on an island bight from which a passage ran into the sea.

So creamy was her skin, so dark her eyes and hair, and so shapely was she that men passing in yachts had looked long at her.

She laughed gaily, standing at the top of a hill and looking down over the village and across the blue sea. The wind, playful, blew her dark hair flying back from her head and sent her skirts flapping around her bare burned legs. She was a child of this place and of this sea, its enchantress.

"Eve! Eve! ye look like a feery." And she laughed.

"Tom Coffin, ye'd better be keerful how you call Vinal Eddards' daughter a feery. Feery are wicked folk."

"But beautiful, Eve."

She looked at him shyly and with a light flush of pleasure.

"Tom, you air not of our kind, callin' women folk beautiful. Did ye learn that to Bedford, aie?"

The young seaman looked long at her and she seemed good to him.

"Will ye mate wi' me?"

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\* Winner of the 1914 Freshman Prize in English.

"Tis not fer the likes of me to be saying wi' who I will do this and that. You air a strong man, Tom, and I like you—most as much as anybody. I—but is that the way the Bedford gals talk? Is it Tom?"

"Very like it, Eve. I will speak to old man Vinal. Some says he will give you to Abe Lane."

"No, not Abe Lane. But Tom I am my father's gal. To the man he wills, I will go."

"God! Haven't you any feeling, any wanting for me?"

"I am only a gal and hast not such things nor Bedford airs. Only a fisher gal."

The youth looked at her superbly cast body, her healthy beauty and her wild face. Only!

"And man, I've not been to the cliffs since September last. The boat's ready. We'll race to it. You can have some start of me for your boots. It's summer and the warm wind blows and the sea smiles. Oh! It's good to be living! One-two-three. Go!"

And away they raced to the sea. Two children running to a common mother with God's sacredness in them and His beauty around them. It was June.

## II

The priest had come in August and he married Eve Eddards, child, to the man of her father's choice. Lane was a sober, burly, middle-aged fisherman who owned a better house and boat than most of the villagers.

And Eve had changed subtly. There was the same gaiety and beauty of form and face but there was a simple dignity now, which became her well.

It was late afternoon and most boats were in from the nets. Eve had served her husband and some friends their meal and they smoked comfortably while she hustled about.

"Aye, lads, the fish are running good. Mackerel, blue fish, spots and herrin' in the nets today. It'll be a good

day for us when the big boat next comes from Bedford.”

“Dave Coffin and his lads had big hauls. They say they have to many to bring in.”

Eve listened. There were thousands of shiny fish coming in and Tom would be smiling in the last dory. If she were Eve Eddards she could run and jump to him, but she was Eve Lane.

She went to the window. The sea, a soubrette, smiled and gently kicked its wavy petticoats. It laughed at her. And there was the returning launch with its loaded dories. Oh, to be free! The sun, nearly set, smiled on the sea, sparkling each wave, and there in the last dory stood a man waiting.

Swiftly she left the house and nimbly she jumped from rock to rock down the breakwater. At last she stood on the great rock at the end of the wall, the ocean stretched before her and the fishing boat drew very near.

She jumped. The man caught her in his strong arms and she slid slowly to the boat. She stood on the shining fish and looked at him. The wind blew her hair and skirts and the man held her.

“It is old times, Eve.”

She did not answer.

“Eve, I could hold you here forever. If you had only—”

“Don’t,” she said pitifully. “I was a girl. Now I know. I cannot live in a kitchen! I must have air and warmth and color and the sea—and you.”

“When I come back from Bedford, my darlin’—”

The sun in a last glorious burst reddened the world. The little village was bright and the water smiled around it. The gleam of the west lit on the fish in the laden dories and spangled them with colors, red, blue, and gold. The whole village stared at the boat for, standing on the sparkling fish, in the last red glow of the sun as it left the purplish grey sea, were a man and women. And the woman looked up into the eyes of the man, for she loved him.

## III

The wind howled and moaned, the seas foamed and tossed outside the home of Eve. She sat silently before the fire while her husband talked.

"The boat from Bedford is due tonight."

Eve felt a lump rise up in her throat.

"It's a sixty-mile wind. No ship can stand this gale. I see a boat. How it tosses! It's the Bedford boat. These hags won't talk about my gal and Tom no more. Get away. The lightnin's got her."

"No, let me see. It is the Lorelei. God! I am waiting. Come and take me to—away. They will make it, they will!"

"Hush! What ails ye? No boat can live in that gale and if it did the rocks would get it."

"They can't, the sea won't hurt him. Let me by! Open that door!"

The man stared after her. Eve rushed wildly towards the sea. She leapt from rock to rock stealthily. She saw the ship sink and its burning mast drop into the water.

The sea, angry, snapped and broke on the rocks, throwing up walls of furious foam. Each wave, larger than the other, threw up its offering of white against the rocks and snarled back.

She stretched out her arms and prayed. She saw the waves break in majesty, she heard them roar and she felt the power of the sea.

Tom, the son of it all, would come and then freedom!

When the lightning flashed, Eve saw a bulk head floating toward her. The waves threw it furiously at her feet. A man was tied to it. There the light died.

Another flash! It was Tom and he lay still at her feet.

A large wave came and washed over the rock. Receding with terrific undertow, it clutched at the girl.

There was a splash, and then the waves beat on and the wind shrieked the whole night long.

In the morning the sun burst forth and smiled upon the sea and on the island. There were no signs of storm.

A thousand sails dotted the sea and the world was full of the living. Great white cloud chariots raced lightly by in the blue sky and the waves smiled at them. And the eternal sea, again the home and haunt of her children, rolled on.

## A FOOTBALL RAMBLE

FRANK P. GRAHAM

Football at the University had its beginning in the middle eighties in the form of a local-color variation of soccer. Those interested in the game chipped in ten cents a man and bought a ball which was something like a basketball. Two sides under leaders chosen by direct election were alternately made up of the men as they came on the field. Before supper time there would often be a hundred men on a side, practically the entire college—a sort of athletic democracy. The field occupied the present site of the gymnasium and the tennis courts. In this “rough and tumble football” the ball could be advanced by running, kicking, or batting with the fist. A score was made by throwing the ball between the goal posts but if an opponent caught the ball before it could touch the ground a score was prevented. The deportment of this democracy of the out-of-doors was regulated by one law which provided that if a fight arose the ball should be placed at the spot which it occupied when the fight began. A ring was drawn for the fighters within which they settled fairly their difference. Play was resumed at the exact point at which it was interrupted.

In the early fall of 1888 the Sophomore Class was expert enough to challenge the rest of the college. The game lasted three days. On the third afternoon the college by heroic efforts made one goal. In that remarkable three-day contest were Dr. C. S. Mangum, Prof. A. H. Patterson, and State Forester Jack Holmes, all now of Chapel Hill. The University Sophomores then challenged the Sophomores of Wake Forest College where the “rough and tumble” game was very popular. The two teams met at the Raleigh Fair. Wake Forest won by the score of

2 goals to 1. Dr. Mangum was carried off the field and a shower of cologne upon his devoted head from the St. Mary's girls failed to bring him to consciousness. On the Wake Forest team were men who are now known by the state for other qualities than athletic prowess, Mr. Carey Dowd, Prof. E. W. Sikes, Rev. John E. White, Judge W. A. Devin, Dr. Hubert A. Royster, and Prof. E. V. Howell. This game at the Raleigh Fair was the first intercollegiate football game in the State. Earlier in the week two teams of the Cherokee Indians gave the first public exhibition of football in a game that was a combination of Rugby and lacrosse.

The first Rugby football team in a North Carolina college was organized by President Crowell of Trinity College—O Temp.—! O Mo.! Verb sap—in this same fall of 1888. On this pioneer team were the two brothers, Robert L. Durham, author of "The Call of the South" and "Stoney" Durham, a veritable stonewall, (the third brother, Rev. Plato Durham, made the team later) Rev. M. T. Plyler, the brilliant and lamented Isaac Erwin Avery, an Indian named Maytubby, and Tom Daniels, the backfield star of this splendid aggregation. More of him later.

At this time Prof. Horace Williams, who later became chairman of the athletic committee and vice-president of the bicycle club, was the athletic progressive of the University faculty. He enlarged the move of Trinity by the inauguration of intercollegiate football between the University, Trinity and Wake Forest. R. L. Durham was captain of Trinity; W. C. Dowd, Wake Forest; and Stephen Bragaw, Carolina, rather I should say, the University. The term Carolina came later when the University's athletics became interstate in character. "Chapel Hill" was the frequent name of the University's team. The word University was across the front of the athletic jackets of the football players.

On this first Chapel Hill or University team were Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, "Pete," if you please; Rev. Lacy Little, now one of the line-men in America's mission attack on China, Prof. A. H. Patterson, R. P. Johnston, Wm. Headen, George Graham Copening, Blount, Rhem, Gilliam, and Captain Bragaw. The first intercollegiate Rugby games in the State which were played in the spring of 1889, show the treacherous character of comparative scores:

Trinity 25, University 17.

University 33, Wake Forest 0.

Wake Forest 32, Trinity 0.

In the first game Captain (now Judge) Bragaw broke his leg. In the second game Prof. E. W. Sikes, now of the Wake Forest faculty, while advancing the ball from the position of guard suffered the minor casualty of a broken nose.

In the spring of 1890 the Wake Forest eleven came to Chapel Hill for a game. Along Franklin street were blazing tar barrels illuminating the way of the visitors who passed by under the eyes of the whole college. The members of the University team entertained their respective opponents on the Wake Forest team excepting the number who were quartered at the ramshackle now known as the "Graham Arms" or perhaps "Alms." The visitors quartered here were entertained by the students in general who in their zealous hospitality relayed their visits through the night and kept the heralded stars sleepless till morning.

A preacher on the Wake Forest team who was staying in the room of his opponent was confronted with a perplexing situation. In opening the Bible a little piece of paper fluttered out on the floor labelled "The Ten Commandments." Upon inspection these ten commandments looked to be the ten signals of the University team. After a struggle with his conscience he turned the signals over

to his team. A practice quickly followed at the cemetery and in a short while Wake Forest had mastered the University's decalogue. The advantage gained was only temporary for the Chapel Hill team soon caught on to the Wake Forest signal code. Letters were used. "H" meant Howell around right end, "R" sent Riddick around left end and any "C"uss word sent either through center. At one point in the game Howell of Wake Forest got around the end with a clean field before him. The greyhound Scott of Chapel Hill, raced after the human deer. Just as Scott was about to overtake Howell, this keen-sensed runner would squat and Scott would fall headlong over him; and Howell was up and off again. Three squats netted a face-furrowed field, a field-furrowed face, and a touch-down. Meanwhile Oliver of Wake Forest, and Rhem of Carolina, were engaged in a scrap, and the squatter sovereign was therefore called back from his spectacular touch-down.

The team of the spring of '91 is interesting in its personnel today. Among others on the team were Dr. Michael Hoke, of Atlanta, one of the very foremost orthopedic surgeons in the country, and Wm. Preston Bynum, Jr., to whose memory the handsome new gymnasium was dedicated. The Wake Forest game was cancelled because Captain Howell of Wake Forest had his arm broken the previous day.

In the fall of '91 the football season was changed to the fall. However in 1892 Wake Forest celebrated the 20th of May in Charlotte by defeating Asheville by a large score. In this season of '91 Carolina defeated Trinity. Tom Daniels, Trinity's speed demon, stood ready at all times to meet all comers in the 100-yard dash. A likely stranger came into town on the day of the game and in a short time a race was arranged between him and Daniels. In the race the stranger revealed himself to be none other

possible than Bethune, champion runner of America. Bethune took the race in a walk and the other thing for which he and his two confederates had come, namely, to-wit: all the sporting money in sight. But the defeated Daniels was non-plussed and had little pep for the game that followed. Carolina won the game 8 to 0, scoring a touchdown which counted 6 and kicking a goal which added 2. Sam Ashe, Jr., ran 80 yards for a touchdown to the excited accompaniment, so it is handed down, of Dr. Venable's umbrella pounding on Dr. John Manning's back. "Go it, Sam," he shouted, "Go it, Sam." And Sam went.

In 1892 came the first Carolina-Virginia game. Virginia won the scheduled game in Richmond by the score of 30 to 18 and Carolina turned tables in an exhibition game a few weeks later in Atlanta by winning from Virginia 26 to 0. The punch bowl in the trophy room was brought back from this victory. It was this '92 team, captained by Hoke and managed by Baskerville, that took a trip on which they played three games in four days, winning from Auburn, Vanderbilt, and Virginia.

Then followed a period of lean years for Carolina at Richmond which even Stephens could not overcome. However, in 1895 this terrific half back broke through the whole Virginia team but the excited crowd massed on the field and stopped the run that would perhaps have won the game.

It was in this middle ninety period that a certain tackle on a certain Carolina team registered two points for Lafayette by running 80 yards the wrong way for a touchdown. This same tackle went to the ticket office in a Pennsylvania town and inquired of the agent the time of the departure of "the next train for Chapel Hill."

"The day" came in 1898. Before a great Richmond crowd Carolina and Virginia had been pounding away at each other without avail. The ball was seesawing in the

middle of the field and the break came, the moment for which Howell had dreamed and trained. He was called for a simple run around right end. Twisting, dodging, and zigzagging, this wizard of the chalk lines dashed across fifty yards of glory for the only touchdown of the game. The chief of the Durham Fire Department broke through the crowd and embraced the redoubtable Howell while yet standing under the goal posts. President Alderman and other notables were a picture of joy unconfined.

The next years were marked by close games with almost an even break in victories. The mighty Council saved Virginia from defeat in the 12 to 12 game. Jacocks' all year training in punting was a factor in Carolina's 16 to 0 victory. Weber's attempt to block a try at goal barely tipped the ball over the goal bar and turned a tie into a Virginia victory 12 to 11. In 1905 Romey Story and Roy Abernathy were the giants around whom the Carolina team fought its way to a 17 to 0 victory. Virginia's goal line has not been crossed by Carolina since that day until Walter Fuller's 70-yard flash for a touchdown last November. Carolina has her face squared to the Virginia goal posts and she is toasting The Day—The Turkey Day of 1914.

## HINDRANCES TO OUR INTELLECTUAL GROWTH AS STUDENTS

R. B. HOUSE.

Though there may be differences of opinion among the various philosophical examiners of colleges, it is nevertheless a generally accepted tenet that in its final analysis the college is a stamping ground for young intellects. At least to me as a student here in the University this idea of intellectual development is paramount. This is what I strive for and this, as far as my experience shows, is what the outside world expects of me as a college man. The acquisition of the facts of truth, the digestion of these facts, and the assimilation of them in the mental organisms, make up the processes of this intellectual growth of a student from a theoretical point of view. In the actual conditions of student life, however, there are certain things that actually militate against the normal, orderly procedure of our intellectual growth.

In the first place, we haven't time for study. How absurd! exclaims the casual observer, why the college boy has plenty of time; he just does not use his time. A close examination of the case, however, will prove the contrary. College life is conspicuously a thing of organizations and activities, all welded into a growing system requiring constant attention and time. For every man willing to get into the system (and few are unwilling) there is work of an ever-increasing nature. Athletics, the Y. M. C. A., the societies, the fraternities, dramatics, publications, agencies, councils, clubs, and committees innumerable, all have their quota of arduous workers. Many of these organizations overlap each other, some are antagonistic to others, but all of them require definite portions of the time and intent of their members.

Occupying as they do the very foreground of college life, and growing largely from the students themselves, these organizations are especially attractive to the ambitious and energetic student. The spirit of action and service is potent over the student, and he is, moreover, ambitious to gain position in college circles by prominence in some field of activity. As a result these organized activities, by offering this position in offices and other awards of honor, always have a strong following among the students. Often the same group of men are leaders in several different organizations.

For the most part these organizations do not grow naturally out of our life as students; they are not supplementary to the work of the curriculum. In fact, some of them exist to all intents and purposes solely for the sake of existing and not for the sake of furthering our development as students. With the rare exception of the literary societies, their activities do not touch on study. The fact is that these are organizations superimposed upon the curriculum, ulterior to its interests, and absolutely antagonistic to it in the matter of time.

Our time is spent in service of this activity and that, but study itself is crowded out of the list of student activities. The calm application to study, the leisurely reflection of a thoughtful student, are not possible in this bustling atmosphere. There is no time for wide supplementary reading that a course suggests. The bare facts of the course itself are all that the student has time to snatch in passing. These morsels he usually gets in an hour of cramming, but the meat of training and thought held in a course he has not time for. He must bone up the facts and then rush off to some meeting, or, perchance, he bones them up in the scant remainder of an evening after the meeting is over. Education is a matter of time and leisure; bolted mental food causes distemper no less than does bolted food for the body.

In the second place our interest is not primarily in our studies. What are the fellows talking about as they gather in groups around the well, down at the postoffice, or perchance in their rooms? Is it Shakspeare, or some difficult Latin construction, or is it by any chance some social problem arising from the morning's work? Can it be that they are interested in the things of the school room? Perish the thought! They are talking about Bill's work on the team, or perchance getting up a carload for a trip to Durham.

College night is at hand. The fellows give due meed of applause to the exposition of what the council is, the Y. M. C. A. and the literary societies arouse loyal support, and the chapel rocks with applause as "Doggie" tells the season's prospects. What would happen now if someone should make a speech on the curriculum? Would we faint, or would we rise up and crucify him. Yet on this night, the various fields of college activity are presented. When people are interested in a thing, they talk about it. Moreover, the masterpieces of thought and genius bore us so in our daily contact with them that we invariably spend an hour at the Pickwick each night to recuperate.

I am inclined to think that all these activities and associations with their various claims as developers of men are after all but little side tracks of effort which the mind builds for itself in order to get off the monotonous main line of study. "All men desire knowledge, but not all men desire the labor of learning." Certainly I find it much more pleasant to philosophize about study than it is to get down to study. How cleverly my mind can convince itself that it is much more beneficial to read pleasant criticisms about a Greek play than it is to buckle down to the play itself. In the same way, I believe, we persuade ourselves that these pleasant side paths of organization and association afford surer going than does the middle of the road.

As a result of this divorcing of our time and interest from the things of pure mental labor, we do not put our best efforts into the task of training our intellects. Our best energies are put into the exterior embellishments of college life, and the very core of our whole system becomes puny and rotten. How many of us put the will power and drive behind our class-room work that we put behind the team? Yet if this very class-room work is not the fundamental reason for the very existence of college the whole system is based on a lie, however skillfully the ugly thing is glazed over. As men at least dawning upon mature reason we might as well face this fact.

If college cannot give us higher powers of thought and reason than is merely incidental to our pleasant association with each other, then it loses every vestige of high idealism and lapses into a mere panorama of contemporary youth, under the influence of which we can only hope to become conversant in the immature life of our generation. "Boys will be boys" it is true, but this fact can as well be demonstrated on the farm, in the office and in the countless other places where our brothers are working out their destinies without the hope of college. The taxes of the state, the self-denial of our parents, are sacrificed to this one ideal—that those of us who are maintained here might catch a vision of higher thought and living, and turn the strength of our youth to their attainment. If we turn our backs to this fight we are traitors to the cause.

That we are dangerously near this crime in the matter of serious mental effort, I believe is true. There are just criticisms that can be made of the instructors, methods, and curriculum, but these are trivial in comparison with the real causes of our intellectual lassitude. The fault rests squarely with us. We do not put enough time and effort back of our studies. In the matter of time, our tree of

knowledge needs pruning of some of its superfluous twigs. In the matter of interest, we need a revival of steadfast purpose. When our intellectual life is characterized by the same earnestness and training that has wrought a revolution in our athletic life, then as students we shall grow to the stature of men.

Tell me old stories  
Of long-gone glories  
    Of the days of used-to-be;  
Sing me old songs  
Of long-stilled tongues  
    With the sighing sounds of the sea;

Say me old words  
Of the boy of the herds  
    That we spoke to the brass-bells' tune;  
Quaff me old drinks  
From wood-water brinks  
    That cooled me with spring-shade at noon;

Sing me old tunes  
Under the moons  
    That shine from the memory's pale past;  
Give me old friends  
When youth-joy ends—  
    And life will be sweet to the last.

W. D. KERR.

## VANKA—A STORY OF SO MANY

SAMUEL NEWMAN

Vanka did not remember both her parents; she knew, however something about them from the older servants on the manor. She knew that her mother had held the exalted position of chief cook, and that was a source of great pride to Vanka. But her recollection of her father was connected with unpleasant feelings. As a matter of fact, none of the peasants in the village believed that Stashek, Vanka's father, was guilty of the offense with which he was charged. A horse was lost from the stables of the landlord and a young peasant, with whom Stashek was not on good terms, said that he saw him take it. The lord ordered Stashek to be flogged in order to make him confess. Stashek did not confess and died under the hands of the floggers—"from fear," so the official report stated.

Vanka was taken care of by the landlady; she was often flattered that she would attain to the high position of her mother in the manor. While young her work was undefined; she had various tasks: feeding an army of dogs for her mistress' daughter, dropping letters in the mail box, and even helping out the older servants. When she grew older her work was confined more to the kitchen, where she exhibited marked abilities. The thought that her mother had occupied the same position in the manor made her look upon herself as an important member of her mistress' retinue.

Vanka grew to be a very beautiful girl. She was a typical Polish beauty, with big, round eyes, long, flat silky hair that contrasted in color with her pinkish face, and with a proportionate, symmetrical body. Of all the young peasants that "watched her steps," as their expression was, she liked Woyteck best. This Woyteck was a tall,

muscular fellow with a good reputation. Too, he was the most ambitious of all the young peasants on the manor. From the priest that visited the village occasionally he learned to write a little and also to read the "black dots," as he used to say. At the beginning of his romance with Vanka he took few opportunities to meet her but later he even had the courage to appear after his day's work in front of the kitchen window and play for her on his flute. Since then Woyteck and Vanka were seen together very often; they were envied by all the boys and girls of the village, for Woyteck was the strongest and the "most learned" of all the young peasants and Vanka was the prettiest. Once when the priest came to the village he advised Woyteck to get married and handed also Woyteck's proposal to Vanka. The day was put off until after the harvest.

One day there came to the village an agent of a steamship company and in big posters he told the peasants about a land across the ocean where every able-bodied man could make "barrels of money" in a short time. That inflamed Woyteck's imagination very much. He had a superfluous amount of energy and vivid imagination which he never utilized in his limited sphere of life. The story of a strange land across the ocean and the barrels of money appealed to his imagination and he at once decided to go there for a "short time."

Vanka protested very strongly against Woyteck's plan to leave her; he argued that he wanted to do it for her sake. He drew a glowing picture for her of how in a short time he would make "barrels of money" and then he would return and buy a farm and make her a mistress. Vanka finally yielded and with tears in her eyes accompanied him to the city. The sight of the masses of people boarding ship for the strange land gave her hope that her Woyteck, too, would not be lost.

The days in which Vanka received letters from Woyteck were to her holidays. What strange and wonderful letters they were! She herself could not read the letters; when her mistress read and explained them for her, Vanka listened with her mouth and eyes wide open and tears of joy unnoticed wet her rosy cheeks. He told her of trains riding overhead and in the ground of a country where everybody is free. What "free" meant she could not exactly understand, just as she could not understand how trains travel overhead and in the ground. In every letter her mistress answered for her, Vanka begged her Woyteck to come back with as much money as he already had.

Woyteck's destination in the new world was the mining district of Pittsburgh. Accustomed to hard labor from home he found his new work in a mine not too hard. Nor did he feel very much the change in his environment. There were a great many of his countrymen working at his side. Bringing sober habits with him from home, he would spend his free time in reading and writing to Vanka.

One time Woyteck went to a night school where the Polish miners were taught English and civics. He applied himself very diligently to these new studies and demonstrated that alertness and aggressiveness so often shown by foreigners of his type. During that time he forgot more and more about Poland and learned more and more about the new country. During that time his letters to Vanka became infrequent. Another circumstance, still, caused his thoughts to be turned away completely from his old home and sweetheart and be fixed to his new home and a girl not named Vanka.

Woyteck's sobriety and ability won him a higher position in the mine and among his Polish countrymen. He was chosen delegate of the mine and gained access into the homes of many semi-Americanized. In one of these homes

he made the acquaintance of a girl that suited his changed tastes and thoughts. At that time he had but a faint recollection of Vanka. Her face appeared to him as through a thick mist. He could not realize that it was he who had "watched her steps" and played the flute for her; all seemed to him like a vanished dream. "Did I really ever love a plain cook?" he would ask himself; but such thoughts would not dwell very long with him; the appearance of Elizabeth would make him forget all his past.

Years had passed away and Vanka was waiting. Once the object of envy in the village but now the object of pity. All her friends were married; even Handza the cross-eyed was married. Vanka was no more the beauty and pride of the village; her cheeks had grown pale and her eyes lost their warmth. Gradually a strong resolution had nested in her heart; she resolved to leave the village and the people in whose eyes she thought she could see contempt and unbearable pity. She decided to go to the same strange country which swallowed up her Woyteck. She thought perhaps she would find him there, and at the same time she wanted also to make the people believe that Woyteck had sent for her.

With her last savings she bought a ticket to the strange land. As the district where Woyteck was located was a center for the Poles, Vanka was advised to land there. With her massive hands and strong appearance it was easy for her to get employment as cook. The employment bureau told her that she would be sent to a Polish family.

Vanka was met at the door by a young woman in whom she recognized Polish features. In a mixture of Polish and English Vanka was told to wait for the husband who speaks Polish well and would settle with her. After waiting a while there a man approached the house. Vanka's eyes were at once fixed on his manner of walking. Her heart beat faster; his face appeared, her head felt as if

laden with lead; she stared him straight in the face; he made a sharp turn; but her heart stopped beating. She wanted to cry out his name, but it stuck in her throat. The world grew dark before her and she sunk heavily to the ground . . .

Back she sailed from the strange country where she hoped to find her lost youthful dreams. The beauties of the country and the grandeur of the mammoth structures on the island of Manhattan did not appeal to her; they seemed to her like tombstones upon the grave of buried hopes and youth. Deep were her sufferings, as deep as the ocean whose crest she crossed twice.

This is the story of Vanka; but alas, this is a story of so many!



# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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## EDITORIAL

### ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES

If the incentive for literary work is to be private gain, we are this year bountifully blessed in awards of medals and money. Especially should these attractive rewards appeal to Freshmen, to whom three of the contests are expressly limited and who of all students have most opportunity for quiet and leisurely "wooing of the Muses."

First, the societies have jointly appropriated a sum of fifteen dollars for the prize in the *Magazine* short-story contest. This contest is open to all students with the single exception of the members of the *Magazine* Board, who voluntarily voted to withdraw in order that they might

conduct the contest in the most aggressive and unprejudiced manner. Competing stories will be due in about a month, the exact date of the finish not having been decided.

But of even more value and importance is the Hunter Lee Harris Memorial, a gold medal offered annually, as the Catalogue states, "for the best original story by any student in the University." President Graham has said that of all the medals given here he would prefer to wear the Harris medal, for its beauty and its significance.

The Freshman Prize in English is offered in the spring by the English instructors for the most meritorious essay or short-story by a Freshman. Mr. Telfair's story "Eve" which won this prize last year is being published in this issue.

The Ben Smith Preston Cup is given each year to that student doing the best work of a journalistic nature. The honor of winning this coveted prize is second to none in college.

The Department of English has again made the offer to the classes of English I to raise one point the grade of those who succeed in having two articles of whatever nature published in the MAGAZINE during the year. To increase the attractiveness of this offer the MAGAZINE regularly turns over the sketch department of one issue in the spring to the Freshmen exclusively. The best sketch published at this time will receive the Sigma Upsilon Sketch Prize of two dollars and a half.

You who are supremely eligible, are they not, one and all worth your while?

**CONTRIBUTIONS  
AND  
CONTRIBUTORS**

The members of the MAGAZINE Board have the high ambition of interesting every Student in local literary effort. As a means toward this desideratum we wish the largest and most varied staff of contributors. Our conception is that the editor's duty is not as much to write as to inspire and encourage others to write. All else equal, the name that is unfamiliar to our pages will receive the preference.

The editors want to talk to you. We will gladly explain the plans and needs of the MAGAZINE. That short-story plot, that germinating sketch-idea, that desire for a special article of achievement or reform—hold up one of the editors with it and see how gladly he will devote his attention to the development of your thought. If we have more experience, it is for you to utilize; our advice may help you to help us and it is yours for the asking.

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**FOOTBALL  
AND  
FIGHTING**

There will be not one but two battles in Richmond Thanksgiving Day. That on the grid-iron, watched though it be by thousands of frantic spectators and awaited with interest by the whole South and East, will not be of more sure and permanent result than that other and greater fight of decency and self-control. The spirit and valor of the team is of lesser importance than the spirit and conduct of Carolina men off the field.

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**TWO PROOFS**

Without comment or controversy two statements of personal knowledge are noteworthy in this period of anticipation before the annual debauch in Richmond:

In the fall of 1910 the Freshman football team of 1914 won a splendid, hard-fought victory over the Greensboro

High School team by a score of 9 to 5. The Freshmen were already the picked prominent men of their class. After the game most of them passed the night in the grossest of bodily excesses. Not one of these was prominent at the 1914 commencement—nay, not one sat on the rostrum. They were accompanied in their “fun” by several of the High School boys, not one of whom will finish at their several colleges this year. I can name six of those High School boys who, nowise superior to their fellows at the time, preferred to go home quietly and this year will graduate with high honors at their colleges.

Professor Horace Williams has been intimately connected with student life on this campus for over thirty years. In one of his lectures he says that he has never seen a man with character fail. Further, he has never seen the son of a man who debauched himself in his own college days finish his course here or succeed in after life.

Moral:—



# SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY J. A. CAPPS



## TOO GOOD TO KEEP

“They say McDuffie won out in the quarter-mile by a nose!”

“Aw, he didn’t lead it that much, did he?”

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## THE PROPER SPIRIT

Last year in one of the Y. M. C. A.’s Bible study groups was a Sophomore who was somewhat retiring and backward in matters religious. During one of the meetings of the group he was occupying his customary position in a corner of the room, his chair leaned comfortably against the wall. At the close of the discussion the leader, quite to his astonishment, asked him to dismiss the group with a word of prayer.

“Who, me?” demanded the Sophomore, bringing his chair down on all fours with a thump. Then resolutely, “Well, I be damned if I don’t try.”

And he got away with it!

—GEO. W. EUTSLER.

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## A SHERLOCKIAN DISCOVERY

Recently, while looking through some musty old documents in the Library I came across a most quaintly written bit of parchment with edges curiously torn. It bore the words *Guter Morgen! Haben Sie*—and there the tear came.

The following day I discovered among these same records another bit of torn parchment bearing the seemingly incomplete inscription—*vous servi de savor de paires?*

—what could they mean?—these two incomplete manuscripts. Long time I pondered; then suddenly it came to me like a flash, I acted on my inspiration, put the two parchment bits side by side, and found that they fitted perfectly. Then the writing read:

*Guter Morgen! Haben Sie vous servi savor de paires.\**

No longer was I in the dark. My idea had been to combine 'em. Now I voiced and repeated this idea: combine 'em?—bine 'em—bin 'um—(Capital!) Bynum! Eureka! (which isn't the Greek, gentle reader, for gymnasium). Yes I thought I understood; and taking my Turkish friend Tow Ell I hastened thither.

Passing down the hall I heard "from Chapel Hill to Durham is how fer?" I shuddered and hastened on. But from another room came this—"I had an ace." Fer? Ace? Ah! I saw it all. By making a simple vowel change and raising the product to the Nth power I had the secret—fer-n-ace—furnace! Bynum Gymnasium Furnace! It was all as plain as the nose on McDuffie's face.

Together with Tow Ell I entered the furnace room. The old door creaked on rusty hinges and spiders in chilly torpor tried vainly to run from me. It was deathly cold. I took hold of the furnace door—but I should never have opened it had not a violent shivering jerk of my body loosened the frost and broken the ice.

With Tow Ell leaning over my shoulder I peered in, (Why go to Glacier National Park? See Chapel Hill first.) and lo! in cold storage I found a pimento sandwich preserved from the first Davie Poplar lunch, Peter Dromgool's six-shooter, and a bit of Whiting's Linen Lawn, bearing these words, "Ye watter was hotte ye 29 day February 17—" but the rest of the date was lost, and my find must remain ever unclassified—a bone of contention between ancient history and medieval mythology.

—W. D. KERR.

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\* Translation from Icelandic: "Good morning, have you used Pear's Soap."

## TWO HEARTS WITH NOT A SINGLE THOUGHT

My bonnie lies over the ocean,  
My bonnie has gone 'cross the sea;  
If she only knew of the commotion  
In my heart, she'd come back to me.

But here's to her good luck forever,  
Bless the ship in which she was carried.  
But from thoughts of her I must sever;  
For my bonnie, my bonnie (5 minutes for tears) she's  
married.

—MEBANE LONG.

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A JUNE NIGHT AT HOME

Many times have I marveled at the beautiful June nights at my little North Carolina country home. After a hard day's work behind the plow, and after supper is over I go out on the porch and find papa's old willow arm-chair. The sun is getting low, but it still allows me to read a little while. I draw from under the chair my "O. Henry" and begin to read. By the time I have finished, the big old lamp of heaven has hid itself behind the distant hills. But now the stars have come out in a sky as clear as the water in the pond across the meadow. Now I see the man in the moon playing peek-a-boo with his shadow on the lake opposite me. As the sweet odors come from the blossoms of the cherry, the apple, the peach, the apricot, and the damson trees in the orchard by the side of the house, my book gently slips from my hand. I can hear the voices of the boys and girls out on the lawn, singing simple country tunes, but with a melody that lulls me to sleep. As I listen to the faint echo of the song, a breath of air brings back the fragrant odors, and I fall into a trance. I dream of the future, of what I would

become, of home, of heaven, and of all life. But suddenly my little sister gently taps me on the arm, and then climbs up in my lap and says: "Bruver, mama said, 'come and go to bed'."

—MARION B. FOWLER.

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#### WHO PUT THE GIN IN VIRGINIA?

What is herein recounted could not have happened in Boston; would not have happened in New York; should not have happened in Chicago; and therefore must of necessity have occurred in Philadelphia. I have often heard that the City of Brotherly Love was asleep; but honest to Dave, Mabel, I never thought it was two thousand years behind the times. Rome may fall, Carolina may beat Virginia, Kaiser Bill may raise general Hades, —Philadelphia placidly sleeps through it all.

I needed a Virgil. Why? Now, Freshmen, be a good little boy, run off and study, and don't interrupt your superiors with useless questions. Well, as I was preparing to say when Ninety-Six interrupted me, I wished to purchase a Virgil. Having decided upon this momentous step, the next question that confronted me was:

"Where?" As I was in Philadelphia at the time, the logical answer seemed to be "New York." But I am of an impartial nature and believe that Theodore is the greatest man that ever lied, so I decided to try the Quaker municipality.

Intrepidly I put on a pair of blue socks and a bold air. Unmoved by fear of a South Carolinian invasion of America, I perused the streets. 'Ere long, I perceived a sign that set my heart galloping madly. With whirling brain I read "Carter—Books of All Kinds." But recollecting that courageous bravery that has given me a Freshman-wide reputation for brave courage, I entered with outward-

ly bold mien. Stage manager's note—"The plot thickens."

With apparently careless manner I approached the Goddess of Literature who presided over Carter's counters. Blonde she was, of white complexion and a gum-chewing disposition. "I beg your pardon," I emitted, "but have you an interlinear translation of Virgil's Aeneid?" (Good heavens, don't let Dr. Howe or Tommy Wilson see this!) She surveyed me carefully, and then evidently deciding that I was harmless, retorted as follows:

"Huh?"

I summoned the last remnant of my oozing courage, and responded to her challenge: "Have you Virgil's Aeneid?" She shifted her quid (notice the Latin), and without any ulterior designs, as far as I could see, queried:

"Is it recent fiction?"

I fled.

ALFRED M. LINDAU.

P. S.—God save the King!

P. P. S.—Right to translate into Persian, Albanian, and South Carolinian reserved.

P. P. S. S.—On to Richmond!

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#### DUTY

It was a perfect evening. The sun, a ball of fire, was just going down behind the trees in the distance. The little birds were chirping goodnight as they went to bed in the trees. Over head the swallows, like leaves in a whirlwind, circled around a chimney top. From the meadow came the deep bass voice of the bull-frog mingled with the high shrill note of the tree-frogs. A cow-bell tinkled as the herd came up the lane; a horse neighed in the barn. All nature seemed to be at her best.

This evening the bench under the large pine tree was occupied. There we sat, a fair young girl and myself, and talked,—no, whispered. Suddenly a tree-frog jumped from the tree, paused for a moment on the girl's shoulder and continued on its way. She felt its cold and sticky touch, saw its beady eyes, screamed and fainted. There was only one thing for me to do. I did it.

J. A. KENT.

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AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Hurrah for Bourne!  
 He's shaved and shorn,  
 And newly, sprightly clad.  
 And what's the reas?  
 'Tis not spring seas.  
 Sh! A check's come from his dad!

AS IT WAS

Alas! Poor Bourne,  
 He died forlorn,  
 Deserted by his daddy;  
 He wrote for kale,  
 But got no mail;  
 A pauper died this laddie.

MEBANE LONG.

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A MORNING VISITOR

When we had finished our breakfast one Sunday morning last summer, and all were on the porch making plans for the day, one of the queerest old fellows you ever saw came staggering up to the foot of the steps. He was so weak that he was compelled to drop down on the end of the steps before he could make his feeble plea for bread. His features and dress showed that he was a genuine

tramp. His face looked as if it had never been touched by a razor. The dust and dirt in his sandy beard and mustache had evidently been there for some time. Out from under an old battered hat covering a part of his tangled locks, sparkled a pair of dark blue eyes, which had not lost all of their youthful lustre. His hands were rough and clumsy, and long untrimmed nails protruded from each of his fingers. His coat had braved the storms of several winters, but was now almost a relic of the past. His trousers were covered with patches of unusual dimensions. The pieces of leather which he wore on his feet could hardly be called shoes. His whole appearance called forth a feeling of pity for this lonely wandering, homeless, friendless, and penniless piece of humanity.

We gave him a good warm breakfast and filled his old red handkerchief with some other articles of food for him to carry with him. He tied the bundle of provisions on the end of his walking-stick, threw it over his shoulders, and shuffled off, knowing not, and caring less, who would be his next benefactors.

M. H. RANDOLPH.

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EPITAPHS

(As They Might Have Been Written.)

Here lies a man who seemed to think  
His trouble he could drown in drink.

(He succeeded.)

Here lies a chap quite free from strife,  
Who dared to contradict his wife.

(She's married again.)

Dear friends, here lies the bones of one  
Who always carried a deadly gun.

(The other man drew first.)

A hypnotist below doth lie  
Who looked a tiger in the eye.

(And the tiger won.)

Below a man quite safely lies  
Who jumped a chap just twice his size.

(Take warning.)

Kind friends, stop here and please take note,  
Here lies the fool who rocked the boat.

(Companions were rescued.)

For this poor guy have no remorse,  
He swiped his books for his college course.

(Honesty, the best policy.)

Here sleeps a boob who hunted fame,  
He tried a glide in an aeroplane.

(Something slipped.)

This place is kept for poor John Wright;  
He bit a piece of dynamite.

(His last ride.)

PAUL MCKANE.

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#### PSEUDO-SERIOUS SEMI-SOMETHING

The Black-hand society had been very active for several days. In fact it had been so very active that every Italian in the city not allied with the mysterious clan lived in continual dread of losing his life; for no one could tell who would be the next victim. The police department was making a special effort to break up the organization, but so far had met with poor success.

While two representatives of this branch of the law were standing in front of a saloon waiting for an invitation to sink a couple of "German schooners," they saw an old Italian woman and a small boy coming down the opposite side of the street. The boy carried a neatly wrapped

package. While the knights of the blue coat looked on, they saw the woman take this package and conceal it under her shawl. With a knowing look at each other they followed until they saw the two suspects enter a tenement and come out again without the package. They were satisfied and arrested the woman, but the boy got away and ran down the street yelling as loud as he could.

The foreigners, principal inhabitants of that part of the city, thinking the town was on fire, poured out of every building. One of the policemen 'phoned to headquarters to inform his captain that he had the Black-hand cornered and requested the aid of twenty-five reserves. They came and brought with them many others including the fire department and several newspaper reporters.

Two very brave policemen entered the suspected house. The curious crowd heard a crash and saw a small package come hurling into their midst. There was a rush for safety and during that rush many prayers petitioning for deliverance from the Black-hand were offered.

The package lay in the middle of the street. No one, not even a policeman would dare venture near it. The firemen turned the hose on it, and still it might not be safe for anyone to go close enough to make an investigation. The captain knew that by delaying he would cause the reputation of the great police department to sink below par in the estimation of the assembled citizens. In vain he urged his men to act, they said that those who discovered the machine ought to open it. But the discoverers said that whereas they had achieved great honor in detecting the thing, they felt duty bound to let some fellow officer have the honor of opening it. A happy thought struck the captain. He called for volunteers to make the investigation, but none came. Then holding a bill up in his hand he said, "I'll give any man this five dollars who will open that package."

There was a moment's silence. Then the boy who had been seen with the old woman made his way to the center of the circle of excited onlookers. He picked up the package, tore the wrapping from it and held up an alarm clock as he said, "It's de pres I buy for ma fada."

—J. A. CAPPS.

# AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY G. A. MARTIN

EVERYMAN'S EDITORIAL PAGE

## YOU CAN HELP

Have you ever asked yourself the question, "Am I a 'one talent' man or am I a 'ten talent' man?" Each one of us has a talent for something; many have a talent for several things. One great trouble is that we do not use these talents or even the one which we have. What do we do? We bury it. And that practice is what we want to overcome, because we do not desire to be the "one talent" type. Let's put our talent to work, make it mean something. Let's be the man of the "ten talent" type, not the insignificant fellow who goes and buries even the one talent which he has.

The Yackety Yack offers a variety of work which no other publication here offers; consequently, I want you to make it your field. The success of the book depends almost entirely upon the work of men who possess varied talents. You men who can draw, you who can make verses, or write humorous sketches, or make puns, or you who have or can take good snapshots, you are the very men the Yackety Yack needs. Every man in college can help the editors make the book a pride, and at the same time feel a keen sense of satisfaction when perusing its leaves, because each of you has contributed your share to the success. We need your aid. Will you give it? Or will you go bury even that talent which you have for fear you will lose it by practice?

—GEO. A. MEBANE, JR.

## OUR HONOR SYSTEM EXTENDED

Professor Horace Williams has a strong conviction that honor system should be so extended as to apply to the class attendance of upper classmen. And why shouldn't it be? We say that our honor system is a good thing, and no one denies that. It applies to the preparation of our work; no one watches us to see that we study. It applies to our examinations; no one watches us to see that we do not cheat. It applies to our absence from the University; no one watches us to see that we do not leave the campus. Then why shouldn't it apply to our class attendance?

After a man has been here two years, I believe that he has imbibed enough of the spirit of our honor system to be willing to be put on his honor for the performance of all his duties. Furthermore, he has passed the required studies and can now make his own selection from the great variety of courses offered by the University. He will naturally choose the subjects in which he is most interested, and a man will not miss a lecture on a subject in which he is interested without a good reason. If a man does miss a class, all he has to do under the proposed system is to turn in his name and the class missed to the registrar. This system has its advantages too. It would save time in the class room, for there would be no roll call. It would develop a sense of responsibility among the men, for they, and they alone, would then be responsible for the performance of their duties. And greater than these, it would show a high development of that fine sense of honor which is the basis of our honor system, our student self government, and is the stamp of the true son of the University. Fellows, wouldn't this be a splendid achievement for us? Aren't you willing to help accomplish it?

