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THE CONVICT.

J. C. McNEILL.

From pacing, pacing without hope or quest
He leaned against his window-bars to rest
And smelt the breeze that crept up from the west.

It came with sundown noises from the moors,
Of milking time and loud-voiced rural chores,
Of lumbering wagons and of closing doors.

He caught a whiff of furrowed upland sweet,
And certain scents stole up across the street
That told him fireflies winked among the wheat.

Over the dusk hill woke a new moon's light,
Shadowed the woods and made the waters white,
And watched above the quiet tents of night.

Alas, that the old Mother should not know
How ached his heart to be entreated so,
Who heard her calling and who could not go!

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BYRON'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

BY J. M. JUSTICE.

Matthew Arnold, in his volume of selections from Byron's poetry, mentioned in his preface that when the year 1900 should be turned the chief names in modern English poetry would be those of Wordsworth and Byron. Mr. Trent, in his *Authority of Criticism*, does not agree with this declaration, but says that while there may be good reason to believe that a popular reaction in Byron's favor is not to be looked for shortly, still there is no reason for the critics and men of culture to keep their faces turned from him as at the present. He thinks that his return to popularity is by no means hopeless.

In determining any writer's place in literature it is necessary to consider the influences at work in the time in which he lived. Byron was born Jan. 22, 1788, the time when the causes which led to the French Revolution were much felt. Mr. Henly calls him the Voice-in-Chief of his generation, and such was the opinion of contemporaries like Scott and Shelley. Hatred of established conventions, political, religious and social; love of nature in her wildest aspects, lack of reticence in the expression of emotions may be said to have been the characteristics of the age, and they plainly received their utterance in Byron's poetry, making him the poet of an age.

"Let us measure him," says Mr. Trent, "with such men as Dante, Shakespeare and Milton, and see if he is a poet for all time. He has not the high moral earnestness of Dante or Milton; he has not their invariably perfect style, and he is in many respects inferior to them

yet he voiced the best of his age and possessed a personality of transcendent force."

Byron was possibly the most impressive poet of modern times. He was a natural born fighter. Battle was the breath of his being. To tell him not to fight was like telling Wordsworth not to reflect, or Shelly not to sing. While he lived in England he was ever found championing whatever he liked and vigorously opposing that which he disliked.

The redeeming feature of his style is his masterly descriptive power. A disparaging critic has said of him, "Byron is nothing without his descriptions." He has a strong sense of grandeur, but none of art. His work is neither perfect architecture nor fine mosaic, but it is always animated by the spirit of action and enterprise. He loses almost nothing by translation, a compliment not true of many writers. He is widely read in France, Germany, Spain and Italy. He certainly ranks ahead of Coleridge and Shelley and in some respects any poet of the nineteenth century. In 1839 Carlyle said, "In my mind Byron has been sinking at an accelerated rate for the last ten years. His fame has been very great, but I do not see how it is to endure. No genuine productive thought was ever revealed by him to mankind. He taught me nothing that I had not to forget." Carlyle's advice during the most active years of his criticism was: "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe." But when we open Goethe we find that his estimate of Byron is quite different. He says, "A character of such eminence has never existed before and probably will never come again." "The beauty of Cain is such as we shall not see in the world again," he declares.

In speaking of Byron further, Goethe says, "He is the greatest genius of the century; that the English may

think of him as they please, but they can show no living poet, who is to be compared with him." On another's doubting whether there is pure culture in Byron's works, he says, Byron's audacity and grandeur must certainly tend towards culture. Dr. Elze ranks the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* among the four greatest English poets and to be given a place with such men as Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth is no mean honor.

Byron, like many another poet, was a great pirate, but he does not try to conceal his theft. His sources have been found in Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Swift, Sterne, Goethe and many others, including the book of Job. In defence of his piracy, Mr. Trent says, "He made what he found his own by recreating the rough ore into bell-metal; that he brewed a caldron like that of Macbeth's witches and from it arose the images of crowned kings."

As a letter writer Byron has few equals. It is to his letters we must go if we would see the man as he is. Like his poetry, they are marked with dash, directness and force, and rank him near the very top of the world's greatest letter writers.

In deciding a writer's place in literature, an essential element is to decide whether he has left a masterpiece in which his genius has taken a long and sustained flight. Has Byron left the world any such? In answer to this Mr. Trent says: "He has in *Don Juan* and its pendants *Beppho* and the *Vision of Judgment*. They are inferior to *Paradise Lost*, but *Don Juan* is akin to it in being a work of sustained imagination, perfect of its sort, unapproachable and perennially fresh. Its voices its author and its age. It is, of its kind, the greatest of humorous epics, couched in a style which could not be changed except for the worse. It is, in my opinion, the single sus-

tained work of imagination produced in the Nineteenth-Century England that keeps a level flight; the only one written in a style and verse-form as absolutely appropriated by its author as English blank verse is by Milton and the Latin hexameter is by Virgil." Continuing with this kind of reasoning, he reaches the conclusion that Lord Byron is connected with the world of poets in three respects: he has written a sustained masterpiece; he is a representative character who has been accepted by the world at large; and he possesses a tremendously powerful personality. He further adds that aside from these reasons there is another feature of his work that binds him to the masters—the wide scope taken by his versatility.

Mr. Nichol, in expressing his closing estimate of Byron, says in the trite words of Shakespeare:

"He had the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—This was a man."

A LEAP YEAR STORY.

BY EUGENE TURNER.

Preston Lewis had been in love with Christine Carrol almost ever since they had been introduced to each other at the Thanksgiving reception of the Vaner University. Both were freshmen, Preston at WaCrosse College and Christine at the University.

WaCrosse was to meet Duke College in a debate on Thanksgiving day in the University town, and according to time-honored custom the University girls were to give a reception to the WaCrosse students.

The reception had grown into the life of WaCrosse College until it had become an established feature of the college year. It was more important to many of the students than the great annual debate itself; but why should it not be? There had begun many acquaintances that had ripened into friendships; friendships that had grown hazy with romance, and the parties would find themselves in love.

So it was with Christine and Preston: they had met each other on this Thanksgiving Day of 1895. They were both poor unfortunate "newfolks" at school; just in the condition to sympathize with and understand each other.

Preston had answered the usher's "Who do you want to see?" with an "I don't care"; her "Do you know any body?" with a "No, ma'am, not a soul," and then Mr. Lewis was introduced to Miss Carrol.

Instantly there sprang up an unusually mutual feeling between this freshman and this new girl, and long before the gong sounded for the "breaking-up" Preston had promised Christine that he was going to call on her

every Friday afternoon he could slip away from college, and Christine had promised him to wear WaCrosse colors at the debate, and to sit where he could see her every ten minutes, and no telling what else.

Two results from the day spent in the University town were that WaCrosse won the debate, and Preston Lewis had a crick in his neck—Christine sat in the gallery.

Life for these two was merry and full of sunshine throughout their Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, except for the usual spats, quarrels, and "make-ups" of a couple in their position.

Commencement at Vaner was one week earlier than at WaCrosse, but Preston was there. Christine that night was more beautiful than ever. A model from which an artist could have drawn his masterpiece; a theme on which a poet could have risen into fame; a personification of that grace and beauty so rare except among the women of the South, and yet, with all, as simple and unaffected as a country child.

I wish I could tell you of her eyes, her mouth, hair, and nose—but I can't. They were too perfect for that, and after all it is all right; they were just for Preston, so it would not help you.

One week later Christine went to WaCrosse to visit a school friend, and saw Preston graduate. That commencement night the reception halls of WaCrosse were crowded with gaiety and youth, but Preston and Christine were not in the general whirl.

They were out to themselves in a shaded corner of the old library, telling each other what each had heard hundreds of times before, and yet as wine grows better with each day's passing, so with each telling this old story grew newer and sweeter to these two; impelling them always to seek each other's company in some place away

from the crowd. But to-night Preston wanted to say something new sure enough—he wanted to propose, but dared not.

She was rich, absurdly, cruelly rich, and he was as poor as the fabled church mouse. People would call him a fortune-seeker, and he had too much pride to bear that. No, he would rather wait, gain wealth and fame, then he would ask for her hand, for he knew she loved him.

They separated at WaCrosse; he went with a determination that knew no defeat, to enter the law office of a firm in Baltimore; she, with a longing that only a woman in deepest love can have, to her home to wait.

Three years had emptied their days into the great reservoir of the past since they had gone their separate ways. Not once had they seen each other. Had they heard from each other? You may be sure they had, several times a week. But now they were to see each other again. Christine was visiting in the old University town, and Preston was there on business for his firm.

Christine was one of a house-party at the home of one of her old class-mates; and he had been invited to make himself at home there as long as he was in town.

It was his pride that had kept them apart all the time. He knew she loved him; he could not help it, she had told him over and over, yet his rigid sense of honor would not allow him to marry her, or even propose.

The afternoon had been devoted to tennis, horseback riding, and croquet. They had eaten supper, and many of the crowd were amusing themselves in the parlor with games and music, but a passer-by on the eastern side of the capitol would have seen Christine and Preston sitting on the steps. Perhaps they were gathering inspiration from the foot-prints of senators and legislators that

had worn themselves in the stone; anyway, they did something a little out of the ordinary.

They were sitting there in the moonlight near the beautiful bronze monument that rears itself in honor of one of the State's most witty and valiant sons, almost in sight of the old University building. They had talked of everything they could think of; of their old college days, his hopes and aspirations, and now he felt like proposing.

The indefinable glories of love, its possibilities and its ecstasies, seemed to smile and beckon them on and on to "golden seas of sunlight," and to a life of clouds with the brightest of silver linings, and yet he dared not go. They must wait a few years longer, until he became wealthier and more widely known; then they would tempt the untried sea.

Christine was no weakling sissy, if she was a woman. She knew they were as near ready as they would ever be. She knew she could take care of them both, if it was necessary, and she loved him and wanted him now, oh! so much. She felt it would be impossible now to go back home again and wait, wait until he was ready; and now she had seen him again and heard him empty his soul of the purest of loves for her; it was impossible, she could not go back, she must be sure of him now.

Now, if you felt as she did, could you help doing what she did? They were still sitting on the Capitol steps in the moonlight—perhaps this brought on a sentimental feeling—anyway, in some way her dainty little hand had found its way into his great big warm one, and was resting there.

Then it was that she looked up into his deep, honest blue eyes, with a great love's light beaming in her pure face, and spoke words that must have been the sweetest

of music to him. "Preston, boy," she said, "don't you know I love you, and want you more than I do anything in all the world, more than I do the fame and wealth you are trying to win? Don't you know I had rather have you, with just one month's salary, than all this you are striving for? I am tired of waiting, I want you, just you, you, you."

No wonder he caught her in his arms and pressed her hard against his throbbing heart, and poured out the love of his being in the grand eloquence of silence—love's most potent and simple language.

No wonder that the home of Christine's old college friend was in a bustle of preparation for the greatest social event in her community for years, and no one was surprised when one bright June evening the sorrow of the death of two single lives was forgotten and lost in the joy of the birth of a new one, fuller and nobler than even the two could have been as they were before, for it was a union of two souls intended for each other.

To-day they live in Baltimore, and are so happy that Preston wonders why they did not live there three years ago, and Mrs. Lewis feels thankful down in her heart that away back yonder centuries ago old Pope Gregory XIII had the sagacity and foresight to institute a year in every four when it would not be wrong for a woman to strengthen and inspire the heart of the man she loved.

TO THE MOUNTAINS OF CAROLINA.

—
JO PATTON.
—

I.

Give me the land where the wild roses ramble,
Where the trailing arbutus marks the spring with its
bloom,
Where the laurel and ivy and cliff-scaling bramble
Bathe the air 'neath a halo of softest perfume.

II.

The land where still echoes the black mammy's crooning,
Where lingers the spirit of knighthood; and clear,
Like the murmurs of angels communing,
Sighs the sweet-voiced maid to her brave cavalier.

III.

When give me this land, 'tis enough quite forever,
A boon far more precious than honor's veneer:
And far tho' I roam, may my thoughts linger ever
'Round the flower-twined haunt of the staunch moun-
taineer!

GEORGE PEELE—A STUDY OF HIS WORKS.

BY W. J. FRANCIS.

In the development of the English drama, Peele counted among the lesser lights, yet the lives and work of few of his contemporaries are more worthy of study. Of his life little is known. It is only through a study of his works that we gain a deeper insight into his true nature, for in these his life and character are most manifest. Born in Devonshire in 1558, he spent his early years with his father, who was clerk of Christ's Hospital. The year 1565 found him in a free grammar school connected with it. From here he went to Oxford, where he took his A.B. degree in 1577 and his M.A. degree in 1579. While at Oxford he received the title of poet, scholar, and dramatist. He married a woman in 1583 who brought a considerable amount of money, but this soon vanished, and he was forced to depend on his wits for a livelihood. His life was cut short, and he died in 1598.

Peele wrote several plays, some of which have been pronounced "stuff." Fleay gives him credit for "Wisdom of Dr. Doodipell," published in 1600. In this play there is dialect, but it is overdone and has no plot. "What Thing is Love" is doubtfully credited to Peele. Fleay attributes "Wily Beguiled" to him, but it hardly can be by the same author as "David and Bathsheba," "Tom Tiler and Wife," "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany," "Edward I," "Battle of Alcazar," "Sir Clamydis," and "Sir Clamydis" are all unimportant and insignificant. However, these need not wholly be ignored, for in these he found himself, and in his later years he really gives to the world three plays which have survived the storms of criticism and abuse.

"The Old Wives Tale," says Mr. Gayley, "has an open, true and unmistakable quality of humor. The jests which are counted as 'sorry stuff' show the reader to-day that Peele was counted as a rollicking fellow, a humorist in the true sense of the word. He had a sense of humor found in the 'Old Wives' Tale' unlike the classical humor in 'Roister Doister,' not the heavy and clumsy mirth of 'Gammer Gurton,' but rather a hint of the extravagant and romantic which turns upon itself with audible merriment at its own pretenses, a hint, not a force of wit merely, but of genuine humor, something not to be found in Greene's lighter work or in Lyly's 'Mother Bombie,' or in any of those earlier plays that lid fealty to the comic muse."

The "Old Wives' Tale" deserves to be remembered because of its resemblance to "Comus." The mere outline of both is the same. Two brothers seeking a lost sister in the woods by night find that she has fallen into the hands of a sorcerer, from whom she can not be restored until the magic wreath has been torn off and his lamp extinguished. So far as the drama is concerned, the chief interest lies in its setting. Three clowns lose their way in the woods and come by chance upon a poor smith's cottage. There is not enough bed-room for all of them, so the smith's wife proposes to entertain the crowd by a tale until morning should come. She begins a rambling tale about giants, conjurors and ghosts, hopelessly confusing herself in the narrative and suffering many interruptions in the meantime. The real actors—the two brothers—enter, telling in blank verse the tale of their sister's loss. The smith's wife hereupon suspends her tale and comments on the incidents. It may be concluded that Peele discovered no new in diction and metre, although his work in each was

of a high order, not far removed from leadership. However, there is one thing Peele should have special credit for, and it should be in mind always in connection with his name. He was the first to blend romantic drama with a realism which turns romance back upon itself and produces the comedy of sub-conscious humor. The tragedies and even the miracle plays, while extravagant in form, were not altogether unnatural in action. The supernatural in the age was not unnatural. The unnatural was mainly confined to the diction. Gradually, the romantic element, in a wide sense, got the upper hand and ruled in the English drama.

In the "Old Wives' Tale" this romantic spirit comes in, not as a new element, but as a new "art," grafted upon the nature of the rough and comic stock, and the reader's surprise draws away all unnaturalness from the dialogue, which is now plain, natural and commonplace. Realism in diction was no new thing; realism in plot was not an innovation; it was the clash, the interplay, the subjective element, the appeal to something more than a literal understanding of what is said and done, a new appeal to a deeper sense of humor—here the new vein which Peele had discovered.

Says Mr. Fleay, "The Old Wives' Tale' is to be noticed especially for its humor." The other plays, however, have no humor at all except the traditional humor of vice; and the three representatives, Conditions, finally turn pirates are certainly far merrier persons than *Haphazard* in Appius, or *Subtle Shift* in "Sir man." Peele's realistic work shows the control and consciousness of a higher art. In his plays there are none of the rough and rowdy characters of the buffoon sort, who like clowns sing while drunk and break

other's heads. These signs of a subtler conception of his art should be placed to his credit.

A second element of humor in this realistic treatment of romance, is the use of induction, or rather a combination of the induction and the play within the play as a means of expressing dramatic irony. The induction is a clever device to heighten interest.

The "Old Wives' Tale" lies midway between the utter lack of coherence in Nashe's play and the subtlety of *Beaumont and Fletcher*. The romantic side of folklore has a peculiar turn in the test of fidelity at the end between *Eumenides* and *Jack* with the proposed division of *Delia*.

Peele's first essay in dramatic writing was "The Arraignment of Paris," a classical masque or court comedy in honor of Elizabeth. It was printed in 1584. Nashe calls it Peele's "first increase of wit," and seems so intimate that it was partly borrowed from Lyly, but Mr. Gummere is of the opinion that such is not true, because it shows no traces of Lyly's style and is written not in prose, but in a variety of rhyming metres and blank verse.

The scene is laid on Mount Ida and opens with an assembly of rural gods. *Pan*, *Faun* and *Sylvian* have met to welcome *Queen Juno*. *Pomona* joins them with a basket of fruit, and *Flora* scatters flowers upon the meadow. When the three goddesses enter, a golden apple is hurled into their midst with the inscription "to the fairest." It is needless to go further with the story; it suffices to say this solution of the plot, though extravagantly flattering, is both ingenious and felicitous, and the whole play draws high praise for its artistic construction.

In "David and Bathsaba" we have, according to some

critics, Peele's masterpiece. Says Gayley, "It is the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry. It presents us with a curious specimen of the miracle play in its most modern form. Peele endeavored to invest his imagery with oriental splendor, nor has he altogether failed. David's passion is expressed in glowing hyperboles. Metaphors borrowed from the *Song of Solomon* appear throughout the piece.

It is well that we should look round and see and heed some of Peele's contemporaries and the regard in which they held him. Peele, though less prolific and many-sided than Greene, early won and retained the reputation of a better poet. Nashe, the friend of them both, called him "primus verborum artifex" and "an Atlas of poetry." Campbell says: "We may justly cherish the memory of Peele as the oldest genuine dramatic poet in our language." He further says: "His fancy is rich, his feeling tender, and his conceptions of dramatic character have no inconsiderable mixture of solid veracity and ideal beauty." Again, "There is no such sweetness of versification and imagery to be found in our blank verse anterior to Shakespeare." Gifford places Peele together with Marlowe at the point in our dramatic history where "the chaos of ignorance was breaking up; they were among the first to perceive the glimmering sense and nature, and struggled to reach the light." Says Gayley, "It is in elegant descriptions, in grace and ingenious employment of mythology, in feeling for the charms of nature, in tenderness of expression, in sweetness of versification, that we find his highest poetical qualities."

Although Lamb may call his writings "stuff," Collier call them "nothing but ballads, stories

little to recommend it but heavy prose and not much lighter blank verse," and Dyce say that "Greene was his superior," still to one who has read and studied him in spite of all this there is a kind regard which lingers with him and he is made to feel that if Peele had had the way paved for him as Shakespeare did, probably to-day Peele's name would be a household word with us as is that of the world's greatest dramatist.

What George Peele of the dingy jests tried to do and what he did do was to bring a new and subtle strain of humor into the drama. He wove romance and realism into a fabric that may well show a coarse pattern and often a clumsy workmanship, but it is a pleasing pattern and a new one. It is made up of sound English stuff. The tales he used were familiar to English ears; the persons of his framework play were kindly folk of any English village, and the air of all his works is fresh and wholesome as an English summer morning.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

NOT BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Davis is a very eccentric man. He is very absent minded, much to his wife's regret, and no one, not even his closest friends, can tell when he is going to perform some eccentric act which is not always for his own good. He is a business man on Main street, B—. The following is a little occurrence singled out from the many peculiar actions which go to make up his life. He wears a full beard.

SCENE I.—One morning just before going to his office. He is standing at the front door telling his wife good-bye. She puts her arms lovingly around his neck and affectionately kisses him.

Mrs. Davis.—Good-bye, dearest; take care of yourself. Don't forget to stop at the market and order that steak for dinner, and at the grocer's for those groceries. And, Will, don't forget to change the shoes for me—and say, Will, don't forget that cap for Charlie.

Charlie, little son. (*Appearing at the door and hanging to his father's coat-tail.*)—B'ing Cholly tum can'y, daddy, an' tum can'y an' tum apples an' tum whole heaps of t'ings an' tum—Dood-bye, daddy! The front gate slams and Mr. Davis with a frown on his face boards an up-town car.

SCENE II. 6:30 P. M. Barber-shop.—Door opens and Mr. Davis walks in. Throws his hat down on a chair, takes off his coat and hangs it wrong end up on the rack, stamps across the room and takes a seat in the barber's chair.

Barber.—Hair cut, shave, trim or shampoo, sir?

Mr. Davis (gruffly).—Neither. I want it cut off and in a hurry, too.

Barber (mock meekness).—What sir,—your head?

Mr. Davis (angry).—No, you fool, my beard! My beard! I want you, and in a hurry.

Barber.—Yes, sir; all right, sir. Have you fixed up in a jaw? (*Bustles himself with soap, brush, etc.*) Is soon at work and begins to shave. The razor slips, making an ugly gash on Mr. Davis's face.

Mr. Davis (leaping from chair).—Good God! I'm killed! I'm killed! Run for the doctor! Quick or I'll bleed to death!

Boot-black (ever watchful for a customer).—Shine! Shine, sir!
Only five cents. Fix 'em while you wait.

Mr. Davis (starting toward boot-black).—Shine to the d—! Get me a doctor!—!—! (Kicks him across the room.) I shall never go into another barber-shop as long as I live!

Barber (sympathetically, but still business-like).—Take a seat, Mr. Davis, take a seat, sir. I'll soon have your face all right. Try Karter's Kut Kure. There, sir, it has stopped bleeding a'ready. Fine medicine that is. Now let me finish your beard. Very sorry I cut you, sir, but that will soon heal up. (Giving finishing touches.) There, sir, you look like a new man. Your friends won't know you. How much? Only twenty-five cents—and fifty cents for the Kut Kure. Thanks, sir. Call again. Next!

SCENE III.—Mr. Davis in a car returning home, softly muttering imprecations on the barber. Puts his hand to his face and looks at himself in mirror.

Mr. Davis (musing).—Wonder what Clara will say. I guess I don't look much like myself. My! that place on my face hurts. What a fool I am! Look like a peeled onion. And I forgot those things she told me to get.

Conductor (crying out).—All off for 15th and Walsh streets. Mr. Davis rises and makes his way from the car.

Mr. Davis. —By George! this wind's cold. A beard's a pretty good thing to have after all. Well, here's my house. Wonder will they know me. I have an idea I'll go around the back way and slip in to see what Clara will do. (With hand on back door.) Lucky boy! It's unlocked. Now for some fun. *(He enters and makes his way to Mrs. D's room.)*

SCENE IV.—A scream from Mrs. Davis, a dash for the mantel, a quick return and Mr. Davis looks down the barrel of a 38 revolver.

Mrs. Davis (crying out in terror).—Murder! Fire! Robbers! Thieves! Help! (With a determined motion toward burglar, pistol in hand.) Hold up your hands, you villainous coward, or I'll shoot! I'll teach you to prowl around here when Will's gone.

Mr. Davis (turning white and gasping for breath).—W—w—wait m—m—minute! Ho—ho—hold on! I—I—I'm no thief! This is W—Will.

Mrs. Davis (trembling with excitement, but determined).—Will! Will! did you say? Don't you suppose I know my own husband when I see him, you infamous blackguard! Keep your hands up or I make a flour-sifter out of you with bullets. (Edging toward the burglar, but still keeping burglar covered with pistol.) Bridget! You rascal! Come here quick. *(Maid appears.)* Run to the 'phone and tell the chief of police to send me a policeman out here at

once. I have a burglar here! Hurry up! Send at once for his
(Exit maid.)

Mr. Davis (in pleading tones).—Clara, don't you know me. I
Will, your husband.

Mrs. Davis.—You wretch! don't call me Clara. How dare you
If my husband were only here I'd make him kill you. (Bell
moves toward her). Halt! Stop! Hands up! Get back! (Bang
Bang! Pistol goes off and two bullets whistle by burglar's head)

Mr. Davis (starting back terrified).—W—wa—wait! For God
sake d—d—don't shoot any more! Don't kill me! I'll give
I won't move again!

Mrs. Davis (in determined voice).—I mean business. Keep the
hands up and if you move again I'll kill you on the spot. (Bell
bell rings and maid appears.). Let him in Bridget and hurry
(Enter policeman). Here he is, sir; this low-down thief. He
prowling around here in my husband's absence. Thought he
scare me but I fixed him. Found him in my own room. Take
away at oncè.

Policeman (grasping burglar by collar).—Come with me, and
fooling about it either. This is not the first time I've seen you

Mr. Davis (entreatingly).—Hold on, sir! I beg you to wait.
no thief! I'm Will Davis and this is my house. Let me alone!

Mrs. Davis (with ardor).—He's a lie! Take him on.

Policeman (raising his billy threateningly).—Shut up your mouth
and come on. I advise you not to cause any more trouble. (Drags
him to the door.) In the scuffle something drops from burglar's
pocket. Mrs. D. picks it up and recognizes a note she has written
to Mr. D. that morning.

Mrs. Davis (alarmed).—Hold on, sir! Wait! Let me look at
man. Can it be possible! (She peers into his face, looks him
over, examines his clothes, shoes, necktie and hat and then draws a
long sigh of relief.). Bless my soul if it isn't Will Davis. I
fooled one time. You have had your beard shaved off. Why
you tell me?

Mr. Davis (sheepishly).—Y—y—you d—didn't give me
You k—kept that bl—blamed gun t—t—too near my head.
forgotten it anyway.

Mrs. Davis (to policeman).—Beg your pardon for sending for
You may go now. (Exit policeman, cursing women in general)
Mrs. Davis closes the door, turns and puts her arms around
husband's neck. Dear, you didn't forget the steak and the grapes
and the shoes and the cap for Charlie and the fruit and the
and the—

Curtain.

Finis.

TOM WILKE'S INITIATION.

BY J. M. JUSTICE.

The Sophomores of Benton Academy decided to make '79 a red-letter year for initiating new men, and so returned early and organized well. No Freshman was allowed to be gay on the campus. Wearing his hat on the side of his head, smoking a cigar and escorting young ladies were things positively forbidden him.

The expected happened. Tom Wilkes, a braggart and bluffer whose reputation had preceded him to college, did most daringly and wantonly violate the ordinances instituted for his conduct. The usual two-step whistle was of no avail in arresting his waywardness. To shine one with shoe polish was one order of hazing the boys had agreed not to employ, but it was the desire of all that young Wilkes be reprimanded in some way. Accordingly a meeting was called, plans decided upon, and "Fanny" Hobbs chosen leader.

Wilkes had said repeatedly that he was twenty-one, had traveled in all kinds of places day and night, and, as yet, had his first time to run. It was while sitting on the steps at the boarding house in a company of boys that he was telling of one of his midnight outings and of how disgusted he had been at hearing people talk of ghosts. The boys turned to their leader with expectant eyes, for they considered this a most opportune time to begin. Hearts beat anxiously as Hobbs gave the boys a significant wink and squared himself for a start.

"So you are not a believer in ghosts, then?"

"No, indeed," was the curt reply.

"I suppose you have never heard of the haunted house at here on the Mason farm?"

"No, and if I should it would n't make me believe in ghosts."

"But possibly you might change your mind if you should hear how it came to be haunted."

"Can you inform me?"

"Well, it was this way. In '44 old man Mason went off to the Mexican War, leaving a wife and a two-year-old son. Early in the war he was taken prisoner and carried far into the country of the enemy. When peace was made he was in a strange land with no friends and no money. He started home and got as far as Texas, where he was offered a job on a ranch. This he accepted, and for a while he prospered. He thought he would make himself a handsome little pile, go home, make his wife a queen and educate his boy. As is often the case, he became dissatisfied, gambled, and lost all. Still thoughts of home lingered. At the end of eighteen years of ups and downs he determined to go home, and so the old man and N. brought him to this town in '64. It was dark when he shouldered his baggage to find his way home. Long ago he had been counted among the dead by his loved ones. Nine o'clock found him knocking at the door. Mrs. Mason answered the call, but did not recognize him. He saw his son, now grown into full manhood, sitting by the fire, but little thought this chubby son of '44.

"'She has given me out and this burly fellow is filling my place in the household now,' he thought. Ike Mason could fight a regiment of cow-boys and a whole Mexican army, but he can't face what now seems to him to be the situation in his old home. Quick as the thought draws forth a revolver, and, bang!—bang!—bang!—victims are there—son—wife—and himself."

Here Hobbs paused a moment, and then added: "The blood is still to be seen on the floor, and no one will

there, for just at midnight his ghost comes in, raves over the blood, prays and curses alternately."

"That sounds pretty reasonable," said Wilkes, "but here is ONE fellow that's not afraid to stay there alone all night, and I'll bet the ghost doesn't come, either."

"Well, that's more than I would do," said Hobbs, "but if you will go and stay there until three in the morning, I'll give you five dollars."

"Oh! pshaw! There's no ghost there."

"But will you go for that amount?"

"Yes, for half."

"Good."

The boys counted their victory won. All were intent upon seeing "Bully" ride the goat. They had decided to try Henry Blount's method of convincing unbelievers of the existence of spirits. Wilkes was shown to the haunted house, and soon comfortable in his chair before an open fire-place. In the meantime the boys were arranging the execution of plans. Again Hobbs was made leader—this time in a different capacity—that of ghost. Thought he when the white shroud had been properly wound around him: "Hamlet himself would shudder in this young hero's place, but he must be initiated, and the sooner the better."

Precisely at twelve that night the boys quietly pushed open all the doors. In strode the headless monster, full six feet tall, and performed its usual rites over the red-stained floor. Bully's heart was in his mouth, but he thought to himself as Mr. Ghost seemed to pause, "If it will only retire now, I can stay my time out." This, however, was not to be the end, for straightforward did not come and seat itself beside him. Here it sat quietly for a few seconds, and then drew its chair up a little nearer to Wilkes, and, taking a dirk from the pocket

began to whet it on its shoe sole. Feeling its edge, he said, "There are just two of us here to-night."

"Yes, and there won't be but one long," said "Bully" as he took his cap in hand and made for the door. Mollahare would have held him a feeble race down the long drive to the old gate. Not a single boy could keep in sight of the young Pegasus as he crossed hill after hill back to the college two miles away. At twelve-thirty he arrived. Lined up on either side of the street were both boys and villagers. Wilkes, now realizing that he was the victim of a joke, exclaimed almost breathless, "Boy—!—I—got homesick!"

Tom Wilkes was quite a changed boy after that occasion, and none doubt that his "initiation" had a salutary effect.

QUEEN ELAINE.

BY OSCAR RAY MANGUM.

On the island Mona, when it was invaded by the Romans, were found many strange things, but the most striking was the power of a class of priests called Druids. They were exempt from all public duties and taxes, and had almost supreme control of the island. They decided all disputes and placed all rewards, and even had power to sacrifice a human being, if they wished, thinking this the only way to appease the wrath of the gods when kindled against them.

In this dark and superstitious country the darts of Cupid seemed to have no less effect than in an enlightened one. There was a young ruler named Caerleon, who had fallen in love with the very charming lady Elaine, but her smiles were turned toward one of his knights, Pelleas by name, who had shown himself very brave, and many times at the risk of his own life had saved the standard from capture.

Caerleon, though above Pelleas in rank, had turned a jealous eye upon him. But now since Elaine loved Pelleas and spurned his advances, his hatred was destined to know no bounds.

One day news came by the merchants that the Romans were intending to invade the island. This stirred their barbaric blood to its height. But Caerleon seemed to be glad, and murmured to himself, "I will rush Pelleas in the front and perhaps he will get killed, and then I will make Elaine love me."

Only a few hours passed until the army of charioteers, knights and bowmen were collected. While they were brightening their arms, Pelleas went to bid Elaine farewell. It was a tender parting. Tears trickled down

the cheeks of Elaine, but then she thought of his fighting for her home and her heart swelled with patriotism as she said, "Go, Pelleas, and fight for those you love. I shall not sleep until I know you are safe. May the gods whom we adore protect you."

While this was going on, Caerleon was before the Druid priest making a vow to the gods if they would bring him back safe from the battle that he would sacrifice a prisoner, and if he captured no prisoners he would sacrifice one of his own men.

It took the army only a short time to reach the shore and there, true to rumor, the Romans were in readiness to land. Pelleas raised himself upon his horse and viewed his knights with pride, as he shouted, "Men, you are called upon to-day to fight for your homes, and prove yourselves worthy to be called knights!"

This was all they needed. They rushed upon the Romans like hungry tigers upon their prey. The Romans were beaten back, but they rallied again and tried to flank Pelleas. This time he showed his calm judgment and he ordered the knights to charge with all their might. Caerleon ordered his men in a like manner; and for a moment they seemed victorious, when Caerleon was thrown from his chariot, and the commander of the Romans, raised his sword to strike the fatal blow. But Pelleas sprang from his horse and pierced the commander with his own sword. The Romans seeing their leader die, fled to their boats and sailed away.

That evening when Caerleon returned he was reminded of his vow by the Druids. He thought, "Well, I have no prisoners, what shall I do?" To sacrifice one of his own men was his only recourse.

He went to his room to decide which one it should be. He had grown more jealous of Pelleas since he had saved his life than ever before. Then he said, had

aloud, "See how they praise him and say nothing to me." Then he thought how Elaine had spurned him for Pelleas, and in his hatred he exclaimed, "I will have vengeance. She shall love me! I will keep my vow by sacrificing Pelleas."

There was a silent auditor. Elaine had come to speak about the battle, and hearing the wild words of Caerleon and his resolve, she mounted her large black horse and away she went. Never was chase half so hard, or steed so little spared.

Caerleon knew that if he executed his resolve it must be done immediately. He rushed out of his room, collected his guards and seized Pelleas. He was carried to the temple, and there they had an unexpected delay. One of the Druids was a personal friend to Pelleas and would not agree to his execution. Caerleon, however, explained that the vengeance of the gods would be upon him if he did not consent, as this was his desire. He at last was forced to yield by the other priests, and Pelleas was bound while one of them asked for his last request.

He turned, looking them square in the face as he said, "Men, I am not afraid of death. I would rather die than live with such a traitor as Caerleon. He intended this for me when he made that vow. O! ye gods, bring judgment upon him. Many times with these hands which he has bound have I saved yonder standard from the enemy. To-day if it had not been for this sword, Caerleon would now be useless. I gave him his life, and now he wishes mine also. O! has honor fled from Mona? Nay, it is still enshrined in many hearts yet. And I hope this day to kindle such a flame of indignation against you false priests and traitors that you shall be driven from the land. I wish—"

"Stop him!" cried one priest.

But he would not be stopped. "I wish to see Elaine," said he.

At this the face of Caerleon grew deathly pale, and he ordered him put in a great bronze statue used in sacrificing prisoners and criminals to the gods. The custom was to place the victim inside this massive statue by a door at the back. The Druids would then build a fire about it and dance with clasped hands around it until the victim was dead. Sometimes they were put into the arms of this figure and burned to death there, but this time Caerleon did not wish to see the frowns of Pelleas, so he was thrown inside.

Just as the priests started to kindle the fire about it they heard a mighty tramping of horses. They looked and saw Elaine coming at the head of a host of armed knights. They were yelling and brandishing their swords in a wild fashion. As they approached nearer confusion took hold of the guards of Caerleon and many fled. But the remaining charged with all their might. Pelleas could hear the clash of steel and the cheering of the knights by Elaine, and beat against the statue in a vain endeavor to escape and help in the conflict.

It seemed that Elaine would be defeated, for they were pressing on her hard. But see! she rises on her horse and exclaims, "Caerleon, you traitor! you unmerciful wretch!" Then she bounded toward him, sinking her sword in his bare breast, and he fell from his horse mortally wounded.

As she did this, her knights killed all the priests except one. She walked to the statue victorious and liberated her lover. Then before the gaze of all pronounced him King of Mona instead of Caerleon, whom she had just killed.

Pelleas fell at her feet, kissing her hand, saying, "And you shall be Queen Elaine."

TO THE ROADSIDE SENTINELS.

WOODIE LENNON.

Nature waits to moan
While time flies on!
With the tale that the oak is telling;
The willow weeps,
The brook past sweeps,
With tales of love excelling.

The lily bows to greet
The violet sweet,
In pride and beauty vieing;
The swallow cries,
The forest sighs,
With dreary echoes dying.

The roadside sentinels stand
With voices grand,
Teaching a lesson given,
In nature see
Sweet purity,
And in purity see heaven.

Relentless years
Of woe and tears
Beshroud the visage of their glory,
But in memory beams
Past's pleasant dreams,
Which renew the time-worn story.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend, Ira Lemon Pitman, to a brighter abode in heaven; and

WHEREAS, He was a loyal member of the Philomathesian Society; therefore, be it resolved,

First, that we, the members of the Philomathesian Society, feel keenly the loss of this excellent young man;

Second, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved loved ones, and commend them to the God who shall wipe away all tears;

Third, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy be sent to his family, to the Lumberton papers, and the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

W. M. JOHNSON,

J. B. WEATHERSPOON,

W. R. EDMUNDS,

Committee.

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KUZELIAN SOCIETY.

A. L. FLETCHER..... Editor
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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, Editor.

With this issue the twenty-fourth volume of THE STUDENT begins. We, the editors, will endeavor to maintain the high standard to which THE STUDENT has attained, and we hope to have the co-operation of the student body. Of course, we shall make mistakes, but we ask the readers of THE STUDENT to consider our inexperience and to pass over our faults with a kindly eye. We promise to do the best we can, and to give our readers the best material obtainable.

The trustees of the College have been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. J. Richard Crozier as instructor in the gymnasium for the coming session. For a month last spring Mr. Crozier was coach of the baseball team. All of us who were here then know how much the splendid record made by the team was due to his faithful, painstaking training, and we hardly think any one will doubt his fitness for the position of gymnasium instructor.

The Gymnasium.

It may not be out of place here to say a few words in regard to the work of the gymnasium. As a rule, students dislike to take "Gym" regularly, yet those who do not do so make a great mistake. A young man who comes to college fresh from the farm, where he has been used to an active, out-of-door life, and settles down to hard study, will find his health more or less injured unless he continues to take some exercise daily. On the other hand, a boy coming to college who has never been used to manual labor, ought by all means to build himself up physically as much as possible, and regular attendance on the gymnasium is one of the best means of doing this. Very few students take enough exercise although it is as important to practise one's muscles daily as it is to study a lesson, and we do not believe there is a single student in college who does not have time enough to spend half an hour every day in the gymnasium. A college student should not seek to develop his mind at the expense of his body, but should take for his ideal "a sound mind in a sound body."

Mr. Crozier, who is himself a splendid example of what physical training will do for a man, has the following words to say about the importance of his department:

"Many students attending college neglect a most important feature of their education, namely, physical development; and strange to say, generally those who need it the most are those who fail to put forth the right spirit in the few hours devoted to gymnastic work. While you are developing the mind, the body should not be neglected.

"I recently read a father's opinion of 'The young man taking athletics at college.' He wanted his son to play football, base-ball, etc., so that when he finished his col-

cation and started out in the world he would display the same nerve and determination, should reverses appear, that he had shown in the athletic field when in school.

"So, young men, go into the gymnasium as persistently as you study your lessons, and become strong physically as well as mentally. Health is everything in this world's undertakings, and physical exercise is essential to good health."

Wake Forest has ever been blessed in the generosity of her friends, and in the last few months two fresh proofs have been given of this fact. Last spring the corner-stone of the Alumni Building was laid by the graduating class. This building is to be used by the Biological Department, which has for a long time been cramped for room. This building is not completed, but it is hoped that it will be ready for use next year. Prof. J. B. Carlyle has been granted a year's leave of absence to travel over the State, collecting funds for the erection of this building. All who know Professor Carlyle—and who in the State does not?—know that no better man for this work could have been found anywhere.

A few weeks ago, Dr. John Mitchell, by his generous gift of twelve hundred and fifty dollars, which has been added to by the friends of the College, has made it possible for an Infirmary to be erected. It is hoped that this, too, will be ready for use next fall. The need of this building has been felt for a long time.

On behalf of the student body, we desire to thank Dr. Mitchell, the Alumni Association, and all contributors either of these buildings.

So much has been written and said about the temptations and trials of college life that we feel it is only fair to say something about the means which are used to counteract these temptations.

Prominent among them stands out the Young Men's Christian Association. A great majority of the students in College belong to it, and the meetings held every Monday night are usually well attended. They are conducted strictly by and for the students. An example of the work this Association is doing is the reception of the new men, which was given the second Saturday night after school opened. This did much to acquaint the new men with the old students and the people of the town.

Subordinate to the Y. M. C. A. are the Bible Bands and the Mission Study Class. The members of the Bible Bands are expected to devote a few minutes each day to the systematic study of the Bible. Each of the half-dozen bands has its own leader, and they meet every Sunday morning, before Sunday School, to discuss together the ground covered during the week. The Mission Study Class, as its name indicates, is organized for the purpose of studying missions, and meets one night every week. All who have taken the work of the Bible Bands or the Mission Study Class testify to its value, and a new student—or an old one, either—can make no mistake by taking up the work of either or both the departments.

Another organization, the worth of which is hard to overestimate, is the Yates' Ministerial Class, composed of the ministerial students of the College. They meet every Sunday afternoon, and discuss the practical problems which confront a minister. Thus they are get-

better acquainted with each other, and at the same time preparing for their life work.

Finally, there is the missionary Society, which, while under the supervision of the church, is supported largely by the young men of the College. Every student is considered a member of the Society, and most of its officers are students.

None of these organizations, with the exception of the Yates Ministerial Class, have more members among the ministerial students than among the other boys, but are representative of the whole College. This is shown by the fact that nine out of the eleven officers and chairmen of committees of the Y. M. C. A. are non-ministerial students.

Of course a boy who comes to college will be exposed to temptations—he need not expect the contrary. However, it is good to know that he does not have to face them alone, but can find encouragement and support in fighting the battles of college life by uniting himself with the large number of his fellow-students who belong to one or more of these organizations. By taking such stand, he will escape many temptations which he would otherwise undergo.

BOOK REVIEWS.

GEORGE A. PEEK, Editor.

It is with a feeling of embarrassment that the exchange editor of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT for the coming year takes up his task of criticising the number of exchanges that come to our table monthly.

We have seen in a number of cases where the ex-editors have complained of their work as being boring. We do not intend looking on the matter in such a way. Instead of the work being a burden on the ex-editor it should be a source of pleasure, and doubtless it would if those who criticised were a little more careful and painstaking. Many a magazine has been pronounced absolutely worthless by some critic who has never done anything except probably to look at the table of contents and perhaps turn over a few leaves.

Now we do not propose to examine the exchanges after such a fashion. We will, after the best of our knowledge, criticise all the magazines fairly, giving praise to those that deserve it, and on the other hand if a publication is deficient there will be no hesitation on our part in pronouncing it so.

We make the above statement in view of the fact that we, in our turn, expect to be criticised, and sometimes severely, but we sincerely hope that all criticisms will be just and unbiased.

As there are no exchanges now we beg to submit the following book reviews:

Again Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has given us an opportunity to feel proud of him as a Southerner in his book entitled *The Lone Star Union Scout*. We do not think, however, that Mr. Harris has equalled some of his former productions either in interest or in the handling of his theme. The scene of the story is laid in Tennessee and General Forrest figures prominently in it. The character of which the book is called is a girl who sometimes acts as a spy, sometimes as a woman, and again in the garb of a young man.

She is a peculiar character, sympathizing strangely with the North, brave, versatile, yet she succumbs to the love of her captor, a Southern soldier, whom Gen. Forrest places to watch her.

The Wings of the Morning, by Mr. Louis Tracy, is one of the most striking novels that has come under our observation for several years. It is a story that savors of the sea; that thrills with admiration for the gallant and daring spirit displayed by

hero; that stirs the tenderest emotions of the soul at its record of sacrificing devotion and constancy possessed by the heroine.

The Wings of the Morning opens with a shipwreck, in which the only survivors are a rich young lady and a menial servant. This hapless couple land on a deserted island in the South Sea where they encounter dangers unspeakable from the visitation of blood-thirsty cannibals. The story, however, ends beautifully. The couple are rescued and marry. The hero has restored to him the honour and title that had, years before, been taken from him by fraud.

The novel is written in a style that is original and fascinating and with a skill in description, and an elegance of language that are most uncommon.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

- '87. Rev. W. F. Watson is pastor at Monroe.
- '04. J. M. Henley is teaching at Eagle Rock.
- '04. R. G. Camp is a frequent visitor on the hill.
- '04. Rev. Leland J. Powell has a field at Ray, Va.
- '04. C. H. Jenkins is in the Kinston Graded Schools.
- '04. D. H. Bland is in the Graded Schools of Oxford.
- '04. Rev. M. L. Harris has accepted a field near Tarboro.
- '04. J. Willis has a position in the Selma Graded Schools.
- '03. J. I. Singletary is teaching in the Bladenboro Academy.
- '04. J. H. Campen is working with the *North Carolina Baptist*.
- '94. W. W. Woodhouse is teaching at White Oak, Bladen County.
- '04. B. W. Parham is teaching in the Collegiate Institute of Ellington, N. C.
- '87. J. L. Fleming has been nominated by the Democrats of Edgecombe County for the Senate.
- '83-'87. Moses Fort is proprietor of the popular Hillside Dairy near Wake Forest.
- '61 J. C. Ellington has been nominated for the Senate by the Democrats of Wake.
- '01. E. J. Britt has been re-nominated for the Legislature by the Democrats of Robeson.
- '91. George W. Ward has been nominated to succeed George A. Brown as superior court judge.
- '04. H. L. Story renewed his love for his Alma Mater by a week-end visit. He will teach near Ahsoskie.
- '93. Dr. W. L. Foushee, Professor of Latin in Richmond College, made a visit to Wake Forest this summer.
- A. B. Bryan, of Burnsville, Yancey County, has been nominated by the Republicans of his district for the Senate.
- '98. E. B. Gresham, who is in charge of the dining house of the Southern Railway in Charlotte, has established two free schoolships, to be awarded by the Faculty to worthy indigent men on promise.

'03. W. A. Seagraves, a successful merchant of Holly Springs, was married to Miss Kate Pritchard during the summer.

'98. "Mr. John Charles McNeill has joined the staff of the *Charlotte Observer*. He is the only man in the State whose literary gifts hint of genius; and our State's foremost paper is, therefore, greatly to be congratulated. Mr. McNeill does not produce a poem a week, but he is slowly accumulating a number of the first water. Later on a book will appear and his place will be secure. Meantime many rare treats are in store for the readers of the *Charlotte Observer*. And may we not remark that it is a good day when our newspapers find themselves able to engage our best young men, not to do back work, but rather with a distinctly literary motive."—*Biblical Recorder*, Aug. 3, '04.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

ARTHUR L. FLETCHER, Editor.

Enrollment—285!

“My Navajo!”

“I’ve got a feelin’ for you!”

What has become of the “Rambler”?

The old “Howler” is seen no more on the “Bulletin Tree.”

Miss Hallie Dickinson, of Richmond, Va., visited the Misses Taylor a few days last month.

Mr. J. A. McMillan ('02) brought his two “kid” brothers to College and spent a few days on the Hill, much to the delight of his many friends.

Mr. B. J. Ray, one of last year’s gay Seniors, is with us again in the capacity of Assistant Professor of Chemistry. We lift our hat to Professor Ray.

Misses Mabel Powell, of Jacksonville, Fla., Anita and Leila Fender, of Valledosta, Ga., and Rosa Seward, Petersburg, Va., spent some weeks in August and September at the Misses Powell’s.

Professor Carlyle has been appointed by the Alumni Association to canvass the State for the purpose of raising funds to complete the Alumni Building. During his absence his place will be filled and his work thoroughly done by Dr. Paschal. Professor Carlyle is well fitted for this kind of work, and we confidently expect to see “something doing” right away.

Mr. Carey J. Hunter, of Raleigh, was on the Hill September 12.

Dr. F. K. Cooke, Dean of the School of Medicine, has been very ill for some time. We are pleased to note his improvement.

Wake Forest boasts a new financial enterprise, "The Bank of Wake," with Dr. J. B. Powers president, Prof. J. B. Carlyle vice-president, and Mr. T. E. Holding cashier.

We are pleased to note the greatly improved appearance of the campus. The campus walls have been cleared of the unsightly cover of honeysuckle, and the walks have been nicely trimmed up. It is to be hoped that the newish (and *some* others) will be good enough to keep off the grass-plots around the buildings.

The Wake Forest Glee Club, under its competent director, Dr. Eatman, and its able manager, Mr. J. D. Proctor, is getting in fine shape. Most of last year's members are back, and there is plenty of first-class material among the new men. Wake Forest is proud of its Glee Club, and it has a right to be proud of it. The club will visit Greensboro, Asheville and other towns in the western part of the State this year.

Another Supreme Court examination has come and gone. Professor Gulley sent up a class of fourteen, and as a result there are fourteen new limbs of the law abroad in the land, bearing the stamp of Wake Forest. These are their names: John B. Anderson, Madison County; Hugh Johnson, Halifax County; Percy J. Olive, Wake County; Edward G. Roberts, Buncombe County; Vander M. Britt, Robeson County; Burrus A. Critcher, Martin County; Lorenzo Medlin, Union County; Andrew C. Honeycutt, Stanly County; Joseph R. Morgan,

Haywood County; Romulus L. Sigmon, Caldwell County; Ralph P. Fortune, Union County; Robt. K. Bryant, Pender County; Winston M. Jackson, Surry County; John W. Gulledege, Anson County.

A reception was tendered the new men on Saturday night, September 10, by the Young Men's Christian Association. Interesting speeches were made by Dr. C. A. Taylor, Dr. E. W. Sikes, and Messrs. Davis, Vann and Olive. After the speech-making was over, the crowd adjourned to the society halls, where a very pleasant half hour was spent. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by both Freshman and upper-classman. The excellent music furnished by the Wake Forest Glee Club made the evening all the more enjoyable. The quadrille, "The Pope," by Messrs Eatman, Poteat, Powell and Davis, was especially effective.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the month was the reception given by Messrs. E. W. Cooke, C. Smith and T. A. Lyon at their elegant quarters in "Paradise." The rooms were beautifully decorated and delicious refreshments were served. The merry party amused itself with "Pit," "Trail," etc. Among those present were Misses Jessie Powell, Rosa Powell, Ann Fender, Leila Fender, Petie Powell, Louie Poteat, Lee Timberlake, Janie Taylor, Mary Taylor; and Messrs. E. W. Timberlake, T. D. Kitchin, Robert Royall, J. Picot, T. A. Lyon, William Royall, C. R. Smith, J. Royall, Edwin Cooke. Chaperones—Mr. and Mrs. J. Brewer and Mrs. B. F. Sledd.

The Senior Class met September 9th in the Phi and elected the following officers: William L. Wy president; M. L. Davis, vice-president; W. J. Fran secretary; C. C. Howard, treasurer; Geo. A. Peek, prophet; E. A. Turner, historian; H. F. Page, poet.

The Junior Class met on September 15th for the election of officers. The following were duly elected: T. B. Ashcraft, president; O. P. Richardson, vice-president; S. O. Hamrick, secretary; Rufus Ford, treasurer; J. C. Patton, historian.

Prof. S. F. Mordecai, our Assistant Professor of Law, has accepted the position of Dean of Trinity's lately established Law School. It is a high compliment to Professor Mordecai, and one that he is in every way worthy of. We predict for him eminent success in his new field, and congratulate Trinity College upon securing him.

On the night of September 6th, Mr. and Mrs. William Carey Brewer gave a reception in honor of their son, Mr. John M. Brewer, Jr., and his bride (nee Miss Maryansom Purefoy). The stream of delighted guests began to flow through the decorated parlors at eight o'clock and did not cease until eleven-thirty. Well nigh all the people of the Hill and a number from a distance gathered to greet the happy pair and the scarcely less happy parents. The guests were received at the hall by Misses Poteat and Powers; at the parlor door by Mrs. Sledd and Dr. C. E. Brewer; at the dining-room by Mrs. C. E. Brewer and Mrs. Peed. They were served with dainty refreshments by Misses Elva Dickson, Loula Dunn, Annie Perry and Marie Lankford, while Mrs. W. O. Riddick and Mrs. J. B. Powers presided in the serving room. The following ladies and gentlemen constituted the receiving line: Mr. and Mrs. C. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brewer, Mr. T. W. Brewer of Raleigh, and Miss Annie Dickson, Mr. J. B. Powers, Jr., and Miss Mary Taylor and Mrs. R. S. Dodd.

Sunday, September 4th, was a sad day for Wake Forest in Wingate Memorial Hall, where were gathered friends of his youth, the last sad tributes were paid

to the late Wiley M. Rogers. In the funeral party when it reached Wake Forest, were: Mrs. Wiley Rogers, four of her children, Mrs. W. M. Dixon, F. M. Walters, Misses Isabel Busbee and Mamie Horton of the News and Observer, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. E. Ray, Miss Mary Carter Ray, Mr. R. A. Dunn, and Mr. H. Hardy of the News and Observer. There were many others. The entire body of active pall-bearers was made up from the various departments of the News and Observer office, Mr. Rogers having been connected with the business staff of that paper. The interment took place at 5 p. m., after touching exercises in the Wing Memorial Hall, in which Dr. W. C. Tyree, Dr. R. Vann, Dr. J. W. Lynch and Dr. W. B. Royall made beautiful addresses. In the beautiful words of the News and Observer: "At the cemetery, after the interment the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Tyree, and lovely floral remembrances placed on the mound marked the last resting place. Then it was that nature's tears fell with those of kindred and friends, for the sun of the beautiful day had clouded, and as the last words were being said the rain fell. It was then that the bereaved ones left, and until the resurrection morn the will rest on the hillside at Wake Forest all that is more of a man whose many virtues and noble qualities had endeared him to all with whom he came in contact."

A good deal of interest is being taken in tennis. Paschal is having two splendid courts constructed. We have some first-class players among our ranks, among whom are Dr. Paschal, Messrs. Turner, J., Turner, Earnshaw, Mitchell, J., Poteat, Picot and Vann. Wake Forest could put out a strong team. Why not have a tournament with the University, Trinity and A. and S. We could hold our own with their crack teams.

Miss Lizzie Caddell visited Miss Mary Ray in Raleigh the first week in September.

The following invitation has been received by friends:

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Taylor request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Jane Elizabeth, to Mr. William Dabney Duke, Wednesday morning, September 21, nineteen hundred and four, at eleven o'clock, Wake Forest, North Carolina." The bride is the popular daughter of our President, and the groom a prominent railroad official of Richmond, Va.

An interesting game of ball was played September 9, between the College and the Hill, resulting in a score of 12 to 3 in favor of the College. The features of the game were Walker's pretty double, Smith's batting, and Hamrick's catching.

