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November, 1915

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The University of North Carolina Magazine

Old Series Vol. 46

No. 1

New Series Vol. 33

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The University of North Carolina Magazine

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T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1915

Old Series Vol. 46

No. 1

New Series Vol. 33

Editorial Comment

The duties of starting the Magazine may be compared to those of starting a long-unused mill. This year, as we **"WE BOW"** step into the place left vacant by the failure of the editor-elect to return, we find the editorial mill rusty and dull. Such a state is due to the neglect of the chief miller whose attention was forced to other affairs, and to the vacation laxity of his assistants, who, leaving the care of the machinery to their chief, themselves sported with Amaryllis in the shade. If, for this reason, we have spent the first month in little else than in chipping stones and polishing bearings, we are now at least sure that our plant is ready for business. Barring capitalistic or industrial disturbances then, we hope to turn out from the grist supplied us a product that is the finest water-ground.

Unless we are to consider literature as some Divine Gift that comes unasked into the life of some "genius" and finds expression through his inspired but effortless activity, we may, perhaps, connect literature with effort just as we connect every other great field of production with effort. The impulse to expression is present in every normally functioning organism, and it is a primary index to such normality of function. The university that gets no further in its effort to find truth than to contemplate it

**LITERARY EX-
PRESSION AND
SINCERITY**

listlessly may be compared to the Indian contemplating his big toe; it must give expression to its life, or be in all essentials dead. It may be readily granted that we as students, in the receptive stage of knowledge, could hardly be expected to contribute in any greatly original way to the world's treasures of literature. But our very effort in assimilating the knowledge we gain, our very thought about our life here, should take form in literary as well as other forms of expression. Literature is essentially a sincere experience in life finding expression through art that is the result of intelligent, sincere effort. In fact it is so thoroughly the result of sincerity and intelligent effort in life that we are justified in asking if the absence of literary expression from college life is not an indication of the absence also of sincerity and intelligent effort from our life here.

For instance, in our literary life here is our experience sincere? Is our enthusiasm for Shakspeare the result of a sincere appreciation of his works? How much of it is the temporary result of cant about Shakspeare, or of notes boned up for examination? Do we get much more out of Shakspeare than three hours credit? It might be asked in passing, too, how much of the mountain of notes and references accumulated in a literature course is essential to the appreciation of literature, how much is the fungus growth of doctor's theses,—a science in themselves. The same test may be applied to other subjects. How many of us get more out of chemistry than the facts forgotten soon after examination? Do we think our subjects or do we memorize them? In considering this question of sincerity in college experience we can bring much criticism to bear on our methods of study and instruction. Probably no men are more alive to the imperfections of educative methods than the men professionally engaged in education. But we have no right to criticise a professor or a course, or

to ask what truth and guidance they have to give us until we assure ourselves that we are sincerely seeking truth and guidance. Are we really seeking truth in college, or are we rather exploiting our opportunity in idleness, or activity worse than idleness? Again let us ask, "Is college from our point of view, a place of sincere experience and intelligent effort?"

It is, perhaps, a common explanation of an age we do not understand to say that it is an age of transition. But it **TRANSITION** is a platitude fraught with all the truth of apt application to say that for the past few years Carolina has been in transition from a spirit comparatively stilted to the spirit, newborn and aggressive, that now animates our expanding life. This spirit, growing to a full realization of itself through the process of years, finds itself at present cramped within the awkward limits of its material and organized expression. The need of the University for dormitories, class-rooms, teachers, to care for its growing numbers, are but suggestions of a material need almost too patent to require pointing out. In the field of organized expression of its life, too, the new spirit finds itself cramped, on the one hand, by trying to confine its expanding life to the limits of old organizations, and embarrassed, on the other hand, by the conflicting demands of a riot of newer organizations that as yet do not express perfectly the particular side of the full university life that gives them being. The literary societies, for instance, once able, because of the dominating majority of their members in student life, to give expression in their administrative life to student government, find themselves in the new scheme relegated to a place of no importance in the administration of college affairs. Observing this dwindling of governmental powers, some of us have been led to infer that the societies

were becoming obsolete; but as the adjustment goes on we are coming to see that the societies have really been relieved from a burden of administrative responsibility so that now they are free to develop in their own particular field of endeavor. Their existence must now depend solely upon their ability to give adequate expression to the side of university life they represent. In the same way the fraternities, the rivals in power of the literary societies through the years, have become not obsolete, but relegated to their own particular expression of their peculiar genius. That they have accepted their place in the new scheme can be evidenced no better than by the fact that "frat" and "non-frat" as descriptive of college partisans have become obsolete terms. Growing out of the spirit that is forcing the readjustment of the older organizations to a particular place in the new scheme, have come a host of newer organizations,—the Y. M. C. A. in particular the handmaid of the new spirit, and numerous smaller organizations, each expressing its part of the complicated whole. Just now these organizations, conflicting, and overlapping in interests and membership, present all the imperfections of youth. In particular are their demands embarrassing on the individual student, who, realizing the good in each organization, cannot help but support each one. But the drain on his energy and interest by this well nigh impossible task is making clear the fact that one man can now no longer hope to be an influential member of every organization on "the Hill." In the embarrassment of these various demands we are tempted to cry, "Let us stop and readjust," but readjustment comes not by stopping but by progressing through time and serious effort. And so, trusting in our leaders, our spirit, and our own efforts, we face the embarrassments of our transition period.

Among the many events that manifest the transforming power of the University Spirit we may note the passing of "the boy" from our midst. The

THE PASSING OF THE "BOY" University is becoming less and less a place for the boy with the faulty notions about work and conduct that cling around boyhood. "Boys will be boys," and references to "college life" are becoming more and more absurd as condoning explanations of laziness, immoral conduct, and disregard of the rights of others. Fired by all the zeal of youth and enthusiasm, the University has yet come to realize itself as a place where men live, and work, and hope—men guided by the identical principles of good citizenship that prevail in the highest reaches of maturity. It is no longer a place where boys may be nursed through the exploitation of money and opportunity. The campus with its dormitories is supposed to be the home of men at work, and not the playground of children. Rowdyism, water-fights, yelling, and such rever- sions to the high school age appear more and more foreign to an environment where manhood is now evinced by more than the sprouting of a moustache.

The Oxford Spirit

One hesitates to use the word culture these days without asking the permission of the exponents of the only true culture, which is spelled with a K. Especially does one hesitate without this permission to apply the term culture to anything English. I shall not, therefore, begin this essay on the Oxford spirit with the summary statement that the spirit of Oxford is the spirit of culture. Indeed, there might be murmurs of dissent from other quarters than Teutonic if I said that the Oxford way of looking at life is the way of culture. Without stating at this point just what is the Oxford way of looking at life—the Oxford spirit, I want to give some idea of the Oxford system out of which the Oxford spirit grows.

The Oxford system may be characterized as humanism adapted to English conditions. It is upon humanism, with its "constant endeavor to know the best that has been thought and said in the world" and its recognition of human values, that the Oxford system was founded centuries ago, and that constant endeavor and recognition form still the keystone of the ancient arch. That endeavor to know the best that has been thought and said in the world is touched, however, by the practical British genius and made to bear fruit in principles of action, while the recognition of human values is exploited in the interest of human welfare. It is, then, a humanism tempered and modified, adapted to English conditions, which we find in the Oxford system. It is interesting to see how that humanism works itself out.

The oldest and the most distinctive of the Oxford Honor Schools (or courses of study) is that of *Literae Humaniores*, which embraces Classical History and Philosophy. Honor Schools in various other subjects have been added in the course of centuries, but the School of the more

humane letters, 'Greats', as it is called, retains its prestige and its voice of authority. Moreover, though there are now many more men in other Schools than there are in 'Greats,' the refining influence of classical views of life and modes of speech is marked in every School and is taken in with the air the undergraduate breathes. It is mainly due to the classical influence that every Oxford man takes the whole realm of human knowledge for his province and roams at will along all its paths. It is the classical influence which inspires the passion to know the best that has been thought and said, not only in one's own time and among one's own people but in all times and among all peoples.

In the importance which it attaches to human nature and its full development, the steady cultivation of the whole nature, as it has been expressed, the Oxford system is, again, essentially humanistic. The English people were never in such need as were the continental peoples of Europe of being reminded of their duty to the physical. The English never mortified the flesh over-much. St. George is one of the few English saints, and he does not wear a halo or exhale an odor of sanctity. England was 'merrie England' in quite early times. Indeed, it seems that it was on the intellectual side that the English were most benefited by humanism. Be this as it may, the humanistic ideal of the symmetrical development of the whole man gained a firm hold on the Oxford mind and remains today as the essential element in the Oxford system. There we may see the steady cultivation of the whole nature proceeding upon the three lines of proficiency in one field of study, acquaintance with the whole realm of knowledge, and eager enjoyment of the good things of life.

The Honor Schools in the various specialized subjects were founded on the theory that the mind gets its largest

growth from thorough familiarity with one specialized subject. The Oxford B. A. is given in some particular subject—as in Classical History and Philosophy, Modern History, English Literature, Modern Languages, Natural Science, and the like—, and there are no ‘minors.’ Upon his one subject the student is expected to show thorough information when he comes up, at the end of his Oxford career, to be examined on the entire three or four years of his study. He is not even sure that the questions asked him will be taken from the books he has read or the lectures he has heard. It is the subject that he is examined on, and it is the subject that he is expected to know.

As a relief to this rigid specialization, it is provided, in the nature of the Oxford system and in the custom of Oxford examiners, that credit is given in the examination for breadth of view which shows acquaintance with fields of knowledge not worked intensively. Specialization does not proceed to the point of excluding the impulse to generalization which we noticed a while ago. Each of the Honor Schools touches at various points the veins of truth specially allocated to other schools. Honors are not awarded with strict reference to the amount of special knowledge exhibited. The general attitude toward the subject and the style of presentation count for a great deal. Oxford examiners, on the theory that the style is the man, emphasize very strongly the style in which examination papers are written. The requirement that the examination shall be partly oral is probably due to the fact that it is the developed man that the system aims at.

This brings us to a fundamental question, What is the best way to develop a man? We have seen already part of the Oxford answer to this question. It was, Give him a thorough knowledge of one subject and an acquaintance with all subjects. The remainder of the answer has to do with the practical problem of giving the knowledge and

acquaintance considered desirable and is further concerned with the development of the whole man. It is, in a word, *Turn him loose and let him do what pleases him.* It is interesting to note the parallel between the Oxford method for men and the Montessori method for children; in both methods the principle is that individuals should be allowed to follow their own interests.

The Oxford man proceeds to self-development, to the steady cultivation of his whole nature, by eager enjoyment of life. He does not allow himself to be borne to earth by the weight of his task of steady cultivation. He is not so foolishly self-conscious as to stop and consider what is the effect upon his whole nature of every act or omission of his Oxford career. Indeed, he takes the whole matter as a lark, as he would say. He enjoys Oxford as he finds it and leaves steady cultivation to take care of itself. The remarkable thing is that steady cultivation does take care of itself.

The Oxford man is a lover of sports, out-of-doors in some game or other every day in every kind of weather. The Oxford man is fond of society. There is no place like Oxford for breakfast-parties, tea-parties, dinner-parties, theatre-parties, card-parties, and "binges." Nearly all these parties are stag affairs, and at the first three named the meal served is entirely incidental to the main business, which is conversation; there is no place like Oxford for conversation on every conceivable topic. The Oxford man has his intellectual interests. He goes to concerts, debates, literary clubs, political clubs, scientific societies, is always interested, and frequently has himself something to say. Indeed, the round of enjoyable things to do is almost endless, and it requires great moral courage to do consistent work during the Oxford terms. Many an Oxford man takes the half of the year which he spends at Oxford almost exclusively for the "extra-curricular" in-

terests and reserves the other half of the year for study at home. He attends lectures only when he cares to do so, for no record is kept of attendance. He accepts the suggestions of his tutor for what they are worth, and proceeds to do the things which interest him.

Even the most reckless spendthrift of his time at Oxford, however, falls occasionally upon moments when he can settle down to work, and, at any rate, he must give up the full enjoyment of the Oxford life in his last year, the year of his examination. At such moments or in such a year the Oxford undergraduate cherishes a curious delusion. He actually believes that he is interested in the subject he is studying. He has got so much into the habit of enjoying what he does, of keeping his mind fresh for impressions, that he actually reads Plato with eagerness and Ancient History with enthusiasm. He wants to see "what those old chaps did and thought." In accordance with his motto, "Keep fit," which applies to the mind as well as to the body, the Oxford man endeavors to keep his mind always clear and at its highest efficiency. It is this attention to his motto, along with his habit of being interested in whatever he does, which brings the Oxford man with eagerness to his intellectual task. And the justification, both from the English and the American point of view, of this entire process of cultivation of the whole nature, is the efficiency attained by it.

On other soils than English the influence of humanism, with its constant endeavor, which we have observed, to know the best that has been thought and said in the world, has tended frequently to dry up the springs of action. It has that effect sometimes, of course, even on English soil. In general, however, it may be said with truth that the man who comes under the influence of the Oxford type of humanism, who enjoys the Oxford career and absorbs the Oxford spirit, is not lifted from the plane of active service

but is equipped with principles of life which must issue in definite and constructive action. Suppose we look closely now at the Oxford man, as he receives his Bachelor's degree and steps forth into the practical world, a finished Oxford product. Let us put him through his paces and see what his points are. So may we discover the Oxford spirit.

We notice that he has a strong physique and steady nerves. These may be worth much to him in the battle of life, but they are not precisely the sort of thing we are trying to find out, and so we pass on to other things. We notice, first of all, an astonishing breadth of view. Comparisons are not always in good taste, but we could name Universities from which graduates go out with a view of life and of the world not one-tenth as comprehensive as that of the average Oxford graduate. The Oxford man's real interest does not stop with the sporting news or the happenings of his home town. He thinks in terms of tendencies—political, social, economic—and his field of vision is at least as broad as the Empire. Attention to his daily paper, daily discussion, study of world-history and world-movements and reflection on them have revealed the world to him, and have revealed it as immensely interesting.

We notice, then, as a second characteristic of the Oxford graduate, a freshness of outlook. We have just pointed out the fact that the world is revealed to him as immensely interesting. It is the same with everything. He is perpetually interested. There is a type of Oxford man who is perpetually bored, affecting a world-weariness. This is not the true type. The true type of Oxford man is not world-weary. All that he knows of the world, from observation and from reading, but stirs him to a world-keenness. Every day brings fresh accessions of interest from the ends of the earth. He is anxious to see and to understand.

Now, lest we should begin to picture our Oxford gradu-

ate all a-tiptoe and open-mouthed with eagerness to know everything, it is necessary to notice that in reality the Oxford man is the most self-possessed of mortals. He does not make a great fuss about the things that interest him. His sense of proportion and of the beautiful in human conduct makes it impossible for him to betray or feel undue excitement in regard to passing events.

Akin to the self-possession of the Oxford man is his assurance. His assurance comes from his association with the best products of the human intellect and his familiarity with history. These make him realize his own insignificance as well as that of others, but they give him a sense of at least knowing where he is in the scheme of things and in the movement of history. Sure of himself and of his own mind, he ranges from Plato to Bernard Shaw and criticizes one as frankly as the other. He dares point out the follies of the Sage of Israel and the tactical errors of Caesar and Alexander. He has "gone the whole round of creation" and he speaks as he has seen.

Behemoth trusteth, we are told, that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. He rather over-rates his capacity, of course, but he can draw up a considerable quantity after all; he drinketh up a river (presumably not so great as Jordan), and that, too, without any unseemly haste (see Job XL, 23). So, the Oxford man may have more assurance in his outlook upon life than is justified, but at any rate he can do some of the things he thinks he can do. Steady cultivation of his whole nature has bred confidence, and that confidence must issue in action. So it has been in every age in the past, and so it continues to be. The practical men of Britain come forth from the classic shades of Oxford, and the rulers of the Empire are Oxford men.

Matthew Arnold, himself an admirable representative of the Oxford spirit, probably had Oxford in mind when he said that the aim of culture is not merely to render an

intelligent being more intelligent but to make reason and the will of God prevail. In this statement, at any rate, the Oxford aim is well expressed,—not merely to know the best that has been thought and said in the world and to cultivate the whole nature but to find expression in helpful action. The Oxford man, following out this aim, becomes identified with the Oxford spirit, adopts the Oxford way of looking at life, which is distinguished by breadth of view, by freshness of outlook, by self-possession, and by the assurance which issues in action. If it seems to anyone that this is no more nor less than the attitude of culture, I make no objection. I merely suggest that Oxford, then, has in a very special manner appropriated to herself the spirit of culture.

EDGAR TURLINGTON.

To Tennyson

Immortal bard, whose sweet angelic strains

Did on the Isle of Wight first utterance know,
How silently now sleep thy cold remains
In the vast hall, where England's greatest go!

Now art thou free from bourne of Time and Place!

Now death's cold flood hath come and borne thee far!
Now dost thou see thy Pilot face to face;
Thy soul hath fled; and thou hast crossed the bar.

Yet many hearths thy Enoch now doth grace,

As he about the Arden fields doth sing;
He giveth flowers to many a broken vase,
And heavenly thought to many hearts doth bring.

Oh thou whose lord and king was ever Love,

This earth, thy kindly face has never left!
Not only dost thou live in Heaven above,
Though, of thy form, the earth is now bereft.

Thy notes of hope now cheereth many hearts

Where'er the sun doth wing his orb'd sway;
Wherever doubt doth hurl his venom'd darts,
Thy voice peals out and frights their blows away.

Immortal bard, thy sweet, angelic strains

Shall fill the earth as long as earth remains;
Thy tender face, heart-beats, and loving voice
Shall ever help to make the world rejoice.

P. H. EPPS.

The Waldenses

Probably no other people in the history of time have a past so checkered with horrors and persecutions as the ancient Vaudois, or Waldenses as they are called to-day, the name meaning "men of the valleys." There has been much debate as to where the name originated. Some think it was from Peter Waldo, the reformer, but the most popular opinion is that it came from their ancient situation in the valleys. We know little of their history previous to the eleventh century, but since then it is abundant.

They live in the Cottian Alps, so called from King Cottius, on the confines of Italy and Savoy and Dauphiny, a small province in the south-eastern part of France. According to tradition, they have lived in the valleys and on the slopes of the Alps since apostolic times, having fled there for refuge from the Roman Emperors. A popular tradition among them is that Paul on his journey from Damascus to Rome stopped with them and scattered the light of the true gospel that they have adhered to till the present day. These valleys have quaint names, such as Ronco, the valley of dews, and Angrogna, the valley of groans. Here they have suffered many persecutions at the hands of the Roman Catholic Church and endured in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries thirty-three horrible wars.

In 1665, the Duke of Savoy began a ruthless massacre of every Waldense he could lay hands upon. He invaded their valleys, burnt their humble cottages, and laid waste their towns and lands. It was this struggle that excited the sympathy of Oliver Cromwell who was then at the height of his power. He offered them a home in Ireland, but this offer was not accepted on account of the great distance. Then, the Vaudois asked him to help them in some other way. Cromwell had his Secretary, John Milton, write

letters to all the European powers for the purpose of joining in a league to stop these massacres. He did this and the treaty known as "The Patent of Grace" was the result. This treaty allowed the Vaudois to return to their homes in peace and it was observed so long as Cromwell lived. These terrible massacres and persecutions inspired Milton to write his memorable sonnet:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
Even them who kept thy truths so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones."

Thus we see them living in peace and contentment for awhile, but soon worries and petty persecutions began again. Finally, however, after seven hundred years of torture, they have at last the right to worship God as they desire. Their valleys are prosperous again as of old, and their vineyards, orchards and meadows are green. The old-time beauty has returned to such an extent that it has become one of the largest and most appreciated tourist districts of the Alps. The scenery is beautiful from their towns situated as they are on the slopes of the Alps and commanding the broad views of the valleys. Mont Visco, commonly called "The Jungfrau of the South," may be seen from their cottages.

The scope for their increase in their picturesque valleys is so limited that every few years some of the people are compelled to migrate. Sometimes they go in colonies. Two colonies have gone to South America, one settling in Uruguay and the other in Argentina. Some of the Waldenses come to the United States. About twenty-five years ago, a colony came to New York, and immediately began to search for a suitable place to settle. After some time, they chose a rough section of land in the South Mountains,

six miles from Morganton and lying on the Southern Railway. Here they built homes and were so well pleased that they sent for their relations and friends who had remained in Europe to come to America. They have built up quite a large town. It is called Valdese, though locally known as the "City of Booze" from the large quantity of wine made there each year. In this town may be seen many manufacturing enterprises, such as lumber plants, a cotton mill, three hosiery mills, one of which turns out twenty-three silk hose, a bakery owned by Rostau and Ghigou, whose bread finds sale at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, a macaroni factory—which is a very rare thing in the South—and many other industries which are interesting and which show the thrift and good husbandry of these people.

The Waldenses differ from the average immigrant in that they come to America for the purpose of making homes and not in order to collect wealth to carry back to Europe. Their religious nature is evidenced by their past history and by the fact that as soon as they were settled in Burke County they built a church wherein they worship God at their will. This church is a modern structure, built of hewn stone, and is one of the prettiest churches in the State.

The basements of their houses, their wine cellars, and their stables are built of rock.

Many of the Waldensian families still retain a large, stone bake-house in which bread is baked about once in three weeks. From one "baking" to another, the bread becomes stale, but they render it palatable by soaking it in wine.

Some of the older residents of Valdese have never learned to speak English, but they still speak their native language, which is a mixture of French and Latin and which is called "patois."

The aggregate sum of their real estate amounts to above four thousand acres. Each Waldense farmer owns a farm of from fifty to one hundred acres. The most prosperous have divided their farms into sections by planting mulberry trees around the edges of each section. They formerly derived profits from these mulberry trees by cultivating the silk-worm. Since the development of more profitable industries, however, they have ceased to make silk. Each farmer has ten or fifteen acres devoted to a vineyard where every obtainable variety of grape is grown. It is from these grapes that their delicious wine—preferably called grape-juice by the pious—is made. Frank Refour, one of the chief grape-growers, made nine hundred gallons of wine this year. It is healthful when taken in moderate quantities, but an American, in his haste to quench his thirst, often gets “soused,” as can be affirmed by many of the fellows in the community who believe too strongly in Omar’s doctrine. To the Waldenses, wine takes the place of coffee and tea. They drink it at all their meals.

The Waldensian girl may be readily distinguished from the average American girl because her complexion is fairer and rosier. Her features show her French ancestry and her cheeks have the tint of the wine. She speaks English with a beautiful foreign accent.

The Waldenses have a modern school building and a school library. That they are progressive in the cause of education is proved by their voting a bond issue for more and better schools. The girls and boys of various ages study in the public schools for six months during the year. They are quick in grasping their lessons. After completing the public school course, many of the boys go to college. A majority go to industrial schools where they work their way. A few of the girls go to New York where they work as waitresses in the hotels. The majority of the girls marry and live in their native village.

The Waldensians are good, law-abiding citizens and are ready and willing, at all times, to do anything for their friends, the Americans. If, perchance, a dusty and tired traveller walks into Valdese on Sunday in quest of a little of the juice of the grapes, they will quickly say "we no selle on Sunday," but they will give him all he wants to drink. Valdese is a veritable place of wine, pure-air, and song to the fatigued business man who has sweltered in his office all week, and to the country swain who drives over for the Saturday evening "refreshments."

The Waldenses are a great people, full of thrift and enterprise. Their town, their homes and their farms are great object lessons to the lethargic mountaineers. If the American could catch the spirit of the Waldense in his every-day life, it would be a matter of only a few years until moonlight schools would not be needed and the mountain fields would become objects of beauty, fertility, and prosperity.

H. G. GOODE.

Midnight in the Mountains

Morpheus, woo me not ;
'Tis labor lost, I trow ;
For stars are in the skies above,
Clouds in the vales below.

The lake is silvered by the moon
And shivers all a-gleam.
When nature's beauties thus unfold,
Can nature's children dream ?

How sweet the thought of sleep,
How sweeter though the view—
Above the trees too dark for green
The dome of perfect blue.

Gray-shadowed hills stretch far away
Till softened outlines cease—
And life is sweet, and God is good—
And everywhere is Peace.

ALFRED M. LINDAU.

A Memory

Number eighty-one deposited its northbound passengers at the station to await number twenty-two; then it proceeded to take on a load of canteloupes.

I was walking down by the track, between two long rows of canteloupe crates, watching the railroad hands tumble the crates abroad, when suddenly a soft touch upon my shoulder made me tingle with the anticipation of adventure, and a voice, softer even than the touch, obviously directed to me an appealing yet gentle mandatory order,

“Bob, buy me some cantaloupes.”

Now my name is not Bob, and, furthermore, I didn't know anyone within a hundred miles of that little junction, Hallburg, that could possibly be the owner of such a charming feminine voice as the one that was appealing to me over my shoulders. I remember distinctly that a little negro vender of canteloupes, coming towards me, was just beginning in piercing tones his trade-getting “spiel,”

“F-r-e-s-h c-a-n-t—”

I never heard the last part of it; for as I turned square about, a sight, no, a vision, blinded my senses to everything else in the world except the sight of the most admirably proportioned young woman that stood blushing before me. I saw only a vision of a beautiful, intelligent woman, a wonderful combination of brown hair, blue eyes, and dimples, and I heard, of all the noise around there, only the confused murmurings that came from her lips as she disconcertedly backed against a pile of melon crates.

Then she regained her dignity, and coming back to me, she said,

“I beg your pardon, Sir, for my seemingly unpardonable offense, but, you see, I made the mistake unwittingly. I thought you were my brother Bob, who got off the train

with me. You look just like him, especially your profile. And I did want some canteloupes, since they are novelties to me, and I just thought—”

Enthusiastically I broke in upon her speech. “Since I have sinned, or my parents have, in making my countenance so near like your brother’s that it fooled you into sinning against convention, let us atone for them both by buying some melons and eating them here on this pile of crates.”

“But Bob—”

“Never mind Bob,” I said. “We will perch ourselves here upon these crates and if he is walking around here anywhere he will surely see us.”

“But we are absolute strangers,” she said. “I don’t even know your name, and, too, I have already sinned enough against convention, as you yourself have said, without adding still more to it by remaining here to talk to an unknown man.”

“My name is Harold Wrenn,” I told her. “I am from Richmond where I—”

“Oh, you needn’t tell me any more,” she said, evidently delighted. “I know you now. I have often heard my father speak of you, and Bob used to see you in Richmond, and he has told me about you. I’m not afraid to stay and talk to you now.”

“And eat,” I added.

I had already procured some melons from the little black vender, and was just now in the act of preparing them to be served. This task being completed, and two rows of yellow slices having been arranged on the top of one of the crates, I raised my hands above them in mock seriousness and began to dedicate our sacrifice of atonement.

“To the wrathful Gods of propriety, we, Harold Wrenn, and—er—Miss—er—Excuse me, but you haven’t told me your name.”

"Marjorie Memory," she said very simply.

"Then, Miss Memory, let us forget that we are strangers, since you know me and memories are known to everybody."

And thus the feast began.

An hour later, number twenty-two rolled up to the station, and we scrambled down from our perch, mingled with the crowd eager to get aboard, reached the coach at last—then a fleeting glance through the window as the train pulled out, and Marjorie Memory was now indeed only a memory. I watched the train until distance hid it from my view, then I walked thoughtfully over to the scene of our recent *tete-a-tete* and sat me down to think.

Never before in my world had there appeared such a woman as this one. I had never cared for any woman especially. They had all seemed rather alike to me. But this one was different. She was so beautiful, and she showed such strong marks of intelligence and character in every line of her face. And she was so modest. Her dress was neat, simple, but exquisite. Her taste in the matter of ornaments was superb, for she was the living model of the classic beauty that was adorned yet unadorned. By her conversation she showed that she was well educated, and she had said that she was just back from three year's study abroad. Every word she spoke, every movement she made, and every glance that she bestowed upon me had emphasized to me the one outstanding feature of her whole self—she was well bred. Yes, she was born and reared an aristocrat. In short, she was the only woman I had ever met that I thought combined in just the right proportion all of the womanly virtues and graces.

I had wanted to see her brother too, partly through curiosity just to see a counterpart of myself, but most of all I knew I should be delighted with him. Miss Memory had seemed rather upset that Bob did not come around,

but he never showed up. If I were only in that brother's place, now, by her side! I thought as I sat and gazed at the place where she had been only a short time ago. And so I sat and dreamed, and dreamed, until the shrill whistle of a nearby mill brought me to with a jump. What! I thought, is it noon already? Mechanically I reached for my watch; but no watch was there! Startled, I began to ransack every pocket I had, and at every stage of the search I became more excited; for from one pocket my silver pen-knife was gone, and from the next one, my purse containing my last month's salary was missing. Quickly I turned another one wrong side outward, but only a piece of paper fell from it. The little bit of paper whirled over in the air several times and finally came to rest at my feet. I glanced at it; then through curiosity, for I carried no such paper in my pockets, usually. I picked it up. Written across it in a clear hand were these words: "Never trust memories—they are always false." "Marjorie."

SAM C. PIKE.

The Animal

A woman stood facing the setting sun. A little way behind her was a small gray house and all around the house stretching to the North, South and East were waving green fields; in the West the country as if tired of its rolling sea-like monotony broke into a wild sparse field, hilly and cut by canons, and through this field into a setting sun ran an old trail.

The sky tinted with the delicacy of mother of pearl and veiled by great gray clouds, upon the horizon became shell pink and along the west deepened to a flame of scarlet. The woman not heeding the sunset was scanning the trail for something alive in this world. There was something intense about her as she stood slim and erect looking into the West, her too red sensitive lips were parted and her face was almost statue like in its whiteness. She continually ran her hands along her black hair, which was parted in the middle and gathered in a knot low on her neck, and her large gray eyes under their dark lashes seemed burning with excitement.

A rider was coming down the trail, a black speck against the burning West. The woman had seen him and with a swift movement she undid the top button of her calico dress revealing a beautiful and well rounded neck and shoulders.

The man came near, a thin tanned rider who seemed part of his horse, and as the woman advanced to meet him he reined in his broncho. The girl put her face caressingly against the horse's head and closed her eyes. The rider reached down and kissed her and whispered as he did so and she smiled back.

"Tonight!"

The horse was lost in the dust. Some minutes later the girl turned towards the house for the long twilight had begun and it was tonight!

II

Mag Weston sat alone in the house, her dark covered head bent over her table thinking, listening. She heard steps of a horse and then turned the lamp higher, looking into her mirror as she did so. She was beautiful, she knew it tonight.

When Robert Calvert entered the room he found her sitting in a low chair with the lamp shining full on her silken hair. He bent and caught her to him and for a minute held her in his arms; then she slipped languidly into her former position and the man sat on the table and looked at her.

"Darling, I will come at two with the wagon, Jim is drunk in town."

She shuddered and then jumped to her feet.

"You really want me?"

And for answer he crushed her in his arms and her body bent over the table, he kissed her, her eyes became half-closed black lights burning feverishly, her body writhed slightly and she looked into her glass on the wall, smiling—

With a quick motion she freed herself and grasping the lighted lamp flung it from the window.

A flame shot from a revolver held in the opposite window.

The girl shrieked and crouched on the floor.

"By God! I thought it was you."

A light from the clear sky outside faintly lit the room and a bearded face was framed in the window, then came an enormous body. The man flung his pistol on the floor and looked at the other man.

"I'll kill you with my hands, you low, sneaking, wife stealing onery—"

He sprang on him and they struggled in the half-light.

The girl watched and finally when it seemed the younger

weaker man could fight no more she saw him reach for his knife—those big strong hands were on his throat. God! he choked, and then giving a last lunge the man sent his knife in his enemy's side.

The older man swore but the grip of his fingers on his victim's throat tightened. The girl in the corner prayed. Bob was losing. It would be her turn next. She must do something.

Suddenly the man's fingers loosened and he fell with a groan on the floor. . . . The woman crawled over the prostrate figures, finally she shook her man.

"Bob, go away—he's dead. I'll be waiting."

Then again the woman was alone—alone with the dead body of her husband and the faint light shone on his face and she shivered. She went to the door and saw a man walking towards her up the path from the road.

"I saw your fire, my daughter, and I thought you might need me."

He was the old, kind sky-pilot who kept the mission down to the south.

"Yes, come in," she said and then she laughed hoarsely.

The priest entered and placed his lamp on the table.

"Look there, look!"

She pointed at the body on the floor. "You will never understand but—"

"Tell me, my daughter."

"You see you have never known anyone like me, but you are good. I came out here from a big city when I was twelve, father and me. I was very happy and lived in a sort of dream until one day in a coughing fit father died. I was fifteen and he (pointing to the stiff figure) came and took me away here to live, he married me. At first I was content. I adored him because he protected me but when I became a woman, living to cook and please him, adoration turned to fear. He told me once I was too thin.

And one Saturday when we went to town he left me in the wagon and stayed away all night. The next morning he came back with a large woman with gold teeth and yellow hair. I hated him then.

When the harvest was over and the grain sold he would leave me here for weeks alone—have you ever been alone on the prairie and had nothing to love? I felt that I would go crazy and I began taking long rides off yonder in the rough. One cold day I rode for miles without seeing a jack rabbit or a bird to love. When I saw that a great windstorm was coming I started for home but it was raining so hard I was afraid to cross the Salt Fork and I fled to a cabin on the bank.

“There was a man in the cabin, a consumptive. He lent me his bathrobe and I saw that he was very ill and I cooked his supper; he looked at me and said,

“You are very beautiful.”

“I had never known it. His voice sounded like a caress and as he spoke I felt like somebody had rubbed a hand up and down my back very gently.

“I went home in the morning when the sun sparkled the world. I was very happy; here was some one I could love and nurse—someone who realized that I wasn’t a beast but an animal; a cat perhaps soft and vain, wanting to be patted.

“That was how it started; tonight we were going away when my husband found us here. He shot at my man and choked him, it was self defense. You see he was killed by a knife. Oh, don’t you see? Now do what you want to.”

The old priest looked at the dead man, then at the girl.

“Daughter, the road South fifteen miles, then turn West to Arnarillo. It is a long trail and may the Father bless you.”

And again she was left alone with her dead.

III

A covered wagon drawn by two horses went slowly towards the South. The man who was driving seemed worried, staring at the future. Beside him lying on some covering was a woman; she lay still with exquisite feline languor, her eyes were half closed, her beautiful figure was gracefully posed, her white throat and arms were uncovered. She reminded one of a splendid tigress stretched out satisfied.

"Maggie, I've killed a man and stolen his wife. How can we be happy?"

"Darling, you are very wrong, lean over me."

The ribbon of red in the East deepened and the sun came forth—glorious. The man drew the woman's head in his lap and now his eyes had lost the look of fear, horror flashed in them for just a second and then he looked at the gray soft eyes of the woman, he loved her.

She had whispered, "Do not worry, look at this." In her hands was a blood stained kitchen knife.

"I killed him."

And the wagon moved slowly on its way.

SAM TELFAIR.

An Exchange of Compliments

Percy is peculiar—people who are not related to him have used stronger terms. But I am his brother, and Percy is larger than I, and anyway *peculiar* is an adjective that describes him fairly well. Percy uses big words, writes very nice verses, and likes soup. Now that you know him let me introduce you to his mustache. Percy had a courteous mustache—the kind that requires the exercise of all your courtesy not to laugh at, and that can be called a mustache only by courtesy. Percy used to say that he was going to curl the ends when it grew up to be a real mustache.

A few weeks after Percy decided to let what hair there was on his lip grow, we went to the mountains. A few days after we arrived I took him over to see Miss Margin. Miss Margin is plump—people who do not know her well have used stronger terms. But I am her friend, and Miss Margin is larger than I, and anyway *plump* is an adjective that describes her mildly well. Miss Margin likes to have a good time, has a practical sense of honor, and does what she pleases. She knows me very well, and takes privileges with me, and relatives.

“Miss Margin,” said I, “this is my brother Percy—and his mustache.”

“I’m glad you told me,” said Miss Margin, as she shook hands with him, “I never would have recognized it as one.”

“It’s not as small as all that,” said Percy sulkily. Percy is sensitive.

Miss Margin surveyed it closely. “No,” she said, “but you must admit that it’s kind o’ sparse.”

Percy sat down in contemptuous silence. At least he informed me later that it was meant to be contemptuous. Miss Margin’s sister Enila, who had been standing at the

end of the hall, giggled, and disappeared. This annoyed Percy very much—so much, in fact, that it inspired him to retort.

“Well,” said he in what were intended to be caustic tones, “all things are comparative. Perhaps it seems extra small to you by er—er contrast.”

This was very tactless on Percy’s part. Miss Margin became becomingly pink. The most humorously inclined plump ladies do not enjoy being reminded of their dimensions, however gently.

“Perhaps so,” said Miss Margin. “Do you brush it at night?”

This annoyed Percy very much because he did. He glared into space and said nothing during the remainder of the visit. He was horribly out of humor the rest of the day, and for reasons which seemed good to me I forebore to make any remarks.

The next morning there was a letter at Percy’s place. He read the note and an enclosure, and then went into tantrums.

“Who’s it from?” I asked when he seemed to have calmed down somewhat.

“It’s from that harpy you took me to see yesterday,” replied Percy bitterly; and he tossed the letter to me.

The note was unsigned, and read, “With best wishes for success.” The enclosure was a circular advertising “Bingle’s Barbers’ Delight,” which was warranted to make hair grow on bald heads, and to make beards and mustaches spring up like the proverbial beanstalk.

“I don’t see why you’re in such a rage,” I said, “I think it’s very thoughtful of her.”

“You go to—,” said Percy, mentioning a well known winter resort.

A few days later we drove into town again, and called on Miss Margin. She was very nice to Percy, and beyond

looking at his upper lip intently, did nothing to hurt his manly spirit. No mention was made of the letter.

"She'd be quite decent if she just wouldn't make personal remarks," said Percy, as we drove home.

"I'm surprised that you didn't tell her you got the letter," I said.

"Oh, I answered that long ago," Percy replied airily.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I sent her a list of exercises and a little note, with best wishes for a big reduction. I guess that squelched her."

The next Monday we called on Miss Margin again. Her treatment of Percy was too sweet for words. She actually induced him to read some of his verses, went into raptures over them, and positively didn't cast a second glance at his mustache. On the way home, Percy was highly complimentary.

"One of the most sensible girls I've ever met," he said. "As nice as she can be. I'm afraid I was rather hasty in my judgment before." This was pretty strong for Percy. But he went even further. He suggested that I stay at home Friday and let him call alone.

The next morning I came down rather late. Percy was staring out of the window.

"Dreaming about Julia?" I asked. Julia is Miss Margin.

Percy turned and glared at me. "Listen," he said, "If you have any regard for your dome, empty though it is, never speak of her in my presence again. Look what that—that—female sent me."

I looked. "One of the nicest girls he'd ever met" had sent Percy a small package of wax and a sheet of excellent note paper, on which was written, "To curl the ends with—if they ever get long enough." I walked on up to the head of the steps, and then called down:

"She's er—er sort of providing for the future, isn't she, Percy."

Percy gave a yell and started up the steps. I was glad I had been so cautious, for I barely had time to lock myself in my room. My question had seemed to irritate Percy; so I stayed in my room quite a while. When I finally summoned courage enough to come out, he was sitting very quietly by the window. I ventured a question.

"Are you going to call Friday?"

"Certainly."

"And then what?"

"Then I'll get even."

But Percy didn't wait until after he called. Thursday afternoon he 'phoned Miss Margin and asked if she would take supper with him the next night. There was an extension 'phone up stairs, and I hurried to it.

"Is this one—eight—six?" asked Percy.

"I don't know what number that is," a voice giggled.

"Well, is that one—eight—six?" I could feel Percy growing red.

"Yes."

"I'd like to speak to the fat Miss Margin, please." There was a startled exclamation at the end, a moment of hesitation, then:

"This is Miss Margin."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow night?"

"You'll have to speak more distinctly. Your mustache makes your voice indistinct."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow night?" Percy was choking with rage.

"With pleasure." Then quickly, "If you'll promise to use *some*." Miss Margin was giggling. Percy rose manfully to the occasion.

"Of course," he replied.

The next morning Percy secured one of Aunt Mary's

most rigid lists (Aunt Mary, who would like to be smaller, is a strict dietarian), and sent it to Julia. At six-thirty he made a pitiful attempt to wax the ends of his mustache, and set out. At eleven I went to bed. At twelve Percy came home. Percy and I sleep together. He pushed me out of bed with the remark that I ought to know better than to lie on his side. As a matter of fact, fearing that the visit might be hard on his temper, I had been particularly careful to lie on my own half; but I was too anxious to learn about the dinner to resent the indignity.

"Was she pleased?" I asked.

"With what?"

"With the waxed endlets."

Percy snorted; then he said softly:

"She actually stuck to it."

"Stuck to what?"

"You idiot, to that diet I sent her. Besides which, she had intelligence enough to appreciate some of my poetry."

"Well, you must have had a nice time."

"It would have been perfect if she just hadn't remarked that the wax was fine, but the tonic didn't seem to have helped it much."

I laughed, but when Percy started towards me pretended to be asleep.

The next morning Percy was in a brown study. Percy is not of the type that ponders overmuch; so I immediately asked what was the matter.

"I've been thinking," he answered.

"Impossible," said I.

"That's rank impertinence, but I'll overlook it. As I said before, I've been thinking. I'm afraid that Julia isn't sufficiently squelched yet."

"Oh," I said, "Julia."

"Certainly, Julia. Julia, J-U-L-I-A. Have you never heard the name before?" Percy looked mean when he

asked this; so instead of answering him, I asked another question.

“What are you going to do?”

“Never mind,” quoth Percy loftily, “Little boys mustn’t ask questions.” And for two weeks he refused to answer any questions upon the subject. Meanwhile, he called on Miss Margin several times, and in spite of the fact that she had not yet been squelched, seemed to find her company highly agreeable. Then one day he suddenly announced:

“I’ve done it.”

“Done what?”

“Squelched her.”

“How?”

“Sent her a big bottle of Slim’s Anti-Fat. I’ll bet she won’t make remarks about my mustache again.”

I only smiled. I knew Julia too well to think that she would let the matter drop. Percy called on Miss Margin several times in the next two weeks, and always returned with a puzzled look in his eyes.