—ROSCOE E. PARKER.

## A DANGER SIGNAL

When Dr. Hall delivered his lecture upon "The Young Man's Problem," we crowded the Chapel. We listen to a purity lecture with interest and approbation. We all desire to lead a clean life. Do we materialize our desire in this respect?

The University students, as a whole, are the cleanest set of men with whom I have ever been thrown in contact. They have high ideals, and during their nine months' stay in college, they lead a comparatively clean and wholesome life. Only once during the year do they fall from the high standard they have set for themselves. This "once" is Thanksgiving Day.

Whether we win from Virginia or whether we lose, this occasion will be a tragedy in one sense. Many and many a boy, reared in the best Christian home and under the best influence, will go to Richmond Thanksgiving and take his first drink and go to a house of ill repute for the first time. To what will it lead? No one can tell. As President Graham pointed out in Chapel several weeks ago, it is not necessary to celebrate our victories or our defeats in this manner. It is not University-like. There are better ways to show our pride in the fight our team puts up against Virginia. Are our usual "big times" in Richmond a real pleasure to us? Are they worth while? Carolina men, let's stop and think.

—HERBERT M. BLALOCK.

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DAILY SINGING

It means a lot to a fellow to start the day singing. If it does nothing else a good familiar hymn sung with interest and liveliness will put a sort of new life in a man and make him feel for a while at least that there's something high and noble in life.

Singing in Chapel at prayers can accomplish much in the daily life of the student if he will give those few minutes whole-hearted zeal. Every song we sing at Chapel is familiar to most of the students. The singing is the most beautiful and impressive of all the exercises for it is in singing that all of us rise with one purpose.

Better singing can be done at our daily Chapel exercises. It is a man's duty to himself and the student body to rise in Chapel and sing for all that he is worth. Think of it yourself and you cannot help but conclude that when you miss an opportunity to sing the sweetest songs composed you miss a good part of the happy side of life. You can sing a little. If you will sing just that little every day and try your best at it you will find yourself each day a much happier man.

—McDANIEL LEWIS.



# EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY B. F. AULD

CAROLINA OUR FIELD



## THE HIGH SCHOOL AND THE MAGAZINE

We have received some favorable replies from High Schools and hope to see many new magazines published. To many the question arises, "Why publish a magazine?"

There are two reasons that are important: First, the record, and second, the growth. There are many schools who work along from year to year and have no records of the thought, the aims, the inspirations of their predecessors. The thoughts of an age are reflected in its literature, so the thoughts of a school body are reflected in its publications. They are something to look back to, from which to gain new ideals. A magazine is the center of traditions, the binding of school years into a grand unity. There is little else that in after life will recall more pleasure than to live again the scenes of schoolhood in the pages of the magazine.

Besides being a record the magazine ought to be a field for literature, progressive school ideas, and an ever reaching-out for better general conditions. Literature, of course, is a high aim for any magazine. But literature seems to be so elusive, and it is, at any rate, a higher and nobler function for the school magazine to devote its pages more to problems within its own school, its town, its county. School problems can be discussed and the magazine may wield a power in bringing about a higher moral tone among the students. Essays growing out of the community life may be written that the students may grow into the fuller life of community citizens.

The magazine should be a constructive, literary, and

progressive publication. Every issue should have some definite aim, and it should be so much a part of the student life that it will lead and reflect the sentiments of the body of students.

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## FIVE BEST

"I'll have to collect my Bill," said the Irishman as he went out to the place where his goat had been shattered by the railroad train.—Dartmouth *Jack O' Lantern*.

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He—"How do you like my mustache?"

She—"Not so very well at first sight."

He—"Perhaps it will grow on you."

She—"Oh, Lester, you are always thinking of the most absurd things!"—Yale *Record*.

---

He—"May I cross the street with you?"

She—"Certainly, if you're afraid to go alone."

—Cornel *Widow*.

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It—Did you say "yes" or "no"?

The Other One—I shook my head.

It—I know you shook your head because I heard it rattle, but did you shake it sideways or up and down?—Princeton *Tiger*.

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Dean—Have you ever been up before me?

Stude—I don't know. What time do you get up?—*Tiger*.

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THE SOUTHLAND'S CALL

J. R. LATHAM

When the sleet wraps all things tightly  
    In a shining robe of ice,  
And the flakes of snow fall lightly,  
    Serving only to entice  
The natives of the Northland  
    To the swamps of growing rice,

Like a mighty, hungry army,  
    Comes the endless flying wedge,  
With a leader bold, the foremost,  
    Looking o'er the farthest edge  
As the land tips forward gently  
    To the plains of marsh and sedge.

Hear their cry! The geese are coming!  
    'Tis the hunter's longed-for sight.  
Is their fate, with all their roaming  
    But to fall for his delight,  
Pinions outstretched, water foaming,  
    Martyrs to the human might?

While the mighty Northland spawns them  
    Still they'll come, and will always,  
To the rice and sedge that calls them,  
    Coming south the endless way.

## HOW PRINCES SHOULD KEEP FAITH (From Machiavelli's "Je Principe.")

E. F. PARKER

How praiseworthy it is for a prince to keep his faith and live by integrity rather than cunning, everyone knows; nevertheless, what has happened in our time shows that those princes have done great things who have made little account of faith and have known how to bewilder men's brains with their cunning, finally conquering those who had based their course of action on fidelity.

You must know that there are two ways of fighting, namely, with principles and with force. The former is characteristic of man and the latter of beasts. But, as the former is not always sufficient, one may have recourse to the latter. Wherefore a prince must be able to play both beast and man.

This is plainly taught by the ancient writers who tell how Achilles and many other princes of antiquity were reared by Chiron, the centaur, who trained them in the ways of his own learning. This having for a preceptor a being half man and half beast means nothing else than that a prince must be able to use the qualities of both, the one being unstable without the other.

So, when a prince is driven to playing the beast he should be both fox and lion, for the lion can not keep clear of snares while the fox can not protect himself from the wolves. He must, then, be a fox to detect snares, and a lion to dismay the wolves. Those who put their trust merely in the lion are unwise.

Therefore, a wise lord neither can nor should keep his faith when its keeping is to his disadvantage and the causes for which he pledged it no longer exist. If men were all good this precept would be bad, but men are

sorry creatures and would not keep faith with you; you, then, are not bound to keep it toward them.

Pretexts to justify the breach of faith will never be lacking to a prince. Numberless modern examples of this could be given showing how many truces, many promises have been rendered vain and futile by princes' infidelity, and he who has played the fox most skillfully has come out ahead. But he must know how to justify this conduct and be a great pretender and dissimulator. Still, men are so simple-minded and obedient to present necessities that anyone who is a deceiver will always find someone who will let himself be taken in.

I can not refrain from mentioning a recent example. Alexander VI never did or thought of doing anything but deceive men, and he never lacked victims. Never was there a man of greater persuasiveness in his asseverations or one who would swear to a thing with stronger oaths and then observe them less; notwithstanding, he succeeded in his deceptions to his heart's desire, for he knew well that side of the world.

A prince, then, need not have all the good qualities, but it is extremely important that he seem to have them. Indeed, I will venture to say that if he has and always observes them, they will be harmful, if he merely seems to have them, they are useful, such as appearing pious, faithful, humane, honest and religious, and being so. He should, however, be so mentally constituted that in case of need he can change to the opposite.

This, then, must be understood, that a ruler, especially a new ruler, can not observe all those things for which men are reputed to be good, being often driven, in order to maintain the state, to go contrary to faith, charity, humanity and religion. Therefore, he must have a mind ready to change as the winds and fluctuations of fortune require; not departing from the good because he can, but able to enter into evil when he must.

In like wise a prince must take good care that he say nothing not full of the aforesaid five qualities, and that he appear, to see and hear him, all mercy, faith, integrity and religion. And nothing is more essential than appearing to have this last-named quality.

Men, in general, judge by their eyes rather than by their hands. Everyone can see, but few can perceive. Everyone sees what you seem to be while few perceive what you are, and these few dare not oppose the opinion of the many who have the majesty of the government behind them. Moreover, in the action of all men, especially of princes from whom there is no appeal, we look for the results. Just let a prince conquer and keep his state and the means will always be held honorable and lauded by all, for the common herd is taken by appearances and the outcome of an affair, and it is only necessary to reckon with the herd. The few prevail only when the many support them. A certain prince, now living, whom it is best not to name, preaches nothing but peace and faith although he is a hater of both, and either one, if he had practised it, would have repeatedly deprived him of either his prestige or his state.

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#### AUTHOR'S NOTE

Niccolo Machiavelli, (1469-1527), soldier, diplomat and writer, of keen powers of observation and great versatility, had one obsession: to see Italy free and united. In this idea he dedicated his "Prince" to Lorenzo de' Medici, calling on him and his great house to assume the leadership and carry out this great, but unfeasible, work. The treatise was the result of many years' experience and observation in European diplomacy and tells how a prince should set to work to establish his newly-conquered territory on a firm basis.

The chapter here presented has given rise to the familiar and unsavory epithet "Machiavellian," but the whole work is not of this nature for it contains much that is praiseworthy and nothing impracticable. The highest good is (to Machiavelli) the establishment of a good government on a firm footing; means are not to be held against the prince if necessary to accomplish this end. The language used is very plain, a characteristic of the sixteenth century, but modern euphemisms cannot improve on the ideas. Moreover, it must be remembered that our author did not originate but merely formulated the ideas, so his apparent diabolical cynicism is a simple record of his observations, and the odium attached to his name is entirely unmerited. Furthermore, we must make allowance for his purpose—is that Machiavellian, too?

In the light of recent events this fragment assumes a new and poignant interest, for again it has been shown that "scraps of paper," promises and oaths are of little value when their observance hinders a nation, master of its own destiny and unanswerable to human tribunals, in a desired course of action.

## “ CHOLLY ”

B. F. AULD

I walked into the Citizens' National Bank and addressed myself to the cashier, who had a private office to the right of the entry.

“Good morning, sir! Are you a subscriber for the *Literary Review*?”

“Yes,” said he, “I subscribed last month.”

“May I go through the bank and interview the clerks?”

“Yes,” he answered. “By the way, what is your name? Your face is familiar, but I've forgotten your name. Whom do you work for?”

“I work for myself, and am getting subscriptions for the *Literary Review*. I suppose you do not know me since this is my first day in Boston. I go to college and am trying to make enough money to pay my way through next year.”

“Strange,” said he, “but you certainly—— Yes, go through this door to the clerks.”

I entered, and accosted the paying teller, a young man of thirty years, and told him all about the *Literary Review*, its contributors, its special articles, and added many reasons why he should subscribe. He listened with a twitching mouth, which betrayed a hidden smile. Finally, when I had finished my “spiel” and put the final question to him in due form, he burst into a hearty laugh.

“Why, Cholly,” said he, after he came to himself, “you certainly are some salesman. You can talk, all right. But say, Cholly, I haven't any money today. You know we get ours on Tuesday, and the ghost walks tomorrow. Come around tomorrow, Cholly. I'm sorry I haven't the money today. Tune your chin music on Miss Lawrence over there, Cholly.”

I went over to Miss Lawrence, who was busily en-

gaged in a typewriter, and began my story. When I finished, Miss Lawrence looked at me with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Well, Charles," said she, "why don't you go on the road? I am sure you could earn more than you do at the Mercantile. But, Charles, you know tomorrow is pay-day, and I'll take a subscription tomorrow."

I thanked her and eagerly sought the door. As I passed through to the lobby, I saw an office boy taking a cat nap on a chair in front of the Cashier's office.

"Hello, Cholly," he exclaimed, as he opened his eyes quickly.

"Hello! Say, I'd like to speak to you a minute outside."

"All right, Cholly."

"Say," said I, when I had got him outside. "Who is Cholly?"

He stared at me wildly for a few seconds, and pinched himself twice to see if he was still asleep. He must have ended by thinking I was joking.

"Why, *you're* Cholly, of course, the messenger of the Mercantile National."

"Am I? Yes. Yes. You're a wise kid. Here, take this," said I, placing a quarter in his hand.

"Thanks, Cholly. Why, everybody knows you."

I walked down the steps of the Citizens' National Bank, these words ringing in my ears. I, John Evans, a freshman at Columbia, was Cholly, the messenger of the Mercantile National, and everybody knew me. I hardly knew what had made me leave the bank as soon as I did, but I believe it was that still, small voice of conscience, which yelled when I was called Cholly, "You're a liar, John Evans, you're not Cholly." I thought the matter over calmly and decided to go to the Mercantile National Bank in order to see Cholly.

Luckily for me, I saw my exact likeness standing in the doorway with a satchel in his hand. I addressed him as Cholly and when he saw my face, he dropped his satchel in surprise. I explained to him why I had come, and he said cheerfully:

“Go on, old man, and get all the subscriptions you can. I give you full liberty to use my name and my face at pleasure.”

After some further conversation, we parted. Cholly boarded a car, and I ran to the nearest bank.

The Cholly stunt worked exceptionally well. On the first day I received twenty subscriptions. At thirty-five cents each the commission amounted to seven dollars. During the first week I earned fifty-six dollars. The second week did not seem as good until on Saturday, when Cholly handed me the money for fifty subscriptions. The number of subscriptions decreased during the third and fourth weeks, and, at the end of the fourth week, I had worked every bank in the city, except the Mercantile, which Cholly himself worked for me. I figured that I had cleared two hundred dollars, and it was nearly all due to Cholly.

Cholly and I became very friendly. We visited each other and often went on pleasure trips together. Cholly was always in a good humor, and never ceased to laugh at what he termed the “Siamese Twins.” I could never prevail upon him to accept any of the money which he had helped me earn, and he always insisted on spending more than his share when we went out together.

After my fat and prosperous month came a lean and dull one. I averaged only five subscriptions per day. I did not see Cholly as often because he was busy at the bank and often worked at night. I was cheered, however, by a letter from my sweetheart which informed me that she was going to stop a day in Boston on her way to a

summer resort in Maine. She was to arrive on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock and was to stay to see the city until three o'clock in the afternoon. I thought of those six hours of bliss, those three hundred and sixty minutes of happiness. I looked at her photograph, and read and reread her letter. My heavens! Would that day never come?

I received my sweetheart's letter on Thursday, and went to Cholly's room every night to tell him of my good fortune. But Cholly was busy during these days. He was always either at the home of his fiancee or at the bank. On Sunday, likewise, I could not see Cholly, and I had to keep the good news to myself.

On Sunday evening at six o'clock I was disturbed while at supper by a messenger. He had a note which was to be delivered to me at once. It read as follows:

"Dear John:

I want you to work in my place at the bank the next three days. I am called out of town tonight. Go to my room and make yourself at home. Wear my clothes, for you must act as if you were me. I know you can do it. You *must* do it. I rely on you.  
Cholly."

I looked at the note stupefied. I was to work in Cholly's place, and to play that I was Cholly. Why? I did not know. And on Tuesday,—yes, Tuesday, of all days. At first I thought I should refuse. What good would it do for me to play that I was he? Someone else at the bank could take his place for three days and he could explain matters when he got back. I read the note again and again. I could not refuse such a friend a favor. I could not be so ungrateful. And Cholly relied on me,—he *knew* I would do it. That decided me.

I went out at once and despatched a telegram to my

sweetheart. I told her I would be unable to see her if she came to Boston on Tuesday. That telegram hurt me worse than a whipping, but I should explain matters to her later. The loss of that day's pleasure, however, was irretrievable.

I then went to Cholly's room where I found everything in confusion. On the chiffonier he had left some written instructions to help me at the bank. I sat down and studied the brief explanation of his work. I thought I could do it. I would make good and show Cholly he had not relied on me in vain. I then read one of Cholly's books, and finally got into his bed and slept until morning.

Next day at the bank I felt as strange as a freshman just arrived at college. I had studied Cholly's instructions, however, and I soon put them into practice. I know I looked awkward, and, as everyone asked me what was the matter, I thought it best to feign sickness. I received sympathetic solicitations from all sides and everyone insisted on helping me do my work. I believe I said I had such a headache that I could hardly remember a thing.

Everything went well on Monday, and Tuesday morning began in the same auspicious manner. About ten o'clock, however, I was filled with alarm when I was called into the private office of the president on very important business. I could feel the eyes of every person in the bank fixed upon me as I approached the mahogany door. I knocked and was admitted at once. In fact, it seemed that I was awaited.

If I had been alarmed at the summons, I was even more alarmed at the assembly which confronted me. The president was seated, coatless, in his chair. Two men, who appeared to be directors were on either side of him. Before a long mahogany table in the center of the room stood the cashier and one of the bookkeepers. Near the door

through which I entered stood a man in black, whom I was then unable to catalogue. I looked uneasily about the room, but the president gave me no chance to regain my composure.

"Charles," he said sternly, "we have very unpleasant news to communicate to you this morning. Last Saturday you received fifteen thousand dollars from Mr. Weeks, the bookkeeper here, to take to the First National Bank. Yesterday we received a message from the First National that the money had not been delivered. We have investigated the matter, and Mr. Weeks holds your receipt for the money. I wish there was some way in which you could clear yourself, Charles. Come, let us hear about it from yourself."

"Really, sir," said I, "my head is not clear. I can hardly remember a thing which occurred only yesterday."

"Come, confess, Cholly," said the bookkeeper, in a whining voice.

"Yes, yes, confess, young man," said one of the directors impatiently.

"It'll take the third degree to get it out of him," said the man in black as he laid his hand on my shoulder, and, at the same time, displayed a detective's badge.

"Just a minute," said the cashier, in a lower tone, as he extended a piece of paper toward me. "Cholly, did you write that receipt?"

I looked at a receipt written in Cholly's familiar handwriting.

"No, sir," said I.

Everyone in the office was speechless for an instant and the bookkeeper broke the silence with:

"It's a lie, it's a lie."

The detective released his grip on my shoulder and took complete charge of the situation.

"Well," said he, "it is easy enough to tell whether he

is lying. We'll have him sign his name here, before us, and we can then prove whether he signed the receipt."

The president handed me a pen and the cashier produced a piece of paper. My hand shook visibly as I wrote the name of my friend, Charles Austin.

All eyes were strained to see the writing and those of the bookkeeper opened even wider with astonishment.

"Not a bit like his writing," said the detective, after carefully comparing the two signatures.

"Not the least resemblance," said the cashier, with a sigh of relief.

"I am very well pleased, Charles," said the president. "I hoped you could clear yourself. Forgive our suspicions, Charles."

The bookkeeper seemed to be struck dumb, but he regained his voice somewhat, when, with his usual alacrity, the detective grabbed him by the shoulder.

"It's a lie, I tell you," he said, "and that fellow has changed his writing."

"Yes, take *him*," said the president to the detective, who, as though fearful of being deprived of a prisoner, was already making his exit with the bookkeeper.

I then shook hands with everybody present, and went back to my work, more puzzled than ever. Had Cholly really stolen the money and used me to cover up his escape and to give him time to make a "get-a-way?" I could hardly believe it of Cholly. But the facts were against him. I felt guilty of having been the means of procuring the arrest of the innocent bookkeeper. But my conscience was stilled by the thought that he could prove himself innocent if he were really so. For some reason, too, I did not like the bookkeeper and I would rather that he be kept in prison for a day than I.

During the afternoon the time passed slowly. The minutes seemed like hours and the hours like days. I

thought of the pleasure I could be having with my sweetheart and compared it with the ridiculous and uncomfortable predicament that I was in. As soon as the clock struck four I hastened to my room. There I tried to settle the matter in my mind. What should I do? If I returned to work on the morrow I was sure that I should be arrested. I debated the matter with myself a long time and finally decided for Cholly. Even if he had stolen the money, I would stick by him. If he did steal, he must have had a very good reason. Then I remembered that he was engaged to be married, and that the only reason why he did not marry was on account of his small salary. No doubt he had eloped with his sweetheart and the money. I prayed for Cholly that night and went to bed resolved to be his friend whether he was guilty or innocent.

At six o'clock the next morning I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. I opened it, and there stood Cholly. Although he was pale and appeared to be tired, he had the same cheerful countenance, and he shook my hand heartily. He carried a satchel and had evidently just come from the station.

"Well, well! John," said he, dropping into my easy chair. "I'm glad to get back. I haven't slept for two days. How do you like your job? I'll bet you are as good a messenger as you are a salesman. Ha, Ha! We played a good one on them, old man."

"But, Cholly," said I, "I don't understand a thing about this affair. Will you be so kind as to let me into the performance?"

"Why, surely, John," said he. "To start at the beginning, on last Saturday the paying teller was very busy and the bookkeeper helped him with his work. He put up fifteen thousand dollars for me to carry to the First National. After I had received and counted the money

I gave the bookkeeper a receipt, which is the custom in the office. I was delayed on my trip, however, by stopping at many places, and I did not reach the First National until after it had closed. I, accordingly, returned to the bank with the money in my satchel and put it in the safe. Everyone was out to luncheon except the bookkeeper. I did not think it necessary to ask him to return my receipt, as I intended to deliver the money the first thing on Monday morning. Besides, I regarded the receipt as a mere form, for I had often given the paying-teller receipts for money which I had not yet received. I left the bank at three o'clock and the bookkeeper was still there.

"On Sunday afternoon I returned to the bank to help the cashier for a couple hours. I believe he wanted me for my company as much as for my help, because there was no one else in the bank, but that is outside of the story. As soon as the cashier opened the safe, I saw that my satchel was gone. Although I looked all around for it, I did not mention the matter to the cashier. I was worried but worked until five o'clock.

"As soon as I got out of the bank I rode to the home of Mr. Weeks, the bookkeeper. When I was nearing the house, however, Mr. Weeks and another man came out and walked briskly in the opposite direction. Mr. Weeks carried a suit-case and his companion carried my familiar satchel. I followed them, but they caught a passing car, which was marked to South Station, at the corner.

"At first I was dumbfounded, but quickly recovered my senses and hailed a taxicab. I then rode to my room and wrote your instructions on the way. I got some money from my trunk together with some other necessities. I wrote your note on the way to the station and was there within twenty minutes. I was disappointed, however, when I saw the bookkeeper's companion, with

my satchel in his hand, get on a train for New York just as the train pulled out. I ran to catch it, but it was already gone. I did not see the bookkeeper, but supposed he had remained behind. The stranger did not carry his suit case and I luckily thought that I might track him in some way, as he must have checked it.

"I went immediately to the baggage window and inquired whether the 5:50 New York Express carried baggage. I was more than pleased when he told me that all the baggage was sent on the 6:40 accommodation. I then asked the clerk whether he could remember the check number of a suit-case left by the man whom I described. After I had assisted his memory with a dollar bill he brought forth a suitcase, which I recognized as belonging to the suspect, and allowed me to take the number.

"I took the 6:40 to New York and arrived there on Monday morning. I became intimate with the baggage-master there and he allowed me to stay on watch at all hours. On Monday evening, an orderly of the Metropolitan House came for the suit-case. I went with him to the Metropolitan House and learned the location of the stranger's suite.

"I then went to a costumer's shop, where I immediately dressed up as a police officer and became a voluntary addition to the New York Police Department unawares.

"Ha, ha! Well, John, I wish you could have seen that fellow when I opened his door. At first he was scared speechless. Then he began to confess and got down on his knees and begged for mercy, all the time blubbering like a baby.

"Well, to make a long story short, I got the satchel with all the money safe. I let my stranger friend go free, upon a solemn promise to reform. Now, I suppose we'll get some breakfast together."

I told Cholly my experiences during his absence while we breakfasted together and then he went to the bank.

At five o'clock Cholly again came to my room.

"Well, John, old boy," said he, cheerfully, "the old man treated me all right. I thought he had a good streak in him somewhere. I am bookkeeper, John, think of it. And, I guess you suspect it, I'll be married within a week."

"And Weeks," said I, "goes to the 'Pen'?"

"Not at all, John, not at all. I told Weeks to confess and that I would put in a good word for him. The old man wanted to send him over, but I stuck by him and got him off free. Weeks isn't a bad fellow at heart, John, and, then, you know, he has a wife and child."

"You're a great fellow, Cholly," said I.

"No, no, just a minute. I haven't finished yet. You played a part in this affair. It was through you that the matter was kept quiet, that my reputation was secured, and that Weeks was saved from the 'Pen'. The boss made me a present of a thousand dollars, half of which goes to you."

"No, Cholly," I answered quickly, "keep that to furnish the home."

"No, John, you'll need it at college next year, and, besides, I'll be drawing my salary as bookkeeper, with very good prospects for the president's job."

After much persuasion, I finally was forced to accept my half. I stayed in Boston to see Cholly married and acted as best man. I then quit my subscription work in Boston and went to Maine, where I spent the best and happiest summer of my life with my sweetheart.

## A PLAIN TRAMP GLORIFIED

D. H. KILLEFFER

I tramp and tramp from dawn to dusk  
Along this endless, cold steel track.  
My life is made of rails and ties;  
My purpose, but to save from wreck

Some other's love. For mine, long years  
Ago, was lost for want of me  
To watch the steel, to find its flaws,  
To tramp and tramp eternally.

I've saved some lives, each one beloved  
As hers. Thank God, I could! But I  
Tramp on and beg my food. At night  
Beside my rails, despised, I lie.

## THE NOISOME PESTILENCE

GEO. W. EUTSLER

E. Perkins Menden, football hero and popular idol, was cheerfully contemplating battle, murder, and sudden death. He stopped under the arch at the campus gate and scratched his head in a very every-day and unheroic fashion. Momentarily he pressed his forehead against the cooling granite. "Great globes of gloom," he muttered—with other remarks appropriate enough but fortunately unheard. And then, "I guess it's all up with me. I could give up the ghost with a shout."

His light of love, Irma, fairest of the fair, had given him a dishonorable discharge. Moreover, she had plainly told him that brute strength no longer appealed to her; she was cultivating the beauties of the soul, and in this delicate performance the big, hulking fellow, quiet and undemonstrative, was a decided misfit. But Mr. Fowler, now he was different—he was *so spirituelle* and he did read poetry *so* exquisitely, and as for that, he was a genius at writing it, too. And as she returned his college monogram, jewelled and wreathed with stars, the highest reward of efficiency in athletics and the next dearest thing in the world to him, she had proudly displayed the bauble which now usurped its place on her breast. In deep disgust he recognized the poetry medal won by Fowler. Never loquacious, the big fellow could say not a word; and with the consoling thought that he was a genius only in making an ass of himself, he had retired from the field—in bad order, as even he was forced to admit.

He continued his way wearily and was immediately roused from his state of melancholia by the necessity of quick action to avoid colliding with one who came plowing around the corner, head drooped between his shoulders like some great bird of prey, totally oblivious to his sur-

roundings. It was Bishop Jones—compatriot and side-kicker in mischief and adversity.

With dexterity of foot and hand Menden lovingly tripped his pre-occupied friend. "Ho, wake up, Bish, you lumber-bus. Better truss up your brain when you try to think. Otherwise it might not stand the strain."

"Unhand me, wretch," advised Bish. "Very guy I want to see. Great stuff. Come on, Perk. Hurry up. 'The pestilence walketh in the darkness.'" Cryptic sentences were Bishop's delight. Also, he prided himself on being somewhat puritanical and otherworldly.

But Menden protested. "Whats your gag?" he demanded. Details seemed essential to him; he had been involved in Bishop's stunts before—to his sorrow.

"The Pest—up in my room—chinning about his illustrious self—as usual. This time it's the heroic war deeds of his almighty ancestors. The day of deliverance is at hand. I'm gonna put a crimp in him now—once for all."

"The Pest" was a pet name for Lawrence Amos Mirabeau Fowler, Jr.—all that, sir, if you please. Mention of him made the athlete's face lengthen and its expression vinegar. He thought of Irma—and the thoughts were not pleasant. He wondered a little guiltily how his unhappiness had been even for the instant dispelled from his mind.

"Here, Perk," said Bishop soothingly, noticing the slackened step and perturbed countenance, "might as well get it off your chest right now."

The woes of the big athlete overwhelmed him in spite of his determination to suffer in silence. In one headlong, tumultuous stream all his troubles came tumbling into the sympathetic ear of his friend, who by judicious promptings assisted in the unburdening of the whole story along with divers suspicions and spitefulnesses.

"I knew a long time ago the Pest was putting the roll-

ers under you with that smooth tongue of his," consoled the little Bishop. "Poetry! great Zeus!" he cried, and forthwith stopped, for the English tongue lacked an adequate expression—and at the revival last week he had forsworn his native language.

In another moment he was all activity. Slapping his friend heartily on the back, he shoved him through the entrance of the dormitory before which they now stood. "Perk up, Perk—go down to the room, keep him going a few minutes—stay there for the finish—I'll cook his little goose all right, all right. I'm off for more recruities."

Menden had little heart for sport, but his numbed brain conceived no course other than implicit obedience to orders. His entrance was received with a roar. "Hail to thee, blithe spirit, bird thou always wert," welcomed some pseudo-classicist. Perk immediately divined from the joyful grins of this coterie of his special friends that no good boded for the young narrator who, owl-like behind his great, bluish, shell-rimmed spectacles, occupied the center of the group and in all good faith responded to their continued demands for more stories.

Irma's brother Bob, who was would-be athletic and hence a hero-forshipper and supporter of Perk, made room for him in the window-seat. "We've kept the noisy pest going 'bout two hours. When's Bish coming back?" he whispered. Re-assured by a nod, he added melodramatically, "Prithee let this flow of soul fall upon thy ravished ears."

They were interrupted by Fowler's even chant as he recommenced his story in his best-embellished style.

"Perkins," he said sweetly—as well he could afford to do, "I have just finished describing my grandfather's noble rescue of the flag from the very jaws of the enemy's batteries. Also, I have told them how, disdaining to retreat after the charge of his brigade had been repulsed with ter-

rible slaughter, he had gallantly charged alone up the precipitous slope, and although he cut down half the troop of Federal cavalry that surrounded him, he finally fell, sorely wounded. Though they thought him dead, General Grant himself admiringly furnished the best surgical attention. Two days later, while the doctors were still shaking their heads over the frightful wound in his side, he slipped out under cover of night, brained the guard with a tent-stake and set out for his home on the other side of the adjacent mountain. Early in the morning he encountered two Federal scouts and overcame them alone and single-handed. Greatly alarmed by the presence of enemies on that side of the mountain so near his home, he cautiously made his way to the Big Gap. There from a high bluff he saw hordes of the Federals pouring into the valley and ravaging its rich fields for miles around. He knew at once that they were contemplating a rear attack upon Jackson, his beloved commander, and on the next day they would surely reach his ancestral home and continue their work of destruction.

“His army and the women of his family—he must save them! That night far up on the mountain side glistened a long line of fires. The brightly leaping flames brought hope to the hearts of the distressed people in the valley; they heard the notes of the bugle and the rumbling of the drums. They celebrated the coming of their rescuers with a night of jubilation. The effect upon the Federals was even more pronounced. They thought they were about to be overcome by just retribution for the cruelties they had inflicted upon the people. The camp-fires indicated an army of twice their size, and they doubted not for an instant that Jackson, with all his customary quickness, had turned upon them. On the morrow they would be cut off and surrounded. Pandemonium reigned among them. Scarcely pausing to send out a single scouting party, they

made ready for instant retreat. In a very short time this party returned bringing in custody a negro lad, who with all his native simplicity and impressiveness, told the officers of the great horde of men in gray that had so suddenly appeared over the mountain. The Federals waited to hear no more. In the middle of the night they broke camp and fled so precipitously that they left many supplies behind them.

“The next morning there was not a sign of the enemy in the valley. The people in all the joy of deliverance rushed up the mountain to welcome their rescuers and there found—only my grandfather, well-nigh dead with the labors he had performed. He was hailed with universal acclaim as the savior of the state. He was carried tenderly to his home, and there received every attention of a grateful people. A messenger was sent to Jackson, and he brought back a high tribute to my grandfather for saving his men.”

“Oh, boys,” he broke out into ecstatic rhapsody, “you cannot know what it means to be descended from so noble an ancestry. Always have my people been warriors. They never shirked danger; rather they revelled in blood and carnage. I myself feel the stirrings of the illustrious blood that flows in my veins. Forth to fight and conquer I must go. Staunching my bleeding wounds——”

The Pest had risen to his feet to deliver this peroration—but it was never finished. Things suddenly began to happen. The door burst open with a bang; in swooped an excited crowd with Bishop at their head. He presented a terrible sight. From his forehead to his chin was a lurid streak and—oh, horror of horrors!—from it spurted red gore. Nearly upsetting Fowler, he dashed across the room to his dresser, screaming at every jump, “My revolver, my revolver!” Behind him four boys struggled madly with a big fellow, who, face darkened and maniacal in his

fury, wildly brandished a huge case-knife. And the palsied boys saw with terror that from hilt to point it was dripping red! Furious oaths and imprecations filled the air. In a second Bish had found his gun and thrice he fired point-blank upon the crowd. Smoke filled the room; every movable article of furniture was overturned in the tumult that followed.

It was too much for the gallant Fowler, he of the illustrious blood. For one instant his poetic soul was filled with direst distress. Then strength came to his limbs and he gave one mad leap toward the door. But he saw that fearful knife come hurtling through the air; the very stench of blood was in his nostrils. His stomach sickened, the room went black, and stark upon the floor he fell, fainting.

The whole scene had lasted but a moment. Already Bishop was warmly embracing his antagonist. The struggling peace-makers fell away and bent double with explosive laughter. The initiated ones, immediately comprehending, laughed from pure delight at the happy union of the embattled warriors—and the unhappy fate of the Pest, whose action was none too quick to be seen by all.

He, poor fellow, lay but a moment on the floor. Soon alarmed at his pitiable condition, the boys were already thronging to his assistance. Mortal fear again possessed him; he stopped for not a glance about him; the laughter he thought to be the fiendish cries of the dead and dying. Restraining hands were of no avail; away from that fearful knife he fled, and he took the only other means of exit—a high window—at a single flying leap. Fortunately the fall served only to hinder his flight and clarify his vision. Glancing behind him with a frenzied face, he saw the window full of grinning, shouting boys. He seemed now at last to appreciate the joke—but if possible it made his disappearance all the more hurried and undignified.

Within the room Bishop again occupied the center of

the scene. Looking at himself comically, he bemoaned the sad fate that had forced him to waste his last nickel on a bottle of red ink. Then, with a beaming countenance and a broad wink at Perk that was understood by all, he repeated with portentous gravity.

“‘Surely,’ saith the psalmist, ‘he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence.’”

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### WHEN A PRETTY MAID—

When a pretty maid will kiss you, unabashed,  
 When one of the distant dozens  
 Of your wife’s discovered cousins  
 Has met you, and her lips have forward flashed,  
 Your check upon the Bank of Youth is cashed.  
 Grow no further interested,  
 Lest the payment be protested,  
 When a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed.

When her “How de do?” is bracketed—or dashed—  
 With a brace of skimpy kisses,  
 Neither woman’s size, nor misses’,  
 As a Romeo you’re slaughtered, skinned, and hashed.  
 So wail your weeps and let your gums be gnashed;  
 Seek your politics and letters!  
 Love and war are for your betters,  
 When a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed.

When a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed,  
 When you wonder how you won it—  
 But she hardly knows she’s done it—  
 Oh, you may be starred and gartered, plumed and sashed,  
 But the bright fires of Romance are cold and ashed.  
 Sage and scholar may regard you,  
 Prince and president reward you,  
 But—a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed.

—*Exchange.*

## UBI SUNT QUI ANTI NOS FUERENT

(A translation from the Middle English)

OLIVER RAND

Where are those who long before us  
Hunted and hawked in joyful chorus  
Over their hill and dale?  
The beauteous dames in tower and hall  
Have answered at last the Reaper's call;  
Their bright cheeks now are pale.

They ate and drank and made them glad.  
Their life with wanton joy was mad,  
But now all that is o'er.  
Their life on earth was proud and high,  
And in a twinkling of an eye  
Death claimed them evermore.

Where is that laughter and that glee,  
That gait and manner of majesty,  
And the hunter's joyful cry?  
All that joy is now decay,  
And all their weal has gone away  
With them fore'er and aye.

Their paradise they took it here,  
And now they lie in pain and fear,  
The fire it burns them ever  
Long is ay, and long is o,  
Long is wy, and long is wo,  
Thence they cometh never.

## TRAVELLING—WITH VARIATIONS

MEBANE LONG

Travelling is what an active young school boy who has been playing hooky does when a professor comes within his ken. In this case the action is made up of two phases—one right leg and one left—and it is a difficult matter to tell which is in more rapid motion. For, although knot-holes in a baseball fence change the relative strength in Johnny's two eyes, the relative strength in his two legs is generally in even proportion.

Another kind of travelling common in America (and especially in some small towns in North Carolina) is movement by means of a Ford. This is for the most part a habit; that is, a Ford is a habit, good or bad I shall not say. The use of Ford automobiles in some counties is forbidden because it gives the roads a bad reputation. The springs of a Ford are closely related to a telescope, at any rate with regard to their use. They magnify bumps on the road from thirteen to four hundred times according to whether one is moving at ordinary speed, five miles an hour, or racing speed, seven miles.

There is another sort of travelling—that which is done by a high-diver from the time he leaves the platform upstairs until he strikes the tank below. This species is generally believed to be dangerous, but is sought, nevertheless, by divers kind of people. The diver mounts the ladder to the platform; from there he surveys the tank below, shining like a brand-new ten-cent piece in the distance; he is reminded of the old camel-through-the-eye-of-a-needle proposition, and realizes that he is doing some difficult target practice. But he leaves the platform bravely, and for a few seconds, under the strong influence of gravity, does a serious piece of travelling. Meteors, streaking through the heavens, are doing the same kind of travelling.

But there's a difference: The meteors are moving away from heaven in their course; the diver is approaching heaven, and many a one lands in heaven instead of the tank below.

Probably the most general mode of travelling is by means of certain routes like the Southern, Seaboard, or A. C. L. The most harmless of these three is the last, simply because it is the least used. The Southern is rated far above the others, and kills the travellers in bunches, rarely ever failing to get more than half a dozen. It is therefore called the "Premier Carrier of the South."

Have you ever seen a fleet dog chasing a fleeter cat? This presents another phase of travelling, and is illustrated by the familiar phrase from Shakespeare (or was it Arnold Bennett?), "Life is one blame thing after another." The dog and cat are both travelling; the cat is just a little more conscious of the fact than the dog. "There's a reason."

Travelling is but attending a moving picture that stages many wonderful things which reach our mental cash-register not through our eyes alone but through every sense organ we have. And instead of paying a dime for the show, we pay a large bonus for all the extras—railroad fares, hotel bills, and so forth. The whole business is a moving picture where we do all the moving; and instead of watching "Slippery Slim" tear off down the road doing his Mongolian fandango, it is a part of our program to substitute for him.

Probably one of the most complicated forms of travelling is that done by a man doing substitute work for a liquor barrel. You have seen the poor fellow, as happy and unconcerned as a sailor's parrot, ambling down the street, and describing in his course enough curves to cause a geometrician to tear his hair and go mad with desperation. Were such a course matched against one of Collier Cobb's

geological tramps the chances are that the odds would rest thirteen to three against the professor.

I do not suppose many of us have been through a saw mill (I mean as any *ordinary* log of wood goes through), but if we have been subjected to chloroform the illustration will serve as well. You remember how the doctor stands, all smiles, and with an "I'm not going to hurt you," pushes that little bag of blind-staggers under your nose? Then the wheels begin to move around and never seem to be moving fast enough, but the buzz increases steadily, and the wheels move faster and faster, until they get to going as fast as they can go, and then—they move a little faster. And, with a start, you are lying in a mass of white sheets and pillows, and looking up into your mother's eyes, filled with tears, and with pain greater than any you would have suffered listening to those wheels go 'round for a month.

Then, finally, did you ever see a little bare-footed boy riding on a mule's back, or rather, did you ever see a little boy just above a mule's back and touching the saddle just once in a while? Every now and then he comes into contact with the saddle and a fresh jolt from the old, stiff, plow mule sends him on another journey up in the air. Then two hands and a terrified face are not enough to hold him in the saddle, and for an instant you see the space between him and the mule's back about the size of a sky-light in a New York tenement house. This mode of travelling is closely related to the Ford method; the main difference is that the mule is a self-starter, and (if you will pardon an ancient and homely word of description) a hay-burner.



# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies  
of the University of North Carolina

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## EDITORIAL

### ACTIVITIES—HAPHAZARD OR REGULATED?

We of Carolina are afflicted with a peculiar kind of disease that may be styled as chronic enlargement of the major members of our body politic. Just exactly I mean that we frequently heap honors and offices upon a few capable men without proper consideration of the claims of worthy rivals, of the demands of the work involved, or of the successful man's duty for himself.

You are all familiar with such cases. Early in his college career the typical "good man" is discovered by some class or club and elected to a position of honor and responsibility. Given a certain degree of ability and the

happy faculty of being cordial to all without seeming to be "politicking," that man is reasonably certain to be elected to several positions, athletic association, society, publications, Y. M. C. A., class, clubs,—all vying lustily with each other in the struggle for his indispensable services.

The case is exaggerated? Yes, but all very true to a certain extent. And this is not to deny that the right man should have the office every time, but it does claim that an important office does, or should if properly administered, so detract from the time, energy, and capability of the incumbent that he would *not* be the right man for the second important position. Too, while our activities must be considered in the most efficient way possible, the invaluable benefits of organization work should be distributed as nearly as possible to every meritorious person.

As a product of the existing lack of system, a man sometimes finds himself in line for several positions and it seems that the welfare of the institution demands that he undertake more work than he can handle adequately—that is, with justice to the college and to himself. With love of college in his heart no one can refuse the sacrifice and the sad prospect is presented of a strong man in his Junior or Senior year frittering away the best of the time and energies of youth in multitudinous labors, in attending to everybody's business but his own. Such a man should be protected from himself. If the possibility of his accepting a too great amount of work had never existed, other men, not less capable but probably more reserved, would be produced for the work. The office would not long seek the man, doubt not that!

A further aggravation of our malady is the size of the University. We have attained such a growth that the conduct of our activities creates large and responsible positions, while on the other hand we are small and iso-

	6 Points	5 Points	4 Points	3 Points	2 Points	1 Point
SENIOR CLASS	President Pres. Council Pres. Greater Council		Treasurer Chairman Stunt Committee	Vice-President Greater Council- man	Commencement Speakers Stunt Committee	Committees Ball Managers
JUNIOR CLASS		President Sec. Council }	Treasurer	Vice-President Greater Council- man		Committees Commencement Marshals Ball Managers
SOPHOMORE AND FRESHMAN CLASSES			President Treasurer	Vice-President Greater Council- man		Committees
TAR HEEL	Editor-in-chief Managing Editor Business Manager		Associate Editors	Ass't Managers		
MAGAZINE	Editor-in-chief Business Manager		Associate Editors	Ass't Managers		
YACKETY YACK	Editor-in-chief Business Manager		Chairmen Committees	Associate Editors		
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ATHLETICS	Manager of Foot- ball and Baseball Teams	Captains Teams Managers of Track and Basketball Teams	President of Asso- ciation Ass't Managers	Representative-at- large to Athletic Council	Captains and Managers Class Teams	Secretary of Association
DRAMATICS			Manager		Ass't Managers	Other Officers
GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS			Manager		Leaders of Glee and Mandolin Clubs	
SOCIETIES			President		President and Secretary Debating Council	Committees
MISCELLANEOUS			Cheer Leader	Presidency of Professional Classes Student Council		

lated enough for the prowess and popularity of one man to be readily impressed upon the entire student body.