Prospects for a winning team this year are good. Of the last year's nine, Smith, Vann, Turner, J., and Walker, of the infield, are with us. Goodwyn and Richardson, our matchless fielders in centre and left, are "on hand with the goods." They have few equals and no superiors in their respective fields. Edwards and Turner, E., will do the twirling act. King will be missed at catch, but Broughton, Harris and Hamrick, three new men, are showing up well behind the bat. Of these, Hamrick will probably make good. Dunn, Holding and Vann will race for first. Williams, B., Morris, and Humphrey are making a good showing in right field. Turner, J., and Walker will play for second. Townsend, a new man and a star player, will make short, and Smith will hold down third. Under the able management of Mr. J. W. Mitchell, and with our coach Crozier with us for the whole year—we expect to put out a winning team next spring. The material is all here. Keep your eye on the boys!

Mr. J. Richard Crozier, our competent coach during the ball season of 1904, has been engaged to take charge of the gymnasium. He will enter upon his duties the first of October. Mr. Crozier is left fielder on the Atlanta team. The *Atlanta Journal* has the following say of him: "On the Atlanta team is one player whose innate modesty, dislike of anything grandstandy, and consistent unobtrusiveness often prevent his achievements from receiving their real valuation from the fans. That player is J. Richard Crozier, the best left fielder in the Southern League. Dick makes no more fuss than a clam, save when he is sent to the coacher's line. He is never seen around town telling the wide-eyed, open-mouthed fans of his achievements. He never attracts the attention of the crowd while going to or coming from his position in the field. He never rag-chews with the umpire. He never gets hurt. He never hurts anybody. His fielding is done with neatness and dispatch, and his ground covering, accurate throwing and fast base running he outclasses any other left fielder in Dixie.

"One can make the unqualified assertion that Dick's superb fielding has saved more runs and more games than the work of any other member of the team. A 50-yard or 50-yard sprint for a short fly is easy for him. When a ball is driven over his head he judges it at the crack of the bat, turns his back on the ball and clips it off at a 10-second rate until the proper spot is reached, where Crozier stops, turns and lets the sphere fall in his hands. Just as easy. When one observes Housholder or Housholder or Durrett or Hanley or Wiseman trying to handle similar swats, Crozier's real ability looms up. He covers every inch of ground from the left-field bleachers south to Koehler-land, from third base east to the fence.

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PENSIVE.

H. F. PAGE.

Hush?—'tis the north wind
Hurrying past;
And see—the goldenrod's
Withering fast—
Queen of the furze-sedge
Fringing the wold,
Robbed of her sun-woven
Mantle of gold.

List?—'tis a fairy
Requiem lone,
An Elfland elegy
Eerily blown,
Lisping pale asters
Softly to rest,
Passing forever
Into the west.

Hark?—Where the pine tree's
Heart-sighings fall,
Out—stealing echoes
Weirdly call—
Old, dear memories
Glimpsed through tears,
Beckoning backward
Over the years.

Down through the lucid,
Etherey ways,
Pours an illumined,
Purpureal haze,
Touching each mist-crowned
Sky-reaching height,
With tintings of mellow
Alchemie light.

Caught in the aster's
Frost-withered fold,
Woofed in the goldenrod's
Tarnishing gold,
Traced on the pine tree's
Wind-woven bough,
A beauty unfolds—all
Hidden till now.

Rustlings of numberless
Oread wings
Die in the furze-sedge's
Low whisperings;
Then waked by some member
Messenger's best,
Rush on the cloud-roofed
Gates of the west.

Glimpsed through the dreamlit
Arras of space—
Vision no mortal
Limner could trace—
A vanishing vestal,
Mist-robed appears,
Beckoning forward
Into the years.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM OF CUBA.

BY J. M. JUSTICE.

The United States won the admiration of the entire civilized world in her conduct with Cuba. Since we have been hearing of "benevolent despotism" never before has a nation been known to drop anything as in the case of Cuba. She not only dropped the island, but gave it a heritage that will make it in time to come truly the "Pearl of the Antilles." By economical management of custom-house receipts and revenues from other sources it was made possible in the four years of American occupation not only to put the cities in good sanitary condition and build miles of superb streets and roads, but also to formulate and put into operation an excellent public school system. This was no easy task, for insurmountable obstacles apparently were encountered on all sides. The very foundation was lacking, for prior to the close of the Spanish-American War the only shadow of a system consisted in a bit of catechism and embroidery in some of the largest cities, and this poorly supported. The history of Cuba is a history of so many wars, and ignorance was necessarily found reigning supreme when the treaty was signed at San Juan Hill. More than eighty per cent of the people were illiterate.

Strange to say, as with us, the financial side of the question was not as perplexing as the matter of finding teachers. There were few who knew the first principles of pedagogy. It is currently reported that the average teacher had been to long division in arithmetic and very few indeed to the "Rule of Three." Nothing daunted, those in authority set to work to solve the problem.

Early in 1900 one thousand two hundred and eighty-one Cubans were found who had in them the possibility of making teachers. They were drawn from every municipality and almost every town on the island. During the summer of the same year through the generosity of Harvard University and its friends seventy thousand dollars was raised for the purpose of taking these new teachers to a summer school at Cambridge, designed to fit them for their duties. Accordingly, five transporters from the different ports sailed with the entire number for Boston. Here they attended lectures for some time at Cambridge, visiting the libraries, museums, educational institutions and manufacturing establishments in the neighborhood of the city. Through the energy of Mr. A. E. Frye, of geographical fame, money was raised to enable them to visit New York and Washington. They were returning to their homes full of new ideas and zeal for their educational work in which they had received so much sympathy and encouragement. In the meantime many houses had been built, the Spanish barracks refitted and turned into school-rooms, patent desks installed and the buildings made ready for use. Books are provided by the government. The books have all been translated from those in our public schools.

The work was begun with a promising outlook. The very novelty of it attracted attention and helped to enroll a goodly number. Among other things done to insure the success of the undertaking a compulsory school law was passed requiring all the children, except those obliged to earn their own living, between the ages of six and fourteen to attend twenty weeks out of the thirty-six weeks taught each year. Four hundred

thousand children of school age were found by the census of 1900, of which forty-seven per cent were enrolled and twenty-four per cent kept in attendance during the year.

Now it can be said that all the cities and towns have comfortable school-houses and most of the rural districts have either a house of their own or a rented one. Unless the school is a very small one you will find upon entering it two teachers, a man in one department in charge of the boys and a lady in her room with the girls. The Latin custom of studying aloud is in vogue and reminds one more of a circus than a school. Here they study, Cubans, negroes and Indians side by side, the color line playing no part. Recess comes and the children alternate, the girls playing first. A Cuban mother allows no boy to be in company with her daughter unless she or her husband is present. One of the most perplexing problems the teacher has to meet is the question of discipline. The civil law does not allow him to use corporal punishment. The difficulty of the situation is better appreciated when it is known that the parents subject their children to no discipline in the home. The child's will is his law. The most common means employed by parents to curb their wayward children is the employment of showers of kisses and "muchas" embraces. It is not an infrequent sight in a city to see policemen rounding up a crowd of truant players and carrying them to the officer to be punished for not attending school.

The Cubans are patriotic and love their homes. Their ideas of liberty manifests itself in a very singular way. They believe that the proper way to enjoy their liberty is to sit under the bamboo tree and play the guitar. The teachers are trying to instill into the minds of their

pupils the true idea of patriotism by placing on the walls of their school-rooms pictures of their general and statesmen, and by observing in a fitting manner their many holidays. One of the most hopeful signs of their work is the emphasis placed on nature study. The faculty of memory is much more highly developed in the tropical races than that of reason. He can repeat from start to finish his lesson after having gone over it a time or so, but it means very little more to him than if he were a parrot. So the teachers are required to take their pupils out on picnics at intervals through the session and have them write in their note books on the field accounts of the subjects studied. The teachers must send to the school officer a map showing the trip taken and the work done.

A new idea has been recently introduced in the schools for the object of cultivating civic life and teaching obedience to officers and law. It is known as "School Cities." Each school has an organization corresponding to the municipal government. The boys elect their officers and are very enthusiastic in their zeal. Those placed in authority are respected and it is proving a great boon in accomplishing the desired end.

Far from saying anything that would detract in the least from the character of the "Senoritas" engaged in teaching, let it be said that they are the most cultured and attractive young ladies as a class on the island. The price paid teachers ranges from thirty to fifty dollars per month. This, together with the fact that the schools are kept open nine months in the year, is causing many of the young people to prepare themselves for the world for life. In order that they may advance as their schools do the teachers after having taught five days are required to go to the "Instituto" at their respective pro-

ince seats and spend their Saturdays and Sundays (for Sunday is only a feast day in a Roman Catholic country) studying and passing their examinations. Here are employed efficient teachers, and the course given corresponds more nearly to the normal work offered by some of our colleges than anything with which it can be compared.

It is natural to ask if all this work done for these people is appreciated. We must answer that it is not fully, though in as complete a measure as one might expect when we come to know something of the character of the people. All tropical races are indisposed to labor of any kind, shallow in intellect and strongly given to a life of ease and pleasure. This is largely accounted for by environment. Surrounded on all sides by luscious fruits and pastures ever rich and green for their herds, why need they concern themselves about tomorrow? The presence of Americans on the island is creating a widespread desire on the part of the wealthier class to learn English and travel abroad. Slowly but surely Cuba is taking new and hopeful life. The public school system instituted by our own American government is the leaven that will transform their mental darkness into light. The number of teachers engaged has increased from twelve hundred and eighty one in 1900 to four thousand at present. Our magnanimous gift came to them in a most opportune time in a transitional period at the beginning of a new epoch in their history. Let us not expect too much from them until the grain has had time to begin to ripen.

"JEAN ERICSEN: MATE OF THE GOOD SHIP THERESA"

BY CLEMENT T. GOODE.

Almost within reach of the waves on the Carolina coast, close by the insatiate, dread "Golgotha of the Sea," there lives in a quaint fisherman's hut an old man broken ere his time. His hair is as white as the soft foam that bathes the pebbles at the door; his head bowed, his shoulders once broad and straight are now stooped, and when he walks it is with a slow and painful motion as if age mistaking its victim had crept into his limbs all too soon. And the cause? Is the snowy whiteness of his hair but the mark of the old man with the hour glass and the sickle? Is the downward cast of his head and the stoop in his shoulders but the result of the burden of years? And has the sly thief of time already crept into his limbs that his gait is so feeble and slow? You peer into his face, sweet and pathetic from suffering's trace, and something tells you that its singular pathos is more than the stamp of time. Ask then the long-winged gulls that wheel and turn in the wind gusts if his is a common story. Ask the white-capped breakers that incessantly roll inward and ever will roar if his life has been as calm as a sunny noon. And if these do not answer you, search deeper and question the hidden rocks and treacherous sands if they know aught of this sad man's life; or lower yet, even to the coral beds, if such there be, if they have spar of ship or bone of human that can tell the story of his career.

Perchance these last would say that years ago, no matter how many, upon a certain day when the waves above them rolled and roared as if the conflict of battle between the wind kings was on them, there dropped

down among them, along with countless fragments of other things, a small, strongly-built casket, bearing on its side in metallic letters this one inscription, "Jean Ericson, mate of the good ship Theresa." Nothing more.

* * * * *

One day in hot July as the sun sank in the west, a number of years ago, the big sea-going vessel *Theresa* lay in ready trim betwixt sea and sky in New York harbor. The fires were burning briskly in the engines and the members of the crew aboard, great strong men they were, rough without but kind and true within, typical sailors of our eastern waters. The captain paced the deck while the other officers bustled about here and there, giving orders to the men or themselves lending a hand to hasten the work. With the sun half an hour in the west the big steamer was to start for a port in South America, then for a spin among the South Sea Islands, and at last back by another route to the home harbor at New York. In all, a voyage of several months; meanwhile the vessel would have completed almost a swing around the circle of the globe. At this point the captain stopped his restless pacing, looked at his watch, noted the time of day, and passed a signal down to the engine rooms below. In response the great whistle blew a blast fit to wake the dead, the engines began their almost ceaseless throbbing, the wheels spun around and the big ship turned away and out to sea.

Groups of fair women and handsome men stood on deck waving handkerchiefs at friends on shore until the lengthening distance and the gathering twilight prevented their distinguishing friend from friend, then one by one they turned inside. But there were two, a tall man and a beautiful lady, who seemed rather disposed

to enjoy the salt breezes for a while before taking the berths. He, tall and handsome, with shoulders broad and chest deep, in form and feature the very picture of manhoods dream, stood with hands crossed behind his head, looking back over the waves at the lights along the shore. She, fair as the dawn, half-sitting, half-reclining, rested her delicate form of imperial mould in an easy chair, looking also back toward the shore in the dim distance. Evidently his thoughts were not of the receding shore, for momentarily his eyes sought the lovely form at his side. One hand he let loose from its grasp of the other at his back, and with it gently stroked the soft golden hair. Then as if a flood of feeling stirred his breast he bent his head lower until his lips touched a dainty cheek, and said in his tender tone, "Is little Ethel going to be afraid of the sea, Jean home?"

"Afraid!" She rose to her feet, clasped her tiny hands tightly around his strong right arm as it hung by her side, in the meantime peering out of great soulful eyes right into the depths of his, making his heart vibrate with pure joy. "Afraid!" in a low, sweet voice. "Jean, I almost feel at times that *this* arm is stronger than the powers that keep the sea. But I *must* not think so, must I? It is dangerous, is it not?"

Gently, impulsively the arm that she had thought so strong slipped around her slender waist, drawing her close within its fold, then yielding to the emotions stirred his breast, Jean Ericsen looked up into the darkness of night, and with his soul filled with ineffable sweetness thanked his Master that at last beautiful Ethel Wynne was his.

Yes, Jean Ericsen it was, the same we met by the side of the sea, a stooping, white-haired old man waiting

for the summons of death to come, but in form and feature a world of difference.

"At last!" murmured he, as he clasped closer to him the slight form. "At last!" the long-looked for moment had come, the happiest of all his life. With the blue, star-studded canopy above, the salt breezes around, and unspeakable joy within his mind, carried him back to the three years before when, during the two months that he was off duty, he had wandered back into the State to a little western town, where, by the merest chance, he had dropped into the beautiful home of Colonel Wynne of Civil War fame. There he had first seen, and having seen had surrendered unconditionally the best of his young life to Miss Ethel, the Colonel's lovely and only daughter. There he had spent the whole of his vacation almost exclusively in her presence, his handsome face, polished manners, and seaman-like airs readily winning a place in her friendship for him, loving her sincerely, devotedly, as a true man should, yet for propriety's sake never speaking a word of his true feelings, though in a thousand ways disclosing himself unconsciously. Until the very last evening of his stay, when he tripped down the broad hall with sad heart and turned aside into the spacious parlor to tell her goodbye. Well he remembered how he found her sitting at the piano dressed in soft flowing robes, the very picture of loveliness, running her delicate fingers lightly over the keys to the tune of some sad, half-forgotten lay, in its very sadness sweeter to him than the fabled music of the spheres. How he had stood for an instant drinking into his soul the beautiful vision unknown to her, when as if intuitively conscious of his presence, she had turned and smiling bade him be seated; and with what

effort he had called loudly on his manhood to keep there and then from falling at her feet and confessing his love, believing that she cared nothing for him, and well do true women conceal their feelings at times, and being too true in that belief to trouble her with his confession; but the thought of never seeing her again was too much for him, and wrung from him the request that she should write him during his absence and permit him to revisit her the following summer, which request once asked was readily granted. Then with a heart full of gratitude, love, and hope he had lived through long months of another voyage at sea, vowing that the next chance he would cast the die by declaring himself. And then in that supreme moment at the close of his second visit when, as they sat together in the pale moonlight among the flowers of her garden, she had given her sweet consent to be his and as his to follow him even to the ends of the earth if it need be.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through Jean's mind as he felt the warm life blood of Miss Ethel beating in unison with his, but with these the still sweeter fact that those long days of hoping and trusting and waiting were over forever, and that now he had his long dreamed desire fulfilled, his own sweet wife with him in his home on the sea. No wonder he looked up at the silent face of night and raised his heart in gratitude to the All-seeing One for the sweet peace and contentment that crept into his soul. The stern fact that the meek and lowly daisy transplanted never becomes the water lily never disturbed the peace of his mind.

Yes, as you have already guessed, Jean Ericson was the mate of the noble vessel *Theresa*. A sailor lad in his youth, he had worked himself up until nothing but

captaincy stood before him. Nor was there an officer on board more loved and trusted than he. Having held every place from cabin-boy to the mateship, he knew the peculiar needs and wishes of each, and knowing he had sailed as mate, the first three of which were spent in true sailor jollity, but the peace of the last was broken by his wild desire to see the pretty form of Miss Wynne on board, if but for one voyage. After that he felt that for her sweet sake he would give up the sea and the life he loved and live contented wherever it pleased her. To this plan he had won her consent and the consent of her father, and in honor of the occasion his comrades had kindly consented to give him this voyage off duty. Under the most auspicious circumstances, as we have seen, was the voyage begun.

All that night the engines kept up their tireless throbbing, propelling the big ship southward. The next morning came, the sun climbed upwards in the heavens, not shining so brightly as on the day before, but, as it were, through a dull, dim haze. A breeze, hot, portentous, sprang up from the south. Meanwhile they had passed the Chesapeake entrance and the Virginia line and were plowing Carolina waters. Early in the morning the decks were astir with visitors, but the waning wind had seen them almost cleared. Hot sun and stifling somewhat later than the others, the mate had appeared and paced the deck, sailor-like sniffing the breeze, but turning a distrustful eye to the south and west. There was no fairy form by his side. Mrs. Ericson, unaccustomed to the sea, had chosen to remain in their state-room, arranging here and there bits of finery to give it more and more the appearance of the rooms she had quitted.

The sun rose higher and higher until it was noon, and evening came on, and still the ship split the waves toward the south. The wind from the south abated but rather increased, coming now and then in gusts causing the sailors to place their hands to their foreheads and to look under them far to the windward and then to the west, saying nothing.

Mid-evening came and an hour was added to the day. The sky had assumed a leaden hue with bits of clouds fast flying gathering here and there. Long hills of something snowy white appeared far to the southward stretching likewise far out to sea. The ship turned a little to the east, but continued her course unbroken toward the south.

Another hour, and the wind was almost a gale. Waves were rolling mountain high. The first line of the snow was white was no longer to the front, but to the right while from that region came a dull, heavy roar. It is needless to say that the ship was abreast of Hatteras "the dread of the sea." Then, without a moment's warning, the wind, which had been coming from the south, suddenly changed its course. Another sprang to meet it from the west. The Captain, with contracted brows, walked about the deck giving orders to men who obeyed with equal solemnity. Inside the vessel pale-faced men could have been seen, and men, too, with solemn looks. The ship turned aside and bore out to sea.

Then came a lull in the winds, but the sailor was not deceived thereby. The waves which before had rolled up with some stupendous regularity about them, began to break up and swirl this way and that, as if conflicting winds neutralizing each other were at war above them. Masses of cloud appeared on every side, almost touching the ship as they swept past. Whitish they were at first

but darker and darker they grew, coming thicker and thicker until dim twilight reigned around. The Captain gave orders, the engines ceased their throbbing, anchor was cast, and the ship rested in the waves. Meanwhile the clouds had grown so dark and thick as almost to shut out completely the light of day. A strange, ominous sound was heard in the distance, striking terror to the hearts of those who listened, low at first but rising and nearer coming until with howls and shrieks as of demons filling the air it struck the ship. And the storm was on.

While the storm-king ruled without, Jean Ericson sat in his state-room with chilling heart. A busy little form kept flitting before him, still caring for the adornment of the room, now and then stopping to place a delicate hand on his shoulder and wait for a smile of approval. At first, waking from a fitful sleep, she had been frightened almost beyond her wits by the noise of the winds, but his calm assurance that it would soon pass banished her fear. Again she was trusting an arm that she thought was almost stronger than the sea, not knowing, not even dreaming of the peril about them. But his calmness was only apparent. Deep down in his soul his own heart was quaking, but he dared not tell her. It were better that she shouldn't know, maybe it would pass. If the anchor would but hold, but at any moment it might snap—what then? Many a storm at sea had he witnessed, but none so dreadfully terrific as this.

For the length of time that measures an hour, the good ship withstood the fury of wind and wave. Then for an instant the storm somewhat diminished in its fierceness, the clouds just overhead broke away, a ray of light stole within, lighting the scene. Ah, the treachery of wind and wave thus to determine just where to

strike! Inky blackness once more enveloped the scene; the wind came back with unearthly shrieking, the waves clashed more wildly than before, and then every one felt the ship rise as if on the wings of the wind, a long steady pull, a jerk, and all knew that the anchor was loosed and the ship scudding before the wind.

Jean Ericson, when he felt the movement, rose to his feet, his soul within sickened, great drops stood on his brow, but he brushed them off. His wife scarcely noticing his movement, asked him the meaning of the motion of the ship. With as much calmness as he could summon, he answered that they were making for the land, still wishing to screen from her the awful truth. In her childlike simplicity she began to collect little trinkets such as she prized most dearly, often ones that in a brighter day he had given her, thinking that in a few moments they would be on the solid ground. How true that thought, and yet how different from the manner of the thinking. Thoughts of losing her so lately were crushed his heart to atoms, and to see her thus so sweetly oblivious to all the danger quite unmanned him. A deaf, dead roar like the hoarse roll of heavy artillery sounding above the shrieking winds smote on his ear. He took one step toward her. With a crash the ship struck the reef. The blow shook the noble vessel to the center, but still she rode on. By some unseen hand they had ridden over the first reef, but the second was just beyond.

The tremendous jar caused the busy lady to halt with an inquiring look to seek his face. By the dim light of the room she saw his death-like pallor and heard his voice as it were hollow and faraway.

"Look to God, sweetheart!" it said.

"He alone can save us now."

The whole circumstance was made plain to her. With a low cry she fell forward in his arms. In the wildest dismay he pressed her to his heart. Then came the supreme moment. The ship shot into the air, remained suspended for an instant, and then took the fatal plunge on the reef. No ship could withstand such a blow. In twain she parted, each piece drifting on only to be broken to fragments on the rocks just beyond. With the fatal crash, little Ethel gave one wailing cry of despair, looked last into the face of him she loved, then fainting, closed her blue eyes never to open them more; for the piece on which they were soon was beaten to pieces, and as the waves closed over them Jean, in the last act of despair, with a vision of a sunny home in a little town in the west and a happy maiden therein, beat the waves with his strong right arm. But what man can withstand the buffets of Hatteras?

When next Jean Ericson awoke he was lying in the sand on the shore of the sea. Humming voices were about him, the bright sun from far up in the heavens looked down in pity upon him. "Where was he? and what had happened?" were the questions that naturally arose in his mind. As he lay the sound of the sea reached his ears, which had something of familiarity in it. Dazed, he arose to his feet, only to look upon thousands of fragments of a broken ship strewn all along the beach. The breakers came tumbling in and singing hereto a wailing, mournful song as if regretting the deed committed at their hands. The sight of the sea and the broken ship timbers brought back to his mind the scene and the actors of the day before. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky it struck him; he reeled from the stroke, covering his face with his hands to shut out

the horrid vision. And where was she who should be rescued by him? Wildly he looked around, but no one resembling the loved form could he see. The people around him, his rescuers, looked at him in pity, and he heard some of them say, "Poor fellow, the only one left of the whole crew, and he with not enough reason to tell of the others. Wonder who he is?"

The speech spoken in kindness sickened him, filled him with a nameless terror. Could it be—? He dared not ask himself the question, much less others. A few white upturned faces he saw lying quietly in the sand. The features of these he eagerly scanned, not recognizing them as his old companions. There was only one form that he could have recognized, but it he could not find.

This search over, he turned a sad, appealing look toward the ocean as if imploring it to give up that which it held. The good people again took note of him and addressed him, but he heeded them not. He had commenced to walk up and down the sand looking and paying attention to only the sea. All that evening and for several days thereafter his pathetic figure was seen walking the shore looking out on the great cruel ocean that had robbed him of the very sweetness of life. Every wave he scanned eagerly for a glimpse of the loved form peering into its crest of foam for the tangle of golden hair that never came.

At last, with one long, lingering, despairing look, such as I fancy as a lost soul would give when looking backward for the last time at the Eternal City having, in that death-drowsing moment, caught sight of it, he turned back upon the ocean and crossed the narrow strip of sand down to the water's edge on the other side. The

he found a slight skiff and entered it. With lusty stroke he set out upon the broad expanse of water, never once ceasing the dip, dip of his oars until he became a speck on the horizon. At last his barge touched the low-lying, grass-fringed shore, and he stepped from it and entered the wood. Farther back into the swamps than foot had yet trod he went, at last stopping among the dreadful morasses that nightly steep the flesh with blistering dew. There on the matted dead grass he lay down and fought the battle for reason and life. The she-wolf peered at him from the break nearby and wondered at the strange creature tossing on his bed of grass. The adder and the moccasin slid in and out around his couch, and the black bear sniffed the breeze that fanned him. None dared do the strange creature harm. Burning insanity reached for him with claw-like fingers with fever from the filthy air, but he fought them back and lived.

How long he stayed alone in the dreadful swamps is not necessary to say, but long days after the wreck a man with thin figure and emaciated face stopped before a fisherman's cottage and asked for a loaf of bread and directions to the sea at its nearest point. The kind people gave the poor man what he asked and showed him on his way. Who he was it is useless to say.

Now he lives alone by the shore of the sea that robbed him of his bride. Years have passed over his head with his great sorrow, bearing it down and making it white as carded wool. Daily he goes out and sits in the sand, by the great sea clothed in deep muse. The tides come and go, but he heeds them not. Not many years will pass till they will roll over his broken body as over the body of his sweetheart and wife they have rolled for years.

COMPENSATION OF MASTER AND DOG.

BY JOHN M. PICOT.

Imagine to yourself a cold, dark night in the month of December, the bleak wind blowing at a terrific gait as if it were full of howling demons bent upon the destruction of everything that disputed its right of way. In fact, just such a night for the horrible deed I am about to relate.

On the P. K. & D. Railroad, which runs through a wild and unsettled country, is a little wayside station having nothing for its population but two telegraph operators, one working as day man and the other doing the "owl act."

The station was used only for a waiting place and train-order stop; and this being so, the two operators had little to do, and spent the long hours in reading, eating and sleeping. From what I can learn of the followers of this profession, they can do these three things to perfection.

As I have said before, it was a howling night. The wires shook and moaned in lonesome, melancholy tones. The tall pines behind the office swayed and creaked as if locked in a desperate hand to hand encounter. The office was very much like others of its kind, small, dingy and poorly lighted and as poorly ventilated. In one corner of the room were the tables with their noisy instruments. Across the front of the room and facing the narrow door was a counter upon which the telegraph men had to sign or receive their various orders. At the other door led to a small ante-chamber, used as a bathing room. One small window, about one and a half two feet in size was cut in the partition wall five feet from the floor.

The only means of egress and entrance was through a slide in the counter, which according to rules of rail-roading should be locked all the time; but upon this particular night it had been carelessly left open.

As Howard, the night man, walked in, or rather blew in, he said to his friend James, the day man, after taking off his rain coat and blowing out his lantern:

"Good Lord, James, this is a very devil of a night!"

"Yes," answered his comrade, peering anxiously out through the dingy window at the dim, storm-swept tracks stretching away into the darkness. "You may look for trouble before morning. I never saw such a night! The wires are already in a mess. Numbers 3 and 9 are crossed, and number 5 is working badly. Three washouts have already been reported and several orders annulled. Everything's going to be in a terrible tangle before morning."

Suddenly there came a terrific volley of quick, short yelps outside, and the door, which had been left slightly ajar, flew open to admit a nimble little black and tan terrier.

"Why, Shot, you little rascal," began his master, picking up the wet and chilled dog and holding him in his arms.

"You came a long way through the cold and wind and rain—just to be with me, didn't you, old fellow?"

Shot was his master's best friend and constant companion. Howard had raised him from a pup and had taught him many smart tricks. He had even attempted to teach him telegraphy with surprising results. Shot knew his station call and would jump to his feet and wag his tail, giving vent all the while to joyous yelps, whenever the sounder clicked it off. He could sound his "O. K." with the best operator on the line, and rattle

off his "13" ("I understand") with a gravity and precision really remarkable.

James was just through with his work. He had lighted his lantern, wrapped himself in his rain coat and was about to step-out into the storm. Howard was at the key.

"Wait," he said; "did you hear that? Its to the Superintendent. 'Track six (6) miles south of Wake Forest—liable to be carried away at any moment!'"

A moment later came clicking over the wires the following order:

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, 6—22, 1885

To all Concerned:

All trains will proceed over track six (6) miles south of Wake Forest not to exceed one (1) mile per hour.

C. M. M.

"Let me tell you something, Jim," said Howard. "there's something going to happen to-night—sure as gospel. I've felt it all day. I'm excited, and I'll own up—I'm scared. I ain't used to this sort of thing—never felt this way before."

"Oh, pshaw, man! What's the matter with you? You've been dreaming. Stop imagining things—they won't do for a railroad man. Cheer up, old boy—keep your eyes open. Everything will go O. K. Good night and good luck." And he swung out at the door and away into the storm—his lantern gleaming dull through the haze. Howard watched him out of sight with sinking heart.

On examination, the train register showed that everything was on time, and the next train was not due for six hours. This looked encouraging, and he sat down to his long hours of waiting. After weary hours watching he fell asleep. Shot was asleep, too, at

master's feet. How long he slept he didn't know. He was suddenly awakened by the frantic and incessant yelps of Shot, who was "raising Cain" in fine style. He got up and looked around carefully—both inside and out. He could find nothing. He returned to the office and seated himself in his chair. Hardly had he done so when the door burst open and a band of brutish-looking men rushed in with rough demands for surrender, backed by gleaming weapons. There was no way to escape. Howard promptly surrendered. In a few moments more he lay bound securely in the battery-room, and the robbers, for so he judged them, were in complete possession of the office. A short consultation was held, and they filed out into the night, leaving one of their number to guard the office and their prisoner.

This ruffian was left alone in the office—but not quite alone. He sat down in Howard's chair, stretched his long legs under the table, and—!

"Gr-r-r-r, wow, wow!"—a little black-and-tan demon was playing havoc with his ankles.

It was Shot—who had been watching the passing events with constantly rising wrath. After a short struggle the man shook himself free, grabbed a stick of stove-wood and made a vicious lunge for the dog. Shot was wary, and with another quick snap and a snarl of defiance he sprang through the little window into the battery-room. A moment later he was licking his master's face and bound hands.

Outside Howard could hear the clang of steel on steel. Then it came to him with a suddenness that almost took his breath away—No. 408, the northbound limited, was due in one hour and fifteen minutes. Undoubtedly they meant to wreck the train. Was there nothing he could do? Suddenly a gleam of hope struck him. If he

could only free his hands! He tugged at the cords till they sank into his flesh. Groaning, he gave it up and lay still. Shot stood by, whining sympathetically. He seized the end of the cord and gave it a vigorous pull. Howard encouraged him. Vigorously, intelligently the dog attacked the stubborn knots. To his joy, Howard felt them yielding, little by little. Finally, with a mighty effort, he broke the weakened cord—the blood fairly gushing from his wrists. For a moment he lay quite still—to make sure the guard had not heard him. Then he slowly crawled across the dirty floor to where stood in the corner a small table with an old instrument on it. His hand trembled with joy. He could hardly use his fingers. He opened the key. To his horror he found it would not work. He had forgotten it had never been used for many years. He felt the collection of rust on its surface. Perhaps, too, it had been burnt out by some electric storm. His hand touched the wires. The wires, he knew, were still connected with the main line. Then, in his despair, he had an inspiration. Would it be possible to detach the negative and positive ends of the two wires connecting the key with the main line and by contact make the necessary signals with these two ends?

Hope surged anew in his heart. With trembling hands he detached the wires, scraped away the accumulation of corrosion from their ends, and the circuit was made.

A few moments later he was telling, hastily and briefly only, the whole story to his chief. The dispatcher's answer bespoke promptness. The officials would have the train on hand in sixty minutes with a dozen officers.

No. 408 was ten minutes late; but could not be held in view of her danger because of tangled wires to the south.

Howard thanked God for the washout that had

layed the Limited, and settled himself to the fearful suspense of waiting.

Outside, the would-be robbers were at work. The track had been spread and one rail entirely dislocated. The semaphore was "clear" and all was ready for the dastardly deed.

As luck would have it, the wind was blowing dead against the rescuing train. A quarter of a mile from the office the train stopped and unloaded its cargo of officers of the law and railroad officials. Cautiously they surrounded the office. A man was sent on ahead, by a long detour, to flag the incoming train. A stealthy examination of the office revealed no robber, as had been expected. He, in expectancy of the wreck, had joined his comrades.

Howard, bleeding and almost unconscious, was carried out of the battery-room. In a few words he explained the situation. The wreckers, he said, were a few hundred yards south of the office. A few moments later they in that direction heard a muffled sound. Dividing his men into squads, the deputy in charge surrounded the unsuspecting wreckers and the whole band was captured with hardly a struggle.

The flagman did his work—and five minutes later the long train came puffing to a standstill a few yards away. Its great load of human freight poured excitedly out of their warm berths. Thanks, congratulations, blessings, compliments and promises were heaped upon the rescuing band.

Back in the little dingy office—stretched on the rude counter—lay the man who saved them. By his side sat a little black-and-tan terrier gazing mournfully into the face of his master—whose eyes were gleaming with an unnatural light and whose tongue babbled strangely and

incoherently of an old orchard, a sparkling brook and shady lanes far away.

His *reward*? Tell me not of the voluntary compensations of corporations. It is all a miserable farce. The superintendent commended him and spoke vaguely of reward and promotion. The company's surgeon was satisfied by him during his long six weeks of struggle with death. After the fever had left him—weak and shattered—he resumed his work.

To-day you will find him in the same small, dingy office, in the same wild country, going through the same tiresome routine. Little Shot, his companion and faithful aid in the dangerous night of long ago, has since passed away, and the old man is lonely.

PAGANISM AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE SOCIAL LIFE
OF WOMAN.

 J. W. MITCHELL.

Rome produced a civilization which in many respects rivals all that modern nations can boast of. Deluded by its brilliant exterior, we at times pause and inquire: Do we now live on a plane so high? But all this splendid exterior is deception; for the deeper we penetrate the social condition of the people, the more we feel disgust and pity supplanting all feelings of admiration and wonder. Despotism was the maxim of the rulers; submission that of the people. Unscrupulous gain was the policy of the rich; to aid them was the work of the poor. The poor man had no ambition or hope; his wife was a slave, his children were precocious demons, whose prattle was the cry for bread, whose laughter was the howl of pandemonium, whose sports were the tricks of premature genuity, whose beauty was the squalor of disease and filth; he fled from a wife in whom he had no trust, from children in whom he had no hope, from brothers for whom he felt no sympathy, from parents for whom he felt no reverence; the circus was his home, the fight with wild beasts was his consolation; the future was blank; death was the release from suffering.

To such a diseased condition of society, there must necessarily be a sympathetic response. This response expressed itself in the unappreciation of woman. Parallel with the development of the highest type of civilization, has come a corresponding elevation of woman. Our estimate of woman is no longer determined by her social status of a previous age; but a pure and virtuous woman is the recognized goddess and preserver of man's highest interests. In a pagan age, those qualities that

have given to woman an unquestioned social eminence could not be and were not developed. Then women of great names did not hesitate to put on a yellow wimple one evening and seek adventures on a dark street for amusement's sake. High officials and priests at goblets were willing to jeer at their own gods. The sacred realm of chastity was invaded by the emperor and the fairest and most beautiful were robbed of their richest treasure. It was not until seventeen centuries later that the poet could say:

"Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Pagan Greece saw virtue and seclusion used symmetrically. In Xenophon's picture of married life a young wife is portrayed as an innocent child, petted and tutored by her husband. The Greek courtesan, on the contrary, free to develop mind and body, became the intellectual companion of man. Pagan Rome saw a social condition even more deplorable. Seneca says that "marriage was contracted to give piquancy to adultery. Friends exchanged wives. Under the empire the sensuality of the East was added to the vices of the West."

Hence under Paganism home had none of those attractions which, to-day, invest it with such charm. Splendor streamed from the palace of the rich and squalor crouched in the home of the poor. What can an ignorant, stupid and slavish woman add to beauty? What glitter or artistic splendor can make home attractive when its women are mere butterflies or slaves with gilded fetters? What is home when its women are treated as inferiors? Paganism never recognized the equality of woman with man; and if they ever ruled

was by appealing to their lower qualities, or resorting to arts and devices which are subversive of all dignity and character. But with the flight of personal beauty came the vanishing of this source of power. A faded or homely woman, without intelligence or wit, was a forlorn object in a pagan home,—to be avoided, derided, despised,—and so far as companionship goes, a melancholy object of pity and neglect.

But Paganism was not satisfied to eliminate from society this type of woman. Ever working for the destruction of her elevating influences, it not only discouraged her education, but withheld it from her. Paganism consummated its plan, and the brightness of home was destroyed, and woman became the inferior of man. And when the mind was both neglected and undervalued, how could respect and admiration be kindled, or continue after sensual charms had passed away? Paganism taught the inequality of sexes, and produced it; and when this inequality is taught, or believed in, or insisted upon, then farewell to the glory of homes, to all unbought charms, to the graces of domestic life, to everything that adds our brief existence with the radiance of imperishable joy.

With the overthrow of those laws that govern society its purity, immorality was no longer a bar to social position. Often those who were most attractive and most sought for were notoriously immoral. These did not reign alone for their physical beauty, but also for their social fascinations. Hence that class of women which with us is shunned and excluded from society, was not only flattered and honored, but the class itself seems to have been recruited from those who were the most attractive for their intellectual gifts as well as

their physical beauty. No woman, if bright, witty, beautiful, was avoided because she was immoral. It was the immoral woman who often aspired to the highest culture. They sought to reign by making their homes attractive to distinguished men. But the homes of domestic and virtuous women were dull and wearisome. In fact, the modest wives and daughters of most men were confined to monotonous domestic duties; they were household slaves; they saw but little of what we now call society. Although these women were held in honor and revered by husbands and fathers, yet they were not the women whose society was sought. The men who were most attractive were those who gave and attended sumptuous banquets, who indulged in pleasures that were demoralizing, who attached themselves to men through their senses, and possibly their intellects, and who were themselves strong in proportion as their wives were weak.

Thus under Paganism the general influence of women, especially those who were attractive in society, was to pull men down rather than to elevate them. The women of virtue had not been sufficiently educated to exert any influence except in a small circle. The restrictions placed upon them made them socially slaves. The wives and daughters of the rich tyrannized over their servants, decked themselves with costly ornaments, and were mere gilded toys, whose society was rapidly becoming uninteresting. The wives and daughters of the poor were drudges and menials, without attractions or influence.

Paganism did not offer any consolation to these oppressed, trodden, injured, neglected, uninteresting women of antiquity. They could not rise above the position in which

they were born. Nobody gave encouragement to those visions of beauty and serenity, for which the burdened spirit will under any oppressions sometimes aspire to enjoy. But the cruelest are not without mercy, and Paganism was merciful only in this,—that it did not hold out hopes and promises it could not fulfill; that it did not provoke the soul to indulge in a bitterness in view of evils for which there was no remedy; that it did not kindle a discontent with a condition from which there was no escape. If one can not rise above debasement or misery, there is no use in pointing it out. If the Pagan woman was not seemingly aware of the degradation which kept her down, and from which it was impossible to rise, Paganism did not add stings to her misery by presenting it as an accident which was easy to surmount. Such was a woman under Paganism. She could rise only so far as man lifted her up; and he lifted her up only further to consummate her degradation.

But there were other things which added to woman's degradation. Paganism did not recognize the immortal soul; it only had regard for the wants of the body. It could stimulate ambition, and inculcate patriotism, and sing of love, if it coupled the praises of Venus with the praises of Bacchus. But everything it honored or praised had reference to this life and to the mortal body. That which raises woman highest, it was indifferent to. The cold atmosphere of paganism froze her soul, and made her callous to wrongs and sufferings. Woman was not kindled by lofty sentiments, since no one believed in them. Her face was not lighted by supernatural smiles. Her caresses had no spiritual fervor, and her benedictions were unmeaning platitudes. Take away the soul of woman, and what is she? Crush the

soul of woman, and you extinguish her life, and shroud her in darkness on all who surround her. She could not rise from pain, or labor, or misfortune, if her higher nature is ignored. Paganism ignored what is grandest and truest in a woman, and she withered like a stricken tree. She succumbed before the cold blasts that froze her noblest impulses, and sunk sullenly into obscurity.

Hence, woman under Paganism,—having no hopes of future joy, no recognition of her diviner attributes, no field of usefulness, but in a dreary home; utterly unappreciated in what distinguishes her most, and valued only as a household slave, or victim of guilty pleasures; adorned and bedecked with trinkets, all to show off the graces of the body alone, and with nothing to show the proud equality with man in influence, if not in power, in mind as well as heart,—took no interest in what elevates society. What, then, was there for woman to do with an unrecognized soul, but join in seductive dances, indulge in frivolous gossip, and entice by the display of sensual charms? Her highest aspiration was to adorn a perishable body, and vanity became the spirit of life.

ORAMUS.
—

Let burst those bitter floods of cruel hate,
Back-bite and scowl, gnash teeth, and froth and fret,
With growl and grudge your clinched fists fast set,
And feed my bliss to curse insatiate:—

I shall not faint; on wings of faith elate,
I rise above fierce Rage's cunning net
And leave him breathing murky fumes of vain regret;
His poisoned shaft flies from the string too late.

In this pure light blessed human love
We'll live, my love and I, life's whole day long,
Cheered by sweet melody of work and song;

Around us be the mocking bird and dove
And all the happy, loving things; and may
Sweet, tender cares make glad our golden day.

JOHN LYLY—A STUDY OF HIS WORKS.

 W. J. FRANCIS.

In studying the rise of the English Drama, we very naturally place Nashe, Lodge, Greene and Peele in one group and call them the "lesser lights." There is one man just a little in advance of these men, yet hardly worthy of being classed with the "greater lights." That man is Lyly. Born in Kent, October, 1553, he spent his early life, probably, in the city and entered Magdalen College in 1569. For some offence he was compelled to leave college and live in the country, shut off from his fellow class-mates. A few years later he graduated and began his career as a dramatist.

In 1578, appeared "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit" which was destined to win a place in English literary history, and fame for its author. In less than a year appeared "Euphues, his England," a sequel to the first play. The two formed one work. Some one has said "Euphues is a collection of essays, tales, letters and imitative disquisitions sowed here and there like strawberries." In writing this book, he had a didactic intention. He wished to set forth opinions regarding the formation of character by training and experience; to criticise social conduct, to express his social views upon love and friendship, religion and philosophy; to discuss the then favorite topic of travel, and to convey this miscellaneous instruction in a form agreeable to his readers.

The outline of the play is simple. Euphues, a Greek youth, drifted into Naples. His inclinations were for pleasure. Ebulus, an old man, in sympathy with the boy, warned him against the evils of high living and extreme social pleasures. But the youth, not to be crav-

ed in his sports, found a fellow-pleasure seeker, Philantus by name, and at once they formed an intimate acquaintance and friendship. Philantus at the time was paying his respects to a young lady, and took his new friend to see her. Euphues, at first sight, fell desperately in love with her, but in order to conceal his love, he tried to make his friend think that he was in love with another young lady, named Livia. In the absence of Philantus, he declared his love to Lucilla and got her confession in return. Philantus, on hearing this, was enraged, and their friendship comes to an end. However, it soon came about that they were reconciled, preferring friendship rather than ill feeling. After some time they were separated and each one applied himself to his books. Euphues in love for his friend wrote short epistolary essays to him. These essays constitute the first book.

In the second part—"Euphues, his England"—Euphues and Philantus both went to England, and Philantus was married to a lady named Violet. After spending some time in England, Euphues left and returned home.

Its style was suited to the times in which it was written. Lyly supplied reading matter light enough for idle moments, yet suitable and wholesome. It is full of puns, conceits, and plays on words.

"Alexander and Campaspi" is a love story pure and simple. Alexander conquered Swabia and brought home many captives, among whom was a beautiful woman named Campaspi. Hepheston, one of Alexander's generals, also fell in love with her. Alexander threatened Hepheston with death if he continued his advances. The general yielded and carried the woman to a painter, where she was to pose for a painting. Apelles, the

painter, fell in love with her, and kept her longer than was necessary for the painting. Alexander, suspecting something of the kind, sent for Apelles to appear before him. He came, but with trembling. After much discussion, the general persuaded Alexander to allow the artist to marry the woman. When it was all settled, Alexander called together his army, chided himself for such frivolity, and hastened away to make war against the barbarians.

This play belongs to Lyly's early dramatic career. Like Shakespeare, he gathered his materials from various sources, reworked and used other men's plots, and as will be seen by a study of his plays, he was the master of plot making. As will be seen, his followers imitated him, and in this he exerted a marked influence on Shakespeare. In this play, and in fact all the dramas of the Elizabethan period, the main idea is the love of man for woman. Another characteristic of Lyly, which should be commended, is the absence of vulgarity and coarseness. We hardly find anything not decent enough for a lady to read. Unlike "The Old Wives' Tale" of Peele, it is refined and cultured. The ardent love of Apelles for Campaspi is to be noticed especially. Probably the absence of vulgarity from the play is due to the fact that they were acted by children before the Queen and her ladies. Possibly the youth of the actors is another reason, but it is more probable that the author himself was not a man who cared to indulge in the low and filthy as some of his contemporaries.

Another characteristic in the play is that Lyly planned as he wrote. First, we see Timoclea and suppose that she is to be the chief character, but she never appears again after the introduction. Lyly departs from the story in that he makes Timoclea of little importance.

As noticed in the Prologue, it was hastily written and we pass over it. The movement of the play is by episodes. He cares nothing for a climax. The sub-plot is dropped long before we reach the end. According to Mr. Baker, "The great dramatic possibilities are thus thrown away."

Another characteristic of the play to be noticed as we approach the end, is that Lyly does not understand or seems not to care for growth of character. His characters are types rather than human beings. The coquettishness of Campaspi and her soft words to Apelles rank her far below the heroines in Shakespeare. As a rule, Lyly depends on the way in which his characters speak rather than the truth to life in which they speak. No preceding play is so full of charming lyrics, while in nearly all his other plays he writes in prose. Probably the greatest importance of this play is the way in which the interest in the romantic story breaks through the classic material and Renaissance expression. Therefore we might say that the merits of Alexander and Campaspi are literary and historical and not dramatic. Concerning his other plays little may be said so far as their value is concerned. "Endymion," says Mr. Symonds, "has not dramatic interest, it is nothing but a messenger of exquisitely chased silver full of incense to be tossed before Elizabeth upon her throne, with the ladies of the court at her side." Again he says, "Midias is another Court comedy on a classical story treated with even more obvious reference to public events." "In Sopho and Phao," he says, "the poet shows a queen enraptured by love for a poor ferryman. 'Gallathea' deserves to be classed with the author's complimentary Court comedies. 'Mother Bombie' is a tedious love farce representing English manners."

It is very important, in conclusion, to see just how much influence Lyly exerted on Shakespeare. As the first poet who composed the imaginative pieces called Court Comedies, he holds an important place and should be studied with this end in view. In this he invented a species. His successors well knew how to profit by his discoveries. Lyly more than any other man exercised a considerable influence over Shakespeare's imagination and method of production. Shakespeare's earlier plays abound in euphuistic dialogues and display minute evidences of euphuistic studies.

Lyly, in the true sense of the word, was a discoverer. His euphuism ran its course for more than twenty years. He discovered the dialogue of repartee in witty prose. He discovered the ambiguity of the sexes as a motive of dramatic curiosity. He discovered what effective use could be made of the lyric as an adjunct to the dramatic action. He discovered the combination of the Masque and Drama which gave rise to the Romantic Drama. In studying Shakespeare it is well to have in mind that Lyly preceded and influenced him more than any one else.

Lyly never said a thing for himself if he could find it somewhere else. In this he shared with the men of his group. So did Shakespeare. How many of his plots are original? A comparison of Lyly and Spenser will show that though in accomplishment he is far below the poet, yet he expresses in his comedies the historical influences and the literary aspirations which Spenser phrases in his early works.

Well might we say that though he did not build for himself a name as did Shakespeare, yet he did a good deal to pass on the torch that lighted up the path which enabled his successors to see more clearly the great and noble work before them.

HAZEL.

Mr. Ansley was a true gentleman of the old Southern type. The twenty years which followed our Civil War had made almost no change in his manner of life; nor had there been any great change in his surroundings. The old mansion, built after the colonial style, escaped the merciless hand of Sherman when he made his memorable march from Atlanta to the sea. Mr. Ansley still numbered his acres by the thousands, and his cotton and corn fields presented much the same appearance that they did when long lines of hoes flashed time to the songs of slaves. He had the means for leading a happy, peaceful life, and he employed them to advantage, until one drop of bitterness fell into his cup.

For the first time in years the warm breezes of spring touched his cheek and failed to fill him with an indescribable joy. His daughter, Hazel, was in love with her own cousin, and a rumor had reached him that they were going to be married. Mr. Ansley, and his wife, too, had decided religious views on this question. They felt that if Hazel married her cousin, the sin would be visited unto the third and fourth generation. They found it impossible to make Hazel say what she intended to do. For although the girl had many good traits, she was sometimes stubborn, and seemed not to mind showing the fire in her disposition. This was likely due to the fact that she was the only daughter, and had too often been allowed to do as she pleased.

She did not want to go away to school, so a private teacher was employed to look after her education. She was rather timid, and had such a dislike for going among strangers that she had never left home for any length of

time. Since, then, she had always lived so far in the country as to be cut off from all companions of her own age, with the exception of one cousin, was it anything but natural for her to fall in love with him? The answer to this question dawned upon her parents at that late hour, and they determined even then to try to make amends. Hazel's Aunt Julia, who lived in a brisk little town in Tennessee, had sent invitation after invitation for Hazel to pay her a long visit. But these were all unheeded, merely because Hazel did not care to leave home. This spring, however, when Aunt Julia's regular letter came it did not contain the usual invitation. Mrs. Ansley was surprised to find how much this fact troubled her. She was afraid that "Aunt Julia" was offended, and she suggested to her husband that she ought to go to Tennessee on a little visit and request Hazel to go with her; since now was a good time to let Hazel mingle with people, and in some measure to make amends to Aunt Julia. It is likely that Hazel would have been as unwilling to leave home as ever, but she also took the absence of the invitation to heart.

After some three or four weeks, busily spent in preparations, Hazel and her mother began a journey which they each regarded more as a matter of duty than of pleasure. But after they arrived at Aunt Julia's, there were no more thoughts about duty. Aunt Julia knew too well how to make people happy. Mrs. Ansley, instead of staying only two weeks as she intended, stayed a month, for Aunt Julia's was a rare nature, so kind and so jolly that it cast a glamour over everything. Hazel loved her more than she had ever loved anybody and was delighted that her mother was willing for her to stay until she felt ready to return home.

It was so easy to make Hazel happy and so easy to see it when she was happy, that Aunt Julia and all of her friends found a peculiar pleasure in planning and doing for her all the time. So it was nearly four months before Hazel could and did finally make up her mind to go home.

She did not forget her cousin nor that she had considered marrying him, but she met a boy in Tennessee whose name was Edwin Kerr. Edwin fell desperately in love with Hazel at once; and Hazel took no small fancy to Edwin. "Aunt Julia" was not slow to see this; in fact, she had tried to bring it about; and whenever she could she encouraged Hazel to cultivate Edwin's friendship. Edwin, however, needed no encouragement to increase his efforts to make Hazel like him. He was as wild as a beautiful and attractive girl ever made a man.

The summer passed quickly and happily for the two young people, and the time for Hazel to return to Georgia was almost at hand. Edwin's passion had increased almost with each day, but he was still afraid to tell Hazel that he loved her. He would resolve nearly every day to tell her the next time they met. But when that time came, it always seemed best to him to put the matter off one more time.

At last, however, he had but one more engagement with her. This was to visit a romantic little spot across the river. People called it "romantic," because it was pretty; but there was really nothing of it but a spring that burst from the foot of a huge cliff, and near by was a grove filled with giant old trees whose shade must have been a delight to many an Indian hunter long before the Anglo-Saxon came and placed his rustic benches there.

Edwin had been waiting for a clear day. He thought the clouds never would blow away, but they did—finally.

Arrangements had already been made for a boat, and when he helped the young lady in, he felt a sudden thrill of pleasure. Something whispered to him, he thought. Alas! alas! if that was a presentiment, he must have misinterpreted it.

The river, ordinarily swift along here, was now greatly swollen from the recent rains. Edwin was a poor hand at rowing, and consequently before he reached the middle of the stream he lost control of the boat. The thing swung round and round and was carried down the river at a fearful rate. All his efforts to get it under control only made matters worse. He splashed water all over Hazel's dress, a beautiful silk affair that never should have been carried in sight of a muddy river—and while she sat boiling with anger and almost biting the blood from her lip in an effort to hold her tongue, he became more and more confused. He lost his hat and one of the oars. He strained away until the perspiration made a rag of his collar and shirt bosom and until his face was almost purple. Once or twice the boat almost capsized and as it did so water enough to stand four or five inches in the bottom poured in.

Hazel was suddenly struck with a sense of danger. She forgot her anger, and at the thought of being buried in that swirling flood; the soiled dress became a trial to her.

Edwin gave up, exhausted and ready to die. At length he began, "There's no hope for us, but I could die happier if you would only"—

The boat dipped again, more water poured in, and Hazel fairly screamed, "Man, are you going to sit there and let us drown?"

She looked around to see if any aid was in sight down the river, and when she turned again Edwin was in the end of the boat on his knees with his back to her.

"Is he crazy?" she asked herself aloud.

"Not a bit," came the reply, "look where we are going."

Hazel began to doubt her own senses now. The boat was steadily cutting toward the shore, and she had not the least idea what Edwin could be doing to cause this. She kept expecting to awake from a terrible dream and would not believe her own eyes until she stood on the bank in mud above her ankles.

They had landed in a veritable swamp. There was not a path of any kind which they could follow. Edwin had a fight ahead of him almost equal to the one in the boat; and this time Hazel herself was to be kept busy. The dense undergrowth, the mud, and the pools of water standing everywhere locked them in more and more the farther they advanced. Their feet were caught among vines, their faces scratched by briars, and their clothes torn into tatters. Besides all this, they could never be sure that they were headed in the right direction. They would not have been surprised at any time to come back to the place from which they started—or for all they knew, they might be going straight up or straight down the river. But fortune favored them, and they came finally to the outskirts of that perplexing maze. They were a forlorn couple when they emerged. Neither had the breath or the desire to talk.

Edwin said "Ah!" when a small log cabin appeared not far ahead, and they dragged themselves towards it.

When they came near, a small negro boy, who was just putting the finishing touches on a frog-house, jump-

ed up and fled into the hut. He returned presently, holding to his mammy's skirts, which, when she took her place in the door so completely filled the space that the boy barely had room to peep through.

"De Lord hab mercy, ef I ebber did see de like," she exclaimed. "You shorely has fell in de ribber!"

"We did come near it," said Edwin, "and we want to get your buggy if you have a horse or a mule or anything to pull it."