“She’s the finest girl in the world,” he would say, “and she never fails to thank me for the Slim’s. But she says she’ll get even, and I’m afraid she will.”

Then to his deep disgust Percy had an attack of malaria, and had to remain in bed until the day before we were scheduled to leave. We were to leave on Wednesday. On Tuesday Percy received a small box with the following very biblical note, “If thy mustache offend me, cut it off.” In the box was a very nice razor.

“Percy, my boy,” said I, “to the casual observer it would seem that our friend Julia has evened things up.”

“Yes,” said Percy, “by George, I will.”

“Will what?”

“Why, you simpleton, cut it off, of course.”

And he did.

The next day we drove to town quite early to say good-

bye. Percy walked behind me with his hand over his lip. Julia came running out to see us; and upon my word, she was no longer even *plump*.

"Why," I said, astonished, "You look less."

"Yes," said Percy, from under his hand, "You're a nice squeezable size now."

"The exercises, the diet, and above all, Slim's have combined for this effect," said Julia, not resenting Percy's remark at all. "I've lost lots."

"Oh well," said Percy, "I've lost something too," and he moved his hand. Miss Margin looked, shrieked, and pretended to faint. Percy ran forward, caught her in his arms, and gave her a smacking kiss. "But I've found you," he added, "and that's worth the loss of even a glorious mustache like mine."

Really, I was quite as surprised as you are. But then it must be remembered that Miss Margin is a very charming young lady; and that Percy, to say the least, is quite odd.

ALFRED M. LINDAU.

Letters of a Freshman.---No. 1

DEAR DAD:

I would have written you before now, but the fifty you sent me didn't expire until last night. I have joined the Y. M. C. A. and bought a memory book—it's a book in which you put pictures and write things about yourself that you want others to know after you have left college. All of the boys have them, and when I come home I will let you read mine. Yes, there are a hundred things to pay money for here and one must get them all in order to be a college man. Now, there is going to be a show in Durham next week and they say that a fellow ought to see it in order to be able to appreciate First English. For this reason I wish you would make the next check sixty instead of fifty.

You wanted to know something about my trip down here and my impressions of University life. Well, I had a pleasant trip until I got to a place called University Station. Oh no, the University isn't there. I thought it was and while I was walking about looking for President Graham's house, the train, which goes within one mile of the University, went off and left me. I spent the night in the depot and arrived at Chapel Hill the next day.

All the students knew that I was coming; more than a hundred met me at the station. They had everything to sell that a college man has any need for from post office boxes to Phi Beta Kapa keys—It's a kind of key by the aid of which you can get educated without studying books. It seemed that all the boys took a liking to me; a great many of them asked me to board with them, and they all had the best place in town and would have taken me in at reduced rates, but I had promised you that I would board at Mrs. Swain's.

We played a game of football with Wake Forest last Saturday. I won ten cents and would have won ten dollars if I had only known. It is a mighty rough game, but the

team needs strengthening up a little and I have decided to play middle-man so we can beat Virginia Thanksgiving day. I know you told me not to play, but I will have to do it, or you will have to send me twenty dollars extra so I can go to Richmond. I expect you had better send me the twenty anyway and if we win, I will pay you back Christmas.

I stuck Slob Jones for a Pickwick last night—the Pickwick is a show named after the author of a book called “Pickwick’s Papers.” The show was about a fellow named Jack, who wanted to marry a rich man’s daughter. The old man gave him his passport because he was poor. Then Jack went out West and made a fortune in the gold-mine business, and while he was making his fortune, the old man was losing his in the beef markets of New York. The old man had become very poor; he didn’t have a cent and the sheriff was fixing to send him to the County Home when, as luck would have it, Jack happened to come along and he saw what was taking place. He paid the bill and, believe me, the old man was glad to see him. He put the girl’s hand in Jack’s, and the show was over.

When I get out of college, I want to go out West and run a gold mine. There is a swell girl here who plays the piano while the show is going on. Father, do you think that a fellow ought to get married before he graduates? I think it would be a mighty good idea to have someone about who could help you get up First Math. There are several married fellows in college and they say it is all right.

With love to all. Please let the sixty plus the twenty come at once!

Your obedient son,

ALEX.

Around the Well

CONDUCTED BY J. A. CAPPS

Foreword

Under the above heading, "Around the Well," all articles from the students concerned with campus or University life will be published. It is your editorial department, and it depends upon your support for its existence.

As a rule the knocker's material has overbalanced that of the boosters. We would be glad to have a few boosters to join the student's editorial staff. However, if you know of no activities that deserve your commendation and you have a reason to knock, write your opinion out, and we will be glad to publish the article.

In writing, state in a concise way just what is wrong, and follow that up with an explanation of your remedy. Don't be personal unless circumstances make it necessary. There are many impersonal subjects that need your consideration. How do you like the trap shutters at the bottom of the stairs that lead to the second floor of Gerrard Hall? Does the football schedule suit you? Is the committee on Self-Help a success? Can you commend the Book Exchange? How about the rules requiring the upper classmen to concentrate? Then again, we often hear, just after we have lost a game or a debate, someone telling why we lost and how we could have won. Tell it here, and tell it now!

The Yackety Yack Again

The impression is pretty general that the publication of the Yackety Yack, speaking from a business standpoint, rests upon an unsatisfactory basis. The book is at present published by the literary societies and fraternities, but the entire financial responsibility of getting it out is placed in

the hands of two business managers. If they make money out of the venture, it is theirs; if they lose money, they must bear the loss. As soon as a man is elected to one of these managerial positions, his friends begin to speculate as to how he will spend the money which they think he is sure to make out of the venture,—whether he will take a trip to the world's exposition, tour Europe, spend a few more years in college, or do something else equally expensive. This is how the situation looks to some. On the other hand, the writer knows of one case where the two managers after being out of college and at work for three years, had not finished paying the debt incurred as business managers of the Yackety Yack. Taking into consideration only the last four years, we find that the Yackety Yack made money two years and lost money two years. No wonder that such a system does not meet with approval.

This dissatisfaction resulted last year in the appointment, by the organizations that published the book, of committees to formulate and submit a new plan for its publication. The joint committees thus appointed met and called into consultation with them the then editor-in-chief and business managers of the Yackety Yack. After considerable deliberation a plan was submitted to the literary societies and fraternities and approved by them.

It is not necessary here to describe in detail the plan submitted. Suffice it to say that it proposed to put the publication of the Yackety Yack in the hands of the senior class. It provided for business managers and assistant business managers who were to receive a reasonable commission for their services, thus leaving final responsibility on the class. If money was made, it was to go into the class treasury; if there should be a deficit, the class should meet it.

This proposition did not meet with favor. The then junior class rejected it, some of the members of the class

expressing themselves as satisfied with the present arrangement, others saying that in case of a deficit the class would not be willing to pay, and that it would be unfair to make it pay. In general, these were the objections to the plan, so far as the class was concerned. Others less interested than the juniors were also opposed to the proposed plan. They hurled against it the demolishing arguments of "undemocratic" and "unrepresentative." As above stated, the plan was rejected, and consequently we have progressed nowhere.

So far as that plan was concerned, it must be admitted that it was less the result of sound reasoning than of proneness to follow precedents established at other colleges, where conditions may be quite different. Believing that conditions still cry out for remedy, the writer begs leave to make another suggestion.

At the outset let us consider the nature of the Yackety Yack and the ends we wish to accomplish in publishing it. The typical college annual of to-day is the book of the whole college, and it attempts to portray college life in all its phases. Thus in our annual we find set forth by words or engravings, or both, the various classes, the literary societies, the fraternities, the Y. M. C. A., the Athletic Association, and other clubs and organizations too numerous to mention. Every student has, or ought to have, recognition in it; every student ought to have a voice in its management; every student ought to contribute to the cost of its publication. In brief, every individual and every activity of note is entitled to notice in the annual and to a voice in its management. Putting out a creditable college annual is an expensive proposition, and it should be our aim to place the burden where it rightly belongs. We want the supporters of the book to pay neither so much as to make millionaires out of the managers nor so little as to place upon the managers a burden that will handicap them

for two or three years. What we want, is this, to issue an annual that will present a true picture of college life, and to distribute with fairness the cost of its publication.

Now, since the Yackety Yack is, in the truest sense, the book of the whole University, and since every student is directly concerned with it, why not let the student body publish it? True, the student body, as such, is not organized; but the Athletic Association and the student body are practically synonymous. My suggestion, then, is that the publication of the Yackety Yack be placed in the hands of the Athletic Association.

Space will not permit of an exhaustive discussion of the details of issuing the book under this scheme. The plan under which the *Tar Heel* is now published might be substantially followed. Provision might be made for a business manager and at least two assistants, allowing them a reasonable commission for their services. One of the assistant managers might be allowed to succeed, the following year, to the managership. But it is useless to talk more about the details. A committee, appointed for the purpose, could, after a study of the question, work out a sound, business-like practicable system.

Many desirable results would come from such a system. In the first place, there would be some continuity in the work. A manager would not, as now, take up the work with absolutely no idea of how to go about it. He would have the knowledge gained from a year's experience. He would have as a valuable guide the records of preceding years. In addition, he would have the privilege of availing himself of the advice of the Graduate Manager of Athletics and the Athletic Council. By thus preserving the records and making use of the lessons taught by experience many economies could be practiced which are now impossible.

Secondly, instead of three separate organizations behind

the book, there would be a single organization. The advantage of this is apparent. Suppose, as is altogether likely, some question should arise that would make it necessary or at least desirable to go to the organization behind the book for direction or advice. It would be easy to go to the Athletic Council or to the Association and have the question settled; whereas, at present, it would be necessary to go to three separate, distinct, slow-acting organizations, which might squander several weeks in reaching a decision, and which might even fail to reach a decision at all.

The reliable backing of the Athletic Association would be another important advantage that would be gained. The literary societies and fraternities refuse to accept any financial responsibility. The Athletic Association is in a position to assume full financial responsibility; and this would make it possible to get cheaper contracts, since engraving and printing companies are bound to charge a higher rate on college annual work in order to protect themselves against loss in cases where it is impossible to collect their bills.

Again, this system would give a fair and just distribution of burdens and benefits. The book would not be published with the object in view of making money. Prices would be so graduated as to meet the actual cost of publication. If a small surplus should be left over one year, it would be held in the Association treasury to meet the deficit of an off year. So the profit or the loss, as the case might be, would be distributed among all the students, instead of falling upon one or two. Nothing could be more equitable than this.

And, finally, since this plan would offer everybody recognition in the annual and a voice in its management, it ought to delight the disciples of democracy and representation.

It seems to me that this suggestion ought to meet with general commendation. It embodies all the good features of the present system, and offers, in addition, the following: a system that is continuous from one year to another, instead of one that is altogether disconnected; unified authority; reliable financial backing, instead of no backing; a fair and just distribution of burdens and benefits, instead of one that is manifestly unfair; universal recognition of rights and privileges, instead of partial recognition. In fine, it seeks to make of the publication of the Yackety Yack a sound business proposition, instead of a business venture.

OSCAR LEACH.

How Shall We Select Our Intercollegiate Debaters?

If Carolina should lose to either Virginia or Johns Hopkins in our annual intercollegiate debates next spring, immediately afterward THE MAGAZINE would receive numbers of articles suggesting changes in the methods of our debating or in the method of selecting the debaters,—good suggestions perhaps, but too late! Whether our present method of selecting debating representatives is or is not the best one, it goes without question that now is the time to discuss changes, not next spring.

I should like to suggest a plan that is familiar to University men. For years we have heard the complaint that our method of selection gives the judges no opportunity to judge a debater's ability in making rebuttal. Now this is a rather serious complaint, since the rebuttal is usually more than half the debate. According to our present plan the judges in a set speech contest select the two best men from both the affirmative and negative contestants. These four men represent us in the two debates. Let the judges select, instead of two men, four men from each side in a

secret preliminary. If a contestant should fail to rank among the four best, he would not likely make the debate in any kind of a preliminary. Then after from two to four days let these eight men meet in a real debate, and from this actual debate let the judges select the best men to represent us. The debate would be no bad practice for the debaters, and the judges could better determine a man's real debating abilities as well as his knowledge of the particular subject.

Is this suggestion worth while? If not, suggest another, or keep peace hereafter.

C. S. HARRIS.

Are You Doing Your Part?

The short, four-year life of a college generation and the consequent frequent change in the character of the campus life makes advisable an occasional review of the history of our institutions. Of all the different phases of campus life there is none, perhaps, which is less understood by new students, and sometimes by the older men, than the Honor System. Some time ago, for instance, a freshman said to the writer, "Even though I knew of a case of hazing, I would not report it to the student council." This remark is selected as an illustration of an attitude toward the student council, instances of which may be found with little difficulty among the members of the three higher classes. This attitude is, in fact, so familiar that it needs no analysis. That it deserves criticism, however, is immediately evident after a brief review of the formation and nature of the student council.

In the days of our college-forefathers the Faculty of the University, believing that the University campus was essentially a place where men should learn and meet the problems of citizenship, gave to the students the right of

self-government. There was inaugurated what is known as the Honor System. This "system" is the result of the belief that the individual student is capable of self-mastery and that he should be exempt from the authority of anyone so long as he does not prove himself unfit for such liberty. It was, accordingly deemed necessary that the Faculty, as far as possible, put all the machinery of self-government in the hands of the students.

A representative body of men was organized into a student council, with the right and duty of furnishing active expression to the student ideals of conduct. From this brief review we draw the conclusion that the student council is essentially a judicial body, and that its standards of judgment is to be found in the breast of every student—the ultimate source of the honor standard of conduct. Is this the idea of the student council that is prevalent now? It certainly was not the idea of the speaker previously referred to, and it is not the idea of numbers of others like him. Examine closely your own thought and attitude in regard to this matter. Do you not believe that it is the council's duty to act on any case of a flagrant violation of the campus standard of conduct? Do you, however, feel that it is also your duty and privilege to furnish the council with the information necessary to action?

The student council is not a police force nor a detective agency. It is nothing more than eight supposedly representative students organized for the purpose of carrying out the will of their fellows. Its life, then depends on the place of the law in the life of the individual student. Some men take the law in their own hands; others consistently leave it to the other man. In both instances we have a conspicuous absence of law, and a corresponding loss of liberty. In the first case the majority oppress the minority, in the second the minority tyrannize over the majority. Then, let each one of us ask himself these ques-

tions: May not a continued lack of interest, on the part of the students, in their own government necessitate the restoration of direct faculty control? What should be my part as a private citizen of the campus, in the perpetuation of student self-government and in the realization of the "Honor Ideal" of student conduct?

F. F. BRADSHAW.

In Lighter Vein

His First Case

A young lawyer, fresh from College, where he had won several medals for oratory, was appearing before a jury for the first time. He was prosecuting one Brown for shooting Mr. Smythe's white hog.

"Your Honor, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury," he began in impassioned tones and with wild and sweeping gestures, "since the assassination of our late president, the beloved Abraham Lincoln, no more foul, hideous, dastardly and heinous deed has been committed than the unwarranted assassination of Mr. Smythe's white sow. On that bright morning in October, while the dew-drops sparkled like gems on the leaves of the trees of the forest, at peace with God and all mankind, she arose from her slumbers and meandered down the sun-kissed valley, gazing around upon the beauties of Nature and enjoying the balmy air of Autumn, little dreaming that before the sun should sink beyond the western horizon that she should yield up her snow-white soul to her Him who gave it, the victim of a foul assassin's dart."

S. J. ERVIN, JR.

Mose, the Chicken Thief

The solicitor had just called the case against Mose White for stealing chickens. Mose, as usual, had pleaded not guilty. The austere and dignified judge had commanded Mose to stand up. A small, coal-black negro reluctantly arose. His head was round, with the exception of the kinky haired top, which had the general characteristics of a plateau. His flat nose spread out over his black face like a handful of mud when thrown against a wall. A pair of thick lips, which protruded more than usual, oc-

cupied most of the space under this nose. Between these lips could be seen a couple of blue gums crowded with pearly teeth—just like those of a rabbit hound. The attempted innocent look in his dreamy, evasive eyes had really already convicted him. His contracted brows hung close over his eyes, and gave the finishing touch to a sulky expression. His chubby chin rested on his chest, and his nimble hands found refuge under the bosom of his overalls. His copious feet were clumsily covered by some old patent-leather shoes through which several black toes seemed to be seeking daylight.

The judge eyed Mose for a moment and asked, "Have you any witnesses, Mose?"

"No sah, boss, I doesn't usually hab eny witnesses when I'se on dem kin' o' trips."

A slight smile came over the judge's face as he let the words, "six months," fall from his lips.

F. H. DEATON.

The Journalist

Zeb Vance Martin was the only literary man that lived in Ellis Cove. Of that little world, he was the first and only inhabitant who had ever been away to school; this fact alone caused some to look upon him with a certain degree of envy, while others of the neighborhood held him in high esteem for his learning. Although he was nearing two score years of age, he was still living in the kingdom of bachelorhood and many a spinster bemoaned the fact that one with so many accomplishments should choose to go through this world of trouble without a helpmate. Ringlets had been curled, cheeks powdered, and hints dropped, but all these he ignored with supreme unconcern.

Zeb cared only for hunting and fishing. When he was not engaged in one of these two occupations, his chief

pleasure was writing up the Ellis Cove happenings for the county paper. He enjoyed seeing his name in print and took advantage of every opportunity to put it there.

One morning he was going down the mountain side with a rod on his shoulder and a can of bait in his pocket, thinking in what words he should clothe the story of his catch. He kept thinking, "Mr. Z. V. Martin, our famous angler, makes a lucky catch." No, that seemed too trite—and then "Zebulon Vance Martin, the greatest angler of Ellis Cove—." That sounded better, and he was forming the next sentence when suddenly he noticed what seemed to be a pig sleeping in the sunshine. But what could a pig be doing there more than two miles from any house? He went a little nearer. It was a bear—a young bear. Yes, a very, very small cub. To Zeb this was the time and opportunity. He would take the cub home and spend the rest of the week preparing a sensational, two column, feature article explaining his daring feat. He saw himself become famous both as a bear catcher and as a journalist.

He took the cub in his arms, began to retrace his steps as fast as it was possible for one of his weight to ascend a steep mountain. But, as in all adventure stories, the unexpected happened. He was going up a natural turnpike that seemed to be suspended on the side of a great cliff. It was less than three feet wide and had an inclination of at least forty degrees. At the height of about forty-five or fifty feet there was a sharp turn around an overhanging cliff that brought one to the top of the mountain.

The bear catcher was within a few feet of the projection when the mother of the cub came around the corner. They both stopped. Zeb looked at the bear and the bear looked at him; then he stooped to place the cub on the ground, handling it as gently as a mother would her infant child. He was hoping that the old bear would think he was doing her a kindness by bringing the cub to her; but when she saw

her offspring, she raised an angry growl. Zeb dropped his burden and started down the mountain at full speed. His legs refused to pass each other without first bumping together. His foot slipped and he landed in the brushwood below.

All torn and bleeding he reached his home that afternoon and sent the following article to the county weekly.

“On last Monday morning while Mr. Zebulon Vance Martin, our literary genius and justice of the peace, was out in the mountains communing with mother Nature, he spied a grizzly bear standing on a log watching him. While Mr. Martin was making up his mind what to do, the bear rose up on her hind legs. She was more than seven feet tall, and enough to frighten Jim Jeffries or David Crockett, but not Zeb. Although he had neither knife nor gun, he boldly walked up and gave that grizzly a punch in the jaw. Then they went together and such a battle as they fought has never been heard of in this part of the country before. After about two hours of real fighting, the bear saw that she was bound to lose unless help came from some source. With blood-curdling yells she gave the distress signal, and her mate came bounding down the mountain side, but even two bears couldn’t daunt the courage of our fearless citizen. Etc., Etc.

“The young ladies of Ellis Cove will give a chestnut roasting next Friday night at Squire White’s for the purpose of raising money to buy Mr. Martin a gold, hero’s medal. Let every body come and help a good cause.”

J. A. CAPPS.

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The University of North Carolina Magazine

Old Series Vol. 46

No. 2

New Series Vol. 33

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The University of North Carolina Magazine

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T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1915

Old Series Vol. 46

No. 2

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Editorial Comment

We continue to urge upon our readers the need of the **MAGAZINE** for a larger quantity of material to select **CONTRIBUTIONS** from. It has been gratifying to the board, however, to receive so many voluntary contributions to this number of the **MAGAZINE**. We wish to encourage such spontaneity and enthusiasm in writing, because we wish the **MAGAZINE** to grow out of the lives of the students. To this end we are directing our efforts, confident that students are able to write both interestingly and well. Our material this month, ranging from fish story to philosophy, has at least the qualities of spontaneity and enthusiasm on the part of the writers. It is also worthy of note that Freshmen are largely contributors to this issue. We congratulate them on their interest, and wish to point out some possibilities in connection with Freshman writing. The Freshmen are more constantly writing than are any other men in college, because of the nature of their work in English. It occurs to us that it would be a good thing for both the **MAGAZINE** and the Freshman if the **MAGAZINE** could have access to material selected from this quantity of writing. The editors would have a larger range of material to select from, and the Freshmen could write with reference to a reading public larger than the English staff. There is no logical reason why class work in writing should be dull and uninteresting. There is every reason why the

student should use this opportunity to put his best efforts in the task. Acting on the suggestion of Professor Foerster, we announce the following plan. In each issue of the MAGAZINE we will publish a selection from a quantity of material previously recommended to us by the English staff, and give special notice to such a selection. The English department, moreover, offers a prize to the student doing the best work in this connection throughout the year. The proposition, then, offers ample range for good to the MAGAZINE, the professors, and the students.

November has been a great month for all of us here. The coming of Noyes, and Bryan, were events that would have given significance to the month by their virtue alone. Mr. Noyes stirred us all by the music of his verse, so that his inspiring influence is embodied in a deluge of songs and sonnets that has swept over us since his coming. Mr. Bryan added fire to the zeal of those who follow him, and by his sincerity at least caused those who opposed him to consider his point of view. And then the great game! Any commendation on our part would be superfluous at this time of writing. But it is not of these great features that we wish to write. We wish to call attention to November as a month of inaugurations. The Moonlight Schools, the Faculty lectures to the Freshmen, the evening singing hour, the initiation of a form of entertainment more thoroughly of University size in place of the old Star Course; all these things contain in them the germ of great things for Carolina. Through the way opened by the Moonlight Schools we see an opportunity for community building that will bridge over the chasm that now lies between the University and its surrounding communities. The fuller life is moving in more lives about us now than before this campaign started, and seed have been planted that are going to grow to a great harvest

some day. The Y. M. C. A. Sunday Schools and the Moonlight Schools are opening up the way for great forces to pass into the lives of our people. It has undoubtedly been a great month in this respect.

The Faculty lectures too have started more thought in the minds of us all about this opportunity we call college. At present Dr. Greenlaw's has been our only lecture, but those who heard him know that, in the quiet progress of his talk, more ground was laid for earnest, definite thought by us all than in probably any other lecture of the term. The start he gave it gives us strong hopes for the enterprise.

Those of us too who have gathered every evening around the piano in chapel for an hour of song, have already caught an idea of what this may mean in the aesthetic life of us all. If only the faithfulness of the few who are now meeting there will last, soon we will have the evening singing crystallized into a beautiful custom that will bring to us a larger measure of the beauty of life that is ours for the asking. There is probably no mortal whose soul does not respond to music. To create it; and to enjoy it is a universal longing. Why is it that we pursue our way, then, without the joy that is ours for the asking? Let us gather and sing. The armies of Europe sing themselves to victory or death; may we not sing ourselves to victory and life! Number 123 fellows!

We bid farewell to the mediocre Star Course too without regret, and hope from the success of "The Servant in the House" to build up the possibilities of higher, more University life entertainment for us all. We need an adequate auditorium, and one sure way to get it is to create an audience, that in turn will create it. We can do this only by insisting on and supporting worthy entertainments. So in November, in autumn when it is fitting to sow golden grain, seed have been sown here that unless checked by the thorns of indolence and unresponsiveness will produce thirty, sixty, and even an hundred-fold.

Old Commons

The recent transfer of old Commons Hall from the old Gymnasium Association to the University authorities arouses an interest in the origin and history of this important landmark in the life of the University. The building was an outgrowth of a refusal on the part of the board of Trustees, February 5, 1885, to allow Smith Hall (the law building) to be used any longer as a ball room. For many years the annual ball, complimentary to the graduating class, had been held in this hall. There were two reasons for this action of the Trustees. Several members of the board, who were strong church members and opposed the "modern dance," wanted to prohibit dancing on the campus to satisfy the scruples of large numbers who considered it injurious to morals. Then too, Smith Hall, which was at that time used as a library, had just been fitted up with alcoves, making it almost impossible to clear the floor and use it as a dance hall, and have a decent library the rest of the year.

But the ball managers, Isaac H. Manning and Julian A. Little, undaunted in their determination not to let the "old custom die out," when they failed to find a room in Chapel Hill suitable for the purpose, proposed to carry the commencement dances to Raleigh. President Battle immediately saw the futility of such a plan, and offered to cooperate with the ball managers in securing a hall on the Hill. Soon afterwards a charter was procured from the Secretary of State for the Gymnasium Association, a non-liaible corporation selling shares at ten dollars each. The plan was immediately successful and enough stock was subscribed to let the contract and begin work on the hall by the first of March. The building was placed on Cameron Avenue just outside the campus whose boundary was then near Memorial Hall, and was to be used as a gym-

nasium during the year and a dance hall at commencement. The floor was constructed of the best heart pine sawed across the grain making it greatly superior to Smith Hall which had been so uneven as to cause frequent falls. Pushed enthusiastically by many of the students who believed they should be at liberty during commencement to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," the building was ready for use within three months after it was begun.

The "new, large, and commodious hall" was first used for the commencement dance given to the graduating class of 1885. It was a scene of ravishing beauty and gayety as a "bewildering mass of red, pink, blue, and white floated around the ball room under the delightful influence of Kessnich's band." The dance continued till morning began to dawn and then the merry throng dispersed. A few hours later the sunlight was streaming through the windows of the deserted hall; the new gymnasium had been dedicated, and the commencement ball of '85 was a thing of the past.

The apparatus for the gymnasium was installed in the early fall of 1885, and for the first time in the history of the University the students no longer had to be "dyspeptics and nurse head-aches on account of the lack of exercise." The hall was extensively used both for gymnastic exercises and for social meetings, mostly dancing, until 1896 during President Winston's administration, when the floor in Memorial Hall was elevated so it could be used as a gymnasium. The gymnasium building was now converted into a commons hall where large numbers of students could obtain their meals. Much needed additions were made through the generosity of Mrs. Francis Baker of New York, who had a son in the University at the time. For eight years the building was the scene of much merry talking and laughing at meal times. The University, however, soon felt the need of a larger dining hall, and when

in 1914 Swain Hall was used for the first time, Old Commons was again abandoned. It has since been used as a court for basket ball practice.

But the Gymnasium Association was not a part of the University, nor was its building on University land. The Trustees, feeling the need of having the property under University control, recently made application to the old Gymnasium Association, and last month the building and the land on which it is situated was turned over to the authorities of the University. So this historical old combination of dance hall, gymnasium, dining hall, and basket-ball court now comes for the first time into the hands of the University; probably to stand a few years longer, probably to be torn down to yield place to a more modern structure, but nevertheless to have added another chapter to the history of the venerable buildings at Carolina.

H. HERMAS STEPHENSON.

Fritz Holloweg

It was now six o'clock. There remained but two hours before the Ichmund liner sailed from Hamburg for New York.

All was hurry and scurry on deck; the sailors and crew were hurrying to get the ship loaded; women and children were pressing their way through the crowded wharf.

"Ay! Ay! Sir!" and little snatches of songs rang out not infrequently over the quiet water of the harbor.

In the crowd that had come down to watch the ship leave or to take sail, a darkly veiled woman, (shall I say almost disguised?) was pressing her way toward the gangway. With her was a woman of much lower stature than herself. This woman was obviously disguised. She was dressed in a very queer looking, as well as old fashioned gown, and was heavily veiled. Certainly she was trying the old woman's role. Her step, however, was sufficient to betray her.

I had come aboard early, and had taken a seat on the upper deck, purposely to watch the passengers come aboard. It was interesting to watch them, too. Some looked peculiar, others frightened. Several of those coming on claimed my attention, but the two veiled women more especially so than the others. I thought I detected a certain nervousness about them, and then, too, something about their whole appearance suggested mystery. They reminded me of a man I had seen a few days before trying to slip aboard unobserved. I halfway wanted to make a connection between the two incidents. However, I saw no reason nor ground for doing so. An "Evelyn Nesbit Thaw trick," these girls are pulling off, I suggested to myself by way of driving the incident from my mind.

The minutes passed. Twilight and then the darkness came on. I took a cigar from my pocket and began to

smoke. As I watched the smoke, in the dim light that was reflected from the nearby saloon, rise up, curl, and vanish, my mind became lost in thoughts and visions of home.

All at once I was startled.

"Mein goot Gott!" yelled an excited man to a tow-haired English baggage boy. "Dond you see I got left if I shouldn't get apoard?"

I looked out just in time to see, hear too for that matter, about the fattest, squabbiest old man I had ever seen make the most awkward and laughable fall imaginable.

A little woman who was with him, and who, by the way, I judged to be his wife, exclaimed, "Vot you vas falling for at der latest minute? Mein Gott, Fritz, if I should got married again, it wouldn't be a cripple leg man."

They had scarcely got aboard when the great liner pulled out. Some few minutes later as I was walking around the deck, I heard the old woman ask:

"Vas you sure, Fritz, dot dey vas on der poard?"

"Dey vas on all right," he replied. "Dond I be here at six by der clock and see dem mit der veils coming apoard, just like dey vas scared?"

The old woman did not reply. I couldn't make my mind work well enough to connect the old man and woman with the two veiled girls. I knew there was a mystery, but what could it be?

With this puzzle in my mind I went to my berth and lay down. "What was it? A mystery!" was the last thing that ran through my mind before going to sleep.

To-morrow came and passed without any development as to what this mystery was. Indeed, I did not even see old Fritz and his wife during the day, and the two girls evidently had thrown me off the track by their disguise. Certainly I saw no one who looked like, or in any way resembled, the two veiled women I had watched come aboard.

Toward evening of the second day, however, I heard someone strumming on the piano and went up in the parlor, hoping that it might be some one who could play. I was disappointed; it was the old captain. He was trying to entertain two homesick girls. One was a little blonde, very low; the other was tall and dark-haired. The latter was especially pretty, but her face looked dull and lifeless.

The old captain got up, and asked the little blonde to play.

"Really, captain, I can't play. I can't play at all."

"Come on, now," coaxed the captain, "and give us something. Don't tell me about a girl who has studied music in Berlin not being able to play."

"Please, captain," came again in her babyish voice.

He insisted. She turned to the dark-haired girl who stood by silent and almost unnoticed, and spoke a few words in German. Whereupon the latter went to her stateroom, returning in a few minutes with her violin.

Even the old captain showed surprise. The silent dark-haired girl began to tune her violin with the piano. All at once she made a sign to the other. The violinist seemed entirely forgetful of every presence around her; I can never forget how she moved her head as she played, how she kept time. The little blonde passed into insignificance.

The piece finished as suddenly as it had begun, and the dark-haired girl stood there bowing to the cheering company.

The little blonde then explained that the other was a professional violinist.

Once again she was playing. This time it was "The Last Rose of Summer." She made the pathos of it so intense that for the time being the world seemed too sad to live in.

I was so engrossed in the music that I did not notice

old Fritz come in. But Fritz could be depended upon for making his presence felt.

"Ach! mein Gott in Himmel!" he exclaimed, turning pale. "Vat kind of sickness vas it, vat kind vas it?"

He spoke so suddenly and with such peculiar accent that we all laughed.

He jumped up on his crippled leg too quickly and fell headlong on the floor; then being helped up, half hopped, half ran out.

The German girl saw the old man; she shrank and shivered. I saw her clutch nervously at the piano. Then, regaining herself, she caught up her violin and slipped out.

"O!" explained the little blonde quickly as if to ward off suspicion, "Annette has the chicken heart all right. She couldn't stand to see the sick man."

The old fellow came back in a few minutes. He sat down and quietly folded his hands. He looked so sleepy and solemn that I thought of the old saying about "a man going to his own funeral." He hummed a tune that I did not know, and it seemed to me that as he sat there a look of sadness beyond anything describable broke over his face. Tears rolled slowly down his cheek. My heart was touched. I asked him if he was still sick.

"Hey?" he asked, holding his hand to his ear. Then all at once he laughed, as if he had grasped my meaning. "No, I was not stuffed. I was fat. Dot vas all."

The passengers that were present laughed, but I failed to catch the fun. I was angry, for I knew the old man could hear.

His wife who sat near by spoke a few words to him in German.

Again he tried his game of bluff on me. "Ach!" he laughed. "I vas badly understood you. No, I vas not yet sick. I vas thought of mein dead brudder back in Cher-

many." Immediately on mentioning his brother the smile faded from his lips.

"How long has your brother been dead?" I asked.

"Just a few off days," interposed the woman.

At that moment I heard the soft sweet strains of the violin; the tones were full of sadness and mystery intermingled. From then on I began to connect old Fritz, his dead brother, and Annette, the German girl, together in the mystery. I thought a thousand things, but they all were possibilities; no probability came up.

The last day of our voyage I overheard this particular conversation—

"Vell, vat vas you going to do apoud it? It vas nearly time to land. You haff kill. Vill you not tell true?"

"I did not kill him," came from the dark-haired girl in excellent English. "I am but the victim of cruel circumstances. It is true your brothèr did me a wrong I can never out-live; it is true that he brought me to disgrace; it is true that he deprived my child of its rightful name; yet, I did not kill him!"

I gasped with astonishment. This then, was the mystery; this, then, was why the girl looked so depressed. It was clear to me that the old man's brother had wronged the girl, that this same man had disappeared mysteriously, and that old Fritz was accusing her of murder.

Instantly my heart went out to her.

Again the conversation became audible—

"Dot vas all right. Ven I got to der landing, dere will be der iron cuffs vaiting for you. Mein brudder disappear five day. Den I vas catch you slipping to America mit anoder name. I vas too sharp for you. I vas come apoard ven you don'd know apoud it."

The girl made no reply, but I heard her sobbing silently.

Once more the old man's accented voice labored at the English:

"Was you going to own to it?"

I wondered why he did not use German.

"Der wireless will haff everything ready for your escort to der Sing Sing," muttered the old man.

Again the girl sobbed, more piteously now than before. I wanted to rush to old Fritz and tell him I would kill him if he had the girl carried to prison, but I realized that such an action would do no good.

At last the voyage was over; we were landing. Old Fritz limped down on his crippled leg. I was wishing mad-like that he would fall into the water.

I looked for the dark haired German girl and the little blonde, but they did not come. All at once a long drawn-out scream on the upper deck.

I hurried to the German girl's stateroom, but she was not there. Only the little blonde was there, who sobbed and pointed to the splashing water below.

"Gone, gone!" she wailed. "Annette could not bear the prison."

"Jumped overboard?" I gasped!

* * * * *

"Fritz!" called a voice tinged with German accent.

The old man gasped, then gave one piteous cry: "Hans, mein bruder live! Annette die!" He stiffened out in a dead faint. He realized he had killed the girl.

We dashed water on him, but no sooner would he revive than he would gasp: "Ach! mein brudder live? Annette die!" and stiffen out again.

The old captain came down while this was going on, supporting the little blonde. He was very sympathetic. Anyone could see that from the way he held his arm around her waist.

"Yvonne," cried Hans, "tell me what it all means. Where is—?"

“My trunk, my trunk! Open my trunk quick,” she laughed wildly.

“Your trunk?” questioned Hans.

“Yes, yes! my trunk. Annette is—”

* * * * *

“My freens,” spoke up Hans some few minutes later, “if you will come with us,” pointing to Annette, “I think you will see a marriage.”

I may not have seen aright, but I think I saw old Fritz Holloweg’s “number tens” going up in the air.

J. S. MOORE.

Love's Realization

“And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.”

* * * * *

It was drowsy and listless in heaven that day,
 The King lay asleep on His Throne;
 And the children of stars had forsaken their play
 To sink at His feet with a groan.
 The winds of the skies were silent and still,
 Hushed like the peace of a soul;
 And the scribbler of fates, who was tired of the quill,
 Slumbered above his scroll.

Suddenly up through the great black night
 From the world of sin and man,
 Winging its way like a gleam of light,
 Came a soul of the ill-starred clan.
 And though it bled like one of the Lost
 And sobbed with a hellish pain,
 Somehow it wasn't the f-e-a-r of the Cost
 Which made it sob with pain.

The Judge of Eternity opened His eyes
 And heard with compassionate love
 The spirit of darkness rending the skies
 In its maddening sweep above.
 And the angels awoke from their nonchalant mood,
 And the winds that were hushed, screamed aloud;
 And the hearts of the children wept, gushing with blood,
 For the head of their Master was bowed.

Then all at once through a pathway of stars,
Which led to the foot of the Throne,
The demon-soul that knew no bars
Sped with a fiendish groan.
And it fell like a rose in the glare of the Sun,
And the Master of Destinies said,
"Who are you, and what have you done
In the world of the good and the bad."

And the soul which wasn't afraid of hell
Cried in its passionate pain,
"I'm only one of your children that dwell
Where many by evil are slain.
And I've drunk my draught of every sin,
Though I'm not any worse than the rest.
What do you say? Will you let me in?
Can I enter the land of the blest?"

And the brow of the Father was creased with a cloud,
And His voice was a thunderous roll:
"Ah, child of the earth, you are bold and proud,
But pride cannot save a soul.
You've wasted your life on the anvil of hell,
Your talents lie dead in the sod;
But what of the good that you've done, pray tell,
Oh, cynic of man and God?"

And the son of perdition sprang from the dust,
And his wild eyes burned with fire;
And he looked at his Judge with an infinite trust,—
This c-y-n-i-c who sprang from the mire.
And the winds grew as silent as buried years,
And saints looked at saints with a nod,
As they heard him cry with the passion of tears,
"I've loved, I've loved, oh God!"

A heart sobbed out on the hush of the air
Through the throat of an angel-girl;
And she was the fairest of all of the fair
Who lived in this heaven-world.
And the truth of her pain was as true as her eyes,
And it tortured the demon of blood;
He screamed, and cursed, and laughed at the skies,—
And the Reader of Souls understood.

So He gave them a star in the heart of the west,
To be forever their own.
Which hung aloft and apart from the rest,
Like a gem that had strayed from the Throne.
And He covered its meads with carpets of green,
And sowed the forests with spring,
And he wreathed with lilies the brow of the queen,
And left her alone with her king.

And there they are loving the ages away,
Poe and his Annabel Lee,
Flushed with the warmth of an endless May,
Tuned with the joys of the free.
And he dips his pen in the sunset's glow
And paints as never before,
With a passion enriched by its earthly woe,
For his beautiful bride, Lenore.

MOSES ROUNTREE.

Moonlight Schools in North Carolina

Since the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, we North Carolinians have had a feeling akin to shame when compelled to face the facts about our adult illiteracy. And well may we have felt so, for according to the census of 1910 there were in North Carolina 132,000 white men and women, boys and girls, over ten years of age who could not read nor write, an army larger in number than was sent by North Carolina to the service of the Confederate States, fourteen per cent of our white voters were unable to read their ballots, and with the exception of Louisiana and New Mexico, we had a higher percentage of adult white illiteracy than any state in the union. We have long known these facts, but instead of facing them and doing something to remedy matters, we have hung our heads in shame, and with one accord made excuse. Finally, when Kentucky, famous for her moonshine in other days, discovered in moonlight schools the antidote for adult illiteracy, we got ashamed of our apologies, and decided that excuses were no substitute for action. Superintendent Joyner studied the results of the moonlight schools in the Blue Grass state, where it is estimated, over one hundred thousand adult illiterates from fifteen to ninety-five years of age have been enrolled. Inspired by such an unparalleled achievement, in an address before the superintendents' meeting at the Teachers' Assembly in Charlotte a year ago, he urged a moonlight crusade against "the powers of darkness" in North Carolina. His plan was to open, as a sort of experiment, at least one moonlight school, in every county in the State during the next year. The response was gratifying. Several superintendents went back home and immediately organized night schools for adults. In Sampson, Johnston, and Columbus counties, these schools began to

attract public attention at once. Even more aggressive was the work of Superintendent J. D. Ezzell, of Harnett. He conceived the idea of using the farm paper as the text book, a plan which has since met with success wherever it has been tried. It has been found that adults relish such simple and practical reading concerning the things of their daily life far more than the vapid and inane sentences in the first reader. These experiments proved beyond a doubt that the moonlight school movement lost none of its efficiency in being transplanted to foreign soil, for before the present campaign opened in November, there were already several hundred people in North Carolina who had been reached and taught in these sporadic night schools. The story comes from a certain school that nestles among the hills, of an old farmer who climbed down the mountain side three times a week to attend a school which a short time before he had forbidden his son to enter—seeing from these experiments that what was possible in Kentucky was eminently practicable in North Carolina, our educational leaders and forward-looking citizens began to talk of starting a state-wide crusade for the elimination of adult illiteracy in North Carolina. The State Press Association, fraternal and civic organizations of every sort, the Farmers' Union, the Junior Order, the State Federation of Womens' Clubs, and the State Teachers' Assembly—all unanimously endorsed such a movement, and called upon their members to assist the work in every way possible. Manifestly the day of apologies was past, and the time for action had come.