The remedy for the situation is a system of regulating one person's activities by a grading of offices and positions according to the time, work, and responsibility. The details of the plan as here proposed to apply to elective offices have been prepared under the close criticism of a score of men prominent in college activities, from a study of the experiences of a number of colleges of our size and standing. The more highly developed point systems of the Universities of Minnesota and North Dakota and Smith and Vassar colleges have served as the more immediate models of the accompanying plan.

#### REQUIREMENTS OF POINT SYSTEM

1. A student may not hold more than ten points at one time.

2. A student having an average of below eighty in the preceding semester will not be allowed to assume more than eight points.

3. Every student shall be held responsible under the honor system for the observance of these regulations.

4. The above requirements must be met within a week after any election which shall make a resignation necessary. In case this is not done within the given time it shall be the duty of the President of the professional classes and the Vice-President of the accademic classes to require that the student be relieved of the over-activity.

The proposed system is three-fold in its purpose:

First, to distribute more generally the honors, offices and privileges of undergraduate activities and organizations.

Second, to benefit these activities and organizations by a concentration of interest and specialization of work that makes for the greatest efficiency of the officers.

Third, to protect prominent men from a burden that may prove detrimental to their studies, the outside work, or their health.

Calm consideration of this point system will, without emphasizing technical defects, reveal the advantages of the principle, the precise form necessary for a successful workingout, and the feasibility of its prompt adoption for the greater glory and democracy of Carolina.

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### SUNSET

The artist, Day, at morn designed to trace  
Upon the earth the heaven's varied hue,  
And through dear hours she worked in languid grace,  
With brush of light and shade, and wash of dew.

But when across the sky had sped the sun,  
And in its mocking haste plunged down to rest,  
Impatient at her labors half undone,  
She flung her tangled colors in the West.

—Emory *Phoenix*.



# SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY J. A. CAPPS



## YOUR LOOKING

Quit walking around with your gaze to the ground,  
Hunting misfortune and trouble;  
But look in the air where things are so fair,  
Where the blues fade as fast as a bubble.

The world needs the man who knows how to stand  
And fight in the face of disaster;  
She spurns those that shirk the hardships that lurk  
Behind labor, and sends them the faster.

So look at the light while making life's fight,  
Though darkness will come on you soon;  
For 'tis better by far to look for a star,  
Than search for the spots on the moon.

—PAUL MCKANE.

## ONLY A TRAMP

It was a cold, rainy night in late September. The wind whined softly as it blew through the deserted streets, and the rain fell incessantly. The only person in sight was an old man, who came creeping along the street. At each blast of wind, he staggered and once he nearly fell, but he only bent forward a little more and crept on.

His clothes were old and ragged, and his shoulders were stooped as if from years of toil. As he came nearer, I saw his face was the face of a man of not over fifty, but his body was old and broken.

When he came close to me, he drew a photograph from his pocket and handed it to me. It was old and worn, but the face that looked from it was the most beautiful

I have ever seen. He asked in a tired old voice, "Mister, have you seen her? I've looked for her a long time, Mister, a long time. I've forgotten how long."

I told him "No." He thanked me again and shamblittle way, but his tired old body seemed to give out and he sank on a door step. I asked him if I couldn't help him. He shook his head; but the light fell full on his face, and I saw he was starving. I took him to a restaurant nearby.

When he had finished eating, he began to talk. "I was something once, Mister, I don't remember just what; it's been a long time, a long time."

"But the woman in the picture, who was she?" I asked.

"She was my wife. She wasn't wicked, Mister, she only thought she was. She loved me, Mister, and—and she left. I've been a long time looking for her, a long time. I don't know how long. I was something once but I don't care if I only find her. Thank you, Mister; God bless you. I am only a tramp but I was something once, Mister. You are sure you've never seen her."

I told him "No." He thanked me again and shamblled out.

I went home still thinking of the old man and his lifelong search. It was still early, and I thought I would read a while. I picked out a book at random and opened it. On the frontispiece was the face of the old man, a younger face but still the same face. The name underneath was that of a great Governor.

—W. C. CARMICHAEL, JR.

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THE HISTORY OF OMAN

*A Syllabus of History III.*

*Dedicated to Dr. Wagstaff's audience by a fellow sufferer.*

The book was originally inhabited by various Celtic tribes, who gave way for 14 pages to the Romans who

later retreated just before the great onrush of 10 pages of Angles and Saxons. The Danes overran 30 pages, but were subdued in 5. William the Conquerer and his sons invaded 30 pages more. Then a succession of King's ruled for 300 years and 135 pages. The Wars of the Roses did away with many barons and 25 pages. The Protestant Revolt filled the Pope with sorrow and 75 pages with reading matter. The Tudors with the aid of the Civil War and the Revolution ruled 125 pages for 150 years. A period of fighting—The French Wars, the American Revolution, and the War with Napoleon—lasted for 130 pages. The use of Democracy gave the people a hand in the government and the author an excuse for writing 65 pages. South Africa was subdued in 15 pages, and England firmly established her rule in India, Australia, and other colonies in 20 pages.

Copies of the History may be obtained from Klutz for twice the regular price.

—A. M. LINDAN.

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“MAJAH”

“How come dey calls me Majah? I ’clar to goodness, Marse Tom, you white fokes sho can ax some pecurious questions. How come dey calls me Majah? Le’ me see. It wuz de yeah befo de proclamation ob ’mancipation. Ole Marse an’ Young Marse Henry dey wuz in de war, and dare wunt nobody lef’ at home to care fo’ de farm an’ de missus ’cept’n me an Mandy. All de udder niggers wunt no mo’ ’count. At dat time I wuz stayin’ up at de big house fo’ de Missus wuz scade to stay dare wid nobody but Mandy. ‘Who’s Mandy?’ She wuz my secon’ wife by mayage.

“Dem sho nuf wuz skittish times. You nevah cud tell what wuz gwine to happen. One night I wuz settin’

in de kitchen when I hear a racket comin' up de big road lak ah Yankee army I nevah tole de Missus nuffin, but I grab de ole shot gun an' slip out de back do; den I slide up along de huny sucker vine an' dare I seed two Yankees hitchin' dey hosses to de fence. Den I ease up a little closer an' say, 'Hole up yo han's!' Bless yo soul, huny, hit wuz Ole Marse an' Young Marse Henry all dress' up in Yankee clothes. De gray clothes what dey done took wid 'em had plum wore out, an' dey had to kill some Yankees to get clothes to ware home.

Young Marse Henry gi' me his ole Yankee clothes, an' when I dress up in 'em I look lack Marse Goge Washin'-ton. I wuz de bes' lookin' nigger on de plantation, an' dey all call me Majah. Dat's how cum dey call me Majah now. Yes sir, dat's hit."

—J. A. CAPPS.

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POUR LA TOBAC

When melancholy lends its sway  
 And Cupid does not sing his lay  
                   to suit thy pensive ear,  
 When sadness presses at your door  
 And things were ne'er so dull before,  
                   and life seems dead or drear,  
 Forsooth, do not go off and croak,  
 Go quietly and take a smoke!

Come my friend—cease repining;  
 We know the sun is always shining,  
                   e'en though the skies aren't clear.  
 A dope to clear your sky might do,  
 If one will not, pray then take two  
                   and vanish sorrow drear.  
 But should these fail, don't go and croak,  
 Go quietly and take a smoke!

—J. K. HOLLOWAY.

# AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY G. A. MARTIN

EVERYMAN'S EDITORIAL PAGE

## THE SOCIETIES—NEITHER OVERGROWN NOR OUTGROWN

Four-fifths of the students of the University believe that the Di and Phi Societies are neither overgrown nor outgrown. And I believe that the proof of the present sterling worth and real usefulness of the Societies is the consensus of opinion of their members. Upon investigation I have found that most of the members of both societies state that their societies are now in far better condition than they have ever known them. Debates are reported far above the standard. —

The societies are not overgrown. The mere fact that they have more in numbers bids fair to a more wonderful success in the future than in the past. At the outset, let it be understood that a man is given opportunity, in the societies, to speak often enough to develop into a good debater. On the average a man speaks once a month. He is notified three weeks ahead of time when he is to speak. Thus he is given ample opportunity and time to study his debate, to do some real hard thinking, and the last week to collect those thoughts and put them into concrete form. Furthermore, do you remember the first speech you ever tried to make? You know the all-important thing was to hold your nerve, and to eliminate a quivering voice. No matter how many good thoughts you had it was impossible to express them in a clear-cut manner unless you were perfectly at ease. This very poise a man can acquire in no other debating organization better than in the societies, for there he must speak before a large number of students. Yes, numbers are advantageous in developing a good debater. In view of these

facts we can reasonably say that the societies are not overgrown.

Moreover, I do not believe that Carolina's loss in debating last year can be attributed to the debaters who represented her. We must all admit that they were as good if not better than Carolina's average in collegiate debaters in the past. The system of choosing those debaters may be wrong. Rebuttals in the preliminaries will teach the debaters how to meet the real issues more efficiently.

The societies are not outgrown. They have rather profited by the growth of the English Department, the professional schools, the fraternities, the literary publications, and all other student activities. In the societies everybody meets on common,—on equal ground. As to membership, discrimination is unknown in these institutions. Frat men, non-frat men, graduate students, professional students, members of all classes, in fact any man who has registered at the University is not only permitted, but invited, to meet his fellows in the Phi and Di societies. Here they interchange views on public questions of importance. Here they fight out the present campus problem, and discuss and to some degree solve the fundamental questions of the state and nation. This is the beauty of the organization. In fact the society is the most democratic institution that I have ever been connected with. Personally, my affiliations with it has been most pleasant and instructive.

It is useless for me to say that the conditions of '84, when the societies were divided into "factions" or parties has passed away, and that now ability is the main incentive when it comes to voting.

'Tis true that invoking the ancient Gods of Tradition cannot put life into a dead body, but thoughts about great men that have gone before us in these societies can most

certainly inspire live bodies to higher ideals. As Longfellow puts it:

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime.”

Let the Amphotorethen pursue its course of developing good debaters. But the societies must live, without any re-organization, and go on exemplifying, by the production of debaters, speakers, and well-rounded citizens for this democratic state, the laudable purposes for which they were instituted.

—MARION B. FOWLER.

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#### LOST AND FOUND

In keeping with its policy to do everything in its power to help the students of the University, the Y. M. C. A. has this fall taken a step to fill a long felt want by establishing a Lost and Found Bureau.

In times past when an article was lost the only way in which the loser could hope to recover it was by posting a notice on one of the bulletin boards. Frequently the finder would fail to see the notice and the article was never returned. Under the new system any article found, if turned in at the Y. M. C. A. will in all probability be restored to its rightful owner. A careful record is kept of everything handed in and if after a reasonable length of time the owner cannot be located the article is returned to the finder.

All losses reported are noted, and if the object has not already been turned in, an effort is made to find it.

Thus far the Bureau has proved a success, and with the co-operation of every student on the campus the Lost and Found Bureau will be of mutual benefit to every man in college. Without the assistance of the student body it cannot fulfill its mission.

Bear this in mind, fellows: The Y. M. C. A. Lost and Found Bureau will help you recover any article lost in Chapel Hill. If you find anything bring it in and if the rightful owner cannot be located it will be returned to you.

Place—Office of the Y. M. C. A.

Time—2:10-2:25 every afternoon.

—THOS. A. JONES, JR., *Chairman.*

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#### A SUGGESTION

“We have met the enemy and they are ours.” Is this the way the report from Richmond reads? No, but rather this, “We have met the enemy—and lost again.” Why? This is the question the answer to which positively must be found. We have licked Virginia, and by the gods we can do it again. It only remains to find a way, and this can be done in no way better than by profiting by our past defeats.

I think I can say with truth, that no team could desire a stronger support than we have given ours this year. The fault is not in the lack of support; neither, I think, is it in a lack of material or of training. Our team is composed of men who have had from one to five years' training in football. The team is practically the same as that of last year, only better and more thoroughly coached. Accede me this point and the point above, and there remains but one explanation of our continued defeats at the hands of Virginia, namely, *too much at stake*. It takes an exceptional gambler indeed to keep a cool head when all he has is dependent on one hand, or worse still on one card. If just this is not the case with our team, tell me why it is that we put up a line irresistible to many another team, but the colors of orange and black perforate our line as though they were lavender rays.

If you can't explain it, just let me offer this suggestion. Next year let's train our team, not with a view of beating Virginia, but with the view of training the team for the training of the team itself—nothing more. We do not engage in athletics in rivalry with Virginia, and we should not train our team as though merely to beat Virginia.

Let us do this, next year, and my second criticism will not be necessary; namely, that we cease so much "whoopin' 'em up," I will say for lack of a better word, just before the Virginia game, for in so doing we send a team up to Richmond in such a strained state of mind that it must almost of necessity go to pieces. Remember that a machine, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest part, and when a terrific and uncalled for strain is put upon that machine, there is no telling what part will give way, or how many parts will fail to measure up to their maximum efficiency. Recall to your mind this last Virginia game, and see if that machine, or if its parts measured up to their maximum efficiency.

Now, as I see it, we can make our team just as strong, just as efficient, by pulling steadily and consistently all the year, and by putting upon that machine no greater strain for the last game than we do for those that come earlier in the season. Let's do away with so many "Richmond mass meetings," so many "Richmond bon-fires," so much "Richmond whoopin' 'em up," and let's spread this Richmond spirit through the whole season, thereby relieving our team of much undue strain in the Virginia game. This do and I am confident that we will send into the Richmond game a team with cooler heads and steadier purpose. Then it may be that victory will again crown our arms.

—W. R. PARKER.



# EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY B. F. AULD  
CAROLINA OUR FIELD



The High School Magazines reviewed have not been very fruitful in poetry. The Lexington High School Magazine had only one poem, "Vacation Visions." The *Wahisco* published "My Yesterdays" which is a recollection of old school days by an alumnus. This is by far the best poetry in this magazine. The "Buy a Bale of Cotton" poem reflects the present war but is not a good poem. Another war poem "The Price" is found in *The Tatler* from Kinston. The author endeavors to bring out the horror of the war and its cost. He succeeds in this but he does not write poetry. There are two poems in *The Tatler* of Elizabeth City, "Sammy's Fright" and "Smile." The former is a Hallowe'en adventure told in rhyme; the latter is better and is further remarkable for having been written by a boy in the Fifth Grade, Bruce Carter, who is only twelve years old. It is entitled "Smile":

Smile and the way is clearer;  
Smile and the world seems dearer;  
Smile and you shame the sneerer;  
Smile! it's a lot of fun.

Smile, for the world's a mirror;  
Smile for the smiler, leers for the leerer,  
Joys for the joyous, fears for the fearer,  
Smile, and the game is won.

"The Tide of Life" in *The Black and Gold* of Winston-Salem is a poem which compares life to a strong tide through which the successful must swim. The author forgets her point of view; in one place she tells the lad-

die to desist from crossing the stream and later says, that success comes only through crossing. "De Good Ole Winter Time" is an unsuccessful imitation of negro song. In the Greensboro *Sage* "What's the Use to Think" is nothing in many words. "Last Night's Adventure," in the same publication, however, is the only mock-serious poetry appearing in any magazine.

Last night two tom cats awoke me,  
Last night when all was still,  
And one was beneath my window  
And one on my window sill.  
I opened the window so gently,  
And gazed on the warring pair,  
Then I shot off a double-barrel shot gun—  
It was *I* who went up in the air.

Stories were generally good and there were many of them. "The Escape" in the *Wahisco* is the story of a girl who aided her brother to escape and in so doing was killed and herself escaped from her life of misery. This story is especially strong at the close. "The Haunted Castle" also in the *Wahisco* is in the spirit of Hallowe'en. It is the story of a boy named Max who sees "spooks" in an old castle. The story begins well but the idea of "horror" is not maintained. The author is so intent upon details that he fails to show the effect they have upon Max. The Hallowe'en was celebrated in the *Kinston Tatler* by "A Hallowe'en Party" and by several stories in the *Elizabeth City Tatler*. In the latter "The Ghost of Silver Forest" is the story of a girl who became temporarily insane and wandered into the forest. It is improbable that the girl's parents would leave their daughter until all means for finding her had been exhausted. *The Black and Gold* has a well-told story in "The Engin-

eer's Promise"—it makes us sympathize with the man who wrecked the train to see his dying child.

The war has drawn out few special articles or essays. Most of the subjects are literary or those directly concerning school life. This is as it should be. *The Tatler* from Elizabeth City, however, published an interesting article on "The Effects of the War upon Elizabeth City." This magazine also published two articles of seeming local importance and interest, "The Need of a Public Library in Elizabeth City," and "Water Transportation Facilities and Products of Elizabeth City." Another war article appeared in the *Wahisco* entitled "The Unique Position of the United States in the Present World Crisis." The author, however, fails to make the position of the United States clear and definite. A very good literary criticism appeared in the *Kinston Tatler* entitled "An Historical Criticism of 'The Merchant of Venice'." This showed thoughtful reading and study of Shakespeare's play.

We received the *Blue Ridge Magazine*. This is an excellent beginning; it shows a great deal of care and planning. The editorials are good and there seem to be good prospects for an excellent magazine.

The Elizabeth City *Tatler* contains no "Table of Contents" and the departments are not separated as they should be. A "Table of Contents," it seems, would accomplish the working out of the latter defect also and would make a better looking as well as a more readable magazine.

The magazines, on the whole, contain some very good work. The true object of the magazine, however, to be of service to the immediate school and vicinity, while furnishing a stimulus to literary effort, should not be lost sight of and in the main it has been admirably observed.

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S. H. HARDWICK, P. T. M.  
Washington, D. C.

H. F. CARY, G. P. A.,  
Washington, D. C.

# T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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Old Series Vol. 46

No. 4

New Series Vol. 33

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## SLEEP \*

SAMUEL R. NEWMAN

Night. Olga the nurse, a girl thirteen years of age, is rocking a cradle, in which there lies a child, and is singing in an almost inaudible voice:

“O———o, sleep, sleep, a-baby,

I shall sing you a little song . . . .”

From the small, green lamp before the ikon a large, green spot is reflected upon the huge brick oven; the oven and the walls are throwing long shadows upon the cradle and upon Olga . . . . When the light in the small green lamp begins to twinkle the large green spot and the long shadows also begin to quiver, as though moved by some mysterious wind . . . .

The child is crying. It has long since been hoarse and tired from weeping; but it is still crying, and Olga does not know when it will cease, and she wants to sleep so bad! Her eyes are sticky; her head is pulling down and she hardly can keep it from falling; and her neck is sore. She can not move her eyelids nor her lips; it seems to her that her face is dried up, has become wooden, and her head is heavy as though filled with lead.

“Sleep———sleep,

I shall———o———I shall . . . .”

In the oven a cricket is chirping; in the next room behind the door her master is snoring, the cradle is screech-

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\* Winner of the MAGAZINE Short-Story Contest.

ing; and Olga is murmuring the lullaby. All these are mingling into one night song that is sweet to hear lying in bed. But now this music is irritating; irritating and torturing, because it sings one to sleep and sleeping is not allowed. Should Olga fall asleep her master will beat her.

The lamp light twinkles. The green spot and the shadows begin to move, and creep into Olga's half-closed eyes and are transformed in her sleepy brain into cloudy dreams. She sees dark clouds that are chasing one after the other in the sky and are crying like the child. Immediately, a wind has blown and scattered all the clouds and now she sees a long, wide road over which long rows of wagons are moving, and people with loads on their backs are dragging along among some unknown shadows. Suddenly the people and the shadows are throwing themselves into the deep mud on the road.

"What are you doing?" asks Olga.

"Sleep, sleep!" is the reply.

And they fall asleep very deeply; they sleep fast; but black ravens are crying, like the child, and are trying to waken them.

"O——o——o! Sleep——sleep, baby . . ."

Olga sees herself now in the dark, dirty house of her parents. Pjoter Zshukoff, her father is rolling himself on the floor in pain and is sighing. The pain is so great that he is unable to bring out a single word to his little daughter Olga, who is looking at him with fear and pity. Her mother, Olenka, has hurried away to the lord to tell him that Pjoter is dying. The lord has sent the young doctor, who came to visit him from the city.

The doctor came. "What is the matter with you, Pjoter," he inquired.

"Don't matter nothing," he answered. "The time of death has come; I don't wish to live any more . . ."

"Don't talk foolishness, we will prolong your life."

"Do as you please, we thank you most humbly, but we understand . . . When death comes what can one do then?"

"You are right, perhaps, Pjoter. You drank vodka all your life so that now you are vodka-soaked. O, how I hate to help people like you!"

"Oh, your high birth," said Olenka, "save the old sinner for the sake of my innocent little Olga."

"I can do nothing; we will have to take him to the hospital."

Her father was taken to the hospital; her mother went away to nurse him. A child is crying somewhere. Olga listen how somebody is singing with her voice:

"O———o, sleep, a-baby,

I shall sing you a little song . . ."

Her mother returned home in two days; crossed herself and murmured:

"Your father has given up his soul . . . May God forgive him. They said it was too late . . . He should have quit it long ago."

Olga goes away crying into the woods, but suddenly someone struck her over her back so hard that her forehead hit a pine tree. She lifts her eyes and sees her master, the shoemaker, standing beside her.

"What is the matter with you, you lazy thing?" he said. "The child cries and you are asleep."

He pulled her by her ear; she shook her head and resumed rocking the cradle and singing her song.

The green spot and the long shadows flutter again, wink at her, and soon again master her brain. She sees again the dirty road; the people with the heavy loads on their backs lie down and sleep so sweet and fast. Olga wants to sleep awafully bad; but her mother, Olenka, stands by her and is driving her ahead.

"For God's sake, help a poor woman!"—her mother is begging from the passersby.

"Give me the child!" a harsh voice replied. "Give me the child!" repeated the same voice in a harsher and meaner tone. "You are asleep? You common thing!"

Olga springs to her feet; looks around and realizes what it means. There is no road, no mother, no other people, only her mistress who came to suckle the child, is standing at her side. Olga is waiting for her mistress to get through.

Under the windows there can be noticed a pale blueness; the green spot and the shadows are growing pale; day dawns.

"Take it!" said her mistress, "see if you can not keep it quiet and rock it to sleep."

Olga takes the child, puts it into the cradle and rocks it again. The green spot and the long shadows have disappeared, and there is nothing to creep into her brain and dim her thoughts.

But she wants to sleep just as before. She supports her head on the edge of the cradle and is rocking with all her body in order to drive off her sleep; but her eyes are sticky nevertheless and her head is so heavy!

"Olga, make fire in the oven," she hears her master's voice from behind the door. That means that it is time to get up and commence work . . . She leaves the cradle and rushes to the wood-house to get wood. She is very glad of the change in her work. It is easier to overcome sleep while moving than when sitting, she thinks. She feels that her body is straightening out and her thoughts are becoming clearer.

"Olga, make tea!" ordered her mistress.

While she was preparing the tea she hears another command:

"Olga, shine the master's shoes!"

She sits down on the floor, and thinks how good it would

be to lay her head in a large, warm shoe and sleep a little . . . Suddenly the shoe is growing so large that it seems to occupy the whole room; the brush falls from her hands; she opens her eyes wide and tries to look so that the objects in the room should not grow and dance before her eyes.

“Olga, clean up the steps in front of the house; it does not look good for the customer.”

Olga washes the steps, cleans the rooms, and helps out in the shop. There is lots of work but little rest. But the hardest thing is to stand at one place in the kitchen and peel potatoes. Her head is awfully heavy, the potatoes dance in the eyes and the knife falls from her hands; the mistress is making an awful noise and is pulling her by the ears.

The day passes by; seeing the shadows of night coming, Olga feels glad; she hopes the night will bring her on its wings the long-hoped for rest.

In the evening guests came to the house.

“Olga, make tea!” ordered her mistress. The tea-pot is a small one, and before all the guests will receive their shares of tea it will be necessary to warm it five times.

While the guests are drinking the tea, Olga stands in a corner awaiting new orders.

“Olga, run down the street and buy a few bottles of beer.”

She jumps from her place and tries to run very fast to overcome that terrible sleep.

“Olga, run down and buy some vodka. Olga, where is the corkscrew? Olga, peel the apples.”

The guests have left. The lights are put out, and her masters have gone to bed.

“Olga, put the baby to sleep!” is the last command.

The cricket in the oven is chirping; the green spot reflected from the small lamp and the long shadows from the walls and oven, creeping again through her half-closed

and sticky eyes, hang over her thoughts like heavy clouds.

“O——o——o, sle——ep, sle——ep,

I——shall——sing——y——ou——a little——song.”

The child is crying. Olga sees again the long, dirty road, the people with the heavy loads on their backs, her father, her mother. She recognizes them very well; but one thing she cannot understand; what is that thing that ties her hands and feet, that is choking and torturing her and does not allow her to sleep? She looks around, seeks for that mean power in order to get rid of it; but she can not find it. Finally, tired and exhausted, she gathers all her strength, and concentrates all her power of vision on the green spot that winks at her, and listening to the noise she finds out who is her enemy that does not allow her to live.

The enemy is the child . . .

She laughs; she is wondering how she did not realize that before; such a small thing! The green spot, the shadows and the cricket seem also to laugh and wonder at her . . . .

Olga is dominated by a horrible imagination. She rises from her seat, and with a bright smile and closed eyes she walks through the room. She is very happy in the thought that she will immediately free herself from the horrible creature that chains her hands and feet. She will kill that thing . . . and then sleep, sleep, sleep . . .

Smiling, and threatening with her finger at the green spot she approached the cradle; bent over the child and choked it . . . .

A minute later, Olga was lying stretched on the floor fast asleep . . . .

## CIVILIZATION AND THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER

A. R. BROWNSON

Ever since the great Civil War, people of the North have looked with a pitying, superior air upon the desperate efforts of the South to rebuild her shattered empire and gain back the prosperity that once was hers. They have read the articles in their magazines concerning conditions in the Southern mountains, and have looked with an approving eye upon the stereotype views of the ox-cart and the mountain cabin. Some of the more kind-hearted ones even dared to visit the Southland, to make their homes there, and to preach unto the simple people the gospel of civilization. And some actually had the temerity to risk several millions of hoarded capital in Southern business ventures. More and more followed the examples of their rasher brethren, more millions were sent South to invest in railways, water power, and manufactories of all kinds. They were even considerate enough not to neglect the mountains. Their imported industries have made their appearance on many of the ranges in Western North Carolina. Tired of seeing the eternally wretched condition in our Southern hovels, our kind magnates have decided to do a philanthropic act and show the South the light of civilization. And now they have begun setting things aright!

In the forest of Western North Carolina Northern capital is especially active. Each of the three most picturesque ranges in the "Land of the Sky" has been invaded by this march of civilization. The loftiest peak east of the Rockies is now the proud possessor of a fine horseback trail, an automobile road, a complete railway system, and a hotel on the summit up-to-date. Pisgah Forest, that magnificent stretch of timber which was recently acquired

by the United States government has in some way fallen under the control of a group of Northern capitalists and is being rapidly relieved of its burden of oak, chestnut, hickory, and walnut. I notice that they are even offering inducements to homesteaders and hotel builders, in this, our national playground! Craggy Range, the most gloriously majestic of any east of the Mississippi is now a piece of property owned and operated to the full legal limit by the Bee Tree Lumber Company. Nor is this all. Go to the forests of Sunburst and see how beautifully they are being stripped of their timber. And if you want to see how thousands of the State's noblest trees are being consumed each day take a trip to Canton and go through the five million dollar pulp mill which has created a town of six thousand from a forest of ten years ago.

The results of all this magnificent work are plainly visible on every side. A short stop at the Pisgah Forest Station on the Brevard branch of the Southern will give one a fair idea of the amount of timber daily being removed in that section. At the company's lumber yards are thousands upon thousands of feet of freshly cut hardwood waiting for shipment. Several trainloads of logs leave the station every day. Hundreds of men are employed both in the tract and in the shipping department. The company at work deforesting Mitchell is no less active. Passengers on the Southern eastbound trains may plainly see the long steel trail winding up the face of Pinnacle and disappearing over the brow. Many times a day the long cloud of blue smoke lingering above the line reveals the fact that the good work is still going on.

During the past summer I had the pleasure of going over the Bee Tree Lumber Company's timber tract and was thus able to see the practical part of the business in actual operation. Throughout the whole tract the sound of the woodsman's axe is to be heard. Passing down the main

trail from the summit of the range, we came in sight of no less than ten couples of workmen, each swinging a great two-edged axe upon the trunk of some giant of the forest. On every trail at short intervals the way is blocked by fallen trees, some of which are so large that it requires considerable effort to get around them. All the way down the Bee Tree trail one is continually crossing logging lines, each bounded by a distressing waste of broken branches and uprooted vegetation. Every one of the large trees is being taken out, the small ones alone remaining to obstruct the view by their prematurely long, slender, straight-stemmed trunks. Reaching the camp we begin to catch glimpses of real civilization. Here on every hand are to be seen piles of great chestnut trunks, everywhere chestnut, this evidently being the especially desired wood at present. These trunks are cut in lengths of about twenty feet. Every few hours a train pulls out loaded down with its weight of chestnut. Hailing one of these trains, we swung aboard and were able to enjoy a view of the country from the top of the tender in front of the engine. The line is a very pretty piece of rude engineering, composed in all of about ten switch-backs, by the aid of which ingenious contrivances the engine zig-zags its precious load down the side of the mountain to Swannanoa Station. High on the steep valley slopes are to be seen men, puny amid their gigantic surroundings, struggling, sweating, and prying into the chutes with their long steel crowbars those chestnut logs, which cling to the ground as if fearful to take the plunge. In the valley below a mountain stream is painfully making its way to the Swannanoa River under its load of debris, sand, and mud. Four years ago the clear waters of that stream sang an enchanting melody to the speckled beauties therein,—now they have joined the ranks of the other once beautiful mountain waters and at

every opportunity are depositing the load with which the civilization of man has burdened them.

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This is the way the Northern capitalist is civilizing the Southern mountaineer. The whistle of his locomotive is now reverberating through the mountains. No longer may the mountaineer hunt his birds, his bear, and his deer. The rattle of the lumber train is there to drive them from their ancestral haunts. No longer can the mountaineer spend his hours beside the roaring stream and draw therefrom his toothsome relishes. The mud, debris, and this new barrenness of shade have driven his trout to more secluded waters. The joy of his life has departed but he may not follow after—the same conditions prevail everywhere. Mitchell is civilized. Big Tom Wilson's tribe would leave its homestead on Mitchell. For Craggy? No, there is civilization and the Bee Tree Lumber Company. For Pisgah? No, there is civilization and the Kerr Lumber Company. Would they go farther west to the Unakas, the Irons, or the Smokies? No, there is civilization and the lumber companies—scores of them! Verily the day of the mountaineer has come. Civilization has been thrust upon him and he must now wear her garments. The mountaineer as a type has ceased to exist.

## PASSION-STRUCK

JNO. N. WILSON

It came with a rush in the night-time,  
With a pall, and a searing intent,  
It shattered, it maimed, and it crippled  
The soul of the fool, pleasure-bent.

It burned with the heat of a demon,  
With the fire of conscience-less night,  
It charred the red coals of his being  
With a hand of a flame-red light.

It crept through the aisles of his Nature,  
It seethed in his Temple of Thought,  
It leapt with the hiss of a serpent  
To the heights of the city, God-wrought.

And thus in the fingers of passion,  
In the crimson clasp of its hand  
He lay, and the Vice of his Master  
Crushed down, like a fiend, with his brand.

## TOLSTOI—A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY

HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON

Any author, especially a novelist, no matter how original his conception, is influenced powerfully by the national character of his country. Even if he is reared in a foreign land the hereditary characteristics ingrained in his nature by a thousand ancestors, will inevitably appear in his works. Therefore, before attempting even a brief analysis of a Russian novelist, a cursory glance at Russia's national character and its influence on her literature is necessary.

At the outset, it is noticed that the immense size of the country has produced that element of largeness in Russian character which is so pronounced in their novels. This is perfectly natural, for bigness in environment invariably produces a certain breadth of mental vision, and a lenient attitude toward the frailties of human nature.

This largeness partly accounts for the almost uncanny impressions of vastness that pervades their novels. We not only read of, but we can feel with the author the influence of the boundless steppe covered with snow, and the long winter night.

The average educated Russian is a complete cosmopolitan. This is due largely to his ready facility in the acquisition of foreign languages, and it is a fact that children of the educated classes in Russia often think and dream in foreign words. The logical result is that the accomplished Russian novelist puts universal characters in his books. He not only understands other nations, but he can think in their language, and thus faithfully reproduce their characteristics, not merely by observation, but by sympathetic intuition, for one of the principal advantages gained by the mastery of a foreign tongue is the annihilation of numerous prejudices. The Russian is essentially a realist. He has no vivid imagination like the French-

man. Centuries of political despotism and the suppression of individual thought have made his mind keenly sensitive to actual impressions. The Russian brain has been compared to a photographer's plate; it reproduces faithfully the reflected image. The sensitiveness to impression is what has produced the greatest realists that the history of the novel has seen. We may rely absolutely on the truthfulness of life as pictured by a Russian novel.

Another result of despotism on the Russian character is their lack of stamina and decision. "What is to be done?" This expression occurs hundreds of times in Russian novels, and it is a true definition of this aspect of the national character of Russia.

The general impression produced on a foreign mind by Russian novels is one of intense gloom. Why? Suffering is the heritage of the race. Their past is to them like a horrible nightmare. The present is steeped in tears and the future seems impenetrable. This is the imminent feature in Russian life and is consequently so in the novels.

The mind and soul of Tolstoi progressed continually throughout his life but never changed. The author of "Sevastopol" and "The Cossacks" was the same man mentally and spiritually who wrote "Anna Karenina," "Ivan Ilyich," "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "Resurrection." Some critics continually insist on the great difference between his earlier and later works, but as a matter of fact there are very few great authors who have kept so straight a course. While the teaching of the later books is more direct, and the didactic purpose more clear, still we must remember that the natural changes in the life of any man will account for this. The later novels were simply the fully developed fruit of the seed planted in the early ones.

The difference between young Tolstoi and old Tolstoi is not then one of opinion, but of conduct and action. Tolstoi

was a being so constituted that any deep seated moral conviction had to have an outlet. The first moral law to make a deep impression on him was that of self-sacrifice and "The Cossacks" and "Sevastopol" are pervaded with this spirit. Indeed, Tolstoi in all of his works, historical romances, realistic novels, and religious essays, shows that his greatest power lies in the correct analysis of human mental state and emotions. Tolstoi always worked out his ideas, he never allowed them to work out themselves, and if an idea seemed to conflict with the experience of humanity—humanity was wrong; the idea right.

Tolstoi felt deeply the sanctifying influence of the divine instinct of service to others. But he evolved ideas from ideas, and perhaps if he had had a sense of genuine humor, or the power to create great comic characters, he never would have become an extremist in doctrine. No author ever told us more about himself through the medium of his novels than Tolstoi has. There is a certain unsatisfactory meagreness about the facts of Tolstoi's life, but we have only to turn to his great novels and there he is,—the man, his character, opinions, and, in some, even details from his life.

"War and Peace," his first great novel, is perhaps the finest historical romance in any language. The greatness of this book does not consist in simplicity, for it is cumbersome, and there is in it much that is unnecessary; nor in the artistic finish, for its outline is rough and digressions abound; nor yet in historical accuracy, but in its profound and cunning psychological analysis. All of Tolstoi's books are written with an aim, and the aim of this one is to show that the real greatness of man consists not in fame or exalted position, but in simplicity and purity of heart.

The culmination of Tolstoi's genius is "Anna Karenina," published first in *The Russian Messenger* as a serial (1875-1877). It is easily one of the most powerful novels

of the nineteenth century, and its treatment of a subject hitherto somewhat suppressed is wonderful. There is probably no woman in fiction who possesses greater physical charm than Anna, the heroine, and in spite of her fall, Tolstoi treats her in such a sympathetic manner that to us her love for Vronsky seems almost chaste. While the main interest of the story centers about Anna, yet, strictly speaking, there are no minor characters, and Stiva, with his healthy pampered body, and Dolly, absolutely commonplace and real, Konstantin Levin, who is Tolstoi himself, and the Princess Kitty Scherbatskaia, all have a lively interest of their own and seem living human beings. The book as a whole is a study of sin, and its inevitable consequences. Anna in spite of her surpassing loveliness and amiability must pay the price for wrong doing. The chapter narrating her suicide is one of the most pathetic passages in modern fiction. As one commentator says, "The words of Saint Paul are irresistibly brought to mind, 'To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.'"

In "The Kreutzer Sonata" Tolstoi shows the way of death. The most sensational of all his books is "The Kreutzer Sonata." It was for a time even taboo in the United States, and its passage by post forbidden. The moral significance of this is perfectly clear, that men who lead immoral lives before marriage cannot expect happiness in married life.

The way of life is shown in "Resurrection," his last long novel. The chief motive in the work is the transformation in the character of the hero; yet numerous passages show the genius of the writer still burning clear in his old age. Most readers notice, without having it pointed out to them, the difference between the Easter Kiss and the Kiss of Lust, and it is one of the most powerful examples of Tolstoi's analytical power. This book teaches directly what

Tolstoi always taught, and after a study of his principal writings we are convinced that he was great and noble, sincere almost to a fault, and what is better than all, a good man.

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## A WOUNDED SEPOY

D. H. KILLEFFER

Ye think we fight like demons! Ha,  
 May be. And if we do, why not?  
 . . . . A wound, ye say? not so, a scratch.  
 And, pray, why should we care to die?  
 Our Sahib general, does he?  
 And we, mere Indian jungle rats,  
 Shall it be said an Englishman  
 Out braved us all in any fight?  
 His country? Aye, 'tis ours as much!  
 . . . . These Prussians, men of flesh, not bone;  
 Their necks are large; we cannot reach  
 Around to strangle them; and yet—  
 . . . . How many have I killed? I can  
 Not count so many; bullets, dead!  
 . . . . And would this German Padishah  
 Make ruin now in Hindustan?  
 Let him beware! For ere he reach  
 That sacred land he'll need his men,  
 And many more for he must march  
 Upon the bodies of us all!

## THE YOUTHS OF MARTHA

S. F. TELFAIR

## THE FIRST

It was a warm May morning and the little city of Raleigh basked in the sun. Raleigh was a pretty little city, with its broad white streets stretching to its central square where the old capitol calmly watched over the town. The trees in their fresh greens waved their leaves gently in the breeze, the sun shone on the myriad flowers of May and the place lay happily silent and seemed to breathe *Kismet* to the world.

In an old garden across from the capitol the rose buds looked up at the sun and became blossoms. Summer had come.

Martha Stanley, there among the roses, seemed one of them. For she was fair and tall, with blue eyes and silky black hair which hung in a great plait on her back.

As she bent among the roses a man came out to her. A big man—a man who, at a glance, knew the world and was not unknown himself.

“Martha!”

She twined a dark red flower in her black hair and leaned over the roses.

“Look at me.”

Still she turned away and the man looked at her. How girlish and charming she seemed to him—fresh and graceful smelling of the roses and different from the people of his world where there was work and life and strife.

He put his arm around her and then she turned from the roses and looked up at him. Full throated and quivering she was caught in his arms and a red flame crept into her cheek as he kissed her.

Then Martha, like the rose buds, leapt into blossom.

“My child—love, I will carry you away and show you to the world.”

He laughed and took her in his arms again.

### THE SECOND

William Henry Heyward gazed forlornly about him. It was beautiful—yes and no—rather it was pretty, charming.

The little fisher village climbing from the water's edge up the wooded hills, the sea, very blue, curving in and fashioning the shore and the islands all out there. There was just enough land and just enough water—it was neither desolate nor infinite.

But the people! The scientists who came there to study and the fishermen, who lived there to work. W. H. Heyward was an artist—not the gaunt eyed, long haired creature of the movies, but a good-looking, nicely built, well tailored young man who did landscapes and sold them. Now who here among the scientists who took their work so seriously and the fishermen who took themselves so seriously could be companionable and stimulating? It was dismal.

All of the summer people ate at a large mess in the village and Heyward disgustedly ate his creamed codfish at the table with eleven young college-professor “bug-hunters.”

All two hundred people gazed at a woman who entered the room. She was tall and lovely—her silky black hair was parted in the middle and bound in a great coil behind; her eyes were the blue of the sea, set in dark long lashes; and her figure was lithe and feline—even sensuous. Her dress was décolleté and striking.

The eleven scientists murmured about her:

“She's an artist lady whose husband stays in England.”

"A woman dressing like that in a Cape Cod fishing town!"

"I'll swear she wears no stays."

"Is she twenty-five or forty?"

"Lord, what a neck and shoulders!"

Heyward was silent, he had heard her full soft voice, he had seen the appealing look in her eyes and he knew that the summer had one interesting study for him.

After supper Heyward stood looking at the June twilight come over the sea.

A child's voice said, "Oh, mother, it is so beautiful!"

"Yes, it is beautiful and somehow just when the last light of day lies over the sea one seems to look upon God."

Her eyes met Heyward's and Martha Stanley turned again towards the sea and pressed her daughter to her.

"The twilight is God," Heyward told her softly and they were friends.

## II

Martha Stanley and Heyward slowly climbed the path that lead from the road to the little bungalow on the hill. It was late August and already the fire of autumn had crept into the trees and tinted them.

They looked back. How green the land was and the sun glistened on the sea so that it was all blue-silver!

Martha Stanley, in white linen and with her hair on her back, leaned towards Heyward.

"The summer is coming to an end. How wonderful it has been!"

"The summer and you."

"No! Don't say that. I will never end. For a thousand years you will think of our walks, our sails, our swims—of me?"

"God help me! Yes."

"You don't know how fine you've been to me. I was a

woman and you made me a girl. I had youth and happiness."

"And I had love."

She was silent. She sat on the steps and faced the water beyond.

"And I had love. I have it," he said fiercely. "And I want you—all of me. Every—"

"Don't. Can't you see? I have children and a husband. It is all my fault. God made me like this . . . Like a man wants popularity, success, I want to be loved. I thirst for it. My husband gave me—affection. You came, you reawoke my youth, my soul . . . Go away!"

"Think of me. Come, what is life without happiness? Could we not find all here? Think."

"Does a woman ever think. I feel and I feel that it cannot be. It isn't right. I feel it."

"Say that you love me, once?"

For answer she bent over the heliotrope growing on the steps and buried her face in it. She breathed quick warm breath into the flowers and clenched them to her bosom.

Out on the sea there was a look of winter—all the western sky was brightly lighted gold and orange and red. The dying sun spread a path of colors on the sea and up this path sailed a schooner until finally its black hulk sank into the sun and with it seemed to die into the sea.

He had gone away. Her love life was ended. Little by little her violent sobbing ceased. It seemed to her that her youth, that glorious youth of her womanhood had gone on the black ship into the sun.

She was soothed and the peace of the world fell upon her with the veil of night.

## WHY AMERICA DOES NOT MANUFACTURE ANILINE DYES

W. N. PRITCHARD, JR.

The situation that this country has been placed in on account of the European War, in obtaining dye stuffs for our factories, is a serious one. In order that such a condition may be remedied, advice is being asked for from every source. Capital, it seems, does not want to invest its money for fear of being the loser, and even if capital were to invest its money, let us see whether or not aniline dyes could be manufactured in the country.