"Yes, suh; I got a hoss, an' a good 'un, too. Ned, go ketch Nell; hitch up quick an' take dis lady an' gentle mun to town—dat whar yer wanter go? Yer dress is jus' ruined—all tore an' muddy. Sit down in dis chair, honey, an' lem' me get some water and wash de mud off your face. You am jus' shore to be sick."

The woman applied her water to the burning cheeks and talked unceasingly until Ned came with the buggy and, grinning from ear to ear, announced that all was ready. There was room on the seat for only two people. Accordingly Ned had to stand in front to drive.

They started, and Ned opened a brisk conversation with Nell, but she seldom heeded him unless he emphasized his words with a gesture. The other two had nothing to say. Edwin's brain was so benumbed that he couldn't think, and Hazel sat brooding over the woman's prediction that she would be sick, for she thought she could feel the sickness coming on already.

Just as they were coming in sight of the town, suddenly one of the front wheels came off, and boy, man, and girl were thrown out in a heap. None of them, however, suffered anything but fright.

The boy promptly set out down the road to look for the lost tap, but Edwin and Hazel looked at each other in utter despair.

The exhausted girl dropped down on a log by the roadside and said, "It's no use; we are sure to die before we get home, and we may as well try to go no farther."

Edwin assented to this by taking a seat beside her, then added, "I'm glad we have come this far; I had rather be buried in the ground than in the river, or than to be left dead in that swamp."

There is a limit to human patience and human endurance, and Hazel felt that she had suffered enough within the past few hours to bring her dangerously near that limit. Surely it was time for the tide to turn. She was seized with a desire to cry, and the tears were coming into her eyes, when she happened to glance at Edwin. Who would ever recognize him as the young man who had started out with her? The contrast was so great as to appear ridiculous to her, and she turned her face to hide a smile—too late, however, to escape Edwin's notice. What could she see at such a time to make her smile? He guessed as soon as he looked down at his patent leathers and new trousers. Their eyes met, and they burst out into a merry laugh that fairly made the woods ring.

The laughter put an end to all restraint and embarrassment that had arisen.

"It was foolish," said Hazel, "for us to be so sulky; none of it could be helped."

After she ended Edwin still listened; it was to another voice, the one that had whispered success when he helped Hazel into the boat.

Ned came bounding up. "I've got it, I've got it," he cried. "You hold up the axle whilse I put de wheel on."

They took their places in the buggy again and Ned resumed his talk with the horse. He was especially anx-

ious to have the latter understand that it was getting dark. His gestures and his words alike indicated that he was afraid of the drive home. He failed to hear a word of an animated conversation going on behind him. His mind was too full of "hants" and screeching things that were sure to be out by the time he started back. By some miracle, however, none of these got him; but his little heart was kept in a flutter every step of the way for he heard hideous noises everywhere, and all along the road dark objects loomed up which in the dim light of the stars had no definite outlines but which to a great degree assumed all the terrible shapes born of his imagination. Nevertheless, a Roman consul laden with spoils and about to make a triumph never returned to the City happier than Ned was when a few friendly shafts of light piercing right through the cracks of his cabin put to flight all the goblins and made him eager to hear what his mammy would say when he held out to her a gold coin.

After the trip down the river Hazel stayed in Tennessee only four days. She wore a ring home which charmed away her father's only care. The next spring her mother had two dressmakers out from the city to make a whole trunk full of clothes—possibly to take the place of those that Edwin splashed water over. But as soon as the trunk was packed Edwin came and carried it away, and it's barely possible that he carried the girl away, too.

BOLTING THE TICKET.

BY OSCAR R. MANGUM.

"We shall expect much valuable aid from you in this campaign."

"I am sorry, Mr. Berry, but you can not count on me."

"You don't mean that you are going to bolt the ticket?" thundered the enraged Samuel Berry.

"That's it exactly," said Keith Clarke firmly. "If we can not put up men who will command the respect of the people, then I am not to be considered a supporter."

"But we had to put him on the ticket because the ring demanded it, and they are in power."

"Then, since I am forced to it, I want it understood that I vote for a man—not for a party. The party is simply what its leaders are. Mr. Berry, I think it is a burning shame when we are called upon to sacrifice principle, judgment and character to make a compromise with a ring to catch their vote. Remember, I will fight them to the last."

With these words Keith Clarke, a man who owed his popularity not to wealth but rather to his being a self-made man, left the city caucus hall at Hanby with a fixed purpose. He had been paying his respects to the campaign manager's daughter, and he knew his actions would bring a clash between them; but he was a man, and men do not allow that to stand between them and duty.

The party that Keith had been supporting up to this time had put up a ticket that was a shame to the city. Their nominee for mayor was utterly unfit for the place,

and besides he was leader of that hated ring which had been opposed by the best element of the citizens.

The people called a mass-meeting the next day for the purpose of selecting an independent ticket composed of citizens who would carry out the laws if elected. Scarcely had the crowd been seated that day when Keith Clarke walked in with his partner, Charles Luther. That moment will ever be dear to Keith, for it seemed that the pillars and walls of that mighty building joined in the whirlwind of applause and the calling of "Keith Clarke!" "Speak!" For the news of his bolting the ticket had swept the city like a storm, and men who were never seen at a caucus were there.

He knew the time had come to strike the blow that would forever cripple that infamous ring, and he realized, too, that this blow, while doing so much for the city, might pierce his own heart by turning away his best friend, Elsie. But nevertheless he is speaking and attacking the corruption of the ring in no uncertain tones. Listen as he speaks in that clear, deep voice:

"Fellow-citizens, it is before us to decide to-day whether we shall continue to be ruled by a boss, and bow our knees and sacrifice our principles to him. Shall we allow that infamous ring to name our ticket while we bow humbly to their ruling? Shall corruption be our motto and extravagance our song? Shall we remain idle while the very foundation of our liberty is being destroyed and while the court of our proud city is becoming a machine of that lobby? Shall we snatch the blindfold from the eyes of the goddess of justice and take from her the sword that punishes justly, and place in its stead of her wise rulings the wranglings of a demagogue? No, a thousand times no. We must name a ticket that

will down such corruption. The echo that Holland made years ago resounds in our ears to-day:

'God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, brave hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy.'

As he resumed his seat there was another whirlwind of applause, and a dozen or more were clamoring for recognition. Finally, when one was recognized, he placed in nomination for mayor our friend, Hon. Keith Clarke. There was not a dissenting voice, and thus it continued until a strong ticket was named.

That afternoon the *Sun* contained the speech of the nominee in full, which set the city as it were on fire. He was praised by some for the brave manner in which he fought the ring, while others denounced him in their terror as a dangerous man. Among these were Samuel Berry, the manager of the campaign, and Hon. Horace Jones, their candidate. They tried to take it as a joke, but they knew that it was far more serious than they would acknowledge. They laid their schemes to get campaign money, to buy poll-holders, if possible, and they knew that the Brewers' Association would be a sturdy supporter.

After the Hon. Horace Jones left came the real scene. It was between father and daughter. He asked her to send back Clarke's ring and break their engagement, but this she refused to do. Now Elsie loved her father, and when he said with tears in his eyes, "Elsie, you must choose between this man and me," she was willing to do anything for him, even the breaking of her heart, for tears had done what sharp words could never do. When she went to her room to send his ring back, it

seemed that her resolution would fail. O! how could she part with all that was dear to her. His love had become part of her life. But when the thought of her father's tears caused her to tear it from her finger and send it away.

That evening Keith was very happy over the bright prospects that seemed to glow in the future, but the postman handed him this short note, which cut him to the heart:

DEAR MR. CLARKE:—For reasons best known to father and myself we think it better that our engagement be broken off and that we part as strangers.

ELSIE BERRY.

As he took the ring from the box it seemed to burn as a coal of fire. "Why didn't she keep it? Why am I called upon to bear all this?" he had questioned himself a hundred times. "But its done; no retreating," and this was his reply:

DEAR ELSIE:—I respect the love you have for your father and bow humbly to your decision.

KEITH CLARKE

* * * * *

The election day was cold and bleak, yet the crowd at the polls was the largest in the history of the city. The moral element on one hand was determined to end the troublesome faction, while on the other the ring had plenty of money, and with this they carried the entire negro vote. They were not satisfied with this, but in one precinct Charles Luther caught one of the poll-boymen stuffing the ballot-box, while the others had their attention attracted for that purpose. This precinct was thrown out and not counted, yet all seemed doubtful. Some of the sturdy supporters of the ring who had not yet voted, on hearing of this fraud, turned over

voted for Keith. There was a widow living in the edge of town, who on hearing that the election was doubtful, persuaded her two sons to quit their work and go to vote for Clarke. This turned the tide of the election, for when the returns were counted he had a majority of only two.

This struggle was now over, and, of course Keith was delighted that the independent ticket had gained success, and that the city was on a firm basis once more. But amid all this success he could not crowd out Elsie. He took down the box that contained the returned ring, and found in it some writing which he had overlooked. It was only a few words, yet so much was expressed in them: "I am still your own; I was forced to do this." It seemed too good to be true. It refreshed his hungry heart as water refreshes a chase-worn deer on reaching a brook unexpectedly. If he had only seen this before! Now he feared it would be too late. It was already rumored that she was to marry a wealthy friend of her father.

He sat there thinking how often the chords of their hearts had vibrated to the sweetest music ever known to loving souls: "I love you," but the tap at the door ended his reverie, for there was Elsie trembling like a leaf.

"Elsie!" That was all he could say.

"Keith, forgive me for disturbing you at such a busy time, but I could not bear it longer. Did you ever see my message in the box? It has been so long since we were together. My heart has hungered so much of late for that which a father could not give."

"I just now found your message and was thinking of

you, and wondering if you would ever come back to me. But is your father willing for you to come here?"

"No."

A step was heard on the outside, and when the visitor entered they saw to their astonishment that he was Elsie's father. He saw the happiness of his daughter written plain upon her face, and he tried to cool his anger, as she turned to him: "Father, not a word. I obeyed you and crushed my heart so long as it would help you, but now that dreadful election is over, and I shall turn to the one who has made the darkest hour of my life seem happy."

He saw that protest would be useless, and, in fact, he rather admired the young man for his manly bearing, so he turned and simply said: "Mr. Clarke, I am glad that since I must surrender this, the second time, that I am is to a man like you. We shall be glad to have you dine with us tomorrow."

As he turned to go Keith slipped the old ring on Elsie's finger again.

GRANDFATHER'S GHOST.

T. N. HAYES.

The Gray plantation was the best in the country. It consisted of some six hundred acres, lying in the most fertile part of Tennessee. An old-fashioned farm-house loomed up near the centre of the plantation. The owner, Joseph Gray, was a tall, elderly gentleman of eighty. His wife had been dead only twelve months. Since her death, Obediah Gray had been taking care of the aged grandfather and the farm. The old man was not expected to live many years, and each one of his heirs was waiting eagerly to receive his share of the large estate.

But trouble was ahead. The old man, forgetting his extreme old age, resolved to find him a second wife. About this time a widow of forty, from an adjoining county, was visiting her sister who lived some four miles from Gray's plantation.

This widow, being informed by her ingenious sister of the nature of the situation, determined to win the old man and thereby secure possession of the old homestead. She met Gray and encouraged him to visit her. He did so and became very much attached to her. His visits were becoming more frequent until, at last, it was whispered by the neighbors that Gray was going to get married again.

His heirs became very much alarmed at this report, for they knew that the widow was only working to get the old man's property, and, that done, she might use any foul means to accomplish his death. Besides, she would prevent them from getting the estate

at his death. Since the heirs did not wish to talk with the old man on such a subject, they got a neighbor to tell Gray that the woman was only working for his property, and, besides, that she was of questionable character, having been divorced from her husband for just reasons. The neighbor also told Gray that his children were all opposed to such a match. Gray assured the messenger that he did not intend marrying the woman, but since she was of that character, he would visit her no more.

But the old man could not keep his word. Love was too powerful to be resisted by the hale old widower. To keep his children from finding it out, he would wait until Obediah and his wife were fast asleep, and all while his mare, and ride away to see the widow. But Obediah, being ever on the alert, discovered this and reported it to his father. The heirs were distressed and puzzled. What could they do?

Something must be done at once. They must prevent the marriage or they would lose the coveted land. They were about to give up in despair, when Max Gray, one of the old man's grandsons, a very adventurous and ingenious lad, knowing how superstitious his grandfather was, said he believed he could stop him.

The matter was left to Max, and the other heirs anxiously awaited the result.

It was a sultry moonlight night in July. Affairs with the aged lovers had almost reached a crisis, and the old man was going to-night to make a proposal. Slipping out of the bed in the usual manner he mounted his mare and rode away in the darkness to see the widow.

The way lay through a sparsely settled part of country. To add loneliness to the road, one had to pass the

little country graveyard, which had been the scene of many ghost stories. The dead had been seen walking around by travelers passing along the road at midnight.

As Gray rode along this road he did not feel lonely, for he was thinking only of the future and the darling of his childish heart. The clever little widow was ready to receive him, as usual, with her bewitching smiles and flattering compliments.

The writer will not attempt to describe what took place between the aged lovers, but, suffice to say, that if one could have peeped in and seen the old man with the widow on his knee, making love to her, one would have been convinced that an old widower can "court" as well as a young man. She had already promised to be his wife, and they were to be married on the following Sunday. They were now enjoying a foretaste of that future happiness. The aged lover threw his arms about the widow's slender waist and their "spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

Shower after shower of burning kisses covered the widow's blushing face.

Oh, what happiness! He had not experienced such since his youth.

But cruel Time cut short their pleasure, for the chickens were crowing for daylight, and the old man must be back home and in his bed before Obediah and his wife should get up. Embracing the widow fondly and kissing her again and again, he very reluctantly made his departure.

As he rode along toward the little church a feeling of loneliness came over him, and for the first time since his mad infatuation with the widow, thoughts of his

dead wife came into his mind as he neared the spot where he had placed her remains. The nearer he got to the graveyard the sadder and more melancholy he became. Suddenly his mare swerved to the right, for there was a slight rustling in the bushes and an unearthly groan. His horse stopped stock still, for she had got over her fright and now refused to go farther.

"What's the matter, Bonnie," said he, beneath his breath.

Again he heard the noise. The object was evidently approaching. Good Heavens! what was that? His hair stood on end, his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. He nearly fell from his horse for he fancied he heard the voice of his wife. Suddenly a long, slender figure, walking slowly along with head bowed, as if in deep meditation, bound in grave clothes from head to foot, drew near. He could now see its face as it came nearer. It turned its ghastly and sorrowful countenance towards him and reached out its long, skinny hands to him.

"Who are you?" he fairly hissed, almost fainting with fear.

"Ah! you have forgotten me, Joe."

Good heavens! Could he believe his eyes? For there before him was the form of his wife. He could not speak. Finally the apparition broke the silence by exclaiming, "Beware!" "Beware!" at the same time pointing in the direction from which he had come. With a wild leap, the apparition jumped upon the horse behind him. The horse sprang into a gallop. On they went over hills and rocks, never stopping till they had reached the gate at the farm-house. The apparition then vanished into the darkness.

The old man ran into the house, scared and trembling, with his face pale and drawn, and badly frightened Obediah and his wife. He told them his experience. They sympathized with him and promised never to tell of the affair. The old man died in one year from that night. He never went to see the widow any more. He thought till his death that he had wronged the dead and never seemed to be himself again. The widow was disappointed.

When the property was divided, Max Gray received two hundred dollars more than his share for the daring adventure he had made. Did he not deserve it?

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

A TRAGEDY OF LIFE.

The Williamsburg Express was speeding along toward Pottsville, a small town near the coal-mining region of Pennsylvania. Owing to the nature of the country the road was one continuous line of curves, grades, "cuts" and "fills"; it is the section which is known as the foot-hill country.

The view which was continually changing, at every turn, had some new combination of colors to delight the eye. The verdure clad hills, some rising almost perpendicularly from the foot, and the ever-changing vistas of foliage and flowers claimed the attention and transported one from the hard realities of this prosaic life to the realm of imagination where fairy-folk and the mysteries of Dame Nature were rife.

Of all the passengers the ones who seemed most oblivious alike to the roar of the train, the lurch of the cars as they staggered around the sharp curves, and the beauties of the landscape, were two persons—a young man of athletic build, whose flaxen hair reminded one of the Norsemen of old; and a young woman, the light of whose eyes led one to conjecture that she had found some great happiness.

Their conversation bore testimony of their inexperience. Ignorant of the "shocks that flesh is heir to," and the ways of this cold, calculating world, they stood upon the threshold of a new life with no thought but of the sheer joy of loving and being loved. Life's sun had reached its zenith; but their happiness was too sweet to be enduring. No premonition of approaching ill came to them; but the Fates had spun and measured the thread of life.

Rudely were they aroused from their day-dreams. A sudden shock was felt; the car careened, and rolled over on its side crashing and splintering against the rocks. A mass of rocks weighing many tons rolled down the slope above striking the last car.

The train, partly derailed, was soon brought to a standstill, and the work of rescue began. The passengers were taken out, some with maimed and mangled limbs, others more seriously hurt, but when the rescuers reached the young couple, a sad sight met their horrified gaze, for all had noticed them. The young flaxen-haired giant but just now so full of life lay dead, his young wife beside

him insensible. At the moment of the first shock he had thrust his head out of the window only to meet a terrible death.

No pen can depict, no tongue express the grief of that young, widowed wife when she was fully sensible. But as the awfulness of the truth burst upon her like lightning from a clear sky, her wailing ceased; she sat dry-eyed, wildly staring; a dry, hollow laugh burst from her pain-distorted lips bearing all the pent-up agony of her very soul. She was mad, a raving maniac; her golden dreams of life dissipated, "life's sweetness turned to gall."

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from among us our friend and fellow-student George G. Wood, of Cleveland county, to a brighter home above; and,

WHEREAS, He was a faithful member of the Euzelian Society; therefore, be it resolved,

First, That we, the members of the Euzelian Society feel sadly the loss of this Christian worker.

Second, That we tender to his bereaved loved ones our sincere sympathy, and commend them to Him who doeth all things well.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy be sent to his family, to each of the Cleveland county papers, and to the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

J. W. COLE,
EDWARD LONG,
Committee.

WHEREAS, God in His abundant wisdom and love, has seen fit to remove from this life our friend and fellow-student, Harvey Baylis Picot; and,

WHEREAS, He was an active and zealous member of the Euzelian Society; therefore, be it

Resolved, First, that the members of the Euzelian Society do deeply deplore the loss of this bright and promising young man.

Second, That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy, and hope they may be comforted by Him who is infinitely merciful, and who does not willingly afflict.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our society, and that a copy be sent to his family, to the State papers, and to the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

A. M. BURLESON,
H. J. VANN,
Committee.

man gets into office, and the boundless peace and prosperity which it will be our happy lot to witness if only the right man is elected.

But, after all, is it not better that the country is not greatly agitated, and the attention of the people called away from their business by the speeches of politicians and the cartoons and editorials of the newspapers? The people feel reasonably sure that the country will be in safe hands, whether Judge Parker or Mr. Roosevelt is elected, notwithstanding the glaring cartoons and vehement editorials of the newspapers, portraying the terrible results which will inevitably follow if one or the other of the candidates—according to the politics of the paper—is entrusted with the reins of government.

We do not mean to deny that the franchise is a sacred privilege, to be jealously guarded by every citizen. On the other hand, we think that it is the duty of every citizen to exercise his right to vote, after carefully studying both sides of every issue of the campaign. We also think that every newspaper has a right to do what it can, honorably, to help its party to win the victory. However, we do not see the good accomplished by coarse articles and cartoons, portraying the candidates of the opposing party as monsters of iniquity, and magnifying their faults until their bitterest enemies may well become disgusted. Such misrepresentations are not arguments, and few of them bear any resemblance to genuine humor. They can not have as much influence on public opinion as good, clean arguments would have, though they occur much more frequently. Who ever heard of a citizen changing his political faith merely because he saw a malicious cartoon, misrepresenting a candidate of his party, or read an article abusing him? If there

be such men, they are not worthy of bearing the name of "citizens."

The "Liberty of the press" is a great thing for our country, but it seems to us that this liberty is greatly abused at times, and especially during a political campaign.

—

Education
in the
Philippines.

In the *Outlook* for October the 15th there is an interesting article on "American Teachers and the Filipinos," by Miss Helen P. Beattie, who is herself one of the corps of American teachers in the Philippines. A few facts concerning the progress of education there are given below, most of them taken from the above-named article.

During the period of Spanish rule in the Philippines there was practically no school system there. The sons of the rich were usually sent to Manila and often to Europe to be educated. The poor were densely ignorant, and were not encouraged to better themselves, for their ignorance and superstition made them blindly obedient to the Catholic church. There were schools in the towns where the children were taught to read and write the "Doctrina Cristiana," and to chant long prayers, but the Catholic religion was the only thing taught them. The schools ran through the year, but were suspended for every trivial church and national holiday. Attendance was not compulsory, and a very small percent of the children of school age were in regular attendance. There was no attempt at discipline. The houses were poorly constructed, and there were not enough benches and desks.

Under American rule there has been a revolution in

the school system. The islands have been divided into thirty-five school districts, each with its own superintendent, and the character of the teaching in each district has been suited, as far as possible, to the character of the people in that district. School-houses have been built and repaired. Seats and books have been provided. The interest of the people in education has been generally awakened. The children of the poorer class have been made to feel that, in school at least, they stand on an equal footing with the children of the rich. At first the people were suspicious of the white teachers, and the first lesson to be taught them was that of confidence in their new teachers. However, they soon became interested in their school work and in American customs. Miss Beattie says, "The Filipinos are born musicians, orators and actors, and the school entertainments given are far superior to any that could be given by American boys and girls of the same degree of advancement. Their dramas are presented with vigor and expression, and with hardly a trace of the self-consciousness that so often hampers young America."

One of the most important features of the work is the teachers' class, in which natives are trained to be assistants in the schools. There has also been instituted a summer school, lasting a month each year, for the training of the native teachers, and this is meeting with great success. Miss Beattie says that during the first session of the summer school under her observation, there were sixty in attendance; the next year there were two hundred and forty. So great is the thirst of the Filipino children for knowledge that numbers of them begged to be allowed to attend the summer school, but the num-

ter of American teachers was so small that all except those expecting to teach were refused admittance.

The conscientious teacher, besides teaching the children in his school, does a great deal to enlighten the people, who have been brought up under the rule of Spain in the midst of ignorance and superstition, but space does not permit of dwelling upon this side of the teacher's life.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE A. PEEK, Editor.

We are impressed with the fact of the small number of magazines that have reached us so far. It seems as if all October magazines should be out by this time, but we know that there are many hindrances and obstacles to overcome before publishing a magazine.

We congratulate *The Baylor Literary* and *The Stanford Sequoia* on their being able to edit a September number as soon as they did.

The two numbers of *The Stanford Sequoia* that have come to us are the best we have seen so far. The stories and poems are well arranged and are of the proper length. The poems in these two issues are above the standard, and we call especial attention to "The Sea of Life" and "Voices of the Sea."

The Baylor Literary has given us several contributions of real worth. The poetry of the October issue is rather promiscuous. "Where the Jasmines Grow" is a poem, clever and beautiful, expressing true poetic feeling. The persimmon-flavored warbling entitled "Forbidden Fruit" is, however, a hopeless conglomeration of poetic language with faulty dialect. The author makes his hero a victim to the amorous influence of sweet persimmon juice. We would suggest that this disciple of the fruit stand get a ripe persimmon before he gives us another lyric.

We are glad to welcome the *Red and White* in its flaming cover. It appears rather peculiar that the initials of the contributors should correspond for the most part to the names of the editors. If this be the case why not get some of the five hundred students to contribute?

In the *Trinity Archive* for October we find several poems and articles of worth. However, "The Undoing of Sophomore Jim" is the same old story of a profligate youth who gradually goes from bad to worse. There is absolutely no plot whatever to the story. Every college student sees many examples of its kind during his stay at college.

The Central Collegian says that the stories in *The Baylor Literary* are too short. We are unable to find any stories whatsoever in *The Collegian*. There is nothing in the Literary Department but the opening address of the President and a short essay on "The

Poetry We Love." Wouldn't it be well to add a little poetry occasionally?

We are glad to welcome *The William Jewell Student*. The articles are rather heavy for a college magazine but are very well written indeed. The subject, "An eventful Epoch in History; Its Maker," is a rather old one and has been written about so much that you would not expect much original thought, but on the contrary the author has handled the subject well, adding his own ideas to facts of history.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Baylor Literary*, *The Stanford Sequoia*, *The Red and White*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Converse Concept*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Eatonian*, and *The William Jewell Student*.

CLIPPINGS.

THE VOICES OF THE SEA.

O let me walk once more before I die
Along the oft-remembered shore, and let
Me hear the waves, returning, swish and sigh;
Ah, God! When I am dead, shall I forget
That mingled sound of hope and sad despair—
Hope that the wandering wave may turn and be
A part again of that great Soul, the Sea,
Despair that it may never enter there?

—James Temple, in *Stanford Sequoia*



THE GLEE CLUB MALADY.

I met my love in Baltimore
When we gave a concert there;
In Washington I met once more
A maid beyond compare;
In Charleston I found a dream
Of charm and grace divine—
There is no one like that Louisville love of mine.

I found in Cincinnati's smoke
My own, my heart's delight;
And in old Indianapolis
I lost my heart that night!
Both Cleveland and Columbus
Can boast a queen divine—
There is no one like that Louisville love of mine.

You all will say that I must be
A false and fickle swain,
Because I lose my heart one day
And find it soon again;
But if you want a worse disease
Than measles or *la grippe*,
Just get enlargement of the heart
Upon a Glee Club trip.

Note: Owing to the pressure brought to bear upon us, we publish the foregoing as an example of what a Glee Club trip will do to even the most rational of students

—Princeton Tiger.

CHEM. I.

"Did you hear about Jones?"

"No. What'd he do?"

"Why, when he was desperately ill, they gave him oxygen to keep him alive; later another doctor gave him hydrogen; and the two united to form water on his chest and the poor fellow drowned."—*Lampoon.*



Ethics Professor: "Well, you seem to understand all that, now let us pass on to immortality, the life of the hereafter."

Student: "Not prepared, sir."



"She fell in love with him when she saw him hoeing corn."

"Sort of hoe-beau, eh?"—*Sphinx.*



BEFORE EXAM.

"O Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."



AFTER EXAM.

"The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot."

—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

- '04. George W. Coggin is teaching at Ashpole, N. C.
- '04. Gilbert Stephenson is pursuing his studies at Harvard University.
- '78-'80. S. E. Williams has been nominated for the Senate from Davidson.
- '85. J. J. Hendren has accepted a position as teacher in Orum High School.
- '00. G. F. Edwards is principal Salem High School in Sampson county, N. C.
- '94. Foster Hankins has been nominated for the Legislature from Davidson.
- '03. Earle B. Fowler is taking a course in English at The University of Chicago.
- '04. E. Delke Pearce has a position as teacher in the Raeford Military Academy.
- '00. R. E. Sentelle has been nominated by the Democrats of Wake for the Legislature.
- '02 Law Class. R. C. Allen has recently been elected City Attorney at Coweta, Indian Territory.
- '95. Rev. W. F. Fry is meeting with great success as pastor of the Baptist church at Goldsboro, N. C.
- '04. W. L. Beach is meeting with much success as principal of Atlantic Institute, Morehead City, N. C.
- '99. Rev. Charles H. Utley, recently of Southside Baptist church Wilmington, has gone to the Seminary at Louisville, Ky.
- '34. Maj. J. M. Crenshaw, the first man to matriculate at Wake Forest College, has given \$500 to the Alumni Building.
- '77-'81. C. W. Mitchell has been nominated by the Democrats of Bertie for the Legislature, where he has already served several terms.
- '03. David A. Covington spent a few days on the Hill before leaving for the University of Chicago, where he is taking a course in Greek and Latin.

- '79. C. S. Vann has been nominated for Senator from Davidson.
- '02. Rev. R. P. Walker, pastor at Moorehead, spent October 18th-20th with his mother and friends at Wake Forest.
- '83. H. P. Markham is a prominent business man of Durham, N. C., with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company.
- '00. Arthur W. Cooke, of the Greensboro bar, was married to Miss Anne M. Owen, of Augusta, Ga., on October 12th.
- '94. Rev. D. F. Lawrence, of Alexandria, Va., has taken charge of the *Baptist Chronicle*, the official organ of the Baptists of Louisiana.
- '98. Rev. J. D. Larkins, pastor of the Baptist church at Henderson, N. C., was married on October 12th, to Miss Emma B. Cooper, of Kenansville, N. C.
- '04. W. W. Barnes is tutor in the home of Dr. H. R. Morseley, Santiago, Cuba, and is learning the Spanish language, preparatory to work on the foreign field.
- '81. D. F. Ward, who tied with H. P. Markham for the Greek medal while they were in college, has been nominated by the Democrats of the New Bern district for Senator.
- '98. Rev. A. C. Cree, pastor of the Twenty-second and Walnut Streets Baptist church, Louisville, Ky., has accepted the appointment as tutor in theology in the Theological Seminary.
- '97. Rev. C. B. Paul died at Davis, Carteret county, August 18, 1904. He was 38 years of age. At the time of his death he was General Missionary of the Atlantic Association. His wife and a little daughter survive him.
- '78-'81. Isaac Fort, a prominent planter and business man of Wake Forest, and Miss Nellie Holding, of Sanford, were married on October 19, 1904. The bride is pleasantly remembered in Wake Forest. They have the best wishes of THE STUDENT.
- '01. J. Q. Adams, Jr., holds the Cornell fellowship at Cornell University. This is the oldest fellowship in the University, and the most honorable, for it makes him dean of the fellows. Last year Mr. Adams won the Hiram Corson \$50 gold medal for the best essay on "Robert Browning as a Writer of Plays." This contest was open to the whole school.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

ARTHUR L. FLETCHER, Editor.

"Mid-Terms!"

Just six weeks till Christmas Exams! How time flies!

Mrs. William Dabney Duke, of Richmond, Va., is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Taylor.

Miss Etta Mae Francis, a student at the Baptist University for Women, spent two days on the Hill, visiting her brother, Mr. W. J. Francis.

Dr. F. K. Cooke, Dean of the Medical School, is with us now. We are more than glad to have him back again after his long and dangerous illness.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Richard Crozier and their daughter, Dolores, of Evansville, Ind., have taken quarters at "Kenilworth." Mr. Crozier has begun his work as Director of Physical Culture.

Miss Rhett Leach, of High Point, N. C., spent two weeks on the Hill, visiting Miss Elizabeth Allen. Miss Leach is always a most welcome visitor, and our little social world is much the brighter for her occasional visits.

On Wednesday evening, October 19, a beautiful marriage was celebrated in the Baptist church at Sanford, Rev. J. W. Lynch officiating. The contracting parties were Miss Nell Macon Holding, of Sanford, and Mr. Isaac Fort, of Wake Forest. The bride is a popular young lady, well known here, and the groom is a prominent business man of this place. THE STUDENT wishes them well.

They say that the best way to grow wise is to display your ignorance. Some of our Newish friends are taking this road to wisdom. One verdant youth, shortly after his arrival, was found standing at the campus gate, looking rather dazed, and inquiring in a timid voice of the passers-by: "Say, mister, whar's the school-house?" Another, on being asked what he was going to make of himself, said: "I—ah—I ain't yet decided whether I'm going to be a chemistry or a drug-store." Shades of the "Laboratory Newish"—what next!

Wake Forest and Richmond meet in debate again on Thanksgiving eve, at Raleigh. The question which will be discussed is as follows: Wake Forest having the negative: "Resolved, that the advanced nations should control, for the world's benefit, the territory occupied by backward races." Wake Forest's representatives have not yet been chosen. Let every man of us "buck to them" and see them through. This is Richmond's time to win, and it's up to us to see that "Old Gold and Black" does not go down in defeat. Boys, we've got to win! A long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together—and the trick's done!

The Great State Fair has come and gone. All of us, from humble Newish up to mighty Senior, took it in on Thursday. It was the same old show over again—beginning with the merry-go-round at the gates and ending with the red lemonade booth at the grandstand. "Lanette, the Flying Lady," as mysterious and incomprehensible as ever, smiled serenely and floated around on airy nothing. Rubber balls, stinging whips, and blinding dust made the "Pike" almost unbearable. Barkers with strenuous voices barked incessantly of six-legged hogs, "Jolly Joe," the fat babies, "Fairy Land,"

"Glass-blowers," "Madame Zenda, the Fortune-teller," "Razzle-dazzles," and Ferris Wheels. The "Souvenir Man" was there with the goods. The Egyptian Astrologer, in flowing Oriental robes, told your fortune "from the cradle to the grave." Big fat hogs grunted lazily in their pens on the side. Prize sheep and lowing Jersey attracted the "Jerrys"—and every Newish in the crowd could go the exhibitors "one better" on "dad's farm down home." It was a tiresome day to most of us. A day full of wonders and new pleasures it was to the Newish—a red-letter day in their calendar.

The Glee Club and Orchestra is getting into perfect trim. It has given but one entertainment this year—the one at Louisburg. It was a success—financially and otherwise. This month it takes a trip to the western part of the State. Asheville, Statesville, Hickory, Lexington and Chapel Hill will be visited. The boys have worked hard and deserve success. Too much praise cannot be given the competent director of the club, Professor Eatman, for the faithful work he has done. The following is the "line-up":

Glee Club.—First Tenor: M. L. Davis, B. J. Ray, P. Richardson, D. Eatman. Second Tenor: G. S. F. J. W. McGhee, P. C. McDuffie, C. A. Leonard. Bass: S. W. Bagley, L. N. Powell, W. Lennon, H. M. Poteat. Second Bass: B. L. Powers, W. H. Pace, T. Lyon, W. H. Weatherspoon.

Orchestra.—First Violin: J. J. Thomas. Second Violin: M. L. Davis, T. A. Lyon. Flute: W. Lennon. Horn: T. M. Bizzell. Trombone: H. M. Poteat. Bass Violin: B. J. Ray. Drum: B. L. Powers. Piano: D. Eatman. Business Manager: J. D. Proctor.

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THE LAST FLOWER.

H. F. PAGE.

Thy sisters all have flown;
Belated thou hast blown,
With dead leaves 'round thee strown—

Lone,
Lone,
Lone!

The maple's lost its gold,
And winter ermine stoled
Breathes frost upon thy fold—

Cold,
Cold,
Cold!

Along the broom-sedge sear,
Dark-crimsoned sumacs fear,
And bleak winds stealing near—

Drear,
Drear,
Drear!

Thine iris tintings fail,
Thy folds grow deathly pale—
Ye spirits of the vale,

Wail,
Wail,
Wail!

Drooped pinions—muffled tread—
See—On this heather bed,
Earth's last and fairest—dead!

Dead,

Dead,

Dead!

Soft winds from out the West,
Once more, at fairies' hest,
Breathe low upon her breast,

“Rest,

Rest,

Rest!”

ORIGIN OF THE GREEK DRAMA.

BY GASTON SIMMONS FOOTE.

Whatever elements the Greek Drama may have owed to Egyptian, Phrygian, or other Asiatic influences, its development was independent and self-sustained. The drama is of decidedly mimetic character, but "to imitate," says Aristotle, "is instinctive in man from his infancy; and from it all men naturally receive pleasure." The desire to give expression to feelings, emotions, and conceptions is inseparable from human nature. One can not exist without the other. We find it among barbarians, we find it among civilized races. This desire to give expression to emotions and conceptions is represented through the medium of gesture and speech; and it is in this desire to give substance, to characterize, and to imitate these affections and conceptions of the human heart that the Greek Drama has its beginning. But as true as it is that the mere assumption of character, whether it be real or fictitious, is the earliest step, the drama itself is not reached until imitation extends to action.

Now as to the cause of the emotions and conceptions that originated the Greek Drama. In most countries and with most people works of art and literature are the direct outcome of religious effervescence, and the early Greek Drama by no means deviates from this rule. The earliest poets and sculptors found their highest aspirations and inspirations in singing the praises or chiseling the likeness of the divine being; and the immediate cause to which the drama owed its origin was the fervent zeal with which his followers worshipped the god Dionysus, in whose sacred festivals it took form and ripened, and

to whose honor it was dedicated and consecrated. Its early history is so interlaced with the worship of Dionysus that some brief account of him is necessary. Although he finally became one of the most important if not prominent of the Greek divinities, he appears to have come to the knowledge of the Greeks at a comparatively late period. Homer mentions him only four times, while Herodotus says that his name was learned by the Greeks "much later" than those of the other deities.

Dionysus was essentially, in the former conception, a rural god—the god of trees, shrubs, fruits, and vegetable produce of all kinds. His name was most intimately connected with the vine, while all fruits of a soft, mellow nature were judged to be under his supervision; and it was on this account that he was called the Fruitful, the Leafy, and the Flowering. The spring-time was most sacred to his divinity, for it was then that he stirred the earth from its long torpor, breathed into it life and warmth, and covered it with vegetation.

But it was chiefly as the inventor of wine that he was held in reverence by mankind; and, as wine is incentive to the dance and song, he was a patron of poetry and the dance.

In his various wanderings and adventures, Dionysus was generally accompanied by a troop of mythical beings, who represented the strenuous forces of nature, and the passions and emotions of the human mind. The followers were Satyrs, Bacchantes, and Centaurs, and even Pan followed in his train. Allegorical characters sometimes were represented as following him, among them the Muses, the Houris, and the Graces.

With this brief rehearsal of the attributes of Dionysus, we now turn to the Dionysiac festivities. Those with which the drama was concerned were held in Attica and

were of two kinds. The one was held in the spring-time when nature was awakening to new activities and when it was time to drink the last year's wine. The other was held in winter, after the harvest, to celebrate the completion of the vintage and the ingathering of the fruits. These twin festivals, held year after year, throughout the Attic villages, were the primal home of the Greek drama. These festivals were merely rustic gatherings drawn together in honor of the god who blessed the toils of the countrymen, and made the earth productive and fruitful. The worship began with a procession to the altar of Dionysus, where a goat was offered as sacrifice. A rustic maiden led the way, adorned with golden trinkets, and bearing aloft the sacred basket, in which were the offering of cakes, a chaplet of flowers, for the victim, and a knife for the sacrifice. Others followed with rural offerings, such as grapes, figs, and jars of wine; while the phallus, the universal symbol of Dionysus, was carried aloft. While the sacrifice was going on, dances and songs were performed in honor to the god; then came the sport of dancing upon greased wine-skins; and the festival then ended with general drinking and merriment.

From the winter festivals sprang the comic drama. At these festivals a troop of revellers marched in procession, chanting songs to Dionysus. These revellers held aloft the phallus, and in consequence the songs which they sang were called "phallic songs." In the interims between the choruses, the leader of the troop entertained the crowd with witty, scurrilous impromptu speeches, either spoken as a monologue or as a dialogue between himself and his followers. This intermingling of song and satire finally materialized into the choruses and dialogues of comedy. Time has wrought such

changes in the style and structure, however, that the comic drama has lost all traces of its origin, "still the characteristic features of the primitive phallic songs were long retained at Athens in a curious interlude, in which high-flown lyrical passages alternated with humorous spoken addresses on passing events."

The tragic drama had its birth in the spring festivities of Dionysus, when the people came together to open the casks of new wine and to welcome the advent of spring with much mirth-making. At the spring festivals they were in the habit of singing the praises of their patron in a kind of hymn called the Dithyramb. This in its earliest form is supposed to be an importation from Phrygia, as it was sung to melodies in the Phrygian style and accompanied by the flute—an instrument intimately connected with Phrygian music. The dithyramb was a hymn chanted by a chorus and accompanied by expressive gestures and motions; hence it was placed in that category of performance which is termed a choral dance. Its intent was to present in a concrete form the various episodes attendant upon the life of Dionysus, by means of song, mimicry, and pantomime. The singers, now disguised as satyrs, or companions of Dionysus, danced around the smoking sacrifice, chanting the god's adventure and presenting each phase of the story with such realistic gestures as to persuade the spectators almost to think that they were actually present at the occurrences of the events and not at a mere recital of them. These choral dances were a favorite institution among the early races of mankind, being used in religion for the purpose of fastening the sacred legends in the minds of the people.

The rise of the dithyramb to the sphere of literature was due to the Dorians. These people were gifted in

and had practised the art of choral composition from very early times. It, however, was not brought to perfection until the middle of the seventh century. The dithyramb naturally had its share in the gradual and general development of choral poetry, and it owed its advancement to the poet Arion.

Arion was a celebrated harp-player of his time, and he lived the greater part of his life at Corinth, where he first brought the dithyramb into general prominence by his innovations. What Arion seems to have done, however was not to invent new forms, as much as to introduce order, and systemic regularity into those that already existed. He fixed the number of dancers at fifty, and it was never afterwards changed. He is also said to have revolutionized the musical character of the dithyramb, and to have changed it into a more dignified kind of composition by substituting the grave Doric for the emotional Phrygian music, and by employing the harp as well as the flute.

From the dramatic side the most important of Arion's changes is the insertion of "spoken verse" in the midst of the choral odes. Aristotle says that the germ of tragedy was to be found in the speeches made by the leader of the dithyramb.

These speeches were probably carried on by the leader with his fellow-performers, and they most probably pertained to the adventures of Dionysus. They had a marked influence on the history of the drama, as it was from them that the dialogue of tragedy finally developed.

Up to the time of Arion, the advancement of the dithyramb was uniform and straightforward, but after his innovations its course began to part company. It diverged into two distinct branches, the one choral, the other dramatic. The choral division retained the name

"dithyramb," while the dramatic branch fittingly assumed the name "tragedy." At this time Thespis of Icaria conceived the idea of improving the dithyramb in structure. His innovation was vital and far-reaching in its results. It was the introduction of an actor as opposed to the regular members of the chorus. The additional performer was to give greater prominence and effect to the interludes, or spoken conversations, by changing them from the choristers who had hitherto carried them on, to the leader of the chorus and to the actor.

Thespis, like most early dramatists, himself took the part of the "actor," and used to represent different characters in succession by quick changes in his costume. He at first painted his face with white lead, but later on he invented a kind of linen mask.

The platform which the leader of the chorus used to occupy, while talking with the rest of the singers, now was used by the actor; and in the rear of the platform was a kind of closet in which he might retire in order to change his costume. This closet and platform finally merged into the stage of ancient and modern theatres.

The performance of a Thespian tragedy was simple in character. First of all the actor came forward upon the platform and delivered the prologue. Then followed choral odes, chanted by the chorus in front of the platform. At each interval the actor again made his appearance, first as one character then another.

The question as to the metrical form of these speeches must be decided by conjecture. Before the time of Thespis the meter had been trochaic tetrameter, but within thirty or forty years of the death of Thespis the iambic trimeter was firmly fixed as the prevailing measure of the tragic dialogue. Thespis seems to have used both indiscriminately.

Thus it is that Thespis leaves the drama. Much, however, was still to be accomplished. The performance as yet was more lyrical than dramatic; the plots were almost devoid of variety of incident; the dialogues were hardly better than interludes. The choral songs and dances formed the chief attraction. Though the plays of Thespis were far in advance of earlier efforts, yet his importance is not due so much to his plays as to the final results for which he paved the way.

THE TALE OF A PIONEER.

BY E. A. TURNER.

About one hundred and forty years ago, when the new America, with the banks of her running streams piled high with precious stones, her rolling hills filled full of native iron in ready blasted sheets, her babbling clear brooks saffron-hued with the dust of pure gold that lined their banks, making tiny placer deposits in freedom of every obstructing boulder, with her verdant primeval forests abounding in every species of wild animal that deliberately placed their heads in the noose of the savage hunter, and her romantic Indian maids, clothed in their flowing robes of beads, and flashing the fire of innocent coquetry from their beautiful dark eyes, was attracting the adventurous youth of England, the romance of an English youth was rudely arrested.

It was that of Robert Carew. He was a distant relative of the royal family, and of course had to marry at their dictation. For some time he had been in love with an humble but respectable peasant's daughter—Mary—but had kept it a secret by seeing her only in the evening's waning twilight. At last he was seen with her and reported to his parents. Then followed a show of the will he had. He knew she was pure, and swore never to give her up.

For a while he did not try to see her, but soon began to make nightly visits again. Together they planned to go to the new America, where they knew, from the fairy tales they had heard, they could live so easily, beyond the reach of royal officers. There they would gather the gems and jewels which the Indians spun into robes and blankets, and sell them for money. They would catch

the wild hare and the antlered deer with a decoy of cabbage leaf; they could not starve in such a land.

He had come to take her away. Two horses were tethered behind the peasant's garden; the two lovers were just inside the hawthorn hedge, sobbing in their last embrace—her heart had failed her. With an oath of impatience, as he pushed her from him, he threw a chain of golden beads around her swan-like neck, and sprang over the hedge.

She lingered there, sobbing on an aspen tree whose leaves were trembling to the beats of her sobbing, while she listened to the ringing clatter of a horse's hoofs beating out a clear farewell through the stillness of the evening atmosphere.

"Is he going away alone? Is it possible he loves me truly? Yes, I know he does. He told me so. What did he say? Ah! yes, I know: he will come back again. He will get rich in the land of the Indians. He will build us a castle there; then he will come back again. Is it a castle in the air? Oh! Holy Mother, is it? Will he come again? Why didn't I go with him to help him there? Oh! great God, send him back again.

"I will go to Father Lawrence, and give him this little golden chain, and he will pray to the Holy Virgin; then he will come back to me, I know."

Robert hurried away to the coast, where he fell in with a party of Scotch-Irish headed for the Carolinas. They struck the New World near the mouth of what is now known as the Cape Fear river, finally settling near the present site of Fayetteville.

The first thing after their settlement was the organization of a military guard, for protection from the savages. This was done, and Robert, because of his training, was made their captain.

What kind of a life was he finding? Was it the life of ease that he had thought to find when he left his peasant Mary over the sea? It was more nearly antithesis. He found the conception he had formed was only the painting of the proprietors; the same old plot that commercialism had always used to decoy the unsuspecting to a new land.

Instead of the peace and plenty he expected, he found a life of hardship. At night he slept by the smouldering camp-fire with musket by his side, and pistol gripped in his hand, dreaming always of the stealthy savages. Not even a wild-cat could peep through the thicket, and snuff at his scent as he lay sleeping, but that he would rise on his elbow, and grip his pistol tighter. Nor could an owl hoot in the distance but that he thought it the raid of a savage horde, and he would rouse his companions in feverish haste and prepare for defence. Often both gun and trap failed to keep the little settlement supplied with provisions. He found the wild things as wary here as in the old home, and not often did they place their heads in his nooses for pity's sake, no, not even for the sake of the women and the sick men did they do it.

To many circumstances man can accommodate himself, but not to anything like this. It was the gnawing of hungry stomachs, appeasable only by food in reality and not by imagination. Hence it was necessary to do something to relieve the situation.

He took a part of his men, leaving the others to protect the sick, and cultivate the Indian corn, and went further toward the west in quest of food.

Everywhere they were using the utmost precaution and the subtlest diplomacy to avoid a clash with the voracious savages, who wanted only the merest excuse, and often none, to fall on the paleface weaklings, as they

called them. But finally, despite their diplomacy, their swapping of trinkets and fancy-colored blankets, they had their first clash. It was with a small party of Pawnee Loups returning from a war with a distant tribe.

In their first attack from ambush two of the palefaces fell. Then the food-seekers began to fight as the Indians did; behind trees, rocks, and bushes, and soon drove them off, and buried their comrades. Then with hearts burning with revenge they started in pursuit of the murderers.

Captain Carew, forgetting his danger, and swept on by his impetuosity, was soon far in advance of his men. Suddenly the Indians sprang from nowhere, and he was surrounded and bound.

They placed him on one of their ponies and resumed their march. They led him on and on until he saw the smoke of their village, and made out wigwam after wigwam rising toward the sky. They had reached their home. Everywhere the squaws, with their papposes strapped to their backs, were engaging themselves with the feasts—the great war dance was on. The prisoners of war were brought out, for show and amusement to the crowd. Among them was the paleface prisoner, too. He was the curiosity; to many, this was the first sight of the race that was so persistently, surely, pushing and driving them toward the setting sun. To some he was a wonder. They looked with admiration on the symmetry and evenness of his form; were pleased with the merry laugh and rollicking song he greeted them with—for policy's sake. Others heard them with misgivings, and encored them with frowns; they heard in the gayety of his voice the mutterings of future thunder; in his pleasant countenance they saw the portents of lowering clouds accompanied with their storms; and behind that white face they perceived the destiny of the Indian race.

This latter element it was that planned his doom. It was only a few days now until corn-planting time. Some one must be sacrificed to the great Star (Venus), to insure a propitious season for their crops. "It must be the white man," they agreed. "The Great Spirit told us so."

Their frowns changed to smiles of apparent pleasure, their gruffness to affability itself, when they came into his presence. His old torn, journey-stained clothes were exchanged for their gayest robes. The skill of the squaw was sorely tested for something savory to his palate—he must be fat for the sacrifice—and he wondered at the change.

The sun had taken its plunge into the sea of night, leaving the world in quiet darkness, unthinned even by the rays of the friendly moon. Captain Carew was lying on his bed of straw thinking of a little girl around whose neck he had thrown a golden necklace, half-way hoping she had forgotten him, when he saw some one creeping through the wigwam entrance on hands and knees. It was Itumea—fairest maid in all the Indian tribes, the daughter of the Pawnee Chief.

A savage had become an angel of mercy. She had come to tell him of the fate planned for him, and to plan for his escape. Two more days, and the Great Star must have its victim. The next night he must escape or never.

"To-morrow night I will drug the guards again," she said. "I will come to you again, and loose the thongs that bind you, and together we must creep out, and ride away; both on my little pony. Away across the hills and mountains we must ride, back to the settlements of your race, with you I will go, for if you get away, and I come back, my father will kill me, will sacrifice me to the

Great Star. Though he loves me more than he does his hunting, yet he will do it, for the Great Star has never given up its victim, and the Great Spirit will curse our tribe; our corn will wither and die; famine will take us and eat our bones away, and the great Pawnees will be humiliated in battle, and her warriors become the sport of others.

"I will slip the wampun belt from its hanging in the great chief's council chamber. We will buckle this around our waists; that will make us light, and my pony can run swifter than the thoughts of my father-chief with his braves in the council of war, and with the endurance of the Great Spirit itself.

"May the Great Spirit send you peaceful slumber until the morning's sun shall rise, and whatever you do, show no sign that you know, for they will move you where I can not find you. I shall not fail you, I have given my word."

The next day's sun was well started on its westward journey when a squaw awoke the sleeping prisoner, with a call for breakfast. He had slept the whole night through; not an uneasy dream had troubled him. The Great Spirit had answered Itumea's prayer.

Soon the braves, adorned in their hideous costumes of paints and feathers, began to visit him; telling their tales of war and yarns of the hunt. Then they began to weave their webs of wilful lies. They told him of the time he was to become a feathered warrior of their tribe, and how he was to go on the hunt and war-path as their fellow-brother; adopted as their own, while down in his dusty lungs the inhaled air was vibrating with suppressed and secret laughter at their conceit and cunning. Little did they dream of the delicate traitor in their midst.

So the day wore on, and "night drew her sabled curtain" close around the Pawnee village. Not a cloud was there to make the darkness denser, yet, it was dark enough. Itumea had prayed for darkness,—she had it. Nor did a breath of air rustle through the leaves of the forest. Silence in all its perfection reigned supreme, save for the occasional stamp or snort of the ponies as they cropped the grass around their stakes.

Once more, Robert Carew, this time with excitement beating at his heart-strings, saw a slight figure glide into his dark wigwam. It was Itumea again. In an instant she was at his side; quickly, silently, she severed the cords at his wrists and ankles; and he was on his feet.

"Now follow me, close," she breathed through her lips, and they were out into the night. Quickly into the forest she led him; to her faithful pony. They mounted and were on their ride, the muffled feet of the pony as noiseless as the dew fall.

"Put the wampum around our waists," she said. He buckled the belt around their waists, while she bent low over the pony's neck, and spoke low in her musical language. At the sound of her voice it sprang forward like an arrow, out from the forest, across the hills toward the mountains.

Suddenly in the village there was a commotion. The prisoner was gone; Itumea was gone. Like relentless bloodhounds on the prisoner's track, the baffled warriors were after the man and maid. They had found the trail, on their ponies' sides they were hanging low; with their black eyes they saw like cats.

The moon was just penetrating the darkness with its light-flashing rays; the trail was easier, they were gaining now on the pony with its double burden. Itumea heard their exultant shouts, and resolved to die rather

than surrender herself and the white man she had learned to love.

To her pony she spoke again: "Fly, White Face, fly! Ah, Great Spirit, waft us on thy winds; do not let them catch us.

"Great White Chief, over yonder crest, down into the boiling flood, we can go, where man has never leaped before. The wampum of the chief! that will save us," and like a rock from an ancient catapult they were over.

On the rocks below the Indian warriors looked down in the pale moonlight at the body of a pony, mangled and bloody; on the bones of a maiden, ground to dust, and on the form of a man, walking toward the foot-hills at the forest's edge, with the wampum belt of their chief dangling from his arm.

They dared not touch him. They remained huddled there on the brow of the crest, lost in admiration, while he walked away to meet the rescuing party from his settlement.

Robert Carew went back to England, and while in the House of Commons, he was fighting in a battle of words for the independence of the people across the sea, whom he had learned to love and understand, through privations suffered with them, one could have heard, had he but listened, Mary Carew, telling their little daughter, in the British Museum, the story of the wampum belt, in the British Museum, and of the statue of an Indian maid around whose waist it hangs.

HYMNODY AND AMERICAN HYMN WRITERS.

BY J. M. JUSTICE.

The best definition ever given to the word *music* is "making melody in the heart," found in the Bible. Man has loved music from his most primitive state. Even animals may be tamed by harmonious sounds.

"Music's force can tame the furlous beast;
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane
Attentive to the song."

As we sing *Rock of Ages, Home, Sweet Home*, and other stirring hymns written by English authors, we ask ourselves the question, "What have our own people done in the realm of song?" America's hymn writers are numerous, and a number of them have achieved fame, but few of us know who they are, or what they have written. Consequently the praises of those who have for us go unsung. How many of us know that the author of our own national hymn is Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, of Boston? Born 1808, graduated at Harvard with Dr. Holmes in the class of '29, he entered the Baptist ministry and achieved distinction. He was a many-sided man, and is equally distinguished as author, editor, and preacher. He wrote "America" in 1832, and found the tune for it in a German music book. It was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park Street church, Boston. It was a happy thought in Dr. Smith to write it in the same meter and in Dr. Mason to set it to the same tune as the national anthem of Great Britain, *God Save the King*, thus uniting our own land to the mother country. His best work is his missionary hymn, *The Morning Light is Breaking*. Dr. Nutter says

it is "pleasantly optimistic." During their relations at Harvard, Dr. Holmes referred to him in a class poem, thus:

"And there's a fine youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

Mr. Duffield says in his preface to *English Hymns* that hymns are pre-eminently expressive of spiritual life. If this be true, our land feels the pulsations of noble life if we shall judge by the number that have put new songs into our mouths. Those who are regarded as our best American hymn writers and friends of music are Bishop Doane, Dr. W. A. Muhlenburg, Dr. George F. Root, John Granleaf Whittier, Mr. Thomas Hastings, Mr. Edward H. Sears, Dr. Ray Palmer, Mrs. S. E. Miles, Miss Phœbe Cary, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. Lowell Mason, Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss, and Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford. Possibly of these the name best known to us is that of Dr. Palmer. He was born in Vermont in 1808, and graduated at Yale.