So thought Superintendent Joyner. He conceived the idea of setting aside a special month for a state-wide crusade against illiteracy, and making every possible effort to emancipate all our people from its tragic limitations. Accordingly Governor Craig has set aside November as "Moonlight School Month," and in an eloquent

proclamation calls upon all our people to begin "a crusade to eliminate illiteracy from the State, trusting that the movement then begun will not cease until every unlettered man and woman, boy and girl, is given access through reading to all the wealth of knowledge now sealed to them, to the end that North Carolina long before another census year may be a state without adult illiterates." At this writing Moonlight School Month is drawing to a close. From the reports in the daily press we may gather some evidence of the results achieved. Moonlight schools, we are informed, have been organized in every county in the state. (We have, of course, no complete figures as to the number of those enrolled, but a conservative estimate would perhaps place the number between five and ten thousand.) We know that the campaign has been carried forward in some counties with a great deal of aggressiveness. People have walked eight miles at night after a hard day's work to attend some of these moonlight schools. We are optimistic enough to believe that more will have been accomplished for the enlightenment of the masses of our people during these thirty days of November than in any preceding period of equal length in the State's history. And this belief is not based upon any vain illusion that every adult illiterate has been reached and metamorphosed into a good citizen. Far from it, it is quite possible that in those communities of the state where ignorance is densest the influence of the moonlight school has as yet scarcely been felt. But the campaign is not to close with the month of November. This has been a month of mobilization. The real work of adult education is to go on for months, perhaps years to come. It is inspiring to learn, however, that Superintendent Joyner and his co-workers have taken for their motto: "No adult illiterates in 1920," and are resolutely determined to wipe out by that time every stain of this great blot upon our people.

If such an educational renaissance is possible, and we believe it is even probable who can estimate its effect upon our whole social and political life?

It is particularly appropriate that the University, as the organic center of the State's educational life, has had a share in this constructive work. Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., there are five moonlight schools being conducted by fifty-five of the one hundred and ten college men who volunteered for this work. The interest shown by the communities that are being reached, the number of pupils enrolled, and their eagerness to learn are very gratifying.

As to the general plan of carrying the moonlight school idea into execution, North Carolina has made two distinct contributions. In setting aside a special month for the movement and pushing the mobilization simultaneously in every county, we have elevated the campaign from what might have been a series of sporadic guerrilla attacks into a statewide war. And in having the lessons for our new readers printed in the country papers from week to week, we are inducing our people to become readers of their county papers, thus fostering a continuous system of adult education. The call for volunteer teachers for these night schools was, no doubt, inspired by the example of Kentucky. The fact that five thousand of our public school teachers pledged themselves for double service during the month of November furnishes positive proof of the public spirit of our teachers, and makes us highly confident that great and far-reaching results are to be achieved. Indeed, Mrs. Cora Stewart Wilson, who originated the moonlight school movement, declares that Kentucky must be up and doing, or North Carolina may outstrip her, and be the first to reach the coveted goal of universal literacy.

C. L. SNIDER.

The Funeral Oration Over Achilles

Great-hearted Achilles, low now thou art lying,
Thy swift foot grown slow by the spears of the foemen;
Best sons of Achaens who fought there about thee
And others of Trojans strewn 'round thee lay fallen.

In an eddy of dust liest thou great in thy greatness,
Forgetful of horsemanship, far from thy Phthia;
Nor didst thou take note of the storm Zeno was sending
To quell the fierce battle thy comrades waged for us.

And now have they borne thee without from the conflict,
And bathed thy fair flesh in warm water and sentiment,
With many warm tears now the Davians bear thee
On silvery bier and with wildest lament.

Thy mother is coming with sea-nymphs immortal
To visit her son who lies stricken in death,
A wail all divine on the sea they are raising
And tremor is seizing all hearts on this heath.

The daughters of Nereus standing around thee
Have donned thee in garments ambrosial and bright;
Such dirges antiphonal Muses are chanting
That there is no Argive who's tearless in sight.

Immortals and mortals for thee now are weeping
As many fat victims in sacrifice burn;
The Achaens rush round thee in arms as thou goest
In ointment and garments divine to the man.

Both horsemen and footmen in arms rush around thee,
And loud is the wail of the grief that they raise,
And will till the flame of Hephaestus consume thee,
And then a hushed silence shall reign in thy praise.

When the flame of Hephaestus has wholly consumed thee,
Thy white bones we'll gather along with the dawn,
And place them in wine yet unmixed and in ointment,
In a bright golden chalice, thy name wrought thereon.

In this will thy bones lie, far-shining Achilles,
Together with those of Patrochus, thy friend;
Apart from Antilochus whom thou didst honor,
When gone was Patrochus, above every friend.

Around these the army of strong Argive spearmen
Will pour up a tomb large and flawless and new,
On the far-jutting shore, near Aegen's wild roaring,
On the plains of the Hellespont broadening in view.

And there on the far-jutting plain of the Hellespont,
Seen from afar by all men from the sea,
Thy bones shall lie buried forever and ever,
But thou shalt live on through the time that's to be.

P. H. Epps.

The Weaker Way

"I'll be there in half an hour," said Linn, as he hung up the receiver and turned to me.

"Come Burt, perhaps I'll need you. J. Grover Sterling has just been found dead at his home."

Linn Wood, private detective and investigator, and I occupied a small apartment on lower Fifty-Third Street. Here Linn had his offices of investigation from which he carried on a small detective agency, taking only matters of petty importance.

As we rushed for a car to carry us to the Sterling mansion, Linn explained to me,

"You remember Sterling is the young broker who made such a successful haul on Wall Street several months ago. Rather young to be such an influential man, but still a prime factor in Wall Street finances now. He has been married for several years and lives in a beautiful mansion as you will see."

As we sped over the road to our destination, Linn made clear to me what he had been told over the telephone. Sterling had been found still sitting in his chair at his desk, dead. No wound had been seen but his shirt was very bloody. No one had heard or seen anyone enter the house nor had any shot been heard.

True to his word, Linn and I arrived at the Sterling home at the promised time. We were ushered in by the butler, a small, wiry and listless man, who seemed not too eager to accommodate us.

Immediately we were met by Mrs. Sterling, a tall, slender woman who impressed one immediately with the charm of her beauty. She seemed very nervous and unstrung but determined to bear up as long as possible. Her appearance was that of a woman of thirty years, very beautiful and attractive and endowed with that peculiar

character of personal neatness and tidiness so pleasing to men.

With her was a young man, seemingly of the same age, tall and dark, attired in neat, well-tailored afternoon coat, gray trousers and suede-topped shoes. He was introduced to us as Mr. Arnold Burton. As the companion and close friend of Mr. Sterling he was almost a member of the household. It was to him that Mrs. Sterling turned for sympathy, a sympathy, which was no doubt due to grief over the death of her husband.

“Mr. Wood, I have called you in to clear up this matter quietly so as not to make such a sensation over it. I am trusting to you to find the murderer quickly and bring him to justice. Arnold, will you please show the gentlemen into the study? I don’t feel able to go in there again.” And Mrs. Sterling turned with an effort at self-control and left the room.

Glad to comfort her, we were immediately ushered by Burton into the private study of J. Grover Sterling. This was a large room, massive in structure, with oak beamed ceiling, huge windows, protected from without by iron bars, and a large colonial fire-place. The walls were covered with costly paintings and tapestries and over the windows hung heavy curtains of Venetian tapestry. The furniture of the room consisted of heavy oak chairs, desk and lounge, placed near one of the windows. These were beautifully carved and inlaid with rich and unique figures of ivory. In the fire place were heavy, brass andirons, majestic and beautiful in appearance. On the floor were heavy Persian rugs; in fact the whole study lent the appearance of costly and magnificent cozyness. Around the walls were rows of heavy oak bookcases filled with gilt-bound books.

On the couch was the body of the murdered,—or was he murdered?—man.

Sterling was a man of about thirty-four, tall, well-built, with high forehead, bright face and generally intelligent appearance. He lay upon the couch, his shirt and vest drenched with blood. Immediately Linn began a careful examination of the body. Pulling back the vest and shirt he exposed the wound, a small, round hole, in the left breast, just above the heart.

A puzzled expression crossed his face as he gazed with wonder at the wound.

"What in the world could have caused that?" he said to me as I too examined the peculiar hole. "Certainly no pistol shot could have left so small a hole."

With knitted brows he sat pondering over the mystery and then finally resumed his task of examining the body. No other marks or wounds were found.

During this time Burton had been idly standing around, eager to be of any service possible. As Linn finished the examination he turned to Burton.

"Will you now please tell us about the facts in connection with the death."

Immediately Burton began his story.

"First, I want to say that Wilson, in my opinion, is the last person who saw Mr. Sterling alive. He has always been a very suspicious and peculiar character. I believe that your efforts in watching him will not be in vain. Now to the story. As I arrived here at about two-thirty I found Sterling and Helen,—Mrs. Sterling," Burton corrected himself with a flush, "in the private study. As usual I came in without knocking and exchanged greetings with the two."

"One moment," interrupted Linn, "are you a frequent visitor here?"

"Yes, I usually come in every afternoon on my way to the office from luncheon, to spend a few moments with the Sterlings. I have grown to be almost one of the

family. This afternoon I came in as usual, and after a stay of a few minutes, Sterling complained of having some important papers to look over; so Helen and I retired to the sitting room."

"What time was this?" broke in Linn.

"I should say about two-forty-five," said Burton. "Helen and I remained in the sitting room several minutes and then I took my departure for the office."

"Did Mrs. Sterling accompany you to the door?" said Linn.

"No," answered Burton, "I left her in the hall as I was going out."

"Now, Mr. Burton, kindly tell us of your suspicions as to the butler, Wilson."

"That is the very point," said Burton enthusiastically. "As I was going out I saw Wilson enter Mr. Sterling's study and shut the door behind him. That is all I know, sir. I never heard anything more until I was called by Mrs. Sterling who told me of her husband's death. I came immediately here and have seen and heard only what you know. If I can be of any further assistance you will find me in the sitting room." With this he started from the room.

"Before you leave will you kindly call Mrs. Sterling?" asked Linn.

In a few minutes Mrs. Sterling appeared, seemingly calm and dejected but really striving to control herself.

"You will pardon me, Mrs. Sterling," began Linn, "but I must have your views and opinion as to the cause of your h—, — of Mr. Sterling's death. Could you give us your idea as to the method in which he met his death?"

"If it were not for the peculiar wound on Grover's body, I should say that he committed suicide, for that is the only means, as I see."

"Now tell us all that happened this afternoon, what

time you last saw your husband, what you then did, and so on."

She then told a story coinciding exactly with that of Burton's.

"Well, Mrs. Sterling," questioned Linn, "did you notice Wilson entering Mr. Sterling's study as you left Burton in the hall?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sterling, remembering, "he went in just as Arnold was going out."

"What did you do when you first found that Mr. Sterling was dead?"

"I was in my room, writing a letter, when Wilson rushed in and told me that he had just found Mr. Sterling in his study, dead. I immediately rushed there and found Grover—dead," and Mrs. Sterling again seemed about to lose control of herself.

Quickly Linn asked, "Kindly tell us the position in which the body was found."

"He had been sitting at his desk and fell with his head, arms and shoulders resting on the desk. I immediately telephoned to Arnold who came at once. We then moved the body to the couch, and that is all."

"One moment," interrupted Linn, as she was about to leave. "When you telephoned did you talk to Burton himself, or did someone else take the message?"

"The boy said that Arnold was not in but that he would find him and send him here. He came in about fifteen minutes."

"Now, Mrs. Sterling, have you any suspicions of the butler, Wilson? Do you think he could have been in any way connected with the crime?"

"I had not thought of that, but since you mention it I will say that Wilson, though a good servant, has always been a silent and self-concerned person, and we have never known anything of his character or habits except in the

house. Grover and I have mentioned several times how suspicious-looking he was, but we have always trusted him, and Grover even used him as a sort of private secretary in his work here at the house."

"Then you do not think he could have been connected with the death of your husband?" questioned Linn, anxious to get at the bottom of all the clues.

"I didn't think it probable but since he was the last person seen entering the room it is possible that he might know something of it."

"That is all," said Linn, as he escorted her to the door, "Will you please send Wilson in to me?"

In a minute the butler appeared, looking sad and submissive and seemingly sorrowful at the loss of his master.

"Wilson," flashed Linn, "who murdered Mr. Sterling?"

With a start Wilson gazed blankly and sadly at Linn. He seemed almost as frightened and troubled as Mrs. Sterling had been. Startled by such a quick and concise question he could hardly answer.

"I can tell you nothing of the affair, Mr. Wood, but God knows I would do anything to find the person who did."

Immediately my sympathies went out to this poor man who seemed so wrought up over his master's death.

But why had he flinched when Linn addressed him? Could it be that he was guilty after all? Had he been merely frightened at Linn's manner?

"Now Wilson," continued Linn, "pay careful attention to your answers and be sure that you tell all you know. Did you not enter Mr. Sterling's study just as Mr. Burton and Mrs. Sterling left the hall?" questioned Linn further.

"Yes," answered Wilson.

"What time was that?" asked Linn.

"It was about three-thirty, sir."

"What did you go into the study for?"

"I go in every afternoon about that time to see if there is anything further Mr. Sterling wishes of me before I leave at four. I went in this afternoon as usual."

I could not help feel that he was telling the truth.

"But why did you again go into the room, when you found Mr. Sterling dead?"

"I merely went in to lock up and put away the books, sir, and that is the God's truth, sir," answered the miserable Wilson.

"Very well, Wilson. Now, as to Mr. Sterling's financial condition. I understand that you were very well informed as to his business and financial standing, were you not?"

"Yes. Mr. Sterling kept nothing from me and consequently I know his financial condition."

"Well," pursued Linn, "do you think the condition of his affairs might have caused him to commit suicide; in other words, were his finances in good or bad condition?"

"I can readily say," answered Wilson energetically, "that Mr. Sterling's affairs were in exceedingly good shape; in fact he has had very much success lately in his dealings and has won a small fortune in the last six months. No, sir, I don't believe he committed suicide."

"Were you in such a position that you could see any documents or letters which might have caused his action in that manner?"

"Yes," answered Wilson, "I filed all his papers and letters received here at the house. There, on the table you will see today's files as I left them before the—er—sad affair." He pointed to a file of papers on the desk.

"Now, Wilson, one more thing. Were you and Mr. Sterling at odds, or had either of you provoked the other to madness at any time?"

"No, sir—never, sir," said Wilson. "We were always very friendly, sir."

"That will do," said Linn in dismissal, and Wilson left the room.

When Linn was left alone he began a careful study of the room and its furnishings. Going over to the desk he glanced at the paper file mentioned by Wilson and thrust it into his pocket to look over later.

Puzzled above understanding at the mysteriousness of the affair, I ran over the day's events in my mind. Who killed Grover Sterling and why? I pondered each suggestion in my mind. Certainly he could not have committed suicide, for, as far as we could see there was no reason for his doing such a thing. Then I could hardly think Wilson guilty of the crime, for his words rang upon my ears as true and sincere. He seemed as much at a loss as to the mystery as we ourselves were. Then, if he had committed the crime, why did he testify that it wasn't probable that Sterling committed suicide? Surely if he had been guilty he would have attempted to throw the blame on some one else. But as he didn't, that in itself was proof enough for me that he was innocent.

And what was the weapon used? Still curious I again went over and examined the wound. There was only a small hole seemingly no larger than one made by a small nail. This went directly toward the heart and must have caused immediate death. I could come to no conclusion.

When Linn had finished his fruitless examination of the room we went into the hall.

On opening the door of the sitting room, we surprised Helen Sterling and Burton in each others' arms. With exclamations of surprise and dismay they separated. Linn with muttered apologies withdrew with me to the hall, and we left.

What was the meaning of this sudden love, or was it a new love? Still further was the mystery drawing itself around the Sterling home.

Immediately we arrived at Linn's apartments, he threw himself in an easy chair and sat thinking for a long time. Though I was burning with a desire to learn his views of the mystery, I knew better than to interrupt him in his thoughts.

After having sat in deep thought for a long time, he drew the file of papers from his pocket and began examining these one by one. They consisted of letters, bills and other papers pertaining to business. Each was examined minutely, for perhaps in this manner some clew might be established toward the solution of the mystery.

Suddenly with an exclamation of surprise and a smile of triumph Linn, calling to me to follow and grabbing his hat, rushed from the room. He hailed a passing taxi and gave the address of the Sterling mansion. During the ride Linn remained in deep thought, every now and then muttering an exclamation as if some conclusion had come to his mind.

Arriving at the Sterling mansion, Linn entered without waiting for admission at the door, and with me following close after him again entered the sitting room. Helen Sterling and Burton were still there and seemed much aroused at our sudden entrance.

"Will you please summon the butler?" began Linn immediately, not even waiting for polite greetings. Mrs. Sterling rang and Wilson came into the room.

"Mrs. Sterling, I think I have about arrived at the conclusion of the mystery," began Linn.

"Wilson, after you left Mrs. Sterling in the hall and entered the study and up to the time you found Mr. Sterling dead, did you see anyone else enter the study?"

"No, sir," answered Wilson immediately.

"And why did you again enter the study?"

"I merely went in to close the windows and put away the books as usual."

"And you found Mr. Sterling dead?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wilson sadly. Linn was now keenly aroused to the situation and was flushed with success and the desire to bring an end to the profound mystery.

"Now, Burton, didn't you say that you went directly to your office after you left the house?"

"Yes," answered Burton readily.

"When Mrs. Sterling rang I guess of course you answered the message?"

"Yes," again answered Burton.

At this Mrs. Sterling cast a questioning look of misunderstanding at Burton. "Surely he must be *lying*," she thought to herself.

Linn, who had been walking about seemingly unconscious of all around him, with a sudden leap thrust his hand into Burton's right coat pocket and, with an exclamation of triumph, drew forth some paper wadded into a knot. Opening this we saw that it was covered with blood.

With a cry of dismay Burton grabbed at the paper but Linn was too quick for him. When Burton looked again he was covered by Linn's revolver.

"Arnold Burton," said Linn in a calm, steady voice, "I arrest you for the murder of Grover Sterling."

Suppressing a scream, Helen Sterling rushed from the room and threw herself at the foot of the couch on which lay the man whom she had deceived. She had found that she still loved her husband.

"Helen," cried Burton as he tried to go to her, but he was stopped by Linn, who quickly clasped his hands in the steely grips of a pair of hand-cuffs.

"You thought to win a true wife's love and then, by means of murder and accusing an innocent man, to get

control of her wealth and protect yourself. Burton, that is the way of the weak."

"But I must congratulate you," continued Linn, "on the choice of a weapon. It is certainly probable that had it not been for the blood stains on the papers you so carelessly left on your weapon, the world would never have known that Grover Sterling was stabbed with a paper file."

After we had safely placed the murderer in the hands of Inspector McCarty and were again seated comfortably in our apartments, I could refrain no longer from questioning Linn.

"Bert, it is all very simple when you come to understand it. When I examined that file of papers, I took off several and, on looking closely, saw blood around the edges of the holes on every piece. I immediately saw that the file had been the mysterious weapon. But then to find the murderer. When we surprised Mrs. Sterling and Burton in the love scene, I never connected the fact with the question at hand until on questioning Mrs. Sterling and Burton about the telephone message I found that Burton was lying. Immediately I saw the whole thing. Burton instead of going to the office as he said, had remained outside until he saw Wilson come out of the study. He then entered, and—well, what happened in there will have to be found out some other way. After stabbing Mr. Sterling, Burton slipped outside and remained until he heard Mrs. Sterling call for him over the telephone. He then went in as we have learned."

"But why did you first suspicion Burton?" I asked, still curious.

"I knew from the beginning that Wilson was innocent. We eliminated the suicide theory and that left a still harder mystery. But when I saw that Burton pretended love toward Mrs. Sterling and discovered his lie I knew

immediately that he was the murderer. As to the instrument; that was easy. On examining the papers I saw the blood and knew that there must have been a bloody paper removed from the file. This I found on Burton.

"Burt," continued Linn, "here is a typical example of villainy. Burton, seeing that Mr. Sterling slightly neglected his wife for business, took this chance to further his scheme. He gradually gained control over Mrs. Sterling and she thought she loved him. He then considered it time to do away with Sterling and marry his widow and,—but that will all come out in the trial."

C. ALSTON PROPHEIT.

A Christmas Gift

Jimmy Martin closed the chief's door carefully and took a chair nearest the desk. He had anything but a happy expression on his face, and the chief heaved a sigh as he swung toward his subordinate.

"What luck," he inquired bluntly.

Jimmy shrugged and studied the carpet.

"Tell us about it," urged the chief.

"There's nothing to tell, except that I flunked out on the whole proposition. I know that I ought to have succeeded, but my jinx is with me. I saw MacAllister about two o'clock, and he told me that if we did not get the key to that cipher inside of two days, or to be exact, he said we must have it by noon Wednesday, that all was up. He is having all exits from the city well watched in case the thief tries to get to Washington to the Turkish headquarters. Mac is afraid that some of his clerks have copied the manuscript and that the secret treaty between us and Greece will be made known to the authorities at Constantinople."

"Does MacAllister think that the German authorities know of the loss of the key?"

"No, he has no idea of another power being involved. But I noticed something peculiar. After I left Mac I went into the Foreign Club to get some smokes. I was just turning away from the cigar counter when Schroeder, the man we are having shadowed, came in. He bought six cigars and strolled toward the fireplace. He looked like he was thinking about something and was so absorbed that he jumped about five feet when Tiche, that German-Jew-Italian combination, who was sitting near the fire, spoke to him. I went closer in order to hear what they had to say, because if there are two crooks in this world they are Schroeder and Tiche. As I did so I

noticed our shadower standing by a window, and nodded to him. Now, here is the funny part. Schroeder still had his cigars in his hand and it was quite natural for him to offer Tiche one. But his cigars were nothing but ten cent cabbage sticks and Tiche had a row of them in his upper coat pocket worth two bits apiece. Nevertheless Tiche took one. He didn't light it—simply started chewing on it, and presently both men went out, our chap following like Nemesis."

The chief looked thoughtful. After an uneasy silence, during which both men sat absolutely still, as if charmed, the chief lifted his ponderosity out of his chair and left the room. Returning presently with two photographs and a thumb print he laid them before Martin.

"The photographs are not very good, as they are only snap-shots of Schroeder and Tiche. But that thumbprint is a beauty. Mac found it on the envelope from which the key was taken."

Jimmy picked up the print and studied it long and carefully until it seemed that he had every curve firmly fixed in his mind. The pictures he did not even glance at—he could never forget that red-faced and hooked-nosed Schroeder, nor the peculiar features and olive skin of Tiche. The thumb print was their only clue, and the detective agency was working solely that it might find the man belonging to that thumb. Efforts so far had been in vain.

"I've got a hunch," remarked the chief, "that that key is reposing in one of those cigars Schroeder had, and that one is the one he gave Tiche. Our men have followed both closely because they have been suspected from the first. They both left the house of the Turkish consul last night. Their apartments have been ransacked, their every move has been noted. They could not have possibly had communication with anyone without our knowledge. We

had five men in the Turkish consul's house last night, and they were watched the whole time. It's beyond me. However, we'll keep up the hunt. I'll tell you what you do. Take Johnson and that spare Buick and go out to Murray's Inn, on the Bockwell road, and keep an eye on the Turkish consul, who is to stop there tonight; take two men with you."

Jimmy nodded and left. Picking up two men he ordered them to meet him at the Foreign Club with the car. He said he wanted to get some chewing tobacco to lay the dust of the ride. Leaving the men apparently satisfied with this explanation, he hurried away and soon stood before the fire place at the Foreign Club. He made a few little investigations which seemed to dissatisfy him, and after about fifteen minutes turned to leave. Then, remembering his explanation to the men he went to the news stand and bought a small plug of tobacco. Arriving at the curb he found the car, and the men waiting impatiently. As the car started off Jimmy opened the bag, intending to chew a piece of his purchase. He never had that pleasure, however, for as he took the tobacco out he noticed a thumb-print on the bag. For fully a minute he sat staring at the print trying to collect his scattered wits. They were very badly scattered, it seemed, for the car was almost to the city limits before Jimmy came back to earth. Then, as calmly as possible, he ordered the chauffeur to turn around and return to headquarters. It seemed an hour before he threw open the chief's door and banged the print before his amazed superior. Pulling the first print from a drawer, he compared them. It was the same print, apparently, and Jimmie and the chief almost embraced before they made a break for the door. When they got to the club all was quiet. The clerk was peacefully reading behind his counter, as innocent as a cherub. The chief would have collared Saint Peter himself had

occasion offered, and he wasted no time pounding on the little clerk, who looked no more like a Turk than did the King of England. Little ceremony was wasted and they soon found themselves back at the agency, the chief at his desk, Jimmy, flushed with triumph, seated alongside and the culprit, closely watched by a burly detective, seated opposite the chief. This gentlemen looked his game over carefully and then plunged into his investigation. He was no lover of red tape. After asking a number of questions which threw no light on his real purpose, the chief suddenly handed the two prints to the man. The clerk looked at them curiously, and then at the chief, no impression apparently having been made. The chief called for some prepared paper and made the man print both thumbs. The right thumb print was identical with the print on the bag. A powerful magnifying glass showed that. Neither print, however, was the same as that found in MacAllister's office. The difference was so slight that it took a powerful glass to bring out the points of difference, and there was every excuse for a mistake having been made with the naked eye.

When it had been clearly established, both by the print evidence and the clerk's own testimony, that the man was innocent, he was freed. The chief was profuse in his apologies, as indeed was Jimmy Martin, who was also deeply mortified.

After the man had departed Jimmy set out for Murray's Inn. When he arrived there he found to his dismay that the Turks had left, nor could any trace be found of them, though he searched until ten o'clock the next day, when he returned to the city. Entering the chief's office he was surprised to find his superior with his head in his hands. Upon asking what the trouble was, he was told to sit down. Somewhat puzzled he obeyed. The chief then placed in his hands a box which he had taken from a draw-

er in his desk. Inside, on top of a box of cigars, was a note. It ran thus:

“A small Christmas present from one of your good friends. These cigars are solid. There are no papers in any of them.”

TICHE.

The box was addressed to Jimmy.

CLARVOE.

The Catch

In the northern part of New England there is a pond around which clustered in the early history of this country a small number of the hardened settlers of our earliest frontier life. Here they lived on the outskirts of civilization, a barrier against the Indian and one of the outposts of that bold peasantry of ours that gradually took possession of this great land of America. On account of the frequent Indian raids, they were forced to gather together into settlements, so as to afford better protection to each other against this common foe. For this reason little villages or settlements grew up, scattered far apart and always centering around a strongly-built fort or log-house.

This settlement that I have in mind was one of those which grew up on the edges of the numerous ponds and lakes that dot the countryside in the New England states. Here log-cabins were built and a log fort erected for protection against the Red Man. Inasmuch as agriculture could only come after the trees had been cut and the land had been cleared, it was natural that these settlers should have harnessed the numerous streams and rivers of the country to the task of cutting up this valuable timber, and inasmuch as the population was widely scattered, each little settlement had to have a mill to grind its flour. It was with this intent that these first frontiersmen built their first mill at the head of this narrow winding pond.

Years have passed since this mill was built. Now, upon the site where it once stood and where doubtless others have stood since then, there remains nothing but the ruined remnants of the last mill. Granite slabs, quarried from the neighboring hills, lie in confused masses, the once-sturdy timbers of the mill are scattered in confusion over the blocks of stone and interspersed among the old and rusty machinery, are fallen into the bottom of what used

to be the interior of the mill, while, from the huge pipe that used to supply the water necessary to run the mill, still gushes forth with a roar that can be heard afar a torrent of surging water. Dashing against the old timbers and the fallen granite blocks, the water springs upwards, wetting with its spray the green, moss-covered rocks and timbers. Then this stream dashes out from under these old dripping ruins into a deep and narrow channel, worn through the years by the never-ceasing rush of water, into the pond below the mill. Here the rushing, gurgling stream mingles with the waters of another stream in the dark deep waters of the pond. This other stream is one part of the parent stream, which further up above the mill divides into two, one to help man grind his grain and cut his wood, and the other to go dashing unhindered on its mad rush towards the sea.

Here where these two streams meet the swiftly moving waters had undermined the banks, and, swirling in many eddies, had collected brushwood on the snags along the bottom. Here the waters gurgled and licked the lower branches of the bushes on the banks, covering everything with a foamy coat of soapy froth. Here long ago the trout, the king of the northern fishes, was wont to stay hidden securely under shelter of the overhanging banks and snags, defiant of the skill of the fisherman's trusty rod and reel. Now, however, it is the luckiest of fishermen who even gets a "rise" from out of this old retreat of the sunbow trout. Such is the history of this old fishing hole below this ancient ruined mill.

* * * * *

One late spring afternoon a few years ago, as Jonathan Gurley, tired out by an all day tramp to a distant pond on a fishing trip, was returning home towards his cozy little cottage above the mill, the thought came over him that he had not fished in the old trout hole for many years. Tired

though he was, the determination to try his luck became stronger as he approached the vicinity of his home. So strong did this determination become that when he came to "the parting of the ways," where the grassy path leading down past the ruins of the mill to the trout hole and the road to his home separated, he eagerly followed the former. A few minutes later he was wholly occupied in his sport.

After he had fished for a short time and had not succeeded in obtaining a "rise," he worked his way far out on the clumps of coarse grass until he had gained a fine vantage point on the top of a humped back of an old log. Once there he sent his line far out into the water of the pond, where the rushing waters grew quieter in the water of the pond. Almost instantly there ensued a swirl, a violent tug on the taut line. Jonathan, unbalanced by the unexpected suddenness of the strain, struggled desperately for a moment to recover his balance, then fell into the icy water. Cursing angrily and spluttering, he scrambled back to the bank where he discovered that the fish had escaped. For this unlooked-for bath and the loss of the fish (which he felt sure weighed at least four pounds) he had been totally unprepared. On reaching his home, dejected and disgusted with his luck, he discovered that he had lost his watch, the watch that had been given him by his father, who had in turn received it from his father, once the owner of the mill.

* * * * *

Two years later this same Jonathan Gurley found himself late one afternoon under similar circumstances near the path leading to the pool below the mill. Again he turned off from the road leading to his home and descended towards the scene of his misfortune. This time, he was not seized merely by a desire to try his luck, but by a burning determination to outdo fate in her struggle against

him. He had forgotten neither the loss of his grandfather's watch nor the feeling of that cold unexpected bath. He was ruled by an unswerving determination to fish in that trout hole in spite of all the powers that be.

Again he worked his way out to his former vantage point, again, casting the glistening line over his head, he flung it far out into the shimmering waters of the pond, and again there was a swirl and a mighty tug as the steel rod suddenly bent beneath the weight of a fiercely struggling fish. This time, however, he did not lose his balance, but slowly and carefully drew the gamely fighting trout nearer and nearer until by a dexterous stroke of his dip-net he had the prize safe in its deep meshes. Then he returned triumphantly homeward carrying the trout, and My! What a big fellow he was!

Rushing into the house he hurriedly weighed his catch, which tipped the scales at four and one half pounds. Then he prepared to clean the fish. Sitting on the bottom step of the back-porch, he carefully slit the trout open, and—out dropped his grandfather's watch. He picked it up, and looked at it, scarcely believing his eyes.

It was running.

G. B. LAY.

Letters of a Freshman.---No. 2

DEAR DAD:

Your letter enclosing fifty dollars came yesterday. I was sure glad to get my hands on some real money again, even if it didn't stay with me long. I do wish you could have made it sixty; for expenses are so heavy that one should really have twice that amount in order to educate himself right. I have already spent seven dollars for books in one course this fall, and Film says that I haven't started yet; he says that the professors get a commission on all the books that they make us buy. I don't know whether he is right or not, but if he is, they ought to soon be riding in automobiles at the rate we are going.

You say that you don't want me to play football or go to Richmond either. I fully agree with you as to the first proposition. Football is a dangerous game and it is wrong to play it unless you are the best man on the field. I know, because I went out for one scramble. Red Proctor sat on me while Fat Cowell scrambled my face in the dirt. No more football scrambling for me!

We have played three games since I wrote you last, and the team left today for Winston-Salem to play with Davidson. If you were not a deacon, I would tell you what Boshamer said we were going to give them. One of the games we played was with V. M. I. in Greensboro. I went along; not as a player, but as an observer. I didn't observe the game much, but I was there with the Carolina Spirit—what ever that is—when it came to inspecting the grandstand. Did you ever see the Greensboro College and Greensboro Normal girls all in one drove? Well, if you ever do, you don't want to let Ma know about it. The homeliest of the bunch outlooks Sophia.

I got a letter from Sophia last week; she is planning to have a swell party for me when I get home Christmas.

If you see her, tell her not to go to any trouble; for I have a date for every day that I shall be at home with a Normal girl, who lives over at Saptown. She is the finest girl in the land with golden hair and—and—. Oh Dad, what's the use! Words can't tell it. What worries me, she is a junior and will get out of college two years before me. At the rate I am going, it looks like my education ought to be good enough for me to get along all right after two more years here. What do you say to me quitting school and going to work when she graduates?

But where you and I can't agree is that Richmond trip Thanksgiving. Dad, traveling is education. As Shakespere or Sally Winters or somebody has rightly said, "The world is a great book, and he who travels not from his own yard reads but one page." So you can see how essential it is that I go with the boys to Richmond. President Graham wants me to go. He says that I need cultivating, and nothing will expand one's wisdom like transportation. I don't have to take his word for it, but take Film as an example. I don't reckon he has paid for a Pickwick in three weeks. All he has to do is toss up a coin and call heads, and somebody will be out of the price. Now, he went to Richmond last year and is going again if I will lend him the necessary requirements. That is proof that everybody should go. Film says that it won't cost us much; for sleepers are a nuisance, and he has kin-folks there who will feed us while we are in town. You ought to hear him tell about the sights that he saw up there. General Lee, cut out of a solid rock and sitting on a rock horse as big as our smoke house, is placed right in the middle of the street. And I am anxious to see the town grave yard. Film says there are over two thousand dead people buried in it.

You wanted to know why I call him Film. All the boys call him that. You see he tried out with a motion

picture company before he came to the University and failed to make good because he was so skinny that he couldn't make an impression on the film. But Film is a great fellow. On class last Thursday he bet me a Pickwick that he would blind Dr. Greenlaw before he left the room. I wanted to break him from gambling, so I took the bet. Right away Dr. Greenlaw began to ask all the students where they were from. When he asked Film, he said, "Bessemer City." Dr. Greenlaw scratched his head, put on his glasses and said, "Where is that?"

"Well, I see you are blinded," said Film.

I took him to the Pickwick that night and we saw the piano player. I will tell you what the show was about in my next letter.

Don't forget that going to Richmond is part of a University education, and that Thanksgiving is about here. Send at least twenty-five dollars and if you want me to, I will pay you back when I sell my books to the freshmen next year.

Your dutiful son,

ALEX.

Reaction in Religion

Before the war broke out we were confident that men in every race and clime were broadening and deepening in their religious conceptions. Man is and has ever been deeply and incurably religious. Primitive man's first thought of God was full of fear and superstition. He saw, we may suppose, myriads of inexplicable mysteries in the world around him. Forces inscrutable were at work everywhere. Feelings were within him for which he could not account. Man's innate divinity seeking after the Great Cause of his existence, coupled with his fear of the Unseen, we conjecture, produces a religion. The earliest religious concepts of man seems to us very rude and crude. Forces of nature were personified, and big events of life had their patron deities. Time goes on, man grows less superstitious, and his deities diminish in number. His tendency of thought is toward a tribal, then a national deity. Every nation has its particular god, or gods, whose jurisdiction is coextensive with the national boundary lines. The Jews had their Jehovah. They assumed that their neighbors had their own gods as well. The Hebrew Scriptures make frequent references to "the Gods of Assyria," and "the Gods of Egypt," etc. Naomi entreats her daughter-in-law to return and serve the Gods of Moab. But all through the history of the Jewish nation, there were men who caught the larger and higher vision of Jehovah as the God of all the Universe. Micah, Isaiah, and David must have had this great vision. To Christ, the conception of God as the great Universal Father, with its corollary doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, was a very real thing. This has been the doctrine of Christianity all down through the ages of its existence, but it has never received so much attention as in recent years. It appeared that at last the hopes of Christ were in a fair way to be

realized, for men everywhere, it seemed, were at last beginning to think of God in terms of the Universal, and to regard all men everywhere as his children and their brothers.

But since this war has been in progress we have been grieved to see a reaction, as it seems, against this cardinal principle of Christ's philosophy. The Germans, we learned, were appealing to the God of Battle. They marched up to the cannon's mouth singing songs of martial fervor. Their most popular anthems are said to be not "Die Wacht am Rhein," nor "Deutschland Uber Alles," but Martin Luther's battle hymn. Soldiers about to charge kneel and pray to the God of Victory to strengthen their arms for the smiting of the enemy. The war is proclaimed a Holy War, and entire confidence is felt that God is marching with the Kaiser's shining hosts. The same thing is true of Russia. Not a regiment goes to battle without having their "sins absolved," and receiving the sacrament. France, too, is feeling the waves of the great religious revival. A story comes that German gunners could hardly turn their guns upon a column of advancing Frenchmen who were singing, "More Love O Christ, to Thee." The English have also appropriated God to themselves. They have seen cohorts of shining angels fighting on their side, and confounding the German hosts in the vicinity of Mons. All this appears pathetic to us, but not strange. It has taken man these many centuries to get away from the idea of a national deity, and to conceive of God in terms of the Infinite and Universal. In such a cataclysm, when men are abandoning so much of civilization for savagery, it is not strange that men should revert to their old religious conceptions in their efforts to justify their acts. But as surely as God is in His Heaven, these anti-Christian conceptions will again pass away, and all will be right with the world.

C. G. SNIDER.

Belasco and Reinhardt

There has probably never been a time in the history of the drama when more wide-spread interest has been shown in the theatre than at the present day; and never has there been more experimenting in forms and staging of drama than in recent years. Some of the most startling innovations in the history of the stage have appeared in the last decade. Two of the best known of the unusual forms are Rostand's "Chanticleer," a play in which the actors are animals with the souls and speech of men, and "The Yellow Jacket," by Hazelton and Beurims, a play modelled very closely after the typical Chinese drama with the exception of a few details. Many examples could be given of modern playwrights who have either made unusual departures from the beaten track or who have taken old material and worked it over into a modern production. If the playwrights themselves have been trying to create new forms or to embody old material in a new dramatic form, there have also been men who with their new ideas of staging and producing have contributed something very lasting to the work that goes hand in hand with the drama itself—the direction and production of drama. Just as Shaw laughed at and discarded as out-of-date many of the out-worn cobwebbed ideas that have persisted in the human brain, so have some of the modern dramatic producers thrown away old ideas of staging and have proceeded to work out new methods by which they mean to present drama in the most effective way.

About the middle of the last century there was born in San Francisco a man whose healthy influence has revolutionized some phases of drama production in America. This man is David Belasco. His stage career began before he was twenty, but he was always more successful at managing and producing than at interpretation; so we find him

engaged as stage-manager for a travelling company in Virginia when still a very young man. Later he returned to San Francisco and acquired a position as manager of a stock-theatre. He found the staging of drama at that time very crude in many respects and began then to produce plays according to his own ideas. In 1882 he came to New York and has since that time lived in the metropolis. When he was travelling as stage-manager in the eastern United States he met the Irish dramatist, Dion Boucicault, and became his secretary. The lasting effect of their association was that many of Mr. Belasco's subsequent productions strongly showed the influence of the Irish dramatist.

It is the aim of Mr. Belasco to make the stage a serious profession and to realize this aim he established a school for actors, requiring the selected students to attend three years at his own expense. If the purpose of the stage is to teach, then the people of the stage must be well trained and educated if they expect to instruct by their interpretations. He deplored the lack of training of many of the prominent New York actors and set about to institute reforms. It was this that led him to establish his school for actors. He wanted to uplift the stage by a careful selection of actors and of good healthy drama well presented. With his ideas of stage setting and scenic effect he banished from the life of the theatre the school of directors whose productions had to depend on prominent position of the lead-character and the power of the actor's voice for best effects. Real looking scenery and the switchboard are two of his greatest interests when he produces a drama. In the matter of scenic realism he is one of the greatest of all stage-managers. His close observation of everything in life and nature that is to him strange, interesting or picturesque stores up in his mind abundant effects which he attempts to reproduce in his staging. His stage settings

are carefully worked out to the last detail. If his directions called for a door, he would use in the setting a real wooden door, not satisfied to use a cheaply daubed piece of canvas stretched over a frame. His interiors have ceilings, real electrical fixtures, appropriate furniture, good pictures on the walls—in short, everything that would contribute to make his stage setting look like a real room. It is his aim to obtain realism in setting by close attention to details. He has been criticised for overdoing this. An article in a magazine last Spring on Mr. Belasco's excessive use of stage furnishings said that one of his elaborate library interiors resembled a corner of Tiffany's Studio. He knew that when people plan their homes they attend carefully to the details of the decorations; and, therefore, he plans his interiors with great care in order to give the impression of a real home.

The emphasis of Mr. Belasco on details is excellently illustrated in the second act of his dramatic production of "The Girl of the Golden West." The time of this play is that period of American civilization when law, in some of the western States, was the opinion held by the greatest number of the varied population of the rather uncivilized trading posts. The setting for the second act of this play is a room in the cabin of Minnie, the bar-maid of the village saloon. A roughly built fire place at one side, a crude table and two chairs, a few gaudily colored prints on the walls, rugs of animal skins, a worn ladder leading to a loft are some of the details of the scene. Wind is heard outside, the window rattles and every time the door is opened snow is blown in. The scene is lighted but dimly by a lamp on the table and the flames in the fire place. Every detail of the setting contributes to produce the impression of a crude dwelling in the days of the western pioneers. Belasco has a wonderful sense of fitness of setting. In one of his greatest successes, "Du Barry," he places Madame

Du Barry in settings that are in harmony with her nature. The little Indian servant of Madame Du Barry, in his native costume, the decorations of her apartments, her costumes—every detail reflects her desires, whims and sensuous nature. It was in "Du Barry" that Mrs. Leslie Carter under Belasco's careful directing did some of her greatest work as an emotional actress.