It is recognized by students of economic conditions, that the status of an industry in any country depends entirely on the abundance of raw material which can be worked up into the finished product. This being true a very pertinent question suggests itself: Are such conditions in this country at present favorable?

The fact cannot be denied that our country is making rapid strides forward in building large cities, and in constructing and operating street railway systems, electric and gas plants, and other enterprises which afford a chance for investments, but as for an industry from which it would take some time to receive any income or benefit, we are wanting in interest and effort. The manufacturer of dyes, which is such an industry, we find to be new to us and capital would be the least bit slow in making investments for that purpose.

With the passing of the years we as a nation are hasty and impatient to get ahead of the other fellow. It is said by a man of high standing, that "our chemists take for granted that a contribution to chemical knowledge is a contribution to knowledge in general for which they do not receive money, but praise; on the other hand, they consider it a dishonor to receive money for their scientific

achievements." This being the case the chemist is regarded by the capitalist as one who works out things on paper which will not succeed when put in practice. One can easily see what the attitude of both chemist and capitalist is towards each other. As long as such conditions prevail, we can look for nothing but the worst. Such conditions are not found in Germany because of the fact that a harmonious spirit exists between the chemist and the manufacturer.

In Germany a man, while teaching chemistry in a University, works during his spare time in an attempt to settle important questions for some outside firm. This not only increases his bank account but it also brings the instructor in touch with the manufacturer. It is this style of work and study which, it is believed by many, has put Germany at the head in the manufacture of dye stuffs. England is credited with being the first country to synthesize dyes, but owing to the fact just stated, she has fallen by the way side and Germany has taken her place.

The first important work on the synthesis of dyes began when Beyer in 1880 announced to the world that he had obtained indigo in the laboratory. His results did not mean much as his raw materials cost about what he received for his finished product. Notwithstanding this fact he sold his patents for something like \$100,000 to the Badische Aniline Company, which, incidentally, happened to be the loser in the deal. Ten years later this same company bought the patents of Henmann, who had worked out the synthesis of indigo, starting with a very cheap raw material, and getting yields that made great profits on his finished product. It has taken years of hard work and the overcoming of many difficulties to place Germany in her present standing as a dye manufacturing country. England lost out in the manufacture of dyes

because her chemists did not work with the manufacturer, and it seems to be a settled fact that America would, if she undertook to manufacture dyes, lose out for the self same reason.

The dye industry has its basis in coal tar products. Coal tar is needed and a lot of it, but the amount seems to be limited in this country. This being the case one can readily see in what position we are placed in getting raw material for the manufacture of dyes. Besides having plenty of raw material to start with, Germany has another advantage over America in that she manufactures her dyes step by step. The factories that manufacture the dyes use nearly altogether the by-products of other factories. This method of using the by-products from other factories, greatly reduces the cost of the materials used to make dyes, whereas the cost of manufacture would be a great deal more if the dye manufacturers had to use all materials raw and dye them in condition for use themselves.

To make and supply her own demands at a reasonable cost, America would have to have the raw materials supplied by the same means. The building of factories would call for capital, but even if the money could be obtained, what could the factories do without the raw material? As to how much money it would take to put up factories in operating condition in order to manufacture dyes, it is estimated that it would take \$400,000,000. Our spirit towards a large business enterprise would have to be changed in order to make the industry a success. In Germany when a person discovers some method for making a certain thing, the people co-operate with him and work for the good of his method while in this country we let the almighty dollar rule us to our own hurt, so that, instead of backing a person's method, we do our best to find some other way better than his. Such a spirit cannot exist in any industry if it is to be made a success.

The manufacturer must produce enough kinds of dyes to satisfy his customers—a rather large undertaking, as it is estimated that 900 different kinds of dyes are imported to this country. Not only must he be able to produce this large number, but he must be continually seeking for new dyes of different shades. Dyes sold last year will be replaced by new dyes next year.

On account of the low tariff we can import dyes from other countries more cheaply than we can make them. This condition would imperil the manufacturer of dyes if nothing else would, and this state of affairs could be remedied only by new tariff laws. Furthermore to manufacture and make a success of the production of aniline dyes, the present spirit of selfishness, and the characteristic haste and impatience of the American people will have to be wiped out and in their place a spirit of cooperation and patience will have to prevail.

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## NIGHT OF THE FIGHT

JNO. N. WILSON, JR.

Fire-lights burn low o'er fallen snow,  
The men sleep in the trench,  
The moon throws down its orange glow  
On Russian, German, French.

Stars' mellow light glows on the sight,  
The carmine flakes drift deep;  
The gun is stacked in silent night,  
The war-field is asleep.



# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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## EDITORIAL

"A man am I grown; man's work must I do,  
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,  
Live pure, speak truth, right wrong,  
Follow the King; else wherefore born?"

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

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### CURIOSITY HIGH OR LOW?

If Mrs. Pankhurst should come to Chapel Hill, every man of us would make it a special point to see and hear her. The same enthusiastic reception would be accorded the hugest elephant in the world, or the ugliest monkey.

This small motive, the desire to boast, "I've seen him," will probably draw many to the meetings in February, when the biggest man in the biggest field in the world will speak to Carolina men. But it is to be hoped now well in advance we may abundantly realize that such a great religious force as Dr. Mott is not to be comprehended adequately save with a period of serious thought and preparation. This man's giving of himself to us can be made the means of improving the tone of Carolina incalculably in every interest of campus life.

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### MORE POINT SYSTEM

The chief objection expressed to the application of a point system for the regulation of student activities, is that, however badly needed, inertia will relegate it to a closet shelf and there strangle it quietly. Its adoption and enforcement require a certain initiative for whose lack other good causes have died a lingering but sure death.

Hence, notice is hereby served on all parties concerned that, as a first step toward the early adoption of a point system of regulation substantially like that described in last month's MAGAZINE, the Greater Council will debate the question at its February meeting and perfect the final form for presentation to the student body as a whole. By joining in this discussion, advocates and opponents of the plan can facilitate the process of arriving at the truth in the matter.

In this connection it may well be realized that, while there has been no intimation of such a course, the faculty at any time may deem it wise to establish some similar system for the limitation of student activities. The evils existing may be still further aggravated, and then the faculty would be prompt to take a hand. If ever class-

room work seems to be subordinated to extra-curriculum pursuits and the side-show attempts to overtop the big tent, outside regulation is sure to be imposed for the welfare of the University. Such regulation in many instances extends to arbitrary and irksome limitations, even to, say, the number of clubs a man may join.

The logical conclusion is that as self-governing men, we must show ourselves capable of solving our own problem in the best way.

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### DEBATE PRELIMINARIES

It has become the imperative duty of the Debating Council to remedy our antiquated and inefficient system of selecting intercollegiate debaters. Of course, practical difficulties will be met, but diligence and thought will transform them into the stepping-stones to success. If the council refuses to act, the candidates should of their own volition devise a method that will conduce to the strengthening of our speakers in the science of rejoinder. Any opponent of such a change whose heart, belying the smooth words of his mouth, is dominated by personal interest, is in the most disgusting sense a "scoundrel, traitor, buffalo, and son of Benedict Arnold."

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### THE SANCTITY OF A DEBATING RECORD

Honest and pardonable pride in our debating record should never become reverence that sets the record upon a pedestal as a holy of holies to command the worship and sacrifice of all. After all's said and done, judges' decisions are only opinions, and while they present a pretty appearance on paper, they cannot settle the question of the merit of respective teams. The big majority of our in-

tercollegiate debates have been won by a vote of two to one—which, to speak truth, is just about as good one way as the other. Dare any man say that our platform representatives or our University would be fundamentally one whit less glorious had a few votes turned against us in a fight where the margin of victory was perhaps but a hair?

Other colleges of half our size have twice as many debates. The idea of four men a year put forward as the debating strength of a University of over one thousand men, is absurd. Last year twenty-one men entered the preliminaries and at least two other teams could have been found very nearly as strong as the two selected. There were two good teams denied the high privilege of fighting for Carolina. The same will hold true this year—and next, unless the mere record as such becomes incidental instead of supreme in importance.

Our old debaters have been heard to say that the training of a debate is more valuable than any year of a college course. Is not the development of a larger number of forceful speakers, even at the cost of a few adverse decisions, a worthier aim than attempting to protect our record by the rather cowardly method of refusing to come out and fight?

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#### TRUE EXTENSION

The business managers of the *MAGAZINE*, *Tar Heel*, and *Alumni Review* have offered material aid to the students in carrying out a plan to put these publications into more wide and appreciative circulation throughout the state. The interest of parents, high school and hometown friends, sweethearts and all else, in the University, is fostered by deeper acquaintance through its three representative periodicals. If you will co-operate by writing a name across

your paper or magazine after your reading is finished, the respective managers will gladly see to the mailing of them, wrappers, postage and all. Loosen up and help! Just get in touch with a business manager or a MAGAZINE editor; they are ardent propagandists of this new doctrine of extension, and all together we can do a lot of good and have a lot of fun.

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### ROOM-GRAFTING

The present system of renting dormitory rooms is a somewhat mixed and miserable mess. The "office," trying to handle the proposition alone, has been handicapped by general misunderstanding on the part of the students at large. It seems to me simply another opportunity or point of application for the "big-brother" attitude of cooperation between students and administration through the medium of the honor system.

Although recognized as a violation of University rules, trafficking in choice rooming sites is known to us all. Deals of transfer are regularly consummated with money considerations, and it is easy to find men occupying rooms contracted for by another party.

It is difficult to devise a method that would put more trust and responsibility upon the students without exposing the office to greater impositions. A man should be freely permitted to hold a room alone in order that he might choose his own roommate. Obviously such a plan allows a room to be handed down from generation to generation in an unbroken chain, but that should not be an objection, for negligence all too frequently causes loss of rooms. But when a room is emptied by removal or failure to sign the contract, it should be impartially assigned to the first applicant on the waiting list.

The vital point is that all changes should be open and above-board. It should be a point of honor that they be properly listed on the University's books. No man should occupy a room until his own name is on the bottom of the contract.



# SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY J. A. CAPPS



## CHEER UP!

Drown all your troubles in tears as you shout,  
Smile in your work and your play;  
Get out of the atmosphere heavy with doubt,  
For the end may be here any day.

The pathway of Life has its roses and thorns,  
Its beauty, its darkness and light;  
Upon it you'll meet up with praises and scorns,  
Be cheerful while making the fight.

Sing as you pass through the valley of tears,  
And smile when you meet up with care;  
For these you will know as you pass through the years,  
But your sighs will be lost in the air.

So why not be merry as onward we go,  
And why not change sobs to a smile;  
Let our friends see us happy with grins all aglow,  
For worry is never worth while.

—PAUL MCKANE.

## TEASERS—GOOD WHEN YOU GET TO 'EM

The small boy upon the creek bank, all unmindful of the "No Fishing Allowed" sign above his head, skilfully tossed his worms to the waiting perch. From the bushes sprang an enraged man, gun in hand.

"Don't fish here!" he cried.

"I don't know."

A dog, running at large in the streets, bit a little girl. Shortly afterward a man spoke to the dog's mistress.

"How's your dog?"

"I did."

A Siamese war-cry: Repeat until desired effect is obtained, the vowels being broadened:

Ah-wa-ta-na Siam.

—ARTHUR UNONE.

#### TIPPER RARIED

The dining-room of the Martinique presented a scene of elegance to the limit of sumptuousness. The clatter of silver, the clink of glass and the soft music of the balconied orchestra harmonized sweetly with the gnashing of teeth. The lights glittered on the jewels of fair women and bald heads of fat gentlemen.

As dignified as a bishop, my waiter stood before me bowing and scraping till I thought he would break his neck and wear a hole in the floor.

Wealth and luxury!—I radiated prosperity. Sinking back in my cushioned chair I revelled in the admiring glances of the opulent assembly. Jewels, silks, gold, silver, mahogany—everything was kingly, costly, magnificent.

The eye of His Reverence, the waiter, shone on me with an expectant light, a typical light, as it were. I indolently thrust my hand in my pocket. The eyes of my waiter grew eloquent. I selected two dimes by touch. Gazing haughtily over his head with upturned nose and the air of a Cræsus cubed, I handed him the two coins.

He trembled, grew red, lurid, livid, pale and strode away without touching the money. Dumfounded I looked down on my outstretched palm.

In it lay two measly copper pennies!

—W. T. POLK.

I was coming back from Wilmington a few days ago when there was a country gink on the train—one of these long-armed, gawky kind, emerald green, and fresh in proportion. He wanted a drink of water, but when he went to get it he couldn't find any thing to drink from. He asked the conductor who came in just at that minute: "Where's the gode?"

"Why, we don't keep a gourd here now," said the conductor, "but if you'll go to the porter there in the back of the car he'll give you an individual, sanitary, folding drinking-cup."

"Individual—porter—sanitary? What did you say, Mister?"

"I said if you'll go to that nigger back there with the cap on and brass buttons down his front he'll give you a gourd!"

He got his cup and drank out of it very successfully. Then he wiped it out with a big, red handkerchief, folded in up, and handed it back to the porter. What's worrying me now is whether I'll call this sketch *Innocence Abroad* or *Ignorance Abroad*.

—W. B. COBB.

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TO A 1

Ah, little one,  
 You here?  
 Strange it doth seem.  
 You're out of place  
 I fear;  
 Or is't a dream?

Ah, little one,  
 I'm glad  
 To welcome thee.

But if you stay,  
 'Tis sad—  
 You'll lonesome be.

Ah, little one,  
 You see  
 —Though sad, 'tis true—  
 You were not made  
 For me,  
 Nor I for you!

—A. M. LINDAU.

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FLOWERS

It was on a hot day in August, 1912, that a tremendous crowd of people, women, men and children, had met under a shady grove in the town of Marion, S. C., to hear the two gubernatorial candidates, Judge Jones and Gov. Cole L. Blease. Judge Jones was the first speaker. When he finished the ladies of Marion sent to him a wonderful array of flowers. In fact, they had so many that it took two men to deliver them.

Gov. Blease arose to speak. He spoke of the noble and stately looking trees in the grove—and then he raked his hand back through his thick, dark hair. "It is always customary on an occasion of a death in a community," he said, "for the people to bring some token of their love for the deceased and lay upon the grave. Today we grieve at the death of Judge Ira B. Jones and the good ladies of the town are on hand with the flowers."

—C. S. HARRIS.

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JUST SO!

She stood by a rosebush quietly caressing a flower between her lips. Her pensive eyes, almost appealing in

their sadness, gazed into the distance. The sweetness of her breath perfumed the air.

A man of rustic appearance approached over the brow of the hill.

She turned suddenly when she heard him say "Co, Boss! Co, Boss!"

—J. EARLE HARRIS.

WAR IS — AS SHERMAN SAID

Half-eager for the fray to begin, half-tremulous as to their own fates,—yet half-expectant of decisive victory,—the warriors of the opposing battle lines restlessly await the coming of the twilight, for they know full well that then their activities of carnage and destruction must begin. The friendly darkness must be present to conceal their tactics, their points of strategy, and their underhand movements during the performance of which their identities must not be revealed to the enemy.

A hasty even-tide meal is eaten; the call to arms is sounded; the arsenal is looted of its leaden stores of ammunition; the watch-words are given to the sentinels; and the mighty struggle is about to begin.

The two phalanxes of the contending forces are drawn up in battle array. Only a narrow space intervenes between the two. An opening shot is fired and with this token as a signal of battle, the fight is on. With a mighty shout and trampling of feet the forces interlock themselves in deadly conflict. The phalanxes are raked with murderous charges of bullets, shrapnel, and cannonballs. Those warriors who are possessed with steel helmets are not averse to pulling them down more tightly over their heads, for such accoutrement stands them in good stead in the shower of missiles. The battle rages on with undiminished force. Many are killed and wounded; the losses on both sides are terrific.

Right in the thickest of the fighting is a brave, undaunted maid, a red-cross nurse who ministers to the needs of the wounded and god-speeds the departing souls with heavenly music. Her presence, however, is disregarded by some low-principled privates who maliciously turn their weapons upon her with fiendish shouts; but, although wounded, she continues in her kindly ministrations.

It grows darker—so dark that it is difficult to see how to fight. With the advance of the intense darkness the battle wanes in its vigor. Finally the ammunition stores become exhausted, and this too tends to stop the mad career of the contending phalanxes. Wounded warriors lie groaning in the trenches; the dead stare peacefully up at the twinkling stars; the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon has ceased; and—the battle of the *Pickwick* has ended.

—F. B. McCALL.

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A LACK OF INSPIRATION

I've hunted poetic inspiration  
 Around the world of many a nation.  
 My brow has reeked with perspiration;  
 My heart has beat with palpitation;  
 I'm 'most reduced to desperation,  
 For my brain lacks education  
 To express imagination.  
 I've often dreamed with fond sensation  
 Of a poet's life—dear, sweet vocation.  
 And yet in all my contemplation  
 Of stream and forest reverberation,  
 Of birds with lowly incantation,  
 And a mule's old beastly aggravation,  
 I almost yield to fond temptation  
 To get real desperate on one vacation

(If it consumes my natural prorogation,  
 And write a poem, fitting my station  
 But there's one thing lacking—Inspiration!

NOTE:—The Inspiration follows immediately.

#### INSPIRATION

I look out upon the open sea,  
 And into the far beyond.  
 I see the illumning sun, beaming  
 Into the big, old Pond.

#### II

I look into the open sky,  
 I gaze on the heavens around.  
 I look on the distant prairie,  
 Where the sun shines on the ground.

#### III

I cast my eyes towards the west,  
 In despair I look around.  
 There's no sight to greet my eye,  
 For the sun . . . why it's gone down!

—J. K. HOLLOWAY & S. H. HOBBS, JR.

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#### A DISSERTATION ON NELLIE

The subject of my theme is a Maltese cat, Nellie by name, and the object is to show that man has some feline instincts.

Nellie is thoroughly plebeian by birth. She is the daughter of unassuming, rustic parents who never had a more exalted calling than guarding cornercribs against rodents. Not a hair of her tail is aristocratic Angora, nor has she, despite her long residence in town, even

dropped the countryfied drawl in her mew. Her parents' master, an egg dealer who came to our house each week to peddle his wares, asked one day, after his costly wares had been refused, whether we should not like to have a cat entirely free of cost. Such liberality in an egg dealer was not to be refused. Thus the following Saturday he shuffled with muddy feet up on the front porch, cried "Hello! Hello!" several times, and delivered the frightened kitten to the family representative who opened the door. Soon the name of Nellie Gray was formally bestowed on the kitten—she was entirely Maltese except for a white spot on her neck—and before many days she was playing with the curtains as if this had always been her home.

At first Nellie was the most unpretentious kitten in the world. Boiled potatoes were delicacies to her, and even for dry bread she would paw the air. Soon, however, there was a change in her disposition. Aunt Jane of the kitchen reported one day, "That cat don' lak bread no more," and sure enough, the statement was true. Nellie not only did not like, but would not eat any farinaceous compound. Unless she could whiff the presence of meat in the portion dealt out to her three times each day under the lilac bush, she would proudly make her way to the wood house, climb deftly up, and pout on the roof. At the sight of potatoes she revolted, and bread she would spurn like a duchess offered an onion.

Now let us cite an analogy. Ella Brooks was the daughter of a harness maker, a teacher of music during the week, and the mistress of the Baptist organ on Sunday. As the congregation watched her toil over the keys and remarked her plain apparel, they would say to themselves: "Ella is a nice, hardworking girl; deserves a lot of credit;" and as she would close the organ and leave the church, so she would go out of their minds until the sexton should

ring the bell a week hence. But lo! one day Zeb Murphy, wizened old cotton mill king of Tennessee, came back to the town of his birth, offered his mills and a ring to several female candidates for matrimony, and was duly spurned. Despair turned him to the church, where he saw Ella working away at the organ. Before the doxology he had resolved to propose; before sunset Ella was wearing his ring. Back to Tennessee they went, the king and queen of the cotton mills. The name of Ella Brooks was changed on the books of the church treasurer to Kitty Mahallow, and the congregation continued to sing hymns as listlessly as before.

Fifteen years went by. The harness maker and his wife died, but Ella did not return to attend their death beds. Their house was sold and the money sent to Ella. After twenty years news came over the mountains that Zeb Murphy had died leaving his wife immensely wealthy, and that the inconsolable widow was coming back home to live. Two years later a new mansion stood in the self-designated fashionable end of town, where, as the newspapers stated, Mrs. Zebulon Murphy, "a descendant of the distinguished Brooks of this place" held select soirées intermittently. The poor Philistines who, twenty years before, had endured with docility her offeratories, learned only through the newspapers what the hostess had worn on such occasions. In fact she was no longer a believer in immersion, but showed her Rue de la Paix hats every Sunday in Fashion's and God's own resort, the Episcopal church.

While Nellie was still young I designated for her a future of great fame. I longed to see her some day a member of one of those itinerant comedy companies which go from town to town giving demonstrations of canine, feline, and esquiline histrionics. Consequently she was subjected to daily practices in tumbling, begging, and

praying, and such other antics as commonly amuse the public. One time, after she had shown an especial desire to conform to my views in regard to standing on her hind legs, I rewarded her with a small piece of meat. The following day when I summoned her to practice she looked up at my empty hand and walked away. I got a small piece of meat, called her again, and let her see it. Immediately she began to tumble with avidity and to walk on her hind legs with a fervor that I had never seen her display before, all the while regarding my right hand intently. Then she descended to all fours, purred loudly, and caressingly rubbed her arched back against my legs. I gave her the meat, which she consumed with a much greater show of appetite than I thought her exercises should have occasioned. Subsequently I endeavored to make her perform, but never would she so much as stir until I had fetched some meat. As long as I had that she was docility itself, but when she had consumed it, she was as unaccommodating as a wintry wind, and would walk nonchalantly away leaving me as forlorn as Lear of old.

Not long ago an automobile came into the family possession by some means—I will not endeavor to explain—and I achieved the position of chauffeur. Subsequently Freddy Smith—a branch of the prolific family tree of Smiths occupies the other corner of the block from us—and I developed an intimacy which I had never considered possible. Every morning while I was working on the car in the back yard he would climb over the fence and greet me with “A great day for a ride, isn’t it? Well I should rather guess!” Then in the cool of the evening he would stop by the house with a “Say, old boy, have you seen those queens out on Chestnut Hill? Let’s take a spin out and look them over.” One day, however, by some mistake I put kerosene in the tank designed for gasoline with the result that our new machine soon looked like

Elisha's fiery chariot, and an unrestrainable odor of burnt rubber pervaded the vicinity for three days, to which the neighbors seriously objected. The odor must have been particularly repugnant to Freddy Smith, for I have not seen him from the day of the conflagration to this, except occasionally on the street. Apparently "queens" never visit on Chestnut Hill any longer.

Now if you were to apply the epithet of "cat" to Mrs. Zebulon Murphy, she would, to use one of her own trite expressions, "scratch your eyes out;" and if you should try the experiment on Freddy Smith, I am sure he would do as I often heard him jocundly threaten to do, "make fur fly."

—T. C. LINN, JR.

# AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY G. A. MARTIN

EVERYMAN'S EDITORIAL PAGE

## PRE-MOTT

On February 12-14 the student body of the University will be the most privileged group of young men in the world. No college at that time will feel the presence of a greater speaker or more progressive religious worker than will Carolina in the person of Dr. John R. Mott. Dr. Mott is recognized as the world's greatest Christian statesman and considered by Woodrow Wilson among many others to be the greatest single personality of his age. He is the founder and General Secretary of the World's Christian Student Federation and has had more direct contact with student life and student activities than any man of any age. For this reason he is intimately acquainted with every detail of student work and has a message for college men.

It has been no easy task to get the consent of Dr. Mott to come to a Southern college at a time when student associations of the world are calling for his undivided attention. One can see how fortunate we are to secure his services after even eight months of continuous correspondence, when we know that it took Washington and Lee seven years of earnest effort to get him. To me this means that any one who fails to receive his message will miss the opportunity of a college generation.

We do not fear, however, that the Mott meetings will not be well attended. In fact our greatest fear is that we cannot house his audiences. But every one who has heard him speak will agree with us that his message is too great to be grasped without serious thought and pre-

paration. For this reason we ask the college to keep steadily in mind the purpose of this campaign, that we may have at least some small part in Mott's great ideal: the evangelization of the world in this generation.

—J. MERREL PARKER.



# EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY B. F. AULD

CAROLINA OUR FIELD



The stories in the High School magazines for the past month were afflicted with the spirit of Christmas, afflicted because the authors generally had only one theme. This was the old story of a poor boy or girl approaching Christmas with no prospects of receiving a visit from Santa. Then something happens and a rich man or woman makes them happy by playing Santa Claus for the family and by assisting Johnny, Jimmy, or Mary, to get an education. This theme was excellent when it was first treated, but it has become so outworn that it requires no originality whatever to insert different names and slightly different events and to throw off one of these stories.

The best story appearing in any magazine was "Her Christmas Gift" in the *Athenian* from New Bern High. This is the story of a deserted sweetheart who, upon the death of her former lover, receives his boy to raise as her Christmas present. The plot calls for a longer story and it should have more feeling, but, nevertheless, it is very well written. In the same magazine "My Experience in a Fire" fulfills the requirements of being interesting and well told. "Some Legends of the Madonna," in the Elizabeth City *Tatler* is interesting and is a somewhat new subject.

A field for stories to which everyone feels he can go with impunity is the battlefields of the Civil War. Never a month passes in which there do not appear an uninteresting crop of such stories. In 1915, Civil war stories have, at least, come to be trite. Besides, a person should choose a subject about which he himself knows something. We do not mean to stay the imagination except that it

should be guided by some real knowledge before a story is written. There are many stories, real live stories, that occur every day in your own town, your own school and your own home. Use an incident in your daily life as the basis of your next story, color it with your imagination and make it a story to appeal to those who live under circumstances similar to you and in the good year 1915.

There were few poems this month but two were excellent. "Ode to a Friend" in the Raleigh *Enterprise* was a very good mock-serious poem and excelled anything else in that magazine. By far the best poem of the month, however, and the only real good poem of the year is "Cow Bells" from the Kinston *Tatler*. We believe it is well worth printing and cannot help congratulating the author and the magazine upon its production.

## COW BELLS

Oh, the mellow sound of cowbells clanking homeward  
through the lane,  
Is there any music sweeter, as it floats above the grain,  
When the afternoon is ending and the shadows growing  
long,  
And the summer beats and pulses like the echoes of a song?  
What a calm it carries with it! How it soothes the aching  
heart!  
Though there's something in its cadence which does make  
the eyelids smart.  
There's a solemn note and mournful that is coming close  
to pain,  
In the mellow sound of cowbells clanking homeward  
through the lane.

Soft the light that bathes the meadows,  
Gone the glare the full moon knew,  
In the western sky there gathers a tinge amid the blue.

Nature seems to pause a season, ere she bids the twilight  
fall;

Seems to pause and gaze about her, and a hush comes over  
all.

And the winds forget their hurry, and are fain to grow  
serene,

Not a noise to mar the sunshine save a bobolink's refrain,  
And the mellow sound of cow bells clanking homeward  
through the lane.

Though it speaks of peace and plenty, and of labor bravely  
done,

And of well earned rest and quiet at the sinking of the sun;  
Still the soul of it is sadness and a dreary lonesomeness,  
Like the sighing of the hemlock, that the twilight winds  
caress,

But it holdeth balm and healing, and the harps of nature  
seem

To be chording with it, bringing back the dreams we used  
to dream,

Wings your soul above the wicked,

And you grasp your youth again,

In the mellow sound of cowbells clanking homeward  
through the lane.

Typographically, *Tileston Topics* from Wilmington High, is the best of the high school periodicals. But the individuality and attractiveness of its appearance render its contents somewhat disappointing. The idea of a home-county number is highly commendable and capable of valuable development. It is quite an achievement to realize so finely the function of a school magazine to acquaint its readers with vital facts concerning their own local history, customs and conditions. But in this particular case the admirable conception of the articles was

offset by their apparent lack of care in preparation. Patriotism should not be allowed to degenerate into sentimentalism that would force upon its readers any stuff that has the sole virtue of mentioning a well loved county name.

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## PAN-SLAVISM AND THE GREAT WAR

SAMUEL R. NEWMAN

(The writer of this article is a native of Russia and was educated in the Polish capital, Warsaw.—EDITOR.)

This article is not an attempt upon the consideration and study of the variety and complexity of factors that contributed to the bringing about of the political, economic, and social collapse, called war, on the European continent. The alinement of reasons for the Great War has varied as much, perhaps, as the number of people writing about it. The responsibility of the war has been laid at the door of different Powers, depending upon the sympathies of the accuser. Some minimize, or entirely ignore, such factors in causing this war which are considered the main and essential by others. To this class of factors undoubtedly belongs the question of Pan-Slavism.

Conscious, as I am, that the great majority of my readers are permeated with glowing sympathy for the Allies and coldness or rather hatred for the Germans, I find it necessary to state at the very beginning that the object of my article is not to prove Russian guilt in this war. I am merely attempting to bring into relief a movement in the heart of the Slavonic world, which has been overestimated by some and underrated by others, but which has surely played an important role in the European political drama which has ended so tragically. Above all I shall try to confine myself to the statements of facts rather than to controversial speculation.

Pan-Slavism was and is a double-natured movement. It is a racial and cultural movement having its mouthpiece in certain circles of Russian and other Slavic "intellectuals." But it is also a political movement; and this phase of the movement is entirely controlled and manipulated by official Russia, or, to be more correct, by Czardom. The Pan-Slavism of today, the one that is a factor in European politics, is entirely stripped of any ideal and cultural tinge; it serves merely as cloak, as religion once did, to veil corrupt purposes.

Pan-Slavism has a long historical background. Its beginning may be traced to the fall of the Eastern Empire in the fifteenth century. If Russian tradition may be trusted it was the dream of the earliest rulers at Muscovy to make Constantinople the capital of a great Slavic Empire. Peter the Great introduced the question of the Slavs in the Balkans into the arena of European politics. In the year 1711 he issued a manifesto to Europe alluding to the persecution of the Christians in the Balkans. Of course, it will be no exaggeration to state that it was not the relief of the Christians that Peter sought but the territorial expansion of Russia; for Peter's heart was set on expansion. Catherine the Great inaugurated an active policy of aggression along the Black Sea and the Mediterranean and definitely fixed her mind on Constantinople.

During all that period Pan-Slavism was lacking in a cultural element. After the French Revolution it received a great stimulus from the national tendencies so characteristic of the nineteenth century. The wave of nationalistic feeling touched as with magic the Serb, Bulgar, Czech, Croatian, Sloven, Slovak and others. Slavic consciousness was developing rapidly. It presented a beautiful semi-poetic and semi-philosophical aspect; and great good resulted from the effort to revive ancient cultural values and add new ones. The poet Jan Kolar thus sings of the aims of Pan-Slavism:

“ . . . . The head of the dear goddess Slava, seated on a throne of gold, is Russia. The Lechs constitute her body, the Chechs her arms and hands, whilst the other peoples are the weapons. Europe shall fall on her knees before this idol, whose head is towering above the clouds and whose feet will shake the terrestrial globe. The giant-virgin puts one of her feet on the Bosphorus and the other on the Adriatic; she unites into one nation all Slavonic races.” “ . . . . This nation inhabits an Empire vaster than any other Empire—and its boundaries extend from Mount Athos to Terglon, from Servia to Breslau, from the land of the Cossacks to Ragusa, and from Kamtshatma to Japan. All this is the land of the Slavs. Slavism is discharging its roaring waves like a deluge.” (From the translation of Ozanne.)

The danger of Pan-Slavism lies not only in its political claims—to realize these claims means the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, the ruin of Austria-Hungary and the making of the Mediterranean a Russian Lake; none of these purposes, of course, can be accomplished without fierce blood-shed—but also in its cultural claims. I do not doubt in the least that scientific and cultural exponents of Pan-Slavism are sincere in their motives and honest in their convictions; nevertheless, this does not eliminate the danger in their claims. The Spanish Inquisition was also sincere; so are the Papal claims. Danilevsky has thus summed up the Pan-Slavic claims:

“The European nations have failed in their missions. Either they are in a state of stagnation or decay. Only Russia is young and fresh, and vigorous, and has still the divine mission not only to save the Orient, but also to save old Europe by breathing into this old blase the spirit of the Slav. All the acquisitions of European culture ought to be destroyed; they must be replaced by a system reigning at Archangel, Vladivostock, and Sebastopol. A torrent of destruction will soon sweep over the Germano-Latin and

Romance world, and above the water of the general flood only the lofty summit of the Cremlin will tower majestically. . . .”

Space does not permit me many or long quotations from Pan-Slavic literature. The few that I have given are by no means the ones that express extreme Pan-Slavic sentiment; on the contrary, I have endeavored to select the most typical ones and from the most representative writers.

Now a word about the political phase of Pan-Slavism. As mentioned before, the union of all Slavs under the scepter of the Czar is the political aim of Pan-Slavism. In what form did this find expression? Its first political manifestation, perhaps, was the first Slav Congress at Prague in 1848 at which all Slavic peoples of Austria were represented; the dominant idea of the Congress was the formation of a federation of the Austrian Slavs. Among the Chechs a kind of national militia was organized; the same movement spread to other Slavic peoples. The last part of the nineteenth century sees Russia in the complete control of the Pan-Slavic movement. In her hands it becomes a double-edged tool to deal sharp blows to her neighbors and her own revolting people.

“Pan-Slavism,” writes Stepniak, the famous and great Russian revolutionist, “is a good expedient to divert the storm of public discontent from internal questions. This, moreover, excites patriotic feelings and jingoism.” The root of the Balkan evil is to be found in Pan-Slavism. Austria’s sphere of influence in the Balkans was always a thorn in Russia’s eye. It was Russia who formed the Balkan alliance against Turkey in the hope to turn it against Austria; it was Russia, through the agency of Servia, that conducted an active propaganda among the Southern Slavs in Austria which culminated in the assassination of the Austrian Archduke. As long as Russia’s dream of an All-Slavic Empire is not satisfied there is no assurance for peace on the Continent.

But suppose Russia's dream is realized, what good would result for the whole of humanity? What good would result for the Slavs themselves? Let us again not speculate but consider dry facts. What does Russian rule mean for Russia herself? Siberia can tell you the story! A story of tens of thousands of the best, young and progressive blood buried in its icy fields, martyred on the gallows, swamped to death in its Taigas—and for what? Because of the noble desire to serve *their* people. The Jews can tell you a story—a story that is blacker than hell and fiercer than the fires of the Inferno. The ocean of their tears and blood can not become deeper and darker; it already marks the bloodiest stream through the whole painful history of the ages. What about the Poles and the other Slavs whom Russia is so eager to embrace? Where do the Slavic peoples fare better; in the “oppressive” Germanic countries or in the mother-Slavic country, Russia? It would be a waste of time and paper to dwell too long on this subject; for it is common knowledge how Russia, the Slavic power, treats her kindred Poles as contrasted with the Germanic Austria. While the whole weight of the Russian governmental machine is brought about to extinguish the national life of the Pole, Austria is constantly directing her attention to the betterment of her Slavic peoples not only economically but culturally also. How much faith the Poles put in the promise of Polish autonomy by Russia is seen from the fact that eighty thousand Polish volunteers are fighting in the Austrian ranks.

Opposed to Pan-Slavism is Pan-Germanism. In substance Pan-Germanism strives for the unification of all Germanic peoples on the continent. Of course this is a reactionary idea; but the question is which is the lesser of the two evils, Pan-Slavism or Pan-Germanism? I maintain that the ardent sympathizers of the Allies have concentrated too much their attention on the English-German side of the present struggle and have failed to realize the

issue of the Russo-German struggle. Had they realized what great issues are involved in that phase of the struggle, they surely would not have failed to see the absurdity, nay, the crime in an alliance of England with Russia. Only the fear of German commercial supremacy could have driven the liberty-loving British people into a Satanic alliance. To expend her commercial and industrial sway over the far and near East, Germany needed no war. Her ascendancy was a sure and secure process. In the course of ten years, from 1893 to 1903, her maritime commerce shows a rise from a turnover of eighty-one million marks to two hundred and ten millions, an increase of one hundred and sixty per cent, as compared with that of Great Britain of one hundred and fifty-two per cent and of France twenty-three and six tenths per cent.

The realization of Pan-Germanism, even in its most reactionary form, would simply mean the supremacy of Hohenzollern and of Prussia, the triumphant march of its armies over Europe and down the Danube towards the East. Germany would become mistress of Europe. The triumph of Pan-Slavism, on the other hand, means the spread of autocracy, the destruction of every thing European of Germano-Celtic civilization, which would be replaced by an admixture of that of Pagan, Tartar, and Byzantian.

“But are there no forces that would drive Russia on the road of civilization?” one might ask. Yes, there are such forces, but they lie dormant in the inert Slavic soul. With an urban population of but fourteen per cent of her total and with eighty per cent of her population illiterate, with a form of Christianity that wears the rot of crude paganism, and with a form of government which defies its supreme head, the world would have to wait a long time before it could reap the seed of Russian culture. But Europe cannot wait; she cannot submerge again in an age

of medievalism and look up to chimes of the Kremlin for the tone of her intellectual life.

Will this war bring an end to militarism? What a flabby hope! How is Russia going to maintain her auto-  
cracy? How is she going to weld her All-Slavic Empire? There is not a single principle that can serve as a unifying force for all Slavs. There is nothing positive in common in the historic background of the Slavic peoples; no common tongue, no common religion, no common possession of any cultural values. The only thing that the Slavs have in common is an aversion for everything European and progressive.

## MY PINES

J. R. LATHAM

Oft I see the stately pine trees  
Which my earliest mem'ry knew,  
And I hear their gentle murmur  
As the wind is passing through.

Now their sound is but a whisper.  
Now a song is trembling low,  
As of great hearts filled with sadness  
When th' awaited end comes slow.

Sometimes ends this gentle singing,  
And the North wind's freshning gale  
Starts a rhythmic stately anthem  
To the wand'rer down the trail,

Like a mighty, heav'nly organ  
Played by hands beyond our ken.  
Such a sweet and stirring cadence  
As they to the wind-king bend!

And their song is ever with me,  
Be my thoughts or grave or glad.  
'Times, I hear the stately anthem;  
'Times again, their murmur sad.

## THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

### A SYMBOLIC STORY

W. DOUB KERR

#### I

The thicket was alive with early Junetime—the afternoon sun was warm and golden when the first yellow butterfly burst its chrysalis, and came, forerunner of happy days, to flit above the great round stone that lay in the woodland's midst.

This particular wooded knoll was the highest thereabouts. The woodcock and the squirrel struggling for supremacy on the great grey rock at this hilltop could look far beneath them on piney groves that stretched southward and on the blue hills that border far-away land. Westward a mile or so, the woodland merged into a flower-strewn meadow, and then into a formal lawn shaded by stately buildings tree-framed. It was the University of—.

The University too stood at the head of a hill oak-crowned and elm-embowered. A stage-coach leaving the campus, and off down the old post road to Wilmington sounded merrily its horn in the pine shade—and the sounds were echoed from a great grey rock on the near-by hill.

Northeastward from the rock-crowned hill across the shaded post road and distant through field and thicket but a mile or so stood the homestead at the crest of a hill. It fronted the forest primeval; from its back windows and wide rear porch one could catch the glimmer of a silver winding waterway, just where the mountain merged to meadowland.

Early summer of 1845 was just like early summer of any other year, I suppose, but Peter Dromgool felt a new lassitude and a longing to be off and away to the woodland, the open. As he sat in his dormitory window looking eastward over the meadow toward the pines, he heard from out

of the north the merry peal of the stage coach bound from Hillsboro to Wilmington.

His decision was made. He would take a trip to Raleigh. Soon he was seated in the coach and off with a merry pealing of horns down the road to the capital city.

Laura was tired of her fancy work; the call of the far-away came to her from out of the north. It was the sound of the stage-coach horn echoing through the pines and growing in volume as the winding water-way bore toward her the silver tones.

“’T will soon be in the village and in an half-hour’s time I can see it pass eastward through the woods,” thought she. So taking her bonnet from a nearby peg, waving a good-bye to the water that wound through the meadow out of the mountain valley, she set off through the woods to her favorite round rock ’mid the pines.

## II

Leaving its outgrown chrysalis behind, the butterfly climbed up on a great round stone nearby—there to dry its gorgeous golden wings and light ethereal body.

From the beech-bordered brookside a clear sound of singing came wafted in rhythmical cadence—just in perfect time with the regular rise and fall of the yellow butterfly wings. An instant—the singing grew clearer—a momentary cloud passed from over the face of the sun—and there stood Laura, blue of eye, with golden hair—a bit of the spring sky and sunshine.

“Oh, you beauty!” she exclaimed, as she saw on her old rock the newcomer. Bending she put her finger on the rock beside it and the butterfly, still folding and unfolding half-damp wings, climbed onto her outstretched finger.

“Beauty,” murmured Laura again, sitting down on the rock and holding the butterfly out in the full sunshine.

Moments long she watched the golden butterfly till finally her fancy seemed to borrow its wings and half aloud she

sang to it her refrain, "Father will come today—maybe."

The butterfly perchance could not understand; but she told him her story. For years they had lived in the house at the hilltop, the house whose windows looked out on forest river and meadow, Mother, "Daddy," and she. "Daddy" was her mother's father—some years ago he had died, an old man tender to her alone, to the world bitter, watching vengeful. Her mother's sad pale face with its great blue eyes all tear-filled appeared before her as she had known it from earliest childhood. Then she saw the day years ago when she had asked in childish trouble,

"Where is my own Daddy, Mumsie?" and the tear-filmed maternal eyes had overflowed while the grandfather had stumped muttering out of the room.

The happiest of her story-pictures was framed in moonlight and embalmed with the sweet of June roses. One night when the moon was full and grandfather had fallen gently asleep in his chair where he had sat watching the sun go down, she and Mother stole off downhill and across meadow to the river bank. There her mother had told her a tale of her father. To the little girl he seemed a fairy prince whom Mother had met on the hills to the southward, who had loved and wooed her mother beside a great grey stone and deep in the heart of the woods, and who had gone away on a long journey without ever having seen his little daughter.

While the mother was telling her story on the river bank, the old gentleman suddenly awoke, startled perhaps by the rustle of the first night-breeze through the roses.

"Cora," he called, but the only answer was an echo from the beeches.

"She is out in the night with her daughter," thought he, ill at ease until all at once from the valley below the sound of a gentle voice was borne on the June-night breeze.

"Father will come to his babe in the nest." Mother had just finished telling Laura the romance and was ending

the story with a reassurance that some day father would come back.

The old man's fears for the two lone women were calmed, but he shuddered involuntarily as his hand which he had been holding to his ear struck, in falling again to his lap, a bulky letter that he had received that day.

The full moon swung up over the pines; he took the great letter from his pocket and in the moonlight read it through.

"Untrue," he said to himself and sank into a reverie. But suddenly he was wakened by voices coming closer up the hill. "She must not know except from my own lips," he said.

A low fire burned on the kitchen hearth—with feeble steps the old man tottered in; just as he heard his daughter's voice at the corner of the house he put the letter to the flaming log. Laura and her mother came hand in hand around the house just in time to see the silver radiance of the moon yellowed by flamelight—and there framed in the doorway was "Daddy," his clothes aflame, holding at arms length what seemed a burning torch.