A critic has noted that English hymn writers, as a rule, show the presence of wealth and culture; those of America—equally as a rule—show the presence and pressure of poverty and hard surroundings. This holds true in the case of Dr. Palmer. He was a Congregationalist and spent most of his life in Boston. It is said that he wrote his masterpiece, *My Faith Looks up to Thee*, when but twenty-two years of age, to voice the deep feeling of his own soul, in special distress at the time through ill health. It was published a year later by Dr. Lowell Mason. It is a hymn of the first rank, and may be safely pronounced the finest devotional lyric of America yet published. Dr. Benson says of it in his *Familiar Hymns*, "It is as well known and loved as any American hymn. It seems to many people like a part

of their own spiritual life." Mr. Duffield says of Dr. Palmer, "We may safely venture the assertion that he has written more and better hymns than any other American." *My Faith Looks up to Thee* would, of itself, have immortalized his name in sacred song.

The part played by Dr. Lowell Mason in Hymnody is an important one. He was born in Massachusetts, 1792. Before he had reached the age of twenty he had learned to play on every kind of instrument that had come within his reach. He is best known as the leading spirit who introduced music into the public schools. His whole life was given to an effort to broaden the realm of music. Even at the advanced age of sixty-one he went to Europe to pursue his favorite study. Upon returning he published his *Musical Letters from Abroad*, and his reputation was made. As an evidence of the high appreciation in which he was held the University of New York conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music in 1855, the first instance of the conferring of that degree by an American university. He left his famous musical library to Yale. Mr. Frothingham says of him, "He did more to make the practice of vocal music popular than raise the standard of musical culture." He wrote numerous good hymns, and his published works exceed fifty volumes.

Probably next to Dr. Mason we should put the name of Dr. Thomas Hastings. Both were pioneers and inured to lives of hardship. Dr. Hastings was born in 1784 in Connecticut, but two years later his parents removed to New York. While he is accredited with having written no less than six hundred original hymns, yet his contribution to music that makes him famous was the reforms he introduced into hymn writing. He maintained in a work *On Musical Taste* that hymns should

be as expressive of spiritual life and worship as sermons. The thought was well received, and from that date a decided advance was made in the character of the composition of hymns. In support of this idea Mr. Duffield says, "It is one of the truest tests of a hymn when it is found to possess the power of awakening and stimulating devotion." Dr. Hastings was the author of numerous works on the subject of music, but he felt that *Selah* was his best. One of his strongest and most successful efforts in books was directed towards securing congregational singing in public worship. Though he met with opposition and discouragements, his results are far-reaching. Mr. Randolph has remarked that it is simply marvellous that he should have accomplished so much. He was hampered by the perpetual drawback of imperfect eye-sight, and yet, in spite of this and other hindrances, he carried out a life work which is its own best memorial.

Who has not noticed upon the pages of our hymnals the name of George F. Root? He was born 1820 in Massachusetts, which we see is the mother State of song. His education was completed in Paris. Returning, he gave himself unreservedly to the profession of his choice. The latter part of his life was spent in Chicago, where the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon him by the University of Chicago. He put forth a strong and telling effort towards the elevation of the standard of music. He is famous as an author. Among his most noted pieces are *The Battle Cry of Freedom*; *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys are Marching*, and the well-known quartette *There's Music in the Air*. Perhaps the name of no American hymn writer is any better known than Dr. Root's.

However short the sketch on this subject we should

feel it incomplete did it not contain the name and a tribute to Miss Phœbe Cary. All have admired her touching hymn—

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than ever I've been before."

At the age of seventeen she wrote this hymn. Naturally we think of her and Bryant together for two reasons. Both wrote their best productions before they had reached the age of twenty, and both were based on the subject, death. Miss Cary, the youngest sister of the more celebrated Alice Cary, was born in Ohio, in 1820. Encouraged by their success, the sisters came to New York City in 1852 and there sustained themselves by literary work of various kinds. Their efforts, though not attaining such a high measure of success as some, were faithful and lasting.

Some of our best known hymns were written by men like Dr. A. J. Gordan of Boston, author of *My Jesus I Love Thee*, who possibly never wrote more than one or two. Whittier's songs are too well known to mention. The part that American hymn writers have contributed to the world of song is considerable when we note the great number that have been translated into foreign languages.

A stanza from Moore taken from his *Irish Melodies* will help us to better appreciate the deep meaning and power of music:

Music!—O! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy word's may feign—
Love's are even more false than they:
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

KIRK'S RAID.

BY JO PATTON.

The month of June 1864 is a period long to be remembered both North and South. The papers were full and every tongue was busy speculating on the outcome of the joint campaign for crushing the Confederacy into submission, planned by Sherman and Grant. It was during this month and following Grant's avowal to take Richmond that the several battles of The Wilderness, Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania Court House were fought in the North. While in the South at the same time Sherman was engaged in the battles of Resaca, Dallas and the engagement at Kenesaw Mountain in his famous march to the sea. While the eyes of the entire nation were centered on the mighty forces engaged in these conflicts, the souls of the small remnant of inhabitants remaining at home in western North Carolina were harassed by an invasion from Kirk's bloody raiders, of far more purport, to them at least, than the foiling of Grant's daring scheme.

After the battle of Chickamauga, in '63, and the battle of Missionary Ridge, in '64, the territory of east Tennessee went into the hands of the Federal Government. It was from this section that Geo. W. Kirk sallied forth at different intervals with his bloody herd of deserters and raiders, into the mountains of Western North Carolina to spread terror and desolation among the helpless mountain folk. Prior to his main raid there were several smaller invasions made by this looting mob. One against a Confederate forge and foundry at Linville Falls, held by Capt. Jones, where there were about 400 men detailed at work. In this case, two guards were

placed on duty, who sought to divert themselves by assisting a couple of maidens in the work of making molasses nearby, while in the interval Kirk's men, ever on the alert, killed the guards and took the entire works unawares, making the officers prisoners and driving off the remaining force. Again three weeks later Kirk made a tour up Patty's Creek and Linville river during the night, stealing hundreds of horses and cattle. One hundred mounted men including 65 commissioned officers, collected three days after this and attempted to find the marauders but all to no avail.

It was on the 27th of June, 1867, that Kirk made the great raid of which I wish to speak. At this time the Confederate Government held a camp of instruction at Camp Vance, three miles east of Morganton, for the purpose of drilling conscripts. This was the head of the Western Railroad, and an important point. There were about three hundred boys, seventeen years of age, in the camp at the time of the capture.

Geo. W. Kirk, the leader of the raid, had in charge in East Tennessee, a battalion of Federal troops, recruited from East Tennessee and Western North Carolina; some in the number were from Burke county. Kirk, as has before been stated, was constantly in evidence in Western North Carolina, and while his charge wore Federal uniforms, they were for the most part, deserters and bush-whackers picked up by him in his rambles. Consequently it was an easy matter for him to sneak covertly through the mountains, make a raid and return for he had many friends all through Mitchell and along his entire route. Knowing the country as he did he was ordered to take Camp Vance. In consequence of which he started with one hundred and twenty-five men, from his number, on foot. He came across Jones' Ridge and

down Steel's Creek, striking the Piedmont road at Upper Creek, near the old I. P. Beck place, thence down the ridge to the Rocky Ford, which he crossed on a high bridge there, erected by Hamilton Ervin: thence crossing Hunting Creek at the old Pearson and Sudderth mill, and thence to Camp Vance, now the R. J. Hennessee place. The Episcopal church has a mission there now, "The Chapel of the Cross." The Federal troops arrived at the Camp about an hour before day and found no difficulty in capturing the whole squad, as they were ill-guarded and the men asleep. The Lowdermilks who lived at the bridge gave the Town the alarm and some few men escaped from the camp and hurried to Morganton. It was thought that Morganton would be taken as there was not a gun fired at Camp Vance, and since there was a Confederate Commissary there. The number of Kirk's men was greatly exaggerated, being represented as a regiment of men. There were in Morganton only a few furloughed soldiers and the old men above conscript age. They rallied about fifty of this kind and the boys under eighteen and Waitstall Avery, a brother of the well known Judge A. C. Avery, took charge of them. They formed in line across the road just beyond where the Broad Oaks Sanatorium now stands. The late R. C. Pearson, Esq., father of Col. Wm. S. Pearson, and the late A. Hamilton Ervin, Esq., two old men with double barreled shot guns, rode towards Hunting Creek as scouts, to report the action of the enemy. About half way between Camp Vance and Morganton, at the ford of Hunting Creek, they discovered twelve of Kirk's men watering their horses, which they had stolen en route or taken at Camp Vance. These men were also scouts endeavoring to learn the defence at Morganton. The leader of the party rode forward, dis-

covering Pearson and Ervin, dropped his Winchester on his arm, preparing to fire, when old Col. Pearson solemnly muttered, "May the Lord have mercy on your poor soul," and pulled loose at him, leaving 14 buck-shot in him and his mule together. Thinking this a large party the scouts fled to Camp Vance in great haste. This adventure saved, at least, a fight and perhaps the town. News was sent to the Western Railroad of the incident and the Iredell and Catawba militia were sent up—but a day too late. Waitstill Avery organized a squad and advanced undertaking to head them off. However during the intervening day Kirk's men raided the country, providing themselves with horses and food, then hurried back to the mountains towards Tennessee, with their prisoners. They had plundered all the river people, taken seventeen horses from Mrs. Caldwell, mother of Gov. Caldwell, and served others in the same manner. Avery succeeded in intercepting them, having posted a detachment on a hill just beyond Brown Mountain where the Piedmont road crosses. When the Kirk forces appeared in the road below they were fired on and the fire was returned. The Confederates were afraid, however, of shooting their friends, the prisoners, as the Kirk troops had placed them in front, rallying behind them. In the skirmish Kirk was shot in the arm and Bud Roseman, the drummer boy, and one of the prisoners from Camp Vance, was killed. He rests at the spot where he was killed with nothing to mark his grave. Dr. Pearson, one of the sergeants of the 58th Regiment at home on a furlough, was shot through the knee, disabling him for life. Kirk's forces showed game all the way through, were not demoralized, and pressed on towards Tennessee holding most of their prisoners. This back-set cast a gloom on the advanc

ing militia. While they outnumbered Kirk's men ten to one still they were mostly old men and when they failed to capture Kirk's gang they became more interested in finding a keg of brandy and a night's lodging than in following a pack of dare-devils through the mountain wilds. However, all undaunted, Avery selected fifty choice spirits from the number and followed them, engaging with them again at Ripshin on the mountain in a fight. By this time Bob Miller and some Caldwell men joined them, and they made a gallant but unsuccessful charge up the mountain against men firing from behind trees and thoroughly conversant with the ground. There was no chance of flanking or surrounding the enemy. Old man Chandler was killed, Avery was mortally wounded and many others were slightly wounded. No relief ever arrived, and Kirk's men, jubilant over their brilliant record, skulked back to Tennessee in great haste. It was one of the most daring adventures ever made by a bold, blood-thirsty, merciless mob. Kirk was afterwards given a colonelcy and then made watchman in the Interior Department at Washington. Prior to this he was leader in the Kirk-Holden war in Alabama and Caswell, on account of which war Holden was impeached. The raid brought Kirk great glory. A half mile from Lovins' Summer Resort, at Ripshin, is a small monument which marks the grave of Waitstall Avery; while each year the United States Government pays a large sum in pensions to the *valiant* heroes who engaged in Kirk's Raid.

MOTHER.

BY EARLE GORE.

Three years ago she passed away
From earth, from friends, from children dear;
And left us but the moulding clay,
And life has been how drear—how drear.

And now, though free from all life's cares,
Her vacant seat recalls to all,
How oft she poured into our ears
The plea of love—on Christ to call.

A life she lived; a life she made,
But Death, the cruel monster, spake,
And in the grave her form was laid
Secure, in heaven above to wake.

O, could we too so live on earth
In heaven above her soul to meet;
Of joy then there would be no dearth,
Secure in the love of Christ so sweet.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH PERIODICAL
LITERATURE.

BY GORDON R. EDWARDS.

In order to get a clear understanding of the humble beginning of this mighty element in the English literary life, it is first necessary to get a picture of the merry old England of that time.

Imagine to yourself a land, whose fields are all well tilled and clothed with verdure; where farm-houses and peaceful country homes fill the land, and where life itself is pure and sweet. Now, having an idea of the country as a whole in the latter half of the seventeenth century, let us look more closely at the literary centers, taking London as the most conspicuous example. Think of a populous city thronged with men and women of all nationalities, hurrying to and fro on business errands. All is bustle and hurry. The heavy wagons and carriages roll through the narrow, crooked streets with thundering sound, and almost every other noise is heard, that makes the whir and stir of our own cities of to-day, except possibly the jingling of the bells of the overcrowded street cars. London bridge is crowded both day and night. On the opposite side of the Thames from London is Southwark, a magnificent town, where are the sumptuous dwelling-houses of distinguished literary men, and eminent men of all professions. Not one-tenth so busy as London, yet very far from being quiet, and a place where solitude broods.

This picture is incomplete as yet, for we have not mentioned the coffee-houses, which are a most important element in ordinary English town life. They were established as soon as coffee was introduced as a bever-

age of common use in 1652. They grew in number until some time in the eighteenth century. It is estimated that in 1708, when Steele was preparing the first sheets of the *Tattler*, there were about three thousand coffee-houses in England. Men of all classes and professions dropped into them, to smoke and discuss current events while they leisurely sipped their coffee.

The coffee-houses were known by the names of their owners. For example, there was in London one Garr-way's, where tea was first retailed; then there were Jerusalem's, Jonathan's, Lloyd's, Tom's, Dick's and Will's. That of Will's was the rendezvous of all distinguished literary men. It was here that John Dryden presided; Pope was brought to it when a child, in order to let him look upon such famous men; and among other frequent guests were Swift, Addison, and Steele. University students, clergymen, and scribblers of all ranks and position, gathered there to talk and to listen by turns. Theatres, new books, poetry, current matters, and every thing appertaining to matters of interest suitable for discussion, were talked of. These were the houses which gave birth to English periodical literature, and on account of the contact of literary men of distinguished reputation, they had a most undoubted *raison d'être*.

Now, since we have a fair picture of the time in which English periodical literature was born, we may turn to the periodicals themselves.

The first date which can be laid down with any degree of certainty, for the publication of anything which may merit the name of periodical literature, is that period of the Civil War which immediately precedes the Commonwealth, and may be denoted in figures by 1645. They were simply small weekly publications containing the arguments of both political parties. So they were politi-

ical in character, and were of interest only to those who took part in the political discussions. However, they continued for about three years, which brings them to the beginning of the Commonwealth. At this date they disappeared, and nothing more was heard of these purely political periodicals. But they are important because they mark the first step in the development of periodical literature of any kind. After this nothing else was heard of periodicals until fifteen years had passed.

The second step in this advancement was made in 1663, when the government determined to completely monopolize the right of publishing news. Accordingly, they established a journal called *The Public Intelligencer*. This did not last for more than a year, when it was succeeded by *The Oxford Gazette*. This suffered the same fate as its predecessor, and in 1666, gave place to *The London Gazette*. However, this was more successful than the two foregoing ones, and was continued for several years. The position of editor, or rather gazetteer, as it was then called, was a regular ministerial appointment. At the suggestion of Addison, Steele was appointed to that office on *The London Gazette* in 1705. It was probably here that he caught the spirit which caused him to begin his interesting little paper a few years later.

In the year 1702 a real newspaper was established, and which probably deserves the name of being the first real newspaper. It was *The Daily Courant*. It ran for thirty years and was a remarkable success. It contained the expressions of the different political parties just as the very first periodical did, but in addition to this, it contained the news of the city, book reviews, literary essays, and articles on numerous subjects. It was a valuable addition to the pleasures of London lit-

erary life, and London society in general hailed its appearance with a clamor of applause.

Two years after the first appearance of *The Daily Courant* in 1702, another periodical came into the field, under the direction of that charming writer, Daniel Defoe. It was called *The Review*, and contained about the same as *The Daily Courant*, only it dealt more elaborately with current topics, having essays and polished articles, suggested by the numerous news items. He divided his paper into various departments. One of them was conducted under the head of the Scandalous Club, which contained many humorous articles on various subjects, and these departments probably helped to suggest the idea of the *Tattler* and *Spectator* to Addison and Steele.

Between the years 1704 and 1709, at least a dozen newspapers came into the field and appeared regularly on post days, which were Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and half that number were published on the alternate days of the week. All these periodicals had their day and passed away, but when a master-hand came to the helm, the literary ship was steered with matchless perfection. Steele caught the idea of how a popular periodical should be conducted, and his mature plans were brought to light on April 12, 1709, when he issued the first copy of the *Tattler*. His, indeed, was the master-hand that safely steered the ship of periodical literature through the narrow straits of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

We must not forget that the *Tattler* was born in the very atmosphere of the coffee-house, and it was to be expected that its pages would be filled with the news heard at these coffee-houses. Steele divided his paper into several departments, each one named after the coffee-

house at which the particular news that he related was supposed to have been heard. In outlining the plan of the new periodical he states that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's chocolate-house; poetry under that of Will's coffee-house; learning under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James' coffee-house; and whatever else I have to offer on any subject shall be dated from my own apartment."

The papers that had appeared heretofore had been filled with either seriousness or morbidity on the one hand, or on the other hand with explosive ideas and unpardonable bombastic expressions. But Dick Steele was a humorist of no mean degree, and he saw through things at a glance. However, something of a serious purpose is found in the dedication of the first completed volume: "The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguise of cunning vanity and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior." The *Tattler* appeared on post days, three times a week; the sheet was small, and sold for a penny. Contributions were accepted from various writers, some of whom were not identified until the publication of the final volume. Addison, on reading the sixth number, detected the personality of Steele, and himself contributed forty-one papers, and in conjunction with his friend wrote thirty-four others; but of the 271 *Tattlers*, 188 were written by Steele. The *Tattler* continued for only two years, ending January 2, 1711.

Two months after the cessation of the *Tattler*, Steele was ready with a new venture, and on March 1, 1711, he issued the first *Spectator*. Addison joined and helped him, and soon became the dominant spirit. He wrote

274 of the 555 numbers which composed the first series, and twenty-four of the second series, which appeared in 1714. Of the 635 numbers included in both the first and second *Spectator*, Steele produced 240.

The famous "Club," which is the most conspicuous feature of the periodical, was originated by Steele; but when Addison took hold, he created such a living character, Sir Roger de Coverly, the good old country squire, that this portion of the work is attributed to him. The attempt to furnish the news, which the preceding papers had tried to do, was, in the case of the *Spectator*, completely dispensed with, and the periodical was entirely given up to essays, each number containing just one finished essay. The success of this paper greatly surpassed that of its predecessor. The editors received many laudatory epistles, expressing the admiration of the people for their paper. The periodical reached the circulation of 10,000 copies.

It is needless to trace further the rise and fall of various publications, but suffice it to say, that when the ice was broken in the manner that we have seen, no more encouragements were needed to bring new and paying periodicals into circulation. Of course this humble beginning is meagre in comparison with the great power which the press now possesses, but it had to begin in some way, and as is the case with most great enterprises, it had an humble beginning. Periodical literature is now in flower; it has almost attained perfection; however, be not satisfied with this degree of perfection, but let us strive earnestly to give our best thoughts and ideas to literature, and clothe them in the most presentable form of which we are capable.

"THEIR DESTINY OBSCURE."

BY "PFCK."

On the point of land which the historic James makes as it mingles its waters with that of Hampton Roads, stands a dilapidated Southern mansion. It is colossal in structure, and its many gables and chimneys lead one to think that it was once the abode of some governor. Perhaps it was once so; but to-day nothing human lives within its crumbling walls. It is now the resort of bats and owls and those supernatural beings called by some ghosts. Close by this forsaken house there stands a hut used by a fisherman for years. To-night he sits by the fire encumbered with the results of years of toil and worry. Without the night is dark and dismal. The wind is making ominous sounds within the old mansion. Far back in the woods can be heard the moaning of the trees as they battle with the storm while trying to maintain their ancient footing. Against the rocks the waves break high and return carrying everything that happens to be within reach of their greedy fingers.

Within the hut the lonely occupant sits by the fire, his head resting between his knees. The hour grows late; the once roaring fire has died down to a few embers; the tallow candle has burnt out, a sudden puff of wind through the window, it flickered and was gone. The complete darkness in the room aroused the old man from his stupor. Slowly rising he staggered to the door, opened it and looked out. Gradually the clouds had dispersed. He stood with bare head gazing out in the night. The wind blew his long, matted locks from his forehead, which showed traces of a half-fleeting mind. When and under what circumstances had he seen such

a night as that before? Not for fifty years had there been such a time to him. The tide was running high over the rocks as it did that night when he made a race for life. To-night nobody lived within the mansion, the light burnt over the bed of a dying man, except for the absence of the light all appeared the same to him. As he stood with his demoniacal stare steadfastly gazing out, there suddenly appeared to him a figure noiselessly walking out the house and making its way toward his hut. A sudden terror seized him, every muscle in his body trembled as if an electric current had passed through him. Slamming the door he fell against the wall and slowly sank to the floor.

* * * * *

It was a hot and sultry day that John Redford laid to rest all that was mortal of his once devoted wife. There were but a few to mourn over her, for during her life she had kept from people.

After the death of his wife, John Redford had a duty imposed on him, namely, the raising of his two children, Emma and Gilbert. Never was a more sacred task imposed on one so unfit for it. He lived close to the ocean and from the sea he expected food and raiment for his little ones.

During the bleak days of winter he would fish and oyster, often coming home at night his clothes frozen stiff to him. In the sultry days of summer he fished from morning until night, leaving his two children to take care of themselves until he returned. In the summer the boy and girl would wander about the beach chasing sand-fiddlers or making houses in the sand—always together. In winter they stayed close by the fire, amusing themselves the best they knew until their father returned at night. Thus it was day in day out from year to year they were always together.

Finally a change took place. Gilbert had grown large enough to be of some assistance to his father, and do it he must regardless of how lonely Emma would be when left alone.

The first day that Gilbert went out with his father, Emma went to the shore and watched them off. They did not go far that day, but remained close to shore. All day she sat by the rocks and watched her father fish, while Gilbert would take off the fish and keep the boat clean. The next day Gilbert remained at home, and not for a minute would Emma lose sight of him. That day Gilbert planned what he would do when he became grown, told Emma that he would make money and not have to leave her at home so lonely.

As time in its steady course fled on, Gilbert and Emma grew with it until the day finally came when Emma was large enough to attend to the household affairs. As each grew older, closer grew the tie which bound sister to brother. With the increase of that sisterly and brotherly love, Emma gradually acquired a longing for the outside world. All she knew of the actions of other people was told her by Gilbert, who learned something when he would go with his father to sell his fish. The older Emma grew the stronger became that longing to get away. She, unlike Gilbert, could not be satisfied to remain forever by the ocean, hearing nothing except the long rolling of the surf and the wild screams made by the gulls as they fought over their prey.

One night in stormy December Emma determined to put in action her longing for years. After Gilbert and her father retired she wrapped most of her possessions in a bundle and slowly crept into Gilbert's room to look at him once more, perhaps for the last time.

Must she wake him or not? That he would not be

willing to let her go she knew, but she could withstand the temptation no longer, so leaning over the bed she gently called him. Immediately he awoke. His fears for a long time were about to be realized. All persuasion was useless. She could no longer stay there. She was going somewhere, and that at once. Hastily dressing, Gilbert took her bundle and started. Their way led across a marsh, then across a river that emptied into the James. That night the marsh was cold and drear, a few forlorn bulrushes acted as sentinels over their fallen comrades. Now and then some night-bird would fly from its resting place on the marsh, being disturbed by the intruders.

After about fifteen minutes' walk they came to the little river. Untying a row-boat that was nearby, used by people for crossing the river, Gilbert placed his sister in the stern and took the oars. Up this river it was comparatively calm, but out at the mouth the surf could be distinctly heard. Both sat in silence until they reached the opposite shore. Gilbert rowed the boat close to the wharf and helped his sister out. Where was she going now? To the family about three miles distant and wait until they went to the little town about twenty miles away. Already could be seen the first gray streaks of dawn. Gilbert must go; taking his sister in his arms he held her for a few minutes, then jumped in the boat and rowed away. Never looking behind; once only did he imagine he heard her call, but when he looked around she was gone. Perhaps the sound was the wind in the trees or the water against the wharf.

It did not take Gilbert long to row back that night. When he reached home his father was still asleep. He did not retire at all, and when the usual time to get up

came, he called his father. On asking about Emma, Gilbert knew nothing more than that she was gone. John Redford made no search for his daughter, but pursued his usual work as if nothing had occurred.

About one week after Emma left, John Redford was suddenly taken sick. During the night he became delirious and cried aloud for Emma. Whether to leave his father and try to find his sister or to remain troubled Gilbert. Finally he resolved to go to the house where she said she was going. He took the same way across the marsh and river. Soon the opposite side where he bade his sister farewell was reached. Little did he think when he left her there a week before that he so soon would follow her. He reached the house where she said she was going and to his joy found her. The way with his sister he sped to the bedside of his father. The way seemed longer than ever. The night was wild and the sharp wind cut their faces to the quick. When they reached the house all was still, the light still burnt, but nothing human dwelt within. Going to the bedside they found their father with his hands grasping a miniature photograph of a woman.

To-night, fifty years later, Gilbert Redford lies in the fisherman's hut close to the mansion. Without all is quiet save the wind, which is never still near the forsaken house.

SCENES ALONG THE YADKIN.

BY W. R. EDMONDS.

At the foot of Grandfather Mountain is the source of one of the grandest and most historic rivers in the Tarheel State. From a small spring, only three or four feet in diameter, flows a little streamlet, which, as it winds its silvery thread down the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, is joined by numerous other small brooks, thus forming a watercourse noted for its beauty, grandeur, and excellent water-power. This famous river waters about twenty counties in the heart of the Piedmont section of North Carolina, then rolls on its way through South Carolina, finally reaching the Atlantic Ocean near Charleston.

Along its banks, in days gone by, lived a people famed for their love of liberty and hunting. Here, in days of yore, could be seen the camp fires of the Indians around which sat a company of Indian braves, describing some adventurous feat with the occasional "paleface" who chanced quietly to pitch his tent along the banks of this beautiful stream in quest of ease, comfort and pleasure.

It was upon the banks of this noted stream, and at a point now in Caldwell County, where Daniel Boone, the famous hunter and backwoodsman, spent his early life, living in ease and comfort in his quiet but secluded hut which, being situated on a slight eminence, overlooked the rippling river for miles in each direction. A few miles below and in what is now Surry County, lived Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans and the great Democrat of his day, who spent, in part, his early years along the banks of this famous and historic stream which is the subject of our story. Here he studied law and

was admitted to the bar at a little village called "Old Rockford," which was the county-seat of the county at that time.

Many miles below is the place where General Greene, in his skillful retreat from South Carolina, crossed this stream just in time to prevent Cornwallis from capturing his army, which, had it been done, probably would have proved a fatal blow to American Independence. It was in the midst of this region that the first Moravian settlements from Germany, whose history is one long, quiet, and successful chain of events, purchased one hundred square miles of land from Lord Granville, of England, and established a settlement whose record has been one of purity and prosperity.

Various other events of almost equal importance have occurred in this beautiful region so favored by nature; but the reader will learn from what has already been said that many points of historic interest center around the early traditions of the pioneers who first settled the Piedmont section of the State, by whose courage and energy we were enabled to establish a government and thus make this the most beautiful and most productive part of our great commonwealth, and, at the same time, to preserve many interesting stories of the people who dwelt along the banks of this beautiful and historic stream.

HOME AND HAUNTS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY W. LENNON.

There is perhaps no residence in England better known than that of William Wordsworth. Rydal Mount, his home for more than thirty years, is located in a place suggestive of poetry itself. About a mile on the road from Ambleside toward Grasmere, a lane completely overhung with trees turns up to the right, and several hundred yards from the highway, elevated on Rydal Mount, stands this cottage. A high screen of picturesque hills and mountains stretch out before it; behind, stands the steep hill called Nab-scar; but to the left extend the broad waters of Windesmere, and to the right the still flood of Grasmere. Cottages and quiet houses, the homes of his friends and neighbors, are scattered here and there.

As his mind directed, he might steal backward and climb into the solitary hills, so often mentioned in his poems, wander along some rocky brook, stroll around the shadowed wood-lanes, or if he wished stand on the banks of some beautiful little lake or listen to the falling waters of the cataract. Some have asked where he acquired his poetical philosophy which he himself expounds in almost every page of his works. Little would it be amiss to point him to these immediate grounds, not especially of this one surrounding, but such as are described in his Tintern Abbey. The most complete view of these surroundings is seen from a level above the house-top, to which one is conducted by turfed paths with trees completely overshadowing them. From this hill can be seen the small but richly ornate villa of Mr. William Ball, a social friend to Wordsworth. It was

formerly the property of Charles Lloyd, also a friend of the poet's.

Probably some of the most interesting years of Wordsworth's life were spent in Somersetshire, where he was accompanied by Coleridge and Poole. People have often wondered what induced this poetical brotherhood to select a scene so far away from the haunts of other literary men. Wordsworth never obtained exclusive happiness from following the plow on the banks of the Susquehanna, but from this he made his discovery that true poetry was based on nature, and on nature he firmly based his thoughts, from which spring the most beautiful nature descriptions in literature. To a life of country seclusion Wordsworth and Southey adhered, retiring to the "mountains, to the side of the deep rivers, and lovely streams, wherever nature led."

Hidden at the top of Quantock hills, near Bristol Channel, is situated Alfoxden house, named from a streamlet which issues from the bottom of a deep, narrow glen or dean—allfoxden, a glen of all the foxes. The closely wooded lanes which pass down through the little hamlet is within itself a true model of seclusion and would make one feel as if he were going quite out of the world of mankind and really the cottage is a place almost too wild for human habitation, for it is shut in by close, thick woods. Upon entering them, one finds himself surrounded by a thick, hazy gloom, the ground is strewn with fallen leaves. By the sound of the water issuing from this glen one can find his way to Alfoxden. The surroundings are quite poetic. Howitt describes them as, "Fine glens with glittering streams, and here and there a lonely cottage sending up its quiet smoke, run among these hills, and extensive tracts of woodland offer you all the charms of forest seclusion."

"Little lines

Of sportive woods run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!"

There are numerous descriptions of these favorite places of Wordsworth. Here were great haunts for Coleridge and Wordsworth. Coleridge has a poem to a brook among the Quantock hills which is descriptive of their scenery.

"A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A smoke and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing lark ever poised herself.
The hills are healthy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gray and gorgeous covering ore,
All golden with the never bloomless furze."

In these pleasant but solitary regions we must remember that the poets were not left entirely to their solitary rambles. Coleridge had his wife and one or two children with him. There were Mr. Poole and Charles Lloyd, who were boarders at Coleridge's, where Southey, Cottle, Charles Lamb, the two Wedgewoods, and many others visited them. Wordsworth was many times accompanied in his excursions by his sister Dortha. He pays her a beautiful tribute in his verses on revisiting Tintern Abbey.

"Thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes."

It seemed that Wordsworth's doctrine was based on Quakerism, their faith being an immediate inspiration. He believed that if he would "center down" into his own mind and rest all his thoughts and faculties, the Divine Spirit would fill him with suitable thoughts. He fol-

lowed the doctrine of Fox, who said, "Come out from all your vain learnings and philosophy, from your schools and colleges, * * * and all your man-made ministers, and sit down in the presence of Him who made all things and who can and will inform you, and learn to depend on the teachings and strength of the Holy Spirit that filleth heaven and earth." This doctrine is distinctly shown in his *Expostulation and Reply*, also in *The Tables Turned*. Here he calls his friend from his book and bids him—

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher."

Thus we see the doctrine of Quakerism not only in a few of his poems, but as a fabric woven through the whole of his works.

WESTWARD HO!

BY RUFUS PEARSON.

One October afternoon during the latter part of the sixteenth century a white-winged vessel approached the Carolina coast. As the vessel neared the land the evening sunshine lit up the shores clothed in autumn foliage of variegated hues. Wild ducks and swans startled by the white-winged monster in the bay, circled overhead, and savages lined the shore to behold a sight the like of which they had never seen before.

On board the vessel was a party of emigrants from England, preparing to take charge of the broad expanse of territory before them in the name of "Good Queen Bess."

There were three striking figures among the little group of emigrants that we must notice particularly, since they are closely connected with our story. The first was Lord Fairfax, a stern English nobleman who, having come into royal favor, had received a grant of land in the New World, and consequently had come to take charge of his own. He was the recognized leader of the group. And then there was Captain White, a broad-shouldered military leader who stood in high favor with Lord Fairfax, and who kept glancing at a beautiful young woman on deck. But he received no encouragement from that source. For Miss Fairfax—the girl was none other than Lord Fairfax's daughter—was standing apart from the others and looking wistfully towards old England, as if the mother country held treasures old as dear as her own life.

In the morning the strangers went ashore and found the land "as good as e'er sun shone upon." They select-

ed a suitable location for a settlement and began to make preparation for the winter months. In the meanwhile they decided to send the ship back to England for supplies. The colony had enough food and clothing to last a few months until the ship could return. And so the vessel sped homeward across the waters, leaving the settlers behind.

For a time all went well in the colony. The novelty of the situation did much to remove the wistful expression from fair Helen's countenance. Yet she did not forget all she had left behind. Captain White pressed his suit, and Lord Fairfax even intimated to Helen that she ought not to remain indifferent to the Captain, since he was of noble blood, young and handsome, and withal an attractive gentleman. But she said, "Father, you know there is another, and although three thousand miles of water separate us, yet I will be true to him; and if I never see him again I will never marry." So the subject was dropped for the time being.

In the spring some incidents transpired that called the attention of all to weightier matters. The attitude of the settlers towards the Indians had not been very friendly. One day in early March Lord Fairfax was walking alone in a wood neighboring the settlement when an arrow whizzed past him. On other occasions Indians were seen lurking around the settlement. The settlers became aware of the fact that the Indians were becoming hostile to them, and began to fear an attack from them.

In the meanwhile the colonists eagerly awaited the return of the ship. But days wore into weeks, and weeks into months, and still no ship came. And the Indians were daily becoming more hostile.

* * * * *

Now let us turn our attention to the mother country. You have already learned that one heart at least beat loyal to the white-cliffed island. And you have already guessed that some things had happened on its shores of sufficient importance to keep Captain White in the circle of Helen Fairfax's "merely friends, nothing more."

Far up the Thames, at the historic town of Oxford, lived William Dale, a senior in the University of Oxford. He was a young man of moderate circumstances, who with his own brain and brawn had ascended the ladder of knowledge until he was far from the bottom round.

During his junior year he had met Miss Helen Fairfax. Their acquaintancé ripened into friendship; their friendship into love. And like a true man, young Dale had told Helen all his heart. They became engaged. But when he approached Lord Fairfax for the purpose of asking for Helen's hand in marriage he was met with a flat denial, for Dale was a commoner. Hereupon the young couple decided to get married anyway, the first time an opportunity should present itself. And to make sure that no opportunity should be lost, William Dale went to a magistrate's office and secured a marriage license holding good for one year.

Within a week Lord Fairfax took Helen on board a vessel bound for the New World, against her earnest protestation, leaving young Dale behind. William had not been allowed to see Helen after he approached her father on the subject of marriage. But on the day that the vessel started for the New World she had managed to send a letter to her young lover, saying, "I am being forced to leave for America against my will. It seems that cruel fate is against us. But I shall love you always."

For three months—three long, dreary, painful months

to William Dale—he heard not a word from Helen. One day in early autumn he was talking to a school-mate, young Ralph Connor, a ministerial student who was preparing to do missionary work among the heathen, when the latter said, “Well, Will, I have made arrangements to sail for the Spanish West Indies next February.” Ralph Connor was surprised to hear his fellow-student say, “I should like very much to go with you. Can you make arrangements for me to go?”

Arrangements were made, and the two boarded a Spanish vessel bound for the West Indies about the middle of February. About the middle of May the vessel reached the old Spanish town of St. Augustine, Fla.

Here the two friends learned that a party of English emigrants had been seen by a Spanish vessel off the coast of Carolina the fall before. They also learned that an English colony had been established on the coast several hundred miles to the northward. William Dale’s first thought was, “It must be Lord Fairfax’s colony.” He succeeded in persuading Ralph to go with him to join the English colony, since the Spaniards in the West Indies would not be likely to tolerate the Protestant religion that Ralph was purposing to preach. They had both had some experience on the sea. So they purchased a small sail boat, loaded it with provisions enough to last them a month, and proceeded northward. After they had sailed two or three hundred miles they began to scan the shore closely for signs of the English colony. Twice they saw smoke coming up from the woods some distance inland. But in each case it was found to proceed from Indian wigwams. They were on the point of turning back in despair, when they anchored in a little inlet one quiet May evening to spend the night there. Neither had spoken for some minutes, when Dale saw some tall

grass about fifty yards above him move as if shaken by some living being. He fixed his eyes upon the spot, and to his joyful surprise he saw, half hidden behind the blades of grass, a beautiful young woman clad in an English gown, standing on a little rocky promontory that overlooked the sea, and looking out across the water. Evidently she had not seen the strangers who were anchored in the inlet, for she was standing with her eyes fixed on the sea, as if in a deep study, and did not one time look towards the boat. William thought he recognized in her his own dear Helen. So he stepped noiselessly from the boat on the little jutting headland to which it was anchored, in order to approach the silent watcher. As he stepped silently but quickly up the beach toward the rocky mound on which she was standing, perplexing thoughts filled his brain. Thought he, "Can it be possible that she is the bride of another?" "Has Captain White won her in my absence?" "Can it be possible that Lord Fairfax has persuaded her that she would never see me again in order to induce her to bestow her heart upon a rival?" And then Helen's own words, "I shall love you always," flashed across his mind and his fears vanished. For he said, "Helen has spoken it, and I know she will prove true, let come what will." He was within ten paces of Helen when she became aware of his approach. She turned startled, thinking that she had fallen into the hands of an Indian. Then she stood for a moment dumb-founded. Did she see a ghost? With a glad little cry she fell into her lover's arms. Together they sat down on the rock mound and spent an hour that remained hallowed to their memories as long as they lived.

Suddenly they were startled by the report of a rifle, then another, and another. The awful truth flashed

upon them in a moment. The Indians were creeping up in the dusk on the settlement, and the settlers were responding with their rifles. The next instant the air was rent with a wild, hideous yell, and soon there was a bright glare in the direction of the settlement. The Indians had fired the houses. In the glare of the fire, Helen and William, and Ralph Connor, who had now joined them, saw the settlers one by one fall into the hands of the savages, who bore them away into the darkness amid the shrieks of the terrified women.

The three watchers on the beach were at a loss what to do. Helen knew that she would never again see her father and the other settlers alive. The three soon decided that it would be useless and dangerous to remain there, so they set sail and slipped away in the darkness just before the moon appeared in the east. They had gone only a short distance when a heavy gale set in from the land and bore them out to sea. All night and until late in the afternoon the next day they sped before it. But just before the sun went down into the western sea the gale abated, and they found themselves near the shores of what appeared to be a beautiful tropical island. Here they landed.

The moon rose in her glory, covering the island with a flood of mellow light. Helen's lover searched in a grip belonging to himself, and produced a parchment bearing these words, "Marriage license granted to William Dale and Helen Fairfax, both of Oxford, England, and good for one year from date." He gave this to the young minister at his side. And there in the sleeping moonlight, with the stillness broken only by the rippling of the waves, and with the great Giver of all blessings as witness, William Dale and Helen Fairfax were united in that holiest of all bonds.

In the morning they found that the island was inhabited by a people who made signs to them and seemed disposed to be friendly towards them. Ralph Connor decided to spend his life among these people, teaching them the English language and leading them in the ways of gospel truth. Helen and William Dale decided to remain with him.

* * * * *

In the following fall the vessel which had been sent out by the colonists returned, but found no trace of the lost colony. Many years afterwards an English vessel landed on the Bermuda Isles, and found a people speaking the English language brokenly, and beginning to show other signs of English civilization. They were invited to a village of the inhabitants, where they found a church constructed of rude logs. Here religious services were being conducted by an aged minister, who had a large and attentive audience. On one of the front seats sat an aged Englishman, and by his side was a woman of the same nationality, none the less beautiful because grown old. They were surrounded by a group of young men and women whom the visitors rightly supposed to be their children. The sailors visited the little group of white people in their island home, and found them happy because love was there.

WRECKED IN A STORM.

OSCAR R. MANGUM.

"There they go! they will sink!" and he fell on the floor shivering with fright. He had seen a small sail-boat go down the river toward the bay, and it always made him think of that dreadful night on Hampton Roads, near the historic spot where the Monitor and Merrimac fought so furiously. I saw at a glance that he had the strangest face I had ever seen. It was one which told the old story that some misfortune had written there with an un pitying hand. I looked again, and knew that there was some terrible tragedy behind those wild looks and gray hairs.

His young wife passed along at this time and took him to his room. When she returned an hour later, I saw that she had been crying. She sat down near me, and I asked, as tenderly as I could, the story of their misfortune. She seemed to feel that I sympathized with her, and did not consider me a mere curiosity seeker, so she told me this story of that strange face, with its wild look, and those gray hairs: "He was not always so. I doubt if any wife ever had a better husband. He was as tender hearted and kind to me as a father to his pet child. For three years we lived happy and with no thought of care or trouble. He was superintendent of the graded schools here, and the children were devoted to him. But one evening he came home earlier than usual, and said that he and Norman Evans were going out fishing on Hampton Roads that night. I inquired what boat they were going to use, and he said 'Bess.' I was afraid for them to go because that little skiff had been thought for some time unsafe, and they came near having serious trouble with it once before.

"At sundown they hoisted the sails and the wind caught up the little skiff and down the river they went, weaving their way in and out among the larger vessels laden with sightseers returning from their pleasure trips. I watched them out of sight as they were riding the waves, for they were high that night, and I still sat there and watched in the direction they had gone until the last golden gleam of the sun mellowed into the silvery twilight, and the twilight faded into the leaden night. I like to think of that evening, for it was the last happy one I have had since. It seems to me that the sun cast a richer color across the heavens and the sunset looked more beautiful that evening than now.

"They fished at the mouth of the James River, and later in the night went on down on the Roads. There for a while they seemed to have the best of luck, for in less than an hour they had caught over a hundred trout, croakers and perch. At one time they had one on every hook, for they were in a regular school of fish. But the wind began to rise higher and blow more furiously, so that it made it very dangerous there in the darkness on those rough waves.

"They hoisted the sails and thought that they would return for the night, but the wind blew so furiously that they could make no progress, and it threatened to wreck the skiff every minute. There was a large crack through the center that had been caused by a collision with a tug boat, which had been patched up, though it was by no means strong. At this place they feared the boat would be torn open.

"All this time they had been steadily drifting out in the bay, and were helpless. They tried to summon help, but all the other fishermen were out of reach of them. There they were on an angry bay to fight with the waves alone. But the worst had not come. A whirlwind now

came sweeping across from Old Point Comfort, striking this little boat and giving it such a twist that tore it open at that old flaw, and the wreckage began to sink. This was a distressing time for the two men. Everything had sunk except a small piece of the mast-pole. To this they clung with all the eagerness of drowning men, but it was not sufficient to hold both. The both held to it as it began to sink, and when they came up again only Norman had hold of the pole, but he reached out a hand to my sinking husband and drew him to it as he said, half strangled: 'You—hold—on. You must—go—back to—Eva.' Then he reached for another piece of wreckage that came floating by, but his strength failed in the attempt. We never heard from him after that. And, O, how I have wished, in my lonely hours here, that we could have found and buried him, for it would be such a pleasure to me now to go to his grave and keep the grass green and fresh flowers there!

"But I must finish telling you of this dreadful night. My husband had just strength enough to catch the mast-pole as Norman left it, and that was all. He thought that he would try to push it ashore, but no, it was fastened to the little skiff by the ropes and his knife had gone down with the wreckage in his fishing bag.

"The night was growing colder and the wind was still blowing. The high billows as they would sweep by covered him every time and kept him continually wet. His hands became so numb that he could scarcely hold on, and I know he must have wondered if day would ever come, or if a ship would ever pass and take him aboard. Long hours he watched for a boat, but none came. Finally he saw a light flashing from one side to the other in the distance, and as it drew nearer he recognized it to be the searchlight on the *Princess Ann* from New York. Now his heart was all aglow, for he felt that he would

be seen. Yes, they were turning it toward him, but just as it flashed across where he was a huge billow buried him beneath it and no one saw him. He tried to call them, but every time he would open his mouth the mad waves would strangle him. So the vessel passed on and left the helpless man in the darkness of the night with the cold wind and the angry waves.

"At last day came, and a fisherman on his way here with his night's catch chanced across him and brought him home. O, I shall never forget that home-coming! It makes my blood chill to think of it. The one that had left me on the night before with such a noble face and a bright future was now brought in looking wild. I summoned our physician, and he said being wet in the cold air all night and the strain of the storm upon him had shattered his mind. O, I could not bear the idea of it! It was indeed a trial to think that he would never speak to me tenderly again, or be the dear husband I had been. That was three long years ago, and I have nursed him and cared for him, and there you see the wreck of that night's storm. There! I must go. He is screaming for me to come. He thinks that he is drowning all the time as he did when he saw that boat go on awhile ago."

* * * * *

Old Father Time unraveled one by one the years until six had passed, and I was there again. I went to see them, and O, such a change! The house had been built larger, and I saw in the place of that wild raving man a gentle husband, and in the place of the sad, broken-hearted wife, one with her face bathed in smiles. The physician had gone to Europe, and there a famous physician had effected his cure, and one more home was made happy by the faithfulness of a noble man whom God had commissioned "to heal the sick."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY,	KUZELIAN SOCIETY.
W. M. JOHNSON..... Editor	W. E. GOODE..... Editor
C. C. HOWARD..... Associate Editor	G. A. PEEK..... Associate Editor

J. ABNER BARKER, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, Editor.

Last year the editors of our college annual, *The Howler*. *The Howler*, were placed at a great disadvantage. Until some time after Christmas it was not known whether or not the Literary Societies would give it support financially. It was a new enterprise, and the editors were unwilling to assume the responsibility themselves. They did not begin work upon it until the societies agreed to make up the deficit, if there should be one. This was not until the spring term was well advanced. The result was that the work had to be done hastily, and the manuscript could not be sent off in time for the proof to be sent back and corrected. Any one who examined a copy of it could not help noticing the typographical errors which were so plentiful, and the evidences of haste in making the cuts.

This year's staff of editors has profited by the mistakes made last year. Already they have obtained the assurance of both societies that they will be responsible for any deficiency that may occur, if *The Howler* does not make enough to pay for itself. It is hoped that they will not have to be called upon for financial aid, nor is it likely that this will be necessary. Edwards & Brough-

ton, of Raleigh, have taken the contract for publishing it, and this assures good work. The task of collecting and arranging material has been divided up, and each editor given a special department. Already each one is beginning to make plans for his part of the work. They expect to publish next spring an annual which will be larger and better in every way than the one last year. They expect and deserve the cooperation of the student body, and with it there is no reason why *The Howler* of 1905 should not be one of the best college annuals published in the South.

The New
Athletic
Association.

While the majority of the students of Wake Forest have always been interested in athletics, their enthusiasm has heretofore usually spent itself in talking and hoping for a winning team. Under the old regime, however, there has been little opportunity for a boy's interest to prove itself genuine, except by attending the ball-games and "rooting" for the team. The Athletic Association has hitherto been a farce. While it nominally had control of college athletics, the baseball team was really in charge of a manager, who was elected by the Association. He was held responsible if the team failed to make expenses, and on the other hand, if the team made any more than its expenses, the surplus went to him. One can readily see the defects in this system. Naturally, the manager was anxious not to come out at the end of the season "in the hole," and so did not feel inclined to spend much money for a coach. He could not afford to furnish uniforms for the team, and so every man who made the team was compelled to furnish his own suit. The students, knowing that all profits went to the manager, felt that giving money to the Athletic

Association was like putting it into his pocket. Consequently, there were only a few who cared to pay the fees necessary to become a member, and the Association consisted of only a few members, poorly organized.

This year, however, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." A new Athletic Association has been organized, with a large number of students already enrolled as members. An initiation fee of one dollar is required for membership. A member of the Association is entitled to play for the baseball team, track team, and tennis team, and to vote in all its elections. Many have given more than the required amount, and the treasury of the Association has already a substantial nucleus for the amount that will be needed during the coming ball season. A manager has been chosen, who will be directly responsible to the Association for all expenditures. He will not lose anything if the team fails to make expenses, neither will he gain anything if it makes more than expenses. The Association will furnish the players with suits, caps and sweaters. They will bear the initial letter "W," and only those fortunate enough to make the team will be allowed to wear this letter. This will furnish an additional incentive to those playing for the team.

The prospects for a winning team have not been brighter in years than they are now. We have plenty of material, and there is not a better coach in the South than Mr. Crozier. All students who can play ball should work for the team. Every one ought to join the Association, and do all he can to help make our team next spring come up to what is expected of it.

The
Independent
Voter.

While the general results of the last election were not unexpected, there were some unusual features presented in a few States. Most striking among these are Missouri and Massachusetts. Each of these States gave an overwhelming majority for the Republican National ticket, yet each elected a Democrat for governor by a large majority. This fact indicates that the independent voter has become a factor that must be reckoned with in the great game of politics. By the term "independent voter" we do not mean one whose vote is to be bought, but one who, when some great moral issue is at stake, votes conscientiously for the candidate whom he thinks stands on the right side of such a question, regardless of party distinctions.

While the growing prominence of this class of voters may be a source of annoyance to the party "boss," we think that it is a very hopeful sign. It shows that the mass of the people are beginning to take notice of the corruption which has been going on in some sections of our country, and that they are taking the best method of showing their disapproval of it and their desire for reform.

We do not wish to be understood to mean that a man should not have a party, and should vote with first one and then another, just as the fancy seizes him. Each party, in the main, stands for some great principles. Every citizen ought to understand those principles, and as a rule, vote with the party whose principles he can conscientiously endorse. However, when such a case as that of Mr. Folk in Missouri arises, when the issue is between reform and corruption, we honestly believe that it is a voter's duty to cast his ballot for the man who stands for moral reform.

The independent vote should teach the party leaders that the people can no longer be driven blindly into voting with one party. The voter is a free citizen whose rights must be respected. It also ought to show them that a great party can not, in the face of an awakened public opinion, afford to put a corrupt man in nomination, merely because he belongs to "the party." When they are all led to realize this fact, we believe that there will be a great change for the better in American politics: and that we will have fewer politicians and more statesmen.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE A. PEEK, Editor.

Again the exchange editor assumes his arduous task of criticizing the magazines that come to our table. We desire very much to see fine our reviews to the November issues but as yet there are such a few magazines on our table that we take a glance backward to an October issue which we find worth our while in reading.

In the *Davidson College Magazine* we find "A Solution of the Race Problem." We see no new thoughts in it whatsoever. The author argues the question entirely from one standpoint. He tells us that the only remedy is industrial education, and doesn't try to substantiate his statements. "An Example of Good Judgment" is an old story, but the author handles it very well.

From far-away California comes the *Stanford Sequoia* laden with the breezes of the Pacific. It deserves not only to be congratulated on its literary productions, but also its promptness. The *Sequoia* is one of the largest magazines we receive, this time giving us nearly one hundred pages of good reading matter. The poetry of the *Sequoia* is always good. "Reverie" is a poem expressing true poetic feeling. It is the best of the issue.

The Trinity Archive is one of our best exchanges. The November issue of this magazine is devoted more to heavy matter. "The Magazines of North Carolina" abounds in valuable information, and is very helpful to all lovers of the history of magazines in North Carolina. It tells of the growth and development of magazines in North Carolina put in a very striking and forceful style. The poetry of the *Archive* this month is not up to the standard. It does not show enough original thought.

With great pleasure we review the *Mercerian* for November. "Hawthorne—A Centenary Sketch" is well written. However, we are a little disappointed, for the author begins as if he were going to give us a lengthy sketch of Hawthorne. What he does is very good. The author of "Uncle Bob" chooses a subject that can't be exhausted. It will live as long as there is a South, namely, the fidelity of the negro in the *ante-bellum days*. Yet we do not think that his production is up to the usual standard of treating such a character. These two are the most prominent of the contributors. We hope to see the *Mercerian* again.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, from the outward appearance, leads one to think that there is something good between its covers. Well, to a certain extent this is true. "Invocation" is a genuine bit of verse, expressing the author's feelings before taking up the severe labors, we presume, of editing a magazine. The essay on "True Worth, the Hope of the Future Civilization" is an article worthy of being published in any college magazine. It is the man of "true worth" who will accomplish anything in this age. The author imbued with the spirit of the twentieth century has given expression to his thoughts in a very clever way. But amid the good articles in this magazine there appears one that throws a light on the others. "The Boy and the Bear" is nothing more than a composition which any twelve-year-old boy ought to excel if he did justice to himself. Evidently the author must have been suffering from an acute attack of homesickness or a longing to take his old musket and hunt snow-birds, or perhaps get a glimpse of some "hugh" bear and then retreat to some "citidel," there to be driven to utter "desparation." Now, perhaps we may be wrong in censuring this hero of the bear hunt with being deficient in the maxims promulgated in a little blue-back book of Webster's. It might have been the error of the type-setter who was so much excited with the hair-breadth escape of the hero that he was totally unconscious of his being. However, we will excuse him, for a man facing a "hugh" bear is liable to mispronounce every word of the English language.

CLIPPINGS.

Sometimes at even, when the ebb and flow
Of echoing feet adown the long arcades
Has given place to silence and the shades
That bathe the falling night in purple glow,
We turn aside our weary steps and go
Within thy portals where all tumult fades,
Our little sinning and our poor charades—
The cloth of gold that decks our hidden woe.

And thus with all our burdens laid aside
We kneel a space within the chapel doors,
While overhead the mighty organ pours
The glory of its music far and wide
While all to left and right the sounding walls
Echo the music of celestial halls.

—*Stanford Sequoia.*



TACT.

I went to a party with Janet,
And met with an awful mishap,
For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
Of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it wasn't—
But none is so tactful as she,
And, smiling with perfect composure,
Said sweetly, "The drinks are on me!"

—*Harvard Lampoon.*



IRONY.

More pallid than her clean duck skirt
She said in accents still,
"They say things are as cheap as dirt?
But lo! my laundry bill."

F., 1906, Vassar Miscellany.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
 Letting his lessons rip;
 Racking his brain for an item
 And stealing all he could clip.

The editor sat in his classroom,
 As if getting over a drunk;
 His phiz was clouded with awful gloom,
 For he'd made an awful flunk.