When Mr. Belasco is producing and directing a play no other stage mechanism receives as much careful attention as the switchboard. By his skilful manipulation of switches he reproduces on the stage light effects just as he has seen them in nature. He has probably gone farther in the mechanics of light effects than any other present day stage director. His emphasis on light effects is well illustrated in one of the settings for "The Rose of the Rancho." Six minutes, without a word being spoken are required to produce a light effect. If the scene is supposed to be in the full, hot sunlight then Mr. Belasco tries to give exactly the impression of the bright light and heat of the sun's rays; or, if cold, he uses just those light effects that will suggest the light of a cold, wintry day. The man at the switchboard must understand the emotions of the actors and emphasize the feeling of the scene by playing upon it the appropriate lights. Mr. Belasco attempts to reproduce natural effects and to intensify the emotion of a scene by a skillful mixing and blending of lights. Some directors try to attain a strong effect by playing light on the principal character of a scene and neglecting both the general lighting of the scene and the other actors. In one scene of the dramatic production of "Parsifal" a green light plays on the face of Klingsor, the magician and worker in the black arts, while he is on the scene. Mr. Belasco condemns over emphasis on any detail that causes a lack of harmony in the general impression of the whole scene. He is now busily engaged trying to find some means of lighting a

stage than by a use of footlights. As yet nothing definite has resulted from his experiments, but this is an instance of how carefully he works on the details of scenic effects.

Although much of Mr. Belasco's work has been directing, revising and adapting, yet he has produced some original pieces that have gained for him a reputation. Just what he considers the way a dramatist should work we have stated in his own words: "The storehouse to which all dramatists must go is life. Life must be studied constantly and minutely. My book is the people; my lesson of the day is the individual."

David Belasco works for the public. He has a strong belief in the power of the theatre to instruct. By improving all the features of the stage, i. e., manners, speech and quality of drama, he believes that he may succeed in improving these same qualities in the homes of the theatre-going public. His service to the public has been a great one. Having banished unartistic dramatic productions and crudities of staging from many of the theatres, he now presents to the American public a vigorous, clean and well-staged drama; a standard of dramatic production that will satisfy the demands of those who regard the theatre as an institution whose effect on the public will be pleasure combined with instruction.

Mr. Belasco's contributions to stagecraft have been considerable. He has demonstrated the value of carefully planned settings and scenic effects in the presentation of drama. Yet there is now a tendency to break away from the so-called "Belasco ideas of staging." The more modern producers are not content to have their settings reproduce the actual in point of detail; but they are more inclined to favor a setting that by its color and decoration combined with lighting effects will contribute toward a greater interpretation of the drama. They do not emphasize details, but seek to have the costumes and setting

in harmony with the emotion of the drama. What they wish to present is an artistic interpretation. The greatest representative of this new movement is Max Reinhardt, an Austrian. This worker in the theatre now has many followers both on the continent and in America; and, although the results of a contemporary movement can never be predicted with certainty, yet his present work bids fair to leave a lasting influence on the theatre and to cause one of the greatest changes in the staging of drama ever known in the history of the theatre.

In 1873 Max Reinhardt was born at Baden, an Austrian town near Vienna. This man has now come to be recognized as the most modern of the modern directors and producers of drama. With his novel ideas of drama presentation he has during the last decade exerted a new and marked influence over many of the German and English theatres and his influence is now being felt in America where "Sumurun" and "The Yellow Jacket," two of his best known productions, have of late years been staged. Mr. Reinhardt has for the greater part of his life been associated with the theatre. At the youthful age of seventeen he left the banking business and began to study for the stage. His first appearance on the stage was in 1893 at a theatre in Salzburg. The following year found him at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin. His principal merits as an actor lay in his power to interpret character parts of the old and philosophical kind. He appeared as Eugstand in Ibsen's "Ghosts" and as Mortensgard in "Roswershalm" by the same author. He also created several difficult character parts of Hauptmann and Tolstoy. His interpretations were naturalistic and as an actor of this type he scored great successes in Berlin; but his ideas of theatre and acting were too broad to allow him to stick to such a narrow channel as the interpretation of a certain type of character. All during his engagements as an actor he was

gaining experience in stagecraft that was to be of great service to him later. He soon broke away from the Deutsches Theatre and became interested in the founding of a new type of theatre—a theatre somewhat of the vaudeville type and one in which there was a large degree of intimacy between actors and audience. With some of his followers he established a theatre of this type in Berlin and called it by the name of “Schall und Rauch.” It was very popular but was not the kind of theatre in which Reinhardt could best develop his talents; so in 1901 he became interested in literary drama. He began work in this field by producing several of Strindberg’s pieces. Later he produced Oscar Wilde’s “Salome” privately, the plans for the public performance having failed to meet with the censor’s approval. He sought for dramas that by their strange interest, novelty or beauty would appeal to an audience. Mystery and symbolism he also recognized as being two qualities that were finding place in some of the modern pieces. He continued to produce plays at the Kleine’s Theatre with which he was now connected, making this theatre very popular on account of the excellent quality of the productions there. In 1905 he was working with the Deutsches Theatre as producer. He produced plays of all of the leading dramatists of the day, not confining himself to staging German products, but taking plays of authors that appealed to him, no matter what their nationality.

At a time when great changes are being made in drama and in methods of production, Max Reinhardt stands as the strongest representative of a new movement of dramatic production, a movement, as one critic puts it, which is “a turning away from the old reality of the intellect to the reality of the imagination.” Much of the emphasis of Mr. Belasco and other American producers has been on details of staging; they have attempted to

reproduce the natural and real by carefully sticking to details in setting. Max Reinhardt has for his aim to suggest the feeling or emotion of a drama by a rhythmical and harmonious combination of scenery, color, costuming, music, and symbolic decoration. With him simplicity is the first law of staging. His list of productions include dramas, pantomimes, spectacular drama and also Sophocles; but every play he presents is produced according to what one critic called "the Reinhardt Method."

The comedies of Shakspeare according to Reinhardt's ideas should be full of color, life and gaiety; the scenes should by their beauty make an appeal to the eye; and it was with these convictions that he produced "Much Ado About Nothing." The settings were comparatively simple. He suggested rather that reproduced scenes in detail. The backgrounds were painted harmoniously in shades of color that suggested gaiety and freshness, and the costumes were designed to be in harmony with the background while being thrown into relief against it. He used a row of columns for an exterior, and a curtain dropped in front of them for an interior. Just as in all of his productions he made the colors, scenery, costumes and action blend into a harmonious whole.

"Sumurun," an Oriental pantomimic in nine scenes is perhaps the best known of his pantomimic productions. The story was taken originally from the "Arabian Nights" and in the pantomimic action the emotions of the Eastern nature are portrayed. In staging this piece the principal emphasis was on acting and color in costuming. The background for most of the scenes was simply a white wall as the actors moved against this in their brilliant costumes beautiful pictures followed one another, the actors being thrown into relief against the solid color of the background. Although there was much brilliant color spread over the scenes yet there was the harmony of lines

and colors that is found in all of Reinhardt's productions.

"The Miracle," a spectacular drama presented on a gigantic scale and which cost approximately seventy thousand pounds for an eight weeks run, was the most enormous of all Reinhardt's productions. Two thousand players were required to present "The Miracle," and an orchestra of two hundred pieces with a chorus of five hundred were used to render the music written for the drama. The enormous scale of this drama and the fact that Reinhardt directed it through long and tedious rehearsals to a finished and artistic performance shows that he is not the man to be balked by any difficulties of presentation.

His production of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex" was criticized as not being Greek drama; but Reinhardt treated "Oedipus Rex" just as he did every other play he produced. He presents dramas in accordance with his own ideas of their meaning, submitting them all to his own methods of staging. The theatre is his life. He sees it as the place to express the great feelings and passions of human nature. To his mind overmuch detail in setting detracts from the effectiveness of the drama and adds nothing vital. So in his settings he lays no stress on details but employs the colors, lighting effects and kind of scenery that can best suggest and emphasize the emotion of the drama.

Just how strong an effect his influence will have on the theatre of the future, it is impossible now to estimate. That his influence at the present is great and that he has contributed originality, a new power and variety to the theatre cannot be denied. His deep sincerity and earnestness in his work are two of his most eminent characteristics as a director and producer. As the leader of a movement that has for its aim an artistic interpretation of drama he claims the serious attention of every man interested in Dramatic art and the place of the theatre in life.

W. B. PITTS.

College Conversation

“As a man thinketh, so is he” is an old adage long since accepted as universally true. “As a man talketh, so are his thoughts” is equally as applicable to human life. That which is true of the individual is true in the main of a body of individuals. Hence, we may say with safety that the character of conversation in vogue among the student body of the college serves as a reliable index to the actual character of its ideals. It is perfectly reasonable to assume that the kind of conversation one hears among college students in the lecture room, on the campus, about the boarding houses, and around other places of common resort is but the outward expression of inward experiences. We can not gainsay the fact that the inward state of the student determines the nature of his outward actions. For this very reason, we are enabled to judge the standards of our colleges by outward signs. Since this is true, may we not venture for a moment to discover those standards of our college ideals and see what their nude values are?

To the sympathetic observer, there is in the daily trend of conversation in our typical colleges that which may justly cause a slight feeling of disappointment and regret. The truth is this: matters which should occupy secondary consideration in the daily experiences of college life have somehow gradually displaced the more important and more vital matters of life. In what college or university today do we not find as the predominating subject of conversation that of football or some other form of athletics? What student body do we find which does not give undue prominence in daily conversation to social pleasures? What college do we find in which every day conversation does not indicate a fostering of a sort of modern professional tendency rather than the true spirit of learning? Let us not be misunderstood. We do not for a moment question

either the advisability or the necessity of athletics in our colleges. We also recognize fully the indispensable value of social functions in college experience. Furthermore, we cheerfully endorse the ideals which represent conversation standards of the professional spirit in our colleges. Our discontent is based altogether on the lack upon the part of students of properly unifying their ideals and of using proper discretion in choosing as their ideals for life those that count for the best there is in life.

It is our concern now to discover a plan whereby we may strengthen these weaknesses. Our hope lies in the possibility of our being able to bring about a convergency of the various ideals of the individual students, thereby uniting the interests of the entire student body, and, furthermore, by training our college boys to recognize and to choose those ideals that call forth the expression of the most noble impulses of life. We believe this can be done. But where shall we begin? We believe that the place to begin is with the student body itself. Let us inaugurate a plan such as will influence the development of leaders among the students, leaders that will not fail to set forth the very best ideals. Let us next encourage a more sympathetic intimacy between teachers and students. Some one has said that "the teacher is the high priest of the future." Upon him certainly depends the sacred duty of instilling into the lives of our college boys the true, healthy spirit of learning. Whenever the college atmosphere becomes suitable for fostering the development of true leadership and for bringing about a more sympathetic spirit among the entire college constituency, then shall college conversation become representative of the most worthy ideals that can be had.

W. E. BIRD.

The Little Brown Schoolhouse

Sometimes when the bloom of summer has faded and the breath of autumn is in the air, I go back to the old country village with its shaded streets and green lawns. It is the same old place that it was years ago. The hum and bustle of city life has never penetrated here. It still has its trees and shrubs, its town well, and its Revolutionary Courthouse. Red geraniums still bloom upon the sunny porches and thick clumps of ivy climb about the trees. I wander up the old familiar lane, past the old church till I come to the little brown school house. It too remains unchanged. It is a two-roomed weather-boarded building of rusty brown with a little bell tower on top. Surrounding it are a few scattered shade trees, and back of it a waving sedge field with the woods just beyond. I go to the window and look in at its forsaken interior. There are the same old desks and benches carved and whittled by the jack knives of their former occupants. My mind wanders back to the time when I sat in one of these same old seats. They seem suddenly occupied by the familiar faces of my former companions. They are busily engaged in writing and studying. On a long wooden bench before the teacher's desk, sit a row of little boys and girls reciting their spelling. I sit among that group, dangling my feet, for they are scarcely long enough to reach to the floor. The teacher begins at the "head" and proceeds down the line giving each one a different word. Presently someone "misses" a word and is promptly "tripped" by the one next to him. When the teacher has gone to the end of the line, she starts over again and thus proceeds until all the words in the lesson have been spelled.

Presently the recess bell rings and the boys and girls pour out into the open air. Before long I can hear the echoing shouts of the boys playing fox in the woods, and

the cries of the girls as they shake from the high vines a fresh volley of muscadines.

Then my mind turns back to the memory of the teacher. She was not a heartless tyrant who ruled with a rod of iron, as the old-time school teachers are said to be, but a friend and adviser of her pupils, whom all loved and admired. She was a splendid teacher, for she knew how to get the best effort out of her pupils, but not in this alone did her greatness lie. She taught her pupils purity of character, imbued them with high ideals, and sent them forth to serve their fellowmen.

J. C. EATON.

Blackmailing Bill

I tell you it is not my fault, I don't care who says it is; and if Elsie come around to you with a tale of woe, don't you believe a word of it. How in the name of sense was I to know it was loaded. Elsie says I ought to be hung and I know Bill thinks so too, but Miriam—well, I guess Miriam is glad of it.

Of course this is all gibberish to you so far and you don't understand a word of it. You may not understand the rest of it either, but I have got to explain the mystery and acquit myself of a serious charge.

Well it was this way; Miriam and Elsie were sisters, the prettiest things under heaven, but then you can imagine them to yourself without my attempting the impossible task of describing them. Miriam was maybe a shade the prettiest, but I was for Elsie all the time. She had a way with her that could make a fellow do almost anything. Bill was the modern author's idea of a hero. He was good-looking and had plenty of money, and so all the girls were crazy to catch him but none of them had succeeded very well until. . . now wait a minute, I am getting along too fast. Who am I? I am the villain. I loved both the girls and had proposed to them individually and collectively, but had not had much success until my idea blossomed into being. I was neither bad looking nor poor, but then Bill had ten times as much money as I, so I don't count.

There was a big picnic supper and general hullabaloo scheduled to take place down in Fox Hollow and Bill was going in his car with the two girls. By the use of my colossal nerve I horned in and went with them too. Bill had already gotten in the back seat with the girls so I had to sit in front with the chauffeur, which did not improve my temper any.

Bye and bye we came to the cut-off where you can walk to Fox Hollow in about ten minutes while the auto road is about three miles around. Bill said he thought I had better ride around with the driver as I wasn't looking very well, but he and the girls were going over the cut-off. Damn his impudence, I wasn't feeling very good; he had about got my goat, but he wasn't going to get rid of me that easy; so I got out too. Miriam beat Elsie to Bill's side; so Elsie had to be contented to walk with me; she didn't take much pains to hide her dissatisfaction either. That made me madder than ever, and I jammed my hands down in my overcoat pockets hard to keep from swearing out loud,—and my right hand struck metal. Right then I had an idea.

Bill and Miriam were a good ways ahead and were outlined against the setting sun. By the signs I knew that he was making love to her and in about half a minute he was going to kiss her. Miriam does not mind that much and I knew that Bill didn't think any more about it than about smoking a good cigar. To save Elsie the embarrassment I pointed out something on the other side of the valley for her to look at. Then I drew my hand out of my pocket and just as Bill's lips touched Miriam's. . . . I shot him.

Next morning I got up at an ungodly early hour, about ten o'clock I think, and went down town with a little package in my pocket to the studio of a friend of mine who is interested in artistic photography. I gave him my package and told him for my sake to work fast. In about an hour he came out and handed me a piece of cardboard with an offer of five hundred dollars for it. I didn't stop to listen but grabbed the cardboard and beat it for Bill's apartments. The lazy devil was just getting up.

"Bill," I said, "turn your valet out to grass, I want to hold a palaver with you." He was all curiosity at once

and told his valet to go be getting breakfast ready. As soon as he was gone, I took off my coat and vest and rolled up my sleeves and commenced to talk turkey to him.

"Base Wretch," I said, "prepare to meet thy fate. This pains me more than it does you but it has got to be done." Poor Bill looked, as if he had seen a ghost.

"What you mean," he said. "You lost your dog?"

"No," I replied right tartly, "but you are going to lose something you prize a great deal more. You are going to lose the privilege of kissing all the girls you come across and to have to confine your energies to one only." With that I hauled out my cardboard and stuck it under his nose.

"Well," he said, "it is a good picture, isn't it?"

"Yes," I retorted, "I have been offered five hundred dollars for it. But what I am thinking about is, wouldn't you like to have me show that around at McLane's dance tonight? or wouldn't you like me to send it to 'Life'? Then too it would look nice as a toilet soap advertisement, wouldn't it?" Now Bill began to see what a hole he was in, but like the fool he is, he thought he could get out with his blasted money; so he smiled a sickly smile and reached for his checkbook and said,

"All right, I make it a thousand."

"Nothing to it, Kid," I shot back.

"Two thousand then."

"Don't be a fool."

"Five thousand."

"Shut up, take down that telephone and 'phone Miriam and say just what I tell you." He did so, and in about a minute he said Miriam was at the 'phone.

"Good morning, Darling," I said.

"Good morning, Darling," he repeated after me into the transmitter.

"Sweetheart, won't you marry me? I love you so much I just can't live without you," I said.

"That is a deuced poor proposal," Bill said, but nevertheless he repeated it after me. I knew she would, all right; so in about a minute I said,

"Love-Dovey, here are a thousand kisses coming over the wire." and I smacked my lips. "How soon can it be?" Bill repeated that all right, and in about a minute I said,

"All right, sweetheart, I am going down to Tiffany's right now to buy the ring, and I'll be right up." Bill repeated that and hung up the receiver with a bang. The poor boy was red as a beet.

"It wouldn't have been so bad in private," he said, "but over the telephone! Good Lord! Central heard me, too, and by night it will be all over town."

"So much the better then," I retorted and beat it for Elsie's as fast as I could go.

When I got there I saw she knew that all her hopes of catching Bill had gone up the spout; so I took her aside and talked plain to her.

"Darling," I said, "There is not the slightest chance of your getting Bill, and I am going to worry you to death if you don't marry me; so come on and be a sport." I think she knew that I must be responsible for Bill's sudden proposal so she said,

"I am going to marry you to get even, but I'll put the date far enough ahead so I can change my mind if I want to."

You have no idea what a loud noise a kiss can make sometimes, and before we could fix, Bill and Miriam were looking through the curtains laughing at us. I didn't care. I turned my back on them and took another. Shucks, I was godfather to it all. I should worry!

Bill and Miriam were married last month, and it only lacks a week until my turn comes. Elsie hasn't changed her mind yet; so I guess we'll pull it off all right.

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The world is mine!

The warmth and glow of noonday sun;
The flooding fullness of the tide of life;
The green of mead and gold of ripened field;
The blaze of color and the pride of flaunting flower
In garden trim or hedge row wild;
All are mine—Thy love hath made them mine.

The world is mine!

The purpling clouds of setting sun;
The quiet stillness of the darkening world,
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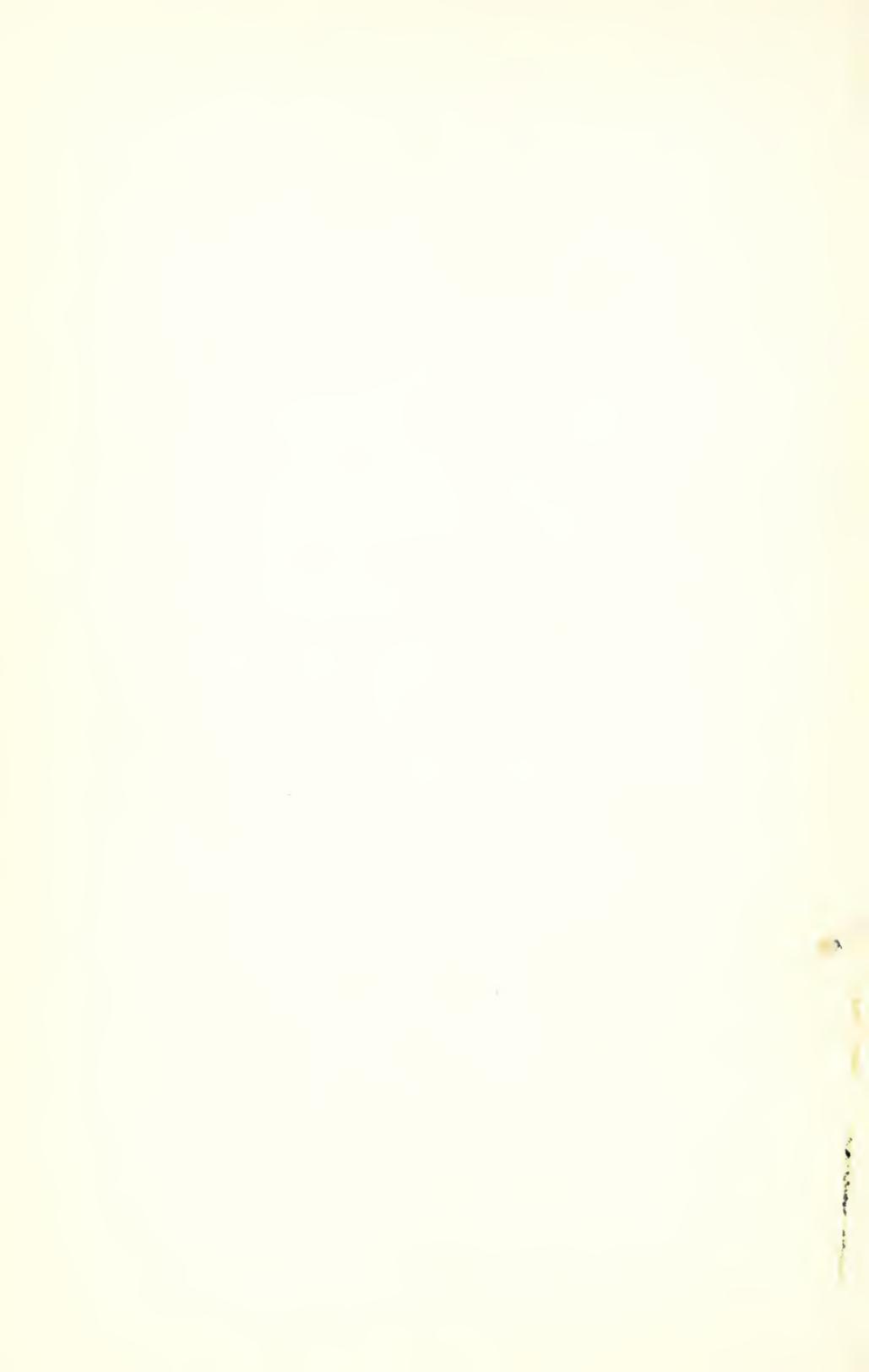


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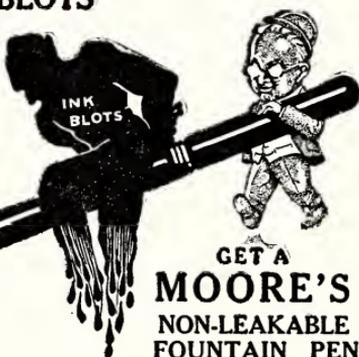


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Old Series Vol. 46

No. 3

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Editorial Comment

It is fitting thus to wish each other well a month after New Year's day, for it is really the beginning of the new college year. We have paused for a while in the progress of our work to take stock of ourselves. As we begin again our tasks of routine work it is with varied thoughts about the examination period. To some the time has been strenuous, it is true, but, nevertheless, almost restful in the feeling of completeness the review has given to the otherwise vague items of our various studies. To others less fortunate the frenzied efforts of the period have been the preliminary to failures that still linger in a sense of depression and discouragement. It is rather hard to achieve five months growth overnight. Sickness, perhaps, or some handicap that no one else can know may have temporarily gotten the best of others of us. Whether good or bad, however, the record determined is fixed. Facing the facts significant to us in its register, we pass on, if we are wise, to our ultimate goal,—heartened by a new synthesis of ideals and a higher consecration of purpose.

The other day a student wandered into the library. Perhaps he wanted to read the papers; perhaps he was going to work. Possibly he was just gravitating toward books in the half-hour before the bell would ring. He entered the door and

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turned toward the periodical room. As he turned his eye was caught by a book that challenged him from the shelves by the desk. He walked over and picked the book up and turned a few pages listlessly. A phrase focused his attention. He seated himself on an oaken bench by a pillar and read eagerly. A half an hour later he walked from the library with his life enriched by an unexpected treasure. The experience was an adventure in reading free from the formalities of the card index and the date stamp. Certainly the student would never have gone on this adventure through these workaday channels. He owes the experience to the inviting presence of the book itself that challenged him from the shelf by the desk. Now, most of us go to the library actuated by the same motives that this same student was possessed of. We too go to read the papers, or to get some book that we need in our work. Usually it is with some previous set of mind toward a particular book that we approach the library. Seldom are we privileged to make a new discovery as this student did. Unless we have some book in mind there is little for us in the neat stacks back of the desk. The truth of the situation seems to be this: Our library at present is primarily what one might call a reference library; that is, one must almost have a reference to a book before one is ever impelled to call for it at the desk. We realize too that we must have a library of this nature. But we need a library that will challenge us with its inviting array to go on adventures—to find out for ourselves new reaches in experience. Somehow we will not thus roam through the card catalogue; we need the actual presence of the books themselves. We need to touch and handle them awhile before selecting one to read. Whether we read or not we need to know that such things exist; perhaps we might read one some day in spite of ourselves.

The present "Freshman shelf" in the Library is a start

toward what we want. Is it not possible to expand this shelf into a general reading room—finally, perhaps, into a new department where we may see, touch, and handle great books just as we now do the magazines in the periodical room? Is not the idea worth developing?

In announcing a basket-ball game to be played here not long ago, the manager found it necessary to request the students not to smoke, hiss, or behave in any **REMINDEES** other such unseemly way at the game. It was gratifying to note that the conduct of the fellows at the game showed a courteous response to this request. Some time previous to this the editor of the *Tar Heel* found it necessary to reprimand the occupants of the gallery for their conduct during the performance of the Dramatic Club. His remarks likewise met with a courteous response. At present there are stuck about on the campus numerous signs requesting us to keep off the grass. It seems, however, that a good many of us mistake these signs for suggestions to step off the walk at their respective locations. After someone in Chapel has reminded us that we are in reality endangering the integrity of our civic life, we will respond to this reminder in a correspondingly courteous manner. Of course there are certain free spirits always with us, not to be constrained to any standard; they are members of the *Little University*. We expect these men still to hiss at visitors, deface the walls and exercise other such prerogatives of their order. And too there will be always a number of new men who will follow this pernicious minority in their untutored efforts to realize the freedom of college life. In fact the *Little University* is largely recruited from the callow ranks of Freshmen. The majority of us, however, are alive to the spirit of the University we love. Though we may be dull at some times, and at other times abortive in our demonstrations of it,

there is a desire in our hearts to have our lives express the true University manhood. But shall this desire of high thinking and fine feeling always be sinking back to dormancy in our lives; must it always be roused to action through some outward stimulus? Why is it that the majority of us passively allow a distinct minority to lead us constantly into some violation of the true spirit of the institution? Can we not achieve a free and high life as students without the constant pressure of such reminders?

With a hearty handshake we cry welcome to our fellow torch-bearers in the literary procession. The high school magazine starts its career with a bright and interesting number that bids fair to stimulate the junior literary life of the community.

The forum department of the MAGAZINE seems to have died a natural death. Naturally its conductor feels a hesitancy in requesting copy for this section just to keep it going. We are to be congratulated on the smooth working machinery of our life. Evidently the biscuits at Swain Hall are now browned properly, and the menu shows the requisite variety. Let us hope that the absence of minor criticisms is neither the quiet that precedes a storm, nor an indication of passive suffering. We deplore the lack of constructive ideas, but acquiesce heartily in the mood that has silenced the kicker.

A Sketch of the Fraternities of the University of North Carolina (1851-1915)

On December 12th, 1842, the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina, upon a motion of Charles L. Hinton, "enacted what was styled a 'regula generalis' on the subject of secret societies or clubs." The cause of this action was the attempt in the spring of 1842 to establish a chapter of the Mystical Seven Fraternity in the University. If this attempt had been successful the chapter would have been the second fraternity chapter in the South, the only one existing at the time being the chapter of the Mystical Seven, established at Oxford, Georgia, in Emory College in 1841. The trustees in their action declared that the fraternities were not less injurious to the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies, "than to the cause of good morals and sound learning." Orders were given to the administration to crush them, and to demand of every student entering, a pledge that he would not connect himself with such a society. They were supported by the vigorous and concerted action of the literary societies which voted to fine heavily any one of their members, transgressing the rule. It can easily be seen that in the face of such drastic opposition, it would have been extremely difficult to establish a successful chapter at this time. The movement was killed temporarily, and from 1842 to 1850 nothing more was heard of fraternities among the students.

There is no record of this ordinance having ever been repealed, but the opposition to fraternities seems to have died a natural death, for by 1850 we see the beginnings of the system, in the "G. A. V. Club." This society was founded in 1850, and was the first in the University. It remained purely local, and with the entrance of the chaptered orders it became extinct. The badge of the "G. A.

V." was a gold crescent attached to a perpendicular pin, and inscribed with the English letters "G. A. V."

Delta Kappa Epsilon, the first national fraternity to enter the University, chartered its Beta chapter in this institution on April 5, 1851. The new society prospered from the beginning, and before the year was out had a rival. The charter members were, Thomas James Narcom, '51, John Stephenson Long, '51, William H. Wiggins, '51, George Augustus Bret, '52, Joseph Warner Lewis, '52, Joseph Alonzo Manning, '52, John Willis Johnston, '53, Henry Russell Shorter, '53, Adam E. Wright, '53. The first initiates were Ed. Alston, '52, Charles Shepherd Bryan, '52, Fred Henry Cobb, '53, John Douglas Taylor, '53. The Dekes played a prominent part in the student life of the University during this period. From 1851 to 1861, when the Civil War forced the chapter to suspend operations, one hundred and eighteen men were initiated. Of the sixty students who were editors of the University Magazine before the war, seventeen were Dekes.

The first rival of Delta Kappa Epsilon appeared late in the fall of 1851—the Epsilon chapter of Phi Gamma Delta. The charter members of the Epsilon were D. M. Carter, '51, J. A. Patton, '51, W. D. Barnes, '52, Thomas H. Gilliam, '52, L. F. Siler, '52, J. C. Smith, '52, Thomas B. Burton, '52, William H. Smith, '52, Alexander R. Smith, '52, J. W. Wilson, '52, and Zebulon Baird Vance, '54. This chapter enjoyed only a fairly prosperous career, and suspended operations in 1854. It was revived in 1860 only to be killed by the War in 1861. Thirty-seven men were initiated prior to the War.

Next came the Eta of Beta Theta Pi, chartered in 1852 with the following members: Junius Irving Scales, '53, John Lindsay Morehead, '53, George Nicholas Thompson, '53, Kenneth McKenzie Murchison, '53, James

Creecy Moore, '54, John Kirkland Ruffin, '54, Robert Modervell Sloan, '54, John William Sandford, '54, Bryan Whitfield, '54, William Henry Thompson, '54, William Robards Wetmore, '54, Richard Bradford, '54. This society was very prosperous down through the commencement of 1855 when it began to decline steadily, and became extinct in 1859, two years before the outbreak of the War. Forty-eight men were initiated.

On November 20, 1854, was established the Xi chapter of Delta Psi. Hugh Walker Gardner, '57, who had joined Delta Psi at Randolph-Macon, and entered the University as a sophomore in 1854, was the organizer of the chapter. The following men were the original initiates: John Anthony, '57, Robert John Cannon, '57, James Hampton Evans, '57, George Henry Gregory, '57, David Hilliard, '56, Joseph Buckner Killebrew, '56, David Ward Sanders, '57, John Nicholas Stallings, '57, William Edward Wilson, '57, Thomas Hilliard Christmas, '57, Thomas Steel Crump, '56, Clement Dowd, '56, Lewis Whitfield Howard, '56, James Smith Baker, '58, Hugh Thomas Brown, '58, George Albert Courts, '59, William Carey Dowd, '58, William Hill Jordan, '57, Lafayette Fuller Leecraft, '58, Thomas Stanton Price, '56, William Bingham, '56. Delta Psi seemed born to prosperity, had practically no opposition, and initiated the largest number of men of any of the ante-bellum chapters in proportion to the length of time it existed. I doubt if any chapter in the South ever enjoyed such success as the Xi of Delta Psi. Her men were the pick of the University, and their post-collegiate records have proven their worth. The chapter was undoubtedly *the* dominant factor in fraternity life in the University from its foundation in 1854 to its extinction in 1862. No attempt has ever been made to revive it. The complete roll of the Xi chapter of Delta Psi, taking it up from the name of William Bingham, '56,

listed above, is as follows: Benjamin Blount Barnes, '57, Henry William McMillan, '55, John Merritt Perry, '58, William Holladay Hayley, '57, Renel Marcellus Stancill, '58, William May Hammond, '59, William Adolphus Taylor, '59, Richard Cogdell Badger, '59, George Badger Barnes, '59, Thomas Cowan, '58, George Burgwin Johnston, '59, Andrew Ed. Baptiste Knox, '59, Benjamin Ward Sanders, '59, Elijah Benbow Withers, '59, George Pettigrew Bryan, '60, Addison Harvey, '58, Simmons Harrison Isler, '59, William Bingham Lynch, '59, Iowa Michigan Royster, '60, Henry Watson Saunders, '59, Lewis Peter Butler, '60, Pierce Mason Butler, '60, Cornelius Furman Dowd, '61, John Randolph Ely, '61, Robert Daniel Johnston, '58, George Gordon Sims, '60, Louis West, '60, Garland Meredith Yancey, '61, Samuel Jay Andrews, '62, John Decatur Barry, '60, Lewis Bond, '60, John Charles Gaines, '62, Edward Joseph Hale, '60, William Churchill Jordan, '62, Thomas Wallace Taylor, '62, Joel Patton Walker, '61, James Foreman Clark, '59, John Cowan, '63, Madison Ruth Grigsby, '61, Gabriel Johnston, '63, James Billingslea Mitchell, '63, Benjamin Lee-craft Perry, Jr., '63, William James Robards, '63, Ruffin Thomson, '63, Robert Spencer Clark, '61, John Almarine Cutchin, '64, Julian Smith Foscue, '61, Henderson Dennis Judd, '64, Daniel Lindsay Russell, '64, Alvin Branson Howard, '64, Thomas Lenoir Norwood, '64, Edmund Gregory Prout, '64, John Johnston, '65, John William Lawrence, '65, Henry Armand London, '65, Matthias Murray Marshall, '63, William Curtis Prout, '65, William A. Blount Branch, '66, Edmund Deberry Covington, '68, John Ernest Donalson, '68, John Burgwyn McRae, '66, Frederick Nash, '66, John Taylor Rankin, '65, Joseph Caldwell Mickle, '65, George Gillett Thomas, '66, Edwin Wiley Fuller, '64, Thomas Davis Meares, '68, eighty-nine in all. The chapter suspended operations in 1862. The

badge of the Delta Psi is a Saint Anthony cross of gold with curved sides. The cross bears a shield of blue enamel displaying the letters "ΔΨ." On the bar of the cross are engraved four Hebrew letters, and beneath the shield are the skull and bones.

Delta Psi was established in 1854, and from then on the fraternities multiplied rapidly until in 1861 practically every student was a member of one of these groups. There were about thirty in all with an average membership of fifteen men. Delta Psi had the largest, and Delta Phi probably the smallest. Of the thirty groups, eleven were national and of a more or less permanent nature. The remainder were locals, and for the most part ephemeral and loosely organized.

Two new chapters were established in 1855, the Kappa of Delta Phi, and the Sigma of Chi Psi. Both were killed by the War. Delta Phi and Chi Psi never had a large membership, and they might be termed the "exclusive" chapters of that day.

The founders of Delta Phi were William Preston Mangum, '59, son of Willie P. Mangum, 1815, John Knox McLean, '59, W. G. Mebane, '59, William J. Montfort, '59, W. J. Rogers, '59, J. N. Ramsay, '57, Edwin S. Sanders, '59, Henri W. Sessions, '57, I. N. Tillett, '57. There were thirty-seven men initiated in all, all but one of whom served in the Confederate army. The badge of the Delta Phi is a Maltese cross of gold, in the centre of which is an elliptical disc, displaying the letters "ΔΦ"; the arms of the cross display a scroll and quill, an antique lamp, clasped hands, and a constellation of nine stars.

The following men were the founders of the Sigma of Chi Psi: James Leonidas Averitt, '56, Lewis T. Thompson, '56, Gabriel J. Davis, '57, Thomas Norfleet Hill, '57, John Calvin Jacobs, '57, John Early Logan, '57, Robert Nash Ogden, '57, Cadwallader Polk, '57, Wil-

liam Moring Sutton. There were fifty-two initiates. The badge of the Chi Psi is a jewelled monogram composed of a "Chi" laid upon a "Psi." The latter displays a cross within an oval, and a skull and bones with three daggers above.

There has never been any move to re-establish the chapters of Delta Phi and Chi Psi.

One of the most prominent ante-bellum chapters was Phi Kappa Sigma established November 12, 1856. The charter was granted to the following men: Eustace Hunt, '57, Louis Meredith Jiggitts, '57, David Short Goodloe, Jr., '58, Edward Turner Sykes, '58, Augustine Burket Washington, Jr., '58, Nicholas Biddle Shannon, '59. The first initiates were William Washington Humpheries, '58, and David Jones Young, '58. The chapter was called the Lambda and had a large membership. It was not, however, so prominent before the War as it was after.

The following is an excerpt without comment from the *University Magazine* for February, 1856: "To the Freshman class in the University of North Carolina this volume is respectfully dedicated by the author (Gibbon Williamson) in the confident belief that . . . it will be a shield and buckler against the allurements of the fraternities. . . . The 'Delta Kappa Epsilon' was the favorite of the polite gentlemen, who had a disregard amounting almost to contempt for dull text books, but spent the most of their time over the fashionable literature of the day, and at some fashionable saloons, kept by some free gentlemen of color. When they appeared in public, they were adorned with canes, gloves, and ponderous chains, their clothes and bodies possessing meantime, a painful rigidity. . . . Those of the 'Phi Gamma Delta' order, affected a rigid morality. . . . Some of these Phi Gamma Deltas cultivated with untiring care the beauty of their complexions, whiskers and teeth. . . . Delta Psi was noted for its

awful ceremony of initiation. Chains, coffins, and other instruments of terror were used, and groans and sighs were uttered, from which circumstance one of the letters on their badge was a Psi. . . . The Eta chapter of Beta Theta Pi was notorious from one fact—pancakes, pies, potatoes, beef, ham, eggs, and all edibles were before them—‘as a vapor which appeareth but a little while and then passeth away.’ John Smith suggested that their chapter letter, Eta, attached by a chain to their badge, (which was shaped like a huge gourd seed with a protuberance upon it), was indicative of this propensity for eating. . . . The Delta Kappa Epsilon, whose device is a scroll, showing that the members are familiar with all things written, from the primer and newspaper to Coptic and Sanscrit, is extremely popular. Smith thinks that the interpretation of these letters is ‘Drink, Kuss, and Eat.’ How stupid! How ignorant!!”

North Carolina Xi chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity followed Phi Kappa Sigma and was established in the University, February 14, 1857. This fraternity was not prominent before the war and led an uneventful existence until its extinction in 1861 by the enlistment of nearly all the members in the armies of the Confederacy. The chapter was founded by Thomas C. Cook of the University of Alabama chapter, who was a student at Princeton. Ever on the alert to promote the extension of his fraternity he got in communication with John Martin Fleming, '59, and a charter was finally issued to the following gentlemen: John Martin Fleming, '59, Thomas W. Jassett, '60, Wiley W. Whitehead, '58, Thad C. Belcher, '57. The ante-bellum initiates were in addition to the chapter members, as follows: James W. Fleming, '57, Oscar F. Hadley, '58, Louis Hilliard, '58, Joseph H. Field (Tenn. Nu), '59, Alex H. Galloway, '59, Joseph Christopher Shepard, '59, Charles Edward Gay, '60, Wil-

liam J. King, '60, Eugene S. Martin, '60, Richard L. Sykes, '60, Vernon H. Vaughan (Ala. Mu), '60, James A. Cody, '61, Thomas Benjamin Davidson, '61, James A. Everett, '61, Jacob Foster, '61, David E. Jiggetts, '61, M. T. McSween, '61, Robert T. Murphey, '61, etc.

The records of the Mu charge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity were lost during the War, and nothing is known of the movement leading to the foundation of the charge. The only other Southern charge at that time, however, was the Epsilon charge at the College of William and Mary, and ~~it is very probable~~ that the establishment of the North Carolina charge was the result of the activity of the Epsilon. Theta Delta Chi, though never large in numbers, occupied a high position. The members were most judiciously chosen, and the personnel was of an exceedingly high character. Since the War, no effort has ever been made to revive it. The charter members were: Joseph A. C. Brown, '58, William Macon Coleman, '58, James A. Marsh, '58, Ambrose B. Davie, '58, Leroy M. McAfee, '58, William Murphy, '58, William L. Twitty, '58, John Williams Williamson, '58, Andrew D. Lindsay, '59, John A. Sloane, '59, Abner S. Galloway, '59. The other initiates were Joseph Graham, '57, of Charlotte, Luecè Mitchell, '58, George C. McConnaughey, '59, Lawrence M. Anderson, '60, Charles S. Bruce, '60, Richard A. Bullock, '60, Jeduthan Harper Lindsay, '60, Arthur N. McKimmon, '60, Allen T. Bowie, '61, R. Lawrence Coffin, '61, James P. Johnson, '61, Joseph Motley Morehead, '61, of Greensboro, Thomas L. Samuels, '61, Thomas C. Thompson, '61, Kerr Craige, '62, Leonard A. Henderson, '62, A. A. McAfee, '62. The charge was established sometime during the spring of 1857. The badge of the Theta Delta Chi is a shield of gold with a face of black enamel, and a narrow border of blue enamel. The face displays the letters "ΘΔΧ," surmounted by two five-point-

ed gold stars with diamond centres; below are two arrows crossed. The border of the shield is studded with pearls.

Early in 1858 Samuel Rogers Franklin, '60, who had become a member of the Fraternity of Sigma Chi at the University of Mississippi, entered the University of North Carolina as a sophomore. He at once organized a local for the purpose of obtaining a charter from his Fraternity. The petition was forwarded to the governing body of Sigma Chi, but did not meet with favorable action. Upon the refusal of the petition, the local disbanded, most of the members joining other fraternities. This is the only known instance of a refusal to grant a charter to North Carolina before the War, by any fraternity. Franklin died in Chapel Hill, January 10, 1860, of galloping consumption.