Thus to the girl sitting on the rock in the sunshine a happy memory gave place to visions of sadness. She remembered the old prostrate form—lying face downward and hold in his hand the charred ash of several sheets of paper—an ash which, as they raised the old man, crumpled and was blown away by the light wind into the night.

From then until his death "Daddie" had not been able to speak or to read and write. His mind seemed affected; often he appeared struggling to express a thought which would not escape him, which his eyes brooded over but his lips could not reveal.

Laura remembered how she had in later time sought out her mother's trysting rock, there to sit in the sunshine, to look into the far-away where father was, and to sing, "He will come, he will come."

Suddenly, a silver trumpet note sounded through the pines. Laura started from her reverie, the butterfly, its wings now dried, billowed off her finger and hovered in the air above the stone.

Forgetting again the sound of the horn that had waked her, the girl thought only of the butterfly which fluttered above her. She leapt on the rock to better reach it; but the butterfly billowed higher. In merry abandon, she danced on the rock, striving and striving to reach the animate gold just above her. As an unconscious accompaniment to her happy mood she was singing, "He will come, he will come." But leap as she would to grasp it the butterfly hovered just out of reach.

The stage-coach came round a bend in the wood-road—the trumpeter, horn to mouth for another echo-waking peal, (for he loved to hear the pines make music of his playing) almost allowed the horn to drop from his grasp while his pent-up breath escaped in a low whistle. The driver too had caught the vision; slowing his horses to a walk he watched. Peter Dromgool, surprised at the sudden slowing-down, looked from the open coach door and lo: . . . .

There framed by the dark green of pines at the hill crest, with sunshine above, an aureole, on a great grey stone kindled by wandering sunbeams to silver,—Laura was dancing in time with the beating wings of a glorious golden butterfly.

The stage-coach, of which the girl had remained sublimely unconscious, disappeared at length 'midst the trees. The driver and trumpeter were chuckling and casting appreciative, meaning glances back over their shoulders—on the vision at the sun-kissed hill-crest and the straight young man's figure all tension as he stood sheltered by a chestnut-tree on the hillside—earnest and intent. Peter Dromgool had given up his trip to Raleigh.

## III

After some moments the girl tired of her childish antic and throwing a kiss, half-defiance, half-despair, at the butterfly, sank down to rest beside the stone. As she leaned over on its silver grey rotundity resting her golden head on her arms, the butterfly, no doubt likewise weary of its merry dance, fluttered down and rested on her clasped hands.

Feeling the light touch as the butterfly settled, Laura looked up suddenly—and caught sight of Peter, whom a fascinating power had drawn unconsciously out from behind his tree. She did not start with surprise or terror; a college boy was a familiar sight to her from afar. A half-petulant pout puffed out her lips, however, and there came over her face as the handsome stranger, hat in hand, drew reverently nearer and seemed on the point of addressing her, an expression half modest shyness, half comradeship. Clean, clear-cut, well-moulded, brown of eye and lithe of form, was he not the vision that she had often had of her father? It was not he, of course! she knew the youth could not be over twenty—but somehow he seemed to fit into her fancy as a part of her dream. Peter introduced himself in the courtly southern fashion.

“I am Laura,” she said, and for the first time in her life she wondered, perhaps in response to a half-veiled query that she read and understood from his eyes, “Laura who?” She did not know. But the thought passed in the gaiety of her present experience.

Their talk was not the common platitude of social conversation. Each felt the power of a new fascination and a call to fresh fields and pastures new of the spirit. The afternoon passed as an oriental dream full of color, life and the joy of living. It was the butterfly that called their attention to evening’s approach by leaving Laura, on whose hand or shoulder or dainty slippared toe it had

waved its yellow wings at will during the long golden summer afternoon.

The butterfly left Laura's hand and crept beneath a nearby chestnut leaf, refuge from the light dews of a summer night. A dry-fly intoned a hymn to the day-death, birds in the nearby trees twittered gently to greet the evening star. The college bell rang forth its melodious vespers.

"I must go," Laura said, suddenly removing a delicate white hand from between Peter's strong brown ones. Before he could offer to see her safely home, the white dress and the hair golden as the afterglow, were lost in the deep dark green of the night-wrapped pines.

"Laura," Peter called into the shadows..

Was it a voice from far over yonder, or the ripple of the beech-bordered brook that burdened the twilight breeze with—"Tomorrow, Peter," and a laugh half sigh, half music?

#### IV

While Laura hastened through the darkening woods to be home in time to help with supper, Peter was walking slowly back to the University. The young girl was singing as she ran; he slowly pacing through the dusky forest aisles dallied purposely to prolong to the utmost undisturbed memories of the delicious afternoon.

When Laura reached home all was dark and quiet. Startled, she let a song die on her lips and heard a low sigh from her mother's bed-room. "Mother," she called.

A soft voice replied, "I am unwell tonight, dearie. Fix your own supper and then leave me in quiet to sleep."

Laura's sorrow was divided between filial anxiety and solicitude and a disappointment over not being able to share with her mother the delight of her now-found joy.

There was no moon that night, but the young girl went out into the rose arbor and there listening to the distant

eddies of the river and watching the starshine, gave herself over entirely to the new joy that possessed her. Presently her mother's call brought her fancy back from the sunlit knoll with its great grey rock to her duties, pleasures and ministrations at home. She tenderly waited on her mother, kissed her an affectionate good-night, and went to bed—but not to sleep. The mother had thought she detected a new fervor, an added quality in the good-night kiss.

Could it be that love had come to her daughter? Her whole past romance and still unshattered faith and hope came back to her—memories half sweet, half-painful. Neither of the women closed their eyes until long after midnight of that bright starlit, breeze-swept summer night.

Meanwhile Peter slowly walking through the pines, rapt in reverie, stumbled over a prostrate log and would have fallen if his hand had not in its rapid grasping encountered a nearby tree-trunk. From his inside pocket there fell a bulky envelope which he stooped to pick up. Then he stood erect and looked about him to gain his bearings. What was his surprise to find that he had wandered entirely off the path and was now just at the edge of the brook, seemingly confronted by an impenetrable thicket.

But as he looked closer, aided by the direct starlight from above and the reflection of the faint brightness in the water beside him, Peter found that he was standing at the door of what appeared to be a living arbor—a small woodland retreat, woven out of live branches of beech and hickory, and overgrown with honeysuckle. He stepped inside and looked about him. The retreat was evidently very old. He examined the sides and noted how the entwined branches had here and there intermingled their growth until large twisted, gnarled, they seemed to have become one. In one trunk his fingers detected two sets of great initials which he could not read so had the tree-growth of years spread and deformed them.

It was a very, very old retreat, over which honeysuckle had run riot in the intervening years. Its turf was covered by the leaves of many autumns, remains of a one-time rustic bench gave way gently beneath his weight as Peter sat down in reverie, still fingering the massive envelope.

"I'm an orphan now!" he confided to the night breeze. "Going to Raleigh to celebrate my majority—and stopped by this bit of a girl. But day after tomorrow will be a far happier occasion for me than I dared expect." The thought of his birthday had sprung from the envelope in his hands. Now his mind reverted to it.

"Father's papers and farewell letter—to be opened on your twenty-first birthday," he read.

The mystery of the great sealed envelope had been one of the tantalizing delights of his orphaned childhood, the day when he should open and read was one long looked forward to. And day after tomorrow he was twenty-one.

So as Peter Dromgool left the old *arbor-vitae* and paced back toward the University, his was a blend of young love's dreams, of anticipation of a mystery solved, and an idle thought as to who could have been the builder of the secluded forest arbor.

## V

Next morning Peter was up with the lark and the sun. Hastily and noiselessly he left the still-unwaking dormitory.

"I will go over to the river," he thought and indeed he did make a brave start in that direction. But involuntarily his feet turned toward the rock-crowned pine-knoll and ere long he was again on the scene of yesterday's first chapter of romance. Before he reached the rock, however, he noticed that the butterfly was greeting its first morning in a gay, ethereal dance above the rock. Now and then he glimpsed its gold between the chestnut leaves and long tassels of the curly pine.

"It is she," was Peter's first thought. But no—it was the butterfly. Disappointed, the youth sat down to await her coming, and the butterfly too, not pleased at Laura's absence retired beneath its chestnut leaf to sulk.

Laura, too, was up at early daybreak. Silently she tiptoed into her mother's room. But the mother was sleeping, in her face mirrored a dream of half-sad, half-happy fancies. Laura did not know when her mother would wake; she busied herself with the household cares and unbosomed her joy to the morning in a song whose refrain bore a varied burden: "He will come; he has come."

Cora, the mother, living again in dream her romance, was one moment a girl in the woodland retreat with her lover and then, through a swift, silent flight of fancy over intervening years of pain, she seemed to hear angelic accents saying, "He has come." She awoke; Laura was singing gently out among the roses, and the pines were still more gently echoing the varied burden of her song, "He will come; he has come."

Cora called her daughter to ask her the question that had come into her mother-mind, but before Laura reached her a new dizziness and pain came over her and she submitted herself passively and in silence to the tender ministrations of Laura. "Leave me as quiet as possible, dear," the mother said. All morning long Laura busied herself quietly about the house and sick-room.

"Maybe if I give Mother a share in my joy she will be well again," thought the innocent, light-hearted girl. "But then there's her request for silence" was her hindering afterthought.

So Peter waited the morning long, longing, expecting disappointed, and at last nervously pacing back and forth. "I would be utterly inconsolable if it were not for the butterfly," he thought many times during the lonely morning. Finally just as the sun reached its zenith, the butterfly left its leafy shade and rising high in the air disap-

peared from Peter's view. Disgruntled, he turned and walked half in haste, half in anger down the hill to the post road and so back to the University.

But for her memories, Laura too would have been lonely. She sat from midmorning until noon out on the back-porch watching the river, whose golden glimmering reminded her of the slow pulsations of a golden butterfly's wings. Suddenly just at noon it seemed to her that she was dreaming, for there was a golden butterfly seated on her shoulder beating its yellow wings in measure with the lightsome song she was singing.

The strong longing for the woods, the rock, the sunshine, and her fellow wood-spirit, the call which she had not heeded all the morning she felt that she must answer now. Gently tipping into her mother's room she found the sweet maternal face in the repose of sleep. So taking the butterfly with her, perched on her shoulder, she ran through field and woodland to her lover.

## VI

Again the butterfly called her attention to Peter, for she was startled from a mood of reverie that came over her as she mounted the final hill—surprised by its leaving her shoulder into again looking up. On the pine carpet at the rock's base stood Peter, arms outstretched. She ran the few remaining steps up hill, and as he stepped toward her—she was in his arms.

"I have waited for you all day," he said.

"Mother was not well," was her all-sufficient reply.

This led to talk about mother and other matters more and more intimate. With the madcap-flitting butterfly for a chaperone they whiled away another afternoon—together. She told him of mother and the romance of this rock, of father, who will come some day; of grandfather, aflame with the charred paper in his hand. All the personal details of her life history she unburdened to him—and he holding her in his arms, replied,

"Tomorrow, love, I am of age. Orphaned, ignorant of much of my early life, I will know all tonight. For on the stroke of midnight I open my father's sealed letters. May I come tomorrow and tell you all?"

"Sometime," she said, as she started from his arms at the vesper bell music that came from the west. And again she was off into the piney dusk.

Her mother was still sleeping; and Laura, too, after watching through the early hours of night at last went to bed and fell into a deep dreamless slumber.

## VII

The bell sounded midnight. For some time the many lighted dormitory windows had been eclipsed one by one. Now there was but one light burning; beneath it sat Peter Dromgool, in his hand the heavy envelope, beside him a knife open for breaking the seals. He had heard the creaking of the bell-rope—and then—one—two—three—up to twelve—he counted the strokes—and broke the seals. The letter ran:

Dear Son:—When your eyes, now so innocent of guile and your hands now so unsullied by the world, will hold and read this letter you will be a man grown—able to bear man's burdens.

I leave to you the property represented by these papers, a love and hope that must help you overcome all things—but, oh my son, I cannot leave you a name unsullied. Your mother, whom you never knew was not my first love—though I loved her truly—nor are you my first and only child, as you have always thought. In my student days I loved instinctively, madly, and the victim and the fruit of this first love still live nearby the University town.

There are an old rock and an old natural arbor—the latter now no doubt long since fallen into decay—which I want you to visit on the day of your majority—and there at the arbor or at the rock, either curse and renounce

if you must the name of your unhappy father, or if you will—and oh, my son, my fervid prayers for forgiveness of God are mingled with petitions that you may—keep this name proudly, search for the objects of my guilt and make what reparation you can. Then, putting the sin of your father behind you, live the white life, and succeed honorably in making your name for yourself.

Father.

P. S.—It is some days later. I am nearing my death, I know. At the last I have written to her back in the old University town, telling her I was married—she never knew before. You need not seek out these unfortunates, but only strive to make your name anew.

Father.

Mingled with the hot tears that the weakening handwriting so dear and familiar to him brought to Peter, there came a sudden flood of shame—and after a moment an awful realization.

“It is she—God, it is she!” he sobbed. “Her story, this afternoon—the arbor—the rock! God, I see it all—”

He grasps the knife open on the table, and makes as if to plunge it in his breast, but a vagrant breeze rustles the leaves of the letter which had fallen to the floor, and he remembers the name already shamed which he must make anew.

With a hoarse cry he was out of his room and down the hall—the haunting horror of the cry re-echoed down the hall—it waked the sleeping students—and again they heard it down on the meadow—and from time to time as they half dropped off to slumber, it seemed to come fainter and fainter echoing from the pines.

It was that deep black darkness that comes just before dawn when Peter came to himself—out in the woodland honeysuckle arbor. He saw the yellow blossoms wave in

the wind above him—a monomania replaced his utter madness of the early hours of the new day.

“The golden butterfly, symbol of our happiness—” he half groaned again the words that Laura had said just the previous afternoon. “I will kill it,” he said—and was off to the rock in the starlight.

But long before he reached the hilltop the feeling came over him that never again would he set foot on the sacred spot.

“But how to kill the butterfly—kill the butterfly—the butterfly?” that was the mania that possessed him. Nothing was madness to that end. He would shoot it—he would shoot it! Dawn was just beginning to break. With feverish strides and madly-roving eye Peter struck the post road and hastened back to his room.

There he took down his gun and loaded it with the most minute care, as often do those obsessed of a monomania give undue attention to details. The letter lying open on the floor he clutched and held in his hand as he rushed forth on his murderous mission.

As he drew near the hill, he saw the east all roseate; and stopping fifty steps or so from the rock, he sighted with his gun and seemed to see the butterfly again flitting over the rock. Yes, there it was, undoubtedly—a golden glimmer half obscured here by green leafage, there thrown into relief against the deeping rose of dawn.

“With this butterfly dies earthly happiness for me—I live for honor alone,” he said, and sighting he made ready to shoot. Twice he was on the point of pulling the trigger, but the ever-wavering gold obscured by green and half outlined in rose was a difficult target.

Once the thought came over him, “It is she!” But no; yesterday morning he had thought that. It was the butterfly. Again for the third time he sighted, paused a moment to pray for strength and pulled the trigger.

The morning quiet was broken first by a ripple of light

laughter—in a moment by a great roar—and then a shrill scream and a heavy thud as the wavering gold fell to earth and was motionless.

It was too late. Peter had heard the laugh just as he pulled the trigger.

The gun fell from his nerveless hands; he went he knew not how to the hill crest.

The first light of dawn had waked Laura, and with the light her love woke to her. "He was early there to meet me yesterday," she said. "Before Mother wakes I can have a few moments with him." So she left the sleeping Mother and was off with the half-light of dawn thru the woods.

The light fall of a foot going down steps waked the mother from her long sleep. She had been dreaming again—in fancy she had seen her husband and daughter together at the old trysting-stone. For a moment she lay reconstructing her fancy. So clearly did it come back it must be an actuality.

"Laura," she called; "Laura." No answer. "It is true he has come," she cried to herself. With a new-found strength she rose and dressed and with the deepening rose of dawn she too entered the pines.

Peter stood at the stone a moment blinded either by the ever-increasing intensity of the light or by the rush of blood to his head. Then he looked down.

It was Laura—still—lifeless. Her body had fallen backward and she lay inert with the blood streaming from over her heart. In his hand Peter still held his father's letter convulsively crumpled. He bent, knowing not what he did, and putting the paper over the spreading blood-stain on the dress either to stop the blood as he thought or to hide from his eyes the stain he pressed it to Laura's bosom as he lifted her in his arms.

Oblivious to all about her, noises natural and unnatural,

Cora the mother had come to the foot of the hill. Looking up she saw silhouetted against the strong light of dawn a man's figure and as she looked he stooped to embrace her daughter.

"Sydney, Sydney!" twice Cora called the name before Peter noticed the woman standing behind him. Completely oblivious to all else, Cora had her eyes fastened on the shoulders and then, as Peter turned 'round, on the eyes of the man she thought her husband.

Instinctively as he became conscious of a third party near him, Peter clasped together the outstretched hands of his Laura and held her close to him while he looked over his shoulder. And lo!—there stood Laura before him.

"It is she—it is a dream," he thought, for the lights of love and of a new day had blended in beauty on Cora's countenance. But again she called him: "Sydney!"—and the reality of it all dawned over Peter.

"I am not Sydney," he said. "I am his son."

"His—son?" half stammered Cora.

In mute response he took the paper all crumpled and bloody from over Laura's heart and held it out to Cora. She, oblivious to all else, read through the blood in the ever growing light. Peter stood erect, holding Laura's limp form up in his arms, her fair dead head resting on his shoulder. He held her hands to his heart—in one of them he found a lifeless yellow butterfly.

There was a moment of intense silence; the mother read; the dead daughter supported in the arms of her all but expired lover and murderer was motionless, inert; the birds forgot to chant their matins.

Cora looked up—she had finished reading. Straight into Peter's eyes she looked and then at the limp form of Laura in his arms.

The crimson disk of the sun rose from the horizon, scat-

tering its scarlet between the tree trunks and reddening the rock at the hill crest.

“Dead,” said Peter.

It was Cora’s answer and her knell. With a wild scream she seized her daughter in her arms and fell dead at Peter’s feet.

To the northward from the University town there lives today an old, old hermit. His hovel is on an highest eminence—and the informed say that every summer morning when the rosy dawn is breaking, the old man comes out, sweeps the horizon with a field glass, pausing a moment on an old deserted house on a distant hilltop—on another forested hill further southwest, and finally on God’s Acre in the blue-far-away to the southward. At last, every morning, so ’tis said, he turns again to look at the pine-topped knoll—and then with a broken sob totters back into the lonely darkness of his hut.

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## INVIOULATE

I searched through the rose for its beauty,  
 The secret of God in its heart;  
 But my fingers in seeking destroyed it  
 And shattered its petals apart.  
 For my fingers had crushed it and bruised it,  
 And God has still hidden his Art.

And the love that once flooded my spirit,  
 When I sought for its secret, had fled  
 For the secret was holy and sacred—  
 I questioned it—lo, it was dead!  
 And I found not the soul of its beauty,  
 But an empty heart left in its stead.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

## PHARMACEUTICALLY SPEAKING

ROGER A. MCDUFFIE

My purpose in writing this article is to give to the students of the University some general information regarding the Pharmacy School and the profession of pharmacy. It is a deplorable fact that the students in the academic departments know so little about the other departments of the University, and especially the professional schools. On the other hand the professional students as a general rule are very deficient in their knowledge of the University as a whole. They swear by their own profession and in the majority of cases make very little effort to possess themselves of any general information. Don't you think that a graduate of U. N. C. who cannot talk intelligently of his Alma Mater and things connected with it, is very undeserving and unfittingly called an alumnus; and furthermore, is a mighty poor representative of our own local democracy? A true democracy exists where every one is acquainted and no one holds himself aloof from his neighbor.

In my opinion this state of affairs can be greatly remedied by the students of all departments being required to attend chapel exercises. Then we will feel more unified and will impersonate a "chemical compound" rather than a "mechanical mixture."

The Pharmacy School of the University has seemingly had a hard fight for existence. Three times has this department been established and twice discontinued. When the department was established in March 1897, for the third time, Prof. E. V. Howell was made Dean and under his able guidance the department has been placed on a firm foundation and has developed into a Pharmacy School that is rated in class A. Previous to the birth of the present Pharmacy School, a department was established in September, 1880 in charge of Dr. Thomas W. Harris and

continued for several years till the resignation of Dr. Harris. In September 1888, Dr. Richard H. Whitehead revived the department but again its career was short-lived.

Previous to September, 1912 the School had its quarters in the New West building, the laboratories and lecture rooms occupying the first floor and basement of that building. Owing to the moving of the Medical School to the new medical building and also to the increasing growth of the Pharmacy School, it was, in September 1912, transferred to Person Hall which at present is known as the Pharmacy Building. In this building are four fully equipped laboratories, an up-to-date prescription room, a well filled library and two large lecture rooms, one of which is used by the William Simpson Pharmaceutical Society in its weekly meetings. The purpose of this society is to create a feeling of unity among the students of this department, and to stimulate interest in subjects and questions that pertain to pharmacy.

Four courses are offered by the Pharmacy School. One course given consists of a four months quiz and its prime purpose is to prepare a man for the state board examination. The candidate is required to have had three years of practical experience in filling prescriptions before he is eligible to take this examination. A two year course is given that leads to the Graduate of Pharmacy (Ph. G.) degree and prepares a man for laboratory work in a pharmaceutical manufacturing house, for a position in the Marine Hospital or in any prescription department. The prerequisites for this degree are four years experience in compounding physician's prescriptions, time spent in college to be deducted, and a High School diploma or its equivalent of fourteen units. Two three year courses are offered that lead to the degree of either Pharmaceutical Chemist (Ph. C.) or Doctor of Pharmacy (P. D.) Aside from the qualifications furnished by the Ph. G. degree the

work in either of these two courses fully equips a man to fill a position as pharmaceutical chemist, food and drug inspector, or drug assayer. The prerequisites for the P. D. and Ph. C. degrees are the same as those for the Ph. G. degree except that the practical drug store experience is not required for the Ph. C. degree.

The total enrollment for the year 1914-'15 is fifty-nine. The Pharmacy students enjoy all privileges offered by the University to regular matriculated students, and are free to take any academic course in college.

Prof. E. V. Howell, the present dean of the Pharmacy School, is a graduate of Wake Forest and also of Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. He takes a great interest in the future welfare of his students and also in the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association. He is a moving spirit at the annual meetings of the association. Mr. J. G. Beard is Associate Professor of Pharmacy. He has been a member of the faculty since his graduation in 1908. Aside from his regular duties in the University, Mr. Beard conducts a bureau of employment for the pharmacists of the state and also holds the position of secretary in the N. C. P. A. Messrs. R. H. Andrews and W. W. Allen are assistants in the laboratories.

Pharmacy, as well as the other vocations in life, has adhered closely to the laws of evolution, and has kept abreast of the trend of time in its march toward perfection. There was once a time in this state when a man was not required to stand an examination for the practice of pharmacy. If he worked in a drug store for a certain length of time, he was recognized as a druggist and was intrusted with the responsibility of dispensing medicines and compounding physician's prescriptions. In 1880, one hundred men who held the title of druggist met in Raleigh for the purpose of organizing themselves into a state association and to take some steps toward the advancement of

their profession. Their purpose was accomplished and the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association was organized and later incorporated. It was through the efforts of this association that the Pharmacy School at the University was established and a state board was created whose duty it was to examine applicants for pharmacy license. This examination first consisted of a short oral quiz., later it developed into a brief written examination and today it is divided into four separate examinations; Chemistry, Practical Pharmacy, Theoretical Pharmacy, and Materia Medica, Posology and Toxicology. Three hours is allowed for each examination. The passing average is seventy-five provided that not less than sixty is made on any subject. This examination is regarded as being as thorough as that of any other state examining board.

North Carolina does not "reciprocate" in pharmacy licenses with any other state; that is, North Carolina does not allow a licentiate from another state to practice in this state without having first passed our examination and consequently other states do not grant license to our pharmacists. This state of affairs exists not because other states refuse to recognize us but because we decline to recognize licentiates from other states. We retain a high standard of salaries by thus keeping the state from being overrun with druggists from other states. At present, the demand for pharmacists in this state is greater than the supply.

Although our state board does not reciprocate, our Pharmacy School of the University does to a limited degree. Time spent in the study of pharmacy here is deducted from the experience required by every state board in America. Furthermore, a man after completion of the first year work in this school can enter the second year class of any other Pharmacy school.

At the present meeting of the legislature a bill has been introduced that requires four years of practical experience

(time spent in college being deducted) and graduation from some recognized school or college of pharmacy before the candidate is eligible to stand the state-board examination for the practice of pharmacy. The passage of this bill is almost assured, and when it goes into effect the profession of pharmacy will rise to its deserved summit and a new and larger pharmacy building will be required at the University. At present few people outside of the doctors and pharmacists realize the need of such a law. Due to the lack of professional training, the majority of druggists are not capable of preparing many of the medicinal preparations and are forced to buy them ready-made. This necessarily reduces the profit of their business. On the other hand, if college training were required, the druggist would be fully capable of preparing his own preparations, would more thoroughly understand his business, and above all the people of the state would be rendered a higher type of professional service.

I have referred to the responsibility that rests upon a druggist and I wish to advance just one point as proof. If a doctor makes a mistake in prescribing an overdose of a drug or if he prescribes two or more drugs that together form a poison, the druggist who fills that prescription and not the prescribing doctor is by law held responsible for the result of that mistake. It is the duty of the druggist to check every prescription that he compounds and to notify the doctor if the prescription is not O. K.

The slogan on the campus today is "A Greater University." Every student is having this thought inculcated into his heart and when he goes back home or when he enters into his chosen vocation he carries the University atmosphere with him, and thereby aids in extending the University campus to all parts of the state. Inoculated (professionally speaking) with the spirit of the University, the druggist alumnus, as well as the academic alumnus, can exert an unlimited amount of influence in the

community in which he lives. He goes directly into the business world which enables him to come in close contact with his fellow citizens. If he is a college graduate he is looked up to and extended the same degree of respect that is given the doctor, the lawyer and the professor. Possessed with this prestige, the druggist can radiate influence, either good or bad—and good it usually is if he is a graduate from U. N. C.

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## THE LAND OF THE SKY

JOHN N. WILSON, JR.

Where the sapphire blue of the mountain sky  
O'erhangs the hills of Nature's might,  
And the flying fleece of clouds on high  
Comes low, and hovers 'round the height.

There the laughed face of mountain lake  
Reflects the smiling suns of time,  
And the morning mists arise to wake  
The day, embraced by the Sublime.

There the wanton course of the crystal stream  
Leaps down, and through the mystic vale,  
And the prancing dawn in robe a gleam  
Flings tears o' joy o'er hill and dale.

The despot-rule of Might is first,  
Yet Nature's tenderness holds sway  
Above the land which God hath nursed  
To Youth, to Might, and in His way.

## THE ASH BARREL ON MERCY STREET

N. A. REASONER

The late afternoon sun came glancing through the western windows of the courthouse and transfigured all that region of filth and crime into a dream of heavenly paradise. Right in the midst of the golden glow, sat the judge with his head in his hands looking at the prisoner awaiting the sentence. A bee imprisoned between two windows buzzed noisily, and the particles of dust floated around in the sunlight until they resembled a heavenly snowstorm of gold, if such there be. And the judge put his head down in his hands and thought. In those few minutes he reviewed again the life of the prisoner. He saw himself go fishing again with him as in their youth; he thought of all their college escapades and smiled as he remembered how they had evaded the consequences; and then again the same smile, only infinitely more wistful and sad, as he remembered how they had both loved the same girl with all the strength and ardor of their young lives, and how she had chosen the prisoner and rejected him. And as he thought of her blessed face and how he still loved her, the sun went down in all its rosy and inspiring magnificence. And then he thought of all the mighty force of law, of the thousands upon thousands of people who looked to him to do the right, and of the great and terrible responsibility that rested upon him. And then the judge looked up and knew that he would do his duty, but the prisoner in one fleeting look caught the imploring question, asking, pleading "Why did you do it?"

And there in the gray dusk, in the musty old courtroom, the judge sentenced his life-long friend and the husband of the woman he would always love, to hard work on the county roads as long as he should live. Because of the judge's love for him and his trust in his character, at least one ignominy was spared him. It was promised to him

that he should go to the stockade by himself and should not be driven to it like a slave. And then the prisoner was led away to another room and the judged wished that he himself were dead.

## II

That night, in the cold, clammy darkness that precedes the morning, the judge lay sleeping. And as he lay there he imagined he saw a figure beside him, a figure which he thought he had safely put out of his life but which he was to learn could re-enter whenever it wished. And the figure knelt there beside him and stretched forth its arms in entreaty. The window curtains moved and the wind sighed around the corner, and the judge thought he heard a multitude of senseless ravings, and passionate entreaties come boiling up to his ears like the captive steam in a caldron. And horror upon horror, the judge thought he heard a plan proposed, that he acceded to it, and the cold sweat rolled down from his face. But then the room became light the curtains ceased to move, the wind hushed its mournful raving, off somewhere a rooster crowed, then a dog barked, and then the sun came streaming in, and the judge awoke. There was nothing to be seen or heard.

## III

Some days had passed and it was again late afternoon. A woman knelt before the altar in the semi-darkness of a great cathedral, whose towers and minarets stretched themselves toward the abode of God, to whom this woman was making supplication for the first time in her life. Humbly she knelt and prayed as she had seen her husband do. Thin and hollow-eyed, weary of this world and its strife yet knowing that she must bear up and accomplish her purpose, clenching her hands and biting her lips to keep from going crazy with the terror of it all; she sank before the altar and prayed to the only one she knew could help her.

“Oh God, if such Thou art, hear a stranger’s voice. I am but a woman and have not the strength of a man, but give me strength to do this task which I have before me. I know I have never served Thee nor acknowledged Thee but be with me now and I will be always Thine.”

The pigeons cooed upon the roof, and a grind-organ played upon the street, and then the organist began to practise the next Sunday’s hymns,—softly at first, and then with increasing volume until the whole building seemed to rock and roar and try to keep step with the music. And something seemed to swell up inside of the woman kneeling there and say, “Lo, I am with thee always even to the ends of the earth.” A man came in and knelt beside her, and this man carried a bundle.

#### IV

Later, on the same afternoon, the prisoner came into the chapel in the gathering dusk of the evening and sank down to pray in the pew the woman had occupied. He was on his way to the stockade and as had been promised him,—alone. Quietly he looked around at the building he loved, which in the liquid darkness seemed full of flitting forms and peering eyes, and took one last farewell. Reverently he took the Bible from the altar and kissed it; then he put it back and prayed as only a man who knows God can pray.

“Our dear Father in Heaven, I beg Thy forgiveness for the sin which I did in avenging myself on the one whom I thought had wronged me, and not leaving it to Thee to attend to in Thine own good time. I realize that were the facts known I would be held guiltless in the eyes of the world, but not in Thy sight. And yet for my wife’s sake I must keep silent and suffer calmly. Take care of her and help her to become a good Christian. Forgive me the sin and grant me strength to endure. If it be possible, let this disgrace pass from me, if not, Thy will not. . . mine

. . . be . . . done. . . .” And his eyes closed and he fell back against the altar in a senseless sleep.

## V

Some time afterwards a newspaper man was sitting with his friend, the warden of the county stockade, before the glowing coals of a fire which had almost died out. Nothing had been said for a long time; both seemed to be lost in the world of unrealities which appeared to float around them in the tobacco smoke. Suddenly the warden came to life and spoke.

“Women have always been doing something queer, haven’t they?” he asked, “from the time that Cleopatra drank the dissolved pearls until Billie Burke married Ziegfeld. But I think the queerest one of them all is the mystery of our feminine prisoner.”

Another long silence and the warden spoke again. “Do you remember the fellow the judge sentenced a year or two ago to a life term for murder? The one that was allowed to come to the stockade by himself, you remember. I think he was once a good friend of the judge, and I have heard it said that they both loved the same girl and it was a tight race as to which should win. The judge lost, I guess, because he has never been married. He ought to have been glad to give his worthy opponent a life term. Perhaps he was.

“Well you may not know it, but that man is not in the stockade today, nor has he been pardoned, nor is he being sought as an escaped convict. After he had served a year and a half it was discovered, quite by accident, that it was not him at all but his wife in disguise. They could not have possibly changed places since he came out to the stockade, so she must have been serving his term all the while. They must have changed places on the way out. Of course the judge got busy at once and she was turned loose and

the whole affair was hushed up, but somehow I can't believe it of the man to let his wife do that.

"There are two things which I can't quite understand. One is that the Sunday after that man came to the stockade the priest went to sleep in the middle of his sermon after kissing the Bible. And the other is that a perfectly good suit of clothes belonging to some woman was found in an ash barrel on Mercy Street not far from the house of the judge. Oh yes, there is one thing more. I should like to know the name of the lunatic who used to try to get into the stockade claiming he was number 239. That was *his* number, you know."

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### THE APPRENTICE

The devil take these foolish meek madonnas—  
 Their simpering smiles! Pray look at this one now  
 There, grinning in the darkness, on her brow  
 The crown of heaven, and that silly face  
 Such as the people like to see, the fools!  
 Gemma who sells the flowers on the bridge  
 And those girls washing linen in the pools  
 Have more of life, of beauty, of true grace,  
 Well fit to be God's mother. Andrea  
 Knows how to please the populace. I hear  
 Him bargaining "Mother and Child, so much  
 And so much added for each saint"—he's dear—  
 It's just like selling cloth. Passion of God!  
 To sell your soul by the square foot! and yet  
 It would not be so hard could I forget  
 That damned soft smile on angel, saint and queen;  
 If I could bring in Gemma for an hour  
 And sing to her the song I learned last night,  
 And while she laughed out loud, had I the power,  
 I'd paint her in, large-mouthed, and strong and keen  
 If not as Mary, at least, Magdelene.

*Vassar Miscellany.*

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN JAPAN

KAMEICHI KATO

Since the dissolution of the Japanese Diet, on last Christmas Day, there have appeared many editorial comments in the American press relative to Japanese politics. It seems to have been generally conceived that this political crisis was simply due to the objection of the people to being taxed into starvation and nakedness to support the expansion of armament. Some papers call the Constitutional party, the majority party in the house of representatives which opposed the governmental scheme for the creation of two new army divisions, the "peace party" and the party now in power the "war party."

It may, however, seem strange that there exists a very strong sentiment among the mass of the people for the Okuma Cabinet. Probably it is too soon to forecast the result of the coming election which is to be held on the 15th of March, but it seems to be a very hard fight, if not impossible, for the Constitutional party to gain as many members as they had in the last session of the Diet. Then, is it because the people want to have more army and navy, even being taxed into starvation? No, it is not the case. The people generally are opposed to the military expansion, but they are more bitterly opposed to the majority party which has been in power for a number of years and has done nothing good to the country. Taking advantage of the superiority in their number they have used the "steam roller" against the will of the people. In fact no statesman could carry out his policy without the support of this majority party. Although there have been many changes in cabinet in the past ten years, this party's attitude always decided the governmental policy. When the last cabinet, which was a coalition ministry of Count Yomanoto and the Constitutional party, was compelled

to resign, no one was to be found who was willing and able to organize the new cabinet.

Count Okuma, "the grand old man" of Japan, who had been retired from active politics for many years, was called out to clear the situation. There was no better man in the whole country for the task. As a matter of fact he is of the opposition party. The country at large rejoiced over his return to power once more, and his avowed determination to break the power of the Constitutional party.

He was born in 1837 and was one of the builders of new Japan; but his democratic idea of the government was not held by his colleagues of the old school. Accordingly he retired from active politics, and had been devoting his energies toward educating the future generations of the nation, in hope that his ideals might be realized. What he has sown in the past years is now bearing fruit. The several thousand graduates from the University of Waseda of which he is an honorary head, scattered all over the country are ready to support his cause. Such is his position.

On the other hand the so called "peace party" has been the target of the general indignation of the people. The stand which they took in the last session was by no means a manifesto of their loyalty to their constituents, but rather that programme was probably most expedient to serve their purpose. It was merely another story of ousting the "ins" so that the "outs" may become "ins." Politics is politics the world over; the Orientals play politics as much as their western neighbors.

It is therefore not strange to see that the people of Japan are enthusiastically arising in support of the Okuma Cabinet. They are certainly opposed to militarism; but what they want more is a constitutional government in reality as well as in name, for which end Okuma has so earnestly been working. It is, however, strange that such a man should, at this time, propose to increase the army. Several

opinions have been suggested in regard to his motives. I may quote the most conceivable explanation: "When he was called upon to organize the cabinet last spring he had to satisfy the desire of military men by promising to carry out the creation of two new divisions, the demand for which had become pressing since the war with Russia."



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## EDITORIAL

### ORATION OR DEBATE

If our debating system is wrong, as a disturbingly noisy few try to impress upon us, it is fundamentally and vitally wrong—from toe to top, from high school to inter-collegiate triangles. It is claimed that our speakers are consistently trained to unfit them to debate extemporaneously, though through clear logic and parrot-like memorization we have managed to win so great majority of our debates. But it is because of the logic and in spite of the memorization that this result has been achieved.

In this connection it is interesting to note one evidence of the system of our rivals. Our northern neighbor con-

ducts a statewide high school debate in a plan modeled closely after ours. But they make this striking change: in the finals, the teams are assigned sides by lot. They do not know until they stand upon the platform whether they are to support or attack the proposition. In the final cup contest last year, each team had twice debated each side of the question.

This is certainly an effective way of taking the emphasis off the memorization element and putting it upon ability to immediately comprehend and present all the facts from any phase—which is the essence of debating as opposed to oratory.

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#### ANOTHER PRIZE EDITORIAL

According to ancient custom, the "Around the Well" and Sketch Departments of the Magazine for the April issue will be reserved entirely for contributions from members of the Freshman class. Articles must be in the hands of one of the editors by March 15.

A further inducement to ambition is the offer of the English Department to raise by one point the grade of any Freshman contributing two articles of whatever nature to the *Magazine*. In addition to this, the Sigma Upsilon prize of \$2.50 is again offered to the writer of the best sketch appearing in this issue.

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#### EDITORIAL REWARDS

"There are plenty of good men who put in perfectly good time and bust in perfectly good courses to keep the publications going. At present they get experience—and cussing from all hands—and nothing else besides." So the editor of the *Daily Texan*, stepping gently upon our toes and to some degree explaining the too lethargic condition of our three publications.

An editorship of a publication should mean an opportunity to work for the good of the University and incidental benefit to one's self. But everyone hereabouts knows that positions on editorial boards are lightly esteemed, of little honor and abundant work. If they can be made more dignified and attractive, whatever the means the benefits will make them worth-while.

Why not, then, give the editor a tangible evidence of reward and honor for his work? The societies are exponents of the principle, for they reward their debaters with pins and watch-fobs. The Athletic Association gives its representatives the privilege of wearing monograms and pins.

An inexpensive watch-fob, bearing a monogram and a quill, say, or even the bare right of wearing such insignia of position, would cluster about it such traditions that it would be greatly coveted, even as the debaters' and athlete's monograms. The societies and Athletic Association and whoever is to control the Yackety Yack, might do a piece of profitable thinking on this proposition.

(Note to harping critics: Restrain your abuse—this system should not be inaugurated until next year, and the writer has more jewelry now than he and all his "sisters" can wear with modesty.)

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#### THE PERFECT MAN

Several years ago Dr. L. R. Wilson was instrumental in establishing a \$25 prize to be awarded annually to the college student who did the best and the most voluntary reading during the year for purely pleasurable and developmental purposes. This reading was not connected with any course, outline or supervision. Yet so little attention was paid to it that the prize was discontinued. In the last year only four men competed. However, as

Dr. Wilson a few days ago named over those who did work for this prize, the writer of this article recognized in each name some graduate who is making good in life. In spite of the fact that this prize was discontinued years ago, the names of these men were familiar to one who never lived in this state before his college career started.

The spirit that prompted these men to enter this contest and the good they secured from their work were instrumental in their success in life. And as yet these men are young.

Every college man is perfectly sure that "some day" he is going to do all this better sort of reading, but to-day he has only half an hour and he will read the second installment of the new serial in the Saturday Evening Post. Tomorrow the new *Cosmopolitan* is out; but the day after he is going to start that book he had been really wanting to read these past three years.

Following are the titles of twelve classic works included in President Eliot's famous five-foot book-shelf. Apply the acid test to your own reading. How many of these books are you familiar with? How many have you read in entirety?—Don Quixote; the Bible; *Two Years Before the Mast*; *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*; Tennyson's *Ulysses*; Plutarch's *Lives*; *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*; Penn, *Fruits of Solitude*; *Essays of Emerson*; *Origin of Species*; Lamb, *on the Tragedies of Shakespeare*; Browning, *A blot on the 'Scutcheon*.

We do not mean of course that you are not educated if you have not read a majority of this particular twelve—we merely intend them as representative and suggestive; but we will risk the statement that you never will be educated until you are on speaking terms with books of this calibre.—W. P. F.



# SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY J. A. CAPPS



## MORE TEASERS—AND BETTER

“Do you get board here?”

“Yes, but never a bite to eat.”

---

The pawn-broker was displaying his stock of suit-cases to a prospective customer. Pointing to the several assortments he said, “This size sells for five dollars, this size for six, this size for seven-fifty.”

“So do I.”

---

The insurance inspector was explaining to the office-boy the use of the fire-hose recently installed in the building. “To use in case of fire, take out as fast as possible.”

“Yessir, me for three.”

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Note:—Now dig!

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## MEN AND *Men*

God made men that He meant for women's work  
And men who will find their place  
Humped and toiling over a desk;  
And then He made a race  
Who don't give a damn for worldly gain,  
Who want not gold nor fame,  
Whose only wish is the wide, wide world,  
The mountains, the sea and the plain,—  
Whose blood is filled with the wanderlust,  
Whose ears catch the wanderer's call,  
Whose feet keep itching for the trail,  
Whose life is a rise and fall.  
To them life's but a gamble;

And peace they never know:  
When the wanderlust is calling  
They must pack their duds and go.  
Where? They know not, think not, care not;  
For their wanderer's blood runs strong,  
Just to keep a-roving, roving  
Just to move and move along.  
So they wander, wander, wander;  
They're a race that don't fit in,  
Seeking something that they know not,  
Driven by their hearts within.  
On the barren plains we find them,  
In the land of midnight suns,  
On the icy wastes of nowhere,  
In the darkest of our slums,  
Fighting through the trackless jungles,  
On a foundering ship at sea,  
At the head of foreign legions,  
Searching for the golden key  
To the paradise they dream of,  
To the land they never find,  
To the home they never know,  
Even to the death they're blind  
To the priceless things about them.  
Love and fame and glory—all  
Passed by without a murmur  
For the answering of the call  
That is ever, ever ringing  
In their ears both night and day,  
'Till their lives to the four winds flinging,  
They plunge into the fray.  
One day they're worth a million,  
And the next they're dead, flat broke;  
Yellow gold runs through their fingers  
'Till they've but an empty poke.  
Hard and tough and rough you'll find them,

Game to the very end,  
 God nor man has ever seem them  
 Quit when they could help a friend.  
 Buried in the land they've trodden  
 Unknown, unwept, unsung;  
 In the eyes of men they're failures  
 When their work on earth is done.  
 But who are you to judge them,—  
 You, who are built of clay.—  
 Let God alone appraise them  
 When they rise on the Judgment Day!

—L. F. VALLEY.