The editor returned to the sanctum,
 He hit himself in the eye;
 He swore he'd enough of the business,
 He would quit the paper or die.—*Ex.*



"For though among the learned host
 Book after book I taste and test;
 Of those that truly please me most
 My father's check-book is the best."—*Ex.*



Mary had a little lamb
 With which she used to tussle;
 She pulled out all its wool one day
 And put in her—handkerchief—*Ex.*



She lost her head when he proposed,
 But he, a trife bolder,
 Made search for it distractedly,
 And found it on his shoulder.—*Ex.*



"Generally speaking, women are—"
 "Yes, they are."
 "Are what?"
 "Generally speaking."—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

- '04. R. D. Marsh is teaching at Jefferson, N. C.
- '04. J. B. Royal is in business in Savannah, Ga.
- '02. A. J. Bethea is teaching in South Carolina.
- '04. Thomas Allen is practicing law at Dillon, S. C.
- '04. C. A. Sigmon is teaching in Cary High School.
- '04. C. P. Weaver has a position in C. B. F. Institute.
- '04. E. F. Ward is doing business at Lumberton, N. C.
- '04. S. C. Howard is farming in Granville county, N. C.
- '04. B. A. Critcher is teaching in Franklin county, N. C.
- '02. D. W. Sorrell is in the tobacco business at Durham, N. C.
- '03. Hugh Johnson is practicing law at Scotland Neck, N. C.
- '04. W. M. Wagoner is practicing law in Alleghany county, N. C.
- '04. E. L. Davis is in business with his father at Tarbush, N. C.
- '04. W. H. Whitehead is pastor of the Baptist church at Beamfort.
- '04. H. W. Vernon is teaching at Mooresboro, Cleveland county.
- '04. P. L. Newton is teaching at Piedmont Academy in Cleveland county, N. C.
- '04. J. H. Booth is doing missionary work in the Neuse Baptist Association.
- '91. J. A. Oates, editor of the *North Carolina Baptist*, was on the "Hill" November 18th.
- '03. T. A. Allen has a position in Albany, N. Y. He will enter the Albany Law School soon.
- '04. W. C. Bivens, former Business Manager of the *STUDENT*, is in business in Anson county, N. C.
- '79. R. P. Johnson is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Chatham county, and also principal of Mt. Vernon Springs Academy.
- '04. J. W. Whisnant, who represented Wake Forest in the debate with Richmond College last year, is in business in Catawba county, N. C.
- '03. E. J. Sherwood, who was one of the debaters in Wake Forest's first debate with Richmond College, is editor of *The Field*, a weekly paper published at Conway, S. C.
- '83. G. C. Briggs has recently been reelected president of a school in Salisbury, Mo. He held this position for sixteen years prior to 1902. Since that time he has been editor of the *Wagonville Courier*.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. E. GOODE, Editor.

- Examinations!
The grind is on!
- Holidays! Home! The grind forgot.
- Miss Nell DeVane has been visiting friends in Raleigh.
- Miss Norma Martin is spending a few days with friends in Louisburg.
- Dr. F. K. Cooke has been elected Faculty Editor by the *Howler* staff.
- Dr. Thos. E. Skinner spent a few days on the Hill, the guest of Professor Sledd.
- Editor Oates of the *North Carolina Baptist* paid the college a short visit recently.
- The Library and Gymnasium buildings are soon to be provided with acetylene lights.
- Rev. Mr. Justice, of Franklinton, filled Pastor Lynch's pulpit the fifth Sunday in October.
- Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Royall have returned from a short visit to Philadelphia and Washington.
- The many friends of Miss Elva Dickson regret that she has left the village for Fayetteville.
- Miss Mary Taylor has returned from Richmond, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. D. Duke.
- A large pipe organ has been purchased and will be placed in the Wingate Memorial Hall next month.
- It was with regret that the many friends of the Pow-
er saw them leave for their winter home in Jackson-
ville, Florida.

Hon. Isaac Meekins and family, of Elizabeth City, were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Poteat for several days last month.

Mr. W. D. Duke and wife, of Richmond, spent a few days recently visiting Mrs. Duke's parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Taylor.

Mrs. W. A. Walters, after an extended visit to Northern cities, has returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Dickson.

Hon. E. Y. Webb was here several days last month with his wife and children, who are spending the winter with Mrs. Webb's mother, Mrs. M. E. Simmons.

Rev. Livingston Johnson, secretary of the State Mission Board, made his annual visit to the college the second Sunday in November. His speech, in the place of the regular Sunday morning sermon, was a strong plea for State Missions.

"Southern Literature" was the subject of a lecture given in the Wingate Memorial Hall by Dr. Alphonse Smith, of the University of North Carolina. This was pronounced by many one of the best short lectures ever delivered before this college.

As anniversary marshals the following gentlemen have been elected: From the Phi. Society—E. C. Coker, Chief; J. B. Turner, second; J. H. Townsend, third. From the Eu. Society—G. A. Peek, Chief; C. B. McBrayer, second; R. L. Ramsaur, third.

For the last two weeks the walls of the Alumni Building have been rising rapidly. Soon the workmen will commence to build from the level of the third floor. One can already begin to see some semblance of the beautiful structure this building will be when completed.

Misses Stephenson and Highsmith, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Seagraves, Miss Davis of Louisiana, Miss Hamilton of Baltimore, Mrs. S. W. Brewer and daughter of Raleigh, Miss Maggie Turner of Buie's Creek Academy, Mrs. J. G. Mills of Scotland Neck, and Mrs. Sawyer of Windsor, were among the many visitors to the Hill last month.

Senior speakers have been elected as follows: Phi. Society—M. L. Davis, J. D. Proctor, H. F. Page, C. C. Howard, J. M. Justice, J. H. Vernon; Eu. Society—J. B. Anderson, P. C. McDuffie, C. T. Goode, R. D. Covington, B. F. Bray, J. W. Cole. The Senior speaking for the fall term has been postponed until after the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Charles W. Durmont, president of the American Law Book Company, was in Wake Forest the first part of November to secure the services of Professor Gulley in the publication of the Cyclopedia of Law, which book, when completed, will be an authority on all legal subjects. Professor Gulley's first article will be on some subject in the criminal law.

The Athletic Association has been re-organized with the following officers: President, H. L. Wiggs; Vice-President, Geo. A. Peek; Secretary, Eugene Turner; Treasurer, Bruce Powers. The association has already about one hundred enthusiastic members. Boys, let not that enthusiasm flag before the testing time comes. From present prospects, Wake Forest can put a strong ball team in the field next spring, and, if rightly supported, a winning team. It is to be hoped that the Athletic Association will be able to give the team the organized, spirited, full support of the whole college.

In the tennis meets with Trinity at Trinity Park, November 11-12, Wake Forest won easy victories. The players from our club were Messrs. J. B. Turner and E. B. Earnshaw. In the first day's game doubles were played, Wake Forest winning three out of four sets. In the second day's game singles were played, and Wake Forest won the first three sets, making the other two unnecessary. Our players say that their reception was most cordial, and that they greatly enjoyed their stay at Trinity.

The first week in November the Glee Club spent in touring the western part of the State. Concerts were given at Hickory, Statesville, Lexington, Chapel Hill, and Asheville. Good audiences greeted the boys at every place, though smaller at two or three points than they would have been but for an excess of rain at the time. Notwithstanding, all expectations were realized. The trip was thoroughly enjoyed by every member of the club. Those who had never before been to the western part of the State express themselves as deeply impressed with the beauty of our mountain regions. The trip was a pronounced success, both for the Glee Club and for the college. As to the impression made by the Glee Club here is what the *Asheville Citizen* had to say of the concert in Asheville: "The audience which greeted the college club filled the lecture-room to the doors, and contained a large portion of the music lovers of the city. The concert was undoubtedly a success from every point of view. There was not a number on the program which the Glee Club showed signs of having been very carefully trained, and the voices were exceptionally good."

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and the annual debate with Richmond College recorded another victory for Wake Forest. By this victory the old record of alternation of the past seven years was broken.

According to the custom of the past several years, a special train was run for the accommodation of the Wake Forest contingent, and carried about two hundred students, besides many members of the Faculty and people of "The Hill."

An hour before the debate began people began to assemble in the Academy of Music, and when the hour for speaking arrived the hall was filled with a select audience. The gallery was occupied by the girls from Peace and the B. U. W. College spirit was freely manifested by the enthusiastic yells and songs of the students present. A noticeable feature was the lack of enthusiasm for Richmond, which was due, of course, to the absence of Richmond students.

At last the curtain was raised, and for nearly two hours the orators from the two colleges swayed the audience. Richmond was represented by Messrs. F. G. Pollard and D. M. Simmons, Wake Forest by Messrs. Jo Patton and A. H. Olive. All these debaters acquitted themselves well, but the argument, graceful delivery and quick wit of the Wake Forest boys proved too much for their opponents. The judges, Messrs. James E. Shepherd, Platt D. Walker and Fred. A. Woodard, after retiring for a brief interval, returned, and in a short but well-worded speech Judge Shepherd gave the decision to Wake Forest. Judge Womack, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, then presented the cup. His words, however, were drowned by the bursts of enthusiasm from the Wake Forest sympathizers.

The cup again rests in the neat case in the Library Building, and we trust that for the years to come its home will continue to be there.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 4.

YULE EMBERS.

H. F. PAGE.

Ye quivering, dying things!
I would that I might read
The tale of helpless human need
Wrought in your glimmerings.

These veering forms of fate,
Whose noiseless shiftings on the floor
Trace runes of unspelled lore,
I would not learn too late.

What mean those heaving brands?—
Lo, now they fall agape—
Beyond the glow, a veiled shape
Beckons with ghostly hands

To where a wandering spark,
From out the ashen ember rifts,
Upsprings and aimless drifts
Athwart the hovering dark.

It clings awhile—then dies.
Ere yet its finished flight,
Vanish the hands.—Upon the night
Strange, hollow echoes rise.

Ye powers blest, unfold
What untaught tales of woe
These be that moaning, wailing go—
By homeless night winds told!

A footfall?—What portends
This troubled shade?—A start—
Lo, where the dimlit folds dispart
A Druid hearthward bends.

The Northern Wonder clings
About his white-robed form;
Upon his brow the barbed storm
Hath left deep furrowings.

Spirit of Mystery,
That leans this holy night
Above the dying Yuletide light,
Reveal what thou dost see!

Moveless his lips; he stands
Raising a shadowy wand:
Once more from out the gloom beyond
Uprise those pale, thin hands.

Over the glimmerings red,
Thrice runs one burning word
On mortal lips ne'er heard—
Falter then, the hands—dead!

Return, ye fates, unwrite
This hapless word, whose glare
Of ghastly light wraps chill despair
About my heart, this night.

But vain—Dim vanishings
Pass spectral in the gloom—
Lone wasters from the tomb
Of long forgotten things.

The wand unbidden falls
Thrice o'er the dying fire,
The Druid, leaning, sweeps his lyre—
Again the night wind calls!

ODDITIES IN THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

J. M. JUSTICE.

As the tropics are approached we find the people largely given to amusements, bound by centuries to fixed customs and shackled by the grossest of superstitions. A study of present conditions in the island of Cuba is interesting not only because of its local value, but because they are largely typical of conditions which prevail in Mexico and South America where the Spanish is spoken. If we would know the origin of the strange things that meet our eyes and ears in this country, the greater part of them may be traced to Spain and Rome.

For centuries the favorite amusement of the Dons has been bull fighting, and even now it continues to delight its thousands in Spain and Mexico as in the days of Philip II. Much to the displeasure of the Cuban, this kind of thing was prohibited by the United States when the affairs of government were put into the hands of the natives. Though outdone on this score, soon a substitute for this pastime was found—not one, but two—the now world-wide famous game of Jai Ali (high a-lie) and cock fighting. Jai Ali is the game of the Four Hundred. A visitor, though he may never have heard of it before, would not pass twenty-four hours in Havana without becoming aware of this now notorious game. It is somewhat on the order of lawn tennis, but is played indoors, as walls are necessary for balls and pockets. The players have to train very strenuously in order to become experts, and the work is so trying that few reach the age of thirty-five. The reputation of the game has been brought into disrepute by the fabulous amount of gambling that follows in its wake. Upon

entering the grand-stand one is struck with two things—the players all dressed in different colors and the sportsmen running through the immense crowd with rolls of bills in hand shouting “Dinero, dinero (money, money), yellow so much against red so much.” Thousands of dollars change hands daily in this city at the Jai Ali park. It was even introduced at the St. Louis Exposition this summer.

The five-dollar man finds his highest delight around a game cock pit. The sport has grown in popularity until some of the thoroughbred fowls with highest pedigrees sell for five hundred dollars. Sunday is the one day that sees most of the feathers fly. Tired merchants, worn out bookkeepers, roughly used draymen, and even some of the Rural Guards in civilian clothes, may be seen early in the morning mounted on the best of ponies, with bag in hand containing the barnyard king, riding at full tilt possibly to a secluded mountain glen ten miles away to gamble on their week’s earnings. It is not an unusual sight to see as many as forty men returning from one of these thrilling encounters of beak and spur.

Those who do not like this kind of sport seek pleasure in shooting wild guineas, chasing the deer and other game. Brother rabbit has not yet put in his appearance in the tall grass, but Bob White is on the scene and often becomes the victim of target practice. These people are great for “tripping the light fantastic.” On Sunday many of the wealthy class drive to the country or to a near-by village where a house containing a piano has been previously rented, and here they waltz and enjoy themselves all day long. Their less fortunate friends choose the night for their revellings. In the old-time country dance, *Bachatas*, they find their chiefest delight. A three-stringed guitar, a small kettle drum and

some sand in a gourd are the only musical instruments needed. Instead of sending out elegant invitations to these functions, a palm branch laid across the road where the "*baile*" is to be given is all that is necessary to announce its approach, for all who step across it are invited. Still another amusement, the one growing most in popularity, is that of baseball. Sunday, too, is its great day. The nautical clubs are also growing in favor with the upper class. Rowing, swimming and riding the dummy barrel horse in the water all have their enthusiastic supporters. This new horse is the star bumper and wildest broncho of the tropics. He appears innocent enough, but he does not even allow his would-be rider to mount scarcely before he exchanges seats with him. The oars tied to his neck make it quite inviting to try one's hand, but alas—once is enough.

There are many little things that strike one as being odd. New comers are expected to make the first calls. Ladies kiss each other on both cheeks when saluting. Gentlemen speak first to ladies. In a social drink men all use the same glass, taking only a very small sip. Introductions are not considered necessary to politeness. The same word, *Adios*, is used both in greeting and parting. The old way of locating an estate was to make it circular, a mile each way from a brick monument in the center. It is considered a scandal for women to do any kind of work save embroidery or teaching. Consequently men trim the hats and do the cooking largely. To an American the custom that determines what child shall be named is very singular. Every day in the year is a saint's day, and so the day on which one happens to be born determines his name. Furthermore, it selects the one to whom he is to pray and the manner of celebrating his birthday.

"Such dupes men are to custom, and so prone
 To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
 A course of long observance for its use,
 That even servitude, the worst of ills,
 Because delivered down from sire to son,
 Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing."

The girls are watched with jealous care from childhood. It is a time-honored custom among the rich to select a colored child of the same age for the little girl when she is two or three years old, and they grow up together, maid and servant, but playmates and fast friends. Her life is a somewhat secluded one. The little education she receives is from a tutor and the age of fourteen finds her in the bloom of young womanhood, ambitious to get a lover. Mr. Steelman, a man who has spent some time among the Spanish people, has very neatly described the several stages of a love affair. Says he, "Courtship with them is a serious affair. The girl's mother or some other responsible person is always in the room, and if the young man takes his best girl to the opera, several members of the family must also be invited to go with them. But this represents an advanced stage of the proceedings. The acquaintance has begun slyly enough. The ladies of the well-to-do families *dress up* after their siesta and take their constitutional airing in a small balcony or window-seat facing the street. At the same time the young men are strolling along the street. By *chance* one of them is walking leisurely past on the other side. Anon he pauses, and looks. She looks at him. He goes farther—and turns for another view. If he gains recognition he saunters back, staring mildly at her. He does not know her name. The grocery man—at the end of the block—will tell him. He returns later and seeks an opportunity to slip a note

into the hand of a faithful servant and pays what he thinks it will be worth to have the good will and aid of this fellow in delivering his message of devotion. Then he will wait in the evening under the window to see how his heart is moved. Every day he will write her a lengthy epistle, assuring her that her starry eyes and pearly teeth and lily hands and ruby lips and dainty feet have enchanted and chained him fast. Every night he will pay a clandestine visit under her window. If caught there by the family it will be his duty to run like a thief. If the young lady happens to live on the second or third story the poor fellow will have to do most of his courting in the eloquent language of signs and by daylight when the signs can be seen through the parted awning. If the young man wishes to propose, one of his responsible friends writes for him to the young lady's parents. If accepted by the family, he will of course be invited to call, and part or *all* the family will be there to welcome him. If he is an old friend of the family, the formalities must be observed just the same. At the proper time he places through his friend the necessary funds for the purchase of the entire bridal outfit." The ball once set a-rolling must move right on. Flirting and having two sweethearts are things well known. The innocent girls find in a single look a world of meaning. The American youth hardly dares treat the *Senoritas* with his home-accustomed civility. If upon a young lady's entering a room the gallant fellow offers her a rocker, she can not figure it out otherwise than that in some way he has fallen captive to her manifold charms.

If it can be possible, the people love the slavery that binds them to their superstitions more than the children of light love their blood-bought freedom. They have woven traditions and stories about them which read like

fairy tales. These legends have become a vital part of their faith and life. Wedded to them as they are, they are loath to give them up or know the truth. There is a very plausible myth about how the Virgin of El Cobre, the Mecca of all Cuba, was washed ashore with directions to erect it on a certain spot. The credulous natives have implicit faith in the Virgin, and firmly declare that if you have lost a limb and pray to her she will give you a new one. Belief in evil spirits is common. If an orange or some other kind of tree dies, they believe some one has "put the evil eye upon it." Moonshine is considered dangerous, and so it is a very closely observed custom to take outing on other than moonlight nights. Servants feel that after roasting coffee and laundrying clothes they would be taking their lives in their hands to cross a river the same day. Although surrounded by the greatest variety of fruits, the native does not dare to partake of them until after his breakfast, which comes just before noon. The practice of lottery is not unheard of in the country. A woman after having purchased several unlucky tickets, was known to tie by the neck San Antonio, her birthday saint, and suspend him in a well until she *was* successful. She verily believed that her success was due to the punishment she inflicted upon the little image.

In different seasons certain colors in dress are worn in deference to the wishes of their saints, as they believe doing this will cause their prayers to be heard. Holy water, as the natives often speak of it, is thought to possess great efficacy. A casual observer soon recognizes that the chains that bind in Cuba are those of error and superstition. They are so noticeable that one can not help but call to mind the ludicrous lines of Gay:

"Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt, to me it fell,
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across:
On Friday, too, the day I' dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night, (I vow to heaven 'tis true,)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell,
God send my Cornish friend be well."

HIS COMPENSATION.

W. J. FRANCIS.

It was Thursday of the Great State Fair in Atlanta, and the cars were jammed. The streets were a tangle of carriages, and the sidewalks were thronged with people all jostling and crowding their way to the Union Depot. Many in fact were trying to avoid the rush and at the same time helping to increase it. All was confusion. There was hardly standing room in the depot. Whips, canes, confetti and rubber balls filled the air, while grips, valises and packages lay thick on the floor.

In the midst of the crowd was a plainly dressed but beautiful young girl who seemed to attract much attention. As she approached a group of college boys who were standing near the door they made as though they would move out of the way, but when she came nearer and handed each one a card they read it and then quietly handed her pieces of money. The scene was touching. She was begging for her father, and on the top of the card were these words:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

At the bottom of the card were these words:

"Anything you choose to give."

At her side hung a handbag and in it were many cards.

Frank Luck and his friend were standing by the side of a shelf scribbling on one of their cards. Frank had

written on his card: "Union Depot, Oct. 22, 1893"; and when he turned round he handed the girl this card.

For a moment they stood still admiring her sweet face and beautiful form as she turned away.

"What a pity, boys," said Frank; but just then the

gong sounded and the porter yelled out, "Southern train!" and the mass of humanity moved forward, shoving, crowding and trampling each other in order to reach the cars.

* * * * *

Christmas holidays came and the spring term examinations were over. Frank was not a bright fellow and did not make high marks, but worked hard and was sometimes chided for taking forever to learn nothing. He went home as soon as he finished his last examination, for he had to make his own money during the summer to run him the next year. He had realized that he knew scarcely anything, and longed to be out at work at something. While he was waiting for an answer to a letter he had written to his friend, the mailman drove up and handed him a letter. He looked at the postmark wondering who it was from, and at the same time breaking the seal. It read something like this:

WINLOCK, WASH., June 20, 1888.

MY DEAR DR. CRASHER:—We are in need of a man just now and prefer a Mercer man for more reasons than one. Man must have some experience in lumbering and especially a man of good common sense. I am always expecting great things of the boys from my old school and my best wishes are for you and your work. I am,

Respectfully yours,

JOHN BOWEN

In answer to his reply, Frank received the short business like message:

"Come, we will try you."

In less than two days he was on his way across the vast prairie to his destination. He was delighted with the country and made up his mind that success he needed and that success lay in the efforts which he put forth. He was met at the train by the owner of the mill and driven out to his new home through the country, a

space of four miles. He was shown a room and left to shift for himself. Toward evening he made an inspection of the country round and went out to the mill. There were tremendous stacks of lumber, great sheds, dry-kilns and acres of logs. It was something new to him. The whistle blew, and such a multitude of workmen poured out of the mill as he had never seen in any mill before. The proprietor beckoned him and led the way through the mill. They passed rapidly through a tangle of pulleys, belts, saws and planes. The different rooms and apartments were interesting to him.

By this time the evening was far spent, and they walked rapidly toward the house. It was a typical pioneer home of one story and a long veranda on the sides and the front,—just such a place as Frank had always longed to live in. Beautiful shade trees and a pretty lawn added to its attractiveness. The house was situated on a little knoll overlooking the mill and had for a background a gently rising hill covered with fir, spruce and oak, so abundant in that country. A little creek ran swiftly by and tall weeds and bushes overlapped it.

On going out, Frank had left his room all in disorder—coats, trousers and papers scattered about. When he returned he was astonished. What did he see! Everything in its place, two beautiful rockers, green shades and snow-white curtains, floor swept clean and the prettiest bunch of roses on his table he had ever seen; a bed, one of those old-time feather beds with its long bolster and ponderous pillows, the cover daintily tucked under and turned down, showing those sheets so cool and pleasant,—in a word, a bed that no one save a country housewife in the Sunny South can make.

"A dandy place, so homelike," he was saying to himself over and over, when the door opened gently and an

old-time darky stuck his head in and in a familiar way said:

"Youse de new bookkeeper, I 'spose? Well, Mister Bowen say, come to suppah."

Frank followed him, still thinking about his room and who it could have been. He had seen no woman of any kind around the house since he had been there.

He found Mr. Bowen standing by the table, at the head of which was an old colored woman. Could it have been she? Possibly it was, but he was not fully convinced until an opposite door opened and a beautiful girl took her place at the table just opposite Frank. The thing was settled.

"My niece, Miss Bowen, Mr. Luck," said Bowen. Frank bowed low, and they were seated around the table.

"Perhaps, Mr. Luck, you have been struck with the quietness of the place?" continued Bowen, "and I hope you will not find it so further, for we are going to depend on you for entertainment with your violin—I presume that you play well. I see you have one in your room."

"I shall be glad to contribute my part toward amusement, though small it may be. As for the violin, I am only learning now, and I assure you it will be rather unbearable for awhile at least."

Finding Bowen free to talk, Frank ventured a little further and said:

"I was just wondering who it was that made my room look so cozy in such a short time," at the same time glancing at the girl, who was looking straight at him. She was blushing slightly when Bowen spoke up, and said:

"Guess it was Nora; she's my housekeeper, and a good

one she is. I told her you were coming, and she just tried herself, I guess. You know girls are good hands at making a good impression, and it seems that she has succeeded. If it was not for Nora, my life would be no satisfaction to me. My wife died some years ago, and she has come to live with me."

By this time the girl was blushing red, and turning to her uncle she said:

"Oh, you are always teasing me about something, but as for the room I just straightened things up a little," glancing at Frank at the same time.

"Fond of flowers, Mr. Luck?" inquired Bowen.

"Oh, yes; my mother has so many of them, and such pretty ones, too," said Frank.

"Yes, they grow much better and are a great deal more beautiful in the South than way out here in the West; in fact, I suppose its too cold for them," continued Bowen; "but I hope Nora and you will attend to them and let me out of it, for I really do not have the time."

The meal was finished in silence, and Frank went to his room and sat down to write to his mother. It was such a cozy place he could not help telling her about it, and how pleasant Mr. Bowen had been so far. He had been in his room only a short time before the door opened and the old darkey came in and placed a basket of apples on the table, and Bowen, who had followed, took his seat on the other side of the table. They talked upon various subjects, college days and lumbering being the principal topics. He made Frank acquainted with his work and plans, and after questioning him as to his likes and dislikes of the place so far as he had seen, bade him good night.

The next morning Frank rose at the first whistle and went on the yard meeting the hands and foremen.

He was shown through the books and instructed as to time and working hours, together with full instructions as to exchange and outside trade.

In a few days Frank was well acquainted with the work and Bowen left for Seattle. He was gone longer than he had expected, and the work which had been laid out was finished and it fell in hand for Frank and the foreman to plan for other work until Bowen should return. This they did so skillfully that Bowen was well pleased, and had a long talk with Frank as to taking him into the business.

In the meantime Frank was getting better acquainted with the girl. Most of the time he ate his meals alone and only at his request did the girl appear at the table. She kept at a distance, but every day she placed the roses on his table. She did not feel worthy of his company and felt that he was her superior. Gradually, as she found him out she would sit on the porch in the evening and at times talk with him. The girl had such winning ways that no one could help admiring her. She seemed so happy and contented all the time that Frank more than once wished himself to have the same disposition.

One evening when he returned from his work she did not meet him as she had been doing for the last few days and the roses were not on his table. No sooner had he entered the room than he saw that something was wrong. Without hesitation he went out on the porch where she was sitting and asked her the cause of her sadness.

"No one knows," she said, "the agony I have endured out my soul. I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters. Mr. Bowen is the only friend I have, and he is gone most of the time. I am so poor and lonely. No

one cares for me. My sorrow is more sometimes than I can endure."

Frank was touched, for he had a kind regard for the girl. She hid her face in her handkerchief and wept as if her heart would break.

"Tell me your troubles, Nora," he said, and pulled his chair closer to the girl. Her sorrow increased, and she rose from her chair and went into the house.

"Woman's weapons are her tears," he said, as he went into his own room and sat down to think. He had lost a father, and could it be that the girl was weeping because of her loss?

He ate his supper alone that night. He asked the old darkies what was the matter, but they did not know. Still he thought of the girl as she hid her face in her handkerchief and how he admired her. All at once a new thought flashed into his mind. He thought of the girl he had met at the Fair Grounds, and how her face had impressed him that day. Could Nora be she? The face seemed familiar, and yet he was not certain.

"Hello!" yelled out some one at the gate. Frank started as if he had suddenly awakened from sleep and quickly opened the door and went to the gate. The rider's horse was panting and wet with sweat.

"A telegram for you," he said, and turned away. Frank hurried to his room and read it.

"A wreck; Bowen wounded; come; bring Nora to station."

He rushed to her room, and the girl was sitting by the table, writing.

"Pardon me, Nora, but here's a telegram for us to come to the station. Mr. Bowen is wounded in a wreck. Now don't cry, but get ready and let's be off."

He threw the telegram on the table and rushed out of the room, calling for the old negro at the same time to aid him in hitching up the horse.

"What's de matter, boss?" said the old negro when Frank stepped into the buggy and took the lines.

"Mr. Bowen has been hurt in a wreck. Nora and I are going to the station."

The old negro stood stock still for a moment, and then ran across the yard to the gate.

"Here, Nora," said Frank, "be quick."

The girl hesitated, and he took her up and lifted her into the buggy, took the lines and was soon on his way through the dark. But they did not notice the old negro as he clung to the top and stood on the axle of the buggy, half falling, bouncing up and down as they rushed forward over the rocky road. But he was there.

Suddenly the horse stopped and a light flashed into Frank's face. They were dragged from the buggy and Frank was struck in the face.

"Your keys or your life," growled two men at once.

Nora screamed and he could not speak. His pockets were searched and he was struck in the face again and left almost insensible.

* * * * *

Across the fields flew a form black as the night which had slipped from the axle of the buggy unnoticed, muttering in accents low as his breath came thick and fast.

"Your keys or your life."

* * * * *

On recovering from the blow, Frank managed to find the horse and again placing Nora in the buggy he drove as fast as he could toward the station. In less than an hour Frank and Nora stood by the bed on which Bowen lay wounded and suffering.

Early next morning the door opened slowly and the old negro came in with a serious yet joyful look on his face. On hearing the incident of the night before, Bowen turned to the old negro and said :

"Is the mill safe?" to which the old negro with an expression on his face which told of joy, said :

"Yes, massa ; I blowed de whistle and 'roused de men and fur de keys I've got 'em here," and he handed them to Bowen.

Turning to Nora, Bowen said :

"My dear girl, I am so sorry I can not live to care for you. I have always loved you and longed to see you happy, and in order for you to be so, I want you to have all my possessions." Then calling for a lawyer, he said :

"Write me a will by which Nora Bowen will have all my property."

Then turning to Frank he said :

"Frank, you have been my friend and faithful adviser through these two years you have been with me, and now I want you to win Nora. I know she loves you and has a great secret which pertains to you."

As he finished speaking he turned his face to the wall and breathed his last. The next day he was laid to rest in the Green Hill Cemetery.

That evening as Frank and Nora sat in silence thinking of the past, Nora rose from her chair and took from a drawer a hand-bag and took her seat again beside him.

Then she began to take out one by one the cards and lay them on the table. At last only one remained, and with trembling fingers she took it out and handed it to Frank.

He knew it, and read, "Union Depot, Oct. 22, 1893." Then taking another from her bosom she handed

it to him and he read: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

"This one," she said, "I have kept from the day you said, 'What a pity, boys.'"

Frank rose and pressed her to his bosom and kissed her tenderly.

"I see now, Nora, clearly enough."

And then she told him how her father had died and then she had gone to the far West to live with her uncle and how she had known him long before he had come to work at the mill.

So the two hearts beat as one and the mill ran on.

BOB.

BY JO PATTON.

I.

Dey all say meh Bob he uz guilty,
 But I nuver kin quite mek hit out,
 Dough I knows he uz pow'ful onsartin
 And easy ter be led erbout.

II.

Dey cha'ge 'im wif killin' er white man
 Who's drunk an' er beatin' his chile;
 An' er crowd come dat night an' burnt 'im—
 Dough I prayed an' begged all de while.

III.

An' Bob he ain' nuver cease laffin',
 'Twell de fiah done rech cle'r ter his head—
 (Bob allus is act kinder cur'us
 Sence de ol' mule lef' 'im fer dead).

IV.

De fo'ks say hit's er lammin' good riddunce,
 An' dey all peer ter be mighty glad—
 But dey's nobody knows how his ol' mammy feels
 Fer dat Bob uz de las' fr'en' she had.

V.

Dey fotch me out heah ter de po'-house
 Ter stay twell I weeds out meh row—
 Fer I hyea'd er man tellin' de Shuriff,
 "She's ol' an' ha'f crazy, ye know."

VI.

S'mtimes ez I sits by de chimbley
Dem days comes back, an' I sees
De lit'l' ol' hut by de ribber bank
An' meh Bob fas' ersleep on meh knees.

VII.

An' las' night I dream dat meh baby
Wuz er angel ez white ez snow,
An' I thought dat he say he's er waitin'
Fer me by de shinin' doah.

VIII.

Lawd, how meh ol' head's er bustin'.
Dis heah wo'l' ain' no place fer me,
Kaze I ain' gwine hab no contentment
Twell I jines meh Bob over de Sea.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY GORDON R. EDWARDS.

Contemporary with Dr. Samuel Johnson was Oliver Goldsmith, essayist, dramatist, novelist, and poet. His ancestors were of English descent. His father, Charles Goldsmith, was an Irish curate living in the small village of Pallas, Longford County, Ireland, and—

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

The family consisted of five daughters and three sons. Their oldest son was named Henry; their second, who was born on the 10th of November, 1728, was named Oliver.

Upon the death of Mr. Green, a relative of the family, Oliver's father obtained the vacant position, which was much better than his own; and consequently began to draw a better salary, and when Oliver was only two years old, he removed his family to Lissoy, Westmeath county.

Goldsmith's education began when he was only three years old. His letters were taught him by a maid-servant who lived in the family, and at the age of seven he was sent to the village school. The school-master was Paddy Byrne, who is probably the person that the poet had in mind when he described the village school-master in his "Deserted Village."

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.

The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;

In arguing, too, the person own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

When he was only eight years old he had the small-pox, which left his face badly disfigured all his life. He was a short chunky fellow, ill put together, rather rough and rude and exceedingly homely, his forehead projecting over his eyes in a very peculiar way, giving him a rather dull expression. While at school he was ridiculed by his playmates for his awkwardness and flogged as the dunce in the school-room, but it is said that "his boundless good nature, his cheery hopefulness, and his easy indifference to the blows of fate always won him sympathy and friends."

At the age of seventeen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, whose duty it was to do janitor service, sweep the court, and wait on the eating-tables for his board and tuition. But he was placed under the management of a brutal tutor, by whom he was insulted and in consequence he ran away with the intention of emigrating to America, but, when on the verge of starvation he was found by his brother and brought back to the university. It was while he was here that his father died, but notwithstanding this great drawback, with the aid of his good old uncle, Contarine, he remained there and got his degree in 1749. While at the university it is said that he disliked logic and mathematics but admired the Latin writers, especially Livy, and distinguished himself several times for his good translations.

He delighted to take part in outdoor sports, particularly ball-playing; is said to have attained proficiency in the game of fives, the object of which was to keep a ball rebounding against a wall and above a certain line by striking it with the hand; and was always foremost in all mischievous pranks, such as robbing orchards.

When he left college he was twenty-one years old and

had to face the world alone and empty-handed. But it seems that he did not take to literature until he had tried nearly every other way of earning a living. He first went to live with his widowed mother, but his great love for adventure was soon to be appeased.

He first attempted to enter the ministry, and accordingly presented himself for ordination, but he applied in scarlet breeches, and probably it was on that account that he was refused entrance. He then decided to emigrate to America, and so he set out for Cork on a good horse with thirty pounds in his pocket, but in six weeks he returned on a worthless horse and not a shilling in his pocket. Now he resolved to study law, and so his faithful uncle furnished him fifty pounds and with that he set out for London, but in an astonishingly short time he returned with no money, having gambled it all away at Dublin. Giving up his intentions of studying law, he decided to study medicine, and again being furnished a sufficient amount of money by his uncle, he went to Edinburg, where he attended lectures eighteen months. Then he announced that his knowledge of medicine would be greatly enhanced by foreign travel, and immediately set out for Leyden, where he arrived in 1754. He wandered over almost all of Europe, traveling on foot, earning his food and shelter by playing his flute and singing Irish songs, and returned in 1754, after probably studying a short while at the University of Padua, from which he obtained a rather dubious degree.

After he returned to England he went to London, where he attached himself to a crowd of beggars. He then obtained an usher's place in a high school, and after that became a book-seller's hack. During this time he wrote a few short articles which gained him something of a reputation. As his name became more

widely known, he became the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But he was still in pitiable circumstances. Once his landlady demanded her rents, which he could not pay. He immediately sent for Johnson. Johnson tells the story thus: "I received one morning a message from a poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork in the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged the rent, not without reproaching his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The novel that was thus ushered into the world was the "Vicar of Wakefield." This took place some time near the end of the year 1764, but the novel was not published until March, 1766, more than a year afterwards, when the "Traveller" had already gained him a reputation as a poet and a man of genius.

Johnson says that "the 'Vicar of Wakefield' was read by every class of readers with delight. To the young it was interesting; to the old its moral tendencies recommended it."

After this success, Goldsmith was engaged in much hack-writing, and it was amid such miscellaneous work as this that the "Good-Natured Man" began to assume concrete form. The comedy was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre on January the 29th, 1768. The new play was on a whole favorably received, notwithstanding the few hisses the author received when he entered the theatre on the first time it was acted.

In May, 1770, appeared his celebrated poem, the "Deserted Village." It met with a popularity that has never diminished and probably never will so long as our language lasts. He dedicated it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who in return for the compliment painted a picture representing one of its characters and dedicated it to Goldsmith. Although this poem is severely criticized for its incongruous parts, still it contains some fine descriptions and pretty language as anything in English literature. Certainly nothing can surpass it for beauty of expression.

"She Stoops to Conquer" was brought out in 1773. It was dedicated to his most sincere friend, Dr. Johnson. One writer has said, and truly, that "fashions in dramatic literature may come and go; but the wholesome, good-natured fun of 'She Stoops to Conquer' is as capable of producing a hearty laugh now as it was when it first saw the light of Covent Garden."

During all this time he wrote many "histories," from which he derived many pecuniary benefits but little reputation. He wrote a "History of Animated Nature," but it is seriously erroneous. So totally ignorant of science was he, that on one occasion he angrily maintained that he chewed his food by moving his upper jaw.

Goldsmith's conversational powers were astonishingly weak. His thoughts on every subject were confused,

but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. Consequently, his readers praised him as a man of genius, while he was the laughing-stock of his hearers.

In his later years he received an income of four hundred pounds annually, which in those days was considered a very good salary. But he always lived beyond his means, no matter how much he made. He often gambled and always lost. At his death he owed more than two thousand pounds. He contracted a fever, and insisted on taking some favorite powders, which only served to aggravate the malady, and on the 3d day of April, 1774, he died.

Goldsmith's motto seems to have been: Be merry while you may; enjoy the present hour, and let the morrow take care of itself. In fact, he even wrote that, "innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom." He was cheerful and animated, and always loved a joke. He suffered greatly from the want of self-confidence. He was too anxious to please. However, his greatest virtue is his open-hearted generosity. He would give his last shilling to some beggar, even when he was sorely in need of food and clothing himself.

A part of his epitaph is very significant:

"He left no style of writing untouched
And touched none that he did not adorn."

"Goldsmith, both in his verse and prose," says Dr. Johnson, "was one of the most delightful writers in the language. His verse flows like a limpid stream; his ease is quite unconscious. Everything in him was spontaneous, unstudied, unaffected, yet elegant, harmonious, graceful, nearly faultless. Without the point or refinement of Pope, he has more natural tenderness, a greater suavity of manner, a more genial spirit." His poems

are all ornamented with the very finest expressions in our language; his plays are filled with delightful humor; and his one novel, as every one knows, is a store house of pleasant cheerfulness and hearty good humor.

And now in closing let us conclude with Dr. Johnson, who is the most authentic authority and exercised his most just judgment, that, "whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."

THE OLD MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

BY OSCAR E. MANGUM.

Thurman and Tom Stuart left their home in the city and wandered back in the mountain coves near Mt. Mitchell, on Christmas day, to spend a week hunting. They had enjoyed this week, and now they were at the end of the last day's hunt, for it was the evening before New Year. Looking toward the west they saw smoke rising from a small mountain cabin. To this both men started, for it was near sundown, and they did not want to experience the horrors of another night on the mountains alone. As they approached the log cabin an old gray-haired man came out and welcomed them to his "den," as he called it. His furniture was all hand-made and of the crudest sort, but anything was better than trying to sleep out on the mountain side with danger lurking about them in every form of wild beasts.

The old man was preparing his supper, and they soon learned that he was alone and had been for years. After supper he took down his old long-stemmed pipe and leaned back against the wall in front of the fire. He was getting in shape to talk, and they were determined to know something of his strange history. As his eyes wandered about the room they lingered and seemed to have a softer glow about them as they rested upon an old faded picture on the mantel. After awhile he took it from its dusty place and gazed at it long and tenderly while thoughts of his youth flooded his mind.

Presently he raised his eyes and began to tell them the story of that face and how he came to be the Old Mountain Guide, for that was his only name in all this region. He was once said to be a promising lad, the pride of his

mother's heart. His father sent him away to college, and while there he won for himself a good name. But a little while before his graduation a young lady crossed his path and changed his whole life. He had never before appreciated the company of ladies, but now he fell desperately in love, and when he would try to study, her face would cover every page of his book.

After commencement, he went to see her, for she lived near his home. This visit will always be a green spot in his memory, for one afternoon, while there, they strolled down to the old "Lovers' Rock." This rock is sacred to many hearts, and many a beautiful legend hovers around it. For there are few married men in all this neighborhood but who won the happy promise, "Yours for life," here. In this enchanted place he told Katie of those things that make the brave tremble and stutter when uttered in a woman's ear. And he received as a reward for his bravery that dear old promise that has gladdened millions of hearts long before this. But in a moment, as it seemed to them, they were reminded that all nature had not stopped in wonder at their love by the sinking sun.

For the next few days he was in lover's paradise, for none were ever happier than he. But one day there sounded a discordant note in this world of bliss. The news had come that Fort Sumter had fallen and that the States were at war.

Raymond Moss bade Katie good-bye, and at the sound of the bugle marched away into Virginia. There day after day it seemed that he looked in the very face of death and thought he saw a warning of his own next. At this point, as the old man began to tell of Petersburg and how Grant made it so hot for them, his face clouded. The thought of that horrible slaughter when Grant's

mine exploded and hurled its hundreds into eternity always brought sorrow to his heart. As the mine exploded a flying stone struck him and left him senseless upon the field. Several hours later a young captain chanced across him and in searching for some clue to his identity, this picture of Katie's was found, and the captain determined to try to save him for her sake if possible. Immediately he was sent to the hospital with an order for the best of care until he should call for him.

It was not long after that until Richmond fell, and the retreat was made at Five Forks. Then came that fearful charge at Appomattox and arms were laid down—the war was at an end.

In a few days the captain came for his man, for he had no home to return to, and besides he had become very much attached to Raymond and wished to see him safe with his loved ones. The journey was a long and tiresome one, but finally it was ended and Raymond was back near his beloved Katie.

Captain Joe at once won a place in the hearts of the people in the neighborhood, and they persuaded him to remain during the summer. Often he would be seen going with Raymond to see Katie. She liked him from the first for his kindness to Raymond. But as the days passed in their rapid course there developed a feeling between them of more than friendship. This stung Raymond to the heart. The very idea of such a thing made him restless and drove sleep from his eyes.

One day in the latter part of September he passed by Katie's home, and intended to spend the evening there but he saw through the open window Captain Joe, and he passed on with an aching heart. Was the man who had saved his life on the battlefield now going to crush

it? He believed so. That night he wrote and asked her if the growing intimacy with Captain Joe was other than friendly, and added that he would not stand in her path to happiness if it was. In her answer she attempted to seem surprised that he had mentioned such a thing and asked him to come over that night.

He walked over in the afternoon instead, and as he started to pass by "Lovers' Rock" he saw a picture that haunted him all the rest of his life. Before him was Katie looking prettier than he had ever seen her before, and by her side, on the same rock where he had received that promise of a life of devotion, sat Captain Joe. Thoughts ran through his mind like lightning, and in that moment he recalled the farewell kiss of Katie and her last words as he went away to the war, that she would be his forever. He realized that he was at a crisis in his life, for to try to hold her to her engagement would make her unhappy, but to give her up would rob life of its sweetness for him; nevertheless he loved her and would make this last sacrifice for her happiness.

As he approached they both blushed and seemed at a loss for something to say, but he intercepted them with these words: "Captain, you saved my life once, and have been very kind to me ever since. Now I want to try to repay you by surrendering my claim on the idol of my heart. Take Katie, for she will be an inspiration to you. Give her your purest love, and treat her kindly as I would have done. And Katie, you will be happy with Joe. He has a pure and warm heart. Try to reward him for his kindness to me."

Those words nearly broke his heart, but they were said and he was gone. After a moment's hesitation, the old man continued his story: "I could not remain there

and keep my promise to them, so I stole away in the night and wandered out here. Since that time I have been the Old Mountain Guide. I lead the restless people up the mountain, and they little dream of the load on my heart. The wind as it whistles through the trees here moans, and I sometimes wonder if it does not do it in sympathy for me. But it will all soon be over, and the old Guide will be forgotten. Once since then I saw Captain Joe Stuart and his wife, but they did not know—”

“Captain Stuart, did you say?” the men eagerly inquired?

“Yes—why?”

“Why he is our father and Katie is our mother.”

The old man could not control himself, but threw his arms around the hunters and sobbed like a child.

Far away in the distance, just then, they heard the chimes of the church bells and they knew it was New Year. That day the hunters carried The Old Mountain Guide back to their home, and Katie never tired trying to make happy the broken old man who had given his life for her.

DISPUTED POINTS IN CHAUCER'S LIFE.

BY W. J. FRANCIS.

In writing a life of Chaucer there is so much conjecture and so little that is known that one is apt to try to fill in with some of his own comments and beliefs. So it has been with those men who have written his life. Chaucer lived in an age when nothing was written down and there was no desire for keeping anything which pertained to history, literature or anything which would be of interest to future generations. Says Mr. Lounsbury, "The life of Chaucer is a field that blossoms luxuriantly with flowers, and it is asking a good deal of one who enters it to abstain from plucking some of its flowers." He says again, "All that has been attempted in his book is to say that a few of them have been gathered, and in no instance has the fact been kept out of sight that they are only flowers and never the ripened fruit of positive knowledge." Biography, in ancient times, so far as it existed, concerned itself only with heroes, kings and warriors. In modern times its tendency is to follow along the same lines. It is only in comparatively recent years that in the world's history the lives of authors have received the scantiest consideration. Everything we know about the ancient writers could be put in a small volume. It could be truly said about those who existed before the seventeenth century. At such a period the career of a writer, usually uneventful, had in it hardly enough of incident to arrest attention. While the memory was fresh there was no need of an account of him, so in time he was forgotten. On the other hand, the present is an age of biography. Nothing remotely approaching it in this respect has ever

before been known in the literary history of the race. No station in life is too obscure to escape the searching eye of the biographer. Even a man's insignificant acts and deeds are praised and glorified, and often the biographer draws from these little things the future of the man. The rise of the modern biography writing started with the death of Pope in 1744, when before he had laid in his grave two months a biography of him had been written and circulated. The man of letters suffers now from too much attention, as he once did from too much neglect. He is felt to have no rights which the seeker after personal information is bound to respect. His conversations are reported, his letters published. He is not allowed the privilege of suppressing the hasty, crude productions of which he is ashamed. Nothing that he says, nothing he writes, is allowed to be forgotten.

Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been aptly called "The morning star of English song," was born on Thomas street, London, in 1340. There is much said regarding his birth, but it suffices to say that after much careful study of old manuscripts, inquiry and investigation, 1340 was the exact date of his birth. His mother's name was Agnes. She was a noble woman, but very little is known of her. His father was John Chaucer, a vintner, and as far as records show an ordinary man who cared for his family and lived an humble life. The name Chaucer, which means "shoemaker," was an ordinary name in England, and the number of them in England was multitudinous, especially about the time of Geoffrey Chaucer. One can well see why there is so much argument about the particular man now in hand. Stooping by the side of the path and plucking one of the flowers spoken of in the beginning, we may say that Chaucer as a boy spent his time with his father aiding in the support of the family.

The first certain information after that of his birth is, that he served in the household of Countess de Bugh, of Ulster, wife of Lionel, third son of Edward III. The fragments of her household accounts which contain the name of Galfridero Chaucer were found appropriately enough in the covers of a manuscript containing Lydgate's *Story of Thebes* and Hocclebe's *Regement of Princess*, so that the work of the two brother poets have helped to preserve these records of Chaucer's early life. The accounts show that in April, 1357, the Countess was in London, and that an entire suit of clothes, consisting of a fattock, or short cloak, a pair of red and black breeches and shoes was then provided for him at a cost of about seven shillings. In May of the same year another article was purchased for him in London. In December of the following year when the Countess was at her seat at Hatfield, in Yorkshire, there is an entry of two shillings and six pence for "necessaries at Christmas," which was paid to him in person. These are the only entries in the old documents which refer directly to his service, but Mr. Pollard says that the Countess took part in several great festivities at the court, and it is very probable that Chaucer was there.

From this kind of life, whatever the position he filled, Chaucer passed to a military one. In 1359 he joined the army of Edward III., and proceeded to France. The details of this invasion as pictured by Froissart are vivid and full of adventure. Edward assembled at Dover, crossed the strait and entered the land through the gates of Calais, the Black Prince with the king and his four sons rode at the head of the column. They carried mills for grinding, ovens for baking, smithies to forge, and great supplies of food. Great bands went before and cleared away the roads for the great army, which moved

only three leagues a day. The population on all sides fled in utter confusion, the country was stripped of provision and left desolate. But for us the most important thing is that Chaucer was in this invasion. We are at a loss to know in what capacity Chaucer served in the army. There seems to be some disagreement as to his capture by the French. Some say that he laid claim to one named Richard Scrope and deprived him of his armor and put it on. Scrope had made himself so conspicuous that Chaucer was captured at once. Another story is that Chaucer had gone out on a foraging party and was captured. From the official records we learn that in 1360 Geoffrey Chaucer was ransomed by Edward III. for sixteen pounds, the price of a horse.

Between 1360 and 1365 lies an exasperating gap. Says Mr. Pollard, "For seven years after his release from capture we hear nothing of Chaucer save his father's death and Agnes Chaucer's remarriage, but we may guess that soon after 1360 he was taken into the King's household, and on June 20, 1367, in consideration of his past and future services, Edward III. granted him a pension for life, 20 marks, or about £200 present value." But just here Mr. Lounsbury and Mr. Pollard disagree as to dates. According to Mr. Pollard, "On the 12th September, 1366, Philippa Chaucer was in the service of the Queen and was granted a pension of ten marks yearly for life." Mr. Lounsbury says that "from 1360 to 1367 we know nothing of Chaucer." These things are liable to confuse one, and it seems to us that Mr. Lounsbury simply overlooked the matter and got his dates mixed. Mr. Pollard says that there is strong evidence that Philippa Chaucer was wife of Geoffrey Chaucer, as married women frequently served in the court. There is a strong

evidence of Chaucer having a love suit with a certain woman who is supposed to be Philippa Chaucer, and which led to his marriage in 1366.

Chaucer by this time had become noted in the court as a diplomatist, and accordingly he was sent on a diplomatic mission to Italy. In fact, from 1367 the name of Chaucer appears on the official records rather frequently. In 1369 he took part in the war in France. In 1370 he was abroad on the King's service and obtained letters of protection until Michaelmas, when he returned and secured his pension with his own hands, 1371 and 1372.

We know nothing of his doings till 12th November of the following year, when he joined a commission, with two citizens of Genoa, to treat with the Duke for the purpose of establishing a port in England where Genoese merchants might settle and trade. For his expenses he was allowed and advanced a hundred marks and a further sum of thirty-eight marks was paid after his return, which took place on November 22, 1373, when he received his pension in person again. A point should here be noticed that his trip in Italy greatly influenced his writings afterward.

Still Chaucer's popularity grew. From the mission to Genoa dates a great advance in his prosperity. On April 23, 1374—the day of annual celebration of the feast of St. George at Windsor—a pitcher of wine was granted him daily, to be received at the hands of the King's butler. But it seemed ill for Chaucer, for the wine was stopped for some reason after about six months, and its value in money was given him. Chaucer in most instances received his pensions in person.

In May of the same year he leased from the corporation of London the dwelling house over the gate of Oldgate. In June of the same year he was appointed

Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Skins and Wools, tanned Hides in the Port of London, with the obligation to write the rolls with his own hand and always to be present. In the same year he was granted £10 by John of Gaunt for services rendered by him and his wife Philippa in the sickness of Duchess of Blanche.

There seem to be no end to Chaucer's money and grants now, for we find that he came into possession of the estate of Edward Staplegate, of Kent, who was a minor. This was a common method of rewarding favorites of the crown. This paid him £104 yearly. In 1376 the King made Chaucer a grant of £71. 4s. 6d., which was a fine collected from a certain man who had failed to pay his duty on wool. In February, 1377, he went to Flanders with Sir Thomas Percy on a secret mission, and later employed for which he was duly paid and it was recorded on the rolls. While on this mission in Flanders and France, Chaucer appointed John Gower of his own accord poet while he was gone.

Now that Chaucer had become a favorite in the court he was sent to and fro throughout the country and all over the continent. While on one of these trips it seems that he became involved with a woman of rather bad character and was released from her May 1, 1380, of which there is a record on the rolls.

But now for a few years Chaucer's work is confined to London. He was appointed Comptroller of the Customs and received his and his wife's pensions regularly. There is a record showing that Chaucer asked the Treasury for £22 for his back expenses on his trip to France as minister, and it was duly paid. On three successive New Year's Days his wife was presented with a silver gilt cup, and then Chaucer was appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs of the Port of London, and had

the privilege of appointing his own deputy. In February, 1385, he was reappointed to the same place and allowed a month's vacation at end of year. In the following April, 1386, he probably took advantage of his new leisure and went to Canterbury with the pilgrims. In June of the same year he lost his position as Comptroller of Petty Customs and we hear no more of him until 1389, except for the fact that his wife died in 1387. In 1389 he was appointed Shire of Kent and held that position until 1391.

Now we see Chaucer doing a different line of work. He wrote the "Astrolabe," and was so wrapped up in his work that he lost his position as Shire of Kent.

No further mention of Chaucer occurs till the 28th of February, 1394. On that day he received a grant from the King of £20 a year for life. The relief seemed to have come in a good time, for Chaucer was in much need of money. In the same year the King issued letters of protection for Chaucer, which hindered any one from molesting him, since he had proved so helpful and faithful to the court. Later on in the year Henry IV. took the throne and granted Chaucer a hogshead of wine in order to have him in his court and have his good advice. The tun of wine was to begin from December 11, 1397, and continue through life.

But now his years are few. In 1399 he wrote "Complaynt to his Peers," and for it his pension was doubled by Henry IV. The poet did not live long to enjoy the new day of prosperity that appears to have dawned with the accession of the House of Lancaster. On 24th December, 1399, he leased a tenement in the Garden of St. Mary's Chapel, for fifty-three years or "less," he says if he dies sooner.

On 21st February, 1400, he drew his pension in person.

On June 5th his pension was drawn by another. This is the last mention of him that occurs on the rolls. He could not any longer undergo the strain of public life, and on October 25, 1400, Chaucer departed this life.

Scanty as are these records to any thorough knowledge of his character, there are one or two things about him that they do serve to make so clear that any permanent misrepresentation is impossible. Whatever misfortunes may have clouded his latter days, it is plain that during most of his career Chaucer was a successful man, as the world commonly rates success. In an age when blood and birth counted for far more than they do now, the vintner's son easily triumphed over the accidents of family and station. He became the associate of princes and stood in the favor of nobles. We are not in these days likely to place upon the appreciation of such men too extravagant an estimate. He did not have to wait for the tardy justice of posterity to bestow appreciation which his own age had refused to grant. Sought or unsought, regarded or slighted, it came to him in abundance during his life.

THE ENEMIES.

BY E. A. TURNER.

"Allen Watson dead? For goodness sake! Ellen, what was the matter?"

"Nobody knows. They found him lying on the wood-pile. Dr. Clark pronounced it heart disease."