When Zeta Psi was founded in 1846 at New York University, William Henry Dayton, one of the founders, engaged in the project with express purpose of establishing a chapter at the University of North Carolina, simultaneously with that at New York University. An illness which induced him to go South proved fatal before he could accomplish his purpose, and it was not until twelve years later that his object was realized. R. C. Swain, son of President Swain, at that time (1858) a student in the University, was acquainted with Henry Bookstaven, a Zete at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Correspondence between them relative to the establishment of a chapter of Zeta Psi at North Carolina was opened. A local organization was perfected, application for a charter made, and the charter was granted. James G. McNab, '58, was sent to Rutgers, and there initiated into Zeta Psi. He returned with the charter of the Upsilon chapter, and full powers to initiate the remainder of the petitioners. The chapter members were James Graham McNab, '58, William Adams, '58, Reuben Francis

Kolb, '59, Thomas Clay Evans, '59, Marshall Henry Pin-
nix, '59. Among the early initiates were: Zebulon M.
Johnston, '58, William H. Sutton, '58, Peter B. Bacot,
'59, Henry K. Burgwyn, '59, James C. Dobbin, '59, Wil-
liam F. Foster, '59, William E. Holt, '59, Stephen D.
Richmond, '59, Benjamin A. Rogers, '59, Jesse W. Ful-
ler, '60, William H. Johnston, '60, Walter J. Jones, '60,
Thomas E. Nixon, '60, Erasmus D. Scales, '60, David
Settle, '60, John Bradford, '61, Charles M. Stedman, '61,
Dossey Battle, '62, William N. Mebane, '63, Augustus
Van Wyck, '64, etc. Zeta Psi enjoys the distinc-
tion of being one of two chapters at the University to
survive the War, and one of only three fraternity chap-
ters in the entire South to weather that storm, the other
chapters being the Eta of the Fraternity of Sigma Chi at
the University of Mississippi, and Chi Phi at North Caro-
lina.

The Chi Phi Fraternity is the result of the union of
three organizations, each having the name Chi Phi. The
first of these originated at Princeton in 1824, and is known
as the "Princeton Order"; the next in order was founded
at the University of North Carolina, and is known as
the "Southern Order." The third was founded at Hobart
College, Geneva, New York, and is known as the "Hobart
Order." In 1858 the University of North Carolina rank-
ed among the leading educational institutions of the South.
Ten chapters of national fraternities had been founded
there during the eight preceding years. Thomas Cape-
hart, '61, with the idea of continuing the intimate social
relations existing between himself and his associates, con-
ceived the idea of establishing another "club," and on
August 21, 1858, met with Augustus Moore Flythe, '59,
James I. Cherry, '62, Fletcher Terry Seymour, '62, Wil-
liam Harrison Green, '62, and John Calhoun Tucker, '61.
These gentlemen organized what afterwards became the

Alpha Chapter of the Southern Order of Chi Phi. Chapters were placed at other colleges in the South, and the new organization prospered. The badge was a monogram in gold of the two letters "XΦ," the Chi being superimposed on the Phi. The Chi was set with pearls, and at the top of the Phi there were engraved crossed swords, and at the bottom clasped hands, a star being on each curve of the pin. The chapter died shortly after the close of the War, its effects and records being transferred to the University of Virginia. Eighty men were initiated into the chapter, a few of whom are given, exclusive of the founders, as follows: Julian Godwin Moore, '59, Henry Clay Foscue, '63, Norman Leslie Shaw, '63, James P. Britt, '64, and John Whitaker Cotten, '64. The Chi Phi of the North and the Chi Phi of the South learned of each other's existence through John R. D. Shepard, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, '65, and a member of the Alpha chapter of the "Southern Order." He met up with a member of the "Hobart Order" in New York in 1865, and in this manner each fraternity learned of the other's existence. A correspondence was begun which resulted on July 23, 1874, in the union of the two orders. The "Princeton" and "Hobart" orders had united in 1867. The badge of the united order of Chi Phi is a gold skeleton monogram, the "X" laid over the "Φ." The bars of the "X" are of the same width, and it is enameled in the fraternity colors, scarlet and blue, on which there is a representation of a vine and grapes in gold, while the "Φ" is plain gold.

This completes the roster of the ante-bellum chapters, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Gamma Delta, Beta Theta Pi, Delta Psi, Delta Phi, Chi Psi, Phi Kappa Sigma, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Theta Delta Chi, Zeta Psi, and Chi Phi—eleven in all. Besides these there were a number of flourishing locals and societies now extinct. At the outbreak of the

War there were twenty-five so-called "clubs" in the University. This includes the chapters of the national fraternities, besides a Kappa Alpha Society which was founded here in 1859, and which extended to a few other Southern colleges. This fraternity is now extinct, having been absorbed by Kappa Sigma. From 1855 on to 1861 the fraternities overshadowed every other extra-curriculum activity of the students. Their prestige aroused the enmity and opposition of the literary societies, and it is hard to predict what would have been the final result if the War had not put a summary end to all conjecture. The largest and most prominent of the fraternities were Delta Kappa Epsilon, Delta Psi, Phi Kappa Sigma, Zeta Psi, and Chi Phi. Delta Phi, Chi Psi, and Theta Delta Chi were the conservative, exclusive chapters. Beta Theta Pi, Phi Gamma Delta, and Sigma Alpha Epsilon were undoubtedly the weakest groups. Phi Gamma Delta died in 1854, and was re-established just before the outbreak of the War. Beta Theta Pi succumbed to the opposition of more firmly established chapters in 1859. Theta Delta Chi on October 18, 1860, at a time when the charge was in a most prosperous condition surrendered its charter, for reasons now unknown. We therefore see that in 1861 of the eleven chapters that had been established nine survived, if we count the newly revived Phi Gamma Delta. Six of these nine succumbed within a few months after the outbreak of the War. Delta Psi, Zeta Psi, and Chi Phi with depleted ranks struggled on. Delta Psi surrendered its charter in 1862, when the last member left to join the Confederate army. Zeta Psi and Chi Phi pulled through. For a time their prospects seemed bright, but when the dark days of Reconstruction came the University was forced to suspend operations. Zeta Psi and Chi Phi died with her. No effort has ever been made to re-establish the chapter of Chi Phi. It might be added in way of

parenthesis that North Carolina Xi chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon was the Grand Chapter of that fraternity during the years 1858-1860. To it also was entrusted the task of compiling the first catalogue of the fraternity, which was done in 1859 and printed in Washington.

The following men from the class of 1858, were members of Chi Psi: Nathaniel Macon Alston, E. S. J. Bell, W. S. Campbell, W. J. Foreman, R. C. Gordon, William Little, J. McR. Richmond, and J. V. Walker.

In 1875 upon a scant appropriation from the Legislature the University was reopened. At the first meeting of the faculty, September 4, 1875, it was resolved to recommend to the trustees not to grant permits to fraternities to organize. The question was brought up because of the petition of J. C. Taylor, Henry T. Watkins, Richard B. Henderson, and R. L. Payne in behalf of Delta Kappa Epsilon, asking for recognition. The faculty stated that their opposition was not to the fraternities, but against anything which might mitigate against the upbuilding of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. These societies were heavily indebted and needed vigorous support to resuscitate them, and bring them back to something like their ante-bellum prosperity. This ban remained until 1885 when it was removed upon the joint petition of Phi Kappa Sigma, Alpha Tau Omega, and Kappa Alpha, all three of which had existed for several years sub-rosa. The ban was removed on condition that the fraternities furnish the faculty with the names of all their members, and allow no liquors in their halls.

The Lambda chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma was reinstated on April 26, 1877. Joseph Clay Powell, '77, was the prime spirit in the undertaking. The ceremonies were performed in Raleigh because of the opposition of the faculty, and a secret organization was maintained. The chapter had the most desirable material from the student

body as her own. Among the early initiates were the following: Joseph C. Powell, '77, Wm. Battle Phillips, '77, Julian M. Baker, '77, Richard Dillard, Jr., '77, Arthur Arrington, '78, Kemp Plummer Battle, Jr., '79, James S. Manning, '79, Robert Strange, '79, Jno. M. Manning, '79, Frank K. Borden, '79, Ernest Haywood, '80, Frank Battle Dancy, '81, Edwin A. Alderman, '82, Henry Horace Williams, '82, Isaac Hall Manning, '82, etc. The badge of Phi Kappa Sigma is a gold Maltese cross with black enameled border, displaying a skull and crossed bones in the centre. In the upper arm of the cross is a six-pointed star and in the other arms are the letters "Φ," "K" and "Σ."

The Alpha Delta chapter of Alpha Tau Omega was established in 1879. The original members were as follows: John C. Winston, '79, Thomas D. Stokes, '79, Donnell Gilliam, '80, Thomas Radcliffe, '81, R. Percy Gray, '81, Julian Wood, '81, William T. Dortch, '81, Bartlett Shipp, '81, etc. The badge of Alpha Tau Omega is a Maltese cross, consisting of a circular center field of black enamel, in which is inscribed in gold a crescent near the top of the field, three stars immediately below the crescent, the Greek letter "Τ" in the center, and two hands clasped at the bottom of the field. The arms also of black enamel, display the letters "Α" and "Ω" vertically and the letters "Ω" and "Α" horizontally.

The Upsilon chapter of Kappa Alpha owes its origin to Joshua R. Nicholls, and James U. Hill, who previous to their connection with the University became members of the Tau chapter at Wake Forest College. They with Marion C. Millender and George Allen Mebane, Sr., formed the four charter members and obtained a charter from J. S. Candler, the acting Knight Commander, November 25, 1881. Next joined John L. Borden, and Julian S. Mann in 1882. The next initiates were: Pierre

B. Coxe, Atherton Barnes Hill, William A. Graham, John Motley Morehead. Other early initiates were George W. Carrington, '82, Robert T. Grissom, '82, Adolphus E. Wilson, '82, John W. Wood, '83, Wentworth S. Micks, '83, Lucius Polk McGehee, '83, John M. Beall, '83, Robert T. Burwell, '83, etc. The badge of the Southern Order of Kappa Alpha consists of a gold shield, surmounted by a smaller shield, in the center of which is a circle of black enamel, enclosing a Latin cross, and above which are the letters "KA." The chapter was inactive from 1888 to 1892.

North Carolina Beta chapter of Phi Delta Theta was established March 28, 1885, the charter members being Richard Smith Neal, '85, William Houston Carroll, '86, William Henry McDonald, '87, Albert Marchant Simmons, '87, Richard Street White, '87, Olive Douglas Batchelor, '88, Thomas Ashe Marshall, '88, Graham McKinnon, '88, Alexander Clifton Shaw, '88. The badge of Phi Delta Theta consists of a shield with a scroll bearing the letters "ΦΔΘ" in the lower part of the field and an eye in the upper part. A sword is attached to the shield by a chain. The shield is generally jeweled.

Julian S. Carr, Zeta Psi, '66, and Eugene L. Morehead, Zeta Psi, '68, both residents of Durham, hearing in 1885 that their fraternity would look with favor upon a suitable proposition to revive the Upsilon chapter at the University of North Carolina, undertook the organization of a petitioning local in the University. This local was called Rho Sigma Tau, and the petition was sent in. The charter was granted and the chapter revived on Dec. 11, 1885, with the following charter members: Earneste Preston Mangum, '85, Charles Tayloe Grandy, '86, Luther Bell Grandy, '86, Nathan Hunt Daniel Wilson, '86, William J. Battle, '88, Clinton Webb Toms, '89. The badge of Zeta Psi is formed of a monogram of the two Greek

letters "Z" and "Ψ," the "Z" over the "Ψ"; on the "Ψ" is a star and a Roman fasces; above the lower bar of the "Z" is an "A," and below the upper bar is a small circle.

In 1884 Oscar Lee Clark was a student at Davidson College where he became a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. He had several friends attending the University, and wrote them relative to the re-establishment of the North Carolina Xi Chapter. These gentlemen organized and forwarded a petition which was granted. Clark was to have been the installing officer but he was sick, and Robert D. Ross and Isaac R. Orland, both of the Davidson chapter were delegated to take his place. Four members of the petitioning body, Gilbert B. Patterson, Claudius Dockery, Julian H. Little, and Walter deB. McEachin, went to Durham and there met the installing officers. They were initiated and returned with the charter and authority to initiate the twelve other members of the local. This was done in 1885. The badge of Sigma Alpha Epsilon is diamond-shaped, a little less than an inch in diameter, and bears on a groundwork of black enamel the device of Minerva, with a lion crouching at her feet, above which are the letters "ΣAE" in gold. Below are the letters "ΦA" on a white ground in a wreath.

The Beta Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon was revived March 19, 1886, upon petition of Major Henry R. Shorter, '53, Hon. A. B. Irion, '55, and Dr. Francis Preston Venable. All three of these gentlemen were Dekes. Dr. Venable was professor of chemistry in the University. He had become a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon in 1874, while a student at the University of Virginia. The first initiates were: G. S. Patrick, '86, P. B. Manning, '86, C. F. Smith, '86, R. P. Batchelor, '87, M. H. Palmer, '87, St. Clair Hester, '87, etc. The badge of Delta Kappa Epsilon is a diamond-shaped lozenge, displaying a white scroll on a ground work of black enamel, and bearing the

letters "ΔKE"; a star appears in each of the corners of the diamond.

In 1887 with the following gentlemen as charter members, Eugene M. Armfield, '88, Robert L. Smith, '88, Daniel J. Currie, '89, Walter M. Hammond, '89, Willie T. Whitsett, '90, Paul Chatham, '90, Harry J. Darnall, '90, the Epsilon chapter of Phi Gamma Delta, was revived. The badge of Phi Gamma Delta is a diamond less than an inch in length having a black background and surrounded by a border of gold chain and displaying the letters "ΦΓΔ," above which is a single star in white enamel, and below the Greek letters "αωμη."

Several attempts had been made by Sigma Nu to secure a foothold in the University; without success, however, until the fall of 1888, when the Vice-Regent (of Sigma Nu) secured a dispensation, and by aid of Walter Murphy established Psi chapter with the following as charter members: Walter Murphy, '92, George Butler, '91, John T. Bennett, '90, W. E. Darden, '91, Frank H. Beall, '92, John M. Covington, '92, and William H. White. The badge of Sigma Nu is of gold with five arms in white enamel meeting in a center of black enamel, on which is coiled a golden serpent; each arm contains a pair of crossed swords and a letter forming the sequence "ΣNETT."

Robert Emmett Carr, a resident of Chapel Hill, and a member of the Fraternity of Sigma Chi, was in 1889 instrumental in the fulfillment of the dream of Samuel Rogers Franklin, '60. Through his influence a group of six men, all of whom had received invitations to unite with other fraternities, were induced to petition the Fraternity of Sigma Chi for a charter. The charter was granted and the Alpha Tau chapter of that fraternity was installed on May 29, 1889, with the following charter members: Hanson Finla Murphy, '90, William Benja-

min Ricks, '90, Neill Alexander Currie, '91, Richard Alexander Urquhart, '92, of Baltimore, Frank McRee Shannonhouse, '92, Francis Moore Clark, '92. Among the early initiates were Joseph Winston Duguid, '91, Robert du Val Jones, '91, James Vance McGougan, '91, Angus Wilton McLean, '91, Robert Burwill Redwine, '91, Arnold Vance Graves, '93, Charles French Toms, '93, of Asheville, Dr. George H. Kirby, '96, of New York City, Adolphus Howard Edgerton, '97, of Goldsboro, Dr. Edward Jenner Wood, '99, of Wilmington, Thaddeus Winfield Jones, '00, William Dalton McAdoo, '00, Willie Person Mangum Turner, '00. The badge of the Fraternity of Sigma Chi is a Saint George cross of gold and white enamel. In the center is an elliptical plate of black enamel displaying the characters "ΣΧ" in gold. On the upper arm of the cross are two crossed keys; on the right arm a scroll, and on the left an eagle's head. On the lower arm is a pair of clasped hands above seven stars. Two small chains connect the upper arm of the cross with the horizontal bar.

In 1884 the Star of the South Chapter of the Mystical Seven Fraternity was established in the University of North Carolina. This entire fraternity, after lengthy negotiations, united with Beta Theta Pi in 1890. Thus the Eta Beta Chapter of ~~Beta~~ Theta Pi became revived. The original charter members of the Mystical Seven chapter were John Wesley Kestler, '85, Winston Llewellyn Reece, '85, Oscar Charles Odell, '86, William Augustus Self, '86, Darritt Manly Reece, '86, Edward Bost Cline, '86. The badge of Beta Theta Pi is an eight-sided shield, the sides of which curve inward. On a field of black enamel are displayed the letters "ΒΘΠ," above which is a wreath in greenish gold encircling a diamond, and at the top of the badge three stars in gold. At the bottom beneath the name of the fraternity are the Greek letters "αωλθ."

The Alpha ~~Nu~~ Chapter of Kappa Sigma was established in 1892 with G. R. Little, '94, G. S. Wittson, '96, T. M. Hooker, '96, T. P. Braswell, Jr., '96, and J. G. Hollowell, '96, as charter members. This chapter has suffered several periods of temporary inactivity but the charter was continued in force and it is now active. The badge of Kappa Sigma is a crescent of chased gold with the horns turned downward, and holding suspended a five-pointed star enameled in black, with a narrow border of white enamel and gold, the general surface of the badge being of convex form; within the star are the letters "KΣ" surrounded by a circle of jewels. The crescent displays at its widest part the skull and bones, while at one side are crossed swords, at the other crossed keys.

In 1895, John F. Nooe, '96, Paul R. McFadyen, '97, Joe S. Wray, '97, J. Beale Wilkinson, '97, petitioned for a chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha. The petition was granted and the Tau chapter of that fraternity was installed the same year. The badge of Pi Kappa Alpha is a shield of white surmounted by a diamond in black enamel. Upon the diamond are the three capitals "ΠΚΑ" in gold. In the four corners of the shield are the small Greek letters "φφκα."

With the establishment of Pi Kappa Alpha there were then thirteen chapters in the University, Phi Kappa Sigma, Sigma Chi, Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha (S. O.), Phi Delta Theta, Zeta Psi, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Nu, Beta Theta Pi, Kappa Sigma, and Pi Kappa Alpha. This was too many, and the next five years saw the death of three of them. From 1877 to 1885 Phi Kappa Sigma was the strongest chapter in the University. From 1885 to 1890, Alpha Tau Omega made her a close rival. Beginning with 1890 the Phi Kappa Sigma began to decline in strength, though never in quality, until finally but one

member remained in the University. The charter was suspended in 1895, and no attempt has ever been made to revive it. Phi Gamma Delta, never a very strong chapter, met the same fate in 1898. There is at present a local called the Beta Phi in the University organized by Osborne LeRoy Goforth, '16, praying for a resuscitation of this chapter. In 1899-1900 there were ten or twelve members of the local chapter of Sigma Chi in College. The next session there was but one, and he didn't enter until after Christmas. The charter was surrendered in 1900. This chapter though never large in numbers was of an unusually high personnel. In 1911 Thomas Yancey Milburn, '14, who had become a Sigma Chi at Washington and Lee University, entered North Carolina as a sophomore. With the aid and advice of Dr. James Finch Royster of the English faculty and a member of the fraternity of Sigma Chi at the University of Chicago, Milburn organized a local fraternity called Sigma Kappa Delta for the purpose of reviving the extinct Alpha Tau chapter of this fraternity. Two years later the petition was granted, and on October 21, 1913, the Alpha Tau chapter of the fraternity of Sigma Chi was revived. Since then, considering the many obstacles in the way of a newly organized chapter, its career has been eminently prosperous and successful.

M. G. Quevedo, a member of the Pi Kappa Phi Fraternity at the Georgia School of Technology, entered the University in the fall of 1914. He at once organized a group for the purpose of establishing a chapter of his fraternity. The petition was forwarded, immediately granted, and in November of that same fall the North Carolina Kappa chapter of Pi Kappa Phi was established with the following members: Joseph Shepard Bryan, '15, Claude Alfred Boseman, '15, Manuel Gonzalez Quevedo, '17, George Raby Tennant, '17, Robert Thomas

Bryan, Law, '16. The badge of Pi Kappa Phi is a diamond with a face of black enamel. A scroll across the shorter diagonal displays the letters "ΠΚΦ." Below the scroll is a lamp, above the scroll is a star.

From 1890 on, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and Zeta Psi gradually superseded Phi Kappa Sigma and Alpha Tau Omega in influence. Delta Kappa Epsilon has been prominent since 1895, and has gradually increased in influence until it is now one of the most powerful chapters in the University. Of recent years Kappa Sigma and Kappa Alpha have showed considerable strength. Beta Theta Pi and Sigma Nu have turned out a number of very prominent alumni.

Practically every fraternity of importance in the United States except Phi Kappa Psi, Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, Kappa Alpha (Northern), and Sigma Phi, has had at some time or other a chapter in the University. There are not at present so many fraternities of ancient prestige represented as before the War, but the University is opening upon a period of great development, and it is to be reasonably expected that in the course of time, chapters of other fraternities as historic as Sigma Chi and Delta Kappa Epsilon will be established or re-established as the case may be, and the local fraternity system will then be truly representative.

Only one other phase of fraternity development remains to be mentioned. It is conspicuous in North Carolina by its almost total absence. This is the organization of the alumni of the historic fraternities for the purpose of advancing the social prestige of their respective organizations. This activity takes two forms: that of club life in states where large centers exist and of a strong state organization in states where there are no large centers. Among the most conspicuous examples of the high social position of fraternities in large centers are Sigma Chi in

New Orleans, Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia; Alpha Delta Phi in New York and Boston; Delta Kappa Epsilon and Psi Upsilon in New Haven; Delta Psi in New York and Philadelphia; and Zeta Psi in Toronto and Montreal, Canada. Conspicuous examples of the state *esprit de corps* are Sigma Chi, Delta Psi, and Delta Kappa Epsilon in Mississippi; Sigma Chi and Delta Kappa Epsilon in Kentucky; Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, and Zeta Psi in Maine.

—HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, '16.

To L. L.

Though leagues between may intervene ;
And Friend's at place and Friend's at place ;
Yet friendship's smiles can bridge the miles,
For friendship reckons not of space.

Though Time's hour-glass may see years pass ;
And slowly, aching ages climb ;
Yet end on end, a Friend's a friend,
And friendship never heard of Time.

Though hearts may yearn ; though souls may burn,
Though Life may seem but devil's bait ;
Lo ! Friendship's flowers assuage rough hours
And warm thoughts sweeten bitter fate.

And when at last the gate is passed ?
A thought of you new glamour lends.
Eternity knows thee and me ;
Before the Throne we'll kneel—as friends.

—ALFRED M. LINDAU.

Broadway Through the Provincial Eyes of a Down-Homer

The most remarkable thing about New York to me is not its immensity. I have had sensation of greater immensity under Chapel Hill skies. It is not the amount of noise; I was at Broadstreet Park once when Carolina scored a touchdown. However, our scoring noise was not incessant and the New York noise is. During the first nights I thought all the steel and wheel works of America were mobilized on the frontier of my window. I can't be waked now unless street cars, wagons, autos, hurdy-gurdies, fruit-venders, and newsboys, all join in on the chorus. It is not Brooklyn Bridge as it jams two cities into one, nor the Woolworth Building, pre-eminent scraper of the skies, nor Wall Street a-gay with power, nor Times Square astir with the present work and instant news of the world. It is not Fifth Avenue on dress parade of furs, poodles, and canes, nor Columbia University with its 10,000 students and more, nor the Hudson River beautiful under the palisades, nor even the East Side teeming with challenges. The most vivid phenomenon in this city of wonders is the boy on roller skates. People before him and in other places have taken their lives in their hands, he keeps his on his feet. Here and there he darts and dodges among people, machines, wagons and whatnots, dexterous in his rolling and confident in his safety. It would not be surprising for the street cars to jump the track to get out of his way.

The boy on roller skates, in rolling himself and his self against the crowding power of all those forces that would have no other gods before utility, gives them pause and rescues life and personality out of the oppressive social mass. In line with the boy's safety, which horses, wheels, and crowds, individually and unconsciously, put first, is

the general human safety which the community, with its signs, signals, and traffic regulations, consciously puts first. The city's traffic policemen with their wonderfully simple system at crossings of "go" and "stop" by alternate sections keep an obedient person almost as safe in crossing Broadway and Fifth Avenue as a person is in Chapel Hill after the close of the Summer Law School in crossing from the postoffice to Kluttz's Store—safer if the Doctor is honking back from dinner. You can hardly get on or off anything anywhere without having some sign or some person say, "Watch your step." I think the nurses put the babies to sleep with the lullaby, "Watch your step." Every student at Columbia keeps his door locked to prevent somebody, I suppose, from coming in and commanding him when he gets up in the morning to watch his step. I must say that it is a good motto to start the day with in this city of a thousand pulls. A good company of men in public service uniform make their living out of that refrain, but not on account of the catarrhal music to which it is set. The other day I was riding on top of a bus; when we drew near to the street crossing under the elevated the machine came to a complete stop and, though the conductor did not tell us to watch our steps, he told us to keep our seats and watch our heads. That was safety for you or at least for a Zacchaeus like me who could not stand on top of his seat, stretch up on his toes, and touch the lowest beam with the top of his middle finger.

None of these things impressed me as forcibly with the fact that I was far from home—though I felt that I had ridden across the continent on a surface car from the Pennsylvania Station to 116 Street—nothing told the distance from the washpots of Dixie as clearly as my first laundry bill. The cost of having two shirts (I say two shirts not by way of *en semble* but by way of example) laundered here would float a whole week's washing in Bill McDade's al-

lied tubs. I can understand now how a certain student in an uncertain northern college sends her laundry home to North Carolina and saves pocket change above the parcel postage. One advantage obtains here over the wash "Bills" of "Down Home;" for every piece that is lost here there is an item less in the laundry bill. A good many pieces are severely wounded by the modern water appliances but not one is ever reported missing. I have had enough of away-from-home economics to know by this time that it is bad economy to have a piece laundered that cost less than the laundry price.

The fact that a lost piece of laundry would make a difference in the bill is not New York's only compensation. You can buy out a fruit stand for a dime, ride on a subway express across the island, under the river, and down to the sea for a nickel, and you can get the world's best newspapers for a penny. In this city with its Wall Street and its echoes of Bethlehem Steel and European gold one cent looks larger and carries more dignity to the copper circle than anywhere else: it will buy a "New York Times" if you see the newsboy in time. "The Times" sells every morning like the North Carolina dailies on a smaller scale. Sold here with accounts of the Carolina-Virginia game. "All sold early; something must have happened down in North Ca'liner" said the Broadway news-dealer. I knew that he hadn't happened down there or he would have known the cause of his boosted Tar Heel trade and would not have continued to rob the state of a perfectly good second syllable.

The fight in Richmond has evoked new loyalty and admiration from New York's Tar Heels. Carolina's comeback even without a victory over Virginia is at this distance one of the most inspiring facts of the football season. The line's stands under the goal posts, the end's taking the sweep out of the heralded end runs, and the fierce on-

slaught of the offense with collarbones and without collarbones, is a story that tingles up the back of Carolina men everywhere.

The Army-Navy game was spectacular nonpareil. The soldiers in gray and the sailors in blue as they paraded to martial music, sang to their alma maters, saluted the president, and cheered the teams, gave color and setting to a game which was enjoyed, in spite of mist and rain, by 45,000 people. North Carolina was there. First of all in the person of a son who is much in the nation's eye for his jurisdiction over the multitudinous seas, the heavens above, and the waters beneath! He left weighty matters of earth, sea, and air, superdreadnaughts with ears, submarines with eyes, aerial currents, wireless telephones, and the three r's in the greatest university afloat, to watch his embryonic admirals maneuver in a sea of mud against the Garrisoned land forces. There was enough water to make the sailors feel at home and not too much to keep the soldiers from double quicking with a victory. That doughty Tar Heel who does the Phoenix stunt not only in his Raleigh establishment, where for a second time fire has tried to lay him low, but also in the national establishment, in which the navy caste, the armored interests, and the special champagne privilege sought to crush him with ridicule,—Mr. Josephus Daniels was there on the navy's fighting line, unscathed by fire and unlowered by ridicule. Governor Craig, as the guest of the Secretary, saw his son, undaunted by a costly fumble, pilot the navy in a plucky fight. On the navy bench sat substitute half back Broadfoot of Fayetteville, eager for the call to battle that never came.

Across the field was Captain Ernest Graves, born and raised in Chapel Hill, the son of a University professor and varsity fullback—"Pat" Graves if you please—line coach of the Army, whose coaching at Cambridge is a Har-

vard tradition and a Houghton asset. At fullback was Coffin of Greensboro who won an "N. C." before entering West Point. His punting was a feature of the game. The West Point formula was very simple. Coffin would punt, the army would hold, and Oliphant, the eight-cylinder back would carry as much of the Navy team as could hang on for continuous joy rides down the field to the amount of two touchdowns.

Speaking of fights! As spectacular as the Army-Navy encounter, as valiant against odds as Carolina at Richmond, and more deeply spiritual than both was the fight of the women of New York for the ballot. They lost, but the state gained from their fight lessons in the meaning of suffrage, a new release of life in the awakened aspirations of the human spirit, and an example of struggle, loyalty, and sacrifice that would keep the wells of common America pure from the poisons of privileged superiorities and complacent prosperity.

The boy on roller skates, rollicking as he rolls, and the woman fighting for suffrage, with her face inwardly lit as she fights, have let loose human tones on these streets that are clear above the unceasing clangor of cars and the heavy rattle of wagons.

—'09.

Appreciation

With flameless eye a man of miser-mould
Passed quickly o'er a hill's cool crest ;
Nor little recked as his the guileless gold
Which gleamed, triumphant, in the west.
He found no wealth in Nature's splendor-show,
His heart received no added thrill,—
Ten thousand suns might shed their dying glow
And it would be as barred and still.

Another gazed upon the wine-flushed sky
With soul and eyes that were not blind ;
Nor did he, scorning, pass the sunset by,
But drank the glory of its wine.
He stood and watched until the last faint ray
Was merged into the shades of night,
Then breathed a song of joy and turned away,
Made stronger, richer, by the sight.

—MOSES ROUNTREE.

Letters of a Freshman---No. 3

DEAR DAD:

All the boys were glad to see me back on the Hill on the sixth, so were the professors, and I was right glad to be back myself. You know I'm not near so green now as I was last September. The boys know it too; for they didn't try to sell me so many fakes. The only thing I bought from any of them was a season ticket to the library, and of course that's a safe investment. Oh, I'm wise now to everything. Gee, you ought to see how many books are in the library; they are piled on every side higher than our highest haystack. It takes a smart man to understand how to get the book he wants though. I asked the clerk for one the other day, and he told me to look in the catalogue. Of course I didn't want to waste money ordering books, but I thought I would take a peep into that catalogue. Well, it's the durndest thing I ever saw to be called a catalogue. It looks more like about six bureaux jammed together with all the looking glasses broken off. There isn't a picture in it, and you don't know how much the book is going to cost you until it comes.

Dad, I don't like the Sunday School teacher at our church here; so I sold the watch you gave me for a Christmas present to Film for ten dollars and we went to Raleigh to Sunday School. I didn't really need the watch anyway, because they ring a bell when it is time to go on class and another when it is time to come off. But I sure do like to go to Sunday School in Raleigh. The girls and the boys are all in the same class just like they use to do over at Flat Mountain. I didn't get to meet any of them—the girls, but I'm going back next Sunday.

The examinations are on and unless you send me an order on Dr. Wilson for my report, we will never know what grades I have made. You send me the order and

when I get it—the report, I will look and see if there is any mistake in my grades and then forward it to you so that you can see how well I am getting along.

You told me when I was home that I was not to join a fraternity. Well, I have been making an investigation since I came back and I have learned that some of them are all right, but a man must be very careful which one he gets into. I have decided to join the one that Film belongs to. So please send me twenty-five dollars as soon as you can. I'm going to pay the rest of it when I become a full fledged member next year. It's all a secret, but I'll tell you: They don't allow freshmen to join, so Film says for me to put up the twenty-five now just as a kind of a security and he will see that I get in next year. The name of our fraternity is "Boo Loo," which is Greek for "Scholarly Gentleman." There are many other wonderful things about the organization that I would like to tell you about, but it's against the rules to write them on anything. Dad, I hope you will please let me join. Film says that half of the fellows of my class are good candidates for the honor, but only seven will be granted the privilege of joining. These will be the most perpetual of the bunch, I don't know what that is, but it's something that never changes.

With love to everybody and the chickens.

Your obedient son,

ALEX.

P. S.—On the way down here I met the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She is a teacher at Meridith College. I wish they would let boys go to school there. When I go to Sunday School next Sunday I'm going around and take her a Carolina pennant.

A.

Cats and Cops

"John, I hear something!"

John snored on blissfully, peacefully oblivious to his better half's statement.

"John, oh John! Get up and see who is downstairs."

"'Snuthin'", replied John, laconically, and prepared to sink once more into oblivion.

Mrs. John was thoroughly aroused now, for she was sure she had heard planks creaking and a door softly opened. Further, she was a determined woman, not easily put off by an excuse from her lord, and so her efforts increased in violence, and finally John arose, simply to escape her attacks. He himself did not believe there was anything downstairs. If he had he would not have gotten up, but would have gone deeper—under the bed, for instance. John was no John L. Sullivan, but a quiet little man whose particular calling in life was to see that the ledgers of S. T. Taylor and Son were carefully balanced.

I repeat, John arose, and moved toward the door, Mrs. John close behind—to prevent retreat and to offer advice. A rocking chair met John half way, picking out his sorest toe as a point of attack. John swore.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, swearing in the presence of ladies, let alone that of your wife," remarked Mrs. John, merely to say something, for her courage was ebbing.

The lord of the house secured a pistol from a bureau drawer and took up his march toward the stairway. The night was cold, and John's rheumatic joints began to be in evidence. The twain crept softly to the head of the stair-case and peered down. It was as dark as a stack of black cats down there. Nothing could be seen or heard. John's anger increased.

"This is a pretty way to do, you hauling a man out of

bed in this way just because you heard a mouse. I'm going back to sleep."

"No you're not, you are going down there and make sure. I am not going to have anything stolen. All the silver is on the side-board where Martha put it when she finished cleaning it. Now you go right ahead."

John growled something, but went on down the steps. His wife was a better man than he was in a scuffle. The descent was made in silence, the steps playing a joyful tune. If a thief had been there he had long since departed, thought John hopefully. Anyway, what did he care about silver; he was a plain man. After a long search the hall switch was located, and then the switch in the dining-room. He now felt more cheerful, and turned with an I-told-you-so look to Mrs. John. Mrs. John was, however, otherwise occupied. Seeing the frozen and terrified look on her face, he turned slowly and looked toward the spot whither her gaze directed. John looked, in fact his look stuck. A cold sweat burst out upon his brow, his knees shook, and anyone could have raked both eyes off with a blank shot. The cause? Both had seen the closet door in the dining room move—very slightly, it is true, but move it did. Mrs. John raised her voice in a piercing shriek and made for the stairs. John was no slouch and was but a stride behind when she hit the top, where both huddled down in the darkest corner to await developments. None came, and presently John got up sufficient courage to descend and put out the lights. He eyed the closet very respectfully. Finally he mustered up courage and strode over to the door to see what could be seen. The closet was a place to hang coats and filled a prosaic but good purpose. John opened the door and looked into the gloomy interior. He puffed out his chest and fingered the pistol, which he had not thought to lay aside. Suddenly, from the depths of the closet burst a little creature with a long tail—a cat,

John concluded, as he threw down the pistol and gave chase. And a merry one it was. Round and round the room, under chairs over tables and lounges, around curtains. Every article on the first floor was turned over and carpets were torn up by John's mad rush. His rage was fearful, had any been there to see, but John and the cat had a solitary stage. At last, on the fifty-ninth lap John made a flying tackle and grabbed a leg. Before he could get the feline under control he had acquired a select collection of bites and scratches, and a vocabulary which an able seaman might have envied. Wiping his streaming face with a lace curtain and solicitously feeling a bitten nose, he looked around for Mrs. John. She was not in sight.

"Probably fainted," remarked John, in a tone of relief. He could straighten up and go back to bed. He would tell her he had mastered a two-hundred pound burglar and saved her life and silver. He looked at the cat. Cat indeed it was, and his fur had a little of every color, placed without regard for plan or color scheme. A little bit more and it would have been an exact replica of a cat he had seen in a cubist picture—at least John had thought it was a cat, though the guide had called it a cow. It was some cat, and John was about to rise and hurl it from the window, when a voice from the direction of the stairs said, kind of casually:

"Well, pard, how do ye like the critter?"

John turned a back flip, landed neatly, and faced the voice, cat in hand and hair straight up on end. "I should say hairs," for John possessed but sixteen.

"Wha—wha—what are you?"

What John saw was a big black-haired man, clothed in a rough suit and a broad grin, and holding a pistol—John's—in his right hand, while his left clutched a sack containing Mrs. John's near-silver. What the burglar saw was a

little bald-headed man wearing a frightened look and an abbreviated night shirt, holding a struggling cat in one fist. The stage was set—on with the dance.

“That was some little chase you and Rainbow had,” grinned his honor the burglar, “I was in the closet yonder enjoyin’ it all, and I do say I’ve seldom seen a more interestin’ scuffle. I remember,” he went on reminiscently, “how old Dan Healy’s dawg chased Mrs. Murphy’s cat around Murphy’s saloon one Saturday night, and the time the boys had gettin’ them quieted down, but that was an afternoon’s nap compared to that spiel o’ yourn.”

John’s courage and chestiness was coming back when he saw such a good-natured burglar, and he ventured to inquire:

“Bu—but why the cat at all?”

“Oh,” said the crook, loftily, “that is one of my tools, in fact a little invention of mine.”

“But you could not invent a cat,” protested John, sagely.

“No, but you see it’s just this-a-way: the cops, they have dawgs and such, and a respectable crook has nothing to play against them. Now this is what I use the cat fer. I get in a man’s house and fall, say, over a chair. Not much fuss, but enough to bring the house down about my ears. I always have time to sneak behind or under something. I leave the cat to explain the noise. Get me? Generally they give the poor cat a kick out of the door, too mad to think or wonder how the thing got in. Sometimes I leave a window open to explain that. Pretty good scheme, don’t you think? Now tonight I came in the usual way—through the window. I got into the parlor, and came through to the dining room all O. K., but there I had to open the door. It made a little squeak, loud enough to be heard upstairs, though, and then, worst than that, I bumped into a chair, although I could see it plain

as day. I had a chance to slip the silver in the bag before you all came down. I slipped into the closet while you were on the steps, leaving the cat out. What made the trouble was that the cat wouldn't stay out in the room. I had to leave the closet door a little ajar for air, and the pesky beast came right in with me, and started to playing with a shawl hanging on the door. Pretty soon I heard you all beat it back upstairs. I waited a bit and then started to come out and make my get-away with the stuff, but just as I got to the door I heard you coming again. I had to get back in the closet. Then the cat wanted to get out, and just as you opened the door she broke loose, and you and she had your little mix-up." And his highness the burglar broke out in a loud guffaw.

"Now, if you'll just let me have that there critter I reckon I'll be moving along. Tell your wife I hope she'll get all-right, and give my regards to yerself."

John handed over the cat and the burglar opened the door and, bowing to the little man, said:

"Here's your little pop-gun. You'll find the cartridges on the dining-room table. So long!"

"Not so fast, my friend," said a cheery voice behind him, and the burglar turned to face two burly officers, one of whom covered him. "If you will be so kind as to drop that bag, you can come with me around to the House."

The burglar coolly handed the bag to John, bowed to Mrs. John, (who had slipped out the back way and fetched the cops) and turned to accompany the policemen.

"Don't guess you'll mind if I take the cat, do you?"

This was the last John heard, for he and Mrs. John had fallen into a clinch. Moreover, he was sleepy. Soon two couples were snoring—one in a snug room at Thirteenth and Maplewood; the other, a cat and a man, mingling snores and dreaming in a cell at Broad and Federal.

And silence once more reigned over the scene.

—FRANK A. CLARVOE.

International Peace and Mutual Understanding

There are two distinct groups of men and women in the civilized countries who differ in their conviction in regard to the world peace. They are making every effort possible to persuade the other people to believe in the same principle as they do. The first group is composed of those who think war is inevitable and unavoidable, if not necessary among the human race. They naturally advocate the expansion of armament. The second group is composed of those who believe that world peace can be maintained by some means of arbitration, or by the police system of combined nations. There are still other types of the peace advocates who believe that world peace will prevail if only we change our social system of today to the principle they advocate—Socialism—because in their belief Capitalism is responsible for the international wars. Between these two, there are multitudes of people who are utterly indifferent; they have no opinion of their own, have never thought of the matter carefully. They are always the victims of inflaming writers and alarmistic speakers. They are very easily excited by the alarmists who abound in all countries. This group will be the deciding factor in an international crisis which may occur at any time. It will be difficult, if not impossible, for any government to pursue the proper course against the popular will, which has once been inflamed.

The fact that so-called peace tribunals have not sufficient power to maintain peace among the nations has been well demonstrated by the present war. It will be some years to come before such will be realized, if it ever will, at all. Therefore it is no wonder that since the great European war broke out seventeen months ago, the preparedness has become a fad of many people. Preparedness is, at the present moment, the only means of self-pro-

tection, and every nation should be sufficiently prepared to defend herself from vicious attacks by another wanton nation or nations. However it is necessary or is rather a stern duty of the enlightened people to do their best to prevent the causes of such conflict, and to promote a good feeling among nations. These may seem to be two self-contradicting ideas, but I think, they should go side by side, as the doctors who, busy in curing the suffering from disease, are also earnestly engaged in the work for prevention of spreading such germs. Neither of their efforts is unnecessary, but both are absolutely indispensable.

The misunderstanding between different races or nations, which is caused by ignorance of both sides, is often a great menace to the peaceful intercourse. Such is the case of the relation between East and West; especially between the two nations on the opposite sides of Pacific Ocean, who have maintained an unbroken friendship of more than half a century. Misunderstanding causes suspicion, and suspicion often makes a furious tiger out of a gentle cat, a dreadful dragon out of a harmless snake. Asia is still a veiled world. In fact only a very small portion of the Western people know anything about her, and the rest naturally believe whatever is said about her. There is a group of men who are taking advantage of this fact, and trying to stir up ill-feeling between the friendly nations. They are working with undaunted courage and untiring energy. For instance, every time a man is speaking of the necessity of increasing the naval or military strength of this country, Japan is inevitably called upon to play the role of a villain whose war-like spirit would never be restrained. As to whether or not Japan is really a menace to the peace of this country, every one should decide for himself. If he comes to the conclusion that she is, then it will be his patriotic duty to advocate whatever

course necessary to guard the safety of the nation, but he should not be a blind follower of the alarmists.