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“BONES”

See the student, how he bones!  
     Hear his moans!  
 What a night of agony he's spending with his groans.  
     How he studies, studies, studies,  
     In the wee sma' hours of night,  
 While the mice from out their cuddies  
     Seem to fill him full of fright;  
 Learning page, page, page,  
 Dr. Mangum's wrath t' assuage,  
 O'er the pharmatotoxicology he groans  
 While he bones, bones, bones, bones,  
     Bones, bones, bones,  
 How moaningly and groaningly he bones!

O, hear the gambler roll his bones,  
     Loaded bones!  
 What a lift of agony their clattering premones,  
     Oh they're rolling, rolling, rolling,  
     In the dead hours of the night.  
 How their bowling, bowling, bowling,  
     Makes them lose their only might!

When the bones they've loaded fall  
How they clasp their hands and call,  
And the falling causes moans!  
Oh the groans, groans, groans,  
At the rolling of the bones.  
Of the bones, bones, bones, bones.  
                  Bones, bones, bones,  
At the falling and the calling of the bones.

—J. EARLE HARRIS.



# EXCHANGES

CONDUCTED BY E. F. AULD  
CAROLINA OUR FIELD



The best article of the month appeared in *The Wahisco*. It is a story entitled: "A Paper of Pins." The characterization of the old man is especially good. By a few well-chosen statements and incidents, such as "any one could jew him down," "children sat on a wooden step eating lemon drops," we come into sympathetic touch with the guileless and amiable shopkeeper. He is a live character, and his store, with its smallness and disorder, is also made real to us from the very start.

The author has the old man to act just as we should expect him throughout. His sentence, "Something—I can't imagine what,—sent me off a tangent" subtly reveals character and marks climax. This "something" is revealed by the blustrous husband when he says, "I remember that big old chap you threw over for me." The story itself follows:

## A PAPER OF PINS

There was no sign displayed over the doorway, nor any name painted on the window of the little country store out west. But if the neighbors wished thread, yarn, needles or fish-hooks, or any one of fifty other things, they ran in to see Martin. Among his dirty stock of small wares the old man would search patiently for the articles desired. He was always glad to oblige, and always afraid he was going to charge too much. So he let people have things at reasonable prices, for fear they would become dissatisfied and trade elsewhere.

The joy of his life lay in accommodating and in feeling that he was appreciated. Any one could jew him down, and he was frequently cheated, but he did not mind trifling impositions.

The sunlight poured in at his window; children sat on a wooden step eating lemon drops; a cat dozed in a basket of old woolen scraps behind the counter, and Martin gazed cheerfully from the open door entirely at peace with his immediate surroundings and the world at large. His white hair rippled in the afternoon breeze, his eyes filled with calm satisfaction. His lavender bow-tie ornamented the white collar above his spotless shirt. There was something about the old man fresh and lovable. He was so neat, and his smiling countenance showed the heart of the man. Shading his eyes from the glowing sun he peered down the street of the quiet village.

The touring car which had caught his attention whirled up and stopped nearly opposite the little store. It was quite a large car, and held several people. The children on the doorstep toddled over to stare, for to halt here was unusual.

A lady, elderly, dignified, alighted and came over to the shop-keeper. As she approached, the man got behind the counter. He liked always to be in readiness and welcome strangers with an air that they might feel at home.

This woman was handsome, even at the age of forty. Her eyes and mouth looked hard, as if the years had not passed lightly. Her features were regular and high bred. As she glanced about the room her eyes and mouth softened as if she were pleased to be away from the dust of the road and clatter of the car.

She asked the old man if he had any black pins. On showing her several different kinds she glanced up at the man, for the sound of his voice attracted her. He smiled as he held out the pins for her to examine. But her face expressed intense surprise, for at this moment she recognized the man. He showed no sign of this in his gentle eyes—no hint of any former knowledge of her. He only repeated the price of the pins to her, and if there was something else that he could show her.

The woman looked at the doorway, then back at the man. She laid a coin on the counter. He put the paper of pins in an envelope and handed it to her:

"Thank you very much," said he, gratefully.

From the road the automobile panted. Voices called for her. A bit of red stole into her cheeks. Her eyes were strange and bright. She spoke queerly:

"You do not remember me?"

"No, madam, I—no, I'm quite sure I never had the pleasure of meeting you before, unless—

"Unless what?" she said sharply.

"My accident," he replied, simply. "It left a blank, you know."

"Your accident! A blank! I—I never heard," she exclaimed. "Why, Martin! I'm Jane Biehl—or—or I was."

He could not recall the name. He was quite sure that he had never met her.

"Please don't mind my forgetting," he said, anxiously. "You must be one of my old friends, but it's useless to try to recollect. Maybe you would like to hear the way of it?"

She nodded her approval.

"Something—I can't imagine what, and they won't tell me—sent me off at a tangent when I was twenty-six years old. They say I was reckless and miserable, and I went away traveling. My train ran off the track, and I got a badly banged skull. Well, I suppose about ten years of my existence is wiped off my brain map. I can remember the rest very clearly, especially my dear old school days. My people obtained damages from the railroad company, and I am sent some money every month. I hate noise, so I came here where everything is lovely, and the people so friendly. This place seems so far away from the clamorous bustle of the city as if it were on another planet. So I set up this little shop, which I have kept for many years. That's about all there is to it, and you'll understand?"

"Yes. Good-bye. I am sure I understand." She squeezed both his hands, gave him a lingering look, and departed.

He stopped to think who on earth was Jane Biehl. She certainly seemed to know him, but he just couldn't recall her.

The heavy red-faced, white-moustached owner of the car nudged his wife with a petulant elbow:

"Talk some, Jane!" he said. "Are you asleep?"

"Of what?" she asked, dully. "Places—people? Do you know what became of Peg Harris? She was sister of Martin. You remember Martin?"

"Why, sure, I remember that big old chap you threw over for me. But, gracious me, what on earth became of Martin and his sister Peg? I just don't know what becomes of all the people, do you?"

"Yes, sometimes," she replied.

"Please wrap my shawl around my shoulders. I am cold," she asked of her husband.

He did as she asked, and asked her what did she buy in the store, for she stayed an awfully long time there. She did not look at him at first, for there were tears in her eyes.

When she answered she said, "Only pins, my dear."

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### THE BEST

Senior—"What makes that horrible smell of rubber come from the Birthday Dorms?"

Junior—"Oh, that's just some Sophomore holding a Freshman's neck to the radiator."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

## AN EXAM. WE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE

1. What is water when it is frozen? Be brief.
2. Why does snow slide off the roof?
3. Give the name of a city in Pennsylvania?
4. Do you like German? Really? (Catch question.)
5. Name a member of Congress?
6. Translate "Je ne sais pas."
7. Who wrote Hamlet? (First name also.)
8. Who is your favorite poet?
9. Are mushrooms edible?
10. Name a great President, a prize-fighter, a writer, a railroad, and a vegetable. Date of your birth.

—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

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Father (unexpectedly arriving at son's rooming house at school)—"Does Mr. Jinx live here?"  
 Landlady (wearily)—"Yes—bring him in."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

---

"Do you drink as well as smoke?"  
 "Oh, yes—better!"

—*Yale Record.*

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## WAIT

Although the mid-years have been passed,  
 I must not gloat too soon;  
 For there's a chance, a right good chance,  
 Of busting out in June.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

## "AS OTHER MEN"

"I thank Thee, Lord, that I am not as other men"—  
 The Pharisee stood up to pray  
 That all might see how just was *he*—  
 And thus was his Thanksgiving Day.

"We thank Thee, Lord, our people walk in paths of  
 peace"—  
 'Tis thus we love to stand and pray,  
 And prate our creeds while Europe bleeds—  
 And thus is *our* Thanksgiving Day.

*U. of Texas Magazine.*

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 STRANGE

Each night I visit Rosalie  
 And court her blooming charms.  
 She's always glad to welcome me  
 And just as kind as she can be—  
 And why she should I cannot see—  
 But ere the evening's over, she  
 Is always up in arms.

*U. of Oklahoma Magazine.*

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# T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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## “ UNIVERSITY EXTENSION ”

MARION B. FOWLER

In view of the recent discussion in the State Legislature and in the leading newspapers of the State in regard to Child Labor and the education of children of mill districts, it might be of interest to know what the students of the University are doing among the people in a nearby cotton mill town.

Two miles west of Chapel Hill lies the town of Carrboro with a population of approximately one thousand people. It is essentially a cotton mill town. There are two factories that manufacture hosiery, and also a small knitting mill. Most of the people of Carrboro work in these mills. They work from 7 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the afternoon for five days in the week and until noon on Saturday.

Realizing that here was an opportunity to do some good work in a social capacity the Young Men's Christian Association of the University has established an industrial committee, for the purpose of promoting some kind of a plan for the welfare and happiness of especially the young people of that community. I was appointed to begin the work.

In the first place, I found that there was no organization of any kind where the boys could come together and join in any common purpose for the good of all. The only rendezvous on Saturday afternoon was around the stores or depot. Boys at certain ages will get together in gangs,

and if they do not have any special thing to do they will find something. They are either going to do something good or bad. To convert these meetings into something good, an effort was made early last September to organize a Boys' Club. Announcements were made for three successive Sundays in the Churches that all boys of the community were requested to come out to the school house the next Saturday. No one came. Such an idea was entirely new to them. Finally I became acquainted with one of the boys of the community and asked him to bring out some boys the next Saturday. He brought six. I unfolded to them my plans to help them enjoy life. We decided to debate some Saturdays, to play foot ball, to help clean off the church yard, to go on hikes, and to be good friends. We have done all these things and more. More boys came out until now there are about thirty in regular attendance.

The Club is now divided into two groups. The young boys have their meetings and their leaders. The older boys meet in another room of the school building and have their leaders also, all of which are students of the University. The boys who work in the mills are especially pleased with the Club. They say it fills a vacancy that has heretofore existed in their lives. I observe that it has promoted a general good feeling and friendship among the boys. I believe that it greatly aids good living and the public welfare of Carrboro. The work that was begun in the Club has expanded until now it has gone over to the Sunday Schools, and effected the organization and maintenance of a night school for the benefit of the boys and the girls who work in the mills. In fact, the Club is now given over entirely to athletics and out-door exercise. In all, twenty-five students are actively engaged in helping to develop the physical, the mental, and the spiritual sides of these people's lives. The Club is endeavoring to promote clean athletics and good health. Mr. R. Y. Watkins, a former Varsity pitcher, is coaching the Club's base ball

team this spring. They are planning to play the Freshmen class team at the University. The younger boys have their team also. Furthermore, their leaders, Mr. Holmes Herty and Mr. H. V. Koonts, are planning to take them all off on a fishing trip Easter Monday. All of this work, of course, is for the development of the physical side.

On the other hand, six students are helping to teach in the two Sunday Schools of the community. There is a Methodist and a Baptist church where Sunday Schools are already organized and doing good work. We are simply aiding in the teaching. On Sunday afternoons also, two students go to each of the churches and serve in any way they can the Junior League at the Methodist and the B. Y. P. U. at the Baptist. These men are in earnest in their aid in the spiritual advancement in the lives of the people of this community. Their persistent efforts to present the Living Christ is a most potent factor in making Carrboro a better place in which to live.

But the problem of education has come up. There are 300 children of school age in the community. One hundred and eighty-three go to the public school. Most of the other one hundred and seventeen work in the mills all day. How are they going to get any education whatever? The question to some degree has been solved. I found a small night school taught by the principal of the day school, Miss Cothran. But she was over-worked, and prevented from teaching any grades higher than the third on account of lack of time. The students of the University came to her rescue and last month organized a thorough-going, first-class night school. Everybody, young and old, was invited to come to the school, and they responded to the invitation with eagerness. Fifty people came out the first night. A call was made for teachers at the University, and twenty men volunteered to teach in the night school. Sixteen of these students are now hard at work with their

respective part of the teaching. A school is held on four nights of the week, and four different students do the teaching each night. Each teacher when he gets back to the college tells the man who is to go the next night how much progress he made in his special subject. For example, if a man is teaching arithmetic on Monday night, he tells the teacher for Tuesday night how much of the lesson he covered, so that the next man will know where to start. This is done all through the week in all subjects where it is necessary. In this way, a steady and smooth pace is kept up. Professor Noble, Dean of the School of Education, is teaching the teachers how to teach, and is aiding and blocking out lessons for the whole spring term. To give you an idea of what is taught, let us consider briefly the four nights and what is taught each night.

The school begins at 7:15 every night. For ten minutes before the beginning of lessons the whole school assembles in one room for song and prayer. Then all the classes go to their respective rooms for recitation. Miss Cothran teaches the first and second grades every night. On Monday night, a special lecture is given on sanitation and hygiene by Mr. DeVault, a graduate student of the University. This lecture lasts twenty minutes. After this two classes in arithmetic are taught in one room, and three grades in reading and spelling in another room. Another class is taught seventh grade English. On Tuesday night, the first twenty minutes are occupied by writing lessons for the whole school. After this the classes are held in the same order as the night before except that the classes that recited on arithmetic on Monday night recite on reading and spelling this night, and the other classes have arithmetic. These two sections alternate this way every night in order to give each pupil a chance to learn something about both arithmetic and reading. English history is also taught tonight by Mr. Joseph Rowe, a member of the Senior class at the University. On Thursday night, the same schedule

is repeated. Friday night has a specialty. A Debating Club has been formed with two University students as coaches. This effort to familiarize the boys and girls with public questions and public meetings has proved a wonderful success. The members submit their own queries and discuss them sensibly and spiritedly. In addition to the above named subjects taught, we are planning to teach geography, Latin, and algebra, in order to prepare some of the day school pupils to enter the Chapel Hill High School next year.

In connection with the work, let us see what kind of people live at Carrboro. It has been my good fortune to become personally acquainted with these people. The boys and girls are bright and eager to learn, and now that they have a chance, they are going to make good. They work hard and as one of the teachers expressed it, "mean business." Since their attention has been riveted on high ideals, I believe they are going to grow in such a way that they will be beneficial both to themselves and their community, and a blessing to their homes. Out of their hard work comes perseverance which is going to push them forward. In order to illustrate what the people of the community think about the night school, I will repeat what one woman told me last Sunday while I was visiting some of the homes of Carrboro. She said: "I have been thinking for two years how my eighteen year old daughter was going to get any education whatever. When the announcement was made in church last Sunday that the students were going to start a night school with plenty of competent teachers, I simply gave way. So great was my joy that my heart was in my throat."

What is the idea of these students doing this work? What is their attitude toward the people they are teaching? There is only one idea or cause—Christianity. There is only one attitude—Brotherhood. They are not working *for* the people of Carrboro, but *with* them.

## IN THE AMERICAN CRUCIBLE

SAMUEL R. NEWMAN

Giuseppe Chiappelli eked out a very poor living as dock watchman in the harbor of Palermo. He thought, however, very little of plans to impose his hard lot. After having lived the major half of his life under the Sicilian sky he held little desire to seek his fortune overseas. But having been blessed with a typical Italian household he finally yielded to the "crying" needs of the rising generation and tossed himself into the wide stream of Sicilian immigration to the Columbian shores.

Not better off than Giuseppe Chiappelli was Moses Cohen in one of the congested towns of the "Jewish Pale of Settlement" in north western Russia. Cohen loved very little the stern and cold Russian sky; his memory clung to very few happy recollections of his past; and the future was no more promising than the present was bearable. The only bit of inertia that kept him in the pale were the graves of his forefathers and this was finally overcome by his witnessing a "pogrom" (a massacre on the Jews), which is a usual social phenomenon in Russia. Cohen took the wander-staff in his hand and like million others of his race he came to the American shores to seek bread and liberty.

Giuseppe and Moses came to Antwerp to take a ship from there. While waiting for the ship they stayed in the emigrant hotel; Giuseppe in an Italian and Moses in a Jewish; Rome and Jerusalem do not mingle. On the ship Giuseppe was assigned to one part of the steerage and Moses to another; for the sake of peace Rome and Jerusalem had to be kept apart. When the waves of the Atlantic were smooth and quiet and the sun was shining mild and bright calling the dwellers of the ship prison holes to come out and bathe in her bounty rays Rome and Jerusalem would pour out from different sides to greet

the sun that shines for all beings alike. Rome would sing, dance and shout at one corner of the ship and Jerusalem would sing and pray and mourn at another. Sometimes Rome would interfere with the joys of Jerusalem and only the officers of the ship would prevent these two worlds from colliding. . . The chasm between Rome and Jerusalem was following them; it was not filled up under the endless friendly sky that cheered Italian and Jew alike; above the velvety blue water that rocked them with the same motherly tenderness. The chasm it seemed would follow them into the New World.

Giuseppe was met at Ellis Island, the gate of America, by a representative of the "Societa per la protezione degli immigranti italiani" and Moses by a representative of the "jewish immigrant aid society." There seemed to be a Rome and a Jerusalem in the New World too.

Giuseppe bought a push-cart and loaded it with Malaga grapes, pineapples, bananas, and nuts and stationed himself with his stock at the ascending steps of an elevated train station on the Bowery street. Moses secured a soap box on which he displayed chewing gum, matches, candy, peanuts and stationed it at the descending steps of the same station on the opposite side of Giuseppe. The Bowery divides foreign New York into a Rome and a Jerusalem. Giuseppe was sure and secure of his right and position on the Italian territory and Moses of his claims on Jewish territory. But Giuseppe entertained ambitions to add some other articles to his stock, but Moses, he thought, was his competitor. Very often, when the busy noise in the street subsided and the elevated trains ran less often, Giuseppe turned his face into Jewish territory and addressed Moses in the dock language of Palermo. Giuseppe often even ventured to cross the street and have a physical contest with Moses; but a "foreign" foe in the form of a tall man with a blue uniform would always come in time to save Jerusalem from destructoin. One time Giuseppe

was brought before the Police Judge and to his great bewilderment he recognized in the Judge a Jew. Giuseppe made a strong plea that he did not know that people here in this country take the part of the Jew and thought that he committed little wrong by smashing in the face of a Christ killer. . . . But the chasm between Rome and Jerusalem was not to remain forever.

Giuseppe after being in America several years sent for his family. Among his family was a little girl, Maria, four years of age. Maria's mother tried her best to transfer her Old World traditions and superstitions to the little girl. In Little Italia it was not a hard thing at all. Maria's environment was little different from that it would have been in the poor quarter of Palermo. She spoke Italian, played with Italian children and Devil and Jew were synonymous to her. But the first ray of light that pierced the thick veil of fossilized superstition fell on Maria's face when she for the first time crossed the threshold of the American school. It was strange incidence that her first teacher was a Jewess. When Maria would come with complaints to her teacher about "Jewish" girls mistreating her she would be made to understand in a soft manner that in school there are no Jews or Italians but only Americans and that she, too, is no longer an Italian child but an American child. Maria's impressionable brain quickly assimilated the new teaching and she started on the road of Americanization.

Moses Cohen brought his family to his new country, too, among which there was a little Benjamin. Benjamin went to the same school that Maria went. Time went on and they played, studied and talked together. (I am not a novelist; I will therefore make a long story short.) The keen, curly-headed Semite fell in love with the impressionable and romantic Latin.

Mulberry street was shocked to hear the news that the pride and beauty of Little Italia was to forsake its tradi-

tions and refute the authority of its mighty Church. Not less was Rivington street grieved to learn that "Abraham's seed" was to marry a gentile. Giuseppe and Moses did not quarrel any more; one felt the others grief and shame. In one day (I do not know whether it was a shiny day or a rainy day) Maria and Benjamin were united. Not in the Cathedral of Saint John, neither in the Great Synagogue. Maria and Benjamin met each other half way. A Unitarian preacher wedded them.

Rome and Jerusalem fused after all in the American crucible.

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## AN EXHORTATION

R. E. PARKER

Sing me a lay  
 Of a future day  
 When men shall all be free;  
 When the laboring man,  
 Beneath his tan,  
 A better man shall be.

Sing me a song  
 Of the ages long  
 When every man is true;  
 True to fight  
 For honor and right  
 And not for a chosen few.

Give me a sight  
 Of the future height  
 When man's at his best;  
 In the golden age  
 When seer and sage  
 Are men at one with the rest.

## THE TOLL

J. N. WILSON, JR.

Oh God! The terror of it all;  
The rush, the crush, and then, the fall  
Of men. The nations and their battle-call  
Have flung upon the breast of Mars  
The soul of martyrdom.

The war-plunge of the fate-struck brave,  
The charge, the fray; their lives, to save  
A cause. The death-hand and its crimson lave  
Have fleck'd afar the field of Mars  
With death of soldiery.

Supreme, the tyrant by decree,  
The strife, the stress, the bend of knee  
To foe. The powers and their destiny  
Have bowed beneath the yoke of Mars,  
Unto his mockery.

The spirit of each blood-spent race,  
The pain, the strain, the flaming mace  
Of hate. The struggle and its human-chase  
Have broken down the might of Mars  
As toll of victory.

## SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE OTHER HALF

J. V. WHITFIELD

I wish to always remember Havana, Cuba, as I saw it that morning last summer I landed there; a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants; its ancient Spanish architecture; its ship crowded harbor, and her wharves a busy scene of prosperity. Picturesque Morro Castle stands at the entrance of the harbor and is the first thing one catches sight of as the island is "raised" by the approaching steamer. It is rather hard to express the sensations I experienced as I passed within a stone's throw of this old fortress and on through the harbor to the dock—this sleeping relic of a past civilization overshadowing the bustle of the new.

I was exceedingly fortunate in that I was visiting in a private home while in Cuba and thus obtained a better knowledge of the home life and customs of the people than if I had stayed at a hotel. Mr. Quevedo and his son—who is here in college now—met me at the dock in Havana, and after the Custom-House inspector had failed to find anything of value in my suit-cases we drove to a hotel and had breakfast. We remained in Havana until the next afternoon before going to the home of the Quevedos, which is situated at Union de Reyes, about a hundred miles from Havana.

As soon as we had finished breakfast we started out to see the city. The very first sight I saw was quite an unusual one to me. As I came out of the hotel I came very near running into a large negro woman who was passing. She was smoking a cigar at least a foot long (I can prove it). It was marvelous to me how she carried it in her mouth, and as she waddled on enveloped in a cloud of smoke she had the appearance of a small engine slowly

moving down the street. But before the day was over I became accustomed to this sight.

The city was evidently not planned by experts when it was founded. Blocks vary from one hundred feet to three hundred yards in length. They vary regardless. There is, of course, the part of the city known as "New Havana" which is modern in every detail. In "Old Havana" the majority of the streets are very narrow. On many of them you can shake hands from side walk to side walk. The passage of vehicles is impossible. On the other hand if any city deserves to be called the City of Parks, Havana does. There are about forty parks in the city. I was told that many of the poorer class slept in the parks at night. Before I left I came to the conclusion that they slept in them all day too, for every park we passed through had from fifteen to twenty people stretched out on the benches asleep with the hot July sun beating down on them. Some of them had their faces upturned and heads bare.

The place that is next to the Cuban's heart, however, is the "Prado" or promenade of the city. On Sunday afternoons it is thronged with people who walk first up one side and then down the other the whole afternoon and the early part of the evening while the band plays down by the waterfront at the end of the Prado. I was rather disappointed in the Administration buildings of the Government and the home of the President, which is also called the "White House." The University of Havana is noted for its age. There are about 5,000 students enrolled. (Parenthetically the city boasts of the largest cement works in the world.)

My chief regret is that I failed to get in Morro Castle, but as we were to take dinner with relatives of the Quevedo's who lived in the Suburbs we had to take the car at four. It was about this time that the evening papers came out and to the foreigner the noise the newsboys create cry-

ing out in Spanish is a conglomerate one. Every time the car stopped three or four boarded it. Perhaps, though, the European crisis caused them to be more active than usual.

That night we went to three vaudeville shows. One of them was about the best I ever saw; the other two should have been made to close their doors.

The trip to Union de Reyes was naturally an interesting one to me. The railroad ran through mile after mile of sugar cane and tropical forest. Coffee grew down beside the track, while stretching out from both sides were banana trees and cocoanut palms heavy with fruit. Upon approaching a station you think it is merely a village because of the size of the houses; but it may be a town of four or five thousand inhabitants. The houses are all alike—one story high with tile roofs. Our train arrived at Union de Reyes at three o'clock.

Our daily program normally ran as follows. Early in the morning it was usually a horse back ride. In the middle of the day, while the sun was hot, we remained indoors. The afternoons and evenings were taken up by various social functions.

The three things that impressed me most while in Cuba were: the Social conditions, the Negro problem, and things Religious. No man can go to see a woman unless some of the family stay in the room with him. He cannot take her anywhere, not even across the street, unless accompanied by a chaperone. Most of the courtships take place through windows. I wanted to know why these conditions in the twentieth century. In a discussion with Miss Quevedo one afternoon I learned "why." She said, "Such restrictions are necessary among Latin-American people for the protection of the women." Women are not accorded the same respect there as here as a rule. The men do not have the same standard of morality as we have. With them it is "the rights of man" not the "duties of

man." Though the husbands may not have a high conception of their duty as husbands the wives remain true and faithful to them. When a Cuban girl once loves a Cuban boy all the other suitors stop, for to her no one else exists. She will stand by her window for hours talking to him.

In their home life the Cubans are very much like we are. The younger set play the same games and enjoy the same social functions. They have a dance nearly every Sunday night, but the Tango, the kangaroo wiggle, and the kitchen sink have failed to make their appearance as yet. The native dance—called the Dansón—still holds sway. No doubt the disciples of the Castles would hardly indulge in anything so "mediaeval," for each dance lasts from twelve to fifteen minutes and is very slow. In imitation of Havana every city of any size whatsoever has a park and a band. On Sunday afternoons these parks are thronged as the Prado in Havana.

There is one condition that I particularly noticed. In the opinion of the city folk the rural people are worse than our "rubies." There seems to be an irreconcilable chasm between the two classes. The city folk all look down upon the country folk with disdain.

The negro problem is, I am afraid, going to cause the government serious trouble. It presents an intricate problem. There are nearly as many negroes as whites. Some of the ablest leaders for Cuban independence were negroes and some of the leaders now have negro blood in their veins. The negroes belong to the Republican party and the whites to the Democratic. This is a general rule to which there are a few exceptions, but white men in the Republican party are despised by the Democrats as much as are the negroes themselves. As the blacks fought for freedom with zeal equal to that of the whites they now enjoy equal political liberty. Race hatred is becoming more and more intense. The negroes are asserting their rights

more and more. There is no segregation on the trains or in the theatres. The present Democratic administration is dissatisfying even to the Democratic party itself and with a negro party nearly as large as the white party it is feared the negroes will be successful in the next election.

While I was in Union de Reyes the citizens had a mass meeting to protest against the local merchants raising prices of certain articles of food with the European war as a pretext. They appealed to the Mayor. He responded by promising to impose a fine upon any merchant who raised the price without being able to show good cause.

The less said about the Religion of the Cubans the better. To say that they are religious in the sense that we are would be incorrect. They have very little respect for the Priests. I asked a man why he did not go to Church and he replied that he was better than the Priest. (The Island is Roman Catholic). Then he told me this incident. A few weeks prior to the present a countryman came after the Priest to have him baptize his dying child. The Priest went but when he arrived demanded two dollars before baptizing the child. The man had only \$1.25 but promised the balance as soon as he could get it. The priest refused the terms; so the man started on horseback to his nearest neighbor to borrow the amount needed. While he was away the child died, and according to the Priest went to Hell for the lack of seventy-five cents. I do not believe such cases are general.

I was told by a Methodist Missionary, who was returning on the same ship I was, that there were about 4,000 Protestants on the island. He said they are meeting with bitter opposition from the Catholics. Whether from Catholic or Protestant, "Religion" is badly needed.

If asked the most enjoyable day spent in Cuba, I would say the one at Matanzas on the north coast. It is a city of 65,000 inhabitants built by the sea with the mountain ridge at its back. The Yumuri river passes between the

city and the mountain. East of the city are the famous Bellemar caves. They remind one somewhat of the Mammoth caves of Kentucky. A mile from the city is the ancient Catholic Church, Montserrat, high up on the side of the ridge. I was up there at sunset. I could see miles down the Yumuri valley and at the same time across the city and out to sea toward the setting sun. For about three minutes the sky seemed filled with a faint delicate rainbow. The palms, silhouetted along the horizon, recalled visions of the orient with kneeling camels and mysterious distances. Then it quickly became dark; as there is no twilight.

It was with regret that I watched Morro fade from the horizon as I left Cuba behind me. After having seen Havana and its ways I wished that I could still think of it as I did the morning Morro first greeted me.

## A SUNSET AT SEA

D. H. KILLEFFER

The sun sends down his slanting rays from out  
The crimson streaked West. The sea itself  
Stands still to watch the ending of the day.  
The stars peep out, and finding quiet, stay.  
The sun retreats and flings his streaks of red  
And gold upon the western sky, and then,  
Is gone. The darkness slowly clears the sky  
Of remnants of the dying day. The sea moves on.  
The moon comes up above the eastern sea.  
The ship upon the horizon moves on.  
'Tis night.

## THE RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF CURRICULUM AND EXTRA-CURRICULUM ACTIVITIES

About twenty students were asked to express their personal opinions on the above subject. In practically every case it was necessary to explain that by "extra-curriculum" was meant every possible student interest from playing cards to playing football not covered in the required courses in the catalogue of studies.

Practically every man who wrote out his opinions stated that he was glad he had been asked to write on this subject because it helped him to see college life and its relative values more definitely than ever before.

The original purpose of these articles was to show the changing view point of college men wrought by the passing years. It is questionable if the papers submitted below succeed in doing this although the original plan of grouping the men by classes is adhered to. No particular plan was followed in selecting the men quoted below: they were asked to contribute by the Editor as he went about his usual work.

W. H. STEPHENSON, '18

*Member Freshman Debate and Freshman-Sophomore Phi.*

Many of our larger American colleges have been gradually evolving a new ideal. The indifferent observer has long since looked on the college as a place primarily of the intellect. Look at the catalogues; do they not give sufficient evidence of a passionate interest in things intellectual by their whole-hearted devotion to courses and honors, to admission and graduation, to fellows and faculties? A closer acquaintance with the realities, however, reveals another story—the unfolding of a new ideal. This new ideal is that the college should not only seek to instruct and develop the minds of its students,

but at the same time must not forget that one of the greatest educational forces in college is the life itself. Listen to President Wilson: "If you wish to create a college and are wise, you will seek to create a life." The leaders in our colleges today are not the pedants, the book-worms, and the grinds; they are the fellows who play on the field, who manage the team and the fraternity, who sing with the glee club and do work for the Y. M. C. A., who write editorials for the daily and stories for the monthly, and who often sit and chat with their smoking chums. The admission is not made that in encouraging these activities strictly curriculum activities should be sacrificed. There is no need that this new ideal should sacrifice them; it should retain them and vitalize them in real college life.

E. C. NEWELL, '18

*Tennis*

The regular curriculum consists wholly of the knowledge one gains from his text books. This knowledge if thorough is immensely valuable, no matter what the owner of it decides to make of himself in after life. And now-a-days it is becoming harder and harder for one to have a brilliant career unless he has been through the regular college curriculum. It is possible, I admit, for a non-college man by hard work and perseverance to rise above the masses, occupy a high position, and be fairly proficient in the trade or profession in which he is engaged. But even with all this he is handicapped.

But the regular curriculum is only a small part of what one learns at college. The so-called extra-curriculum is by far the largest and most important part. This includes the spirit of learning, athletics, and social advantages. Taking them in their order as to value we have first, the spirit of learning. This means not learning so much as, "discipline and the enlightenment of the mind." One's faculties for the appreciation of the best in literature,

science and art are disciplined and strengthened in such a way that one will always be receptive for learning from everything, in college and afterward. Then we come to athletics. Good health is based on proper exercise, or in other words athletics. Everyone knows that an unhealthy man is handicapped in everything which he undertakes, and the athletics which a man engages in at college shows him, not only the value of good health, but generally follows him in some form or other through life. Then comes the social part of the extra curriculum. One's circle of friends and acquaintances is enlarged to a great extent. This gives him a clearer view of human nature which is invaluable to him in after life. It makes him a broader man. One meets at college friends which will remain with him all through life.

SAM ERVIN, '17

*Winner Colonial Dames Prize in History*

It is often said that athletics, literary and debating activities, fraternities, Y. M. C. A. work, and other extra-curriculum pursuits, occupy too much of the students' time, or, in other words, that the main show has been swallowed by the side shows. On the contrary, many say that such outside activities develop manliness, give one a knowledge of human nature, cultivate one's social gift and train him to be a leader of men to a much greater degree than one's studies do, and, therefore, that they are far more important than lessons learned from books which are soon forgotten.

Between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty men engage in social service work in and around Chapel Hill under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A.; three hundred men, or more, participate in some form of class or varsity athletics each year; several hundred more are connected with literary and debating boards and societies, fraternities, glee and dramatic clubs, and other

such things. Does the individual get a sufficient return for the time and energy expended? Is it worth while?

There are also many things in college which play a large part in student life which have nothing whatever to do with the training of the mind, and which call for the expenditure of a vast amount of useful energy. The University is "not a body of studies; it is a process of development." "There is need for life as well as study." These outside activities are conducive to college life, and, excepting the harmful ones, aid in character building, but they are over emphasized and occupy two large a place in college life. *The course of study, should receive the student's first attention, and after that he should engage in some helpful extra-curriculum activity or activities.* The aim of the University is to develop thinkers rather than scholars or athletes or what not; and studies and extra-curriculum activities, of a helpful nature, both aid in the accomplishment of this end.

N. A. REASONER, '17

*Tar Heel Board. Y. M. C. A. Cabinet*

To my mind the question of the relative value of Curriculum and Extra-curriculum activities at once resolves itself into the question of how we may get the most out of the money which we or our parents are spending to send us here; whether it is worth more to us to spend all our time in the search for knowledge or whether it is not better to spend part of our time in learning how to apply this knowledge most practically. This of course would be affected to a certain extent by the walk of life for which we are trying to fit ourselves, but the extra-curriculum training would be worth something no matter what our future professions might be.

But while we are considering all the advantages of extra-curriculum activities we must remember that that is not what we originally came to the University for. We came

to acquire knowledge; and while extra-curriculum activities help us to practically apply our knowledge, I firmly believe that we could eventually learn to apply it without them. But taking it all in all and striving to obtain the general average, I believe the relative values of curriculum and extra-curriculum activities are about in the ratio of five eighths to three eighths in favor of the curriculum duties.

J. W. JONES, '17

There are two opposing ideas about college education. One was expressed by the man who said: "Don't let your studies interfere with your college education"; the other was put forward by a member of the faculty the other day when he said: "The old liberal education is being fast driven into the background by athletics and Y. M. C. A's." These two ideas bring us face to face with the question of whether or not our present system of college education is an improvement on that formerly in vogue. It is a question of democracy or aristocracy. It is the contest between the old idea of developing a "classic mind" and an "aristocracy of brains" and the new idea of *efficiency*. For, whatever may be the faults of the present mode of education, it certainly does produce men who can do an amount of work that is nothing short of marvelous.

But while most of us have had to put it into use in our daily lives, it has not occurred to many of our *minds* that it is possible for there to be a third idea, intermediary between these two—the idea that class room work and what is commonly termed "college activities" are of *equal* importance. I do not mean that they should necessarily take the same amount of time or work, but that they are equally important, each in its own way. For there are two things equally true; we can't get a degree unless we pass our work; and we can't get educated unless we take part in these activities outside the class room—unless we mix with

the fellows. For there is a companionship, an intimacy to be got from working side by side in these things that cannot come from the routine curriculum work.

How much time we are going to put on each has to be determined by our respective abilities and tastes. Some men can make Phi Beta Kappa grades, and make good in *all* outside activities. Most of us cannot. The thing we have to do is—to set a standard of grades, and when we have come up to that standard go out for whatever “college activities” we like—whole-heartedly. In this sense, the curriculum work comes first, but in the sense that the other is usually the more practical, it is more important. They are equally important, but it usually takes us about four years to find out just exactly what that means.

“MEGS” LONG, '16

*Captain Basketball, Scrub Football and Baseball, Tar Heel, Greater Council, Commencement Marshal*

No two men look upon life with the same degree of seriousness, and therefore the relative importance of curriculum and extra-curriculum activities in this University of ours is a quantity that is by no means fixed. The following is no attempt to fix it.

First let us consider curriculum activities. These are the things that a student comes to school for. The primary intention of a man entering college is to gain knowledge from books; and for the first year (or two) almost his entire interest is devoted to his academic activities. (The rest of his time, a sensible, energetic Freshman spends in some athletic or other beneficial recreation.) Beginning with the sophomore year, and increasing with each succeeding year, extra-curriculum activities arise, and the student finds that the attention once placed in bulk on his studies must now be divided among outside duties, *seemingly useless to his education*. But let us see whether they are useless or not.

During the junior and senior years the student carries about eighteen hours. The preparation of these classes requires probably another eighteen hours (making allowance for lecture courses, grats, and other diminishing conditions). So then, actual academic activities require some forty hours each week (granting the other four hours as a Christmas gift). From 8:30 A. M. until 11:00 P. M., daily (considering Sunday a day of spiritual activity) allows, say a hundred, working hours. Of this hundred about forty is needed for the student to comfortably care for his studies leaving three-fifths of his time to be directed toward work outside the curriculum.

Professional students may be excepted, for the greater part of their time is indeed required by their studies. But even they have the right to be ordinary college students before taking up professional courses. There is no need of hurrying to the end of this life, and four years of academic work is injurious to no normal intellect.

So we find that an ordinary student, seeking a general education, must put about two fifths of his time on his studies to pass them (and the student who does not pass his work would fare better if engaged in some manual labor that does not require brains). The question then arises, what to do with the other three-fifths of our time. And here the importance of extra-curriculum activities manifests itself. A man has a body as well as a brain; in fact, the life of the brain is dependent upon the life of the body; healthy, when the life of the body is healthy; ceasing, when the life of the body ceases. The brain is, in fact, only a single organ of the body, although it is probably the most concentrated. The body should be rated high in the assignment of hours.

The brain has many members; studies are but a single limb. The runner has well-muscled legs, but narrow shoulders; he is not a good specimen of human physique. In the same way the man who develops his brain from

books alone is leaving some other part of his intellect weak.

There is an education in college that is separate from books and laboratories; an education that is to be gained through activities that give pleasure; a training that requires only an industrious spirit and a willing mind. This is the training that one gets on the football field, in the societies and clubs, on committees, on the editorial staff, or even through the hearty "good morning, Bill" that is passed around the campus. These are the things that make us "familiar with life," they give Bill his "college education." And they are to be used or wasted.

Have you ever lived in an environment that compared with college environment in richness and originality? (I hear the students from Morganton say, "Yes"). I think not, and you probably never will. I have at times imagined what a pleasure it would be to reside here, posing as a student; to lie in bed while the 8:30 rings, and feel not a single pang; to buy quiz books and write—love letters in them; to spend your whole time doing things that you have imagined you would like to do instead of taking notes on those lectures. But this is work for a deaf and dumb man who has lost both legs. Still, if I might mix my own drink, I think the taste of extra-curricula would be very strong.

JOHN P. STEDMAN, '16

An education is the developing of a man to his finest possibilities of making a good citizen. An education to me is the production of a broad mind with the proper perspective of life. A liberal education is the development of thoughts rather than the mere accumulation of facts. It is then an accumulation of wisdom rather than the accumulation of knowledge.

The question arises how are we to secure such an education? We can not secure it by devoting all our time to our studies. We become mere statisticians, with little

original thought. Furthermore we neglect our physical bodies, and what is of more importance than our study of human nature.

Why not then, you say, drop all studies: in fact leave college, develop the body and mingle with the masses? Surely we would have more to devote to this development. But we would have no foundation to work on if we should do this. Our studies are the materials for building the foundation for our education. The education proper must be built by the combined materials of observation, reinforced by physical culture.

Therefore while in college I would say put the emphasis for the first two years on your studies. I would advise to devote 80 per cent of your time on them. In the last two years this should be reversed, devoting 20 per cent to the books. Of course this should be a gradual change.

W. E. PELL, '16  
*P. B. K. Candidate*

To the student who has ever thought seriously upon the subject the curriculum activities of the University appear undoubtedly more important than the extra-curriculum. In fact, the important thing of one's college life is his studies. Most men come to college to learn what they can out of books, to obtain that knowledge which they cannot get elsewhere. They come to gain the training of the mind afforded by what they are able to get out of their studies with the assistance of good instruction, a thing which they could not get out of their extra-curriculum activities alone.

Or, if we should analyze the question further, and should separate the two branches from each other, we could then clearly see the difference between them in importance. We might have a college where all of our attention would be directed upon our studies, from which we could obtain much benefit, but we certainly could not have, nor gain

much by going to a place where only these extra-curriculum activities were present. Still, however, much benefit is to be had from interested work in such activities as Y. M. C. A. work, debating, magazine work, athletics, and so on, provided a fellow will go into these branches with vim. Now, this leads us to the conclusion that these extra-curriculum activities are practically essential to a good institution, and that one should not exist without the other. Of course we admit that the professional student should give all of his time to his studies, for his life work depends on that. But, on the other hand, every academic student has the time and should devote a great part of it to that other side of college life, never forgetting, however, his studies are of primary importance.

J. G. COWEN, '16

*Tar Heel, Dance Leader, Scrub Basketball*

It would be hard to set down a general rule that would apply to every man in regard to the importance of these two kinds of activities. Of course, I think that it would be generally agreed that the man who combined both into a happy medium would have reached the ideal State, but men who are able to do this are exceptional, although not unusual.

For instance, a man enters here who is a good student and a good athlete, but who cannot excel in one branch without sacrificing to a certain extent the other. If he has a chance to make the football team and take part in other athletics, at the same time taking a lively interest in various college organizations, but must sacrifice his claims to Phi Beta Kappa, I would advise by all means that he make the latter sacrifice. The man who takes a healthy part in every possible phase of college life and makes an average of three or even an occasional four on his studies, is deriving a great deal more benefit from college

and is preparing himself better for after life than he who devotes himself entirely to his books.

Primarily a man comes to college to learn things that he can learn nowhere else, but if he learns to judge human nature and to get along with his fellow-man at the same time he is absorbing his book knowledge, he is better prepared to make a success in the world than he would be if he issued forth as a dry source of knowledge.

T. C. LINN

*Managing Editor Tar Heel Magazine, Sophomore Class President,  
Dance Leader*

The relative values of curriculum and extra-curriculum work depend upon the individual. We come to college to be developed, and we should lay especial emphasis on the development of those sides of our natures which are most backward. We ought not, however, to pursue curriculum work to the exclusion of anything without the scope of the curriculum, or vice versa. Personally, I have been less benefited by class room activities than by outside work.

ROGER McDUFFIE

*Member of Pharmacy School, Member of Student Council, Track,  
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet*

Why does the average serious minded man come to college?

Answer: To better equip himself to fulfill the duties and to compete with the adversities that will be met with in after life.

This being granted, then won't you also agree with me, that active participation in college activities is essential and moreover imperatively necessary for the completion of this equipment?

I do not deny the fact that persistent study and close adherence to the elected courses will train the mind and greatly aid in shaping the character, but I do contend that more than this is necessary for the output of a well rounded man on graduation day.

Figuratively speaking, a shell forms itself around the man who minds only his own business, holds himself aloof from his neighbors and does not take part in the community activities. The older this shell grows, the more difficult it is for its occupant to break out, and a smaller atom with a more minute valence he will become. Applying this example to a man on his graduation day, he is an object to be pitied. He may possess a brilliant mind, and be an arc light in his own little shell, but so far as taking a leading part in worldly affairs is concerned he is greatly handicapped because of his inability to radiate his personality and make his influence felt.