"Well, if ever a poor body has its share of trouble, Emma Watson has had all she will have. Her children it seems like were no pleasure to her. One died before it was a week old, and Henry and Lizzie both died in the same week; just when they were getting large enough to be some pleasure. They hadn't been buried six months before the house burned down, with everything else they had, and now her husband is gone. It does look like some of the men folks in the world would get some of her trouble. William will never go to college, I know, for he has got to take care of her now, unless Allen left her a mighty heap more than people reckon for.

"I wish I could do something for them, so William could go to college. There is not a more deserving boy in this town than he is, and if I could help him I certainly should do it."

The greater part of this conversation was carried on by sympathetic old Mary Smith, with one of her neighbors, over the back-yard fence. Had her purse been half as full as the heart that pumped the life's blood in her old bosom, she would gladly have helped any one who had been touched by the ravages of fortune's ill fnger, and gladder still would she have poured out its contents for the mother whose son had so completely won her soul by his kindly courtesies.

Often when the blasts of cruel winter were howling at

her cottage door, or when the over-burdened clouds were dropping their flakes of downy snow against her window panes, little William Watson would come knocking solemnly at her door. He had come to fill the corner behind the stove with wood, the scuttle with coal, the box with chips, and the buckets with water from the funny pump on the back porch. Then, when this was done, he would sit with her for an hour or two, cracking walnuts and eating cookies and doughnuts cooked just for him, while she told stories of her grandma and grandpa, and of the time when she was a little girl.

To the old lady these visits of the little boy were more than visits. They were days lived over again. When she told him stories of her childhood, she saw it and lived it again. She loved for him to come. When he came she was a little girl again; again she was roasting her toes in the ashes before the big logs in the old open fireplace; she was playing Jack-in-the-bush with her brothers. No wonder, then, when she heard the news of the morning she thought of William Watson, and feared for the realization of the ambition that had become his life's purpose—a college education.

Life had been hard enough for the Watson family when the father was well enough to work, but now that he was dead it seemed that they could almost hear the great gaunt wolf of starvation breathing at their door. For months they fought him before they were sure of a retreat. At night the fairies of neighborly Christians would often visit the wolf-besieged door, leaving always a sign. Maybe it would be a basket of vegetables or fruit, a bag of flour or a country ham, or if it was Thanksgiving or Christmas, a turkey and a bundle of celery with perhaps a large yellow, frost-bitten pumpkin for the dinner desert.

One day the brother of old Mary Smith came to the country village. He wanted a cash boy for his big store in the city. Mary had told him of William, and he was of the calibre he wanted.

The old man made him a flattering proposition, offering a good salary and promising to rent his mother's farm to responsible tenants, and to see that she was well provided for, while he was with him in the store.

So it was arranged that he should go. How he hated to leave his home! It was a picturesque old thing, standing back away from the road, back in a cluster of giant oaks and elms that would have caused the hearts of the old Druids to swell with pride. On the piazza, a beautiful Virginia creeper mingled its rich foliage with the fragrance of trailing honeysuckle and cypress vine; from the road symmetrical rows of box-wood and evergreen guided the chance visitor to the hospitable door; scattered here and there through the grove were beautiful myrtle and magnolia trees where the birds built their nests and sang. Did you ever see one of those beautiful, simple, well-kept colonial homes, so characteristic of the ante-bellum South? If you have, you know well enough what he was leaving. But besides this artistic and natural beauty, he was leaving an atmosphere whose like he could find nowhere else—love in all its purity and simplicity. He had been happy here, even in their poverty.

He knew he was in the dawning of a better fortune, yet he was not glad. He would miss the doughnuts, the cookies, and the stories of old Mary Smith. He was almost grown now, but still these things were interesting, and he loved to talk to the kind old soul. He was sad, too, because he must leave his mother; the cookies and the doughnuts he could outgrow; the stories he could

forget, but it was hard to leave her. She knew his aspirations and ambitions, and encouraged them; she was his companion, and shared his pleasure. He hated to leave her, his playmate, sweet-heart, friend, advisor.

In the city he began his career auspiciously. The influence of Mary Smith, the love and training of his mother, and the atmosphere of his home had formed traits of character that were certain winners of friendship and harbingers of success. He had been in the store only a short time before Mr. Smith saw that it would be no risk to promote him from the realm of the cash-boy to that of the clerk, with a proportional increase of salary. He was in the enviable line of promotion; success, the fickle goddess, was awaiting him on the hill top, but now his life is touched and turned aside by something external.

John Brown had played his ill-fated act at Harper's Ferry; the palmetto trees of Fort Sumpter were rustling with the winds of war, and over the whole Southland its clouds were hanging low; her peace was disturbed by the gleaming sabre; the slumber of her people was disturbed by the lightning of the musket's flash, and the deep-toned thunder of cannon was shaking their homes.

They stood it until the virtue of patience was gone, then they rose to protect their rights. Everywhere young men were leaving their work to join the ranks of the soldiers who will live forever. Soon William Watson heard the call, and Smith & Co. lost their best clerk.

He enlisted in a local company, and began to prepare himself for a soldier with the same zeal that he had used in preparing himself for a clerk.

It was his earnestness that caught his general's eye.

his wit and humor that gained the respect of his fellow-soldiers, and the radiance of his pure life that won the love of all, from the little hunch-back drummer boy to the good-hearted chaplain. His friends were legion, for to know him was to love him.

For two years now the war tide had ebbed and flowed, and at the beginning of the third it found him promoted to the captaincy of a company. His company soon became the best in the regiment, for the soldiers loved him, and he inspired in them the passion for doing their best that possessed his own life, and always they were where duty's call was loudest.

The army of the Confederacy was at bay. Grant had kept up his hammering process until his numbers were great enough to overwhelm it. They must know the enemy's plan and fight desperately, if they would save Richmond.

"Who will volunteer to go to the enemy's lines for information?" was the question that passed down the ranks.

Captain Watson was the first to step out; instantly his whole company followed him. Such devotion must have touched the brave heart, but he waved them back, for he knew the danger attending the hazard was less for one than for many.

As the day was passing into the soft and mellow twilight, the young captain left his friends and started for the hostile camp. He went carelessly, but hurriedly along, lost in meditation, until he came to the waters of the James; these warned him that he was nearing the enemy's outposts, and he began to make his way with caution.

Fortunately he found a small skiff secured to a tree leading over the water's edge. He loosed it from its

mooring and glided into the stream. As noiselessly as falling snow did he lift his paddle from the water and put it back again, as he propelled himself up the stream; yet he drew the challenge of a wary picket, and an instant later was startled by the whistle of a passing boat; he had failed to comply with the shouted "halt," but had dropped down in the bottom of the skiff and suffered it to drift up with the incoming tide. For an hour he lay there, hardly daring to move a muscle, until he had drifted well above the picket's post; then he arose cautiously and resumed the paddle. He paddled on for a mile or more and took the woods again, on the enemy's side.

We will not follow his movements now, but suffice it to say, he went to their camp, and by eavesdropping, peeping, and tricks, got a good idea of their plan, and some papers bearing on the intended movements of the next day. He was making his way from their lines when he was halted by a sentinel and searched; of course the papers were found and they knew he was a member of the bravest, and yet the most despised body of the whole war—the spies.

In accordance with the law of all nations he must be shot—the custom-fixed death of a spy. A trial was held—a mere formality. "To be shot to-morrow at sunrise" was the mandate.

The morning sun was just shooting its rays through the tree tops, making the Yankee camp light with the dawn of a new-born day; the spy, blindfolded and with his hands bound behind him, was surrounded by stern, determined faces, awaiting the command to fire. Their muscles had grown tense, their eyes had sought and found their aim, when a messenger dashed into the camp with a message from the commander-in-chief of the Northern army.

"Send all prisoners North, to Johnson's Island; the war is too nearly over to exchange or execute them," it read. The ten muskets were lowered, ten men heaved sighs of relief, and the heart of the doomed spy beat fast with hope, and then with gladness as he was placed with the regular prisoners of war.

The narration of journeys is uninteresting and hard, so let us imagine the happenings of the prisoner's journey to Johnson's Island, and follow our hero's movements there.

He had been there only a short time when he made the acquaintance of Margaret Sloane, and lo! he was in another prison.

Margaret was one of the many good women of the North who conceded some feeling to the Southern soldiers, and recognized in some measure the justice of his cause.

She was on an errand of mercy and love when she met the hero of our tale. As a result of the exposure through which he had passed, the dread germs of pneumonia had ensconced themselves in his lungs, and now he was tossing unconsciously in their merciless grasp. She had seen him before in passing on her missions, and volunteered now to nurse him back to health.

Before he was well the war was over. Lee had surrendered to superior numbers, and the Confederacy was only a dream. William, too, had surrendered to superior force. During his convalescence of course he talked. What he said he has never told me, but he must have drawn high the flag of truce, for the prison warden heard the following:

"Margaret, what makes you love me so?"

"I just love you," she answered.

"You little girl you, you know you know why."

"Well, just because I couldn't help it, Mr. Dullness; and now, what makes you love me?"

"Because you are the sweetest, the dearest, most unselfish woman in all the world, and because you took advantage of the truce and conquered me, and I had to do it."

"Well, William, do you think I am pretty?"

"You little foolish dear, what a question; you know I do, and I love you, too, so much that I feel like I must die if you do not love me."

"Well, dear, you know I love you, but we are enemies."

"Under truce, though," he interposed, "and I am your prisoner, too."

A week later the prisoner was given a discharge from the Federal prison, with transportation to Richmond, but still he was held in the other prison.

He went to see the warden of the other prison in her home; met and won her father and mother, and made friends with her brothers and sisters.

After supper they went to the cozy parlor. Sitting close together on the sofa, with hands clasped tight, she told him how he had talked of his Southern home, his mother, doughnuts and cookies, in his delirium, and how somehow she felt like she would like to know her mother and live in the Southland home. Then she asked him: "Shall I give you your discharge and let you leave your prison? Maybe there is another prison in the South."

"No," he said, "I want to serve my conquerer forever."

And she said, "Well."

THE CHRISTMAS CARILLON.

BY H. F. PAGE.

What though bitter north winds blow,
Homeward bound—we can but go—

Chime, sweet carillon.

Books deserted—left behind,
Class-room duties out of mind,

Chime, sweet carillon.

O'er the bleak, frost-barren hills
Sweep the cars—what heart but thrills,

Chime, sweet carillon.

Home we'll be—sundown to-night,
Hands will clasp, hearts reunite—

Chime, sweet carillon.

'Neath the wreathed holly bough,
Waiting groups are gathering now,

Chime, sweet carillon.

Circling 'round the ingle gleam—
Vision fairer than a dream!

Chime, sweet carillon.

Woe forgotten—vanquished pain—
Love with love shall meet again,

Chime, sweet carillon.

Thus in all the after years,
Steal our woes—banish our tears,

Yuletide carillon.

THE RAID.

BY T. N. HAYES.

It was a cold evening in December. The wind was howling like some wild beast as it rushed madly over the steep mountain side. Nestled close under the shadow of the Blue Ridge was the small cabin of a sturdy mountaineer, John Owens. Just over the ridge, completely hidden by rhododendron and laurels, was a rude structure of pine logs, closely daubed with mud and covered with rough, oak boards.

No better location could have been found for a blockade distillery. Here, unmolested by officers of the law, Owens had for several years been making corn whiskey and "packing" it across the mountain to Ashe County, where he found ready sale for it. This had proved profitable to the old man, and he was now making a Christmas supply. The still was boiling away and the precious liquid was oozing, drop by drop, through the peeworm into a five-gallon keg. On each side were several hogsheads of beer ready for distillation. Owens was restless this afternoon, for a foreboding of approaching danger had crept over him this morning. He had told his wife to watch for the "revenues" and blow the horn if she should see them coming.

On this same evening six horsemen well armed with their carbines and hatchets hanging from their saddles were seen riding along the road leading from Wilkesboro across the Blue Ridge. One of Owen's enemies had reported him to the deputy collector, giving full information as to the location of the still. When the officers left the public road they began to ride more rapidly, for they feared that some of Owen's neighbors might run through the woods and warn him of their approach.

The officers caused no little excitement among the people of this community, for a great many of them were violators of the law, and consequently dreaded the approach of an officer. Soon the officers came in sight of Owens's hut, which could now be seen through the opening in the woods half a mile away.

Jane Owens was cutting wood to prepare supper when she heard the sound of horse-hoofs as they struck the rocky mountain road. Immediately she ran to the house, seized the horn and gave the signal of approaching danger to her husband.

The officers reached the hut, the leader dismounted, walked to the door and called for Owens. A large red-faced woman came to the door and said, "What d'ye want here?"

"We would like to get a little whiskey. We have been hunting and are very tired. Can't you stir us up a little, madame? We won't say anything about it," said the leader.

"No, sir," she replied, looking the officers square in the face, not the least frightened. "Yer air lyin', anyway. Yer don't want any liquor. Yer mean scoundrels have come up here to rob us. I could shoot yer infernal brains out," she went on, allowing her woman's temper to get the better of her.

"Where is your husband, madame? We have some important business with him," said the officer.

"None of yer business," was the quick reply.

"I guess we will find him at his place of business. Let's go, boys."

His quick eye caught sight of a dim, well-worn path leading across the ridge. They followed this for some thirty or forty yards, dismounted, tied their horses in the woods, and made their way to the distillery with

much difficulty. Expecting at every moment to be attacked by Owens and his friends, they entered the still house to find a large, hot bed of coals before the furnace and the still running over with water turned in by means of a small trough.

While the officers were delaying at the cabin, Owens had been preparing to receive them. On hearing the horn he had quickly drawn the fire from the furnace, knocked the cap, emptied the still of its beer and turned in the water to keep the still from burning. Seizing two five-gallon kegs at a time, he soon had his liquor safe in a cave near by. Taking his gun from the rack over the door, he had concealed himself thirty or forty yards from the still to wait the approach of the intruders. As he lay concealed there, how he had wished for some of his friends to come to his rescue.

After the "revenues" had disappeared toward the still Jane Owens, thinking that she might aid her husband, had seized her rifle and ran through the woods by another path. By chance, she had found her husband crouched by a huge rock, his blood fairly boiling with rage. He felt that he was being robbed, for he said that this is a free country and a man has a perfect right to do as he pleases with his corn and labor. Now the officers were destroying his beer and still. This was too much for the old Scotch-Irishman. He would have rushed alone upon the six officers, had it not been for Jane, who told him that he could do nothing with six armed men in a fight, and suggested that they wait until the "revenues" should come out, then they would shoot at them. Owens decided to do this.

The officers had been playing havoc with his property. They had cut the hoops on the hogsheads, thereby destroying the beer, and cut the still to pieces with their

hatchets. They had found some whiskey and were feeling good from the effects of it. But it was getting dark now, and not wishing to be found in this wild place after night, the officers decided that they would make no further search for Owens, but would get away as soon as possible. But trouble was ahead; for just as they were starting away, two sharp reports were heard, and the leader and one of his men gave a wild leap in the air and fell to the ground, writhing in agony from the well-directed rifle shots. The other officers were dumbfounded. On examining their fallen comrades, they found them seriously wounded and in need of medical assistance. They would have avenged the wounded officers, but they did not know how many foes lurked in the dense thicket. They had thought that they were victorious, but necessity now compelled them to leave the place, defeated. They took their wounded to the nearest farmhouse, two miles away, where they left them in good hands till they could go for assistance. After many weeks' suffering the officers were able to be carried to their families at Wilkesboro, though they never fully recovered from their wounds. They did not care to have another such experience with the blockader and his wife.

A SUMMER DAY'S ADVENTURE.

BY W. M. JOHNSON.

There were four of us boys who set out one warm July morning for a combined business and pleasure excursion "up the creek" to "the Trestle," where a narrow-gauge railroad, owned by a lumber company, crossed the creek.

A day or two before an old water-tank there, having been replaced by a larger one, had been broken up and thrown into the creek. Before the timber had floated far, nearly every bit of it had been caught and held by "snags," bushes, and sand-bars. The business part of the excursion consisted in walking up there, constructing a raft out of this timber, and floating it down the creek five or six miles to "the Bluff," our favorite bathing place, where we wished to make a bathing-house out of it.

The pleasure part—well, every one who has ever really learned to love the water would laugh at you if you were to ask him where the pleasure part did come in. What could be more fun than swimming around from one plank to another, pushing them all together, and then fastening them together while standing waist deep in the cool current of that clear stream?

After two or three hours' work, all the timber that could possibly be used was made into one huge raft, and rolling up all our clothing except our hats into one bundle, which we tied securely with a pair of suspenders, we started on our long journey down the stream.

Before we had gone far we found one of the sides of the tank, consisting of ten or twelve narrow planks held together by short, thick beams, nailed across the planks at intervals of a foot and a half. The whole side

formed a table-top about sixteen feet long and four broad. John, the youngest of our number, a boy of fifteen, decided that it would be great fun to carry this craft on down the stream by himself, and was soon far ahead of the rest of us on our more cumbersome raft.

At first we kept up communication with him by frequent halloing, but before long his answers to our calls ceased, as the distance separating us became greater and greater.

Coming suddenly around a sharp bend in the creek, we saw something that made our hearts almost stop beating. Caught in a tangled clump of branches growing out of a tree which had its roots in the bottom of the creek, was a long, narrow platform, which proved to be a side of that water-tank, and the top of it was wet. We looked for John down the creek and on the banks, but could see no signs of him. We called him frantically, but the echo of our own voices was the only reply. What could have become of him? We saw the question in each other's eyes, but were afraid to answer it, for we could think of only one answer. To be sure he could swim well, but that terror of all swimmers, the cramp, would have rendered him powerless—and we had stayed in the water so long that all of us were thoroughly chilled. How we reproached ourselves for our folly in doing so!

Again, he might have slipped off the side of the tank, sunk below his depth, and been caught and held by some of the numerous branches below the surface of the water.

After calling till our throats ached without receiving a response, we swam to the bank and looked in all directions for fresh footsteps, but found none. Finally we gave up the search, and, going back to the clump of branches, began silently, as if moved by a common im-

pulse, to dive below the surface, in turn, feeling with hands and feet for the body of our friend. Many times we repeated this performance, but in vain. At length we concluded that the body must have been carried down stream by the current. We endeavored to console ourselves with the faint hope that he might have abandoned his charge there and swum the rest of the way, but this was very poor consolation, and our raft carried three sad boys quietly down stream.

After gliding on for a half hour, we came near enough to "the bluff" to hear the shouts and laughter of the boys who were taking their usual after-dinner swim there. We called to them, and after what seemed an age, heard an answering shout. Of course the first question we asked was, "Is John there," and it is hard to imagine our sense of relief and joy when we heard the answer, "Yes."

We did not say much until we reached the crowd and even then could hardly believe our eyes when we saw John, alive and enjoying himself immensely, while drawn upon the bank was the long narrow side of the tank, on which John had started.

A few hasty questions and answers cleared up the mystery. John, in coming down stream, had seen the other side of the tank caught in the clump of bushes. Wishing to gain other laurels for himself, and at the same time more material for our bathing-house, he had steered his craft up to the clump, and, jumping from it to its mate, had endeavored to extricate it. In this way the top of it had become wet, and so we had never thought of the fact that the tank had more than one side. Failing in the attempt to free the second side, John had climbed back on the one with which he had started, and gone on down stream, little dreaming of the hour's agony he was leaving for us three boys.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased God in His all-wise providence to remove from our midst our friend and classmate, Sidney A. Matthews; be it resolved,

First, that we, the members of the Medical Class of Wake Forest College, are grieved over the loss of this splendid young man, whose life was so full of promise;

Second, that we extend to his bereaved loved ones our profound sympathy, and commend them to Him who is a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief;

Third, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, to the *Biblical Recorder*, and THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON,
THURMAN D. KITCHIN,
SLOCOMB R. EDWARDS,
Committee.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STAFF EDITORS :

DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor,

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

W. M. JOHNSON..... Editor
C. C. HOWARD..... Associate Editor

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

W. E. GOODE..... Editor
G. A. PEEK..... Associate Editor

J. ABNER BARKER, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, Editor.

The Honor System.

For several years it has been felt that a change was needed in the condition of affairs at Wake Forest. While a majority of the students have always been in favor of order, and opposed to the destruction of college property and to the dishonest methods sometimes used during examinations, there have been others who, thoughtlessly, as we would rather believe, have not been in harmony with them. The sentiment of the student-body has been so strong against tattling of any kind that heretofore a student would hardly dare to report any misdemeanor, however serious, to the Faculty.

For some time there has been a growing feeling that a change was needed. In order to bring about a change a mass-meeting of the students was held, and after expressions of opinion from many prominent students, all of whom favored an honor system, an agreement was signed by nearly all present, by the terms of which the signers pledged themselves to do what they can to stop the destruction of college property, cheating on examinations, and general dishonesty.

At a second meeting the organization appointed a committee of seven representative students, to whom any misdemeanors may be reported by the students. The committee will try any one who may be accused, and, if they deem it necessary, report him to the Faculty for discipline.

Hereafter, on examinations, while members of the Faculty may be in the room for the purpose of answering questions, the students are not to be watched, but left solely on their honor. If a student sees another cheating, he may report him to the committee, with the assurance that his own name will not be made known.

This system has been tried in other colleges, and has usually given satisfaction, both to the Faculty and the students. We see no reason why it should not succeed here, with the great majority of the students to back up the agreement made at the meeting. Already some evidences have been given that the good results expected of it will come. We hope and believe that it will result in the cultivation of a keener sense of honor among the students, and that the destruction of college property and cheating on examinations will be greatly decreased, if not wholly eliminated.

Baptist History. The Baptists of North Carolina have a right to be proud of their history, for it is one of which any denomination might well be proud. The descendants of those sturdy leaders who sowed the seeds of Baptist faith have just cause to feel that they have noble blood in their veins. It is to be regretted, though, that so little is known concerning the history of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, even by the people of that denomination. Some years ago, in order to supply this long-felt want,

the publication of the North Carolina Baptist Historical Papers was begun, under the oversight of the venerable and beloved Dr. Hufham. This labor of love was one of the worthiest of the many which have made his life so useful to the denomination.

Unfortunately, on account of a lack of funds, this enterprise was abandoned before the history was completed. Since then there has been nothing to take its place. The editors of THE STUDENT, knowing that Wake Forest College belongs to the Baptists of the State, felt that the college magazine ought to be devoted to their service in some way. Accordingly, at the recent meeting of the Baptist State Convention in Elizabeth City, they, through Dr. Sikes, offered one issue of THE STUDENT every year to the Convention, to be used by them for the publication of any matter pertaining to the history of the Baptists that they saw fit to publish. The proposition was accepted with enthusiasm, and a committee appointed, with Dr. Sikes as chairman, to prepare material for that number. It is hoped that enough material can be got together to make some issue this spring the Convention number. Hereafter, it is probable that the first issue every year will be devoted to it. The editorial departments will, of course, be reserved for the editors, but the space usually given to the contributions will be turned over to the committee appointed by the Convention, to use as they think best.

We believe that this arrangement will be of benefit to the Baptists of the State, and to THE STUDENT itself. Every Baptist in the State should be interested in the history of his denomination. We believe that most of them are, and will want to read the Convention number. In this way, it is possible that the circulation of the

magazine will be increased. This, however, is a secondary consideration. The chief thought is to make their history more widely known among the Baptists of the State than it has been heretofore.

The report which Prof. J. Y. Joyner, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, has recently prepared, should be very gratifying to all lovers of the Old North State. It shows the results accomplished by the great educational awakening for which Governor Aycock's administration will be remembered in the years to come. Here is the record of the progress in the last four years:

	1900	1904
School term	14.6 weeks	17 weeks
Local tax districts	30	229
Raised by local taxation	\$135,000	\$330,000
Public school fund	\$702,702	\$1,765,362
Value of public school property..	\$1,153,311	\$1,869,890
Amount spent for new houses ...	\$56,207	\$170,420
Number of log houses	1,132	508
Districts without houses	953	527
School population	659,629	673,774
Enrollment	400,452	440,264
Average attendance	206,918	261,149
Salary of white teachers	\$24.99	\$28.36
Number of school libraries	0	840

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. J. FRANCIS, Editor pro tem.

We again sit down by our table to look over the exchanges and find but few there. Christmas, yes, but it seems that all exchanges ought to be in by this time. Possibly the editors are through examinations and have gone home, but let us hope that when they return after Christmas they will bestir themselves. We desire to confine our criticism to the December numbers, but so few are in that a few of the November numbers are worth mentioning.

The Baylor Literary is light and not up to the standard. It seems that in such a large school more well-written stories should appear. "To Sidney Lanier," however, is good.

In the *University of Virginia Magazine* "The Passing of the Individual" and "Isabel of Opequon" are well written and deserve mention. "Tennyson as an Artistic Poet" shows study and is a credit to the author and to any magazine. The exchange editor goes about his business and we admire his pluck when he stands for the right. It is one of the best magazines that come to our table.

The Vassar Miscellany has some good stories, and shows work on the part of students. "A Short Cut to Success" is a very good story but could have been better. "The Psychology of Plots" is a piece which shows study and is one of the best contributions in the magazine. "A Case O' Cats," "A Little Fresh Air," and "De 'Tater Hole" are all well written and very interesting. Why is it that *Vassar* has no exchange department?

The Stanford Sequoia, from the far west, is in on time. There is no triteness about this magazine, no light matter, no puns, no conceits, but good, sound stuff. It is the best magazine that comes to our table. The stories are well written, and we can see the writers as they stride over the campus and down the walks like giants, heads and shoulders above any of our exchanges. The poetry is good and original. The clippings are the best, and when we look at the pictures of the buildings and site we can not but wonder that they do not write books instead of a college magazine.

We agree with the *Muse* when it says, "but don't you think—there might be a little more point to the jokes" in *Red and White*.

William Jewell Student is wholly athletic this time. It has a beautiful cover, and we agree with the *Student* in having a magazine with the leaves cut ready for reading.

The *College Message* comes in a neat green cover and tells us of the fire which happened last year. It is rather small this time, but we hope the *Message* will gain its former strength by the next time.

The *Southwestern University Magazine* has some good reading and some reading that is not good. "The 20th Century Ideal Man" is fairly good. "A Deer Hunt" reminds one of the illustrated life of Daniel Boone in the wilds of Kentucky, when he had a hand-to-hand encounter with the bear. "Rejected" is no good, and "An Elopement" is worse. We think the *Southwestern* should be more careful in selection. When we see the department headed "Freshman and Sophomore Department" we say—Well!

"Trinity Archive," you are a welcome visitor to our table. Beautiful covers enclose the charming stories inside. "Under the Mistletoe" is appropriate to the time. "The Four Bachelors" sat indoors while "the wind fiercely howled over the hills and, whistling suddenly around the corners, sent the icicles jingling against the window panes." "The smaller, the sweeter" sat in "the White parlor" just waiting to be somebody's Christmas gift. The wilting of weeds in cold snowy weather is a little out of the ordinary, but we will grant it for the time being. "A Christmas Story" is splendid. The Christmas stories are good, and we think that the *Archive* is above the standard this time. We expect great things of the magazine in the next issue.

We acknowledge the *Converse Concept*, *Central Collegian*, *Lenoir* and *Collegian*.

CLIPPINGS.

ADDENDA.

There are various reasons for coming to college;
To have a good time or to shine as a shark,
To dazzle your friends with your apposite knowledge,
But there's one that till now has been left in the dark.

There are some who aspire to fame astronomical,
Some who are courting the shy muse of song.
But all become apt in the feats gastronomical
And learn to eat *tombstones* before very long.

And so to our reasons for coming to college
We'll add yet another, and think it right good.
The hitherto right unattainable knowledge
And experience gained in the matter of food.

E. A. W., '4-'7, in Vassar Miscellany.

A BUNCH OF LIMERICKS.

Said a husband "you think I'm a St.,
I will fool you a bit, for I a't.
Now please take a look,
Watch me wink at the cook.
* * * ! ! !
No, the black round his eye isn't Pt.

—Exchange.

We grope blindly in the blackness
For the light;
Loving, laughing, singing, sobbing
Through the night;
Dreary-hearted, tear-stained, weary
With the strife,
Till we stumble o'er the margin
Into Life.

—A. E. H., in McMaster University Monthly

THE WEAVER.

Within the red roofed tower she sits alone
 To weave her web's unchanging monotone.
 No glint nor gleam of fancy may she weave,—
 Afflame for joy, or somber if she grieve;
 Not once within the web may be revealed
 The shimmer of the golden poppy fields;
 Nor that grey fence where sings the meadow lark
 When morning mists have fled to find the dark.
 She may not show the lake,—the lovers' goal,
 A lily shining in the blue hills' bowl;
 Nor that far line of distant purple peaks
 The unknown land her eager fancy seeks.
 For her dull web each day must be the same,
 A somber picture in a glorious frame.
 Yet, since the beauties fill her heart all day,
 Are they not woven in the web's dull grey?
 Some other hands beneath the great arcade
 Will weave the colors time can never fade;
 While far o'er distant seas some toil and sing
 And weave their wondrous webs—remembering.

Louise Culver in Stanford Sequoia.

LOVE SONG.

The garden is sweet with the breath of the rose,
 The Jasmine droops with the dew,
 And the earth from her warm, damp bosom sends up
 The fragrance of primrose and rue—
 But what care I for the sweetness of earth,
 Dear lips, if I have but you!

Vassar Miscellany.

NOT THERE.

"Ahoj, there, don't give up the ship!"
 The captain wildly cried;
 "I won't," the seasick passenger
 Vehemently replied,
 "For I've not had a symptom yet
 That your old ship's inside."

—*Exchange.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

- '90. G. W. Ward has been elected as a Superior Court Judge.
- '92. E. Y. Webb was re-elected to Congress at the election in November.
- '88. Claude Kitchin has been re-elected as Representative in the next Congress.
- '84. W. W. Kitchin will serve another term in Congress representing his district.
- '82-'85. Oscar Haywood is pastor of the First Baptist church of Waterbury, Conn.
- '02. E. M. Harris is assistant pastor of the First Baptist church at Waterbury, Conn.
- '86-'87. J. F. Highsmith is running an up-to-date sanitarium at Fayetteville, N. C.
- '88-'89. J. V. McGougan, one of the most successful physicians in eastern Carolina, has been engaged by A. C. L. as surgeon.
- '94-'96. R. H. Gwaltney, a prosperous insurance man of Wilmington, North Carolina, was married December 28, to Miss Octavia Boatwright of Wilmington, North Carolina. His many friends on the "Hill" send him hearty congratulations on his eminent success and fortune in winning the hand and heart of one of the fairest of Wilmington's daughters.

The following are some of the former Wake Forest students who were elected to the Legislature at the recent election:

House of Representatives.

- '00. E. J. Britt of Robeson county.
- '01. R. E. Sentelle of Wake county.
- '02-'04. P. J. Olive of Wake county.
- '74. B. B. Winborne of Hertford county.
- '02-'04. Walter Jones of Hyde county.
- '89-'91. J. E. Fowler of Sampson county.
- '94. G. F. Hawkins of Davidson county.
- '78-'79. S. G. Daniel of Warren county.
- '00-'01. G. H. Hasten of Forsyth county.
- '77-'81. C. W. Mitchell of Bertie county.
- '98-'00. J. A. Halbrook of Wilkes county.

Senate.

- '79. C. S. Vann of Edenton, N. C.
'89.—H. A. Foushee of Durham, N. C.
'78—'80. S. E. Williams, Lexington, N. C.
'74—'98. A. B. Bryan of Burnsville, N. C.
'53—'61. J. C. Ellington of Raleigh, N. C.
'86—'89. J. L. Fleming of Greenville, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. E. GOODE, Editor.

Christmas gone!

"I've had a good time!"

New Year!

On to Commencement!

"43" stops no more.

Miss Katherine Covington is visiting Mrs. Simmons

Miss Emily West has been visiting Miss Mattie Gill

Mrs. Stevens, of Raleigh, spent a day recently with
Mrs. Sledd.

Miss Bessie Rogers, of Raleigh, has been visiting Mrs.
Lulie Dickson.

Miss Agnes Taylor spent several days in Elizabeth
City last month.

Mrs. Isaac Fort has been visiting her sister, Miss
nie Holding, in Sanford.

Mr. Crozier and family spent Christmas with Mrs.
Crozier's mother in Indiana.

Drs. Paschal, Rankin and Cooke spent the greater
part of the holidays away from the college.

Mrs. John Dunn made a recent visit of several days
to her daughter, Mrs. Walter Keener, of Lincolnton.

Professor Mills and daughter spent Christmas in South
land Neck with his daughter, Mrs. Claude Kitchen.

Mrs. H. F. Statham and Miss King, of Washington
City, spent a few days last month with Mrs. R. E. Royal.

Granite steps are being put in place at the Library Building.

Dr. Taylor spent several days in New York the first part of last month.

Professor Eatman and Mr. Hubert Poteat were in New York for two weeks of the holidays.

Several of the B. U. W. girls visited their homes and friends on the Hill the first part of last month.

Miss Etta Francis, of the B. U. W., visited her brother, W. J. Francis, for several days during Christmas.

Miss Newsome, of Littleton, was one of last month's visitors on the Hill, the guest of Mrs. W. W. Holding.

Rev. G. D. Washburn ('01), returning from the Convocation at Elizabeth City, spent a few hours on the college grounds with old friends.

Professor Sledd delivered a lecture in Raleigh, December 13, before the Tuesday Night Book Club. The subject of this lecture was "Hamlet."

Editor Caddell, of the Raleigh *Evening Times*, who has been quarantined here several weeks with small-pox, has returned to his work.

Y. M. C. A. officers for the incoming year have been selected as follows: President, Hubert M. Poteat; Vice-president, J. B. Weatherspoon; Recording Secretary, A. Leonard; Corresponding Secretary, W. D. Poe; Treasurer, T. B. Ashcraft.

In the program prepared by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for use this year in the celebration of "North Carolina Day" by the public schools, there are two poems which will have special interest for all friends of Wake Forest. One is "How Freedom Came," by Professor Sledd; the other is John Charles McNeill's "October."

The "Dickson House" has been purchased by Mr. J. L. Allen, who took possession January 1.

At a recent Sunday evening service, Prof. Henry Simons, of Shorter College, gave an interesting lecture on *The Humility of Christ's Life*.

Miss Lula Hall, who has been the efficient postal clerk for the last three years, has gone to her home. Mr. J. H. Vernon has taken her place in the post-office.

After a successful campaign of four months in the interest of the Alumni Building, in which was raised over \$12,000, Professor Carlyle has again taken up his college duties.

Rarely is there much snow in the early winter. This winter is an exception. Before the twentieth of December three snows had fallen. What will January and February bring forth?

It is no longer "The Medlin." Dr. S. P. Holding became proprietor of the Wake Forest Hotel the first of January. Mr. Medlin has moved to his home on Faculty Avenue, where he will keep a private boarding house.

The following members of the faculty attended the Baptist State Convention at Elizabeth City: Prof. Carlyle, Dr. Cullom, Dr. Sikes, Dr. Brewer, Dr. Lynch and Dr. Taylor. Dr. Lynch preached the introductory sermon.

As the spring term begins there is increased interest in athletics, especially in baseball. Owing to faithful attendance on the gymnasium, a great many are ready to enter lustily into the contests for the different positions on the team. And there are many others whose daily indoor training up to this time will enable them to enter well into all the out-door sports that the spring days will bring on.

The holidays brought not much rest for the law students who are preparing to go before the Supreme Court in February. Prof. Gulley will send up eight or ten applicants, and we believe they will uphold the splendid record of last September's class.

The venerable Dr. Lake, of Virginia, preached at the Sunday morning service the second Sunday in December, Pastor Lynch being away at the Convention. Dr. Lake is the father of Prof. Lake, and was on the Hill several days last month, the guest of his son.

Holidays have passed, and all the students have returned, bringing with them several new men. It was noticeable that the number of those who remained at college during the holidays was less than usual; but nearly all who went away for Christmas have come back full of energy seemingly for the spring work.

The whole college is always glad of a visit from Dr. J. William Jones. In the Wingate Memorial Hall on the third of December he gave a lecture, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, on "The Boys in Gray." The next day, Sunday, his sermon was a strong portrayal of the Christian character of Stonewall Jackson.

The efficient work being done in the gymnasium under the direction of Mr. Crozier is telling already on the college life. A great majority of the students attend daily the gymnasium drills, and the result is being manifested in the general good health of the student body. Two good stoves add greatly to the comfort of the gymnasium. New pieces of apparatus are being put in place every few days, and in addition to the regular drills with clubs and dumb-bells and practice on the rings and bars, provision has been made for many indoor games, such as volley ball, indoor baseball, hand-ball, etc.

Another good result produced by the work done this year in the gymnasium, or by the recognition of the importance of the physical side of the college life by the trustees in providing for an instructor in the gymnasium, or by the influence and efforts of the instructor himself, is shown in the increased general interest in athletics. This increase of athletic spirit is a good sign in the college life. For the past several years there has been a decline of interest in athletics here. But last year saw a revival of that interest. This year the revival has been more marked, and the athletic spirit has received a decided impulse for full development in the athletics has been made one of the regular departments of the college. That impulse is made stronger still by the addition to the faculty of a member whose sole work is to superintend the athletic life of the students.

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WINTER VIOLETS.

G. W. PASCHAL.

Sweet violets, you scorn the blasts
Of howling wintry weather,
You still will rise to greet our eyes,
The green and blue together,
If for a space the ardent sun
Be kind with soft caresses,
And make the Frost King lift the hand
That harsh upon you presses.

'Tis thus with woman's changeless love,
It still will show a flower,
It still will spread its perfume sweet,
Though chilling clouds may lower,
And when the brighter day comes on
Its gifts are ever springing,
Like April beds of violets
It fills the heart with singing.

IAGO—A STUDY.

BY T. L. VERNON.

One universal trait of Shakespeare is, that he pictures life as it is. He does not paint an ideal picture, but a real one. The character Iago is no exception to this rule. There is an Iago just as loathsome, just as malignant, just as vindictive, just as hypocritical, just as serpentine, yea, just as devilish as Shakespeare's creation. Why the world should be cursed with such a villain Shakespeare does not stop to enquire. As a true historian he "delivers a round, unvarnished tale" concerning what he sees and knows.

Some critics venture to say that Iago is not a natural character in that there is not sufficient external provocation to the part he acts. If this be true, it does not necessarily make him unnatural. For there are two things that must be considered when we go to examine Iago's motives for his course of action, namely, his innate character, and the estimate he places upon the character of others. We can not judge his motives by our standard.

The baseness of Iago's character is seen in the very first act, when he says to Roderigo: "I am not what I am." This is the key to his life. Pretending to be honest, he is the synonym of dishonesty; pretending to be truthful, he is an unmitigated liar; pretending to be a slanderer, the wife of his own bosom does not escape his slanderous tongue; pretending to love Othello, he is his implacable enemy. Listen to him as he speaks to Roderigo about the Moor:

"O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed.

"In following him, I follow but myself.
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so for my peculiar end.

"Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a sign and flag of love,
Which is indeed but sign."

Another element that enters into his make-up is his love of power, both intellectual and physical. How he glories in it! He loves to see things go his way, to wind men and events around his fingers at his will. He has no scruples about the means he uses to accomplish these designs.

That Iago places a very low estimate upon the character of others is seen in that he values his own character very little. He deliberately enters upon a course of conduct, a career of deception, in which he is liable to be detected and to have his true character brought to light, and yet he is as cool and unruffled as if it were an action of the most trivial consequences. Again, it is seen in the fact that he does not hesitate to besmirch the character of his own wife. He scorns the very idea of womanly virtue. There is no such thing as faithfulness in either man or woman, according to his creed.

It is in the man himself that we find the true explanation of his doings. There is in him an inborn tendency toward vice and mischief—this is the mainspring of his sin.

But does not Iago have sufficient external provocation to do what he does? I answer, Yes, sufficient for Iago. I care not how low a man may be, there must be some external provocation for a course so devilish as Iago's. In his own estimation at least, Iago is the most logical candidate for promotion in the navy, but he—

"of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd,"

and Michael Cassio, who knows nothing of the activities of war, "only bookish theories," is appointed to the place. Iago's fondest hopes are frustrated. His pride is wounded. His quest for power is here suddenly checked. The Moor is responsible for this. He must have satisfaction.

It must also be borne in mind that Iago does not see from the beginning the end of his sin. If he could lift the curtain that hides from him the future, and see Rod-erigo and Emilia lying dead, slain by his own hand; and Desdemona pale and cold in death—strangled by her well-beloved husband, and Othello himself dying, a self-murderer—he would not start out upon this quest for satisfaction. . But he only intends to deprive Cassio of his office and to punish Othello a little, by making him jealous, for thus passing him by in this matter of promotion. But when he begins to exercise his power and sees how easy it is, and derives so much fiendish pleasure from seeing people suffer, that he goes on step by step from bad to worse, by "old gradation," till he becomes enmeshed in the web of his own weaving, and can not retract if he would, but must carry on his deviltry to the terrible end. For the Moor says to him :

"Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath."

Iago's cunning intellectuality is seen in that he knows just where to attack a man. He soon finds out his weakest point.

He knows that Roderigo is easily gulled, that he has money and the capacity to make more. Taking advantage of his love for Desdemona, Iago extorts large sums of money from him, presumably to be used in restoring to Roderigo his lost love, Desdemona, but actually used for Iago's own purposes. "Put money in thy purse." "Fill thy purse with money." "Make all the money thou canst." This is the refrain which he ever sounds in Roderigo's ears.

Cassio loves wine and is easily overpersuaded. All that is necessary is to make him drunk and bring it to Othello's notice, and off goes his official head. Othello, poor fellow, has not been pure in his life.

"I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that twixt my sheets
He has done my office."

So when Iago hints at the unfaithfulness of Desdemona to her marriage vows, knowing that wives are sometimes untrue, these hints fall like a canker upon Othello's soul. And

"Trifles light as air"

"Confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

He takes advantage of Desdemona's kindness of heart and makes her the willing but unconscious tool in her own and Othello's destruction. In his treatment of Desdemona we see the depth of Iago's depravity. He knows that she is innocent, that she is virtuous, that she is faithful to the Moor; yet he prizes so little good name in man and woman, his own soul is so mean and low, that he pursues this beautiful creature with such unrelenting fiendishness that he at last robs her of "the immediate jewel of her soul."

Let us notice some of his practices upon Othello. The plan now begins to take shape in his mind. His first thought is to debauch Desdemona.

"For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
'Till I am evened with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure."

Despairing of the first, he fully resolves upon the second, and will

"Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practicing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness."

For if he can not debauch Desdemona, the best thing for him is to accuse her to her husband and make him believe that she is guilty. This will have the same effect upon him as if it were true.

How shall it be done?

Cassio's a proper man; let me see now.
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife."

"I have't. It is engendered. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light."

Cassio is made drunk and engages in a free street fight. Othello comes up with them while they fight, and Cassio is dismissed from his office. One end is gained, the Moor unwittingly aiding in the final consummation of

his downfall. Cassio laments loud and long his misfortune. Iago, the unfaithful friend of all, advises him to solicit the aid of Desdemona, for it may be that through her kind offices he may be restored to his lieutenancy. Thus he weaves the web about them.

"For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all."

Two things now remain to be done.

"My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress:
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife; ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay."

The meeting between Cassio and Desdemona is arranged. When Othello and Iago approach, Cassio slinks away from Desdemona like some guilty thing. Now is Iago's time.

Iago. "Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guilty like
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he."

Thus the fatal seed is sown. Desdemona pleads with Othello for Cassio. The seed begins to take root. Iago

is too wise to slacken his hand now. He introduces the following conversation:

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Way of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes, and went between very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! Ay, indeed; discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord! By heaven he echoes me
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something;
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me
Show me thy thought."

The conversation continues. Iago stoutly refuses to reveal his thoughts, until the Moor is wrought into a perfect agony of curiosity. At last he exclaims—

"What dost thou mean?"

Iago's reply has become historic. It is one of those grand truths that men of his character will let fall some times. But in this case it falls not unawares, but with an awful, cunning purpose.

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash: 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Iago has accomplished his purpose. The seed has sprung up, and is now bearing fruit. The gloomy suspicion has ripened into jealousy. See, how he goads him with it!

"O, beware, my lord of jealousy;
It is the green eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who certain of his fate loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves."

O misery! the arrow hath pierced his heart. Now the skilled archer, skilled in giving pain, takes it by the shaft and twists it and wrenches it till the heart is torn and bleeding at every pore.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ownedst yesterday."

Iago now recounts how that Desdemona was unfaithful to her father when she married the Moor, how the best conscience of the wives of Venice

"Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown."

Too well does Othello know the truth of this. How securely Iago drives the conviction of Desdemona's unfaithfulness home. Till at last he begins to see the end of his deviltry. He trembles at it. He wants it to stop here. He begs Othello to think no more of it. He may

be mistaken after all. There may be no grounds for his charges. Cunning villian. Othello will not allow it to stop here. Iago must prove his foul insinuations.

"Make me to see't; or at the least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life."

We see the shrewdness of Iago plainer than ever before in the incident where he takes so small a thing as a handkerchief and makes it a rock of offence that will forever separate these two, erstwhile, loving, trusting souls. The Moor gave Desdemona a handkerchief of peculiar pattern, one which had been given him by his mother. Both Othello and Desdemona prized it very highly. Iago has coveted it long. Desdemona drops the handkerchief. Emilia finds it and conceals it. By no uncertain means it finds its way to Cassio's lodgings. The trap is set.

Iago. Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief—
I'm sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspic's tongues!

Down upon his knees Iago swears to rid Othello of Cassio. But what of the gentle Desdemona? He has no wish that she shall die. But he sees that in the Moor's eye which he fears, and he begs for her life.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request.
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil.

It does seem that Iago should be satiated, that he might show the Moor a little mercy. Why beat the poor man's broken heart clear out of his bosom? Alas! there's none of the milk of human kindness in his soul. He gives the arrow another wrench.

That Iago is willing to do anything to carry his point is clearly shown in the relation of Cassio's dream. For here we are convinced that he resorts to flagrant lying. There is not a semblance of truth in the story.

"I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips.

The idea that a man with "a raging tooth" would submit to such as that bears the impress of a lie upon its face, but Othello is too far gone to see it.

He twists the arrow again. Cassio has not only come between you and your love, but he now laughs and talks lightly about her. There he comes now; you hide here and listen. Cassio enters talking about his mistress—Bianca. He tells how she "haunts him in every place, how she falls about his neck, and hangs, and lolls and

weeps upon him." Othello thinks all the while that he is talking about Desdemona. Now Bianca comes in. Cassio has given her the ill-fated handkerchief, that has caused more than one heart to bleed, to copy the design. She now, in jealous rage, throws him back the handkerchief. Othello, from his secret place, recognizes it. Iago in hellish glee seizes this opportunity.

"And to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore."

Othello replies:

"Ay let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand."

The night comes on apace. A night pregnant with awful tragedies. "Hell and night bring the monstrous birth to the world's light."

[To Iago] "O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work."

TROUBLE AT THE B. O. W. UNIVERSITY COTTAGE.

— By G. N. Paschal.

Blessed is our Capital City, great are its institutions of learning, greatest of these is the B. O. W. University for Women, and greatest at this University is "The Cottage," home of select members of the faculty, women like the happy gods of old Greece who never grew old and were always pretty, all under the motherly care of Mrs. LeGrand, who in no way discredits her name. Here are Miss LeGrand, head of the art department, and Miss Hammer, and Miss Passion, and Miss Little, and Miss Dull, and Miss Olds. Here they live far from the mad-ding crowd of dormitory life, where girls walk down the corridors with arms around each other's waist, and so on,—I only imagine, I never saw, else I should be as kind as old Tiresias. The inmates of "The Cottage" were indeed like the quiet goddesses—if indeed any female—oh, but I mustn't say female, it is a naughty word at this University, so I must change my phrase. I mean like the quiet goddesses, if women can be quiet. But the goddesses were not women! Confound it! what do you expect one to say. I really must use the word, and say if any female can be quiet.

Now, if you are not shocked, attend, for I really have something to tell you.

"The Cottage," though not especially inviting on the exterior, was on the inside as dainty and pretty as art could make it. When a man entered it for the first time his eyes were sure to bulge, for besides the pretty women of which he might be fortunate enough to obtain a glance, there was art everywhere. Just now the craze was for Japanese art—Japanese screens, and pictures of ugly Japanese women with exceedingly ugly ankles, and here

and there a few real Aryan Cupids, just to remind you that—well!

Here they spent the evening in select kinds of pleasure—but chiefly with chafing-dishes. Sometimes they had a candy feast with candy bought from an immense heap at the confectioner's for twenty cents a pound, just as good as *you* pay sixty cents a pound for at the druggist's. A woman is insulted if you send her any cheap stuff but when she buys with her own money she exercises common sense. But the chafing-dish was the greatest of pleasure bringers. Oh, those chafing-dishes and the horrors prepared upon them! They would never do for men. "Kaul kale twice kills," say the Scotch. It is certain a week of chafing-dishes would kill men, but with women it is different. It takes something to kill a woman. Like Mark Twain's white elephant, they can eat anything from beer bottles to men. I have heard them say, "I could eat you"—addressing not me, but another fellow. Well, they had chafing-dish parties and teas and chocolates—I mean chocolate parties—and were strictly up to date.

With all these blessings of course "The Cottage" was both the pride of the University and the envy of all the teachers not fortunate enough to be domiciled there.

But there is such a thing as Nemesis. Old Herodotus was as wise as his picture looks. Exceeding great blessings must be paid for by exceeding great troubles, and so "The Cottage" found.

One evening after Miss Dull had taken a walk all over the Capital City, and had proudly disdained the attentions of a young fool, a clerk in a butcher-shop, earning four dollars a week, who had mistaken her for a college "girl"—the mistake flattered her, but she walked on disdainfully—and had entered her room and had removed her

hat and was on the point of laying it on the bed—oh, horror! “schnrr,” “schnrr,” came from under the bed, and Miss Dull screamed and ran, “just flew.” She made her way to the room of Mrs. LeGrand, where soon all the house alarmed by the scream had assembled.

There was something terrible under Miss Dull’s bed—no doubt about that. This much they gained from the story when after ten minutes she at last regained her breath and voice. Something must be done. Then they held a council, a woman’s council. All talked at once. “Send for the police,” “Shut the doors and burn down the house and kill Him,” “Scald Him,” “Thrown ashes in His eyes,” “Down Him with the broom,” were the plans suggested all at once. After ten minutes of this deliberate consideration, when all were speechless from want of breath, Mrs. LeGrand, who had not spoken, suggested that they arm themselves with such weapons as they had and beset the intruder and drive him from the house. So Mrs. LeGrand got the poker, Miss Hammer the shovel, Miss Passion the coal-scuttle, Miss LeGrand the broom, and under the leadership of Miss Olds, who was armed with a hat-pin, they started.

Shade of Odysseus, thou shouldst have seen that assault which dims whate’er thou didst beneath the walls of lofty Troy! With whispers of encouragement, with dauntless hearts, with slow and measured tread they advance. The door is reached. In they rush. Again that dreadful sound, “schnrr,” this time on the bed, not under it. But those brave hearts and weak hands never falter. Down comes the coal scuttle against the confused heap of black that showed in the dim twilight against the white counterpane. Suddenly Miss Hammer screams, her arm pierced by the hat-pin. There would have been flight, but fortune favors, and just then

the object on the bed, struck by the poker and the broom and the shovel, yelps and jumps, and the assaulting party becomes aware that the intruder is a *dog*. They drive him from the bed, and from under the bed, whither he retreats, and from the house, and shut the door.

Great victory, every one did well, every one did her part. I know some say little Miss Passion was seen to get behind Mrs. LeGrand just as they entered the room. But Miss Passion has a rich sweetheart, and those who tell the tale have not.

"The Cottage" had won a victory and now hoped for peace. But it was not to be. The next night this dog returned with a recruit and took up his abode in another room. After this there was a continual plague of dogs worse than the lice and frogs of Egypt, worse than the rats in "Hamlin town in Brunswick." These dogs certainly "fought the dogs," that is, one another, in the front hall, "and chased the cats," and very seriously annoyed the teachers by pushing open the parlor door when the best fellow was talking to his sweetheart. Once it revealed a young man on his knees before Miss Dull—and the other teachers saw it, and Miss Dull almost for gave the dogs.

The worst, perhaps, was this. One night five dogs—"mongrel puppy, whelp, and hound, and cur of low degree"—"nigger dogs"—took up quarters in an unoccupied room. They could not be dislodged. So it was decided to close the door upon them. This was done, but not well—or else the dogs were skilled in opening doors. That night about twelve o'clock they were in the hall, and not being able to unlock the front door and gain their customary freedom, wandered about from room to room where beauty lay not sleeping, but trembling and

fearing not only to get up and unlock the front door, but even to move. This is known as "The Night of Terror."

The next morning the police were sent for. About 10 o'clock one came, a thick blockhead, with Capital City mud on his boots, which mud he left on the pretty carpet in the front hall. He succeeded in driving the dogs under the back porch, whence a big, ugly, brindle cur showed a savage set of snarling teeth. Hereupon the "officer" left. Plainly there was no help from that source.

But women are resourceful. That afternoon an observer might have seen Miss LeGrand and Miss Hammer walking rapidly down LaFayette street. A little observation would have shown that they were excited. They were both walking rapidly, looking straight ahead, and walking so recklessly that sometimes they kicked their skirts. They were planning dark thoughts for dogs. To the corner drug store they came. In they went, never breaking pace. "Strychnine," they demanded of the surprised clerk—and strychnine they got. That night five dogs found choice dainties on the back porch of "The Cottage." That night five dogs turned their four feet toward the sky and the "Plague of Dogs" was no more. Plainly, so long as it has a Miss LeGrand and a Miss Hammer, despite its name, the B. O. W. University for Women will not go to the bow-wows.

TRANSFORMED.

H. F. PAGE.

No sunlit sky—
Far-veiled beyond the sweep
Of cloud on cloud,
Whose-foldure, massive, deep,
Hangs dark about the world,
Sapphiric regions lie.

Sunless below—
Across the barren wold
Rise height on height
Of spectral woods,—and cold
The homeless winds along
The treetops plaining go.

Adown the gloom
A blast ice-burdened drifts
With swirl on swirl
Of snow. Storm-driven rifts
With myriad changing forms
The pulseless world entomb.

An oread flight
From out the ærie realms
Day long, night long,
The shrouded world begems,
Till gloom in part is past,
And earth enshrined in white.

Night shadows fall:
'Tween vale and hill, the lines
Grow less and less;
While out beyond the pines,
Dies off—yet never dies
The wind's lone, placeless call.

Down through the night
A quivering ray, far-sent,
Tells where the clouds
Troubled, disparted, rent,
Let pass a dreamy flood
Of silent silver light.

Upon the snow
Moonlight new-fallen rests.
Far-mirrored stars,
Ice-pendent from the crests
Of drooping, wind-blown woods,
Swing gently to and fro.

A world revealed,
Transformed, bejeweled—fair
Beyond all touch
Of brush or pen!—the air
Breathes beauty. Still we dream
The fairest yet concealed.

This loveliness,
Like all that earth has known,
Must change, must fade.
And some will hold it gone
Some other where—the shadowed form
Of beauty limitless.

It may be so.
Yet who of us but knows
That heart-deep pain,
When beauty from us goes—
And with no promise left
Save longings touched with woe.