In recent years there have been many articles written in the newspapers or magazines on the Japanese peril, and even the floors of the Senate and the House of Representatives have frequently been occupied by the speakers who cried loud on this subject. However, there have been fewer of such incidents of late, owing to the fact that the attention of the press has been concentrated to the Atlantic Ocean since the European war broke out. But the alarmists have not ceased entirely; they are only waiting for the proper time. They are from time to time reminding the public of the Japanese peril in Mexico and in China. The Turtle Bay incident is still fresh in public memory. On the morning of April 15, this year, the country was awakened and greatly startled by the newspaper report, which was illustrated by a carefully prepared map, of the appearance of a Japanese squadron which was accompanied by half a dozen colliers and supply ships, and four thousand marines and sailors in occupation of Turtle Bay in Lower California, about four hundred miles from San Diego. According to this report the harbor was mined, and wireless stations and barracks were built, and all other activities were going on in the harbor as well as on the shore. "In fact, they were in occupation to such an extent that half the Japanese navy could anchor there to-day, and it would be difficult for other war-ships to enter." Some of the most influential newspapers like the New York "Herald" and "Times" devoted two-thirds of a page to this description. As it is the most important policy for the government of the United States to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, such a story seemed to have caused a considerable sensation among some people. It was once a prevalent belief among a certain class of people that Japan had attempted to secure a coaling station in the West Coast of

Mexico for the use of her navy. This matter was finally taken up in Congress and resulted in the passage of what is now known as "The Lodge Resolution," the new manifestation of emphasis upon the celebrated Doctrine. Both cases as a matter of fact, were proved by the authorities to be without foundation whatever. The American government has always understood the situation, and the intelligent public would never pay any attention to such sensational stories; but it doubtless does a great harm to the unthinking minds. Such incidents will be forgotten by the public in a course of time; but the impression which is implanted deep in the unthinking minds will never die, and will be the source of prejudice, which will be a great hindrance to the understanding of each other.

Friendship between nations as well as individuals will never be permanent, unless it is built upon a mutual understanding. Let us first know each other, and decide for ourselves whether we shall be friends or enemies.

—KAMEICHI KATO.

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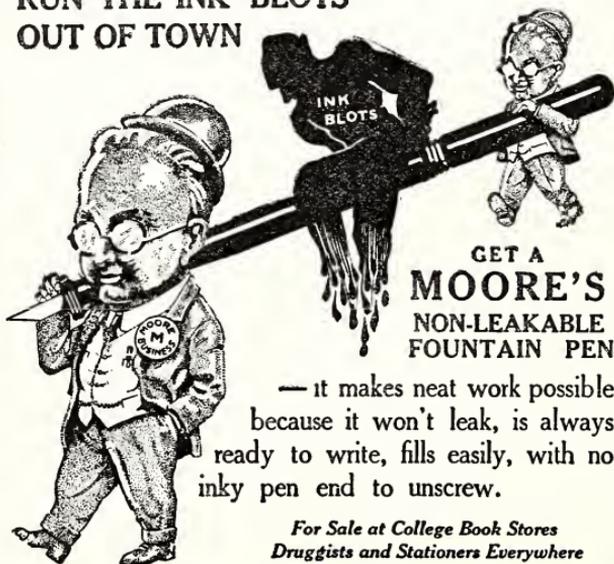


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T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1916

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No. 4

New Series Vol. 33

Editorial Comment

Last year it was proposed that the *Yackety Yack* should be published by the senior class. The objections to the

THE YACKETY YACK

present method—lack of unity in management, no definite organization responsible for debts—were stressed. Yet the rising senior class voted the proposition down because it did not care to assume the responsibility, because it believed the scheme was not one which would give permanent satisfaction since the *Yackety Yack* would be the product of only one class.

But the '15 senior class, with its various reforms, has gone and the *Yackety Yack* is as it ever was. Not that it should be. We all feel the serious lack of efficiency in its management and publication. We know that something should be done. And Mr. Oscar Leach, a man of business, and a former *Yackety Yack* manager, has stepped into the breach and pointed out a plan in his article in the November MAGAZINE, which seems practical, democratic, and which will lend financial responsibility as well as a certain continuity to the publication.

Mr. Leach advocates having the *Yackety Yack* published by the Athletic Association. Some students oppose this plan because of the name of the Association, "Athletic." The point, however, is that the Athletic Association is the only organization of which all the students are members, and each has a vote. The name of the organization is un-

fortunate because the Athletic Association has outgrown the work of merely getting behind our teams.

The organized students of a university should certainly be interested in the publication of their own yearbook. They cannot but be more vitally interested than the decreasing number of society members and a relatively small number of fraternitymen.

The other day a senior said: "I shall not go out into the world next year; I am in the world now." It may be on account of the remoteness of the

A STUDENT: University from city life that the students

A CITIZEN generally believe that the world is something of which we are not a part. Live topics of the day create very little interest; Washington is far away,—in our minds; New York is a city of our imaginations only—we do not think that we are related to our New York countrymen; Europe is certainly beyond is—we have grown tired of the fight which does not concern us at all.

But we are of the world and must live in it. What are our own ideas of "Preparedness," a national question? We are American citizens; in fact, we're supposed to be among the most intelligent citizens. Do we have a definite idea of the bills now pending before our national Congress? How will the Keating child labor bill affect the United States and us?

If we do dwell apart, we have the newspapers which will allow us to live in the very midst of life. Our courses in constitutional history, literature, and mathematics are no more conducive to good citizenship than an understanding of the life and world in which we live. The newspaper should be part of our daily reading as a study of contemporaneous men and events. They would surely, especially at this world crisis, be as interesting as the stories of times that are past.

Our Campus

DR. W. C. COKER

The editor of THE MAGAZINE has asked me to write a few words about our campus, how it will compare with that of other colleges, and of our plans for the future.

Like most things in America that are over a hundred years old, excepting Savannah, Georgia, Camden, South Carolina, and the University of Virginia, our campus has grown into its present form through pure strength and awkwardness. Without much plan or forethought it has come down to us as a fortuitous gift of nature. This does not mean that it is without excellence; on the contrary it has certain fine qualities that might easily have been marred by unenlightened interference in the past.

Let us first see what is to be admired. Our campus has two distinguished excellencies that are congenital and fundamental. These are (1) its spaciousness, especially the open sweep of the large central rectangle, and (2) its noble and venerable trees that we must thank our fathers for seeking in the beginning and for preserving to this day. Nothing could so distinguish us as the presence of these trees, and in their possession we stand without a rival among the colleges of the country.

As compared to the other colleges we have been very fortunate in having our trees of the most long lived and indestructible species. At Harvard, long famous for its fine elms, there are now, through the ravages of the gipsy moth and elm-leaf beetle, scarcely any of the old trees left. The University of South Carolina has also lost most of its old elms, and the grove of large short-leaved pines that once covered the east section of its campus is now represented by less than half a dozen trees.

The most serious defects of our campus are, first, the lack of a comprehensive and dignified plan for the entire

University. This is a very serious and to a great extent an irremediable drawback to the appearance of the University at present, and to its future growth and beauty. The founders were not guilty of this lack of foresight, for they did have a plan, and the most beautiful part of the campus today is that part sketched in by the oldest buildings. We still are lacking any definite plan for the future growth of the University, but we hope that before any more building is done, such a plan will be in hand.

Our second most serious defect, when compared to the best standards, is the poor condition of our lawn spaces, both in the attention to the grass and in the infinite number of short-cut trails that disfigure them. To the average visitor this seems our most inexcusable fault, and it is in this that we who are here now, both the students and the faculty, are most to blame. Burke did not know how to indict an entire nation, but in this case it is the entire college community, rather than any one individual offender, that is to blame. Each of us who has a conviction of sin should do everything possible to build up a sentiment against cutting up our grass with trails or littering it with trash. It is, however, fully realized that the consideration given the campus by the students will be to a large extent a direct reflection of the care and interest shown by the administration. Conditions are much better now than they were ten years ago, except for the paths, and with a little more expenditure by the University and a little more agitation by all concerned a great improvement could be easily made. President Graham is anxious to see an improvement in this respect and will do all he can to help us bring it about.

Aside from the correction of these crudities, some of our minor hopes for the near future are for better arranged and better kept wagon approaches to the buildings, more careful attention to our trees and better protection of young

trees from injuries by mowing machines, a correction of the irregular alignment of the fraternity plots west of the library, the completion of the grading and the planting of grass in the corner between the west gate and Swain Hall, the removal of the little house near the west gate to the back of the experimental ground behind the Peabody Building.

The question as to the desirability of planting shrubbery on the campus proper is a live one. If properly planted and cared for a judicious amount of shrubbery would be a very great improvement, particularly around the foundations and in the angles of buildings. It has seemed to me, however, that as we cannot now take proper care even of our grass and walks it would be unwise at present to make further planting of things requiring care. There was once much more shrubbery on the campus than at present. Long lines of roses bordered the paths and there were other shrubs in corners, etc.; but in Dr. Winston's administration these were cleared away. Whether they were so neglected as to be an eye-sore, or were thought inappropriate, I do not know.

If we should invite a typical landscape architect here to give us advice he would recommend a great deal of planting of shrubs and small trees, such as dogwoods, haws, crab-apples, etc.; and in the almost entire absence of such plantings is one of the striking differences between our campus and most of the northern and western ones. For my part, however, I shall be very slow to recommend the planting of much shrubbery, except to soften the foundations of buildings. There is a simplicity and dignity in our campus as it now stands, that would be in danger of being lost or obscured with too much tampering.

The arboretum is not considered as part of the campus proper, but as a separate unit with its own object. The contrast between its masses and colors, and the open sweep

of the campus shade and sun should not detract from, but rather enhance, the charm of each.

The field behind the Peabody Building that has recently been turned over to the Botanical Department is not to be developed primarily as a decoration to the campus, but is for educational purposes. About half will be used as a display ground for the native shrubs and vines of North Carolina (numbering about 287), and the remainder as an experimental plot for cultural tests on economic and decorative plants.

Our larger hopes for the campus must wait on more prosperous times. On Main Street the campus should extend from the President's house to the present postoffice, the two churches now in that area remaining as they are. The University Inn should be taken down, the Memorial Hall replaced by a better and more appropriate building, and the power plant moved farther to the south. The forest land adjoining the campus on the south and south-east should be kept absolutely clean of offensive litter and put into as nice shape as Battle's Park. We hope some day to see a woods-drive leaving the campus at a point about north of the Y. M. C. A. building and following the branch by Judge's spring to Meeting of the Waters and then returning along the other branch to the Raleigh road east of the athletic field. When some student who reads this gets rich he may give us the money to build it.

“Blest Be the Tie That Binds”

“Is thar eny lawful reason why dis couple should not be made man and wife? If thar is enyone present who objects to dis match, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace.” The Reverend John G. Mauney put the question, and then peered in an inquisitive manner over his square-framed spectacles. He was not expecting a reply to his oft repeated question; consequently he was about to proceed with the ceremony. Just as the last words of the question fell from the venerable preacher’s mouth, the intense silence was broken by the loud outburst of a woman in the rear of the hot stuffy room. The woman appeared to be in an awful rage. She was breathing heavily. As she stood up, the negroes leaned over and whispered to their near neighbors that it was Kate Johnston who was raising the row.

“I suttently does object to dis heah weddin’,” she said. “Dat nigger, Bill Raney, has done gone an’ ’gaged hisself to me, an’ I shore does not want dis sarimony to proceed eny fudder. He ain’t got no bizness marrying Lucy Alexander. He promist to marry me a month ago, an’ I’s done got all ma close. She can’t hab him; she won’t hab ’im! I spent twenty-five dollars, all the money I’s saved in a year—to get my close wid, an’ I don’t ’tend to lost hit in so sich fashun as dis. I will object to dis match to the last drop o’ my blood, for I’se gwine ter hab Bill myself.”

The negroes in the room looked in consternation at each other. The women whispered excitedly together, and the men fussed among themselves as to whether the ceremony ought to proceed or ought to stop. The parson stood speechless. He knew not what to do, nor what to say. He was backed up against the fireplace, and was standing directly in front of the would-be bride and groom. It

looked as if a hundred wrinkles had come over his rugged face. His chin-beard bobbed up and down as he pushed out and brought in his thick lips. At one minute he was seeing visions of a fifty-cent fee and a good fat rooster slipping from his hands; at the next minute he was seeing—all too plainly—visions of a big infuriated blue-gummed negress pouncing on him and beating or cutting him up. The parson was dumbfounded, for he, above all men, since he was the preacher, could ill afford to be downed. His position in negro social circles was too great to be ruined by a jealous negress.

Of all the company, however, perhaps the most uncomfortable was Bill Raney, the groom. Now, Bill was a brave negro, but it took no close observer to see that his "Jimswinger" was nervously shaking as the angry words came from his former sweetheart. His kinky hair seemed to straighten out a little, and his eyes looked as if they were entirely white. The celluloid collar which encircled his greasy black neck began to show evidences of a regular flood of sweat. Bill was considered one of the leaders in negro society—since he had already served his apprenticeship on the chaingang,—and he didn't propose to be made a fool of before all this crowd of negroes. But no matter how hard he tried to keep composed, every few seconds during the negress' speech he would give a jump as if he had been stuck slightly with a pin. The bride-to-be seemed to be more defiant than scared. She puffed up and held her head high as if to say that she was proud to have cut Kate Johnston out of Bill. She stood there exultingly and looked admiringly at her would-be husband, just as I imagine Napoleon looked upon a fine city that he had taken from a strong foe.

Bill and Lucy, the bride-to-be, were getting impatient. Kate was still mumbling threats from her seat in the rear of the foul-smelling room. Bill and Lucy did not care to

stand before their invited guests and be the objects of their ridicule; therefore they demanded that the Reverend Mauney finish the ceremony without further delay.

The preacher still held the worn service book in his hand, but he did not pretend to open it again. He stood there as if plunged in deep contemplation. At last he turned to the excited crowd and said: "Brethren and sistern, I hates to stan' befo' you this evenin' in such a condishun. When I undertakes to jine a couple in the holy bonds of wedlock, likes to do hit with a dignity and solemnity fitting to de okkashun, an' as laid down in de sacred scriptures. Sister Johnston has broken in on dis happy gatherin', and has interrupted de divine serimony. Now, as to what is to be done, I confess that I dunno. Befo' I proceed eny more I will ask dat Deacon Alexander, Deacon Johnson, and Deacon Campbell confer wid one anuther an' decide whether the serimony ought to proceed, or whether Kate ought to have Bill."

During the intermission the wedding party remained in their places. Kate, instead of getting quiet, was becoming more and more boisterous! Her large frame fairly shook as she uttered cry after cry against the negro who had deceived her and who had caused her to spend her living in riotous buying of clothes! Bill moved nervously from one foot to the other. He showed clearly that he was not enjoying the suspense.

After a short time one of the deacons walked up and whispered something to the preacher. The parson placed his spectacles on and announced that he would proceed with the ceremony. When he had made this announcement, there was a sound of falling chairs and the clattering of retreating feet. The big negress was making her way to the front of the room with an open razor in her hand! As she came up the room, she moved it from right to left; and as she moved it, negroes fell this way and that. She

was knocking folks right and left in her wild dash for the parson. Curses and malediction fell in a never ending stream from her mouth. The bride and groom lost no time in seeking refuge in the jumbled mass of dusky humanity, and the preacher quickly prepared for the fray. Two or three men, who saw his predicament, came to his rescue from the rear of the woman, and pinned her chubby arms behind her back. Kate was then roughly carried from the room, and the door was locked behind her. The Reverend Mauney then came back, and, after getting the parties together again, hastily pronounced Bill and Lucy man and wife.

—F. H. DEATON.

“Du Bist Wie Eine Blume”

Thou 'rt like unto a flower,
So fair and sweet and pure;
I gaze on thee and yearning
Steals all my being o'er.

Methinks as standing o'er thee,
My hands I must lay on thy hair,
Praying that God ever keep thee
So pure and sweet and fair.

—QUINTON HOLTON.

Poetry

Poetry lives; it is no throbless art
Entombed in books for men of print-fed mind,
But burns, a quenchless fire of the divine,
To light eternally the darkest heart.

'Tis always recognized in large-souled things,
Like sunsets, seasons, silent stars of night,
Or in the quiet beauty of moonlight,
Or simple song some lonely robin sings.

We find it in a meadow's breathing green,
Or in the rage or silence of the sea;
Or know it in a storm's grim majesty,
Or drink it when the sky is blue, serene.

But not to these is poetry confined,
It blooms in petty incidents of life;
It dramatizes tears, and joy, and strife—
The little, obscure happenings of mankind.

Ah, it is fuller in life's little things;
'Tis there we find its wordless power supreme.
It fills our spirit with a new, glad dream,
And makes us think that common men are kings.

—MOSES ROUNTREE.

My Confession

I am naturally of a nervous temperament, and so I have been told, had my ancestors been for several generations before me. Now a nervous temperament is a dangerous thing, and no one who possesses it can be counted quite happy until he is dead. I am convinced, however, that only such persons as I ever really *feel* the experiences of life. There are those who pride themselves upon their lack of emotion. They boast that they cannot be easily moved. They affect superiority to grief and passion. I sometimes envy them! They are saved from much of anguish and suffering, yea, from many a tragedy, by their sheer incapacity for deep feeling. Blind creatures! They mistake stability for strength, never dreaming that because of their very callousness of soul they are forever precluded from the highest thrills, and ecstasies of the spirit. But a nervous temperament is a veritable Janus facing both ways. It enables its possessor to ascend the ethereal regions of bliss or to tread the very nadir of despair. If circumstances are favorable, such persons as I are the happiest of mortals; if unfortunate, they are of all men the most miserable. Enabled to rejoice more thoroughly they are by that very capacity doomed to feel sorrow, when it comes, more keenly. And of sorrow I have had my share. I have also quaffed the brimming cup of joy and tasted its ambrosial sweetness. The powers of Elysium could hold nothing more delectable. Neither can the future unfold any new terrors for me. I have been through purgatory, yea, through hell. And was it, O God, because I had sinned that these monstrous tortures were let loose to prey upon my soul? I cannot believe it. I will not blaspheme. It was all due to Circumstance, blind, unescapable circumstance, that caught me between its upper and nether millstone. I was crushed, unutterably crushed when I saw

my Ophelia, fairest of women, light of my life, and wife of my bosom, sinking under the ravages of that terrible sickness. It seemed impossible at first, I could not believe it, yea, I swore to myself that it was untrue. My Ophelia could not die. She would be with me always, and we would live together in life's perpetual springtime. Since I had first met her, I had wholly, madly, loved her, and she, by her confession, had loved me equally as fully and as long. We painted together, and together we roamed through the valleys and hills and fields, seeking to find and admire nature's incomparable masterpieces, for all the world was beautiful. We caught the sunshine in our hearts and transferred it to the canvas. We saw fleeting beauty everywhere, and reproduced it in the mysteries of paint, and the world saw and admired. It was but the reaction of beauty upon our souls. How could we have done otherwise, when the tiniest sprig of grass, the shyest violet, and the most modest little daisy, as well as every bird that sang, spoke to our hearts in sweetest accents of the love and glory of God? The fields and forests were to us but the reflection of His beauty. Every flower was wet with dew. It was as the spring time in Eden. Never did mortals dwell together so happily. Nay, not even in the golden days before sin and death entered the world when the Lord Jehovah in the cool of the evening deigned to walk in the garden with his children.

Time has dealt roughly with me since then. You would not believe it, but I was a handsome man once. Now when I look into a mirror at my poor, lean, wrinkled face, and see what cruel Circumstance has done for me, it almost drives me frantic. I have sometimes prayed to die. I have endured all the agony of a thousand deaths. But never shall I regret that I have lived. My years spent with Ophelia when I pressed her close to my heart—her, the incarnation of enchanting beauty—were enough to

compensate for all the terrors that have since preyed upon my soul. Tears have blurred my vision, and sorrow has weakened my memory, but never shall I forget the classic perfection of her face, the consummate majesty of her figure, reminding me of the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, or the Venus de Milo, the melodious sweetness of her voice—those strains of exquisite music which even now I sometimes seem to hear in the twilight, beguiling me with words of love and cheer and hope, only to be disillusioned by the terrible returning consciousness that my Ophelia is no more. Can you wonder then, you who blame me for the depth of my feeling and scoff at the story of a woman's devotion, that my heart was prostrate with Ophelia? Yes, my brain reeled, and the world grew black before my eyes as I saw my Ophelia sinking day by day, growing thinner and thinner, paler and paler, despite the utmost succor of medical science. What could I do? I would gladly have given my life to snatch her from the jaws of the grim monster Disease. The brush fell from my hand, and my Transfiguration, the dream of my life and the despot of my toils, remained unfinished. How could I tamper with that holy scene when all the world looked black and hateful save the form of my wasting Ophelia? She too was fast becoming unendurable to my gaze when I reflected on her former transcendent beauty. But believe me, I swear by the searcher of hearts that I loved her even now none the less! Her love for me which had always been most passionate, now rose to an overwhelming *insanity*. As I sat by her bedside, holding her hand in mine, she poured out her heart in confession of love that amounted to the most abject idolatry. She would not be torn from me! She knew by a vision, she said, that her body should not cease to live until her spirit had surrendered unto death. With what a will of adamant did she cling to that desperate hope! She vowed, yea, swore that never

would she yield her spirit to the grim destroyer until every ion of her strength had been exhausted. Though reduced to a mere skeleton she determined to hold on to life, hoping against hope that she might recover. This mad delusion now seemed to take full possession of the diseased brain. For days she lingered on the brink of death, a living corpse, deaf to Charon's calls. Once or twice did I discover her silent and still, her wearied eyelids closed, breath apparently gone, the stamp of death upon her pallid face, only to find that she was in a sort of trance-like stupor, from which she presently revived. Here was a phenomenon which baffled the physician, and which the psychologist, with his half understanding, can only attribute to the power of will.

I tried to comfort Ophelia, promising that never would I give to any daughter of earth the love which was now hers. I reminded her that our separation would not be for long, for I should soon follow her across the dark river. I swore by heaven's throne that neither death nor demons, things present nor things to come, should ever separate our souls hereafter. And as I spoke such words, I was silently praying to the Angel of Death that he might smite me when he took her, so that we twain might never be rent asunder.

But still Ophelia would not resign to die! She lingered, lingered, lingered, for many days beyond the time when the physician had said her decease was inevitable. O what a spectacle to see her lying there, half unconscious, fitfully playing upon the hills of death! How my eyeballs were seared to behold her! My soul began to pine away. My body became exhausted. Sleep had become impossible. I gazed upon her wasted form, and the thought flashed over me that here was my Nemesis, my enemy that stood between me and the coveted rest. I gazed, and there was Ophelia in the throes of unutterable

agony. Why should she suffer longer? Why should I? Better for both of us that she should die! A hellish impulse possessed me. I bent over her for a last embrace. She smiled and started to kiss my hand. But no! I turned my eyes away, and clutched her soft, white throat with the fury of a tiger. She struggled faintly, but I let her utter not a sound. I choked her throat again, to make sure, yes, I choked her with all the strength of my hand until the veins in my forehead stood out ready to burst! I laid my head on her bosom and listened for her heart, I felt, and it was still. But hark, a rap at the door! I sprang up and opened it, nervously. The doctor entered, and I, with all possible composure, beckoned him to Ophelia's chamber. She was dead. But the fiends of hell had caught me! Why the finger prints on her throat? Why her clothes disordered? I protested, I swore, I raved! Strangely enough my desire for death had suddenly vanished. I determined to fight for my life to the uttermost. But the doctor did not believe. The coroner did not believe. The jury did not believe. But I must close. The day is dawning, and I hear footsteps approaching my cell. Is it the warden with breakfast, or the hangman with his noose? Perhaps I shall soon see Ophelia. I am sure she will not be angry when she hears my explanation. Did I do wrong? Let the Judge of all the Universe decide. The judge of the superior court said, "Motives do not exculpate. Murder is murder. Let him hang by the neck until dead."

—C. L. SNIDER.

A Wider Use of the Library

In the biography of a person a striking emphasis is put upon the character of the reading which that person did, especially in his youth. Was his passion poetry, or biography, or history, or religion? Always the reading lends a shade of influence that becomes a part of the character of the person, expressing itself in even the details of his life. Carlyle would not have been himself if he had not memorized a large part of the Bible in his early days. Browning had his favorite authors; so did Tennyson. The education of these three men depended largely on their own personal readings, schooling having but a small part in their development. The reading of any student, done in connection with his class work or according to his personal liking, has an important influence in his own life and education; and the character of this betrays his innermost intellectual habits. A student said the other day in talking about a friend, "I don't think he would make a good English teacher. He doesn't seem to read the standard authors or to be familiar with their works. His reading consists of low grade fiction." He was here connecting the idea of the English teacher with that of the well-read person. He rightly considered English the department which should introduce the student to the best authors. We consider it necessary, however, not only that the teacher of English be well-read, but also that every teacher, whatever his subject, be liberally educated, have a knowledge of and read the best literature. Society also everywhere requires that its members be among the number of those who read and enjoy the writings of the best authors. The furnishing of such requirements to its students should be one of the prime efforts of the University; and its library, connected vitally with the class room, should be the most used and the most effective organ in this work.

Since the student's reading, then, determines largely the extent to which he shall meet the requirements of the educated man, it is important that this part of his work should be carefully guided. However good the library, the student entering the university is generally also just beginning his acquaintance with literature, and he needs a director; especially so if the college student is tending toward levity in his reading, as is charged to him. During his first two years in college the boy is certainly likely to waste his time with unelevating, sentimental, literature, the Harold Bell Wright novel or the *Cosmopolitan*. In our own library here the general circulation of books shows a much more extended use of fiction than of any other form of writing. Of a total of 1,262 volumes* circulated among the students during last November, 297, 23.5 per cent of them were fiction, and not a great part of this was the best of fiction. In December 21.3 per cent of the books used by the students was fiction; in January of this year 30.7 per cent, and in February 25.5 per cent of the circulation was composed of fiction. During these four months the total number of books taken from the library by the students has been 3308, and of these 830 have been novels. Of biography read in the same period there have been only 277 volumes, 139 volumes of philosophical, psychological and religious works, 732 works of literature and 466 books on history, travel, and geography. These figures of the reading done by the students here in the University show that the use of fiction is much more extensive than that of any other branch of writing. In all the available statistics from other libraries the same characteristic is manifest. Even with the good library, then, there comes the problem of its best use. The library here has more biography than it has fiction. It also has a large number

*These figures do not include reference books, since they are requirements by the professor.

of books on religion and philosophy; and it has several times as many works of standard literature as it has popular novels. The greatest problem seems to be to guide the students in the use of the library which they have. The growth of the library must be determined largely by the use to which it is put by the students. If they would have more and better standard works in their library, they must use standard books and demand them from the library. Every student should read the best there is in the library for him to read; for his time is too valuable to be wasted in low reading and his habits of reading mean too much in his character to become settled on thoughtless, sentimental, writing.

As an encouragement to a more enlightened and a more extensive use of the library, the faculty has recently taken a very important step, one which will do much to change the character of the reading done by the students here. This is the plan, already adopted, which the president in his report included under the head of "Stimulating Scholarship." Degrees of Honors are to be given to students who do a certain amount of "independent reading and investigation"; and "it will be the object of the faculty to arouse in the students the feeling that Honors at graduation are the greatest academic distinction attainable." This seems to me to be one of the most significant things in the president's report. In addition to its original purpose of encouraging the intellectual life of the university, the plan will necessitate a better and more systematic use of the library which is at the disposal of the students. Though the library at present seems not to be able to come up to the desires of the February magazine, that the students be given a chance to look over and select their own books as their own librarians, its valuable reading matter can be made known to the students. It will guide the stu-

dents in the selection of their reading as well as encourage them to read and investigate. It will doubtless cause the use of fiction to diminish very perceptibly, and such things as history, literature of all kinds, philosophy, religion, biography, and the languages to be read more. The right kind of reading will gain the important place to which it is entitled in an educational system.

—J. O. DYSART.

Military Training as a Possibility

During the last few weeks quite a stir among the students has been created by the possibility that the trustees might have to consider at their June meeting the advisability of adopting some kind of a system of military training. This possibility rests with the United States government. If the present administration, in pushing forward its preparedness plans, proposes to this University along with the other universities and colleges of this country that a system of military training should be introduced into its curriculum, then the trustees will have to consider this plan. It was in order to forewarn the trustees, so that they might form their opinions on this very important subject, that President Graham, in his annual report which was recently issued, called attention to the possibility of such action on the part of our government. Therefore, this article is written to forewarn each student that he should think seriously about this possibility.

If some system were adopted, what would be its features? Would it be compulsory or voluntary? Would it count towards graduation? Perhaps it might apply to all classes, perhaps only to the Freshman class. When would such a plan be put into effect, and how would it result? Would it do more harm than good to the University? These and many other questions might be considered and discussed at length. But, since it is a waste of time to investigate anything until there is something definite to consider, I will narrow myself down to one supposition, and this is that whatever the proposed system shall be it shall with a few exceptions apply to all students in the University for at least one year of their residence, and that there shall be placed over the students certain restrictions in regard to absences from "the Hill" and the rising and retiring hours. For, if these restraints are not placed

upon the student-body, the whole plan will be barren of results, and will fail to instill in the students regularity, attention to business, and the faculty of everlastingly keeping at it.

In discussing the merits of such a system of military training for Carolina, I will not go into the question of the advisability of adopting a one year three-hours-a-week term of service or a two-year term, but I will say that unless the adopted system is compulsory the general consensus of opinion is that it will end in failure. This opinion is no idle one but is based on facts and a knowledge of the American people. It is held not only by many of the students and professors to whom I have broached this subject but also by the thinking public. Either there must be an efficient, compulsory system of military training or none at all.

One of the reasons why a compulsory system would be beneficial to the students of this University is that it would develop them physically. Every one who is a student here knows full well the disadvantages under which the present system of gymnastic training for the freshman class labors. What student, for instance, is so cut off from the life on the campus that he has not heard at least one sophomore—and probably many more—mention quite casually the fact that he had never during his whole freshman year been inside the gymnasium? And yet all freshmen are supposed to and should participate in some work of this kind. With a compulsory system of military training each student would not only learn, at a small expenditure of time, the fundamentals and practice of military tactics, thereby increasing his value to his country in case of war and helping to insure “the land of his fathers’ pride” against the not unremote possibility of a terrible international conflict, but also would increase his own physical fitness for the battle of life. Success in this

fight is dependent on good health, good health is to be secured only through the possession of a sound body, and a sound body can be maintained only by regular physical exercise. The student who raises the objection that the guns will be too heavy and that it will interfere with his studying and recreation shows that he knows nothing about the hard, old world. Will he be consulted, when he is in business, as to whether a certain task that his employer wishes done is too hard for him to do or whether he would like to do it at some later time? No, of course not. He will have to do just what he is asked to do and when he is asked to do it. In other words he has to be a man; and he is forced to do his best not part of the time but all the time. Why not start right here?

Another reason, closely related to this, is that such a system as I have proposed would help to do away with the bad habits and irregularity of the students of this University. When each student faces the world with a diploma in his hand, he is forced to change his habits considerably. The students, who now sleep occasionally till eleven o'clock and otherwise till just in time for chapel, will have to form more regular habits. Why should not regularity be a part of a student's education? Is not the University responsible, in part at least, for the habits of her graduates? It is an essential of good business; and old habits are not easily gotten rid of. Military training would also tend to reduce unnecessary loafing. And right here I wish it clearly understood that I fully realize that occasional relaxation from studies and other activities of the University is not only advisable but necessary. But the practice of going off the Hill at all odd times, night after night, just to be having a good time, and the adoption of the slogan, "Play first, Studies last," is not in accordance with the aims of an institution of learning. While harmless in itself, it has a demoralizing effect on the work

of those students who practice accordingly. Also this system would give the students more regular habits of rising and retiring. This would eliminate much waste time, and would, as one fellow put it, "give a man an excuse for going to bed early, when his friends had taken possession of his room and when he needed a good night's rest." In this statement there is more truth than is perceived at a first perusal. For it is a fact that the majority of students who are up every night, after midnight, are not doing so in order to improve their minds or in order to "put it over the professor" the next morning. Of course, if such a system were enforced here, it no doubt would not apply either to the men in the professional schools or to the members of the senior class. This would allow these intrepid seekers-after-knowledge to do the enormous amount of work laid upon their venerable shoulders. As an afterthought, I might add that all Seniors would not necessarily have to be included under the above exception, for the fact, recognized by Uncle Sam, that married men are not required to enlist.

Before taking up my fourth and last reason for adopting a system of military training at this University, I will try to allay the fears of those who claim that we would lose the cream of Carolina's students, if any such plan were put into operation. I doubt it, and for these reasons: Only those students who are here merely to go through college and not to get everything that they can out of their lives here, only these would leave. And the majority of these would probably soon return. In the University of Florida, when the faculty ruled that smoking should be prohibited, over one hundred students left college. But, it is interesting to note that within two weeks all but fourteen had returned. They had tried their bluff and it hadn't worked. The majority of the students here would never think of leaving college. On the other hand, it seems to be the

prevalent idea that many boys, after graduating from the high schools of the State, are prevailed upon by their parents to give up going to college and settle down to work. These parents think that there is too much freedom at this University and consequently do not wish their sons to be given so much liberty. This attitude of the parents is a very natural and reasonable one. If more restrictions were placed upon the actions of the students—and such a system of military training as I have described would do so—Carolina would more than offset any loss by the addition of this class of students.

A fourth reason for the adoption of such a system is that it will increase the patriotism of the students for their country. The University of Missouri has a system similar to the system I have proposed, and it is a complete success. I was fortunate enough recently to talk with a graduate of this University. He told me that the system there was looked upon by the students as a blessing in disguise, although before its adoption it had been opposed by a large majority of the men. If a man is intimate with his country's state of preparedness and with some facts concerning her military policy, will he not take a more vital interest in her welfare? If he sees clearly with his knowledge of military tactics and conditions that his country is not afforded the respect that she deserves, will he not be more ready to aid in righting the wrong, will he not be more active in helping the land of his birth? George Washington in one of his messages to Congress said: "If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known, that we are at all times ready for war." Should not the students of this University do their small part by learning a small amount, at least, about the arts of war? If the students of this University are to become the best possible citizens

of their country, physically able and trained in the use of arms, they should be so trained in military tactics that, if this great nation shall ever be plunged into an unfortunate and dreadful war, they may be ready to successfully protect themselves, their loved ones, and this land of liberty.

—G. B. LAY.

Wrong Ideas of College Life

Wrong ideas of college life have resulted in more harm than many people think. Our colleges have been greatly hindered by those who do not thoroughly understand the spirit that really exists in them. In considering the influence that misunderstanding has on colleges in general, let us first consider the causes of these wrong ideas and the results.

There is nothing that will make the people see the merits of a college better than the students it sends out. The history of a college is written on the face of the earth by its representatives. There has been no agent other than the students themselves that has tended to lower men's ideas of college training. Neither literature nor men tend to lead people to believe that a college has a degenerating atmosphere. What a student does, whether in or out of college, helps to make or mar its name. Many students, while at home, say more about the bad things that happen at college than about the Y. M. C. A. activities, Bible classes and social work, the honor system, and our college ideals. These rather choose to tell of the roughness in some of the ball games, the pranks played on some student, and generally stress the insignificant and playful part of our lives. Most students, I believe, take infinite delight in relating these escapades, as they are listened to by a circle of wide-eyed, open-mouthed acquaintances. The hearers interpret these stories as the true life of the college, and the student alone has been disloyal. Many, too, grow into the habit of finding fault with the rooms, or with the board while at college in order to have their friends believe they have better at home. All students here have the privilege of boarding wherever they choose. If they can afford to pay for the best, they can get it. But they are not honest or just if they find fault here or at home

when they get exactly what they pay for. They succeed only in bringing the college into disrepute. They keep up this habit after returning home and lead their friends there to believe that a college is a place to prepare men for enduring famines.

The result of these wrong ideas is very harmful. From this cause thousands of boys have stayed away from college, and hundreds have fallen into wrong habits soon after entering because they entered with the wrong conception of college life. Many people, especially in the country, have an idea that college students are merely a gang of "toughs" or that a college is a place where boys go to the devil for a few years. Students sometimes think they are privileged characters because they are students. They feel that they are not responsible for what they do. Wrong is wrong, however, no matter who commits it.

We as students should not feel satisfied until we see that the idea of college life is raised in the minds of those who are to enter and of the people of the State generally. We rise by the mistakes,—then let us both live and talk in and out of college in such a manner as to give our beloved Carolina a square deal.

—L. M. UPCHURCH.

Letters of a Freshman—No. 4

DEAR DAD,

I am sending you my report for the fall term. You can see that I have passed all my work except Latin, on which I got a "five," and that's no so bad when you realize that lots of the boys got "sixes." "Five" doesn't mean that I have failed, but that I must take the examination over. I could have passed that Latin but Film says it's a dead language, and I don't know why I should work my eyes out on it when I am not expecting to die any time soon. Then again, how do I know they speak Latin in——— in whatever place I happen to go when I die, for Film says there are several dead languages.

Dad, I got a notion to study law next year. A fellow doesn't have to study Latin nor Math, which I got a "six" on, to learn law, and I feel like I am wasting my time and your money studying books that are not going to be of any benefit to me in making a living. Law is not hard, yet nearly every president of the United States has been a lawyer. There are several lawyers who have never been presidents, but Charley Coggins says that's their own fault. Of course I may not be president, but I won't think I have studied law in vain if I can land a nice vice-president's place by the time I graduate.

I decided not to pay my initiation fee in the Boo Loo Fraternity until I join, so Film and I took the \$25 you sent me and went to Sunday School in Raleigh again last Saturday night. That is we went over Saturday and stayed for Sunday School. After Sunday School we went home with them—our girls—say, I believe I forgot to tell you in my last letter that my Normal girl quit writing to me and that I have a Raleigh girl now who just suits me. Her father is a lawyer and when I get thru College, I am going to be his partner.

Our basket ball team has been up in Virginia getting licked by the high schools of that state. Well, it wasn't exactly the basket ball team, for part of the team had been flunked and we had to send some fellows that the faculty didn't know could play, and I don't suppose they know it yet. We are thinking about getting out a baseball team this year if we can find enough fellows who come up to the requirements. Film says we are acting according to the golden rule. That is, we would like for other colleges to let us beat them, and therefore in order to do unto them as we would have them do unto us, we let them beat us.

There is some talk of getting up an army here, but I don't think there is anything to it. Film says that the only possible army we could have is a Salvation Army, and that there are two drawbacks to that. First, the one year rule would cut most of us off; and second, scholarship rule would cut us down until there wouldn't be enough left to beat the drum and take up a collection at the same time. I don't know whether they would let members of the faculty belong or not, if they would, we would be very strong in the collecting department.

We have two more Pickwicks now, and therefore it requires twenty cents extra for me every night. So when you make out my next check, do your best. In college you see we are trying to form habits of doing a certain thing at a certain time, and going to the Pickwick is the habit that I have decided to form, and since I have got a good start it would be a shame to miss even a single performance now; for that would upset my whole system.

With love to all,

Your obedient son,

ALEX.

P. S. I want one extra dollar with your next check with which to join the Defenseless Club. One of my teachers is a leading member, and this will give me a

good chance to "boot" him. "Booting" isn't kicking him, Dad, it's just "legging" him.—A.

"The Witching Hour"

The boy and girl had just left the parlor and were standing in the spacious hallway. An old grandfather clock which was standing like a sentinel by the door was about to ring out the midnight hour. The boy took the girl's hands in his, and fondly looked into her soft blue eyes. Their already rosy cheeks were flushed. They stood silent for a few minutes, and then he gently placed his arm around her and drew her to him. He whispered something to her, and after a short pause she slowly nodded her head. He leaned over and—said goodnight.

—F. H. DEATON.

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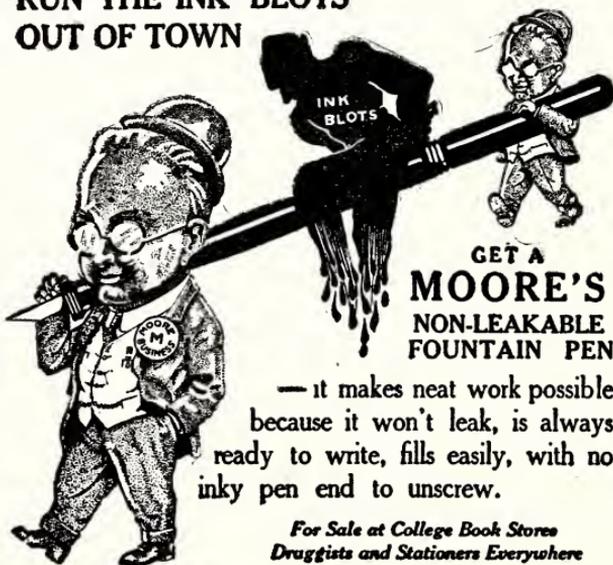


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Editorial Comment

There is usually a wave of reform after the need for the reform has passed. It is the sad case of locking the stable **FIRE ESCAPES** after the horse has been stolen. The University has been fortunate, for instance, in not having had any disastrous fires. Consequently we have contented ourselves with our old buildings, high as they are, with wooden steps as the only means of exit.

The signs posted conspicuously in all buildings, "Plan now how to get out of this building in case of fire," are very commendable. Many students have planned, many have not. The fact is that our best laid plans often fall awry, especially under the excitement and panic of fire.

Fire escapes capable of emptying the buildings safely and quickly should be installed upon all the buildings. The expense, of course, is to be considered. But it is a question where human life is at stake. If one man were killed there would be blame, regret, and fire escapes. A fire is not impossible with us; with our tobacco loving population it is even more than remotely possible, and safety is by no means assured.