What a man does and is here, that will he also continue to do and be after leaving. A man's life in college portrays the mode and type of life that is in store for him. Do not the leading men in college make the best men in after life and are not the leading men in college the uncaged and non-self-centered men and those who support and take part in college activities?

Conservatism is a trait of character to be admired, but darn the man who is sway back with it.

In my opinion, the worth of our years spent in college is based equally on the curriculum and on the extra-curriculum courses.

R. G. FITZGERALD, '15  
*P. B. K., Class Football*

The catalogue of the University states that a degree is given to the man who has passed a certain number of hours of classroom work. This is the one absolute requirement. Many people erroneously believe that the holder of the degree is a well rounded, finished, and complete product of the University. Such is not necessarily the case. He may never have taken part in athletics; he may never have affiliated with the literary societies; he may never have participated in the various other college activities that are

outside his classroom duties. These are just as important in his education as his performance of classroom duties. The man who goes away from here with a degree and has complied only with the requirements of the catalogue to obtain this degree is a sham and a cheat. He has failed to perform those duties which are voluntary on his part but which tend to make him a finished product of the University. He is lacking in finish and completeness, because he has done only the half. It is the extra-class room duties that make good this deficiency and add finish and completeness to his education.

S. W. WHITING, '14

*P. B. K., Chief Editor Yackety Yack, Track Man, Inter-Society Debate*

“To help the boy make a man of himself”—that, according to Dean Stacy, is the work of the University teacher. And it appears from that, as well as from individual reasoning, that the work of the University student is to make a man of himself. In doing this, the student faces the question, “What is the relative value of curriculum and extra-curriculum activity—what percentage of importance does the class-room work bear to the man’s college life?” Curriculum work, let us say, trains the will; it also develops the intellect. But two of our finest intellectual pursuits, Writing and Debating, produce their best as extra-curriculum. In the curriculum we do not find the development of the physical, nor the spiritual contact of personality with personality, nor the applied ability to organize and execute,—all of which are necessary elements in the making of the man. Is the curriculum work, then, more than about 25 per cent of the total?



# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies  
of the University of North Carolina

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## EDITORIAL

### ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. Walter P. Fuller has served as temporary Editor-in-chief for this issue of the magazine. Mr. Fuller was Editor-in-chief last year and is assistant Editor-in-chief this year.—GEO. W. EUTSLER.

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### THE APPROPRIATION

The action of the Legislature in regard to funds for the next two years will probably have a marked effect upon the policy of the college during that period. The funds for the last two years have amounted to \$95,000 annually for

running expenses and \$50,000 for permanent improvements. The new amount is \$115,000 and \$30,000 respectively. \$40,000 of "land notes" for recent land purchases adjacent to the campus; and \$12,000 owing on recent building work will absorb practically all of the "Permanent improvement" fund until the next legislature.

The report of the Business Manager to the President for the year 1914-'15 declares that the treasury of the college on August 15, 1915 will face a \$22,226.94 deficit. The receipts for the present year were \$187,500.00, of which \$95,000 was from the State. Expenditures will be \$199,100.00. The expense budget shows no possible item that can be reduced with justice or efficiency.

This \$22,226.95 deficit is the accumulation of two years, of this \$10,626.94 is a deficit from last year. With present conditions our normal annual deficit is about \$11,000 a year. The difference between \$115,000 and \$95,000 is \$20,000. This leaves us a margin of \$9,000 for growth. We have a strained power plant, a worn out gymnasium equipment, rotting buildings, cramped equipment. \$9,000 cannot stop many leaks. It is plain to see that there can be little or no material progress.

What advance comes during the next two years will probably come in raised standards of entrance and of work after entrance.

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### WELL BEGUN HALF WON

It is a peculiar fact that for the last two years Carolina teams almost invariably allow opponents to outplay them during the first half of a contest.

Two years ago practically every point scored against the football team was made in the first half. In only three instances in nine games was Carolina scored on in the last half. In not a single game did she fail to score herself in the last half. Yet she lost every important game.

This tendency to allow the opponents to get the jump was also markedly present in the basket ball games. Game after game the news writer was compelled to say, "Carolina fought desperately to overcome the opponent's lead gained in the first half."

This fall this same defensive spirit was shown in the Vanderbilt game where Vanderbilt scored first; in the Davidson game where the Presbyterians led at the beginning of the second half; and in the second Wake Forest game where the winning touchdown was not made until the last quarter.

Without attempting to go into an elaborate explanation this condition can be characterized as a lack of confidence on the part of Carolina men. The players have a defensive state of mind. Until this spirit is eradicated it is safe to say that Carolina cannot enjoy consistently successful athletics.

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### JUNIOR WEEK

One of the most troublesome problems at Carolina is the Social problem. For a place that has little or no Fraternity bitterness; few social functions, and a fine Democratic student body this statement may sound a little queer. The problem is not of a curative nature but of a creative nature. There is not enough of the social here. The great past of the two societies is largely the result of the social instinct. The life of county clubs before they were Bransonized was purely because of social hunger. Many visitors have remarked upon the heavy attendance on all public meetings at Chapel Hill. That is partly due to the social appetite. The chief glory of the societies has been social; almost unconscious though it be. There isn't enough food here to satisfy this great hunger of the heart after other hearts.

Junior week was evolved from the life of this campus.

It filled a great need. It partly satisfied this hunger. Of recent years, however, the Junior week is falling into a rut. Multiplying stunts, stunt. Dancers, dance. The Glee Club sings. The band plays. This year we hear the senior stunt is going to be a combined parody and musical comedy.

Some day some man will discover a mode of entertainment that will increasingly satisfy our social hunger. And we will rise up and call him blessed.

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#### THE "STATE-WIDE" BASKET BALL CHAMPIONSHIP

On Friday night, the 12th, the University witnessed the first state championship basket ball game. The contestants were Raleigh for the East and Winston-Salem from the West. The game was well worth seeing in itself; but its main glory was what it illustrated.

Within the last three years we have seen inaugurated a state-wide high school triangular debate, a state-wide track meet, state-wide baseball contest, state-wide football contest and finally a state-wide basket ball contest. Now we hear that a state-wide tennis championship will be started next year. A Department of this magazine is attempting to be state-wide in the High Schools.

Truly the University is fast becoming the worthy Head of a worthy system of Education. "State-wide" is a significant phrase around here.



# SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY J. A. CAPPS



## “PIGS”

A few years ago a man, who is now a prominent lawyer in this state, was chosen to represent Carolina in debate against Vanderbilt. After writing and memorizing his speech he went down to speak it to Prof. Horace Williams. When this debater came in Prof. Williams had just returned from looking at some berkshire pigs, which he had bought a short time before.

After a few minutes Prof. Williams told him to go ahead and say his speech, which he did.

Much to the surprise of the debater Prof. Williams did not say a word after he had finished. He therefore asked him what he thought about his speech.

Prof. Williams replied, “They are fine pigs.”

The debater was very much incensed and started to leave when Prof. Williams called him back and said, “If you can’t take my mind off of my pigs, how do you expect to interest your hearers at Vanderbilt? Some of them might have some pigs too.”

—ALEX G. GALLANT.

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## THE EXODUS

Everything was excitement! Numerous were the calls at Pendergraft’s Auto Station. Men all around were hurriedly exclaiming, “I want to go to Durham on your 7 P. M. car.” Soon all the cars were filled. There was no room for any more passengers. What was to be done? There were half a hundred anxious fellows seeking a way to get to Durham. Those who could not get in the automobiles set out on foot. I wondered at all this excitement. I thought the Germans must be attaching the Bull City, but I could not understand why all the volunteers were Fresh-

men. I asked a man what the trouble was in Durham. Laughing he replied, "Why, nothing at all. The trouble is in Chapel Hill. The Sophomore banquet comes off tonight."

—CHESLEY SEDBERRY.

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#### A CAMPUS INCIDENT

Something had happened! The campus came to life! There was a visible tremor of interest and excitement expressed on the countenances of all within sight. No sharp yapping and growling announced a canine fight, nor did any disturbance break the peaceful quiet of the Spring evening. Yet the attention of everyone was diverted from his immediate task, and, for the moment, that task was wholly forgotten. A student, lounging restfully on a bench in the shade of a large oak, suddenly assumed a sitting posture and fully alert, became engrossed in the spectacle. A dignified senior lost his pompous stride and became involved in an interesting experiment of keeping to his path with his gaze bent to the rear. A Soph, who had been boning over some German, eternally condemned the "Fatherland" and looked out of his window with admiration and approved. On the track a runner, swinging around the curve with an attempted graceful stride, fell into a bare walk in order to be nearer the absorbing scene. Near the well a mournful quartette, mostly composed of one large, portly individual, suddenly burst into a bewildering volume of varied melody and tone, while all eyes centered upon a gracefully moving object. It was a young lady.

—E. E. GROVES.

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#### BETRAYED

It was a very dark night. The light of the moon was held behind a light covering of clouds. The time was

past midnight. The main event of the night was the Sophomore Banquet.

The banquet had just closed. The Sophs were (as usual) returning quietly (?) to their rooms.

They passed a dormitory near which stands a large tree. Just then the moon peeped out from under the clouds. Cuddled up in the tree was a Freshman taking life easy. (Why he was there no one knows.) He could be seen plainly twixt the moonlight. The Sophomores started toward—(story unfinished).

—W. W. EAGLE.

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#### WHY SO SHORT

It was but one hour of midnight; and in the darkness outside my attic window, the wind and sleet were rapping for admittance. Ghostly spectres seemed to glide from the opaque and ominous outside through the light and suddenly disappear. A quiver, nucleused about me, ran over the whole building. What should I do; retire or remain and battle against my imagination? A Bible was lying on the table. I was thinking of the brevity of life. We, were indeed, only "pausing in the ante-room of Death." My hand gently touched the object before me. A shudder passed over me. It was slowly but surely throbbing its last. It was time for low tide; the waters were gently ebbing out. The power was being withdrawn from the mighty motor, and the invigorating stream was ceasing to surge through its blackening veins, and was becoming torpid. The whole form gave a convulsive tremor; and then was still and rigid. It was over. The heat had been cut off.

—ROY ARMSTRONG.

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#### A SNOW SEEN

The snow was three inches deep, and I was a Freshman! Everyone who has been a Freshman at Chapel Hill knows

what that means. I had succeeded in getting to dinner safely on that well-remembered day; but on my return trip I encountered a courageous body of Sophomores—well armed with snowballs. This necessitated my taking a round-about way to my room which carried me through Carrboro and back to my room, evading the Post Office all the time. A friendly upper-classman had instructed me not to make my debut that afternoon, and so I had planned a programme which called for “an evening at home.”

But not so! In a short time the whole Sophomore class was raging outside the new dormitories. I sought shelter in the room of an upperclassman, with several of this brave species guarding me. After waiting there some time I concluded that the raid on my building was over, and went back to my room. But it was not over, and very soon a committee with one “Red” as chairman called to wait on me. They took another Freshman and myself down to the war-zone, and after holding us until the ammunition was thoroughly ready, one at a time they commanded us to “run.” There is no doubt about it,—I obeyed orders. I tried to get off so fast that once I slipped and fell, and with snowballs raining down on my head all the time and after what seemed an immeasurably long time, I succeeded in getting around the corner and to safety!

—ELLIOTT T. COOPER.

# AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY W. T. POLK

EVERYMAN'S EDITORIAL PAGE

The result of turning this Department and the Sketch Department over to the Freshman Class this issue has been very surprising to us. For the past two years one issue of the Sketch Department has been intrusted to the Freshmen and they responded in a gratifying manner. This year the "Around the Well Department was added. Very few sketches were contributed. The interest seems to have been about equally divided between this department and the sketches.—THE EDITOR.

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## OUR NEED OF ANOTHER CLASS ATHLETIC FIELD

From the days when class athletics were put on a sound basis, a movement for well-rounded students being thereby inaugurated, there has been a gradual increase in the amount of interest manifested in athletics. At present the system of class athletics has reached a very high standard, and the way in which the contests are carried out shows that there is a clean and wholesome spirit back of the teams. Not only is the movement of "Exercise For All" a good one, but it should be encouraged to the fullest extent. In fact, physical efficiency should be encouraged just as much as mental efficiency. However, a simple encouragement of class, as well as varsity athletics, will not produce a sufficient stimulus to make everyone go out for one of the teams. To gain the desired end the facilities for exercise must be provided.

At present the thing most needed is another class athletic field. The varsity and class fields, which are now being used to their greatest capacities, are too small and at best they only partly meet the needs of the college. The

need of another class field is an intense one. With four teams practicing at the same time, it is extremely hard for any team to accomplish much work. On account of the crowded conditions of the fields, many otherwise avoidable accidents occur. With things in this condition there are very few people who can play at their best. Due to the fact that there are so many contestants, especially for the Freshmen and Sophomore teams, it is a very hard matter for a coach to find out exactly how much "stuf" a person has. This is illustrated in a striking way where there are three or four men trying for the same position. Some of them are always standing around waiting for their turn in the field. If we had more space, two of the teams could practice on each field. In this way each player would have a better showing and there would be no use of "canning" anyone.

The first question which this suggestion would naturally call forth is: "Where shall we put this field?" There is plenty of available land in the vicinity of the present fields and the gymnasium. Several places suggest themselves. The land back of Caldwell Hall and between the tennis courts now in use and the present class field could easily be converted into an athletic field. There is also enough land back of the South Building or on the western and southern sides of the present varsity field for a good size ground. A field could also be placed on the Raleigh road just across from the present class field. All of these places would require some grading and other improvements. However, this would involve only a small cost in comparison with the benefits which would be derived from it. Another great advantage which would be derived from a new ground is the fact that it would provide for general athletics, such as baseball and football, and in this way it would be of more service than the same amount of land would be otherwise. Is not this plan one which is worth considering?

—VICTOR S. BRYANT, JR.

## CLASS DUES

An undisputed axiom at Carolina is this: "It takes money to run a class." The Freshman Class of this year has failed to prove an exception to this rule. Some men have promptly paid their class dues; others haven't. Some men have paid as soon as it was convenient for them; others haven't. Men, why this delay? Why not pay your dues promptly and thus avoid trouble for you and your class? This is a duty that can not be dodged. Should a debt be incurred this year it would follow the class until paid, even though it be for four years. No man can graduate until he has paid all his class dues and other fees. So why not face the issue squarely and prevent future embarrassment to your class' reputation and to your own?

—W. H. STEPHENSON.

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## THE HONOR SYSTEM

Is the "honor system" a success? Is it best for the students to be placed on their honor, with no restraint and with no force compelling them to obey established rules? The "least government" may not always be the "best government." Is a man not likely to do things, when there is no restraint on him, which he ought not to do, even if he is bound by the "honor system"? The "honor system" is assuredly the only restraint necessary for the man who does right, but what about the man who does wrong? For the man who is inclined to do wrong, his honor is not a great barrier; his inclination, his nature over-rules his honor. With the proper restraint, while in college, such a man might come to regard honor as more sacred and inviolable. On the other hand, if he is left to work out his own "salvation," he may yield to his inclination, to his nature, so many times that to violate his honor will become a small matter with him. It will, you see, become a

fixed habit, which, like other bad habits, causes fewer pangs of conscience as it grows stronger.

Is the "honor system" a success at Carolina? I am not ready to say that it is a failure, but is it a *success*? My reasons for asking this question, I shall name. They are as follows: Somebody entered the room of a student not long ago and carried away a sum of money; somebody entered the room of another student and took his watch; somebody has broken into a certain wood house, not once, but several times and carried away wood. All three are stealing. Then, a few nights ago, somebody broke into the room of a widow, and actually destroyed part of her furniture. There was no one in the room at the time it was broken into, but there were persons sleeping in other rooms of the house, which makes the technical name of this crime "burglary."

All these crimes happened in and around the buildings located on the campus. Who committed them? Is the "honor system" a success?

—CHESLEY SEDBERRY.

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#### MEAL TIME AT SWAIN HALL

Some of the men who board at the Swain Hall have formed a useless habit of going there about five minutes before the ringing of the bell, and kicking and knocking on the door. Now, it is perfectly all right to go there five minutes before the time for the bell to ring, but is it all right to beat and bang on the doors in such a way that the head waiter cannot hear the bell when it rings? It not only works a hardship on him, but, it is destructive to State property.

For three consecutive days I have noticed the men gather in front of the building before each meal. A few minutes before time for the bell to ring three or four very hungry, or very thoughtless fellows who seem to have for-

gotten how they objected to the doors being closed five hours earlier in the day until the bell ceased ringing, began to knock and to kick at each of the doors. From a distance one would take it to be a company of fire-fighters seeking to get inside of a brick wall in order to fight the flames to a better advantage. These fellows would knock with their fists and hands, kick with their feet and hurl their whole weight against the doors so that you could hear the hinges squeak and see the doors give back as though they would burst loose any minute. In order to know just how the head waiter could hear the bell, I watched him through the window. He went to the end of the Hall toward the South Building, and stood there with the window raised, and his watch in hand, ready to open the doors at the stroke of the bell.

Swain Hall was built for the benefit of the student body. It enables us to get excellent board at moderate cost, it affords forty-five boys an opportunity to earn their own board while pursuing their courses in college. From these returns, which the student body receives, surely we can claim Swain Hall as our own, and can treat its doors, furniture, and most of all the men who are doing their best to make it a success, with consideration. We should look at Swain Hall as we do our own dining room at home, because it is our own dining room, and we can make it a place where the students feel at home, or we can make it a place to be despised. What are we going to do about it? Let's do two things. First, feel toward Swain Hall as if it were our own property and not that of a private individual. Second, when things don't go to suit us, instead of knocking let's report it to the proper authorities.

—W. G. BURGESS.

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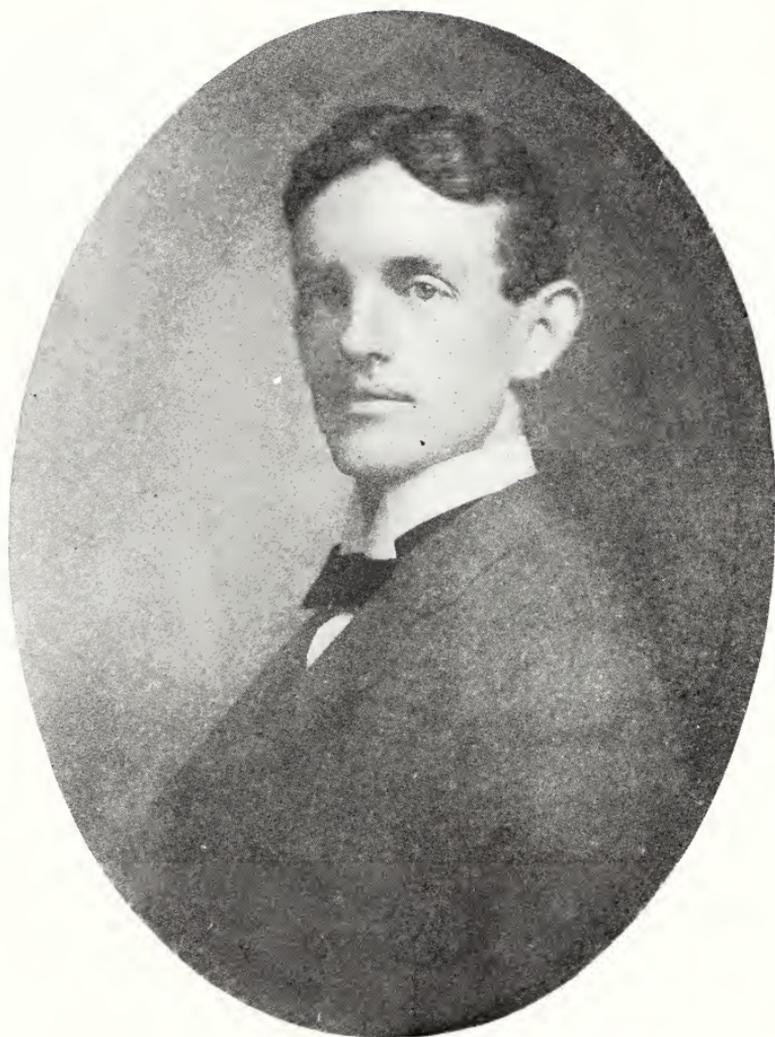
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PRESIDENT EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM

# T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1915

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Old Series Vol. 45

No. 7

New Series Vol. 32

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## DEDICATION

KENNETH HOLLOWAY

Accept this honor! Place upon thy head  
This wreath—a mark of reverence and esteem,  
Thou well hast entered, and tho' shortly here,  
Placed by Fortune in this learned spot,  
Scholar 'mongst all scholars thou art proved.  
Hail! Eighth President and best  
Of this, our sacred Alma Mater.  
At thy control we'll proudly march.  
Lead on, oh, wise and learned man.  
And influenced by thy progressive ways  
May, day by day, the flood tide bring  
Unto our school new honors and prosperity.  
Wisdom unexcelled and virtues are thy own.  
Thou hast an eye of deepest, purest thought,  
A smile to wish us all Life's best success  
God gave a soul of Purity and Truth  
To thee whom Time hath made—a Man.

## THE PRESIDENT

DR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

One would be dull of soul who did not eagerly respond to the new quickening of our educational life viewed in the light of social and national service. The flame of national spirit has been kindled in the South from the fuel of service and of struggle, of patience and of self-sacrifice. The urge of the social spirit comes from the co-operative instinct animating this generation of the new era. To-day our eyes are turned gladly to greet the future. The forces regnant in this University of the State's making, forces of unchallenged promise and creative fertility, less lure to gratified retrospection than tempt to buoyant prophecy.

In sylvan groves there stands erect a giant industrial plant, great structures of brick and stone and mortar—the material university so largely the creation of grim self-denial and patient hardship. Yet we know, we feel profoundly, that material resources alone, even were they at all adequate to all the pressing needs, cannot deliver to State and Nation the human goods of finest workmanship and highest finish. There is a soul here—the spirit of the place—a union of the principles and the ideals of its intellectual and spiritual life. This university spirit, this living soul, finds its true expression in ministry to the intellectual wants, the spiritual needs, of the great masses of a democratic people. It is such a spirit that would put us in touch, bring us into harmonious communion, with thinking, with living,—with God.

There is in America to-day, as a distinguished philosopher has recently observed, “a great longing for a new idealism with its strengthening of the inner life of men.” Today I have a sense of tonic exhilaration in the consciousness that this new American idealism animates the spirit

of the new, the greater, University of our day. It is the ideal of service, the will to enlarge and glorify the life of average humanity. In the air all about us may be heard the whirr of the wings of progress. Everywhere may be felt a quickening of the sources of our educational, cultural, and social life. Never in the history of the world has education been so important, has the call to service, been so clear.

A new epoch in the educational history of our State is at hand. We stand at the parting of the ways. The new vision has opened to our view. Inspired by a sense of service more comprehensive and more obligatory than ever felt before, this university of the people boldly sets forth to establish new and more vital contacts between the institution and the State. No longer can the State universities of to-day content themselves with "whispering from their towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age." In a day when intensive thinking, productive scholarship, and vocational training embody the spirit of progressive American education, our university would no longer remain cloistral in its remoteness from the central and predominant activities of civic responsibility and public service.

Inspired by the democratic spirit, instinct with sympathetic comprehension of the temper and needs of our people, trained through long and diligent application to the study of university administration, the new leader of our educational crusade is rarely and uniquely fitted to cope with the delicate and onerous duties which devolve upon the president of the people's university. A native of North Carolina, of a family devoted to high service in the educational life of the State, he approaches the educational problems of the time in State and nation with the finely sympathetic feeling, the intimacy of touch, possible only for one who is native and to the manner born. The son

of Archibald and Eliza Owen (Barry) Graham, Edward Kidder Graham was born in Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, on October 11, 1876; and it was at the public schools of his native town that he was prepared to enter the University of North Carolina. Entering in the autumn of 1894, he was graduated from the University of North Carolina with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in 1898. With but brief intermissions, his strength, his talents, since his graduation have been unfalteringly devoted to the service of his alma mater. Largely by reason of this close continuity of association, and progressive study of the internal problems of the institution, as student, professor, dean, and acting president, he has acquired true mastery of the intricacies of university administration. As a man among men, he has achieved a higher, humaner culture; for he has attained to the achievement of large and true understanding of the mobile human elements in a college democracy.

During his college days, leadership among his fellows seemed to be innate and instinctive. Stability of character, dignity of personality, and that personal force which is an emanation of conscious power, won the loyal and unhesitating support of his college mates. Strongly spiritual in nature, he gave his unstinted support to the forces making for Christian service and a deeper religious faith in the college. A lover of the life of action, he won distinction in athletic sports, notably in baseball and tennis. Broad in his intellectual sympathies and catholic in his tastes, he had a natural preference for the study of English literature, philosophy in the inclusive sense, and sociology. As a speaker and debater, he soon won pre-eminence, and fully demonstrated that ability in bouts with worthy competitors, both of this and other universities. As a debater he was fluent, facile, and effectively forthright in his logic—studying his opponents' side not less diligently than his

own and confounding them by shrewd anticipation and rebuttal of the basic points of their argument. As orator, he was graceful, impressive, inspiring. On his graduation, the hard won and highly prized honor of the Mangum medal for oratory was conferred upon him. Distinction in scholarship was signalized by membership in Phi Beta Kappa. But I daresay the greatest distinction he achieved in his college days is found in the prophetic circumstance that, thus early, he was spoken of on the campus as a man the fellows would like to have for their president—the president of their university.

Rich cultural experience was his during his term of service as student librarian here under Dr. Eben Alexander—a post which he held for one year. Another broadening and humanizing experience was his service in the public schools of his native city of Charlotte—a service which widened his acquaintance with the problems of elementary and secondary education. He subsequently prosecuted studies at Columbia University, New York, whence he received his Master of Arts degree in 1902. Again, during the year of 1903-4, he pursued advanced studies in the English language and literature at Columbia University.

Beginning his career as instructor in English at this University in the autumn of 1904, he was successively elevated to the posts of Associate Professor and Professor of English Literature. In 1908, the position of Dean of the College of Liberal Arts was created, to which position he was at once elected by the Board of Trustees. As teacher, he won rare success, at once by reason of inherent magnetism of personality, never-failing sympathy with the mental attitude of his pupils, and the power of communicating to the students with whom he came in contact the conviction of his own genuine personal interest in their success and progress. The great measure of personal popu-

larity which he has won was never more deservedly won. Because he has always shown himself, and proven himself, the friend of the student. And he has fairly demonstrated the true basis of that friendship by indefatigable application to the complex task of the solution of the difficulties and perplexing problems which ever beset the student, whether in the class room or on the rostrum, in the Y. M. C. A. or on the campus. Indeed I have known no man, during the twenty-one years of our contemporary association with the University of North Carolina, who has so firmly and consistently championed democracy in student life. The ideal which he has ever held before him for the college has been the democracy which breeds self-reliance and self-mastery, and develops that higher form of freedom which has been justly defined as the will to be responsible for oneself.

During the past two decades, this university has steadily been losing the last vestiges of that aristocratic character which was its ancient heritage. To-day, this people's university justly prides itself upon the fact that each student stands upon an equality with every other student, in opportunity and in actuality. Neither wealth nor ancestral social standing now advantages a student to the prejudice of his less favored fellow student in the eyes of president, faculty, or students. Personal ability, strength of intellect, and force of character open all doors. All nobly recognize and realize the dignity of labor, the intrinsic value and unique merit of personal effort. Many forces, many personalities, have surely operated to realize this great consummation. In this new orientation of social sentiment and purpose, no one has been so unchanging in his attitude or so conscientious in his purpose as Edward Kidder Graham.

While Mr. Graham has devoted the best of himself in the past to the teaching of English, the study of student life and university administration, and the art of public

speaking, he has found time to write many essays of conspicuous value and refined style. As a co-editor of the *North Carolina Review* during the first year of its existence, he wrote for every issue an editorial "causerie" which, by its ingratiating simplicity and quiet charm, soon won for the magazine many and constant readers. His speeches show all the earmarks of the literary stylist, and irresistibly find their way into print. Noteworthy among his printed papers are the studies in the history of Southern oratory, in *The South in the Building of the Nation*, and the essay, "Culture and Commercialism" in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, in which he memorably defines culture, after the American practice and ideal, as "achievement touched by fine feeling."

The University of North Carolina is today confronted with an array of great and complex problems to which must be brought infinite patience, supreme tact, and ability of a high and varied order, if they are to be solved in the interest of the people as well as in the interest of sound scholarship. This great power plant will be impotent, futile, unless engined with the dynamo of intellectual force and creative scholarship. Material resources, adequate equipment, if attained, alone do not suffice to constitute a great university. Deeper than all, back of all, lie the intellectual and spiritual resources of the men who embody the educational principles and social ideals of that university. The supreme need of to-day, is to release this vast, pent-up force into channels of service and utility to the great masses of the people. To minister to the practical, the intellectual, and the spiritual needs of the people, vital contacts must be established between the university and the people.

The University must become the clearing house of the intellectual, cultural, and sociological interests of the State. In the old days, it was enough for the people to come to the

university. Today, our university with its enlarged and glorified vision of public service, recognizes that it must go to the people. Its new mission is to touch with transforming hand the larger life of the State. This is what we mean when we say "University extension." In the language of our new president: "We hope to make the campus co-extensive with the boundaries of the State, and while keeping the standards of university instruction and scholarly research on the highest plane, to put the University as head of the State's educational system in warm, sensitive touch with every problem in North Carolina life, small and great."

Supported by the spontaneous loyalty and co-operative spirit of faculty and students alike, fortified by the confident faith of the people of the State and their vastly deepened pride in their own university, our new president awaits the accolade of inauguration. We feel it to be the inauguration of a new epoch—in efficiency, in justice, in democracy, of administration of this great engine of social service, the university of the people.

## AN APPRECIATION

WALTER P. FULLER

Mr. Graham is the one man I have known at all that I have not heard criticised. All the rest of them have their detractors as well as their champions. There are so many things a man can be criticised for anyhow; things he does do and things he does not do. Then folks criticise those from whom they think they have received an injury and those to whom they have done an injury. And it is so easy to criticise someone that is out of your little circle, and it is so easy to keep the circle small.

I have talked with a boy fifteen minutes after he was told by Mr. Graham that he was expelled from the University; with a boy immediately after having been refused money from the University loan funds; with a boy refused special privileges to which he thought himself entitled; with a boy wrongly charged with drunkenness and gambling; with the boys who have gone to him with the countless personal problems of adjustment which arise from the seething ferment of a thousand growing, eager, hot-youthed lives—out of this I have never heard a word of criticism. Of course, there probably have been but I have never heard one. I hope I will some day. I am curious to see just what a student could find to criticise. There has often been disagreement, but never the friction of misunderstanding.

Half the secret of it is, I think, that Mr. Graham's understanding is universal. What you feel he feels too. He and the scholar are one. He and the athlete are one. He and the loafer are one. He and the religious enthusiast are one. He and the waster are one. He is both the fanatic and the man in the rut: the earnest man and the trifler; the student and the human animal; the good and the bad. All this implies that hardest of all qualities, the

ability to give things their relative values. Should this individual be sacrificed to the universal or not; is it better to tolerate this or not; is this permanent; is this movement worthy and practical; is this vital or superficial?

The other half of the secret is, I think, that Mr. Graham's understanding is sympathetic; merely understanding how the other fellow feels is not enough. It isn't going to do any good unless you get him from his view to your view, and you are not going to do that by only understanding; you must sympathize too.

It has long been my belief that a man can test his real life success by the people who come to him when they are in trouble. I like to measure Mr. Graham by that standard—all types and conditions of students go to him when they are in trouble—not because of his position as President but in spite of it. It is often so hard to find the man beneath the title or office.

He may be a great executive, a fine scholar, a leader of men and all that,—but we students aren't very much interested in that; because that isn't the part of him we know very well. The part we know is described by the words—the Friend of Man. Every one of us feels that he belongs to us just a little bit more than to all the others. When we talk about him among ourselves we call him “E. K.”; when we talk to him alone we usually call him Mr. Graham. I reckon if it came to a pinch we might call him President Graham but we would feel a little self-conscious about it. We call the others “Dr.” and “Prof.” and so forth because we respect them, but we call him “Mr.” because we love him.

## THE GRAHAMS IN NORTH CAROLINA EDUCATION

C. A. BOSEMAN

April 21, when Dr. Edward Kidder Graham's inauguration takes place, will mark a climax in the chapter of educational service that the Graham family has been rendering to the State of North Carolina during a long period that stretches back into Civil War days. Probably no other family in the State has done so much for education as the Graham family. The service that they have rendered is not a service that has attracted the momentary admiration of the crowds, but a service that has been quietly and silently speaking to the coming generations of North Carolinians. They have not occupied the exalted positions of educational workers, but beginning at the bottom they have helped to lay the foundations on which have been built and are being built, characters of real worth and real value to the State. By their enthusiastic interest, their untiring zeal, and their splendid example the Graham family is doing North Carolina an educational service that cannot be soon forgotten or easily repaid.

In the dark days of '68 and '69 when every activity that tended toward the higher things had been stagnated in the State, and education had received, possibly, a greater check than any other, Mr. John Graham, then a mere youth, came back to his native State from the Confederate Army and at once began to teach. This was a thankless and an unremunerative occupation at that time, but he persevered. This happened fifty years ago, but from that time until now Mr. John Graham has been unceasingly active in educational work. For a long time he has been principle of Warrenton High School, and it is in this capacity that he has done most service. Under him Warrenton High School has become one of the leading preparatory

schools in the State. It has given a telling stimulus to secondary education in North Carolina by the standard it has set; and if all the secondary schools in North Carolina would measure up to this standard, it would not be long before this State would rank with any State in the Union in the line of preparatory work. The pupils from Mr. Graham's school have always ranked high in this University and all others that they have attended,—the scholastic leader in the present Junior class is a Warrenton High School graduate. As for Mr. Graham's ability as a teacher nothing speaks more eloquently than the results his pupils have achieved. All of Mr. Graham's pupils have the highest regard for him. An old pupil of his, now a student in the University, says of him: "Mr. Graham is a fighting, red-headed Scotchman grown gray with a life of usefulness. He believes in God, the Bible as His absolute word, and work as the best means of realizing his faith. He practices this from four o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, and then dreams about it; his favorite saying is 'Boys, do pray push up!' He is self-made in his success, loves his work, and does it for that reason. Austere in his principles, he is a stern teacher whom all his pupils respect with a reverence that ripens into love among those worthy of the feeling."

At the same time that Mr. John Graham was beginning his career as a public school teacher, his brother, Mr. Alexander Graham entered the University of North Carolina. But the University was closed in '68, and Mr. Graham had to go to Columbia to complete his education. After receiving the LL. B. degree he began teaching in the Anthon Grammar School in New York. Soon afterwards he came to Fayetteville, and in 1877 organized the Fayetteville Graded School, one of the pioneer schools of this sort in the State. He remained here until 1888 when he was called to the superintendency of the Charlotte City

Schools. He served in this capacity for about twenty-five years, and is still connected with the Charlotte schools. But these facts give a poor estimate of Mr. Alexander Graham's service to North Carolina. During all his long career of public service he has not confined himself to any one given task, but has gone out in all directions; and as Matthew Arnold says of the cultured man, he has endeavored to make the best things in life prevail everywhere,—certainly, at least, in this State. He has always been an advocate of putting an education within the reach of every child in North Carolina whether he be in the city or in the country. In this respect his work has been parallel to that of Charles B. Aycock. During the earlier years of his work as Superintendent of the Charlotte City Schools, Mr. Graham was an earnest and energetic advocate of the local taxation schools, and travelled throughout the State advocating this. He was one of the pioneers in this work, and his energy was expended at a time when a stimulus to public education was badly needed in North Carolina. The fine personality of the man combined with his unusual ability has made him beloved and honored throughout the entire State. All his old pupils are enthusiastically fond of him and speak of him as "a fine old man." Professor Noble, authority on all educational matters in North Carolina, says: "He is easily North Carolina's leading public school teacher."

Not only have the men of the Graham family been active in education, but the women as well; and in later times, Miss Mary O. Graham, sister of Dr. E. K. Graham, has become one of the leading educators in the State. Miss Mary Graham, after graduating at Queen's College (then the Presbyterian College for Women) began teaching in the Charlotte School. Later she studied at Columbia University, and then taught at the State Normal. Soon, however, she was called back to her home to become assistant

school supervisor of Mecklenburg County. At present she is also president of the North Carolina Teacher's Assembly. Miss Graham has done a great work in Mecklenburg County, and has made this County a model to the others in the State in its rural school work. Much of this progress in Mecklenburg County has been due to her tireless energy and enthusiastic work, and her position of honor denotes her as North Carolina's leading woman educator.

Certainly no article on the educational work of the Graham's would be complete unless it included that of Mr. Frank P. Graham. But this is contemporary history and history that every student in the University is acquainted with. The "wise ones" say that Frank Graham is the "University Spirit"; certainly he is the personification of all that is high and noble on the campus. His service is not that which is usually termed an educational service, but it is what the University accounts a very important item in the development of every man. For the past two years he has been the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and in this capacity is rendering a greater service to North Carolina than the people are aware of. By his wonderful example of the symmetrical man,—the mental, the spiritual, and the social example—he is helping to form and perfect those who will go out into North Carolina and prove to the state that the University is developing men.

Thus it is evident that the Graham family—the family from which our President comes—is a family that has been and is still rendering a lasting service to the State in educational lines. This service is one, of course, that can not be fully appreciated until the historical perspective has been given it; but in the future when one looks back over the broad expanse of North Carolina history he cannot fail to understand and appreciate the work of these men. But now, with Miss Mary Graham and Mr. Alexander Graham

laying the foundation of education in Mecklenburg County, Mr. John Graham doing the preparatory work at Warrenton, and Dr. E. K. Graham, Mr. Frank Graham at the University building on this foundation, North Carolina will have within its borders men thoroughly trained who will in turn render such service that the Grahams will not feel that their work has been in vain.

## THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

R. B. HOUSE

In quantity President Graham's message, whether written or spoken, is incidental to the message of his life and work; in quality, however, it is identical. His addresses are the flashes of the fire that burns with a steady glow in his intense but controlled life. By profession he is an educator; specifically, a teacher of young men. His message, clear-cut, forceful, creative, is delivered in his daily contact with them. Formerly it was by the close and connected association of the class room, now it is by the personal chat or the ten-minute chapel talk that he pours the wealth of his life into hearts of his students. Occasionally he mounts the rostrum in a more formal way to speak his message of interpretation, guidance, and inspiration, but it is chiefly through these vivid ten-minute glances that we see into the tensely living soul of the man. There is no record of these talks save in the memory of his listeners, but there they live as an organic, controlling part of the thought of us all, and it is by this sure index that we know the man. Through this medium we have come to know the thought and character of our President, and by this sure standard we judge his formally recorded messages.

It has been with no small degree of difficulty that I have found the few recorded speeches and essays that I have, for they are in meagre proportion to the message of his daily work. Yet the proportional scarcity of his written work comes from no hesitating inability to write or speak. One would have to search long to find a style more powerful and succinct than that of his essays;—e. g. the essay "Culture and Commercialism." His subject unfolds gracefully, logically, and with a cumulative definiteness. His style shows the touch of masterly technique. Moreover, his presence and power as a speaker are grip-

ping and universal in their appeal. It is no minor index of power that he is able to hold the steady attention of the students in the most commonplace exercises of the Chapel long after the bell has rung. He commands the interest alike of the students, the teachers, the rural people, or the American bankers. His popularity, however, is not gained by a facile adaptability to couch words fitting an occasion. He is no speaker on occasions save in so far as the occasion is in harmony with his message. There is about him none of the orator, the declaimer. He has no tricks of winning attention. His message, clear-cut, simple, the sincere expression of a profound life, grips the attention of his auditors with the interest of life itself. He does not seek abroad for subjects; the most trivial commonplaces of everyday life teem with the vigor of universal truth under his touch. Herein rests the complete unity of the man's life with his message, for his life is the harmonious expression of universal ideals through the concrete jobs of the day.

All of his busy life President Graham has been pre-eminently a man with a job—having work to do of a definite, exacting nature. By the interaction of the enthusiastic spirit behind this job and the religious performance of the details of the work there has developed in him a confident, satisfying philosophy of work as the realization of his enthusiastic ideals. That he believes in his work with a triumphant faith is evident from his vital interest in its pursuit. The message of interpretation and inspiration that he pens or flings forth from the platform is quivering with the same life beats that animates his daily life. From time to time he has spoken or written in the capacity of the teacher, the critic of life, and the constructive leader. In each instance he has manifested the unifying principle of sincere, creative, fine living.

Here we find the enthusiastic teacher addressing the

others of his profession in their annual assembly. He sees the profession in the large; considering the teacher's potential relation to the commonwealth, he is confident that teaching is to be "the greatest profession of to-morrow." Passionately alive to the work of nation building, he feels that "the close relation of education and government is axiomatic." "The fact that we are teachers in a democracy is obviously, therefore, of great importance to us," he tells them, because we are the builders of tomorrow on the foundation of today. In this today he says,—“You and I, and the children we teach even more than we belong to a nation that is realizing the community concept to a degree never before reached in the history of the world, that is elevating public good into the standard of life.” There he voices his ideal of a social consciousness realizing that the school room of today is the citizen's precinct of tomorrow. This vital relation between the teacher and the commonwealth, though by no means perfected, he feels, rests with teacher himself. Let him catch the gleam himself, and build his dream into the life of his pupil, for—“We are the apostles of a gospel to which we have dedicated our lives; we are the architects of a state into whose construction go slow centuries of effort. We are no solitary voice crying in the wilderness, but 10,000 voices answering each to each, unbrokenly across the length and breadth of this commonwealth. At our feet sit no handful of dead, crystallized opinion; but six hours every day throughout the school year 200,000 voters of to-morrow turn their eyes up into ours, offer to us their eager, receptive minds, plastic to our moulding. Who shall say us nay when we teachers of North Carolina speak!”

Now he turns from the architects of tomorrow to the carpenters of today. He is voicing his message of creative, constructive, community consciousness to the rural citizens of Mecklenburg at a rally of their schools. “Culture, Ag-

riculture, and Citizenship" are the great ideas around which his mind revolves. In his joyous, progressive idea of a commonwealth he sees the unity of life in the apostle of culture and the tiller of the soil. He is triumphant in the realization that "we have learned to work together for the common good." He idealizes "the man who is hammering his ideals into his business and his citizenship, and who is invigorating his ideals with practical performance." In working together for a good place to live in, however, we are handicapped by an unsound economic basis of life. The material need is the same as the spiritual need, and the dream is to be realized through the steady progress of business. "We have learned that conditions for getting good material things—good food, health, clothing, roads, are not separate from the good spiritual things—good churches, good schools, good government, but that they are interdependent." . . . Moreover, "The business of education is to produce higher values in corn as well as higher values in culture; and the use of religion is to light the daily life of men through every transaction of their working hours, like the sun, and not merely to throw a dim, ineffectual light over the rest of Sunday." Keenly alive to our poverty and unsound economic life, he pleads for no temporary relief, but sounds a call for "a forward looking citizenship," willing to learn the facts of their daily life, and competent to face them. "The real fight of representative government is to be fought before conditions of ordinary living grow through neglect into great evils." Then he sounds the battle cry,—the slogan of today: "Where shall we begin this necessary task of realizing our dream of a commonwealth that will be satisfied with nothing less than the common weal of all? Where but here and now? Nothing can act but where it is. Our greatest lesson is to learn that these streets and stores and fields—the earth and the sky in all their daily manifestations—

are but 'folds across the face of God;' 'that earth is crammed with heaven and every common bush aflame with God;' that the 'Thy will' for which we daily pray will be done here and now or nowhere; and that agriculture, business, freedom, education, and religion are but instruments in our hands for finding the common God in the common good and making his will prevail."