THE LOWERING OF THE RED-CROSS FLAG.

BY G. A. PEEK.

Among the vast throng of fortune hunters, who sought the gold fields of the Klondike regions when the cry of "Gold!" first went up from there, were two men from the sunny climãte of Arkansas.

Bill Wilkins the older was perhaps sixty, of immense physique, but of a somewhat dejected countenance. John Reid, his companion, was at least twenty years his junior. These two men started from their home to risk all and perhaps gain, or perhaps lose, their fortune in the snowy fields of the Klondike. It is needless to describe their journey, but on reaching their destination they settled apart from all company, only mingling with other people when necessity demanded. Soon they became the object of interest of the entire camp—their holding themselves aloof from other company puzzled everybody.

Bill Wilkins and John Reid had been in the camp about three months when the "Old Man," as he was called by the others, was taken sick. He fought a hard fight for life, but the dread cold of Alaska gradually overcame him. All day he would lie in his camp, believing that he would soon recover. Many of the hardiest succumbed to the inevitable death, while the old man was battling with it for existence, but slowly his end drew near. Realizing this fact, he asked John to get some one beside himself to stay with him for one night.

The night was clear, and the stars seemed as cold as the snow on which they cast their light. In his tent Bill Wilkins lay slowly dying. By his side was John Reid, while near the fire sat two French-Canadians.

"John," the old man said, "I am going to die in a little

while, but before I go I want to tell you a little of my life history, and also yours. I was not always in this condition. I had a mother once as pure as ever breathed the breath of life. I was such a worthless boy that my father placed me on board of a man-o'-war to stay for three years. I have seen a portion of this world, I have faced death many a time in many different ways. The fury of the tempest used to make me laugh, while thunder was but music for me. I never stayed my full time on board the ship, but as soon as we struck an American port I jumped her. I was then only about seventeen years old. Instead of going home I stayed near the port where I left the ship. Then I met a girl as fair as sun ever shone upon.

"It was then about 1859. A Yankee loved her at the same time. Her people bitterly opposed our marriage, while they were in favor of the one who lied about me worse than any man ever did before.

"At this time my mother died.

"They say that her last words were a prayer for me. I was found and given my share of her money. With this I set out for Europe with the purpose of trying to forget the man whom I hated so. Amid the whir and buzz of Paris, my soul cried out for vengeance. About this time war broke out, and I returned and enlisted in a cavalry regiment of the Southern army.

"During my absence the girl had married her Yankee lover, a child had been born, and then she died from the cruel treatment of her husband. The child was placed in an orphanage, while its father enlisted as captain of a Yankee troop of cavalry.

"We had fought all day, and that night I was placed on picket duty. We were in the vicinity of the orphanage where this man's child was placed. About twelve

o'clock I saw a horseman approaching, going toward the orphanage. I gave the order, "Halt!" but he kept on. I fired, and he fell from his horse. As soon as I could get close enough to him, I recognized my hated enemy.

"He was dying, but when he opened his eyes he recognized me. The dying man drew back and murmured something about a flag and his child at the orphanage.

"The next day he was buried, but before, however, I searched his pockets and found a Union flag made by some woman, and in one corner the name of his wife. I repented of having killed him, although he caused me to be like I am now."

Here the old man stopped, for his breath was becoming slower every minute.

"I must hurry now," he said, "for I am soon to be gone.

"About a month before Lee surrendered, I left the army a deserter, and took the child—the child of my bitterest enemy—from the orphanage, and started to look for a home. Since then I have lived in many places and came here to die."

Here the old man gazed intently into John's face and slowly said, "You are that child. I killed your father, but since God knows I have suffered. In my coat you will find two battle flags, one of the Confederacy and the other of the Union. Your mother made one for your father, which I found on his dead body, and the other for me. I swore to her that by the help of God it should never trail in the dust. I kept my word. Bury the Red-Cross flag at my head and the Union one is for you. I am going fast now. I can smell the breath of my native mountains as it sweeps across the valley full of the perfume of summer. I see the old spring and my mother standing near. Open the door, please, I am too hot."

Here the old man gave his last struggle and expired.

"*Mon Dieu, il est mort,*" murmured the French-Canadian as he aroused himself from his seat.

The next day a hole was dug in the frozen ground. In it were placed the remains of Bill Wilkins. At his head was the Red-Cross battle-flag, while at his feet lay that of the Union.

JOHN KEATS.

BY GORDON R. EDWARDS.

John Keats was born of humble parents in London, October 31, 1795. The story of his short life, full of ungovernable passions, tormenting desires, and conflicting sensations, is one that elicits compassion and sympathy; and the occurrence of his premature death at the age of twenty-five is truly pathetic. Byron and Shelley were representatives of the aristocracy; Keats came from the middle class, his father being head hostler in the Swan and Hoop, a livery stable on Finsbury Pavement, Moorfield, London, just opposite what is now Finsbury Circus, and London Institute.

When a boy, Keats had a very pugnacious disposition. While he was at school at Enfield, one of his schoolmates remarked that Keats "would fight anyone morning, noon and night."

He learned Latin easily, and made a right decent translation of the *Æneid*. He mastered French, and in later years learned a considerable amount of Italian. About this time he acquired an insatiable thirst for reading, and afterwards read incessantly, especially Greek and Roman mythology.

While at school at Enfield he formed a close friendship with Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of the master, who was possessed of remarkable literary tastes. In 1810 his mother died, and in a short while after that lamentable event, he was taken from school and apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton. As Edmonton was only three or four miles from Enfield, the connection was not broken between Keats and his friend Clarke. He was in the habit of going to see him and borrowing books

from him, whom he greatly astonished by asking for Spenser's "Fairy Queen." Keats devoured this poem completely. Clarke says: "He romped through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow." It awoke his latent poetical genius, and he wrote his first poem in imitation of it. This stimulated him to try his hand at other verses, and so it was that he became a devout worshipper of the Muses.

In 1814, as the result of a quarrel, he left Mr. Hammon, the surgeon to whom he was apprenticed, and early in 1816, finding surgery and his great passion for poetry incompatible, he abandoned the idea of ever being a surgeon, and wholly gave his mind and soul to poesy. In "Sleep and Poetry" he passionately says:

"O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed."

It is well to form a mental picture of the young man just beginning his poetical career, who was to achieve so much in the world of English poetry. Lowell describes him by saying: "In person Keats was below the middle height, with a head small in proportion to the breadth of his shoulders. His hair was brown and fine, falling in natural ringlets about a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed. Every feature was delicately cut; the chin was bold; and about the mouth something of a pugnacious expression. His eyes were mellow and glowing, large, black and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled." Haydon says that his eyes had an inward, Delphian look that was perfectly divine.

It is quite interesting to know the circumstances under

which he wrote that beautiful sonnet—possibly the finest in the language—"On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." One evening Keats, now a young man of twenty, went to see his friend, Cowden Clarke, who had just brought home Chapman's translation of Homer. They perused it together nearly all night. When Keats returned to his room he rapidly struck off this exquisite sonnet, and sent it to Clark early next morning. In the very first line,

"Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold,"

he used a magnificent metaphor, calling the regions of poetry the "realms of gold."

Through Clarke, Keats became acquainted with Leigh Hunt, who immediately began to exercise a great influence over him—but, in many respects, a rather hurtful influence. This was on account of two things: first, Hunt's peculiar political opinions, and secondly, some attacks he had made on the poetry of Wordsworth and Scott. On these accounts he had aroused the animosity of "Blackwood's Magazine" and the "Quarterly Review," by both of which he received much unjust censure.

The first production of Keats that appeared in print, was his sonnet, "O, Solitude! If I with thee must dwell," which was published in the "Examiner" for May 5, 1816. It is a unique gem. Near the end he expresses the mutual desire of people for one another's society:

"The sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
Is my soul's pleasure."

In March, 1817, appeared his first volume of poems. They were the result of his youthful labors, and contained his sonnets and other short poems, the best of which is "Sleep and Poetry." This poem is refulgent with inimitable expressions.

He then worked diligently on his long poem, "Endymion," which was published the next year. It begins with that familiar line,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

and throughout is filled with lovely expressions. It was severely and malignantly criticized by the "Quarterly Review." The criticism was filled with malicious statements and political offenses. It humiliated the author somewhat at first, but he was encouraged by the reviews of Leigh Hunt in the "Examiner," and the just criticism of the "Edinburg Review." In a letter to J. A. Hessey, dated Oct. 9, 1818, he says: "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him severe on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison, beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict—and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. * * * I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest."

Sometime in 1818 he found himself filled with a new passion, for he fell heedlessly in love with a Miss Brawne. This new passion quickened his poetical nature, for it was during this time that he wrote those immortal poems, his five inimitable odes.

In July, 1820, appeared his third and last volume of poems. This is the volume which contains the poems that place his name high on the roll of English poets. It contained "Lamia," "Isabella," "Eve of St. Agnes," and the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "On Melancholy," "To a Nightingale," and "To Psyche." These are the corner-stones on which his fame rests. This volume received

quite a favorable criticism in the "Edinburg Review," which attracted considerable attention to it.

But about this time his health began to decline. He soon discovered that he had consumption, and thence forward began to grow melancholy. He continued to grow worse, and in September he embarked for Italy, since the doctors had warned him that another winter in England would be fatal. But consumption had him in its clutches, and the inevitable came on the twenty-third of February, 1821. Four lines from one of his own sonnets commemorating the death of a friend may be said of him:

"As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light,
On pinions that naught moves but pure delight,
So fled thy soul into the realms above."

Three days after his death he was placed in the English cemetery, and upon the stone that marks the spot was engraved the following epitaph, which the poet in the bitterness of his spirit a few weeks before his death had requested to be written on his tombstone:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

But surely nothing could be further from the truth for John Keats has one of the tenderest holds upon the sympathy and admiration of the English speaking world of any man of his time. We think of him as an inspired child whose pure, innocent love of beauty in the abstract is so overpowering, that it compels him to declare his passion in terms so divinely melodious, and throbbing with such heavenly sweetness, that the ears of the whole world listen attentively, silent with rapture, to the calm felicity, the smooth-flowing notes and mellifluous phrases of his fascinating style. His poems awake our poetical

natures and send a pleasant thrill through them, and cause us to tingle with enjoyment. No one can possibly read any of them without being enchanted with their matchless perfection, and admiring the delightfully fantastic imagination he displays in their composition.

Lowell says: "In him a vigorous understanding developed itself in equal measure with the divine faculty; thought emancipated itself from expression without becoming a tyrant; and music and meaning floated together, accordant as swan and shadow, on the smooth element of his verse." Indeed, Keats paid more attention to form and beauty of expression than to any other consideration, even meaning. His letters are filled with laudatory remarks of the poet's manner of expression whom he happened to be reading. Matthew Arnold says: "No one else in English poetry save Shakspeare, has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness." He was so completely embodied in his intense love of beauty that all other considerations are left in the background, and do not receive his careful attention. So absolutely rapt up in this overpowering passion, he exclaims in the last lines of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn":

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

In a letter which he wrote to Bailey, he gives a clearer statement of his views of beauty and truth. He says: "I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections, and the truth of the Imagination. . . . What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth,—for I have the same idea of all our passions as of Love: they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty."

The almost irresistible tendency to associate Keats with Byron and Shelley is a fallacy. There is perhaps not even a single similarity between Keats and Byron, but there is one—and only one—point of similarity between Keats and Shelley, and that is the great love of beauty in the abstract in both. Byron and Shelley were both revolutionary in their ideas and set themselves to the task of reform, while Keats, oblivious of the present, turned his noble mind to the past. He tried to satisfy his insatiable thirst for beauty in Greek mythology and mediæval romance. Through Tempriere's "Classic Dictionary," Tooke's "Pantheon," and Spencer's "Polymetis," which he had read at odd hours while at school, he became thoroughly acquainted with Greek mythology, some stories of which he retold so vividly in his inimitably charming style, that one invariably takes a liking for mythology even though he may have harbored a great distaste for it previously. Certainly never was an old Greek story told so beautifully as that one in which the poet traces the romance, and tells of the insupportable affection, which the moon goddess bore for this beautiful youth Endymion.

The other form of poetry in which Keats delighted to engage, was that of mediæval romance. What more charming and well constructed tales are there than the "Eve of St. Agnes," and "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." In this field his is a master hand.

Let us now consider the place among English poets which Keats deserves. This question is a difficult one to settle satisfactorily. The reason is this question: By what standard of poetry are we to judge him? If we should judge it by the standard which Tennyson, Wordsworth and Shelley put on it, his poetry would fail to be

our ideal. But if, on the other hand, we should judge it by Keats' own standard, it would come very near matching our ideal. His ideal of poetry was to gain perfection in its beauty and symmetry of form and expression, neglecting the purpose of elevating and teaching mankind, as Wordsworth and Shelley thought it should do. He says that poetry should be great and unobtrusive; a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject.

It would be well to know exactly what Keats' theory of poetry was. In a letter to John Taylor, dated Hampstead, February 27, 1818, he states it thus: "In poetry I have few axioms, and you will see how far I am from their centre.

"1st. I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

"2d. It's touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of Imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it—And this leads me to

"Another axiom—That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all."

Indeed, were we to judge it by this standard, how far above his fellow-workers would he stand! Would he not stand on the topmost round in the perfection of English verse? However, we may say that, whether we judge him by this or any other standard, we must assign him a place not far from the top.

Keats desired greatly to be a great poet, for when he was a child he would say to his brother, that he feared he should never be a great poet, and if he was not he would destroy himself. He longed for fame, but longed above all to deserve it.

The rapid development of his intellectual powers and ability to express himself during the three years in which he devoted himself to the Muses, goes far toward corroborating the promise which he made not long before his death. He wrote: "If I should die, I have left no immortal works behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory; but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I *would have* made myself remembered." His increasing poetical powers strengthens our belief in him.

Keats had cried many a time, "O! for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts." He liked a change in surrounding conditions. He liked to dwell in his imagination on Mount Olympus for a while, and have himself fanned by fairy wings, then to take a stroll across the Elysian plains by moonlight, and blow kisses at Phœbe. His philosophy of life is summed up in four lines in one of his own sonnets:

"O to arrive each Monday morn from Ind!
To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant!
In little time a host of joys to bind,
And keep our souls in one eternal pant!"

Now, recognizing John Keats to be one of the greatest of English poets, let us conclude with Shelley:

"Till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY OSCAR R. MANGUM.

The afternoon was dragging along so slowly that it became unendurable to Walter Sillars, a restless youth of twenty-one. Finally when all his efforts to pass the time away at home failed, he took up his cane and started for a stroll down on the Swannanoa River. His mind was tired with continued thoughts of the grand ball to be given that night in his honor. His friends were to be there from their old home in New York, where Mr. Sillars was a rich merchant until his health failed and he came to this mountain city.

He stood still for a moment and rested his mind by gazing upon the landscape toward the west where Mt. Pisgah and The Rat tower high. Their natural beauty has not been marred by the hand of man, while the ruggedness of the surrounding hills and crags still bears the impress of their long-ago birth.

Turning to the right, at his very feet, was the beautiful Swannanoa, sweeping this way and dashing that as if in a hurry to join the French Broad. He moved on up the river in a dazed manner, while the birds, all about him in the rhododendrons, flooded his soul with freshness by their merry songs. He wondered if their little lives were filled with the worry and disappointment that his was.

Before he was aware of the distance he had gone he was at the foot of "Lovers' Leap." Just to one side he noticed a lady sketching it whom he recognized at once as his old school-mate, Ruby Brown. He had at one time fancied he cared for her, but now she seemed so

changed since she had taken to painting. She was always busy. He came closer, unobserved, and watched her as she drew this line and measured that until the whole form of the falls appeared upon the paper. As the last line was drawn and she was putting her materials in a little hand-bag, he spoke to her—

"At work as usual, are you? I believe you must find enjoyment in painting! It seems so strange to see you always so busily engaged while other girls are having pleasure."

"Yes, I do find real pleasure in my painting. It is one of the passions of my life," she said, ignoring his remark about not having time for idle pleasures. "But I am surprised to see you out this afternoon. I should have thought the ball to-night would have occupied all your thoughts."

"That is just why I am out. I have thought of nothing else for the last week."

"Mr. Sillars, do you enjoy such a life as that? I should think the insincerity of it would be very unpleasant," she said softly.

"I've never been used to any other."

Ruby Brown was considered, by all who knew her, to be the most consecrated young lady of the First Church. She taught a class of small girls in the Sunday School and sang in the choir at church service. Her mellow sweet voice seemed to lift the congregation to a higher plane. She did not leave the impression that she was trying to parade her talent, but each song carried a message to some weary, burdened heart and left gladness there.

That night, as Walter reigned like a king at the ball and as his admiring friends sang his praise as they

whirled to and fro across the room to strains of mellow music, Ruby was visiting a sick lady down on “Noisy Row.” The children were crying, for they had eaten the last piece of bread in the house that morning, and had hungered all the rest of the day. The mother had been sick for three long weeks and all her money was gone. Her husband in a drunken fit had killed a man and was now in jail. You can imagine the happiness of those little children as Ruby came with a basket of good things and took the baby upon her lap, while she gave to each one all that it desired. The little room was filled with joy and laughter, and even the tired, sick mother began to smile. Ah! there was happiness, and Ruby seemed in that little home a very angel.

Three months passed quietly by, months in which Walter Sillars was weaving a cord that one day was to bind him to a new life, for he was often seen going to church with Ruby. She had become during this time his dearest friend, and when he was in trouble Ruby was his helper. In fact, he had come to the point where he believed with his whole heart that he was in love with her.

One evening after they had returned from a moonlight ride, he determined that he would tell her the secret of his heart, and abruptly began with his time-worn speech:

“Ruby, you must have guessed that love and love alone has prompted my frequent visits to your home. When I think of trying to live without you, life seems so blank and unreal. I am conscious that it is asking a lot of you, Ruby, but may I not have you always as my very own?”

“Walter, I am glad if I have been of any pleasure to you, but I can not be your wife.” As she said this, un-

shed tears of sorrow stood in her eyes, and the tenderness in her face was not in harmony with the hardness of her words.

"Why?" was his simple question.

"Well, Walter, since you have asked me, I will be perfectly frank: you have no ambition in life and care for nothing save pleasure. I could not be happy living such a selfish life as that."

That evening, as he left Ruby, he thought: "Well, that's what she thinks of me, is it? But what do I care? Let it all be forgotten!"

But it was not forgotten, for day after day those words sounded in his ears: "You have no ambition." They haunted him as the hollow-eyed monster, memory, haunts us over misspent years and with one skinny hand points to the pages of the past years all blotted and blurred that hold nothing but remorse, while the other points into the hollow face of the future that holds only disappointment. Finally one night, when the monster would not let him sleep, he dressed and wandered down on the banks of the Swannanoa, feeling the wretchedness of the gloomy failure of the past as none can feel except through experience. He thought that not one day had he ever spent save for the fleeting pleasures of the present that were now gone, leaving nothing but the sad remembrance. As these thoughts pressed themselves upon him he was miserable, and he sat down there in the moonlight and consecrated his life to a higher purpose. When he left that spot he left it a new man with a new idea of life.

As these new ideas of life came in his mind, like the stars appearing in the evening sky as daylight fades away, he saw more and more that Ruby was right and

that he had no time for those fleeting pleasures for which he had given his youth. This irritated his father very much, who wished his son to stand well in society as an entertainer, and besides he was a polished skeptic, as he delighted in calling himself, and these silly notions of his son were tiresome. But finally when Walter told him that it was his determination to preach, the old man in anger told him he must find another home.

Walter very reluctantly left his home. He had no idea in the beginning that it would result in this. The last interview with his father was a stormy one, but he braved the storm like a man. As he passed out the gate, however, and threw the last farewell kiss to his mother, all the memories of childhood rushed over his soul. How could he leave home and all that was dear to him! But he was strengthened and went on feeling now the real meaning of Ruby's favorite hymn:

“Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence mine all shall be.”

He had graduated in New England, but he knew that he was not prepared for this work, so in a few days he went to the Seminary.

While he was gone Ruby continued her painting and seemed to get a glimpse of the very heart of nature and place it upon her paper. She would often send Walter little sketches that she had made. It is useless to say they were kept as priceless treasures.

Three years passed, and just before his graduation a letter came from his home church, requesting him to supply for the pastor the day he returned. It was an undertaking and no man knows the meaning of it until he stands the trial.

That Sunday, when it came, with all the brightness and glory of a June day, found Walter there. As he stood before the people he did not look like the man who four years ago asked for the hand of Ruby. He was a man now. His theme was "Service." He had in mind what Ruby had done for him, and in that he spoke from experience. -

Once he was astonished as he looked far back in the rear of the church and saw his father, who he had no idea would be there. Just before he closed he saw his father brush away a tear. This nearly burst his heart with emotion. It seemed that all the pent-up feeling of years was now turned loose. The congregation was deeply moved by his powerful message. It was one from the heart, and such a message touched the right chord in the heart of the skeptical father and made it sound when learned discussions of theology would have failed.

At the close of the service the father came to greet the boy whom he had turned from home.

"Son, come home. We have a place for you there now," he said tenderly.

When the crowd had dispersed, Ruby said, "You must take dinner at home to-day. Mother expects you."

"No, I must go home, but I will call this afternoon."

Had you been out on Sunset Drive that afternoon you would have seen the happiest couple that had ever passed that way. They were unaccustomed to being together, and did not talk so much, although one could see they were happy. But as they were returning Ruby faced him and said:

"Walter, I was real proud of you to-day. You covered yourself with honor, and best of all left your message in our hearts. Time has certainly dealt kindly with you, and there is such a change in you since I saw you last."

"Have I changed much?" he queried eagerly. "Have I changed enough to—? O! Ruby, you must have known the secret of my heart. I have loved you devotedly all the time while away. I have no right to tell you this, I know I am not worthy to try to win you." As he said this he buried his face in his hands, crushed by an overwhelming sense of his own unworthiness.

For a brief time there was silence in the carriage, a silence that was scarcely broken when Ruby turned to him and said:

"Walter."

"It hasn't been an easy task trying to make a man of the worthless fellow I was," he said presently. He had been telling her the story of the past four years, with their struggles and discouragements.

"Have I succeeded, I wonder?" he added looking unseeingly ahead of him as if to read the future that was to prove whether the woman he loved had done wisely in trusting her happiness to him.

The girl at his side laid her hand upon his shoulder and said softly: "Success comes not in a day, but after years of earnest toil."

There was in her touch a sense of ownership, and the heart and soul of the man thrilled under it.

UNCLE TOBY ON GENEALOGY.

BY JO PATTON.

I.

Things am gittin' pow'ful diff'runt fum de way dey
 uster be,
 'Fo' de Yankees kilt ol' Massa, in de wah what sot us
 free.
 De wo'l' am full o' *wise* men allus' fussin' 'bout dey
 creeds,
 Dough dey pocket-books am empty an' dey gyarden full
 o' weeds.

II.

Deys *white fo'ks* what say dey daddies uster swing
 eroun' in trees,
 Wif er head an' tail lak er monkey, an' kivered wif hair,
 an' fleas.
 But ez fur ez de "uster be's" am consarned, Mr. Bull
 Frog dah on dat rail,
 Kin pint back wif pride ter de time in his life w'en he
 onct had er pretty long tail.

III.

Den dey's *niggers* what say *dey* daddies uster 'long ter
 de big white race—
 But jedgin' fum dey complexshion *now*, dey sholy done
 fell fum grace.
 But ef de "uster be's" am gwinter be counted, Brudder
 Buzzard am hard ter match,
 Kaze hits er nachul fac' dat *he* wuz white, des atter dat
 he wuz hatch.

IV.

But what's de diffunce ef yo' pa wuz er "race hoss," long
es you's hitched up to er sled?
De fac' dat you sprung fum Solomon don' put no brains
in yo' head.
Ef fo'ks 'd think less uv de "has-bins" an' mo' uv de
"gwinter be,"
Dey'd be er bigger crew on de lit'l' canoe what sails froo
de Jasper Sea.

UNDER LOVES CONTROL.

BY JAMES B. TURNER.

Edwin Harper and Lucile Hulburt had known each other from infancy. They were playmates when children, and it was in their childish prattle that they learned to know and trust each other as true friends. At the high school they were in the same classes, and were together much of the time.

This friendship in the course of time grew into love, and this love became so intense that they did not like to be separated a day at the time. But at last separation had to come. Edwin had finished his course at the academy, and was now prepared to enter college. When the time for his departure was at hand it was with sorrow that he pressed a loving kiss upon Lucile's lips and said good-bye to his parents and friends. He was now going to college to prepare for the battles of life.

Lucile had promised him faithfully to write all through the year, and true to her promise, she did not let a week pass without writing a long, loving letter, just the kind to stimulate Edwin and make him feel that life was worth the living. Edwin was doing well at college, and often his teachers commended him for his excellent work. His recitations were always prepared and never did he miss a class without a good excuse.

When the year closed, Edwin went home for the summer. His work for the past year had been gratifying to him, but when the train reached his home, he alighted with a face clouded in trouble. His anxiety was not over his studies, for he had won the proud distinction of leading his class, but it was on account of Lucile.

For the last few weeks her letters had not been so regular, nor so full of comfort and cheer as those she had previously written; nevertheless, when he greeted his parents and friends, he tried to hide all signs of trouble and make them feel that he was glad to be home again. He succeeded fairly well in deceiving them, but really he was much perplexed. He was almost afraid to meet Lucile, because he thought that she had ceased to love him as she did when last they parted.

After talking awhile with his family, he went to find Lucile. She greeted him as though she were glad to see him, and told him that she was really happy for the first time since he left. Her words were evidently so sincere that all his doubts were removed, and he resolved then and there to prove to her some day that he would be worthy of her love.

The time for separation again came, and they parted more devoted to each other than ever. Edwin returned to Leland College, and Lucile, having finished her course at the academy, entered the Woman's College at Racine, Virginia. They promised as before to keep up a weekly correspondence, and Lucile promised not to be so negligent in her writing as she had been the year past.

Edwin, upon his arrival at Leland, wrote Lucile a long letter filled with sweet words so dear to lover's ears. Lucile received the letter and read it with joy. She knew now that she loved him with all her heart. She further knew that for the next four years their correspondence would have to cease, for writing to young men was strictly forbidden in the school which she attended. She longed so much to let Edwin know the circumstances, but she dared not, for to break this rule meant that she would be immediately expelled.

Edwin did not know this, and daily expected a letter,

but none came. "Can it be that she has forgotten me?" he would say. "Can it be that she has forgotten the happy days we spent together in childhood, and the vows we made to ever be true? No, to be sure she will not forsake me, when she knows that I love her better than I do my own life."

He had a friend in the town where the school was, and wrote to him at once, to find out the cause of Lucile's silence. In a few days a letter came telling him that correspondence with young men was positively forbidden by the faculty, and under no conditions could this rule be broken.

Edwin received the news with sadness, for he now realized that the happiness and joy of receiving her letters would be no more his. He knew, too, that to do the best work he would have to put her out of his thoughts; but this would be a hard task, for he loved her devotedly and believed that she cared something for him.

Edwin trying to accept the news he had received with resignation, threw himself into his work and did all in his power to forget the girl he so devotedly loved.

His record at college for the past year had been encouraging, but now he would study harder and make a man of himself, and for the time being try to forget the very existence of Lucile Hulburt.

In part of this he succeeded well, for now he was the most studious member of the sophomore class, and his class-mates realizing his worth and growing popularity, both among the faculty and the student body, unanimously elected him class president. This honor, combined with hard and diligent work, somewhat turned his thoughts from Lucile, but to forget her he could not; for her face was stamped indelibly upon his heart, and try as he might he could not remove it.

Christmas was coming, and with it would come for the other boys many joys and pleasures, but not so with Edwin; for only a few weeks beforehand he had received the sad news that Mr. Hulburt, Lucile's father, had moved to West Virginia. This had a sad effect upon Edwin, for all through the year he had looked forward to Christmas. Then he thought he could be with Lucile again, but it seemed that fate was against him. Not to think of her would be folly, for the space which divided them did not make him feel that she was lost forever. Nor did absence make his love any less. Often in the stillness of the night he would stroll out into the campus and with no audience save the flickering stars and constant moon sing as though inspired by some divine power that beautiful song, "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," and forcibly did he feel every word, for it seemed that it was written especially for his solace while thinking of the by-gone days.

He finished his examinations with honor, and went home to spend the holidays. Of course they were quite different from what he had expected three weeks before, but nevertheless he enjoyed his little vacation, and it was with sorrow he realized he must soon return to college. Monday before he was to leave the following Thursday, he received a letter from Lucile informing him of the sad death of her father. She told Edwin that now her education would have to stop; for her mother was not able to send her back to Racine, and, too, she felt that it was her duty to stay with her mother and try to comfort her in her great sorrow.

Edwin of course was pained very much to hear this, and sat down at once and wrote Lucile a long letter, telling her that he loved her even more than he did before.

Edwin returned to college feeling very keenly the

great misfortune that had befallen Lucile, and wanted so much to be with her in her hours of grief and sorrow.

Lucile received Edwin's letter of sympathy, and wrote him immediately that from now on their correspondence would have to cease. She gave no reason whatever, but ended her note with this expression, "Thine forever."

Mrs. Hulburt and Lucile had moved away from the place where they lived before Mr. Hulburt's death, and now lived in Roanoke, Virginia.

They were left now with no one to help them, and moved to the city where Lucile could obtain work to support herself and her mother. Lucile was of a proud disposition, and could not bear to let Edwin know that now she had to earn a living for both her mother and herself.

* * * * *

Edwin could not imagine what Lucile meant by her last letter, and wrote to her despite what she had said but received no answer.

The session closed, and Edwin went to work to defray his expenses the following year in college. His parents were not so rich that they felt not his expenses, so he resolved to make his own money and be no more expensive to them. This he did, and entered college for his third and last year. This year, as before, he determined on concentrating all his thoughts to forget Lucile; for he firmly believed that she had ceased to love him. To try to do this was only to fail, for he now was a firm believer in the saying, "True love never dies."

Commencement day came, and Edwin delivered an oration that thrilled the whole audience. In it he pictured a young man starting out upon the highway of life with the prospects bright for a useful and influential career; the finger of destiny seemed to point at him and

tell him that some day his name would be great. Notwithstanding all this, he is about to give up on account of a disappointment in some trivial thing. But something down in his heart tells him to fight on, the victory lies ahead.

It was judged by all as the most masterly address delivered by a graduating student for years. Newspapers had it in their columns, and it made for him a reputation that will last for years to come.

A copy of the "Times," in which was printed the speech happened by chance to fall in the hands of Lucile Hulburt in Roanoke, Virginia. She read his speech with eagerness and joy, and several times was on the point of writing and telling him that she loved him in the same old way, but was afraid she had been forgotten long ago.

Edwin went home for the summer and tried all during his vacation to locate Lucile, but could not. None of the people around Irving knew of her whereabouts since Mr. Hulburt's death. He even went to her former home in West Virginia, but could find no trace of her.

Summer ended, and Edwin accepted the principalship of a school in Western North Carolina. Under his leadership it grew considerably the first year, and at the beginning of the next term he was compelled to secure another assistant. He wrote to several who he thought would fill the place well, but could not in this way secure a teacher, so he decided to try his last resort, that of advertising. The next morning he sent to several papers the following brief advertisement:

Wanted—At once a young lady to assist me in the Academic department of a flourishing high school in Western North Carolina. A college graduate preferred. Address,

Prof., care of "Times."

Of course applications came from all directions and in all mails. He read each one with care, but had not yet found one that altogether suited him. However, he had to have some one, so he decided to give the position to a young lady in an adjoining county. He wrote the letter and carried it to the post-office the next morning to mail. As usual, he first asked for his mail, and got only one letter, which he opened. It read as follows:

"ROANOKE, VA., Sept. 18, 1904.

DEAR SIR:—Having seen your advertisement in the "Times" stating that you wanted a young lady to assist you, I write to find out if I can secure the place. I attended the Woman's College at Racine, Virginia, for two years, and consider myself capable of doing the work in the department you named.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and trusting that I may secure the position, I am,

Yours truly,

LUCILE HULBERT.

Edwin read the letter with a joyous surprise, but immediately after finishing it he took from his pocket the letter addressed to Miss — — and tore it to pieces. He went at once to his room and wrote the following note:

....., N. C., Sept. 20, 1904.

DEAR MISS HULBERT:—Your letter applying for the position in my school received, and after seriously considering the matter I have decided to give you the place. Please make your arrangements to come at once.

Hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you soon,

I am truly yours,

P. W.

Lucile received the letter and made preparations to start at once; but there was one thing in the letter she didn't understand, and that was why her correspondent had not signed his name. She thought this was very singular, but anyhow decided to risk the chances.

The next day found her on her way to ——. About four o'clock in the afternoon the train reached her destination. She hastily collected her grip and bundles and

started out of the car. She had gone no further than the door when Edwin met her. Imagine the scene if you can. Edwin, too full of joy to speak, and Lucile so much surprised and frightened that she could scarcely utter a word. However, these feelings soon passed off, and they were in conversation for the first time in three years.

Lucile told him all about her experiences since last they saw each other; how she had to toil to support her mother, and how foolishly she had acted towards him.

Edwin turned the conversation to the future, and what they said concerning this we shall learn later.

Lucile began her work in the school-room next morning, and acted in the capacity of a teacher until Christmas. Then Edwin sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the board with reluctance, for he had made an ideal teacher, and the school had prospered under his control.

They left the next day for their old home in Virginia. Lucile's mother was spending the Christmas there, and they joyfully went to join her.

They arrived on Monday, and the day following the whole town was in a bustle, getting ready for what was to be the crowning social event in the history of Irving. Everyone seemed to rejoice with Edwin and Lucile, for they now felt the joy of living they never knew before, and they firmly believed that on December 25, 190—, two souls were united that were intended for each other.

* * * * *
To-day Professor Harper holds the chair of English in the Woman's College at Racine, Virginia, and often advises his pupils that if they have lost anything and wish to find it to advertise through the columns of some newspaper.

COL. KIRKE IN HAYWOOD COUNTY.

BY W. J. FRANCIS.

Aside from the movements of the Southern army, there were many small bands of men throughout the country, and especially in Haywood County, who might aptly be called home-guards; and at times they were hotly engaged with similar bands of Northern men sent out for the purpose of getting food, devastating and terrorizing. Historians, in writing the history of a State, are sometimes silent on many things which are of important interest to a people of a certain section or country.

George W. Kirke was born, probably, in the year 1830 near Jonesboro, in Eastern Tennessee. His parents belonged, as is sometimes expressed, to the "common people," who made their living on the farm. Very little is known of the number of children in the family, but local history gives the name of one brother, John Kirke.

After the defeat of Gen. Hood at Nashville, we find in history that George Kirke was made colonel in Gen. Thomas' army. Kirke, anxious to show his authority, secured permission to cross the Smoky Mountains into North Carolina and disperse any bands of troops gathered together anywhere in the western part of the State, and if needful to take horses, provisions and military supplies for use in the Federal army. Kirke abused his authority a great deal and from all accounts it seems that the people in the western part of the State regard him as a man of very common or low character, of brutal instincts; and it is said he became noted for his brutality before coming to North Carolina. The *Jonesboro Sentinel*, quoting from the *Jonesboro Messenger* says of him:

"George Kirke, recently made colonel in the Federal

army, is a low and despised character in this part of the country. He wears an old dirty uniform, and when hit on the head by a citizen of Jonesboro and despised by all the people of the town, still stays here and is a nuisance to our people."

He crossed the Rock River in Mitchell County and met a band of home guards under Martin, whom he made prisoners. From there he made his way to Morganton, plundering houses, taking horses and provisions. He reached Morganton October 3, 1864, where he found a number of conscripts and made most of them prisoners. From Morganton he went to Newton, where he abused the depot agent, forced him to unlock the depot, and then loaded his horses with provisions and spoils. The agent was brutally beaten for something written on the depot concerning Kirke and the Ku Klux. From Newton he made his way back to Salisbury, where he marched to and fro through the streets cursing and defying the people. At one time a number of young men armed themselves and went out to meet Kirke and his men, although Kirke's men were many times their number. No sooner had Kirke caught sight of them than he and his men began to shoot at them. Several shots entered the Mansion Hotel and frightened the people very much. For some reason, we know not why, he made his way back to Tennessee.

During the time he was in Tennessee there were many deserters from the Southern army who made their homes in the mountains and lived by stealing from helpless widows and children. In Haywood County alone there were numerous caves and hiding places pointed out even today where these notorious robbers lived during the day, but like beasts of prey disturbed innocent people during the night, and to make it worse, even defied them.

By February, 1865, there were about eighteen of these deserters in Haywood County. On February 22, 1865, Col. Kirke, with a force of six hundred cavalry and two hundred infantry crossed the Smoky Mountains at the Starling Gap, head of Cattalooche Creek and Big Creek coves. These deserters heard of his arrival, and secretly made their way to him through the mountains. From these traitors, as traitors they were, Kirke learned all about the country, and also that the few troops under Col. W. W. Stringfield and Captain W. M. Terrell were at Webster in Jackson County.

From Mount Starling Gap, Kirke crossed the Hogback Mountains into Cattalooche Creek valley and killed Lafayette Wilson on account of his resistance to being captured. William Hyatte, Andrew Caldwell, Roland Smathers were taken. He then crossed into Cove Creek valley, down which Wilson Burgess ran for his life screaming as he went, and warned the people to look out for Kirke.

From Cove Creek, Kirke crossed into Jonathan's Creek valley, where he captured Emijah and Joshua Allison. He reached Dellwood and then turned in the direction of Waynesville.

In the meantime Col. Robert Conley had heard of Kirk's raid and had placed a number of troops behind a rock wall near a gap on the road from Dellwood to Waynesville. As Kirke started through the gap, the fire was opened on him. He ordered his men to dismount and take the "rebels." So deadly was the fire that they fled back to their horses and made all haste in getting away. Some of the soldiers threatened to burn the house of Robert Owen, but were ordered out of the house by Kirke himself. Several horses were captured, but no prisoners. It is thought that about four men were

killed and several wounded, but they carried all dead and wounded with them toward Waynesville, near which place it is thought that the dead were buried.

While in Waynesville they prowled about the stores, took horses from the farmers, meat from the smoke-houses, and insulted the citizens. In the meantime Col. Conley had placed his men on a high hill west of the town, and soon made Kirke move out. As he left he set fire to the pride of the Love family—their old colonial residence, an act which in the eyes of their people will ever mark him as a wretch and a villian. At the same time he fired the county jail, releasing several criminals and outlaws.

From Waynesville he went up Richland Creek valley toward Balsam Gap and camped for the night. In the meantime Colonels Stringfield and Thomas had heard of his being in Waynesville, and hurried to the Balsam Gap, a distance of twenty miles, to meet him. In the darkness of the night they fired on him. Many of Kirke's prisoners escaped and joined Thomas. Among these was Emijah Allison, but his brother was carried back to Tennessee and was not released until nearly a year afterward. During the night Kirke broke up camp and by day-break reached Waynesville. Stringfield and Thomas thought he would go back down Jonathan's Creek, but to their dismay he made his way up the creek and crossed the Soco Mountains at the head of Jonathan's Creek into Jackson County. On his way back to Jonathan's Creek from Waynesville, Kirke's men met Irvin Rice and Joshua Carver, who had ridden out from Dellwood to find out the whereabouts of the raiders. When Kirke's men unexpectedly came upon them in a sharp turn in the road they were mercilessly murdered and left ghastly and cold.

When Kirke marched down through the Indian Nation they attacked him on account of an injustice he had done their Chief Ocona. The Indians were put to flight, many of their cabins burned, their country churches torn down and their cattle driven away.

There were no troops to meet him until he reached Quallatown. - Here he met Captain Terrell, who flanked him and came very near capturing a part of his force. By this time he was becoming alarmed, and fled as fast as possible toward the Smoky Mountains. Terrell lost one man, while it is thought that Kirke lost four. On this raid it was that his brother John Kirke lost his leg by a ball from a gun in the hands of Captain Terrell himself.

His second trip into Haywood County was made in the second week in May, 1865. After capturing Col. Stringfield on his way to Knoxville with a flag of truce on April 28, and confining him in jail, Kirke went to Asheville, disregarded a flag of truce, robbed several stores, burned the court-house and jail, and set out for Waynesville. Here he found Col. J. R. Love with a force of 800 men, including 200 Indians. Cols. Love and Thomas met him on the lawn of the Haywood White Sulphur Springs Hotel. Not a single man was killed in Thomas' Legion, but several were wounded. Thomas' men were captured, but were allowed to keep their guns. And so the last battle of the Civil War was fought in the Smokies, and not at Appomattox, as we have learned before. In a few days the prisoners were released, and Kirke returned to Tennessee.

Nothing of importance happened after Kirke left the second time. It was thought that Col. Bartlett was one of his men. He roamed through Buncombe, Haywood and Swain counties, stealing horses and provisions, but was soon driven out by Col. Robert Conley.

"KIDNAPPED."

BY RUFUS PEARSON.

Near the close of the seventeenth century, where the beautiful Shenandoah winds its way peacefully down towards the ocean there lived among others the Burke family and the Lee family. In the Burke family Chester was the oldest of three children, while Alma Lee was the only child in the Lee home. The two families lived about half a mile apart. Hence the children, Chester and Alma, saw much of each other in childhood. In the winter time they both went to the same school, and in the summer time they went boat-riding on the river and had many other childish frolics together.

By and by Chester grew up into strong young manhood, while Alma was developing into beautiful, graceful womanhood. It was decided that Chester must take a course of study in one of the best universities of his time. About the same time Alma's parents decided to send her to a university for women that had recently been established in another section of the State.

On the evening of the day before the one on which these two young people were to set out for their respective universities, they sat in the soft August moonlight until late at night, talking for awhile of the many dear old times they had enjoyed together. Then they turned their faces toward the future and confided to each other their plans for the coming university days. By and by Chester rose to go. As he said good-bye, his voice quavered and Alma's hand trembled. Chester looked into her pretty blue eyes around which bright tear-drops shone, and it seemed to her that his whole soul shone

through his eyes. Their hand-clasp tightened as they stood thus for a few moments. No word was spoken except that Chester uttered a fervent "God bless you" as he placed a kiss on her up-turned cheek. She laid her hand on his shoulder and sobbed. Then Chester simply said—

"Our school days will soon pass away. Be a brave girl, and let us trust that God has a happy future in store for us."

They exchanged no vows then, but they were as truly wedded in spirit from that time on as they were afterwards wedded by vows before the altar.

Their four school years soon passed away. During this time Chester and Alma had heard from each other as often as the stage-coach passed between their respective universities. And four times they both went back to the old Shenandoah valley to spend Christmas.

And so the spring came on in which they would graduate. A bright, beautiful spring it was, the grass turning green on the lawns a full three weeks before its usual time. Alma was so happy, for both she and Chester would graduate with honors and then go back to be with each other again among the dear old scenes of their childhood. Chester was happy, too, for soon he would be with Alma.

One morning in early June the stage-coach brought Chester home. Alma arrived the next day. And such a happy home gathering it was. As the evening sun was sinking behind the western hills, Chester and Alma strolled out in the balmy evening air. Among other things they spoke on a subject too sacred to be mentioned here. It is enough to say that they were engaged to be married the next October.

* * * * *

A week later Jack Hastings appeared on the scene. He was a daring young Englishman who had come to America to take charge of a tract of land lying in the Shenandoah valley, that he had inherited from his ancestors. He was received at the Lee home with true old colonial hospitality. Alma liked to hear him talk of the mother country and Europe in general, but she never gave him cause to think of her as anything more than a friend. And when he sought her company overmuch, she managed to tell him in her own tactful way that she was engaged to another. But he, on account of his wealth and noble birth, thought to persuade her to break off her engagement with her lover, whom he knew to be Chester Burke, and share with him his wealth. So before the summer was half over he made love to her. She told him how sorry she was that she could never think of him otherwise than as a friend, that there was another, as she had already indicated to him. He then tried to use his wealth as a means to induce her to cancel her engagement with Chester Burke and become his own bride. To this Alma said:

"Mr. Hastings, much as I respect you, you misjudge me pitifully in thinking that your wealth could induce me to prove false to the man who is dearer to me than all the wealth of this world. I reject your offer of wealth and cling to that which is dearer by far to the heart of every true woman—the love of the man of her choice, though he be poor in this world's goods."

Jack Hastings bowed and left her presence, but secretly he vowed revenge, for he was not accustomed to such treatment at the hands of the fairer sex. He continued to call occasionally at the Lee home. And one night in August as he was partaking of a supper bounti-

fully spread, Alma Lee was missing and all search for her proved in vain. Jack Hastings pretended to join eagerly with the rest in their search for her.

A week went by, and during this time not a trace was found of Alma. The father and mother were heart-broken, and Chester Burke was almost frantic with grief. But at the end of the week a note was received saying:

"Your daughter is safe and will be safely returned to you if one thousand pounds sterling are placed at the summit of Grandfather Mountain within three days.—Kidnappers."

The father was at a loss what to do. He had real estate valued at one thousand pounds, but he might find it difficult to turn it into money. At this juncture Jack Hastings offered to lend him the money, taking his land as security. But Mr. Lee was loath to accept Hastings' offer, for he felt instinctively that the latter had been influential in the disappearance of his daughter. He succeeded, however, in making a bargain for the required money with the Governor of Virginia, with whom he was intimate.

At the end of two days he was ready to set out with the money for Grandfather Mountain, which was fifty miles away. He decided to carry it in person. So getting up before daylight of the third day, in order to be unobserved by curious watchers, he set out with his burden of gold.

In the meanwhile, Jack Hastings had suggested to Chester Burke that they go in search of Alma to the Luray Cave, some seventy-five miles away; for a report had been spread that she was there. It was late in the afternoon of the day after Mr. Lee received the note referred to above that Jack Hastings made this proposi-

tion to Chester. Chester agreed to start out soon the next morning, if he should decide to go with Hastings. But as soon as Jack Hastings went away, Chester went to the hut of Indian Tom, who was one of the best friends he had in the world, to ask advice of him. Indian Tom gave it as his opinion that Chester should not accompany Jack Hastings to the cave, for he said that he believed the stranger was plotting against his young white brother's life. But straightening up to his full height he said to Chester:

"Follow me, for I know every deer path between here and the great cave, and we shall know before to-morrow's sun goes down whether or not it holds our pale face sister."

Chester and Indian Tom set out on their seventy-five-mile ride early in the night, and by daylight the next morning over half the distance had been covered. After resting the horses for an hour, they set out again, following narrow foot-paths pointed out by Indian Tom, for the country had now become an impenetrable wilderness except in the narrow path. Consequently their progress was much slower. But despite difficulties they reached Laray Cave about midday.

The horses were cautiously placed in a little cavern on a hillside in close proximity to the great cave. And then Indian Tom led the way to a secret entrance to the cave through an underground channel known only to himself. When they were inside the cave they took up their positions in obscure nooks to await the approach of the one who, as Indian Tom said, would come with provisions for the young pale-face captive, if she was imprisoned there.

They had not long to wait, for soon they heard a soft, cat-like tread in the undergrowth beneath the entrance.

Presently a stalwart Indian entered bearing in his hand a rude tray of provisions. When he had entered he looked cautiously around him, but seeing no one, he produced a light and went stealthily on through many intricate passages. It was an easy matter for Chester and Indian Tom to follow him by the light of his own torch; for since he held it he was exposed to its light while they were in comparative obscurity. At length the Indian came to a small apartment to which a door had been fastened, and proceeded to unlock the door, leaving the rifle which he carried at the entrance to the apartment. Indian Tom secured it and bounded inside covering the Indian with his own weapon. Chester followed eagerly, and there standing before a small door which he had just unlocked was the Indian with both hands up, begging Indian Tom for mercy, while just inside on a coarse blanket was a care-worn figure, who uttered a groan and looked blindly out at the newcomers. Chester had her in his arms in a moment, and as he pressed her to his bosom he cried, "O, Alma! we have found you at last." She seemed bewildered at first, but coming to her senses at length she uttered a joyous cry and fainted away.

When she revived she was out in the pure, fresh air with Chester standing over her, and Indian Tom standing guard over another Indian who was securely tied. She recognized the latter as the one who had supplied her with provisions while she was a captive. When she had sufficiently recovered she told how she had been seized at her father's spring one evening about dusk many days before. She had been blindfolded and brought a very long journey on horseback. When the blindfold was removed she found that she was in a narrow room.

like cavern, fitted up with a door. She had for a bed a coarse Indian blanket, while a narrow crevice in the top of her prison cell had served to let in the light.

Although the horses were tired, Chester and Indian Tom lost no time in setting out for home with their precious burden. The captured Indian was forced to proceed before them. They decided to go a circuitous route leading by Grandfather Mountain in order that they might take the chances of saving the money which Chester felt sure Mr. Lee would endeavor to place there.

At sunset the travelers had proceeded about twenty-five miles homeward. On reaching a suitable spot they encamped for the night. At Indian Tom's suggestion, they secured three blocks of wood and wrapped them in blankets, so as to make them have the appearance of human beings. On one block they arranged Chester's hat, on another they placed the head-gear of Indian Tom, while on the third block they placed the bonnet worn by Alma at the time of her capture. They then secured their horses in a grassy spot some distance away. The captured Indian was gagged and securely fastened to a tree near the horses. Chester and Indian Tom then made a snug bed for Alma out of the blanket on which she had slept when a captive. And, overcome with weariness and excitement, she was soon fast asleep. They then took up their position beside her to keep watch during the night.

The air was full of sounds. Night-hawks screamed, owls hooted, and wild beasts made their way through the wilderness. Along in the small hours of the night they heard one of their horses give a low neigh, and Indian Tom raised his rifle hammer. Chester followed his example. In about ten minutes two forms were distinctly visible some little distance from the camp-fire.

The two sentinels recognized them as Jack Hastings and a dangerous Indian half-breed who lived near the Burke home." The two dusky forms made their way to the edge of the camp-fire, held a whispered consultation and deliberately fired into the two blocks of wood representing Chester and Indian Tom. They then rushed forward, when to their surprise they found that they had mistaken their prey. Before they could recover from their astonishment they were made prisoners.

In the morning Chester and Alma and Indian Tom, with an equal number of prisoners, made their way towards Grandfather Mountain, which they reached about midday. Here they stopped to rest their weary horses and to see if they could see any trace of Alma's father. They had not been there long when they heard a horse approaching. When it came into view, Alma to her great joy saw that it bore her father, who was carrying under his arm a small bag full of something. He halted when he saw them, not knowing whether he had fallen in with friends or enemies, and Alma ran to meet him. So father and daughter met again in tears. They reached home at nightfall, and there was a joyous reunion in the Lee home. Mr. Lee carried back the borrowed money and received in return the note he had given such a short time before. Jack Hastings and the two Indian captives were found guilty of kidnapping Alma Lee. The two Indians were banished from America as dangerous characters. While Jack Hastings was sentenced to five years imprisonment.

* * * * *

In the following fall Alma and Chester were married. And their home became "A resort of love, of happiness of peace and purity, where supported and supporting polished friends and dear relations mingled into bliss."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. EVERETTE GOODE, Editor.

The pastor's course is coming to count for much in the college course—not in placing any student numerically nearer graduation, but in a deeper, better sense. It is becoming a factor in uplifting and strengthening the religious life of the college. For who could attend such lectures as have been given here during the last month without feeling a decided spiritual uplift? Indeed, there has been too much of all that is good and helpful and inspiring in this year's course of lectures for any one to have missed them, whether a minister or no.

For some reason—we know not why—not a large number of pastors left their fields and came to the course this year. It is unfortunate that they, for whom the course was originated, do not realize the importance of a month's study here for their special work, under the instruction of some of the strongest active ministers of the denomination in the State, with all the attendant advantages the college can give. But the cause of their absence, perhaps, is not found here. Anyway, not many pastors attended the course just closed, and it is to their

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For some reason—we know not why—not a large number of

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It is unfortunate that they, for whom the course was

loss that they did not come. The subjects discussed in this year's course of lectures are vital ones, which should concern every pastor in the State—The Preacher as an Exponent and Expounder of the Gospel, The Preacher as a Shepherd, The Preacher as a Soul-Winner, The Preacher as a Leader in Missions. In the Bible Study Department the two themes were: Christ in the Old Testament and The Training of the Twelve. And the ones by whom these subjects were discussed are men who think and make their hearers think after hearing them; such thinkers as the Baptist pastors of the State should hear and know. Rev. Livingston Johnson delivered the first week's lectures, followed by Dr. Fred. D. Hale, of the Wilmington First Church; Rev. J. C. Masee, of the Raleigh Tabernacle Church, and Dr. A. B. Dunaway, of Oxford. Dr. R. J. Willingham was here for a few days during the course.

But if not one pastor should come to this course, still it is well worth while for the ministerial students in college. There is great help to the young ministers in the instruction of those who have tried and know the trials and difficulties, the joys and successes of the pastorate; of those who have thought out the problems that confront the Baptist pastors. The lecture-room was crowded daily, not only with the ministerial students but with many non-ministerial students and members of the faculty. Herein lies the power of this course of lectures for strengthening the religious life of the college. Let those selected to deliver the lectures each year be men who can get hold upon the whole student body, then, whether the pastor attend or not, great good will be done the college, and ultimately the denomination.

"The Remaking of a Rural Commonwealth" is the subject of a notable article in the December *Review of Reviews*, by Mr.

Clarence Poe, who is one of the State's best and most thoughtful writers. In this article Mr. Poe tells of the remarkable development in the last four years of rural North Carolina. This growth has been brought about by the "movements for better public schools, better country roads, rural mail delivery, rural telephones, public school libraries, agricultural teaching," etc. Before these new forces, Isolation and Illiteracy, the old enemies of rural progress, which have long shackled the country-dweller, are going down, and no longer will the farmer be "shut out from contact with the powerful influences of science and trade and industry."

As an index to our great rural growth, it is pointed out that our country schools have been improved—and the improvement is still going on—by lengthening the term, by building better houses, by the addition of libraries, by consolidation of districts, and by the better adaptation of the curriculum to the needs of country children. The long-prevalent idea that the farmer does not need school training is being overcome. Mr. Poe says: "For the first time the farmer boy is to learn from his text-books that education can be applied to work in the fields and orchards as well as to work in the stores and counting-rooms. * * * * Great will be the change when he comes to see no longer the dull, unmeaning task of yesterday, but life and mystery in every farming operation, and the sublimest forces of nature allied with him in his work."

Next to our better schools, as an evidence of our rural progress, the writer places the State-wide improvement

of the country roads. And with our improved highways comes the extended rural mail delivery service, "the most important and successful effort to help the country resident the National Government has ever made." This daily mail service has greatly increased the number of papers, dailies and weeklies, that go to country subscribers. Thus the farmers keep in touch with the outside world, and by the rural telephone system, which has spread over almost the entire State, can easily communicate with each other. Other agents of rural development mentioned are farmers' clubs, free from political influences, scientific agriculture with improved farming machinery, the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor in country districts, and the system of educational rallies of the Southern Educational Board.