There is a certain unity connecting the article "Our

Campus," in last month's MAGAZINE, and the article, "Our
 MONEY Medical School," in this month's issue.

"Our larger hopes for the campus must wait on more prosperous times," and "—when some student gets rich he may give us the money to build it," are extracts from the former; "this, of course, would take a good deal of money and, we are afraid, will not come in the near future," from the latter. If any number of articles were written on any University subject, the same cry would be "Money."

We need money for everything. Of course, we could do a great deal more work with more funds. But underneath our cry for money there is always the determination to do our best on what we have. We have come to be the hopeful, smiling laborers working always cheerfully, "doin' the best we kin do" and trusting in the Lord.

The May issue of the MAGAZINE will be almost wholly devoted to Shakespeare. This will be an effort to lend
 SHAKESPEARE ourselves to the great movement to
 PRIZE commemorate the Shakespearean Tercentenary.

A University community, and University men should properly be most interested in this universal man. This interest will no doubt ferment and take the form of literature.

In order to encourage a real and live interest in Shakespeare and to make him truly live with us, the Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity offers a prize of five dollars for the best article on Shakespeare contributed to the MAGAZINE in time for the May number. This article may be a character-sketch, criticism, poem, or essay. We do not expect any doctors' theses; in fact, we will not publish long and laborious articles. But we are sure you sympathized with Lady Macbeth; no doubt you laughed with Falstaff.

Your interest alone will make your article interesting, and this is all we can ask.

Mr. F. B. Dancy wishes to obtain all issues of Vols. I and II (new series) of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

NOTE Eight or nine issues were probably published to each of the above volumes, and they appeared: Vol. I,—1881-82; Vol. II,—1882-83. If you have any or all of these numbers please communicate with Mr. Dancy, Box 1010, Baltimore, Md.

Steam

The boy presented a worn, drenched, weary appearance as he stood by the locomotive. His cap pushed back from his brow revealed a face clear cut and strong with youth and vigor struggling therein with the grimy lines of endurance conspicuous in this attitude of repose. Strong and athletic as his figure was, yet there was a slight stoop of weariness about the shoulders accentuated by his present posture of reverie. The blue denim overalls and the coarse blue shirt in which he was clad were so drenched with sweat that they clung tightly to his form; even his rough work shoes were wet through in places.

The big mill whistle had just rolled out its shrill tones across the sawdust pile and the open field on into the face of the setting sun, and scarcely had its echoes died away across the hill tops before the whirring hum of the big saw had ceased, the edger had ceased to buzz, the swing saw to cheep, and the carriage to dart back and forth on its track. The big engine ceased to puff and gasp, and just as it stopped with a groan from the tight friction boxes, the hands were swarming out from the shed with jackets flung across their shoulders and their dinner pails swinging from their arms. Laughing and talking they vanished across the fields and down the railroad—carefree until the big whistle should sound again tomorrow. The boy stood and watched them go, and then turned himself to his work. Not only had he worked with them all the day but now he had to see that the engines were left properly for the night. All the mill was in silence now except for the music from the singing injectors, and the hiss of steam escaping from the boilers.

As he moved about among the rods and boxes of the locomotive the constant hiss of the steam became associated with his musings, and he became more sensibly aware of

its sound. As it sputtered and fizzled from the pipes and valves there seemed to be a sinister, insinuating, insolent tone in its hiss. It broke in on his thoughts with the arrogance of a tyrant in the presence of a slave, and that, it seemed to the boy, was just what he had been forever—a slave to the steam. In the morning it shrilled out from the big whistle, insistently calling for him to get in harness and move. Then he must go through the cold grey dawn to start the fire in his own locomotive in order to coax out his master, who as soon as he came would begin to hiss and spit at him. Then having got his master stationed properly he would have to go about other work, such as unloading the log cars or greasing the trucks. But constantly he was harassed in his labor by the demands of this master—now to put wood in the fire box, now to put water in the boiler. Through the long days he toiled, sitting in the stifling cab to run the locomotive, loading and unloading the cars, pulling and tugging at the huge logs until it seemed that his back must snap with the strain, and even while he toiled the sound of the hissing steam was in his ears. It popped and stewed, fretfully demanding attention from him. Often had he gone dripping with sweat and almost reeling with exhaustion from the log decks to punch up the fire in the furnace and then to endure the stifling torture of the cab, always to the hiss and sputter of the steam.

Then his thoughts turned to the locomotive of which the hissing steam seemed to be the evil soul. This was the monster that was stealing from him the enjoyment of his leisure from the work on the log decks. This it was that made him stay here now toiling with wrench and hammer long after the other fellows had washed the smut and grease from their bodies and were sitting on the cool porches of their homes. This it was that routed him out of bed to build a fire under its boiler long before the other fellows came down to work. So much for the extra labor of work

days. When it rained, the mill stopped, and the other fellows had a long day of luxurious loafing, but he had to get down in a grimy pit under the locomotive to overhaul its machinery. On Saturday afternoons when the other fellows were playing ball or loafing at the village postoffice, he had to clean the flues of its boiler or wash out the scale from its interior. On cold days he had to wrap its pipes with bags and packing to keep them from bursting. Night and day, day in and day out, winter and summer the locomotive was making some demand on him. It was a veritable old man of the sea. "Ye-e-e-s, ye-e-e-s," hissed the steam from the pop valve, "your life is bound to me, you must serve me, you cannot escape. What has been shall ever be, grind, g-r-i-n-d, g-r-i-n-d!" Why was it that his life was such as this? That morning he had seen a train pass loaded with young students returning to school. It seemed to him that they were going to a fairy land. He loved the athletic life in particular. He felt in himself the agility bred by his forest life. What if his life had been different? There was an acquaintance of his who loafed about the village in the summer time spending his father's money, and giving himself the airs of a great man. He was the gridiron hero of some college, and yet in a wrestling match at the postoffice a week before this hero of the sporting page had been little more than a baby in his hands. He smiled with the recollection. What if he had a chance to try himself on the field! He saw himself in the great game. The teams were plunging down the field and back again in a desperate struggle. Play after play had failed in the hands of his comrades. There was but a moment more to the game. A sharp signal was called; the ball was snapped in his arms and he was off running and side-stepping down the field. What opposing player could tackle him who had dodged the logs rushing down on him like rockets. He felt his arm brush them

aside just as it had skidded the logs up the decks so many times. On he ran dodging and stiff-arming down the field roaring like some terrific storm blast, a white line flashed under his feet and the game was won!

"Dr-e-a-ms, d-r-e-a-m-s!" hissed the steam, and the boy came back to earth with a bump.

Why was it a dream? What had prevented him from going away to school to lead so glorious a life? His mind flew back far into the past. He saw himself a boy of fortune fretting in school over a stupid book. When all about him was moving and teeming with spring, why did he have to sit in school to pore over a book?

"James," said his father's voice at the door, "William has quit, can't you manage to run the engine for a week until I can get another man?"

Could he! Why, that was just what he had been wanting to do. Soon he was happy in the wild free life of the woods. They were glorious days. He was rather an apprentice, and the work that he had to do was not hard. He would be glad to keep on doing it. The week passed and he was glad to see no man come to take his place. The weeks lengthened to a month, the months to a year, and he was fairly caught in the daily grind. No longer was he an apprentice at liberty to enjoy the freedom of the wild life. He had now a man's job full of responsibility and requiring gruelling labor. So closely had he been confined to the work that five years had passed almost before he knew it.

In the meantime there had come the great panic that had almost ruined the lumber business. The working force had to be cut in half and his labor had doubled. Then it was that the lines of toil and endurance began to ream his face, and his shoulders to stoop to the cant-hook. Then it was that the labor of the day was made horrible by uncertainty and fear, for the boy had put his heart into the

business, and he felt keenly the gravity of the times. Ah! it had been a struggle.

“Ah-a-a-h!” mocked the steam.

The panic passed, and the business survived, and he continued at his old job. Never came any suggestion of change, never any notice of him except as a cog in a smooth running machine.

He did not mind the work, he was used to that, and rather enjoyed it. But it seemed to him that all the things that he loved were denied him. He had played ball when he went to school. Now people thought no more of him as a ball player than they did of Jones, the old ditch digger. Not long before he had been to a picnic. All of the young folks but him had engaged in some sort of games; he did not remember the name of it even. He had started to play too, but had felt so out of place that he walked away and began to talk with some of the grown people about business. He remembered that the football hero had been there, laughing and talking, perfectly at ease. He was a good fellow even if he was not much of a wrestler. The boy liked him, and coveted the ease of manner that he showed. Probably that was what schooling had done for him. When he had closed his books five years before, he had not opened them again. He was more interested in the engine at first. Then he got into the habit of spending his evenings at the postoffice. Now, although he wanted to study in the evenings, he had not much skill in the use of books. Besides he was too tired to sit up long.

Then he had come to know a girl and he felt like a boor beside her. It is true that she tolerated him. But that was because she was so nice,—

“Nice,” hissed the steam as if to say, “Too, too nice for you. I’m common, you’re common. We two are together.

You can't get away." The old man of the sea was leaping up and down on his back in insolent joy.

A thought began to shape itself in his mind, suggested by the returning students. Why couldn't he go to school some more? There he could learn to laugh and talk and play. What right had anyone to deny him this privilege of youth. He would speak to his father that night. If his father could send him, all well and good. If he could not, then he had not learned to work without some purpose. He would go anyway. No longer would he slave here under this hissing monster. He flung the wrench in the tool box with a gesture of decision. He was free!

"Psh-a-a-a-w," hissed the steam. He paused, caught by the sound. The old man was triumphing still.

"Son," said a voice at his elbow, "you have saved the business for us here in the log woods. I want you to take charge of the mill. There is no one else that can take your place here, but I need you in a larger place. You have become the mainstay of the business and I can't do without you. Can you do it?"

He looked at his father bent and worn by the strain. He was gazing at his son with a look of love in which there was also the respect of a man for his equal. The *boy* and the dream of school vanished together.

"I will do it," said the *man*.

There was a low, purring, sibilant, moan from the pop valve. The old man of the sea was down.

R. B. HOUSE.

A College Creed

To hate insincerity of every sort: sentimentality about the dear old college, or about art or poetry, or ill-considered and emotion-born schemes for social reform; to hate slovenly thinking and all inexactness, and to face the facts, but not to be overcome by passion for exactness or passion for facts; to hate all selfishness, whether that selfishness take the form of preoccupation with the welfare of one's soul, or craving for recognition, or mere greed; to hate above all things mental inertia, a dullness that is content with thinking by proxy, reacting feebly to ideas, languidly to the weal or woe of our common humanity, feverishly and actively only to the sensational and the amusing. Through all these hatreds to purge the intellectual life from shoddy, a veneer of culture that is pretentious without substance, partisan without principle, conforming without personality.

To bring the mind to bear on life: life interpreted in Hamlet or Macbeth, recorded in the history of the Renaissance or of the French Revolution, revealed through art and music or by the microscope and the surgeon's scalpel; on life as seen in the negro cabin or in the stoke-hole of the ocean liner or before the blast furnace, in Wall Street or the factory, in the patient faces of immigrant women, in the noisy groups of children released from school, in the blood-stained trenches of once happy France.

To search for the Holy Grail, symbol of Truth, in a world filled with mystery: a vision caught at times by those who dwell in quietness and retiring, at times by those who work in noise and heat among men and things, at other times, more rare and awful, by those only who amid the fitful and unearthly glare of battle struggle that they may know.

EDWIN GREENLAW.

The Cry of the Heart

Oh, for a spot of fair retreat
From the cares of a world gone wrong;
Where love and joy forev'r meet
In the hush of the heart's true song.

My soul is beating against it bars
And cries to the God of the Free,
For only a chance to look at the stars,
For only the power to see.

The years have blinded this heart of my heart,
It's cold, like a lifeless stone,
It's a withered rose which has played its part,
And shed its scent unknown.

But love is young, though my heart is old,
And still can I yearn to be
A living man with a living soul
In the haunts of love and the free.

MOSES ROUNTREE.

“I Love You, Dear”

Above the tumult of the day,
And noise of busy town—
Insistent, joyous, full of cheer,
The words of yesterday I hear:
“I love you, dear.”

Across the silence of the night,
Upon the whispering breeze—
Caressing, pleading, soft and low,
I hear again a sweet echo:
“I love you, dear.”

Oft when the rain is on the roof
And winds are high and wild,
Above the storm thy words I hear,
And hearing, feel thy presence near
“I love you, dear.”

And when at last the day shall come,
That Home I turn my weary feet,
'Twill be thy voice that welcomes me,
Thy words that ring eternally
“I love you, dear.”

E. WATSON.

Our Medical School

One has a hard time making the academic student understand the medical school and the medical students. The academic student rarely if ever visits the medical building itself, and when he does so, nine times out of ten, it is not to see the work or find out what the students are doing, but to go to the "stiff room" and see the bodies. He seems to have the idea that the medical students are unsociable, "hard boys," who do nothing but work, and should therefore be avoided. It is certainly true that they work much harder than the students of any other department of the University. However, we stoutly deny the former charge. A student after four years of work in the academic school is struck at once as soon as he gets in the medical school by the tie which binds the men of that class. Much closer friendships are formed, and the class as a whole is more firmly united, though they don't try to make the show of this which is made by some of the other classes. They room together, eat together, walk together; and when they loaf, they loaf together. Perhaps one reason for this is their more narrow acquaintanceship. The real reason, however, is that of a bond of sympathy, derived through constant association, the same interests, ideals, purposes, and hopes directing each individual. Something intangible binds the men together, and to the profession as well. A member of the medical faculty said to me the other day: "Once a man starts medicine it is impossible to stop him. Failure to pass his work, lack of financial means, accident and injury,—all are powerless. He will somehow get through at last."

The School of Medicine was first established here in 1879. On account of insufficient means and facilities it was discontinued in 1886. In 1890, however, Dr. R. H. Whitehead, a man of unusual ability, who afterwards ac-

cepted the position of Dean of the Medical School of Virginia, and who has just recently died, reopened the school, offering only a one-year course. Later, as the curriculum of other schools changed, the course here was strengthened to embrace the first two years of a four-year course. With the view of offering a four-year course, and thereby making our school a distinct entity in itself, a clinical department, embracing the last two years, was established at Raleigh in 1902. This was discontinued, however, in 1909, on account of insufficient funds for a proper equipment. This was undoubtedly a wise plan under the existing conditions as it has enabled us to put great stress on the first two years, and thereby offer a course as good as any in the country, and laboratory and class facilities, for these two years, better than those offered at most four-year schools.

The greatest step toward building up the material part of the school was accomplished in 1912 when the new medical building was completed. This building, costing fifty thousand dollars, is a large two-story building, affording ample room for both classes and laboratories to accommodate the seventy-five students which we have. This building is used only for medical purposes. Besides this we have the use of Davie Hall, the chemical building, and the pharmacy building for biology, chemistry, and pharmacy, respectively. The funds for running expenses are sufficient to keep from having to economize where it would greatly hinder the work of the students. We don't wish it to be understood from this that we have sufficient appropriations, but that comparing our appropriations with those of the rest of the University we have to content ourselves.

Perhaps the greatest benefit derived from the fact that we offer only the first two years is that we are enabled to get so much better men in the faculty than if we had to pay two or three times the number of instructors we now

have. We are thus able to get the best men in the country for the respective places which they hold.

It is not necessary to enumerate the different studies given here. I may say that the course in general is as full as at other four-year schools, except, perhaps, Hopkins, Pennsylvania, and Harvard; and there they give only one or two minor courses which we don't give here, and which always prove very easy for our men to make up when they go to these schools.

It is interesting to note here the record that our men have made at other institutions in the country. At Hopkins we have had only about five men, and, out of these, one man stood in the first twenty-five of his class, which distinction is the only one given at Hopkins and quite an honor. We do not have the facts as to the other men but that they stood well in their classes is proved by the fact that all of our men who have tried have gained entrance to Hopkins without any trouble.

We have statistics giving the grades that our men made at Pennsylvania for the last six graduating classes, and their comparison with men from other institutions. In every case our men stood well up toward the top. Last year the Dean of the School of Medicine at Pennsylvania, writing to the Dean of the School of Medicine here, in regard to our men graduating there last year, says: "These grades average 83 and a fraction—maintaining the excellent record of your men at our school, and I believe will raise the average which I sent you a few months ago." This does not appear at first sight to be such a high grade, but when we understand that this was given on a passing mark of 60, and from such a school as Pennsylvania, it must be considered excellent. Our men in the class of 1916 appear to be doing even better. Quoting from a letter received some time ago by a member of our medical faculty from one of our men at Pennsylvania, we find that,

"our bunch at Pennsylvania made much higher averages last year than the men who have been here for four years. The first three places on advanced standing went to Carolina men. Your men are received with the glad hand here, for Carolina stands high in the esteem of the Dean. The anatomy course at Carolina is better than the one taught here. This is a conceded point both at Pennsylvania and Jefferson. Pharmacology is as good and bacteriology better."

We see from this that our men stand well up to the top of their classes after they leave here. This is brought about, in the first place, by the advantage of having a good faculty, and, therefore, good preparation. It is also due to the fact that while here students get the habit of working harder than they do at most other medical schools. This can be explained partly by the fact that there is not so much to detract attention as at other places where the students probably try to begin clinical work in the first two years before they are ready for it.

We can hardly say that our standing heretofore has been due to an especially extensive pre-medical preparation, because, as yet, our requirements are only for a pre-medical course embracing only one year of college work. This one year, however, has been made extraordinarily strong. We are raising our medical requirements, however, and the catalogue now reads: "Beginning with the session of 1917-1918, the requirements for admission to the medical course will be two years of college work." This, of course, will place the school on a still higher plane, as it will not only give the advantages of better preparation, but will also have the tendency of weeding out the undesirable students, and, by reducing the size of the classes, give each member a better chance for more personal instruction. This weeding out process is now done to a

greater or less extent in the first year of medicine, which, in a measure, accounts for the necessity of having the high passing average of 80 which we now have.

The position our school holds is certainly one to be proud of. We are especially proud of it, however, when we consider that a person can come here and get his first two years of medicine for half or less than half the money it would cost him in the schools of the North for the same two years, where the course is no better than ours. The advantages of board, rooms, fees, tuition, and general expenses, all go to explain this difference.

In conclusion we wish to say that we still hold to the ambition of having a clinical department, but that we shall content ourselves as we are until we can have a clinical department which shall hold the same standing comparatively as our school for the first two years holds now. This, of course, would take a good deal of money and, we are afraid, will not come in the near future.

JAMES V. PRICE, JR.

Alaskan Letters From a Carolina Man

SELECTED AND EDITED BY MRS. E. K. GRAHAM

[The writer of these interesting letters, the Rev. Frederick B. Drane, is affectionately remembered by many University men as Fred Drane, '12, of Edenton. After leaving college he went to the General Theological Seminary. Last summer he went to Alaska, volunteering to stay for five years. His work is in the Tenana Valley mission field, a parish about the size of North Carolina, among the Alaskan Indians.]

NENANA, ALASKA, Aug. 17th, 1915.

My first impressions of Nenana are those I received at Mr. Betticher's illustrated lecture. The Mission, the teachers and the Indian boys and girls and grown-ups all seem to be paraded before me on a screen. They are all like a big family. Many of the men and women speak enough English for me to understand them and they are quite ready to talk. They are very much like negroes but decidedly more attractive, and, of course, more primitive than any negro we have down home. The children are fine. They are as much children as one would care to find. Bright, cheerful, noisy, and always playing. They are attractive looking in spite of their dirty faces. One could easily imagine them the small boys and girls back home they seem so natural at their play. They are colored like Chinese; perhaps like the mulatto, and even when they are full blooded Indians, their complexion is quite clear and not at all copper colored. The older ones are darker. Their speech is soft, and their actions quick.

August 22nd.

As to my work you can well imagine how difficult it is to be. The natives are gentle enough and friendly, but it is pitiful to see how child-like their minds are; child-like

is the word. Just as I had imagined, they are exactly like our negroes down South. As soon as one begins to show kindness to them they begin to expect too much. Like a child, when I preach to them that we are members of a big family, and members one of another, that I too am their brother, then they apply their idea of family life to what I have said and try it out on me. They are generous to a fault—when they have anything to give and so when I speak of kindness to one another, they try to see if I am kind by asking the loan of \$2.00. Many of them are in straits at times, but to help them seems only to encourage laziness. This part of the work hurts my feelings. If I could feel that lending money forwarded the Kingdom of Heaven I might be ready to do it, but I have been warned that it is not the case.

Speaking through an interpreter is not at all inspiring. Fortunately we have here one of the best in Alaska, a bright half-breed who was educated for four years outside and for two years was the Archdeacon's interpreter and traveling companion. He is also on a salary on the Mission staff and knows what I am working for. His faults may come up later but he, so far, has shown himself to be a true Christian and a most tireless worker. In the two addresses or sermons I have made I have spoken a sentence at a time and let him forward it. Sometimes what I say requires explanation, and Arthur Wright sees that they catch the meaning of what I am trying to say. The transmission of the idea is what I am most after, because at this point I do not know enough about the Indian's ways of thinking to be satisfied with a literal interpretation. A ten minute sermon will last at least twenty minutes, so you can imagine how tiring it must be on both preacher and interpreter.

August 29th.

Archdeacon Stuck was with us until Friday, or rather I was with him that long, from Friday the 20th to 27th. In the Pelican we went 75 miles down this river, the Tana, to Tolovana and then up the Tolovana River to the mouth of the Chatanika, visiting Indians in their summer camps. In summer they live in tents along the river, and lay in their winter supply of dried fish. Then about Sept. 1st they scatter all over everywhere among the foot hills looking for moose and caribou. At Christmas time for a hundred miles in all directions, except toward Fairbanks, they gather at Nenana for the celebrations. Then after the New Year they go out again for game. Thus you see they move about a great deal and a missionary who carries the Gospel to them must do some moving also. I can foresee where I will need a reliable motor boat before my sojourn in these parts is over. Also you will get an idea of the importance of Nenana. If I do not surmise wrong, it is next to the largest gathering place for the Indians in Alaska, next to Fort Yukon.

It was rather a picturesque experience for me to be off on this missionary trip. I had advice from Mr. Madara to go, but as the Archdeacon was here and also wanted to see the Indians he took me. At the various camps we would stop and stand around and talk for a while, and then go in some tent and hold service. There were usually about a dozen of us squatted about, the Archdeacon, the interpreter and I in the middle, and the Indians lined up around us. They were all eager enough to listen and they seem to be intelligent enough, but they have had so little opportunity to learn that it is pitiful to think of how little we can do for them on our short visits. (Our visit with the "Pelican" was chiefly to introduce me to them, but the Archdeacon preached or rather talked to them, and I also gave them a talk on what I was in the country to

tell them about. The "Pelican" is a splendidly equipped boat and does excellent work, and is ideally fitted for these swift and shallow streams. Everything is "just so" and is of the best, for the "Pelican" is the Archdeacon's summer home and he is a very particular man. The Archdeacon is also an unusually good cook and we lived in great comfort the whole time. He took favorably to me and said he hoped he might have me with him again sometime.)

CHENA, Sept. 12th.

The weather continues mild, but the days are growing noticeably shorter, and the nights cooler. Our first frost occurred the night of the 6th inst. and I saw the Northern Light for perhaps the first time the night of the 9th. There was nothing startling about it. It was like a band of clouds, or the Milky Way, extending from the Northern to the Southern horizon and motionless. I wondered what it was as I could not believe it was a cloud, and I thought it was too early for the Aurora. My life is still what it would be in a small country town, and the chief way I feel the difference is in the exorbitant price of everything.

October 4th.

The steamer "Tanana" left for its last trip today. The last boat out is always a rather impressive sight. The population of the various towns along the river come to the bank to wave good bye. It means a farewell to freight, parcel post, and river travel. The face is turned steadily toward winter when all will be held in its icy grasp.

November 14th.

Again I find myself back at Nenana and at the same desk from which I wrote my first letter to you after reaching here. I am down on a trip partly to bury two Indians and partly just to see the Indians. I left Chena on Wed-

nesday the 10th, and I expect to be back there again on the 17th, so really it is a flying trip.

By water it is 63 miles to Chena from Nenana, but by land it is only 48 miles, as several cut off's are made. The first day on the trail I covered 26 miles, stopping at "Eat-em-up" Frank's. This was far enough as I made a late start and it was dark by 4:30 and travel in the dark on a strange trail is not safe. For that distance I averaged 4 miles per hour. The next day I reached the Wood River, where Chief Thomas of the Nenana Indians has his camp. This is one of the camps I visited in the summer. All the men were off hunting and trapping so I had to wait there until some one came home. About dark the Chief turned up. His oldest son was one of the dead I wanted to bury. As there were no dogs and no other men there, it was decided to delay the funeral for another month, when I came again. By that time the people would be in from the hunt. Indians like to have the whole tribe together for any big funeral.

My average traveling time for the whole 48 miles was 4 miles per hour. The trail was only fair so I think it may modestly be said that I am a good "musher." Very few men on the trail do any better than that, unless they have dogs.

The day after reaching Nenana I took one of the school boys, (Jonathan Esau, the same one who accompanied me on the two river trips in August) and visited the nearby camps on the river. The last one was 9 miles away so our day's march was only 18 miles. It was fine to be out in the open and "mushing" along the trail. We noted a rainbow in the sky as we started out—"Rainbow in morning, Sailors take warning," was not necessary for both yesterday and today were beautiful. This getting out among the Indians, I feel, is the only way I can know them. Mr. Madara knows this himself and that is why he let me come

off on the trip. We had caught up with our correspondence and there was no need of my staying in Chena. I am looking forward to Christmas when I will have a month here. Then I will visit the Indians in their camps after they go off on their New Year's hunt. I will eat and sleep with them, and if it is all like yesterday's fare of broiled dried fish and flour flap-jacks, I won't mind it at all, for it tasted good to a hungry man.

November 17th.

Since my last writing I have had my first real "mushing" trip with dogs. I received a telegram Sunday mid-day from Mr. Madara, which read: "Stay over to return to Chena about Saturday. Visit nearby camps. Charlie camp Minto the third." As I had already visited most of the near camps I at once planned to go off to Minto 30 miles distance. For the sake of my Mission boy interpreter I took the dog team belonging to this Mission. This would make us travel faster and insure our return Tuesday night. Monday at nine o'clock we started out, clad in medium weight underwear, winter trousers, flannel outer shirt, light vest, light coat-sweater, and two pairs of socks. I wore a Parkee also as the wind was cold. The trail followed down the river and going was fairly good. One place we came to, the river was open on both sides and the water had flowed over the ice. This overflow froze, but its surface would not hold us so we had to turn back and take a trail through the woods. I ran at the handle bars of the sled and Esaias George ran ahead. After going about 10 miles we turned off into the woods looking for a lone camp. We missed this as the Indians had moved. Like birds of passage they are here one day and gone the next during the hunting season. Being unfamiliar with the country myself I let the Indian boy act as guide. He did not know the trail we were on so he wanted to turn

back to the river. This entailed retracing our tracks for the 10 miles we had traveled looking for that camp. This meant 20 miles thrown away. We traveled another 10 miles and came to the Minto Telegraph Station. Being hungry we went in to eat some lunch we had. The two lonely men here were so glad to see us they made a fire in the kitchen stove, made coffee and insisted on our having a sure enough supper. This we were glad to do. They showed us every kindness, letting us leave with them two of our dogs that had gone lame, and to cap the climax of it all, one of them hitched up his team and showed us on our way for five miles. I rode with him and his five dogs pulled the two of us at about seven miles an hour, whereas the Mission team had averaged little over 4 miles per hour through the day. Still trusting to the Indian's knowledge of the trail I acted against my judgment and let him take a trail that left the river, but as I remembered the soldier's instructions we were to stay on the river. Our turn off caused us to miss Chief Charlie's camp, and also caused at least five miles extra travel. We soon found ourselves on the well beaten mail trail from Fairbanks to Hot Springs and by sticking to it we finally arrived at a road house. It was 9:45 P. M. and we had covered between 50 and 55 miles. I was not fatigued for once in a while I could jump on the sled and rest, but I had walked and run at least 35 miles and I was ready for bed. The next morning, Tuesday, we made an early start and were soon back at the Indian's camp. We saw about the whole tribe and after talking with them, and visiting their sick, I held a service, made an address and then hurried off. We spent about two hours at the camp, but as 30 miles lay between us and Nenana we had to hurry on. The telegraph men had lunch on the table for us when we reached there at 1 P. M. and after a rest of an hour we pushed on the last 20 miles with only one stop and that of only

10 minutes; time enough for a cup of tea from Arthur Wright's Thermos Bottle. The wind was behind us, instead of in our faces as the day before, so I rigged up one of our blankets on two sticks and with another for a mast we had a very effective sail. Where the trail was free from loose snow and when the wind blew hard this much sail carried the sled without the dogs. It helped us finely until I ran the sled into an overhanging branch and tore the whole thing to pieces. But by this time the bank shut off the wind and we did not need the sail. At any rate my instinct as a sailor can be turned to a good advantage even in Alaska winter trails. We reached Nenana about 7 P. M. none the worse for our 32 miles. Traveling with dogs on the average trail does not mean a nice comfortable ride. It usually means hard work. In our case we had to break trail about half the time, for part of the way had not been recently traveled and for a great part of the way the wind had covered the trail so that we had to run ahead and show the dogs the way. With a good leader this is seldom necessary except where the trail has not been traveled. But in our case the leader needed help. Besides this when a fast pace is to be maintained with an ordinary team one must run ahead and pace the dogs. With a fast team this is unnecessary. Sufficient to say both Esaias and I were worked hard all day changing from trail breaker to man at the handle bars. At the handle bars one may hop on and ride at intervals where the trail is good. I might add the detail that we had mild weather (10 degree average—plus sign in front of 10) and a beautiful moon to help us after the sun had gone down. I am sure I will make a good dog "musher" for it means little more than hard grinding work and the willingness to stick to the game.

December 19th.

Christmas week is on us and here at the Mission and in the village everybody is full of the excitement which accompanies the preparations. The Indians are expecting many guests and are preparing for much feasting and dancing. Almost every cabin is full, but they will find room for more yet. The Indians are gathering from 90 miles up the river to 175 below; families are coming all this distance, to be entertained here, and to take part in the funmaking. We have mapped out a course of instruction and I hope we shall have a good attendance. These Nenana Indians have the reputation of being the most indifferent of any along this river, and the Mission has not the hold on them we should like, there are too many for the staff.

December 22nd.

My instructions have begun, and I am giving them at the house of the Chief as that is the largest place for assemblies at Nenana. The Indians attend and most of them are attentive, though I fear I have not yet acquired the art of instructing Indians. They have some characteristics of men and yet they are so childlike it is hard for me to know how to put the thing. I am briefly giving them: belief in God the Creator, God the Saviour, and God the Holy Spirit, and am making my instructions in the narrative form. We have just passed the shortest day and the sun was not well up until 10 A. M., and it was only just above the trees in the South at noon. At 3 P. M. darkness was on us. But we are only in the central part of Alaska. Today I had my first Indian burial service. It was -30 deg. and they had the coffin at the grave already, so I merely had two sentences, two prayers and a hymn, all in the native tongue. The Indians are certainly reverent and in spite of their faults, I feel they are at

least groping after God. After the funeral, soon followed the feast in memory of the dead.

NENANA, ALASKA, Jan. 16, 1916.

The whole period of feasting is called a Potlatch, but the real Potlatch doesn't occur until the man who has lost a relative Potlatches (gives away) his presents. Most of their songs, dances and religious customs are in memory of the dead. As soon as a man loses a son he at once begins to prepare for a Potlatch, composes a song in his memory, telling of his virtues, and of what he would have been if he had lived. The Potlatch occurs the evening after the burial. The people crowd in and the feast is served. Only part of it is eaten; the most of it is put in sacks and taken home. When the supper is over the floor is cleared for the dance. At first the people crowd together and do their weird chanting. Singing the songs in memory of the departed—each man who has lost a relative may sing his song. After they have had about an hour of this the women form a line about the walls and the men get together in one end of the house, then they sing some of the inherited songs about former great men. Perhaps this lasts for an hour or more, then the younger set tire of this, and form a ring and bounce round the room with Boo, Boo, oo, oo, oo, until the entire crowd has been set in motion. Then they go round and round singing the glad songs—"Fill up my jingling cup with tea," "Come do the Indian dance," "We don't want the White Man's dance," etc. This ring dance cheers up everybody and then there is exhibition dancing going on in the center of the room. After the dancing is all over, the Potlatch man brings in his gifts, blankets, guns, clothing and everything good he could buy during the interim, between the death of his son and the time of the Potlatch. These are given out as a token that he would give everything away if he could

only have his son back. It ends with the giving away of the presents. It is regarded as a fine thing to make a Potlatch at Christmas time even if a man has not lost a relative, but has been successful at the hunt or with his trap line. This Christmas with so many visitors every one who could gave dog food and moose meat and I even made a Potlatch. It was a great sight to see the large pile of gifts in the middle of the floor of the big house. There were about two hundred fine Indian blankets and suits of clothes, flannel shirts, shawls, guns, china ware, trunks and suit cases—not a single cheap article in the pile; everything they give away is useful. The Potlatch men distribute the gifts after mature deliberation. All sit around waiting patiently to see what is coming and who is to receive it. It took three hours. I was there only a few minutes, but was Potlatched twice. One man gave me an Otter skin. I was writing down an Indian word and when I looked up, saw it being thrown to me. I received it and thanked the donor amid loud applause from the crowd. It made me happy to feel that the people were glad to see the Ginghe (Minister) receive something. The big chief gave me a very handsome beaded moose skin arrow case, full of valuable arrows. The coldest weather we have had was 66 deg.—the maximum for the last three days 52 deg. This is the genuinely cold weather, but it is strange how slightly I feel it. The houses are warm, so we are comfortable, in spite of the extreme cold outside. In a few days I expect to return to Chena where a pile of work is waiting for me. I am well and happy and am thankful to say this.

Henry Smith—The College Bell Ringer

Horny Handed Henry, L. L. D. D. (Learned Loyal Ding Donger), father of the hours, by whose single-handed Ingersoll, the people of the University live, move, and have their being, began his loyal services for the University under the presidency of George T. Winston. By his watch the sun has its rising and going down in Chapel Hill. The clear tones of his bell call us alike to duty and to pleasure, and his notes in their eternal power will always sound out through our lives "Carolina men, always be there."

At the beginning of his janitorial career, he was asked by President Winston if he could tote the South Building, which was at that time the main dormitory. Horny Handed Henry turned his head to one side, removed his pipe marked with a bullet hole which he treasures as a souvenir of the perilous times during the Civil War, and replied, "No suh, boss! I couldn't tote it as it stands, but I could tote it by pieces." The President replied, "That is just what I don't want you to do. If you can't tote it as it is, don't tote it at all. I have had janitors who continuously broke that commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not tote.' I change janitors every time the moon fulls and changes. I hereby request of you in all good faith not to tote the dormitories."

Henry says that it is hard to serve two masters—the President and the students. He has always tried to make it a habit to tell the students nothing on the faculty, and tell the faculty nothing on the students. In this way he has always remained neutral and good friends to both parties.

It was on the truth in his conversation with President Winston that he has built his system of ethics and wrought his good works. He has tried to walk the straight and narrow path in so far as his shambling gait and slobby

feet would permit. In his humble way "he has gathered into his life the simple teachings of a university that would leave in every son a horny hand and a courtly heart."

For his faithful service as bell ringer, he was given the degree of L. L. D. D. at the commencement of June, 1914. The honorary degree hood, consisting of a rope with dangling bell, was placed over Henry's head. His accompanying peers rushed up to shake his hand, and boot-blacks shined his shoes.

It has always been Henry's policy to try to assume the manners and dress of the different presidents as they have been. As we see him cross the campus, we can recognize the tilt of a dignified head which he has acquired from his association with Mr. Winston. Sometimes he walks with his body turned at an angle of ninety-degrees guided by a hampered step. In this posture we can clearly trace the evolution from President Alderman—"Tony"—to Dr. Venable. But it seems difficult for Henry in so short a time to make the transition from Dr. Venable's "side-walk" to that of President Graham.

W. C. RYMER.

Chant Funebre

I am the dirge of Chicago,
Black as a puff of smoke,
Haunting the hearts of the weary,
Stinging the souls of the broke,
Breathed in the sighs of the suffering,
Sobbed in a daft despair,
Dreary and dismal and dinsome,
My burden—corruption and care.

I am the dirge of Chicago,
Born of the dirt and din.
My meter is mad and rushing;
My matter is sin! is sin!
I sound in the voice of her peoples
In accents that shriek and blare;
And, fitly, there always accompanies
My measure—a mephitic air.

My lines lie deep on her faces;
My syllables snarl on her lips.
My rhythm reels and races
Fast as the lake-wind whips
Into her yawning alleys
Off of the Boulevard.
My influence black as the pall is,
My moral cruel and hard.

Send not your sons to the city,
Set not your daughters near!
The ones will lose human pity;
The others more—I fear.

I am the dirge of Chicago,
City without a soul,
Prostitute of the worldling,
Filthy, putrescent, and foul!

The First Concert in Gerrard Hall

Before the days of violently absorbing college activities and before the weekly exodus to Durham the chief amusement of the students in the University was calling on the daughters of the various members of the faculty. One of the most beautiful and popular of the young ladies was Miss Mary Wheat, daughter of Dr. Wheat.

Miss Wheat was a member of what was known as the Circle, an organization of the ladies of Chapel Hill for the promotion of the good of the town and the University; so quite naturally had a very large field of work. The Circle, Miss Wheat being the moving spirit, decided to give a concert in Gerrard Hall. This was a weighty matter. Such an unheard of thing as a concert in the Chapel was not to be entered into lightly or inadvisedly, but soberly and discreetly; so the subject was discussed pro and con. The question was, how will the students demean themselves. Not that the ladies doubted for an instant the fact that the students were perfect gentlemen of the old school, but even such gentlemen would be sorely tried at a concert in Chapel Hill. The discussions bore fruit, nevertheless, and the concert was decided upon; with the provision, however, that William Walters, reputed to be the strongest and most popular student in college, act as a marshal to quell the unruly spectators. I do not know, but I suppose he was not kept very busy.

All arrangements having been made, the affair was to take place in Gerrard Hall on the evening of October the fifth, 1850. Dr. Battle was present, and it is to him that the author is indebted for the information on this subject.

By eight o'clock the Chapel was crowded with enthusiastic spectators. The programme which follows will probably be of interest to the reader. Some of the songs are sung today, but most of them have died; still they will

give an idea of the things which were popular in the days before the railroad into Chapel Hill and the Pickwick.

The first part of the programme was begun with "La Dame Blanche," by the orchestra and the others followed in the order named.

"The Mountain Maid's Invitation," a piano solo by Leo Wheat, son of Dr. Wheat, who later became quite prominent as a pianist in concert in the United States. He was then a genius of about twelve years of age.

"The Night, Oh the Night for Me," by the glee club.

"Sontag Waltz," a piano and flute duet by Miss Mary Green and Miss Mary Hall.

"Aurora Waltz," a trio on guitars and a flute played by Peter Smith, Mr. Petisilia, then a music teacher at St. Mary's, and Thomas Evans.

"Evening Song to the Virgin," by Miss Sophy Waddell and Miss Lydia Wetmore.

A selection from Mendelssohn, presumably played on the violin by Mr. Petisilia.

"The Newfoundland Dog," a duet by Mrs. Samuel Lucas and Miss Wheat.

"Lulla's a Lady," a very popular song of the day, by Miss Sue Battle, Miss Wetmore, and Mr. Bartholomew Fuller.

A negro song, "Stop that Knocking at the Door," by the Glee Club.

"Oft in the Stilly Night," by Mrs. Lucas and Miss Wheat, concluded the first part of the programme.

The second part was begun with the "Red Sulphur Waltz," by the orchestra.

"Love Knot," by Miss Wheat and Miss Wetmore followed.

Then "I'll Offer Thee this Hand of Mine," by the Glee Club.

"A Swiss Air," by Miss Wheat and Mr. Petisilia.

Another selection from Mendelssohn.

"The Spider and the Fly," sung by a quartet composed of Miss Battle, Miss Waddell, Miss Wetmore, and Miss Mary Hall came next.

A march from "La Norma," arranged as a flute and piano duet, was played by Miss Mary and Miss Hallie Hall.

A dirge, "O Canst Thou Leave Me," by Miss Wheat.

"Morning's Ruddy Beam," by Miss Waddell and Miss Wetmore.

"Chapel Hill Waltz," composed for the occasion by Leo Wheat.

"Our Native Song," by the Glee Club.

The performance was concluded with "The Old North State," sung by the Glee Club and the audience in a grand burst of patriotism.

The whole presentation was received with great enthusiasm. The price of admission was fifty cents, children and servants half price.

DOUGALD MACMILLAN.

Letters of a Freshman---No. 5

DEAR DAD,

I write to thank you for the thirty-five dollar check which came last week, and to tell you that since the weather is getting warmer, I feel like I am going to need a few dollars extra each month. There is going to be a play in Durham Saturday night called "Birth of a Nation." Now there are many things that I have seen and many things I have wanted to see, but believe me, I sure would like to see a nation born.

Speaking of shows, dad, I believe I will specialize in motion picture acting. Film knows all about it and will help me in. Of course I will have to change colleges, but I won't mind that at all, because the only motion picture school in the world is in New York and you know I have always had a hankering to go to that place.

You ought to have heard a speaker we had here the other night. He said that when you do a thing today maybe tomorrow you didn't do it at all but done something else. He says this is because deeds change with time. For instance, I am writing you the truth when I say that I need ten dollars, but after I get the money this truth will be a lie. He sure did tickle cobwebs of my intelligence where they had never been touched before.

Well I guess me and my Raleigh girl have quit for good now, so I won't go to S. S. in that city any more soon. I wrote her a letter on Thursday that I would be there Sunday. I went to their house right after dinner and she wasn't at home, so I hung around until almost train time, but she never showed up. On my way to the depot I met her with a Wake Forest boy. I didn't lose my nerve, but walked right up and met the fellow and then asked her if she got my letter. And she said, "Sure, what do you think I am staying away from home all day for?" The

average fellow wouldn't have seen thru that statement, but I'm no block-head if I do say it myself. What do I care? There is a girl in Chapel Hill that's got anything I've seen lately beat a hundred yard dash. I wrote her an invitation this P. M. to let me call Saturday night, and if things are favorable, I am liable to have some one to help me work this darn Trigonometry yet before the next examination time. Dad, did you study Trig when you were in college? I know you didn't or you wouldn't have as much sense as you've got. There is nothing to it except crazy imagination and I have just about wrecked my brain trying to think about it. I'll tell you what I wish you would do, Dad. I want you to write down here and tell them that you want me to get an education before I study such foolish subjects and maybe they will stop making me take it.