The same progressive message breaks out when he shows the American Bankers the open road,—the same ideal of civic life. "Business is business, but it is also life—an essential part of the individual man and an essential part of the life of the nation. What we are coming to see is that good business, like other good human activities, has two characteristic marks: it must be a good job in itself and it must be done in accord with the standards of the nation of which is a part." There speaks the man alive to his own day and generation, rejoicing in the sure belief in its potentialities.

Thus we see the universal spirit of the man breaking forth in his messages aimed in each case at a specific audience. Now let us observe him setting forth his philosophy of life in a more abstract way to the general reading public. In his essay, "Culture and Commercialism," he offers a criticism of our life to the general reading public. The culture preached by Matthew Arnold he weighs against the commercialism of America. Measured by this standard—a standard of knowledge based on leisure and caste, he finds us wanting. We are squarely out of sympathy with such an ideal; we do not live under it, and we are scant contributors to its store. We are commercial. But brush aside this standard as inapplicable to our life, and measure it by a true standard—that of work and democracy.

Our culture ideal is found in the spirit of which commercialism is the triumphant expression. We part com-

pany with the ideal based on leisure and caste in that under it work is a means to an end; with us it is an end in itself. We have work to do in our task of nation building, and our culture ideal must be realized through work and democracy. Under our progressive system we have shown capacity for fine feeling and the intent of making it prevail. Behind it all there is a definite culture ideal, for "culture is the complete art of life;" it is "truth alive in a sincerely and profoundly lived life"; it is "the development of spirit through work—achievement touched by fine feeling." If formal culture shall touch our life at all vitally, it must do so as an aggressive leader in our progress; it must shed "sweetness and light" over our daily job and not merely over the haunts of some monastic seclusion.

In this same essay President Graham symbolizes the spirit of the awakened South as "a lithe, clear-eyed youth, of tense muscle and heaving breast." As he carries himself in the alert bearing of his daily life, as he flings out his message to us, tense and gripping, constructive rather than analytical, as he stands facing toward the future, but seeing distinctly the details of the present—interested, enthusiastic, progressively reactive to every situation, we recognize in him this virile figure of youth. Confidently, gladly, eagerly, we marshal ourselves at his side!

## THE NEW LEADER

MOSES ROUNTREE

Once more we feel the fragrant breath of spring,  
 Our hearts awake afresh with joy and song;  
 New life arouses each insensate thing,  
 And nature, slumbering through the winter long,  
 Again assumes her cloak of vernal green.  
 With playful ease, glad joy, the season's king,  
 Transforms each clouded, discontented mien,  
 And reigns alone,—the breath and soul of spring.

While life thus seeks expression once again  
 And Youth and Hope dare claim tomorrow's prize,  
 Defying every thought of care and pain,  
 And fancying, reach the goal,—Ah, sweet surmise!  
 While men begin fresh tasks with youthful vim,  
 Or grasp old played-out ones with surer zeal,  
 We trust the cares of leadership to him,—  
 Our loved and idol-helmsman at the wheel.

Awake, ye bells, with mirthful notes of praise,  
 Let hope and springtime-joy have boundless sway;  
 We land the molder of our yesterdays  
 And usher in the leader of today.  
 Can'st see the future blessed by fortune's store?  
 'Tis not an empty or an idle dream!  
 Rejoice ye men in what has gone before,  
 And hail with ardent faith our new regime.

## THE CROSS

B. F. AULD

We had skimmed along the roads of Germany all day without mishap; but just as we were five miles from Dülendorf and darkness was setting in, our machine stopped dead. Jack tried his best to make her go, but we were finally forced to accept the hospitality of one of the farmers who had gathered to witness our mishap.

He had a pleasant home, a sweet little wife, and four girls. No boys, however; but I did not ask the reason why; I knew. We sat down to a plain fare, and the old man told us stories of the war. I noticed that one of his daughters, a beautiful blonde with wonderfully sad blue eyes, left the table almost as soon as he mentioned the war.

“She has had a hard time, mister,” he said to me, “and she can’t bear to hear about the war. A mighty sad story.”

When we had seated ourselves in front of the fireplace after supper to smoke our pipes, and the women had retired, I asked my host to tell the story of that beautiful aged young girl. He cleared his throat and complied. I’ll tell you his story as nearly as I remember it.

“Well, Peter Brink, that was the fellow in the case, was a fine youth, as hard working a hand as you’d see any day. He was saving his wages and working late to buy a little farm so that Leona, that’s my daughter, and he could get married and settle down. He was an inoffensive and peaceable youth that never was known to harm anyone.

“But before he had quite got the farm and my daughter, the government resorted to conscription to fill the ranks and Peter went along with many others from this community.

“Peter was shipped at once to the front, and he went into active service. He was always obedient and industri-

ous and they say he made a good soldier. But the story comes here. Peter was in the thick of the fray. His battalion had been holding a certain position for two days, and many repeated attacks of the French had failed to dislodge them. Peter was a gunner and they say that by this time he was quite expert.

“One day the French obtained reinforcements and made extra-spirited charges up the hill. They came on and on, though our guns mowed them down again and again. But they kept perseveringly on, and our whole company was finally forced to retreat. That is, all except Peter. He stayed at his gun and loaded and fired. The oncoming French were singing a hymn as they approached, and the base tones floated to Peter through the smoke:

May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee,  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

“He shot and the notes died away. But the soldiers farther back took up the refrain. It swelled higher and higher:

May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee,  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

“He loaded and fired again, and the song died away. Off in the distance he heard the same strains approaching nearer and nearer. He fired again and again and silenced the song every time. He mowed down the ranks of the men until he was finally forced to retreat. He retreated through the covered trenches and finally reached his battalion safely.

“Peter was made an officer then, his name was sent into headquarters to receive an Iron Cross. He wrote to

Leona about this time. He said that he was an officer, but that his stripe gave him no pleasure, and he was going to ask to be reduced. He wrote with a certain gladness that he would get an Iron Cross.

“It was a great day in his battalion when he was awarded the Iron Cross. The Emperor himself sent his acknowledgments of the bravery of such a noble gunner, and the priest of the battalion made the speech of presentation. It was a solemn affair. The priest made a short prayer before the whole company. Then an officer led a hymn and all joined in the refrain :

May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee,  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

“Peter didn’t join with the rest, he couldn’t. He had heard that verse ringing in his ears again and again in the last few days, and he couldn’t sing. He listened intently, eagerly as the priest commended his bravery, his Christian loyalty to his country, and to his duty. He put his hands to his ears to keep out the already-ceased refrains, and he was far from joyful as he received the Iron Cross with much added eloquence by the officers.

“He went away with the hymn ringing, ringing in his ears. He clasped the Iron Cross, and a slight smile played for an instant on his face and then died away, and he put his fingers to his ears. He hadn’t slept any since the day of the charge and now he couldn’t sleep. He lay on his pallet and looked into the dark and heard the strains come clearly up the hill. The same strains! Then they died away. Then stronger they came again only to die away again and again. He got up in the dark and looked for his Iron Cross, and he was found every morning, haggard, with the Iron Cross in his hand.

“His best friend, my son, asked him if he were sick. He answered that he wasn’t sick, but that he always heard them singing.

“‘Singing, singing, all the time. It must be all right, though. The Emperor sent his commendations, and the priest gave me the Iron Cross. He said I did my Christian duty, and he must know. They must know—they’re Christians. But they’re singing, don’t you hear them? It’s louder and louder.’ Then he’d stop short and poke his fingers in his ears.

“They all tried to be kind to him, and they all sympathized with him. But he would break into the midst of all conversations with the same sad questions, ‘Don’t you hear them singing? It’s getting louder and louder. It’s silent now. But it must be all right. The Emperor commended me, and the priest gave me this Iron Cross. It was my Christian duty—my Christian duty.

May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee,  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

They’re getting louder and louder.’ He would clasp his Iron Cross, put his hands to his ears and go away.

“Peter’s case attracted the attention of the whole company. He was growing gray. They said he was sick, and the captain sent him to the hospital.

“In the hospital he lay among the wounded and heard the groans about him. He put his hands to his ears and yelled, ‘Those behind are singing, singing, and the fallen are groaning, groaning. They are singing louder and louder. Now they are silent. No they are groaning, groaning. Now they’re singing, now they’re groaning. But it’s not my fault, I have the Iron Cross—the Iron Cross. Here

is the Iron Cross, and the priest gave it to me. He said it was my Christian duty, and he ought to know.'

"He stayed in the hospital for a month. He always had his hands to his ears and always clasped the Iron Cross. He always heard the singing, and he is hearing it yet. He finally went crazy and is now in the government hospital for the insane. He always has his ears stopped, there is a scared, wild look in his eyes, and he asks everyone if they hear the singing.

"'Singing, don't you hear them singing? It's louder and louder. Now they are silent. But they said it was my Christian duty, and the priest gave me this Iron Cross.

May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Don't you hear them?

"And his haggard face is creased with pain."

## HIGHER EDUCATION IN RUSSIA—AND THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

SAMUEL R. NEWMAN

It is perhaps more for the sake of convenience than for the purpose of making correct history that a cursory sketch of the history of higher education in Russia is started with Peter the Great. Peter, indeed, formed a landmark in the modern phases of Russian development; enough of his attention and iron will was directed to educational matters in Russia to justify the marking of his reign the beginning of a tremendous educational evolution, the last phases of which are yet not completed. If the aim and magnitude of Russian education is judged from the viewpoint of how effectively it succeeded in breaking the intellectual isolation of the Russian people from the Western World the beginning of a sketch of Russian educational history with Peter is perhaps not a matter of choice but of necessity.

Russia offers a striking contrast to other nations of Europe both in its government and in the social and political structure of its vast empire. The nations of the West may be viewed from the standpoint of a common history as regards their political and spiritual origins. While in neighboring nations there was a steady growth in popular liberty and limitation of autocratic power, the Russian people have remained practically (if not theoretically) in a stage of dependence upon an autocratic ruler. At the same time when the waves of religious reform washed away the mould of superstition and benighted thinking, Russian religion became conserved and fossilized with its Oriental shrouds. The reason for the strange course of Russian development is easily found in its political history and geographical location. The Mongolian invasion kept the country for two centuries (1224-1481) subject to the barbarians; the work of civilization ceased; and when the

invaders were finally driven out, they left the stamp of their despotic nature upon the Russian nobles. The ignorance of the people is proved by the fact that even the clergy could not read or write, and they had to repeat the Psalter from memory.

Peter the Great became sole ruler of the Empire in 1689 and immediately entered upon vast projects for its development. His educational plans and ideas very strikingly reflected his character and motives. Unlike Charlamagne, Peter's desire to spread education was not because of his appreciation of its intrinsic value. He looked upon education as an aid for the advancement of his military plans. He cared more for those forms of education the good results of which could be realized immediately and for practical purposes only. He provided for schools to train experts for public works which he projected, naval academies and engineering schools.

An important break in Russia's intellectual isolation was the Czar's sending young men of noble birth and unusual promise to study in the higher institutions of Germany and Great Britain. At the same time he emulated the example of Germany and France by plans for an academy of sciences at St. Petersburg, which he had made his capital. In the light of the present political situation in Europe it is interesting to note how Russian educational ideas were influenced from the very beginning by German models. The academy of sciences planned by Peter was opened by his widow and successor, Catherine, who gave it liberal endowment. The plan of the institution had been developed in advice with eminent German scientists, and was staffed with German teachers.

The reaction against the advanced reforms introduced by Peter and the foreign influences carried Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter, to the throne, and at the suggestion of Lomonosoff, the father of Russian literature, this Empress

founded the University of Moscow, 1755. But the movement begun by Peter the Great, which broke up the intellectual isolation of Russia, was completed by the Empress Catherine II. As it is well known, Catherine was under French influences. She corresponded with Voltaire and Diderot and absorbed educational ideas from Montaigne and Rousseau. She was the first Russian ruler who conceived an extensive system of education in the Empire. Throughout her reign Catherine exhibited the keenest interest in educational reforms. Whenever she could she availed herself of the advice of foreigners; she was the first perhaps who made attempts at primary education in Russia—which however never assumed any great proportions till the end of the nineteenth century.

In an autocratic and centralized government it is natural to expect the educational system to be bound up with the centralized scheme of government. In no country on earth was this so true as in Russia. The Army, the Church and the School were the trinity by means of which autocracy hoped to perpetuate its sway over the people. From the close of Catherine's reign till the latter half of the nineteenth century the history of higher education in Russia is marked by a constant struggle between two opposing principles—the autonomy of the institutions *versus* autocratic government. Alexander I, who ascended the throne in 1801 established the "Ministry of Popular Enlightenment" which, together with the Holy Synod, shared the control over the primary schools while over the higher schools it was the sole master. The administration of the schools was a perfect example of a unified and centralized scheme of government. The whole country was divided into educational districts with a curator appointed by the Emperor at the head of each. At this time only three universities were in existence, the one in Moscow, one in Vilna, which was in the newly acquired Polish province

and was chiefly in the hands of Jesuites, and one in Dorpat. Two new universities were established, one at Khar-koff and the other at Kazan. The Emperor showed liberal tendencies and granted the universities a limited amount of autonomy vested in the university councils, comprising the professors and their assistants.

The French invasion of 1812 and the fears excited by the Napoleonic wars produced a great reaction to the liberal tendencies. The supervision of the institutions of learning was given over to the Holy Synod, an ecclesiastical body that has never in Russian history shared the favor of the people. Ecclesiastical restrictions interfered with the scholastic freedom, and the university councils were subordinated to the curators of the district. All agencies of instruction were closely scrutinized.

The reactionary movement received fresh impulse from the despised Emperor Nicholas I, who succeeded his brother Alexander in 1825. The new ruler was an autocrat by temper and conviction and this natural disposition was intensified by the revolution, which broke out after his accession. His reign was marked by the extension of absolute authority in all directions and the increasing complexity of the bureaucratic system. In an unconcealed manner the Emperor tried to make higher education the monopoly of the higher classes. The maintenance of social distinctions and imperial ends was made the definite purpose of education. Never in the history of a nation were the opportunities for higher education for the common people so purposely and openly checked as during the reign of that Emperor. He broke up the continuity of studies between the primary and the secondary schools and limited the former to elementary branches suited to the humblest classes. He put the control of all the schools in the hands of the police, and even provided for state supervision of private instruction. He established a censorship

over the lectures in the universities and a spying system over the professors. All the books, periodicals and exchanges which the universities received from other countries were censored. While the nineteenth century marked the intellectual awakening of the whole of Europe Nicholas endeavored to bottle up Russia from any liberal influence that swept the brains of the people of Europe.

The Emperor Nicholas died in 1855 just at the close of the Crimean War. His son and successor, Alexander, showed full sympathy with the social aspirations and intellectual purposes of the liberal movement. The radical measure which won for him the title of the "Czar Liberator" broke serfdom in Russia that had prevailed under sanction of law for nearly three centuries and had determined great educational reforms. In 1863 authority to the university councils was restored and a tendency to decentralization was followed.

At the moment when the spirit of reform was at its height its ardors were dampened by the Polish Rebellion in 1861. A period of reaction again stepped in, and extreme centralization again destroyed the principle of free activity. Finally the universities were deprived of the last vestige of authority. The district curators were given full sway, including the appointment of the university rectors (presidents), the professors, and the faculty deans. These measures paralyzed intellectual activity in the universities. In 1905, after the "constitutional" era in Russia, the government of the universities was restored to their respective councils, only to be taken back in two years later.

At present (figures taken for the year 1911) Russia has ten universities, one in Poland, one in Siberia, one in the Baltic provinces and the other seven in the largest cities of the Empire. There is a sharp division between universities and higher technical schools. A great number of

higher educational institutions which would be classed in this country as universities receive in Russia special names. There are special universities for women which are known officially as "the higher courses for women." These universities for women are in no wise inferior to the regular universities. An interesting feature in the higher education is the costly and wonderfully equipped medical schools for women. The total number of students in institutions of what in this country would be known as universities (not including minor and even medium-sized colleges) in 1910 was about 70,000, distributed as follows: universities, 44,000; universities and medical institutes for women, 11,000; higher technical schools, 12,000.

The equipment of Russian universities and the grade of instruction stand out in marked contrast to the general economic and educational conditions of the country. The Russian universities may well compare with the German universities. The yearly appropriation for higher institutions of university grade was in round numbers seven million dollars. This made 700 dollars per student. Considering the fact that all higher institutions have large endowments the yearly income per student is about 1,200 dollars. Another feature in Russian universities is the large yearly appropriations for the support of needy students. The proportion of students who live on stipends in Russian universities is very large. The government appropriation for this purpose amounted for the year 1910 to eight dollars per student. Besides this the universities have their special funds for this purpose; there are many societies among the people in the university towns for the purpose of helping the needy students.

The three leading universities in point of numbers and importance are: the Imperial University of Moscow, 10,400 students; the Imperial University of St. Petersburg,

9,900 students; and the Imperial University of St. Vladimir in Kieff, 5,300 students. All the universities have rich museums and well arranged and accessible libraries. The number of volumes in the University of St. Petersburg is about 2,500,000 (in conjunction with the Imperial Public Library); in the University of Moscow, 450,000; in the University of Kieff, 600,000; this does not include departmental libraries and the libraries of various learned societies which are attached to the universities, as it is common in Russia.

The professor of a Russian university is a gentleman of power and cultivation. His career is one to which the worthiest citizen may well look forward. Although the highest classes prefer the military service, yet to some of the nobles who prefer a quieter life, service in a university is most inviting. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was the fashion for Russian university professors to prepare themselves for their work in West European universities. A great number of them brought back with them the spirit of constitutionalism and as a consequence the government looked upon them askance. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the government gave preference to the Russian trained professor. Though as a body the Russian academicians have achieved prominence and fame in all the arts and sciences, it must be admitted that in the appointment of a professor his political "soundness" is the main consideration. The appointment to a professorship lies in the hands of the Minister of Education whose duty it is to see that the enlightenment of the Russian youth is carried out in accordance with the government's program. The official attitude as to aim of education may be summed up as follows: "The school should counteract the development of materialistic tendencies, should develop a conservative spirit in the youth, and strengthen in them the spirit of submission to the law and respect for the

Czar." Professors whose views on the aim of education are broader are not tolerated in universities. Though the universities are strictly secular institutions it is very seldom that a Russian who is not a member of the Greek Catholic Church is appointed to a professorship. Jews and Protestants are, however, represented in the faculties of Russian universities but usually hold the rank of "extraordinary professors."

The standard of admission to Russian universities is comparatively high. The graduation of a gymnasium only admits to a university. The gymnasium course extends over a period of eight years, into which entrance may be obtained after three or four years preparation. The school term of the gymnasia is longer than in this country and the weekly attendance is six days instead of five as it usually is in this country. The students as a rule belong to the upper middle class or to the lower nobility, arbitrary difficulties being laid in the way of students of the poorer classes who may show evidence of becoming "dangerous" citizens. The government regards higher education for the lower classes as a luxury to which they should not aspire. For this reason thousands of the poor and politically "unsound" Russian youth flock to German, French and Swiss universities where they receive, perhaps, excepting in Germany, a hearty welcome.

Sports do not play such a prominent part in Russian university life as in this country. The universities being located in the largest cities of the Empire, the students are usually attracted to the richer life in the cities. Tennis is usually the most popular sport; in a few cases the men row, or sail, but in most places the students "walk and walk." On the other hand, musical and philosophical societies attract a greater number of students than in this country. Social life among the students is very poorly developed. The great ethnological, religious and geo-

graphical differences among the students who come from all the corners of the vast empire make it difficult for them to get acquainted soon. The students combine in small settlements made up on the basis of the province from which the men came. Men who have their homes in the same part of the great country naturally unite. These clubs resemble, in a measure our fraternities, but are stripped of their secrecy. Yet there are "secret" societies among Russian students too; these societies absorb the greatest share of the Russian student's energy, and it is because of the nature of the work of these secret societies that the Russian student is unique in his life and thoughts from the students of any other country; it is because of this work that the Russian student may deservedly be held up before the students of the whole world as an illustrious example of noble idealism, social responsibility and self-sacrifice. In the history of unselfish service rendered to the common and down trodden people of the huge and tyrannized Russian Empire by the better elements of the Russian society the Russian students will fill a golden page.

In Russia the students are considered a distinct social unit. In the popular mind they are set off as a distinct group of people who are expected to live up to certain expectations and ideals. As the clergy as a class are expected to be standard bearers of religion and morality so are the students in Russia expected to be the standard bearers of culture and enlightenment. There are a complexity of reasons that caused the Russian students to be looked upon as a distinct class which must embody definite ideals. The main reason however is to be found in the political and social condition that prevails in Russia. Among a population four-fifths of which are illiterate it is natural for the few educated ones to be singled out and placed upon a pedestal. In a country where social differences are sharply marked, where religious bigotry is preva-

lent, where racial hatred and prejudices rank the masses of common people, in their instinctive longing for better conditions, in their naive desire to see the better, men are naturally turning their eyes to official bearers of culture, to the *uniformed* priests of knowledge. It is this expectation of the common people of *their* students who are fed and clad with their marrow and sweat that makes them respond to the higher wishes of the people, and imbibe their longings and take up their struggle. I admit, however, that I have not given a complete answer yet to the interesting question of what determines the prominent position that the Russian student holds in the great struggle of his people for liberty and progress in its foremost lines. The history of *secret* activities of the Russian student is closely interwoven with the story of the Russian Revolution. The question as to what makes Russian students, who generally come from well-to-do parents with prospects of good material careers in the different branches of government and public service, take up an uneven struggle which finally leads them to the wilds of Siberia or the gallows, belongs to the other puzzling questions of the nature and eccentricity of the Russian soul which I leave for more competent pens to treat.

The service that the Russian students have been and still are rendering to the Russian movement of liberation is not of an auxilliary nature only. In the early seventies of the last century the students were almost the only social group in the empire that dreamed of a free Russia. For a variety of reasons the revolutionary propaganda in Russia became organically connected with Socialism. The Russian intellectuals dreamed not only of political freedom but also of social equality. The economic and social structure of the Russian people made Socialism a desired and easily applicable ideal. In a country without developed industries, with nine tenths of its population liv-

ing on the soil, Socialism meant simply the return of the soil to its toilers under the supervision of the rural commune; a plan not comparable at all to modern Socialism which would mean the national supervision of highly complex and diversified industries in which millions of the population are engaged under a variety of conditions. That simple Russian socialism found fertile ground in the sentiments of the peasants who never enjoyed individual independence; Socialism to them did not mean the surrender of individual freedom in the same degree as it would mean when applied to our rural population.

This revolutionary and Socialistic proganda was carried on mainly by students, both men and women, and recent graduates of the higher institutions. When we think for a moment under what conditions this propaganda had to be carried we can realize at once what a tremendous task the Russian students have performed, and what great sacrifices they brought on the altar of freedom. In a vast country without railroads, among a people utterly ignorant, under the keen scrutiny of government spies, thousands of young Russians swarmed into the peasant villages to educate the people to their vital needs. This movement, known in Russian history as the "Go to the People Movement," is one of the finest examples of patience, love, devotion, steadfastness, and self-sacrifice that any youth of a people has ever demonstrated in its determination to serve a great national cause. It is an example that the students of other countries should emulate whenever there is a call for their service.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, when hope that Russia could be liberated by peaceful means, was abandoned, the Russian student entered upon the second phase of revolutionary activity, the phase of Terrorism (Nihilism). People living under a constitutional government naturally have little sympathy with terroristic meth-

ods of struggle for liberty; but in Russia, where all channels for methodic and legal enlightenment of the people are closed, where government itself is but an armed band of a few lawless privileged individuals, terrorism is looked upon as the sole efficient method of expressing the feelings of the people. . . . If I understand the sentiments of the Russian people as I should, the sentiments of the millions; simple, religious, and God-fearing peasants, they never regarded the terrorists anything else but as the angels of vengeance, and their victims as sinners punished by divine will. The Russian student stood very close to the pulse of his people, its fluctuations he recorded with blood upon the dark-smoked political reality. . . .

The Russian student may well be looked upon as the barometer of the political and social currents of the country; as the crater through which the glowing lava, hot from the inner depths of the people, makes its outflow. In no country on earth are the students so vitally related to the great issues of their people as in Russia. We have in Russia such a thing as student psychology and student tradition that impels its members to live up to its precepts.

The relation of the Russian student to things religious is very different from that of the American student. While it may be said that religious activity in American colleges absorbs a very great proportion of the students' energies, in Russia it concerns only a very small minority of students. The fault is not with the student but with religion as we have it in Russia. The Church being a part of the State, and as well as the school, subservient to Czardom is naturally ignored by some and opposed by others. The State church does not hold up any political and social hopes for the people; no social justice in a broad and modern sense is preached from its pulpits. While it is recognized that the church does a tremendous amount of charity, it

is also clear that she refuses to point the way to a radical cure of the conditions which she hopelessly struggles against. For this reason the Russian revolutionary students—and the majority of the Russian students are revolutionary—do not affiliate themselves with religious activity. A deeper insight into the political activities of the Russian student will reveal that they combine those elements of thought and action which in this or other Protestant countries would be styled as religious. To us, Russians, such terms as *revolution* and *freedom*, compass far more greater meaning than their dictionary definition. To swear by the belief in Russian freedom is not an uncommon thing in Russia. When you see a young Russian speak about freedom with glowing eyes and heaving breast his thoughts embrace something more than the conception of a constitutional government; of what he surely thinks is the Messianic era.

## THE TWIN DEATH

ROLAND P. M'CLAMROCH

"Keep your hands up, there," growled the bandit, indicating the man at the end of the line, as he swiftly relieved the three women passengers of their valuables. After a thorough search he passed on to the first of the two men, at the same time ordering the women to get into the carry-all. This first individual was an extremely nervous little fellow—his nervousness diminishing in no degree by the closer approach of the desperado. Then—a shot rang out. It was too much for him and he collapsed immediately into a small round heap. The bandit had staggered and then fallen, making no attempt to fire his Colt as he fell.

"Get this little fellow and drive the women on up around the curve, while I see how bad I got him," snapped the man to the driver, as he laid his smoking automatic down and stooped over the figure of the robber. "God, I like to have finished him, sure enough," he muttered, after tearing the bandit's shirt away from the shoulder, revealing a bloody hole just under the shoulderblade. He then did what every man would do—removed from the bandit's face the handkerchief which served as a disguise.

"My God! Dick, you doing this?" he gasped, peering intently with a horrified stare into the brown face of the bandit. The fellow stirred at the words and slowly opened his eyes.

"Yes, Bud, it's me," he weakly replied, attempting to smile at what appeared to be his own reflection bending over him. "I recognized you a while ago," he continued, "but it was too late to back out then—and—and you got me. Go and let me die and nobody'll ever know I was your twin brother." He finished this beseechingly, but it apparently had no effect upon the staring brother, who suddenly began to snatch off his coat, at the same time exultantly exclaiming:

"Quick, I've got it! Help me get off your coat and hat and you put on mine. Nobody can tell you from me. You could never get away with that shoulder. I'll take your place and join you back East in a few days. Hurry, the driver will be back in a minute."

"No, Bud, I can't let you do that," quietly protested Dick. "They'll get you sure and then it will be all up."

"Shut up and hurry," commanded the brother. "I'll meet you in San Antonio day after tomorrow and then we'll go back to Mother." At these words the bandit completely broke down and offered no further resistance to the exchange of clothes. The exchange having been hastily effected, the brother laid the stolen valuables by the bandit as if they had been dropped in a hurry, grasped his brother's hand, fired the long Colt and broke into a run through the brush. He was none too soon, for at this moment the driver, having heard the shot, had quickened his pace and rounded the curve just in time to see a figure disappear among the dense shrubbery.

"Come on, help me to the carryall; you can't get him, even if he is wounded. Anyway, he dropped the jewelry and purses." He pulled his hat far over his eyes and slowly rose to his feet with the assistance of the Westerner.

A few hours later, after traversing some five or six miles of thick underbrush and deep sand, Bud drew up at a small stream and weakly dropped down. He was utterly exhausted from this unaccustomed exertion which had been forced upon him. Yet, after taking a long drink, he struggled to his feet and pushed on towards a small cabin, whose single chimney was sending a slender column of smoke upward toward the clear sky.

As was the western custom, he was received with due hospitality and made to feel at ease by the squatter and his wife. Thus, it was with no suspicion that he acknowledged the muttered withdrawal of his host some time

later. On the contrary, he was rather pleased, for he had been wondering how he was to answer any pertinent questions which might arise. It was with a comfortable feeling of security that he completed his lunch of dry bread and crackling, and then lay back in his chair for a short rest. This rest soon extended into a nap and presently he was sleeping soundly—"Don't! Don't! Dick, they are going to shoot me! Look out—" He awoke with a jump, just as several riders, led by the squatter himself, threw themselves off their horses at the door of the hut.

The squatter pointed him out. "There he is, sheriff, Dick Dunn himself. Watch out for him—he's heeled." The sheriff and his four deputies approached the Easterner with levelled guns.

"All right, Dick, we've got you; no tricks now." Bud Dunn did not say a word but nodded mechanically and reached for his gun in order to hand it over to the sheriff. Then it happened—Bud fell without a word with five bullets in his body. The sheriff's men had obeyed their orders and Bud's tenderfoot mistake had cost him his life.

"Well, it had to be done, men," said the sheriff. "Dick Dunn was too tricky and too sure a shot to take any chances with. I wouldn't 'a thought he'd try to pull that old gag about bein' polite and wantin' to hand over his gun, though. Well, strange things do happen—put him across your horse, Pete."

The following day the tranquility of San Antonio was ruffled for a few moments by the deliberate suicide of a robust young fellow with a freshly-bandaged wound in his shoulder, as he stood before the bulletin board of the "Morning Daily." There were no clues as to his identity, neither could any cause be assigned for his act, unless the latest bulletin sheet announcing the "capture and death of Dick Dunn, road agent and outlaw," could by some means be connected with the deed.



# UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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## EDITORIAL

### THE INAUGURATION IN ESSENCE

#### PRESIDENT GRAHAM'S SELF-DEDICATION

"Our present ceremonial becomes less the installation of an individual than a reverent and passionate dedication of all of us and all of the energies and powers of all of us to the civilization that the institution exists to serve."

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#### THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING AS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY

"The State University is a living unity, an organism at the heart of the living democratic state, interpreting its

life, not by parts, nor a summary of parts, but wholly fusing them all into a new culture center, giving birth to a new humanism."

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#### THE PRESIDENT'S PROPHECY

"Our immortal Mother will hold secure her priceless heritage from her elder sons as the pledge of the faith she keeps; she will cherish the passionate loyalty of her latest issues with the sacred pride that only a mother knows; she will seek guidance above the confusion of voices that cry out paths of duty about her, in the experience of the great of her kind the world over; but she will not in self-contemplation and imitation lose her own creative power and that original genius that alone gives her value in the world. As the Alma Mater of the living State and all the higher aspirations of the people she would draw from it the strength that is as the strength of its everlasting hills, and give answer in terms of whole and wholesome life as fresh as the winds of the world that take new tone from its pine-clad plains. Eager, confident, sympathetic, and with understanding heart 'she standeth on the top of the high places, by the way in the places of the path; she crieth out at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors, unto you, Oh men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men.'"

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#### GOVERNOR CRAIG'S DEDICATION

"We raise him to this exalted place because he is worthy of our past, equal to the opportunities of the future, and because he will lay upon the altar of this his Alma Mater, a priceless sacrifice, essential in every scheme for the redemption of men; a pure and earnest life."

## PRESIDENT ALDERMAN'S PROPHECY

“Whatever path of service our American universities may choose, and freedom of choice belongs to them, the path of this particular University, entering today so impressively upon a new and confident era in its history, lies clear and shining before it. No just man can deny to it leadership as the chief constructive agent in the building of a new social order in an old, historic State, whose entire history, in weal or woe, in defeat or triumph, is the very epic of the deathlessness of democratic hopes.”

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## MR. T. C. BOUSHALL FOR THE STUDENTS

“To offer our loyalty to our new President is superfluous; he has won it. To pledge our support is but a form, for we have accepted him as our leader. To assure him of our affection is to question the love of brothers. To rejoice upon this happy occasion is but natural, and to express our happiness is a task of poets inspired and of laureate fame.”

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## MR. GEORGE STEPHENS FOR THE ALUMNI

“In spirit those who are absent and in person those who are here, share with you the joy of this notable occasion, when so distinguished a company has gathered to speak earnest words of greeting in fitting recognition of the great honor that has come to you. The occasion honors, too, our Alma Mater. Her life has been your life, you know her needs, her problems, her opportunities. And now your strength, which has become her strength, will find infinite renewal in the knowledge you have of her greatness. To you and to our Dear Mother, I bring affectionate greetings from the alumni, your brothers and her sons, and here and now we pledge anew to you and to her

our loyalty, deeper and more sincere today by reason of the inspiring vision of her future that your leadership has already given us.”

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Have you caught the significance and entered into the spirit of this great day?

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### OUR SWAN-SONG

The MAGAZINE this year has not been what it should have been. It certainly has not been what it *could* have been. We, the Board, are more disappointed in it than anyone else ever could be. Sorrow sits unceasing on our souls. Oh, that dear child of ours, the first offspring of our youth, that dear, beautiful Polly C., produced and nourished with such care and introduced to the world with such assurance!—how many cruel blows you received at the hands of the forgetful parents who produced you and of the many foster-parents who assumed their share of your support as a burden heavy and of little joy. Small wonder poor pretty Polly C., at the tender age of a few brief months, punted the pail without the solace of a single friend at the bedside, and now at last rests in peace under a fine tombstone that says, “Gone but not forgotten”—if, indeed, there was enough left of the poor neglected carcass or enough interest in it to furnish the where-withals for a funeral and a tombstone.

Yes, our policy died, but it is not forgotten. It will be remembered and revived, for it was a good policy, and its little life accomplished something. In the evolutions of future days editors will arise who will lift the MAGAZINE to the full expression of its potentialities. They will be wise and learn from our sad experience that achievement is reached and wrong reformed through growth rather than through revolution. That has been the big lesson of

the year to us, and whatever its cost, we will never have reason to regret it—even if the MAGAZINE does. We know now that the dripping of water has caused greater changes in the earth's surface than all the earthquakes and we rest content in this our own philosophy that in due time all things will find their true solution, even the societies will cease their inevitable and eternal decay, the *Yackety Yack* will be a decent book untainted with graft, campus honors will be divided with mathematical impartiality, unrighteous ambitions will yield sway to love for the common good, and the MAGAZINE will be readable and *read*.

And so farewell, thou fickle Maggie Zeen!

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#### POST-ELECTION HOPES

At the recent elections to the MAGAZINE Board, the societies acquitted themselves nobly in ratifying by their votes the automatic election the several editors had already won by their able work of the past year. Mr. B. F. Auld is the new Editor-in-chief. His creative talent and editorial ability are amply proved and need no introduction to our readers. His associates are Messrs. W. T. Polk, J. A. Capps, S. J. Ervin, F. H. Cooper, McD. Lewis, and W. H. Stephenson.

It is not too much to hope that in such hands the MAGAZINE will be able next year to unravel still further the mysteries of its destiny; to find for itself a definite purpose, a real reason for existence, and the power to fulfill that mission; and to become in an increasing degree a publication maintaining a certain literary standard without attempting unattractive depth, offering articles of interest and value that will compel the students to its pages as readers and contributors. In this way only can it become a true Carolina organ. It is an opportunity for a

magnificent service, a man's-size job, and one that will challenge the best efforts of the editors to whom it is committed and in no less degree of those students who consider the best none too good for Carolina and to make it prevail for her a sacred trust upon their individual selves.



# SKETCHES

CONDUCTED BY J. A. CAPPS



## BATTY DON

I had always been known as a woman hater, I guess, but I think it must have been hereditary on account of my father's dislike for women, that is, all except one. Owing to this characteristic I was christened by my club-mates "Batty Don,"—"Batchelor" sounding too "pusillanimous," as they chose to term it.

But with the coming of Ruth and Cecelia Stephenson my heretofore disregard for "man's best helper" took a sudden tumble, and my heart immediately lost its sense of behavior, fluttering from one side to the other, oftentimes journeying upward to find a temporary resting place in my throat. They were beauties, these daughters of the South, and they not only afforded me many pleasant hours, but caused me to spend innumerable restless nights as well. To save me I could not judge between them. Ruth, with her bright eyes and golden hair, stood out in deep contrast to Cecelia, with her dark curly locks and big brown eyes that seemed to pierce one's soul, and a mouth that would tempt Apollo himself.

It was one of those rare summer nights. I had come to the house with the firm determination to make my selection. And when we arose from the dinner table I motioned for Ruth to follow me as I went out to crank the roadster. I had to wait but a few moments, for veiled and dustered, she soon came tripping down the steps and lightly took her place beside me. A whir, a cloud of dust, and we were away.

My time was pretty well taken up dodging vehicles in the congested traffic on the streets, but through it all I managed to tell Ruth that it had always been she and no

other; Cecelia, I said, was a good girl and would make somebody a splendid wife, but she was not the one for me, it had always been Ruth. All this time Ruth was not very demonstrative and I wondered at her silence. She turned her face toward me as we glided under a bright arc light and I raised my eyes to read her answer in her face. How I managed to steer for the next few moments will ever remain cloudy in my perturbed brain; for there instead of Ruth sat—Cecelia!

My journey on the high sea of life is almost at an end, but I still go occasionally to the club for my 'alf and 'alf. The boys have nearly all departed, but those who yet remain, persist in calling me, as of old, "Batty Don."

—GEO. W. TANDY.

# AROUND THE WELL

CONDUCTED BY W. T. POLK

EVERYMAN'S EDITORIAL PAGE

## THE HONOR SYSTEM

An article appeared in the last issue of the magazine entitled "The Honor System," in which the writer implied that the honor system at Carolina is not a success. I think the writer of that article is the only student in the University who doubts the success of the honor system, but fearing that outsiders might think that he had pictured true conditions here, I write this article.

The writer of that article implied that the honor system is a failure, because three cases of stealing had not been caught up with. Anyone who would give this reason a moment's thought would readily see how absurd it is to say that the honor system is a failure, because three cases of stealing have gone undiscovered. Is law a failure? Would we feel justified in saying that law is not a success because three thieves are not apprehended and punished?

But the honor system is more than a system for the apprehension and punishment of evil doers. It is a system which contributes a great deal to the building of good character.

For instance, the Freshman class entering the University numbers nearly three hundred. These come from high schools and preparatory schools from all over the state. While some of these schools have the honor system, the majority of them do not. It, therefore, becomes necessary to instil in them the spirit of the Carolina honor system. This has such an effect on them that even those who have been accustomed to cheat and steal when an opportunity offered itself "quickly grasp the situation and take a pride in straight dealing." A striking example of this

kind is shown by Dr. Venable in an article on "A Question of Morals." He says, "A few years ago a student from a northern city who had just entered the University of North Carolina had to stand an examination alone under one of the professors. This he past creditably. A month or so afterwards he came to the professor stating that he had used unfair means. In the institution from which he came the students were kept under close watch and it was the custom to cheat when ever possible, the student fitting his ingenuity against that of the monitor or teacher. He found the sentiment of the students here against it. He thought they were right. It was a case of honor or dishonor and he would submit himself to the judgment of the professor."

Is not this character building of the highest kind? Is there any doubt as to the success of a system that accomplishes such result as this?

—ALEX G. GALLANT.

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ON MAKING THE AESTHETE PREVAIL

The sentiments of the writer in this regard were not provoked but were rather crystallized by an examination of the Teachers' Application Blank recently prepared and distributed by the School of Education of our U. N. C. The blank in question had at one point the question, "What form of athletics can you direct?" Elsewhere there were spaces to note curriculum courses completed;—nowhere was there mention made or question asked as to one's ability to conduct literary society work, dramatics, or music. By this there was illustrated what four years of varied college experiences had previously suggested and proven as true: we men in undergraduate work and those of the generations immediately preceding us as well as many of our educators, are suffering with an *Athletic Insania*. And, sad to say,—it is a monomania.

Just there you have your problems suggested. "Aesthetics or Athletics?"—"Why, both, to be sure!" you say. In theory maybe; but—in practice? Is the B. V. D. (which in this case, O gentle reader, signifies that autumnal-ruling deity—the Beat-Virginia Demon) at the bottom of this subordination of the mental and refined to the physical and gross? or do the High Schools stand as gauges through which the athlete may pass but the aesthete is too great to go?

I will not attempt to answer the question as to where the fault may be. But fault it surely is; and it lies with us of the university to correct such error before mind shall have become entirely subordinated to muscle and our institution shall have passed into a vast training camp which builds up the physical and contents whatever mental there may be thereabouts by recountal of the exploits of Jess Willard or avid perusal of the sporting sheet.

There has been known to the writer but one college table at which matters of asthetic interest were freely and frequently discussed and enjoyed, at which one was not half timorous about offering a cultural theory or making a literary allusion, at which there was no mention of "High-brow" or "Get the dictionary" (those invaluable expressive aids to the inunderstanding asinine!) at which there was an atmosphere in which matters of the mind might freely live and thrive.

Let the generations of cumulative culture, which many good Americans have behind them, tell their tale openly; for it is after all the things of the mind that last after the physical passes. Let us of the University set the real standard; let us make the aesthete prevail.

—W. DOUB KERR.

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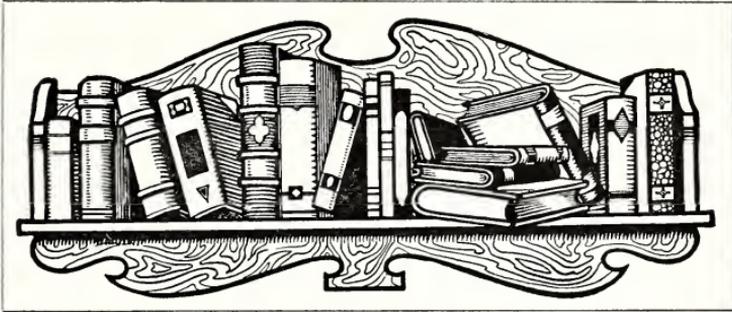
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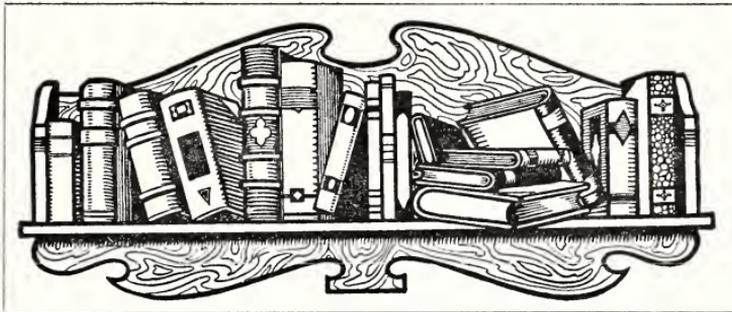
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