Well, there is some kind of a speaking in the Chapel tonight and I believe I'll run out and see if the fellow tells any jokes.

Write to

Your obedient son,

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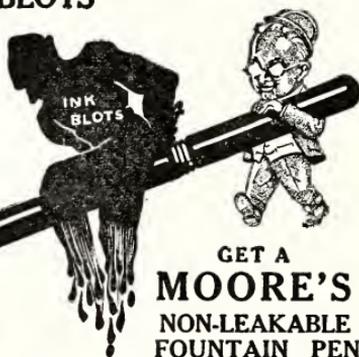
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The University of North Carolina Magazine

Old Series Vol. 46

No. 6

New Series Vol. 33

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The University of North Carolina Magazine

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T H E UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1916

Old Series Vol. 46

No. 6

New Series Vol. 33

Editorial Comment

THE PRIZE

The Sigma Upsilon prize of five dollars for the best Shakespearean article or poem has been awarded to C. G. Tennent, for the first sonnet.

THE MAGAZINE

With the last issue of *THE MAGAZINE* we feel that we should thank those who have contributed and have made it as successful as it has been. Not that we believe we have been phenomenally successful, but we do believe that *THE MAGAZINE* has reflected what real interest the students have evinced in it.

There are faults in this publication which have become more clear to us as we have become better acquainted with it. The most glaring fault, as we see it, has been the lack of *MAGAZINE* policy. By policy we mean a certain definiteness of aim, at least in the minds of the editors, as to what *THE MAGAZINE* should be. This wavering course has made *THE MAGAZINE* at times a jumble of unreadable stories and unpoetic poetry, and at other times a series of laborious articles in which the average student was not interested. This lack of policy has not been temporary but has marked the history of our *MAGAZINE* during at least four years. Surely such a continued lack of

vision cannot fail to make a publication a pitiable representation of what it could be.

We believe that THE MAGAZINE should have a certain unity in each publication, a certain unity throughout a year, and a continuous unity through at least several years.

We do not discountenance stories, but they should be excellent, and this will render them few. Articles of interest to every student, unturned gems from our own college walks, should be given a prominent place; because, we believe, the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE should primarily interest the University student. More erudite and general articles or essays should find here a place but should certainly be exceptionally meritorious, and probably not more than two should be in each issue. Poetry of all kinds should be abundant and arranged so as to make THE MAGAZINE as presentable and readable as possible.

As an example of what we mean by unity running throughout the year we can cite the "Freshman Letters." Everyone has learned to know Alex and looks for him as regularly as THE MAGAZINE appears. Another attempt has been the two articles, "Our Campus," and "Our Medical School," appearing in the March and April numbers respectively. We cannot ourselves show a consistent policy but we regretfully realize that such a policy is necessary for the continued success of this or any publication.

We believe one of the greatest contributing factors to the present status is the present method of electing editors. As a very simple remedy, one which we feel will have beneficial results, we suggest that two sophomores, one at least of whom should be a prospective editor-in-chief, should be elected to THE MAGAZINE board each year. With continued work upon this board through three years by competent men THE MAGAZINE should become all that the students could expect, an interesting and worthy publication of Carolina.

Shakespeare

Three hundred years have wrought upon the world
Wide revolution both of church and state,
And many flags of Freedom now unfurled
Have marked from time to time the tyrant's fate:

And all the modes and merry manners rife
In England long ago have spent their force;
Supplanted by our dull, industrial life;
For such is earth's eternal, changing course.

Yet, though those customs long have passed away
"And vanished wholly in a little span,"
Still thou, O Shakespeare, livest here to-day
Immortal in the mind and soul of man.

And though unnumbered ages come and go,
Thy name immortal every age shall know.

—C. G. TENNENT.

Stratford-on-Avon

After eating Banbury cakes at a little public house by Banbury Cross, we mounted our bicycles, in lieu of cock-horses, and two hours later, just at dusk of an evening late in June, we rode into the little Warwickshire town in which Shakespeare spent the first years and the last years of his life. Coming as pilgrims to a shrine, we were not a little shocked at the general air of levity and gaiety with which we found the town pervaded. From a brilliantly lighted Cinematograph Theatre came the regular beat of a mercilessly loud electric piano, from punts on the river the voices of trippers singing or calling to friends on the bank, and in the streets we made our way through strolling groups of light-hearted youths and maidens. It was the day of the Stratford Regatta, and, in the excitement of the boat races and the meeting of friends, the people of Stratford had been able for a little while to neglect the worship of that great townsman of theirs through whose memory thirty thousand visitors are brought each year to the thriving little town on the Avon.

Stratford is set down in the midst of a most beautiful part of England. Scarcely a county in all England affords more charming views in summer than does "leafy Warwickshire." The roads throughout the county, like the Banbury road, by which we entered the town, are majestic avenues of trees, with foliage unusually profuse and beautifully green. Through the trees, to right and left, are seen rolling meadows, doted with grazing sheep, and waving fields of grain, with flaming poppies interspersed. Footpaths through the fields and through the woods—the forests of Arden—bring us into close touch with the country which Shakespeare loved and which is much today as it was when in it he learned to "warble his native wood-notes wild." And then the Avon, gently wind-

ing between its green banks, with many a graceful willow at the water's edge, tempts the lover of sylvan scenery, and visitors to Stratford frequently, as we did, to take a punt and drift lazily down the stream to some secluded nook, where they may lie and dream or hear again the music of Shakespeare's verse.

In the village of Stratford itself the objects of most interest are those which are preserved from Shakespeare's time. The visitor's attitude toward these objects will depend upon whether he is merely a student of Shakespeare or a member of the cult of Shakespeare worshippers. Mere students are interested in these objects as they help in understanding Shakespeare and his work. Worshippers sit on the bench where the hero wooed or was wooed by Anne Hathaway, gaze with awe at the desk at which he studied, and take a pious interest in all the most intimate personal details of his life. Both students and worshippers, however, are eager to see everything that has been preserved.

There are several narrow houses in Stratford which date from the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" and bring us closer to the Stratford of those times. These houses are built in a curious style of alternating wood and plaster which gives the appearance of squares of plaster framed with beams of wood. Mr. William Dean Howells say that they remind him of zebras, but, then, Mr. Howells thought that the great mosque at Cordova looked like a colored circus tent. If we like, nevertheless, to adopt Mr. Howells' simile, we may say that in one of these zebra houses Shakespeare is supposed to have been born. After the Shakespeare Trust had gone to a great deal of trouble and spent a considerable amount of money in purchasing what is known as the Birth-place House and restoring it to its sixteenth century condition, some Shakespearean scholars were so inconsiderate as to sug-

gest that the poet was not born in the Birth-place House at all but in an altogether different house. Be that as it may, the tourist is still shown the exact room in the Birth-place House in which Shakespeare first saw the light, and it seems a pity to deprive the tourists of several generations of a distinction which they have boasted. The birth-room is quite bare. The ceiling is very low and bears some interesting signatures of former visitors, including those of Thackeray and Byron. Scratched on a window pane, we noticed the signatures of Scott and Carlyle. The Birth-place House, except for birth-room and kitchen, has been converted into an interesting Shakespeare museum, where the curious tourist may see coins and books current in Shakespeare's time, first editions of most of his plays and poems, his signature and the mark of his father on several deeds, and various portraits and relics. Surrounding the Birth-place House is an attractive garden, in which grow all the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays.

Another of the zebra houses is the Grammar School which Shakespeare pretty certainly attended. This is a low rambling structure, with none too much light. The desk used by Shakespeare is shown. His Latin grammar would be a very precious relic, and it seems negligent on the part of the Stratford enthusiasts not to have discovered it.

The only other Elizabethan house which need be mentioned specifically is Anne Hathaway's cottage, familiar through the often reproduced engraving. This is practically in Stratford, Shottery being to Stratford about as Carrboro is to Chapel Hill. Inside the wooden fence we noticed, before entering the cottage, the trim garden, with its fantastic shapes of evergreen and its poppies, roses, and pale pansies. Within the cottage, the objects of interest are rush-lights, by which may be better understood

the proverbial burning of the candle at both ends, a fifteenth century bed belonging to Anne Hathaway—not the famous second-best bed bequeathed to her by her husband—, and the courting bench, where Eighteen-years won the heart and hand of Twenty-six. The courting bench is near the great fire-place, with its cosy seats in the chimney corners.

The real shrine at Stratford did not appear to us to be the birth-place, the school, or Anne Hathaway's cottage but rather the Church of the Holy Trinity. Here Shakespeare lies buried, and here are two of the few authentic records in regard to him. In the Parish Register, under date of April 26, 1564, appears the entry of the baptism of Gulielmus filius Johannis Shakespeare, and under date of April 25, 1616, the Parish Register records the burial of Will Shakespeare, Gent. Beneath the chancel of the church, sixteen feet deep, Shakespeare lies buried. On the slab above his grave is cut in large capitals the injunction against disturbing his body:

GOOD FRENDE FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOSED HEARE
BLESSE BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES
AND CURST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES.

The verses are probably not Shakespeare's, but the sentiment was his, no doubt. On the wall of the chancel near the grave is the famous Stratford bust of Shakespeare, with hazel eyes and auburn hair and beard. The bust is supposed to have been made by Gerard Johnson, probably less a sculptor than a stone-mason. This bust of Shakespeare seemed to us the most convincing argument against the Shakespearean authorship of the Shakespeare plays. A man who looked like that bust could not perform any work of genius. The face is much less English than Dutch, the nose is small, and there is a silly, rakish mustache. It

has been suggested that the amateur sculptor, in the course of his work, broke off a piece of the nose which he was modelling and, being unable to repair the damage, finished the nose as best he could and, because the upper lip was then left abnormally long, devised a mustache, of scant proportions because there was scant material for the purpose. The bust at any rate gives a very different impression of Shakespeare's face from that of the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare, which is generally considered genuine.

The Droeshout portrait is shown in the Shakespeare Memorial Building, of which we may say a word at this point. The Memorial Building is an elaborate and costly brick structure erected recently. Here in the library are preserved various portraits and busts of Shakespeare, copies of his works and of the books of criticism of his works, and portraits of famous Shakespearean actors and actresses. In the theatre, which occupies the remainder of the Memorial Building, Shakespeare plays are presented ever year throughout May and August before thousands of Shakespearean enthusiasts.

It is in the May and August Festivals that Stratford realizes its mission of showing Shakespeare to the world. On these occasions the steady fervency of their admiration bursts into glowing flame, in which nothing hostile to Shakespeare can live. Woe betide the unwary visitor who should venture at this time to speak with tolerance of the Baconian heresy! The people of Stratford would need no Demetrius to rouse them to the cry of Great is Shakespeare of the Stratfordians.

—EDGAR TURLINGTON.

Two Sonnets

Three centuries since have spun their thread of time,
 As those who measure life by clock-tick say,
 And now again has come that April day
 When thou didst die, immortal king of rhyme!

Yet never was a grosser falsehood told
 Than that which said that thou hadst ceased to live,
 Whose praises these three centuries volume give,
 Whom men shall honor till the sun grows cold!

For who can truly say that thou are dead
 Who Hamlet, Hal, or Falstaff ever knew;
 Venetian love, Veronian hate, or dread
 Of Dunsinane; or wed himself a shrew?

With Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, thou
 Wilt live forever as thou livest now.

—C. L. SNIDER.

Three hundred winters have besieged thy fame,
 That bring neglect to those of fleeting spark,
 But only praise for thy immortal name.
 So time, unbias'd judge of worth, doth mark
 You peerless and aloft, undoubted sage,
 The one clear light to whom we all must bow.
 Shakespeare, would you were in this troublous age;
 That through the strength of thy triumphant brow,
 Your sympathetic views of erring man,
 The rampant Mars, raging in western clime,
 And the blatant optimism of the American,
 Might hear the truth in thy voice sublime.

The seer of every age, and class, and land,
 Triumphant, your name will unchalleng'd stand.

—A. M. ELLIOTT.

Othello the Moor

Dr. Johnson in his essay on Shakespeare says, "Shakespeare has no heroes," meaning that his characters are true to life just ordinary human beings, not overburdened with genius or gifted with anything supernatural, but living naturally while following the ordinary pursuits of life and industry. Dr. Johnson was right. Therein lies a great part of Shakespeare's power. No more representative character can be found for this description than Othello. His military career is one of his strong points. We see nothing wonderful in that. Every age has its military geniuses. With his dark skin, almost repulsive to "fair lady" he dared to look on Desdemona with eyes of passionate love. Again there is nothing at which to marvel. Love and life go hand in hand as the grand embodiment of God's human creation. That he dared to love a woman whose social position was more elevated than his is not out of the ordinary life of our own current events. Not infrequently do wealthy young ladies command a chauffeur today only to call him husband tomorrow.

Granting, then, that Othello was not intended as any epical character whose achievements were so fabulous as to require a relegation to the fascinating pages of mythology, we would treat him as a plain ordinary man, whose characteristics were at once strong and weak. That he was a man of strength his military career vouches. That he was a man of weakness is all too evident. Dr. Johnson said, "Shakespeare, with his excellencies, has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to overwhelm any other merit." This, I believe, is generally interpreted as a compliment to Shakespeare. I would apply the same to Othello with not altogether a complimentary meaning, for Othello's weakness ultimately outweighed and obscured his strength.

There was in him a spark of lofty genius and a flame of energy that swept much before him, but, at the same time, there was that fallibility that inevitably drags one to his destruction, be he preacher, farmer, philosopher, author, king or priest.

It is not an uncommon thing in life to see men of some of the most vital characteristics having as peculiar to themselves oddities and weaknesses that eventually engender what gave promise of a brilliant career. Othello might be termed as a great machination of bad and good bound by ligaments whose strength were not equal to Iago's subtle plots. "O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" said Othello to Iago when speaking of Desdemona. This utterance seems peculiarly fitted to Othello himself, for what can be of a more penetrating pity than to see a great character on the verge of decay?

In considering the character of Othello the way in which he must have started at the bottom, fighting his way up, is of no minor significance. Why is it? Because it is so true to life. Washington, Lincoln, Keats, Rockefeller, and many other greater or lesser personages have been to us the embodiments of an Othello fighting his way upwards, trailing the ascent of success in climactic order. Othello's case shows the story of man achieving his glory by his own energy even more vividly than the examples we have seen in history, or are now beholding with our very eyes. Since he was a Moor, he must have been hampered by racial prejudice. The world can but look its praise when it beholds a man doing things in defiance of crude environments, hampered conditions, and human prejudice; it can but mutely look on, ever falling short of the expression that would do justice to his praise; it can but gasp at his achievements.

If here we might rest Othello's case, we would indeed have a model character, but the bad clamors to be seen in

its equal proportion. Perhaps Arnold of the Revolutionary times is as typical an example as can be found for Othello. Arnold's military career had almost reached that sphere that would have accorded him a place among our heroes when a bogie of disappointment began to prey on that which was weak in him. He might, had he mastered this disappointment, today have been held up by parents to their children as a symbol of bravery. The test was too hard. His vision of the future and his ideal of a man and a man's duty were dimmed by that innate weakness that had proved so ineffaceable to time. There was no praise to him then, nor has there been in the succeeding years any posthumous works of glory added to his name.

"I would not have thee linger in thy pain," said Othello over dying Desdemona. This, indeed, might well have been the fiendish echo of that incarnated devil's, Iago's, call, for truly had he now pushed Othello into the strong waters where to live is but to die. To have made this tragical scene complete, Desdemona might have answered Othello with the words, "Nor I you;" for Othello had now lost his self-mastery to Iago's stronger will, thus admitting into his soul an ulcer that would immaturely eat out what was strongest in him, that would exile the man, and preserve the metamorphosed devil. Othello's weakness had been craftily led into the midnight of blackest vengeance as spurred on by a domitable and loathsome jealousy.

But was Othello jealous? Although there are divergent opinions, the consensus of opinions seems to be that he was not. In a recent discussion of this point in an English class here the decision was reached that no man was ever further removed from jealousy than Othello was. However, that decision was not justified save by personal opinion. If he was not jealous, then why did he commit such an ignominious crime? Coleridge says, "Let me repeat that Othello does not kill Desdemona through jealousy, but in

a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago." He goes further by drawing a parallel between Leontes in the *Winter's Tale* and Othello, declaring the former to be guilty of a petty jealousy and Othello to be guilty of a solemn agony in a noble breast. Does a solemn agony make men strangle their innocent wives? Did a solemn agony "Stop up the kindly ears of the Hero," when Desdemona plead for life while she might say but one prayer? If so, a solemn agony were a fearful thing, and much to be avoided. "Othello had no life but in Desdemona," continues Coleridge. This seems to me to be wholly conducive to jealousy as a motive for his murdering her. The most unreasonable jealousy almost invariably has its roots in an insane love. Othello's love may not have been insane, but it was agitated to the highest point by the subtlety of Iago. Coleridge goes on, "The belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence wrought a civil war in his heart." I believe it, and the War Dog of this civil out-break was jealousy in its most morbid degree. The "almost superhuman art" of Iago was indeed responsible for arousing this jealousy, and instrumental in egging it on till it became too poisonous to resist crime.

It is argued in extenuation of his jealousy that he did not for once, before Iago began his plot, show any nature of prying into Desdemona's actions. He did not; there were two reasons why. In the first place, Desdemona was not a susceptible character. In the second, Othello was, despite the weakness he later showed, too magnanimous for such a petty course. While he was above such a petty course as this, see how quickly he is capable of becoming suspicious. Note how rapidly he becomes wrought up at the first instance that Iago throws a shade of suspicion over the coupled names of Cassio and Desdemona. Iago must have felt the devil's glorious sensation of triumph

when in his first attempt he saw that he had struck upon the very heart of Othello's latent jealousy. Perhaps this was but the beginning of the civil war; I feel more inclined to call it an amalgamation of fear and jealousy. "O! beware, my lord, of jealousy; It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat its feeds on," said Iago. Had Othello not been capable of a very deep jealousy, we should be gloating even now over that scar in Iago's left temple or his black eye, without the least conjecture as to why it was there. Instead, we almost writhe with agony as we see Othello blindly fall into Iago's every pitfall. Instead, we see him pry on Desdemona's actions; we behold him becoming susceptible to everything that could contain a shade of meaning after being twisted to suit its purpose. Iago was subtle, and Othello seemed to shut up his senses to everything else save Desdemona's supposed guilt.

Whether or not he was jealous remains for personal opinion to debate till an incarnation of the old Shakespeare shall have arisen among us to throw on an additional light that will make the problem soluble to each individual mind. My purpose has been an endeavor to show him as true to life,—as an embodiment of human life with its sorrows and its joys, with its pettiness and its greatness, even as we see it around us, as perchance we feel it in our inward souls. How universal was this Shakespeare!

—J. S. MORE.

Shakespeare Today

Immortal mind, whose breadth of view could span
The ages yet unborn and paint for man
Himself in truest guise,
Today thy heroes strut the stage of life
In present statecraft, and in bleeding strife,
Before our very eyes.

Thy modern Hamlet, once too proud to fight,
Now says whatever be the cost, the right
Must be upheld.
"To do or not to do," he still doth think,
He writes long notes, but doth from action shrink,
His fears he cannot quell.

Macbeth, whom dire ambition didst mislead
To make dominion over men his creed,
Hath met his bane.
His empire trembles 'neath the vengeful sword,
His dreams art fled, and he, the great War Lord,
Will meet his Dunsinane.

—C. L. SNIDER.

Pygmalion

With eager stare a shaft of vesper gold
Shone thru the casement at Pygmalion's side
And spread like life upon the silent mould,
More beauteous than the song-starred Trojan bride.
Entranced, the sculptor watched each marble curve,
Impassioned by the fervent light's embrace,
Grow warm, and then (or was it opiate verve?)
There crept a heaven-smile into her face.
She breathed and her fair, finely chiseled breast,
Like driven snow upon a sea of wine,
Throbbled out a love-call to the wooing west,
And from her eyes there gleamed a power divine.
"She lives!" Pygmalion with heart-flung prayer
Sprang thru the room to claim his worshipped own,
And drove the rival sun-gold from her hair,
And fell upon her breast, and, lo 'twas stone!
Then cried the sculptor, maddened as a sea
Which hurls in vain its kiss-spray to the moon
And sends its soul along the tidal lee
To sob upon the bosom of a dune!
"Immortal Venus, at whose homaged feet
Olympian gods are wont to plead above,
Grant this, my boon, which humbly I entreat:
Let me enjoy my statue-maiden's love.
Oh, thou, to whom all beauty owes its charm,
And love, its mothered melody of thrill,
Gaze, thou, enraptured on thy kindred form,
Which I have fashioned with a soul-moved skill.
Upon each bloodless cheek breathe roseate dawn
And bring into her eyes the sea-star's light,
And grace her smile with freshness of the morn,
And give her life and love to heal my plight."

Pygmalion ceased, yet feared to rise again
Lest he should find no balm for his despair,
But suddenly a voice aroused his brain,
Like fountained music on a desert air.
The sculptor looked, and there within the room,
Enrobed in white, more queenly than the moon,
Stood Galatea smiling thru the gloom,—
Pygmalion knew her for his cherished boon.

—MOSES ROUNTREE.

La Joya

OVERTURE

One eve late-returning along the moon lane,
 Glancing up from my brown-shells and sea stained seine
 I saw half in moonlight, half hid in the gloom
 Of the convent embrasure a face all abloom.
 'Twas the light of devotion, the aura of prayer;
 Telling her pearls in the dusk she knelt there.
 I lowly fisherman, she a pure saint;
Ave Maria my lips sounded faint.
 Men hearing she harkened; but I rowed along
 In deep veneration still singing my song.

I

There is a glade in the mountains of Spain, that seems but a part of a fairyland picture. Indeed there are many such valleys; but this one, to me, stands supreme and apart for its story.

Here and there great painted rocks rise buff, blue, and grey, framing the myriad moss-green tree-trunks gnarled and old. In the distance a cataract adds its tumultuous silver, half-veiling with its mists the far-off mountain chains. One almost expects to hear the smuggler's music from some gypsy opera or a not-too-remote clang of anvils and click of castanets until, at, once, one notes that the glade-grasses undulate with a monotonous regularity and that there are—no!—yes!—diminutive white crosses beside many and many a mound.

My eyes soon became accustomed to the dusk of this miniature vale and then I knew in very truth that these were graves. Descending slowly from my towering rocks I presently came abreast of an ancient gateway in the rocks. From it rough-hewn steps led down to the magic valley of my story. Through it I caught a glimpse of ruined towers, bits of broken wall encumbering a lower

valley nearby, and just beyond the blue sea from which I had come clambering upwards.

I could not have been standing long at the old unused portal and musing on the ruins and the cloisteral spirits that seemed still hovering near when there fell on my ear a sound from the direction of those graves more remote from the gate. I turned listening intently; then slowly, quietly, I descended the rocky, winding steps.

"Say that you love me, *amiquita*. Say that you love me."

It was the voice of a broken old man, an old, old man bent with years and with great grief. He was kneeling over a distant mound, leaning his head on a large white cross which marked it.

I thanked the happy impulse that had led me to dress in native costume for the day's mountain-jaunt. For as I approached him the old fellow looked up without a start, and unhesitating yet with quivering voice asked me—

"Does she love me, senor; will she forgive?"

"That I know not," said I.

"No—no—how could you? You never knew her, senor. But I—I knew her; and more—I loved her."

"No," I echoed gently, "I never knew her." Then more tenderly still, "Who was she?"

This is the old man's story:

"I loved her, senor; and her father willed to give her to me. I was ready; I was coming to lead her to my home. I had words of mad adoration on my lips. But, as I crossed the threshold of her home off there in the hills, I sensed not the festive stir nor heard the bridal music that should have been in all the air. She was gone, senor. She had fled from me to yonder convent.

"Many times I tried to speak with her; but she harkened not. The years passed, I at my polishing-wheel (for I was a jewel merchant then by trade, senor), she in her

convent arising little by little to the rank of Mother Superior. I could never get her to hear a direct message from me, but I did send the fairest jewels of my trade to her shrine; and those she did not refuse. My Saint Inez she was; and 'twas at the shrine of Ste. Inez that she ministered.

“And one day my love turned to madness, senior. I felt I must see her—or dead or alive. Fate seemed to help me. To my shop a young seaman came bringing a pearl, a wondrous pearl of his fishing. An offering to be presented at the convent he cautioned me it was, and admonished me to great care in the polishing. Here was my chance! To whom other than the Mother Superior could such a gem be destined? She would wear it on her rosary, no doubt; her lips would kiss it every night in prayer.

“So it was, senior. I know not why, but I poisoned the pearl in my madness. I turned it back to the fisher-lad, resplendent in beauty, purely glowing, yet laden with a deadly drug.

“Slow—slow was my revenge in coming. Long days, nights without sleep I was waiting—waiting. At last it came! One dawn I heard the sign; the convent bell was tolling. What else could it mean? She had kissed the pearl! My Inez—my Inez—my Saint Inez was—dead! A wild grief drove me away at daybreak, and far hours over these mountains I wandered. Evening came. I heard the vespers peal nearby. I knew my wandering must have led me near the convent. 'Twas too late to see my Saint Inez, but I could at least clasp her mound, could speak to her through the loose-lying earth.

“Down the rocks I crept—through the shadows hesitantly toward this spot. There behind you, senior, I was when first I glimpsed her. Alive—alive! Alive and kneeling by this other mound, here before you, senior. It was a new mound then. I watched wordless as she tolled a pray-

erful rosary above it. And on the rosary—there hung the pearl! I could not mistake it.

“‘Your rosary, my child,’ I heard her murmur, ‘and with it I say this last prayer for you.’”

“And, even as I watched, she raised the master pearl to her lips.

“I would have cried out ‘Inez! Inez!’ but I could not. Almost at once she fell unconscious. And—though she knew it not, *senor*, she died in my arms.”

Then, for twilight had been falling as he told me, a vesper bell from some remote mountain convent sounded down the valley. His old frame shook as the man seemed to live that tragedy over again, oblivious to the later-day world about him.

In silence I turned, and was stealing away between the rocks I once had so gaily colorfully painted but now found grey and tintless with the sun gone down. Again his voice fell on my ear.

“Does she love me? Will she forgive?”

The questions may not have been meant for me; he no doubt had forgotten me. But I replied from the rocks above him—

“Yes, yes, *tio mio*; she has forgiven you long ere this.”

He had indeed forgotten me. He did not connect me with the voice that had thus reassured him. With a happy sigh he sank in silence on the mound.

While I—but, as I have said, this is the old man’s story, not mine——.

Before I left the Spanish mountains I saw him buried there beside his Saint Inez.

And with them, there lies the long-still form of that other sister who too had kissed the pearl. Natives tell me her fisherman lover went mad—and disappeared.

II

Far south of the dinful heart of Chicago, on a small promontory, flanked on the one hand by a cozy cave and on the other by the eastern expanse of Lake Michigan, stands the idle, empty convent of *La Rabida*. It is a replica of an ages-old edifice which has long since fallen into ruins among the mountains and beneath the sunny skies of a far-off Southern land. Only when the moons of later summer are shining across the lake do the yellow walls of the more modern *La Rabida* take on the hue of romance. Then and only then, do its deepest windows seem alive again with the spirits of a Spanish long-ago.

The summer night had come, the moon full and bright was just risen, and I was off to the lakeside and south with the wind. Ere long the soft-toned walls and green-black shrubbery of *La Rabida* loomed directly ahead of me. A misty suggestion of Indian summer veiled the glow of city lights to the northward—it was not yet time for the far southward shore, sky, and water to burn a deep, rich red from bright-fired blast-furnaces, and so the moon was sole light for the lake and the land.

With mood attune to the magic of the hour I passed through the convent shrubbery and on towards the eastern windows which opened directly upon the water. Was it the hum of the surf or did I hear women's voices chanting an even-song slow and soft? Did I or did I not hear strains of music? For a moment I thought that my fancy was tricking me; but in another moment I was equally sure that it was not. Suddenly a stray moonbeam glimmered on vibrant polished metal—another instant, and a hand was illumined. Slowly, slowly, it was thrumming the strings of a quaint old mandolin.

The moon, now fully risen, dispelled the dense black of the shadow by the sea wall and there was revealed a

shabby, bent figure crouched against the rough grey stones. The old man was playing slowly and singing as he played. Then a sob broke the music and shook the old figure.

"What is it, senor?" I asked stepping toward him.

A face, dark and wrinkled, old and worn, yet wearing a jaunty black mustache after the fashion of cavalier days, looked absently up at me. Then, turning again toward a lower convent window, it rekindled with an almost youthful fire.

"Juana—Juana!" the lips moved tenderly. The quaint Spanish instrument sounded the harmonies of a song.

I listened as he sang; and at the close I whispered, "Tell me, senor."

He did so, half unconsciously, with a simple sincerity that was beautiful and pathetic. And I listened spell-bound while his soft, strong voice grew alternately tender with passion and hoarse with pain.

"I was only a lad in my early teens and she was a convent pupil. One evening returning along this rough seawall I saw her kneeling at the window just at the top of the wall overlooking the water. You see it there, senor. The rising moon caught the light on her pearly rosary, and made each creamy bead shine bright as her hands slowly tolled them. I was merely a poor pearl-fisher, senor, in my rags with my feet all bare. But I rose in my boat and stretching my arms out to her I sang her an *Ave Maria*. She slowly came back from the regions of prayer; she looked on the water all moonlit. Her eyes shone with the luster of myriad pearls. She saw me; she understood. She did not smile; but she looked full at me, and I, feeling my unworthiness, seized my oars and rowed off down the moon path. The *Ave Maria* came to a soft close on my lips. Then still gazing at my saint in the now far-distant window I thought to see two fair white arms flung out-

ward. But no—I could not believe it. She was to me but the incarnation of my *Ave Maria* melody.

“Many evenings after that, but silently and in the shadow of the sea-wall, I came to watch her as she tolled the pure and pearly beads. One night my oar slipped and splashed in the water. This startled a soft-glowing blush to her cheek. She stirred, she smiled; and within me to deep veneration was added a something more warm and more pulsing. She was more than a saint to me then and thereafter; she was my one most adored and I loved her.

“One day in my fishing I found a great pearl. I knew it was priceless; I vowed it should be hers. To an old jewel merchant in a dark village street I carried my treasure. He returned me a polished disk, creamy and beautiful. At dusk I carried it with me; and, climbing this sea-wall, I looked—into her eyes.

“‘Ah, señor!’ she said, spying me. That was all—but what accents!

“‘Senorita, add this to your rosary; and, praying, think sometimes of me, your adorer.’ So saying I gave her the great pearl and left her.

“Next night, as again I looked on from the shadow, and other nights afterwards time upon time, in telling the beads she stopped longest on mine. On mine which hung resplendent just over the cross!

“Over the cross, Ah señor! There came a time when the moon was full, when the waves were singing and sighing. She stood at the window that night, and the moon-path led over the water straight to her feet. I rowed down the silver lane rapidly toward her; my humble lips spoke a low love refrain. She heard it; she answered! Or was it the soft wash of billows that whispered—

“‘Senor, I adore you. Take me to your arms?’

“I clambered this sea-wall and lo—she was kissing the

pure master-pearl I had brought to her shrine. Next moment our lips met in caress as pure. I reached to embrace her. Then over my sense as it were a velvety mantle of opiate slumber fell slowly and I felt her form slipping limp from my grasp. I was dropping, dropping—till I hit some solid substance. I thought it was a cradle; and it rocked me off to sleep.

“It was dawn when I woke in my boat far from land. The convent was but a dark spot in the distance. The day came, and with it a sad sound, slow, low and oft-repeated. It was the tolling of the convent bells. Each fibre within me ached sore; but I rowed toward the convent and leapt up the wall. A slow funeral train was passing up through the garden to the mountain valley where sleep the dead. Among them they bore a slight form all in white.

“’Tis all I remember. But since, every night I come singing softly to watch for the light of the pearls on her rosary and her eyes as bright.

“What, senor? The polished pearl poisoned, you say? It cannot be! She will yet come at the close of a day such as shone once before o’er this soft Spanish sea. She will come and her lips will give answer to me. True love never dies; I am still young, you see. She will come with the pearl that I fished forth and gave her. Each evening in summer I come here to sing. Some dusk will bring her sweet face to the casement.”

His story was ended. He sank back into reveries. Looking off into space, with the light of young love in his eyes, again he played a soft sweet air from the Spanish long-ago.

And I——. But this is only the other side of the proverbial polished shield. My office has been merely to turn the speculum that you, Romantic Reader, might see and understand.

FINALE

Fair cloistered virgins of far Southern Spain,
 Do I see your bright eyes, hear your laughter again?
 As you look from your window and list to the tune
 That whispers in music the spell of the moon.
 And will you not answer? For lo, every night
 I came singing softly to watch for the light
 Of the pearls on your rosaries and your eyes as bright!

—W. C. DOUB KERR.

Wandrer's Nachtlied

(From Goethe)

O'er the western hill-tops
 Is peace,
 In all the tree-tops
 Canst thou trace
 Naught to molest;
 Asleep is each bird in his bower.
 Wait, a brief hour
 Sealeth thy rest.

—QUINTON HOLTON.

To the Smokies

Far beyond the Blueridge Mountains
Where the monarch Mitchell lies,
Girded 'round with gurgling fountains
Fondly nourished from the skies,
There's a vast and boundless region
Stretching to the setting sun—
There's a wild and woodland region
Where no marks of man have gone.

There's a realm of massive splendor
Where the sleepy Smokies roll,
Westward with colossal grandeur,
Skyward with projections bold.
There's a thousand hidden valleys,
Yawning canons, plunging streams,
In this land where nature dallies,
In this mystic land of Dreams.

Threading through this rugged region
Where Mt. Gyot's sharp incline
Bristles with a shaggy legion
Of primeval spruce and pine,
Cattalooch's roaring torrent,
Rushing through ravine and vale,
Plunges with a restless ferment
Into verdant glen and dale.

And 'tis from the balmy Smokies—
From the fragrant balsam trees—
From the wild and rugged Smokies,
That a clear voice calls for me;
And old Cattalooch's mystic
Music tingles in my ear,
Bringing visions realistic,
That forever reappear.

—C. G. TENNENT.

The Two Bells

Two bells were made once upon a time in the foundry of the bell maker. This foundry was hidden away in the hills of Spain, that land of love and of secrets and of strange beauties. In the hills was this foundry hidden, and the hills lent their mysteries and strength, and the music of the winds made in the hollow of their hand. The mountains dropped these things into the melting pot of the bells, and dropped more, for there were woven into the bronze and silver of the bells, tones that the expert ear knew sprang from an understanding of the deeper secrets of life, even of the life of human beings themselves.

And two bells were ordered once upon a time to be shipped separately from this wonderful foundry to a place far across the sea. One of the bells was to be of silver and the other of bronze. Only one of these bells reached its destination. The ship bearing the bronze bell was lost and the bell went to some sequestered spot where the sea folk live. The silver bell was mounted and many a bright morning it sang its song from its silver throat into the sunshine and into men's and women's hearts.

The old folks who sit in the chimney corners evenings and tell us stories know many strange things, and they tell us even more of these two bells. Some times when the sea is lapping lazily against the granite sea wall, these old people hear the great bronze bell rolling lazily beneath its fathoms of sea and they hear it sighing, echoing the call of the silver bell. They say that when the silver bell rings the great bronze mate raises itself from the entanglement of weeds and sea grasses and sends an answer back across the waves. We do not understand like the old folks do, and in the great wild tossing of the waves we do not hear the voices of life's failures crying to us to go on, striving until we have at last safely swung our silver bell in the tower we are building of the days.

The great bronze bell that lay there wallowing in the depths of the ocean heard the voice of its silver mate calling from the cathedral. The sunken bell only moaned as the salt currents drifted it hither and yon. It was powerless to come, to answer the call. The bronze casting only surged with the surges of the sea, and sighed back its hopeless reply to the voice of the one made to sing through life with it. True, they were of different casting, different in quality, different in tone; but were they not both from the same foundry, and were they not made, both for the same purpose, the one great purpose, to ring?

Long I have been drifting with aimless purpose hither and thither with the tides. Suddenly from the land I hear a voice, and lo, you call and I waken. Some of us lie there adrift forever and heed no calling; but you have called, and I have heard.

Forgive me if I stumble and am awkward. It was so dark there in the depths of the sea; and drawing into this new world of light and love it is so dazzling. Could you forget the difference in tone? You are silver and I but bronze. You will forget, forget it all, save that you and I were made in the same great foundry, and for the same great purpose, to live, to love.

—THOMAS M. HUNTER.

Lines

The magic of the East hath been at work upon
This western world of ours. But yesterday the earth
Was sterile, bare, and cold, as void of life
As Pharaoh's mummied body in the pyramid,
Until a magic wind blew from the region of
The sunrise, and behold! the crocus blooms,
The purple laden lilacs make each garden
Like a paradise of perfume. Every leafy
Treetop is a chapel wherein joyous birds
Sing out their daybreak matins. 'Tis like some practicer
Of magic arts had spread a sheet of mystic white
Around the earth, and when he lifted up its snowy
Weight, behold! there grew beneath a world of flowers.
The earth hath bloomed from snowy winter into May.

—T. C. LINN.

The Proposed Extension of the Honor System

Before this issue of the MAGAZINE shall have appeared, a Committee, elected by the Senior Class for the purpose, will have petitioned the faculty to make Senior Class attendance from this year on a question of honor instead of one of discipline. What will come of this effort of the Class of '16 to extend student government here, is at the present writing purely conjectural, but it is reasonable to suppose that the faculty action in the matter will be influenced to a large extent, not only by the impression created by those presenting the proposition, but, also, by the seriousness and earnestness with which both the present and the rising Senior Classes support the proposed extension. Quite naturally, at this period of the scholastic year, the immediate fate, perhaps the remote fate, of this question will depend in a large measure upon the attitude of the Class of '17, for the Class of '16 can now hope only to share the honor of having suggested the idea, and to those that come after will go the harvest of her sowing.

Of course, it is neither expected, nor even hoped, that this new application of the principle of student government will be without opposition. This would be quite unlike the history of its growth here. Like every advance, or forward step made heretofore in the growth of student government, this one will be taken only after a struggle. And the sources of opposition will not come solely, nor even principally, from members of the faculty. Opposition from this quarter can safely be expected to lessen, if not to entirely disappear, when the members of the student body become as one in petitioning for its extension. There are students here who deny that the question of class attendance is one of honor, and, hence, a subject for student attention and action. This is admitted, but so it was with drinking, hazing, and cribbing upon examinations. None

of these were questions of honor until they were made so. And yet, as was to be expected, there are those now, as there were those then, who fail to see in this proposition of allowing the student to keep his own record of attendance upon classes an application of the principle of self-regulation, of self-development.

It should be borne in mind that it is not the design, nor would it be the result, of those petitioning for this change to destroy the record of Senior Class attendance. No one cognizant of the facts will declare that the extension of this principle to drinking, hazing, and cribbing has destroyed the record of any violations of the principle; neither will anyone familiar with the conditions here contend that its extension has increased drinking, hazing, and cribbing; quite to the contrary. In this instance, as in others, the mechanics of the system will not be destroyed by the extension, but will be a product of, and supplementary to, such extension. There will only be a change of book keepers, and each member of the Senior Class will at the close of each day, or at the close of each week, as the case may be, turn in at the office a complete and accurate report of his absences along with such excuses as he may think necessary.

Then, if this extension fits into our scheme of thinking and of doing things, and is easy of mechanical adjustment, there appears no adequate reason why the members of the Senior Class, at least, should not be given this additional training in self-reliance. After leaving here, there will be no kind Dr. "Tommies" to politely ask us to call around at the office about absences. Then, it will only be a question of being there on the job, and to have acquired the habit of always being on the job from causes from within rather than from forces from without will be of inestimable value to us in the course of life.

—H. B. HESTER.

Letters of a Freshman---No. 6

DEAR DAD:

Exams are only two weeks off and I can hear myself hitting the bottom. Speaking of bottom, I tried out in the celebration that we are going to have here to commemorate the death of Mr. Shakespear. He must have been a very wicked man for people to want to celebrate because he is dead. But I didn't make Bottom, then I tried out for Prince Hamlet and the coach said I looked more like Princess Omelet; but since they are not going to play anything that has the Princess in it, I guess I won't be in it either.

Dad, this is getting to be a mighty good place here, so I have decided to come back next year. We have been having a glorious time for the past two or three weeks. To begin with there was about three or four hundred debaters and all their kinfolks here. There were girls enough for all the boys to have one each and one over and I got two. Talk about debating and oratory, that's what they had. As one of the girls from Kal's Nob School said, "That's our middle name." I wish I were back in high school so I could come down here and show them how to spout it out.

It is now Junior Week, but they don't allow freshmen to dance. I'll be a sophomore next year. Dad, I want you to send me a few extra dollars next time with which to settle up some bills and pay for my dancing lessons. I began taking them last night and expect to keep them up until exams begin. Their dancing down here is quiet different from ours. They don't know a thing about shuck green corn, karoing or breaking the goose's neck. All of which goes to show that ignorance lurks in the very doors of our seat of learning.

Well I have joined the Defenseless Club and we are de-

veloping a fine war spirit. If you could have heard the high school debaters on the subject, you wouldn't think that I have wasted the money. And I expect that by time this reaches you, you will realize that you have given a son to the altar of your country. For just as sure as those foreigners don't stop messing with us, I am going to the war. You needn't worry yourself about me; I won't get killed, for if I go, I will try and get a job as captain or something where there wont be any fighting to be done.

With love, I am your son who stands for patriotism.

ALEX.

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EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL. D., President

The Following Departments of Study are Represented:

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IV. DEPARTMENT OF LAW

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V. DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE

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VI. THE SUMMER SCHOOL

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