The article closes with a contrast of the old-time farmer with the modern. Mr. Poe says: "The old one-room school-house has given way to an attractive modern structure. Instead of an occasional book bought from the itinerant agent or borrowed from a neighbor, the school library puts the choicest literary treasures at the disposal of the whole family. The old gullied highway is gone and a well-graded road sweeps by the farmer's house. Instead of the weekly paper and the occasional letter brought from the old post-office, the rural mail carrier brings a city daily each morning, and letters and magazines in refreshing abundance. To confer with a neighbor no longer means a ride of an hour or two; one or two minutes at the telephone suffices." As the writer says, this is not a portrayal of the typical ruralist as yet, but it is a picture of the new farmer with whom the future lies.

The gubernatorial change. The gubernatorial inauguration of 1901 ushered in a great change upon North Carolina. Not only was it a change from one political party to another, but it was a change from an administration bound by no specific pledge to the people to an administration solemnly pledged to the policy of educational progress; just such a policy as the State then most needed, and still greatly needs. We trust that the new Governor will continue this policy and make the further growth of our public schools an object of his administration. Let the advancement in education along all lines in North Carolina go on until no State officer, until no North Carolinian will be ashamed to own his State when he sees it placed beside other States in an educational comparison.

The inauguration of 1905 brought but little change in the government of the State—no political change. It simply put Mr. Glenn at the head of the State in the place of Mr. Aycock, and Mr. Winston at the head of the Senate in the place of Mr. Turner—nothing more as can now be seen. The next four years will tell whether there was a greater change than this. Will it be the same with North Carolina under Governor Glenn as it was when Governor Aycock was holding the helm? The next four years only will tell. And while we are waiting to see, we have grounds for hoping that at least no backward steps will be taken.

The State has been greatly pleased with four years of Governor Aycock. Under his administration along certain lines great advancement has been made. He came to the Chief Executive's office untried as a great public servant, but with the full confidence of the people. He leaves his office a stronger man and with a stronger

hold upon the hearts of the people. He has left the State stronger and better, because less in the clutches of ill-eracy. His administration stands out as one of the greatest in the State's history, as one of the greatest in any State's history; great because of what it has accomplished for the people. It marks an epoch in our State history. This was one time when the incoming administration might have pledged itself to carry out absolutely unbroken the policy of the outgoing administration. And a reading of the new Governor's inaugural address shows that, whether he intended it to be so, it amounts to little more than a promise to carry forward the work begun by Aycock. Though he succeeds in doing more than this, if he does this well, the people will be satisfied.

BOOK REVIEWS.

W. E. GOODE, Editor.

The Clansman, by Thos. Dixon, Jr. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) This second book of the author's on the race conflict is a companion novel to "The Leopard's Spots." In it is told the true story of the origin and work of the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Dixon sets out to show that the "Invisible Empire," as he calls it, was the inevitable result of, and the only means of salvation left the South of its traditions and honor from, the inhuman regime of scalawag and negro government that was forced upon the South after the surrender. The Southern reader readily agrees that this purpose is well accomplished; and indeed, so well is the case made out that any one who reads the book with the least bit of credence must admit that this, if not the only means, was at least the most effective means that could have been used. With the South, robbed of all power to resist, in the hands of negroes and unprincipled scoundrels, who recognized no power but that of brute force, yet were all-superstitious; these backed and egged on by the blind, crank-ruled government at Washington, what could have done the work as the Ku Klux Klan did it?

"The Invisible Empire" was a force the Northern troops could not reckon with, because to them it was, as the name implies, invisible. Old Stoneman, when he stood by his window and watched the grim troop of whiterobed riders file by in the moonlight, realized that this was the ultimate force his whole scheme of blotting the South from the map had overlooked. At the same time the silent, sudden, mysterious appearance and movements of "these pale hosts of white-and-scarlet horsemen" so worked on the superstitious natures of the negroes that their unnatural regime collapsed at once in a panic of terror, and in Ben Cameron, the Klan leader's words, the closing sentence of the book, "Civilization was saved and the South redeemed from shame."

The author makes four divisions of his book, the first three of which "are devoted to the political conditions which made the rise of the Ku Klux Klan inevitable." In the first Lincoln is shown as the true friend of the South, glad to treat with the seceded states as skill in the Union, hoping to reconstruct them peacefully without any more blood-shed. Fatally opposed to Lincoln's policy of recon-

struction the Old Commoner, Austin Stoneman, radical leader and master of Congress, is determined to treat with the South as "conquered territory." The assassination, the reign of chaos that followed, the partisan impeachment of President Johnson, the vile and unscrupulous methods used to bring about his conviction, are all powerfully told. The reign of terror in the South, "the farcical election whereat the negro enfranchised himself and disfranchised the white man," the quartering of negro troops in Southern towns, the black, mawkish, perspiring mass of brawlers who claimed to be legislators, the midnight burning of Southern homes and store-houses, all are painted with vivid realism. And through it all the Old Commoner stands out the strongest, but by no means the most admirable, character in the book, relentlessly pursuing his policy of subjugating the white man of the South to the black. With this the author comes, and the reader is ready to agree with him, to the result, the one salvation of civilization in the South, the Ku Klux Klan, "the resistless movement of a race, not of any man or leader of men."

The double love story that runs through the book is of secondary interest, and serves for little more than to bind together the tragic events that make it so strong a book. All is subordinated to the purpose of developing the story of the conditions which made the organization of the Ku Klux Klan inevitable, and describing the work and spirit of the Klan. The hero of the novel, the Grand Dragon of the South Carolina Klan, when begged by the woman whom he loved so much that he placed his life without question in her hands, for her sake to give it all up, and threatened with final separation from her if he continued in that work—Ben Cameron, the author's hero, answered, "I am fighting the battle of a race whose fate hangs the future of the South and the Nation. My ruin and shame will be of small account if they are saved." He then rode from her presence straight to the Klan rendezvous, and began the movement forcibly to disarm the troops of the United States Government.

The book is extremely realistic, many characters and places being given their proper names, and others so thinly disguised that they can easily be recognized. Some question the wisdom of producing such books, which, they say, must uncover old fires which have almost smouldered out. Nay; the old fires are too nearly gone ever to be rekindled into dangerous flames. As this book shows the South has long ago accepted the outcome of the war as for the best. The attempts to take revenge and impose negro rule only were, and are, resented. And our people are too intelligent and understand too

well by whom that terrible crime against the South was perpetrated to bear serious grudge against the people of the North, who were responsible for the wrongs done us only in that they were blinded and misled by scalawags and scoundrels. On the other hand such a book can accomplish great good in further healing this very breach which many fear it will widen, because it shows the North how great horrors the South suffered and yet is ready to forgive and forget.

"The Clansman" is better thought out and proportioned than "The Leopard's Spots," but in the details it is not so well executed. It is violently written and has many faults. But whatever faults are found, whatever merit is assigned it, all critics come to the one conclusion, and every one who reads it must admit the same, "It is a strong book."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

The literary department of *"The Howard Collegian"* is lacking in material. "Wreck of the Schooner Governor Blake" is a good story but the description is poor. The other departments are good.

"The State Normal Magazine" contains an interesting contribution, "A Trip Through the Yellowstone." It is well written and illustrated by a few very good cuts by the author. There are some good poems, but the other contributions are not above the average.

"The Converse Concept" is a welcome visitor to our table. The poem "Knowing" is good. "Dolly's Letter" is amusing and perfectly natural. "A Mistaken Love" is not an old plot worked over as many of the college magazine love stories are. The stories are scarce, but there are a number of "heavier" articles.

"The Central Collegian" has not the attractive appearance that it might have. The pages appear crowded. "Scholarship or Girl" is called an original story, but it is so much like so many other stories published in college magazines that we fail to appreciate its merits. This is the only story, and there is not a poem in the literary issue. "Advancement of Civilization" is well written and contains good thought.

The *Southwestern University Magazine* is one of the handsomest and most neatly arranged publications that comes to our table. Its outward appearance gives promise of something good within, and we are not altogether disappointed. The poems are good, and the story on "Tennyson's Victory of Faith" shows thought and study, and is well written. "The Judiciary and Its Relation to the Practical Interests of the Nation," however, approaches partisan politics. The departments are well edited, and the stories are fairly good.

The *Stanford Sequoia* is an attractive-looking magazine, filled with well-written articles. It has the breeze of literature about it that gives you rest while it instructs. The "Tale of the Bamboo Hero" is a delightful little piece of criticism of a Japanese tradition. "Couping the Colonel" has an interesting plot relating how an aristocratic Catholic family was rescued from poverty by an act of rescue from the bishop. But the story would be more readable with the introduction, as introductions are generally burdensome. "Price of Victory" shows considerable tact in its make-up. The writer handles his characters well. "Where Extremes Meet" does not take the reader's interest to the close.

CLIPPINGS.

There's so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it scarcely behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.—*Ex.*



Of all sad words,
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,
"I've flunked again."—*Ex.*



Full many a man is filled with dire dismay
The dark unfathomed female heart to dare;
Full many a vow is born to end its day
And waste its sweetness on the vain and fair.—*Ex.*



The purest thing I know in all earth's holding
Is mother-love, her precious child enfolding;
Yet when the mother's footsteps feeble groweth,
As sweet the child-love then which round her floweth.



In this world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero—get a wife.—*Ex.*



How much we take, how little give,
Yet every life is meant
To help all lives; each man should live
For all men's betterment.—*Ex.*



Said the shoe to the stocking,
I'll wear a hole in you.
Said the stocking to the shoe,
I'll be darned if you do.—*Ex.*



She gave me the turn down yesterday.
Did I weep and wail and holler?
Well no, for she was clerking,
And I asked for that kind of collar.—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. A. PEEK, Editor.

- '04. J. M. Henley is teaching at Eagle Rock.
- '04. W. C. Bivens is teaching at Wingate High School.
- '04. J. R. Cullom is principal of Bunn High School.
- '01. Joseph Q. Adams will take his Ph.D. at Cornell this spring.
- '04. S. H. Yokeley is now taking medicine at Wake Forest College.
- '98. J. H. Rich of Greensboro, N. C., recently spent a day on the Hill.
- '87. Frank Watson is editor of the *Biblical Messenger*, Monroe, N. C.
- '01. Frank Huffman is principal of a D. and D. school, Nashville, Tenn.
- '71-'72. Judge B. B. Winborne of Hertford County is a leader in the House.
- '01. Rev. S. B. Wilson, pastor at Milton, is taking the Pastor's Course here.
- '04. R. D. Marsh is now principal of the Jefferson High School, Jefferson, S. C.
- '02. J. P. McSwain is superintendent of the Altamahaw Cotton Mills, near Elon College.
- '03. W. S. Privott, we are pleased to learn, is meeting with much success in the practice of law at Edenton.
- '85. We extend our sympathy to J. A. Beam, principal of Bethel Hill Institute, in his loss, namely, the burning of the Institute.
- Rev. D. C. Britt, pastor of a church at Rockingham, was a leader in the successful fight to secure prohibition for Richmond County.
- '91. R. L. Pascal has recently given a series of lectures on "Nature Study" in Fort Worth, Tex. He also recently read a paper on the same subject before the Teachers' Association of Texas.
- '90. All of the patrons and sons of Wake Forest are proud of the success that Mr. S. C. Tapp has had with his recent book, "History of Anglo-Saxon Civilization." Mr. Tapp now lives in Atlanta.
- '92. In going to Atlanta Mr. Junius W. Millard undertakes a work that will prove him. He did well in the great pulpit of Fuller. But now he has a larger opportunity—namely that of building a

great church. It is one thing to succeed to a great ministry—and that is honorable—but it is another to make a great church. Mr. Millard has chosen wisely, and North Carolina's heart is with him in his task.

70. The committee for North Carolina of the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship met recently and awarded to Mr. Harry Trantham, a graduate of Wake Forest College, the vacancy for this State in the famous scholarships provided for by the benevolence of the late Cecil Rhodes. The appointment is competitive, hence the award to Mr. Trantham by the committee may be considered no mean honor to the brilliant young scholar, as well as a distinction to his *Alma Mater*. The scholarship becomes effective at the opening of the fall term of Oxford University, England, 1905.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, Editor.

Anniversary!

Hurrah for the Shoo-fly!

"Heard from that invitation yet?"

Mr. Charles M. Cooke, Jr., of Louisburg, stopped over a day last month with his brothers, Dr. F. K. and Edwin Cooke.

Quite a number of students went to Raleigh on the eleventh of last month, to attend the inauguration of Governor Glenn.

Miss Sophie Lanneau, of the Faculty of the B. U. W. spent a day or two last month with her parents, Prof. and Mrs. J. F. Lanneau.

Mr. R. D. Caldwell, of Lumberton, father of Mr. S. Caldwell, better known as "Bunny," spent a day or night recently with Professor Carlyle.

The social circle of Wake Forest was brightened by the presence of Miss Eula Newsome, of Littleton, who spent a few days last month with Mrs. W. W. Holding.

Mr. Archibald Johnson, editor of *Charity and Civilization*, while attending the Temperance Convention at Raleigh, came out to the college one afternoon and went back the next morning on the "Shoo-fly."

On behalf of the students, we are glad to welcome to the Hill Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Anderson. Mr. Anderson has come to assume the position of night-operator at the Seaboard office. He and his wife are boarding at Mr. Martin's.

Mr. John Charles McNeill, the rising young poet, delighted his many friends here by coming out on the day before Mr. Glenn's inauguration, and staying till next morning, "visiting 'round."

The old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," may be true, but we hardly think that any of our readers would care to share the blissful state of mind of a certain "Christmas-gift," who was recently heard to ask, in all seriousness, "Where 'bout is that thing you call the campus?"

Our community was greatly saddened by the news of the death of one of our students, Mr. James McKinnon Powell, of Whiteville, N. C. While at home during the holidays, Mr. Powell was taken ill with pneumonia, and on the 19th of January his spirit passed away from earth to that land where there shall be no more death nor sorrow nor pain. Mr. Powell entered college last year, the beginning of the spring term, and was an exceedingly popular young man, possessing many warm friends among the students.

The work of the Pastor's Course began January 10, and will continue until February 9. This is the third year that this course has been given, and it has now become a recognized feature of the college work. As has been the case hitherto, quite a number of ministerial students, as well as the visiting pastors, are taking the course, and all who are taking it are testifying as to its value.

On account of the failure of two of the associate editors of *The Howler* to return to college after Christmas, it has been necessary for the staff of editors to elect others to fill the places thus left vacant. Accordingly,

Mr. Jo Patton was elected to succeed Mr. M. E. Forrest and Mr. Earle Gore to take Mr. T. A. Lyon's place. The task of preparing material for *The Howler* is well under way, and the prospects are good for "the best yet."

Beginning with the second Wednesday night in January, and continuing through the fourth Sunday night, a protracted meeting was conducted by Rev. Livingston Johnson. The meeting was characterized, as are all meetings held at Wake Forest, not by any undue emotion, but by the quiet working of God's Spirit among the congregation. As a result of the meeting, many souls were converted and numbers of church members re-consecrated themselves to the service of their Master. Eighteen—fourteen males and four females—have united with the Wake Forest Church.

The work of training the ball-team has begun in earnest. Thirty-one candidates have presented themselves and every afternoon Mr. Crozier either has them at work in the Gymnasium, or, if warm enough, on the diamond. There are many good players among the new men, and there will be a good deal of competition for several of the positions.

While we know it is customary to state at the beginning of every ball season that "the prospects are bright for the best ball team in the history of the college," or something to that effect, we can say with sincerity that the outlook for a winning team is very good indeed. Among the candidates for the team are Edwards, Turner, E., and Turner, J., Smith, Walker, Goodwyn and Richardson, of last year's team. With the many other good players here, and considering that Mr. Crozier will be here the whole spring to coach the players, instead of one month, as was the case last year, we see no reason

why the team this year should not be much better than it was last year—and we all know that last year's team was the best that had been here for several years.

The popular and efficient manager, Mr. H. L. Wiggs, though elected late in the fall, has succeeded admirably well in arranging the schedule of games, which is as follows:

- March 27, Oak Ridge Institute at Wake Forest.
- March 28, Oak Ridge Institute at Wake Forest.
- March 31, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
- April 1, Trinity College at Durham.
- April 5, A. and M. College at Wake Forest.
- April 7, A. and M. College at Raleigh.
- April 15, Randolph-Macon College at Wake Forest.
- April 17, Richmond College at Wake Forest.
- April 21, A. and M. College at Raleigh.
- April 24, Furman University at Charlotte.
- April 25, Guilford College at Winston.
- April 26, Davidson College at Greensboro.
- April 27, St. John's College at Wake Forest.
- April 28 or 29, Guilford College at Wake Forest.
- May 2, Trinity College at Wake Forest.
- May 3, A. and M. College at Wake Forest.
- May 5 or 6, Guilford College at Wake Forest.
- May 8, Trinity College at Raleigh.
- May 10, A. and M. College at Raleigh.

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MARCH.

H. F. PAGE.

Nymph of the changeful,
Heart-longing days,
Glimpsed where the scarlet
Maple copse sways.

Thine is the restless,
Full heaving breast,
Bathed by the wet winds
Out of the West.

Thine are the golden,
Gust-tangled tresses,
Smoothed by the young year's
Sun-touched caresses.

Thine are the regal,
Passionate eyes,
Tinged with azure
Dipped from the skies.

Stay!—She has vanished
Into the haze—
Nymph of the restless,
Heart-longing days!

THE CAVALIER POETS.

J. M. JUSTICE.

There arose in England in the seventeenth century a school of writers known as the cavalier poets, consisting of, as our best critics think, Thomas Carew, Robert Herrick, Sir John Suckling and Richard Lovelace. It was at this time that Puritanism was at its highest, and those who opposed Cromwell and Milton were called Cavaliers. Prince Rupert, the daring knight, was their chieftain. The spirit of knighthood was revived and popularized. These writers were all court poets, and endeavoring as they did to voice the then prevailing ideas so popular, they came to be called the Cavalier poets. The lyrics of this school preserved something of the Shakespearian tradition, and the transition from romanticism to classicism was more quietly made in this order than in any other. Mr. Pancoast says: "Each of these men holds an assured though minor place in literature by virtue of comparatively few poems; yet each has contributed to it at least one lyric which has become a classic."

Of this group of poets, Thomas Carew has been the most neglected. Born about 1598, he was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but apparently left the university without taking a degree. Of his early life we know that he was restless and dissipated. Coming into active life in the summer of the Elizabethan Age when the whole garden of English poetry was ablaze with blossom, he lived to hand down to posterity a true tradition of perfume and dainty form that enriched the autumn of the century with a glory all his own. It is the special glory of Carew that he formularized the

practice of writing courtly, amorous poetry. It is unfortunate that he never attempted long poems. Dying at forty, we wonder, had he lived, if he should not have done so. He chose rather to wing his genius on short flights and so we find that his chief glory lies in the excellent way in which he has done his short poems. Clarendon says of him: "He was a person of pleasant and facetious wit and made many poems, especially in the amorous way, which for sharpness of the fancy and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal if not superior to any of the time." "He modelled himself upon Ben Jonson, but his imitation was on a puny scale. His works include elegies, complimentary poems and love lyrics, but it is only in the latter that he can be reckoned to have achieved success," says Mr. Courthope. In his poems he takes such subjects as *A Damask Rose Sticking Upon a Lady's Breast*, *The Toothache Cured by a Kiss*. His love songs are nicely worked up to an artistic climax and to conduct a thought harmoniously through stanzas by well-selected epithets and by the rythmical balance of words, as is seen in the well-known song, *The True Beauty*:

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far
Than towns of polished ivory are.

One of the most evident criticisms brought against him is his effeminate manner, but one would naturally expect that from his dealing with such subjects. Mr. Edward Gosse very aptly gives us Carew's position as follows: "He holds Shakespeare with one hand, Corneille with the other and leads us down the hill of the seventeenth century by a path more flowery and of easier incline than any of his compeers. Yet we must never forget in considering his historical position that his chief merit was in his fresh coloring and sincere and tender passion."

Perhaps the best known of the Cavalier poets is Robert Herrick. Among English pastoral poets he takes an undisputed pre-eminence, and as a lyricist he is scarcely excelled. Born in London, 1591, taking his degree from St. John's College, Cambridge, he began at once his chosen work. It has been said of him that of the Cavalier poets he is the only one that followed the bent of his genius undisturbed and lived a genuine artist's life. It was an ideal one so far as quiet and retirement were concerned. He has been called a Pagan because he learned from the ancients, and he gathered much also from Ben Jonson. It is said of him that he was the greatest and most reverential in the group of youths of genius who formed the school and boasted of being the "sons" of the great tragic master. Among his best productions is *Cherry-Ripe*.

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones come and buy;
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow? I answer, then
 Where my Julia's lips do smile;—
 There's the land, or cherry-isle;
 Whose plantations fully show
 All the year where cherries grow.

Others equally good are *The Kiss*, *To Blossoms*, *Corinna's Going a Maying* and *Advice to Girls*, or better called, *To the Virgins*, which is thought to be one of the prettiest little poems in the language:

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may:
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

* * * * *

—Then be not coy but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 Ye may forever tarry.

There are those who maintain that there is not a sannier book in the word than *Hesperides*, and that to open it is to enter a rich garden on a sunny afternoon and to smell the perfume of the wealth of flowers and ripening fruits. We gather a good idea of the varied subjects of his songs from the lines:

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
 Of April, May, June and July-flowers;
 I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
 Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes:
 I write of youth, of love and have access
 By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
 I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece
 Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris;
 I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
 How roses first came red and lillies white;
 I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
 The Court of Mab, and of the fairy king;
 I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
 Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

The *London Quarterly Review* says of Herrick: "He possessed a vigor of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a soundness of sense and an ease of versification sufficient to

rank him very high in the scale of English minor poets. Mr. Gosse very strongly sums up his estimate of the author, whose verses have well been called *The Poet of Kisses*, as follows: "The lyrics of Herrick are very luscious and liquid in their flow of language. He is a passionate writer, and we always miss, even in his best work, that mounting and piercing melody which gives strength to the heart as does that of Burns and Shelley. In his versification he is excessively mundane, too easily satisfied with the sincere and exquisite expression of a common thought to care about the uncommon, and hence it is that he is never named among the fine English poets of the first class, but always prominent among those of the second class."

In order to appreciate the poems of Sir John Suckling it is necessary to know something of his career. Born in the lap of luxury as he was, he had not to write for a livelihood, as most authors. After taking his course at Trinity, Cambridge, he set out on a life full of adventure, spending years on the continent. His wealth won him recognition in all the courts, and everywhere he was a favorite. Naturally his verse, like his life, was reckless. When at home his time was taken up with public duties and he did not attempt many poems. Those he has left us are unusually well done. His *Ballad on a Wedding* is his masterpiece, and is indeed unrivalled in that class of composition for the voluptuous delicacy of the sentiments and the luxuriant richness of the images. Who has not read his *Encouragements to a Lover*?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, if looking well can't move her,
 Loking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

* * * *

Quit, quit, for shame! This will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her;
 The D——l take her!

In his Literary History of Europe, Hallam says: "Sir John Suckling is acknowledged to have left far behind him all former writers of song in gaiety and ease; it is not equally clear that he has ever since been surpassed. His poetry aims at no higher praise. He shows no sentiment or imagination, either because he had them not or because he did not require them in the style he chose."

It may be said that, although a writer of marked talent, Richard Lovelace has been the most over-estimated of all the court-wit poets. He was born to wealth and social station, generously educated and became a favorite with the royal family when quite a youth. He was the handsomest man of his generation, and was addressed under the name of Adonis. So strongly was he admired by all that the chancellor of Oxford granted him his Master's degree at the request of one of the ladies of the court after he had been in the university only two years. His reputation rests upon two compositions known wherever the English language is studied, but whose other writings have little value. These two poems are, *Song to Lucasta—Going to the Wars*, *To Althea from Prison*. Anthony Wood says that *Lucasta* was Lucy Sacherell, who was the affianced wife of Lovelace, but who, on hearing he had been killed at Dunkirk, married another. After the death of the king, in whose cause he had spent all his possessions, Lovelace, according to Wood, grew very melancholy, became sickly and penniless and died in most wretched circumstances.

A friend of his own land says of him: "His pieces

which are light and easy, had been models in their way were their simplicity but equal to their spirit; they were the offerings of gallantry and amusement, and as such are not to be reduced to the tests of serious criticism. Another says, "Faults and virtues. He may be taken as an impersonation of the Cavalier of the civil war with much to charm the reader and still more to captivate the fair."

The world would ill forget the days of which Lovelace and his contemporaries sang, and we gladly treasure such lines as *To Lucasta*, which are so typical of Cavalier verse:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the memory
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True: A new mistress now I chase,
The first far in the field;
And with a strong faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconsistency is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Lov'd I not Honor more.

ARE YOU CONTENTED? OR, THE HISTORY OF A NOSE.

From the French of Edouard Laboulaye

BY G. S. FOOTE.

At Dewitz, in the neighborhood of Prague, there was once upon a time a farmer, rich and whimsical, who had a beautiful marriageable daughter. The students of Prague (there were at that time twenty-five thousand of them) often went in the direction of Dewitz, and there were more than one of them who would have gladly followed the plow in order to become the son-in-law of the farmer. But how was it to be done? The first condition which the shrewd peasant imposed on each new farm-hand was this: "I engage you for a year, that is to say, until the cuckoo announces the return of spring; if from now to that time you tell me a single time that you are not contented, I cut off the tip of your nose. However," added he smiling, "I give you the same privilege upon my own person." And he did just as he said. Prague was filled with students upon whom the end of the nose was stuck, which did not prevent a scar and still less unpleasant jokes. To return from Dewitz disfigured and ridiculed was enough to cool one's passion.

A certain Caranda, a rather heavy and rough-looking man, but cold, shrewd and cunning, which is not a bad means of making a fortune, wished to try the adventure. The farmer received him with his usual good humour, and, the contract concluded, sent him to the field to work. At the breakfast hour, the other farm-hands were called, but care was taken to forget our man; at dinner it was the same. Caranda did not trouble himself at all, he came to the house, and while the farmer's wife carried some grain to the fowls, he took from the

kitchen an enormous ham, took from the bread-tray a large loaf of bread, and went into the field to dine and to take a nap.

When he returned in the evening:

"Are you content?" exclaimed the farmer.

"Very content," responded Caranda; "I have dined better than you."

Here the farmer's wife rushed in crying "thief," and our man laughed. The farmer became pale.

"You are not content," said Caranda.

"A ham is only a ham," replied the master. "I do not trouble myself for so little."

But from that time care was taken not to allow our student to go without eating anything.

Sunday came. The farmer and his wife got into their wagon to go to church, and said to the pretending farmer's hand:

"You will look after dinner; you will put in the pot that bit of meat, and you will add to it some onions, carrots and parsley."

"Very well," said Caranda.

The farmer had a tiny little dog that was named "Parsley." Caranda killed him, skinned him and put him in the kettle to boil. When the farmer's wife returned, she called her pet; alas! she could only find a bloody skin hanging to the window.

"What have you done?" said she to Caranda.

"Just what you commanded me, mistress: I have put onions, carrots and Parsley in the pot."

"Wicked fool!" cried the farmer, "you have had the heart to kill that innocent creature which made the joy of the house?"

"You are not content," said Caranda, drawing his knife from his pocket.

"I do not say that," replied the fellow. "A dead dog is only a dead dog."

And he sighed.

Some days later the farmer and his wife went to walk. As they distrusted their terrible farm-hand, they said to him:

"You will remain at the house. You will do nothing of your own accord. You will do exactly what the others do."

"Very well," said Caranda.

There was in the yard an old shed whose roof was tottering. The workmen came in order to repair it; following their custom, they commenced by tearing it down. Behold our Caranda, who takes a ladder and mounts the roof of the house which was all new. Shingles, lathes, nails, clamps, he tore off all, and scattered the debris to the wind. When the farmer returned, the house was roofless.

"Rascal," cried he, "what new trick have you played?"

"I have obeyed you, master," replied Caranda; "you told me to do what the others did. Are you not contented?"

And he drew out his knife.

"Contented," said the farmer, "contented; why should I be discontented? A few lathes, more or less, will not ruin me."

And he sighed.

Evening came, the farmer and his wife said to each other that it was high time to put an end to that devil incarnate. As they were sensible people, they never did anything without consulting their daughter, the saying being in Bohemia that the children always have more intelligence than the parents.

"Father," said Helen, "I will conceal myself early

in the morning in the large pear tree, and will imitate the cuckoo; you will say to Caranda that the year has passed, since the cuckoo is singing; you will pay him and send him back."

No sooner said than done. As soon as it was morning, there was heard in the fields the plaintive cry of the bird of spring: *Cuckoo, cuckoo!*

Who appeared surprised? It was the farmer.

"Well, now, my boy," said he to Caranda; "here is the new season; the cuckoo sings in the pear tree; come then I may pay you, and let us part as good friends."

"A cuckoo," said Caranda, "I have never seen that beautiful bird."

He ran to the tree and shook it with all his might. A cry was heard, and from the tree fell a young girl, thank God more frightened than injured.

"Scoundrel!" cried the farmer.

"You are not contented?" asked Caranda, drawing his knife.

"Miserable wretch! you kill my daughter and still wish me to be contented; I am enraged by anger; go away if you do not wish to perish by my hand."

"I will go away when I have cut off your nose," said Caranda. "I have kept my word, now keep yours."

"Hold!" said the farmer, putting his hand before his face; "you will indeed allow me to redeem my nose?"

"Possibly," said Caranda.

"Will you take ten sheep?"

"No."

"Two oxen?"

"No."

"Ten cows?"

"No, I had rather cut off your nose."

And he sharpened his knife upon the door-sill of the house.

"Father," said Helen, "I am to blame, I will repair the evil. Caranda, do you want my hand instead of my father's nose?"

"Yes," said Caranda.

"I impose one condition to it," said the young girl; "I take for myself the continuation of the contract. The first of us that becomes dissatisfied in married life the other shall cut off his nose."

"Very well," said Caranda; "I should like it better if it were the tongue, but we'll take that after the nose."

Never was there a more beautiful wedding at Dewitz, and never was there seen a more happy married life. Caranda and his beautiful Helen were a perfect couple. Never were the husband or wife heard to utter a complaint; they loved each other, and, thanks to their ingenious contract, they preserved through a long union both their love and their noses.

"OTHELLO."

RUFUS FORD, JR.

"Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or mediator; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium." This criticism of Othello by Coleridge is one of the best and most fitting in all literature. It gives us in a very few words a rough sketch and yet a true one, of the type of man Othello was.

Othello reminds us of some Spanish nobleman of high military rank. Dark and swarthy in complexion, tall and of lordly bearing, stately in his very gait, a man of splendid physique, we imagine his bearing above his fellow-men as did Charlemagne. With such features as these, we would naturally suppose him to be reserved, cold and haughty, forbidding in nature and stern in command. He is magnanimous in spirit and of a generous and lovable nature, winning the affection and esteem of all who knew him. Othello is frank, free and open, and looks on mankind with a large and generous eye, and with a gaze too trustful and ready to suspect them of deception, or false and malicious conduct. Iago says of him, in trying to convince Roderigo of the ease with which they can deceive Othello:

"The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are."

And while this plotting of Iago against Othello goes on, he is perfectly unconscious and unsuspecting.

his great joyous soul is completely wrapped in an ecstasy of bliss.

"If I were now to die,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Whether Othello did the best thing when he married Desdemona, I will not attempt to say. But it does make the story more romantic for this regal giant, with all his barbaric splendor, to marry a frail, delicate, gentle-mannered woman. She falls in love with him because of his strangeness, his heroic simplicity, noble and commanding appearance, and his deeds of adventure, courage and daring. And so Othello says:

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I love her that she did pity them."

It is a fine case where we see opposites attracting each other. He finds in her, as he sees her tending to the household affairs, or as she sits and listens, with breathless interest and sympathy, to the wonderful stories of his past experience, one who completely captivates him by her gentleness of manner, beauty and delicateness of form and expression, and her tender womanhood. She loves him from the depths of her very soul, and with the tenderest devotion.

"That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord;
I saw Othello's visage in his very mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."

But Othello and Desdemona did not understand each other. To her he was a lord, one whom she should worship and serve, and play with and caress him only in

his gentler moods. He, on the other hand, seems to think of her as being his wife solely to love her and be her protector. She can not become a part of his life and being. There is between them no such feeling of equality and likeness of being that there is between Brutus and Portia.

One thing which strikes our notice especially is Othello's loyalty. He has ever served his state well, and has endured many a private hardship while fighting for his people. In his lonely and dreary marches and his campaigns, full of danger, fatigue, and anxiety, he always kept up a brave and cheerful heart, for the thought of glory and distinction, as well as the highest welfare of the state, spurred him on. With a careless magnificence he wears about him the ornament of a strange experience,—memories of

"Antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven."

He leaves his Desdemona behind, to follow on more slowly, in order that he may make a hasty campaign against the Turks who have invaded Cyprus. He addresses the senators with these words,

"The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites."

His complete loyalty and patriotism for Venice is shown in this passage:

"Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the State,
I took by the throat the uncircumcised dog,
And smote him, thus."

Shakespeare was a moralist of the finest type, and naturally we should expect him to bring out some kind of spiritual impression. The spiritual impression of the play comes in the striking contrast between Othello and Iago. Othello is the good and Iago the bad. While Othello may not be a standard of religious ideals from a strictly Puritan point of view, yet he embodies all that is most noble, chivalrous, generous and kind. His magnanimous soul places trust and confidence in humanity. He can not suspect them of any deception, malignity of spirit, and baseness of character. Othello with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which are to him the highest and most real things on earth. This is in direct contrast to Iago, a man who is full of shrewd cunning, combined with great intellectual power and culture in the licentious Italian vice and luxury. He is one who believes that there is nothing either good or beautiful. To him, there is no virtue or loveliness in woman, and no sincerity or nobleness in man. Othello's greatness is brought more clearly forth by being placed in contrast with such a base character as Iago.

Coleridge says in his criticism of Othello: "Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle not to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall: 'But yet the *pity* of it, Iago! —O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!'"

Iago himself says to Roderigo,

The Moor, howbeit I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband."

If jealousy is not the point in his passion, then what is it? It is the agony of being compelled to hate the person which he supremely loved.

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again."

It is with an agonized sense of justice that Othello destroys the one who is nearest and dearest to him in the whole world. But when he once makes up his mind to do what he ought to do, he determines with an iron will not to shrink from it, although he knows that the very life of his own self will forever after be dead. Hear his moan of agony and grief:

"O, now forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue!"

When Othello finds out his terrible mistake he is at first most heartbroken at first. Then comes his desire for revenge, which he secures upon Iago. He is now ready to die, for all that he has to live for is gone. She whom he lived and had his being,—the very soul of his own soul,—has been most cruelly smothered by his own hand. He bids them farewell, and before he stabs himself, says:

"I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you know

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.”

In the words of Byron, we might truly say of Othello,

“A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.”

* THE BATTLE OF AVERASBORO.

As told by Uncle Toby and Aunt Ceely.

H. F. PAGE.

"Massa's in de col', col' groun'."

"Ez I wuz gwinter tell ye," said Uncle Toby, bending over the spacious old-time cabin fireplace to replenish the smouldering coals with a fresh log, "ez I wuz gwinter on ter tell ye, dem days 'fo' de wah wuz sumpshus days jes' lak I tell ye dey wuz."

"Ye say de truf, Toby," Aunt Ceely assented, reaching justing her old-fashioned 'specs' and continuing her knitting, "ye say de truf. Dey wuz su'tinly sumpshus days. Dem Chris'mus times—how dis col', wet evenin' brings dem to my 'membrance!—Mars' John an' Mistiss allus had jes' a plenty uv good things, an' dey sho didn't stint us, dat dey didn't. Mistiss allus boun' ter gib us some on de bes' she haid. Ef we could see dem good ole days onct mo'!—But, Toby, dey'll nebber be agin in dis worl'."

"Sho, de wah put an eend to dem days, Ceely," resumed Uncle Toby, pushing back the copious folds of his red bandana, "sho it did, an' pu'ty neah put an eend to us, but, thank de Lawd, we's bin spared to see dis day an' time.

"Ye'd lak to heah 'bout de wah, chile? Well, it comes ter my 'membrance jes' lak it wuz yeserday.

"It wuz on dis fashion. Young Mars' Doug an' Mars Ed wuz gone to de wah long 'fo' de Yankees come heah. Mars' John wuz too ol' ter go to de a'my; so he stays heah wid Mistiss an' de res' on us. We kep' heah in' 'bout de fights 'way off, but lak I say, we knowed

*The full plot of this story is true, and is often rehearsed to visitors to the battle field of Averasboro.

nothin' till de time Sherman's a'my come. Sho we didn't.

"At las' one day Massa, he call us an' say, de a'my's come ter Fayettevul an' we mought 'spect dem heah any time. De nex' mawnin'—lemme see, de plum trees wuz white—it wuz de middle uv March—dat's hit—well, dat mawnin' he say, 'Boys, some uv ye mus' he'p me hide de bes' things, kaze de Yankees gwinter git 'em ef we don't. De res' can 'gin plantin' de co'n in de an' fiel'."

"But gin we gits to de wuk, Br'er Dublin stop kinder quick an' say, says he, 'Whose dem comin' up by de mulberry orchid?'"

"We look, an' ye jes' oughter seen! Dey wuz thousands on um, an a man ridin' a big black hoss 'long befo'. We see Massa comin' down de lane todes de big gate. Dey meets an' we sorter come up an' listen. We heah him say dey's gwinter be a fight. Den he rides on to de fuh side uv de fiel', an' deah de men line out 'cross de plantation an' 'long de fences. We'd fixed dem fences jes' a few days 'fo'. But dey didn't keer fur dat. Ye jes' oughter seen dem rails fly! Dey grab um an pitch um fum one to de udder till dey'd made a long pile right 'cross Massa's oats, right 'cross de wheat, cleah on to de woods.

"I gits a chance an' say, Massa, de hogs gwinter be all in de co'n. He says, 'Nebber min' de co'n, Toby, jes' so dey keeps dem Yankees out.'"

Den heah come de shovel wagins, and ev'y man grab a shovel and 'mence diggin right cross de plantation an' throwin' de dut on dem rails. Den de big man on de hoss ride up to Massa an' say, 'Put yo' da'kies to bringin' water fur de men.' I tell ye it kep' us gwine dat mawnin', fillin' dem canteens down at de spring house. Dat waz wuk sho's you bo'n!"

"Ump!" interrupted Aunt Ceely. "Why, Toby, you do'n know nothin' 'bout wuk, 'less ye'd he'ped cook dinnuh dat day fuh de soldiers. We put on all de pots an' all de kittles. Mistiss, de young ladies, an' all, he'p us cook dat mawnin. Fuh Mistiss say, 'Meh boys some wheah up in 'Virginy fightin' in dis ter'ble wah, an' I hopes somebody care fuh dem.' Den her voice choke an she turn her face away.—Mistiss wuz a good 'oman, dat she wuz.

"When dinnuh wuz done, dey fix a long table 'tween de house an' de dinin' room fuh de gen'rels, de majors an de cap'ns. And dat wuz a dinnuh. De hams, de aigs, de tu'keys, an' all de good things Mistiss had wuz on dat table. I hain't seen de lak 'fo' nuh sence.

"Dey say de blessin' an' fall to eatin', Mistiss an' all un us waitin' on dem. De men talk 'bout de wah an' say we haf ter leave de house dat evenin', kaze it 'ud be right in de fight.

"When dey wuz done eatin', Mistiss say, 'No use ter wash de dishes, kaze de Yankees mought be de nex' ter take dinnuh at dat place.' So she sends us down ter de cabins ter fix fuh leavin'. Den ye hain't seen de lak all de da'kies gwine dis way an' dat way gatherin' up dey things. But all de men wuz wid Mars John he'pin de soldiers.

"Bimeby Toby heah come down de cabin row an' say fuh all un us ter take de chillun and go down de creek tode de Sikes fo'd, kaze Massa say ef dey wuz a fight down deah or in de gullies out todes de ferry 'u'd be de safes' place. An' dats de las' time we seen Toby or any uv de res' till arter de fight. De Lawd only knows what we 'sperienced 'fo' we meets agin!"

"Dat's sho so, Ceely. Soon ez I tol' you, I goes back to Mars John, an' he tell us keep he'pin de soldiers.

"Bimeby, when de sun wuz gettin' low, all at onct we heah some guns fiah way down 'low de Gypsy Pine an' in todes de fo'd. 'Yankees on de pickets! Yankees on de pickets!' de men say. An' de gen'ral say to Mars' John, 'Bring de ladies fum de house, quick! De Yankees may be on us any minit!' Den he sen' some soldiers wid Marse John to he'p bring de ladies out. An' he say, 'Co'din' to de 'rection uv dem guns, dey can't go down de creek, but come deah quick ez dey kin.'

"So dey comes. Den we say what shall be done 'bout Ceely an' de res'? Mars' John say, 'Les go down de line tode wheah de Sikes' road jines wid de ferry road, an mebbe we kin git at Ceely an' de res' deah.'

"So we goes. An' deah wuz de men all de way wid dey guns. When we gits to de place we looks up de Sikes' road, but see no Ceely an' de res'. Den Massa goes up to de men on hosses what stood by de road an' as' 'bout gwine by. But dey say no one 'lowed ter pass dat way wuz de o'duhs.

"De sun wuz 'bout settin', an' I gins ter git oneasy mighty fas'. Ef it gits da'k an' Ceely an' de chillun up deah in de woods by dey se'f an dem Yankees a comin'!—Gin I think dis I jes couldn't he'p gwine up dat road. Sho' I couldn't. De men, dey say, 'Halt, do'n ye cross dis line.' I looks, but dey want no line deah; so I sta'ts agin—I didn't know what 'de line' meant mo' dan a mule—an' I kep' gwine till dey pint big pistols at me, an' bout dat time Mistiss see whuh I wuz. She come runnin' an' say, 'Do'n shoot! Do'n shoot! Dat's my darky. Toby, come back, fuh de Lawd's sake come back! You can't go by dem men.'

"I say, 'Mistiss, I'ze boun' ter git Ceely an' de chillun. It's mos' dark. Dey's up heah by dey se'fs. Sho' dey be skeerd uv dem Yankees an' git los' in de woods. Why

do'n de men lemme go?" Den she say, 'Deys boun' ter 'bey dey o'duhs an' we hafter trus' de Lawd ter take keer uv Ceely an' de res.'

"We stay deah till da'k, but no Ceely an' de chillun come.

"Den Mars' John say, 'No use ter stay heah any mo'. Mebbe when dey fin's we ain't com' down wheah dey dey'll go back to de cabins an' stay ter night.' Den we starts three miles up to Mars' Farque's—dats Mars' John's brudder.

"While we's gwine I thinks I sees a place ter dodge dem sent'nels 'roun' some bushes, but dey wuz watchin' lak night-hawks. Sho dey wuz. Down come dem guns right at me an' dey say, 'Who goes deah? Halt! or I fiah!'

"'Jes' ez ye say, cap'n,' I 'plied, an' kinder slink back. Den I looks up ter de stahs an' say, 'De good Lawd send down de angels ter take keer uv Ceely an' de chillun till I kin see um agin.'

"Dat's de las' time I tried ter git by dem sent'nels dat night."

"Sho, Toby, nothin' but de good Lawd's angels could a kep' us safe in dem times. Dem guns fiahed mighty close to us dat evenin'. Sho dey did. We stan' togeduh skeerd, and tremblin' lak we wuz nigh 'bout daid. 'Reckly a man come runnin' by an' say, 'De Yankee comin'! Ye better git out uv dis place, quick!'

"Den we starts back todes de house, hopin' ter meet you an' de res' all de way. On er count de chillun, we gits 'long mighty slow. 'Bout dusk we gits ter de cabins. We looks up ter de house, an' it wuz de lonest place —not a libbin soul deah anywheah. Den we say, 'Wheah Mistiss an' de res'? Dey mus' uh lef' some udduh way when dem guns fiah.' 'Way cross de plantation we sees

some lights 'long de bres'wuks wheah de big guns wuz. But we say, we skeerd ter go deah dat night. So we gits inter de cabins an' puts de chillun ter baid, but we stays up all de night long.

"Long ez de pigs kep' squealin' ter be fed up at de barn, dey wuz some comp'ny, but dey soon hush. Den de owls haf a laffin' spell down in de creek, an' dey hush. Dat was de lonesomes' time!

"Den we heah a moanin' soun' gwine thoo de treetops up ter de house. 'Hear dat, Ceely?' Sis Lou whisper to me. 'Dey be ghos' up deah, sho.'

"Den Sis Sally say, 'De Lawd ha' mercy! look yondah in de winduh!'

"We looks an'—mercy on us!—deah wuz a big white thing leanin' out de winduh in de moonlight. Den it goes back. Den it comes agin. Seben times it does dis, an' dat awful moanin' soun' ev'y time. We ketch each adder's han's an' skacely git a bref. Den it do'n come any mo' an' Sis Martha 'low, 'Mebbe de winduh's lef' up and de win's blowin' de curtains.' Sho it want dat; fuh I'ze gwinter tell ye 'bout hearin' dem groans agin when I gits ter de place, chile.

"Jes' 'fo' day out whuh de big batt'ry guns wuz we heah de bugles. Den mo' on um 'long de bres'wuks. You oughter heah dem bugles! Sho, dey soun' mos' lak Gab'iel's trump gwinter soun' at de Judgmen' Day."

"We heah dem bugles, Ceely, cleah up ter Mars Farque's. I bin awake all dat night thinkin' 'bout you an' de chillun.

"When de bugles blow, Mars John 'low we haf ter leave de house, kaze deys gwinter soon be fightin'. We doos up some rashuns, some baid clothes, an' de bes' things de young ladies have, kaze Mistiss say, 'No tellin' what ud be 'fo' we gits back again.'

"But 'long 'fo' we gits ready, we heah de big guns—boom!—boom!—down todes Mars John's place. De fight's begun! De fight's begun!" ev'ybody wuz sayin' 'What shall we do?' Den Mars' Farque 'low de place wuz in de deep gully down close de ribber.

"Den heah we goes—de ladies an' all. We fin' a good leafy place way down unduh de hill, wid ivy bushes 'roun' an' cleah spring water close by.

"'What a nice place fuh a pic-nic!' 'low Mistiss' li' daughtuh, Miss Susie.

"'Yes, chile,' say Mistiss, 'but dis no pic-nic day.' sho it want.

"Ye oughter heah dem guns dat mawnin, chile! jes' shook de hill all day long.

"De ladies, dey talk 'bout how dey homes gwinter 'stroyed, 'bout Mars' Doug an' de res' whats way off de wah, an' 'low ap' as no dey gwinter see dem no mo'. An' ev'y time dem big guns fiah I say, 'De Lawd Ceely an' de chillun!'"

"Dem big guns you heah, Toby, want de fus' uv de fight. Ez I wuz gwinter say befo', atter dem bugles muskets gin to fiah agin down close de Gypsy Pine. Den de cannon begin. We wuz right 'tween de a'mies. Soon we 'low de Yankees comin' closer by, an' we in de cabins fudest down by de creek.

"'Bout dis time Sis Sally say, 'Mercy on us, look to de house!'"

"We look; an' de limbs wuz fallin' frum de trees de grove wus'n a hail sto'm. Den crash! an' a big non ball smash right thoo de garret.

"Zip, spik! zip, spik! we heah de bullets 'gin de cabins up on de hill."

"'De Lawd ha' mercy!' cry Sis Sally, 'look todes de orchid!'"

"We look, an' deah dey wuz—de Yankees comin' an' shootin' as dey come. Some on um makin' right fuh de cabins.

"We boun' ter leave dis place,' 'low Sis Lou, an' she grab huh baby. De res' un us doos de same. But mighty sutin we didn't know which way ter go, sho we didn't.

"Git back inter de cabins! Git back inter de cabins!" we heah de men say; 'you be killed ef ye don't! Back, quick, an' lay flat on de flo'.

"We doos jes' lak he say. Soon ez I lays de baby down, I looks roun' an' sees my boy Jimmy missin'. Den I rush out an' see him gwine runnin' up de hill jes' ez fas' es he could.

"I say, 'La' he'p me, he be killed!' an' takes arter him wid all my pow's. Up on de hill I kotch him; an' deah dese eyes seen one mo' sight! Dat minit a big cloud uv smoke biled out f'um de bres'wuks cross de plantation, de bullets come whizzin', an' I see de Yankees fallin'. But I say, 'Lawd, I wi' sabe Jimmy ef I dies!'

"I kotch him an' tu'n fuh de cabins. Den, zhoo-o-o-boom, sumpin goes tode de big batt'ry. It wuz a shell what bust an' kill de hosses what pull de guns.

"'Cha'ge de bres'wuks! Take de batt'ry!' I heah de Yankees say ez I runs down de hill. Time I got wheah de res wuz, we see de Yankees gwine out by de house fas' ez dey could go.

"Dey didn't come back no mo'. De wuz wuz pas' wid us, an' thank de good Lawd's angels, Toby, we wuz all 'ef' alive."

"But de endin' uv yo' trouble wuz de 'ginnin' uv ou'n, Ceely, sho it wuz. All dat day dem guns kep' a gittin' closuh an' closuh to us. Mars' John 'low ou' men fallin' back. In de evenin' de cannon stop an' we heah de

muskets loudah an' loudah. Den dey so'ter lull, an' Massa 'low he 'spec' ou' men fallin back agin.

"Wid dat we heah sump 'un in de bushes. We look an dah dey wuz—de soldiers on top de hill linin' up todes de ribber. Dey see us an' say, 'Git 'way f'um heah quick! De enemy's flankin' an' deah'l be fightin' heah in ten minits.'

"'Look arter de things, boys,' say Mistiss, an' dey sta'ts. We grab de bundles, but mine wuz de wuz all. It kep' ketchin' in de limbs an' bushes. Den de string broke an' time I reach de top uv de hill, de rest done lef' me cleah out uv sight. An deah wuz de soldiers all 'roun' me.

"'Whose bundle's dat?' one say.

"I say, 'It 'longs to Mistiss.'

"'Longs to Mistiss? Yes, an' ye tryin' to slip off de de Yankees wid it.'

"'No, suh! boss; no, suh!' I say.

Den dey holler all 'roun', 'Drap dat bundle, yo' rogue!'

"Wid dat I jes' ha'ter let it drap an' keep a-gwine.

"'Bout den de guns fiah close a-hind me. I squint meh eye sorter roun' an' see de Yankees comin' 'cross de woods, an' I 'low, 'Toby, ef ye evuh feel lak runnin' now's de time.'

"'Kingdom come! how dem guns boom an dem bullets whiz! I can heah um ter dis ve'y day.

"'Zip!—I fel' de top uv meh haid sting an' meh hat goes off. But I didn't stop ter git it, sho I didn't. Runnin' wuz no name fuh what wuz gwine on 'bout den.

"'Br'er Rabbit hop up 'fo' me 'bout dat time, an' I say 'Br'er Rabbit, yo' beat Br'er Fox, but wid dem Yankees a-hind us, yo's gwinter be nowhuh in dis race,' an' sho he want.

"When I gits ter de house, Mistiss say, 'Law! Toby, you been shot? Look at de blood on yo' haid!'"

"Massa zamine, an' say, 'Mebbe its jes' a limb scratch.'

"Den I sorter ketch my bref an' say, 'Dats no limb scratch, kaze I'ze had limb scratches 'fo' an' knows what dey is.'

"'Whuh's de things?' say Miss Jane—dats Mistiss's daughtuh.

"Den I say, 'De soldiers 'cuse me uv gwinter de Yankees wid it, an' I jes' ha'ter let it drap.'

"'Deh, my new book's gone,' Miss Jane say, dispinted lak.

"But Massa say, 'Listen at dem guns whuh we wuz. Do'n blame Toby too much. Its mighty lucky we got outer dat place all alive.'"

"Sho, Toby, Miss Jane hated to lose dat book mos' uv all de things. Kaze when I use ter tell huh 'bout Br'er Rabbit an' de udder wil' creatures, she read f'um her books 'bout de fairies an' de gobluns—ye jes' oughter beah dat chile read!

"Ye say it wuz sunset when ye lef' de gully? Well, 'bout dat time, we look up todes de house—an' deah dey wuz—bringin' de hu't men up de lane todes de front ya'd. Dey tore de palins away an' drive de amb'lance jam ter de po'ch steps.

"Dey see us down ter de cabins, an' a man come an' say we need n' be skeerd no mo', but fuh some on us ter come up an' he'p cook.

"So Sis Sally, Sis Martha an' me leaves de res' wid de chillun an' goes. I can't tell yer all 'bout dat night, chile. Dey kep' bringin' dem dyin' men in tell nigh onter midnight. Some on um Yankees, some on um ou' people.

"An' uv all de groanin', an' all de prayin'—an' dat what want prayin'—to think on it meks meh blood run col' ter dis ve'y day.

"Bimeby I ketch a chance an' say to Sis Martha, I, 'Sis Martha, dis de win' ye talk 'bout blowin' cu'tins.'

"Den she 'low, 'Sho 'tis, Sis Sally, dat we heah bou-ter be ghos' tellin' 'bout dis.'

"Den we say, 'Ap' as no, Mistiss an' de res' is daid.'

"'Mebbe dey'll be comin' in de mawnin,' say Sis Sally.

"So we waits, an' when de mawnin' come, I goes on de fron' po'ch ter see ef dey wuz any whuh in sight. An' I heah de men inside groanin' an' callin' fuh help. I steps easy lak to de do an' push it patly open. Dese eyes seen one mo' pi'ful sight. De po', dyin' man lyin' all ovuh de flo' thick as yo' fingus. Gin dey see dey raise dey han's an' say, 'Come heah, come heah,' all ovuh de room. I wanted ter he'p um, but I didn' know what in de wo'l' ter do. So I say, 'Wait a minit,' an' pull de do' to, an' I haint look in dat place any mo'. When I tu'n todes de do' steps I sees somebody comin' 'cross de plantation wid some wimen along, an' I says 'Mebbe dats Mistiss an' de res'.' Down ter de cabins I goes fai'ly flyin' to tell Sis Lou an' dem."

"Sho, Ceely, da wuz us. Dat night de fightin' stop an' Massa say, 'Mebbe we fin' you all in de mawnin'. But time it wuz light heah come de Yankees, thousands on um. Den ye hain't seen de lak, chile. Dey mek out deys gwinter hang Mars' John an' Mars' Farque. Dey drive dem all 'roun' de place ter show whuh de things wuz hid, an' dey took de las' thing dey lay de hands on. Dem Yankees wuz ba-ad men, sho dey wuz."

"When dey's gone, we sta'ts fuh Mars' John's place. Talk erbout 'struction an' des'lotion—chile, you oughter seen down dat road! De trees to'n jes' lak dey lightnin' stru'k—dead men heah, an' dead horses deah, all

de way to Mars' John's. An' deah wuz de wus uv all—dead men hin' de bres'wuks in dey blood cleah cross de field.

"Den I say, 'Mistiss, we haint gwinter see Ceely an' de res' alive ef dey wuz in dis.'

"Den she pints todes de house an' say, 'Mebbe so.'

"Wid dat I looks an' sees somebody, an' I stops, an' say, 'Good Lawd, is dat Ceely?'

"Gin we gits closuh, we sees ye all comin' up f'um de cabins, an' we 'gin ter say, 'Is ye all alive? Is ye all alive?' Den we heah you say, 'Thank de Lawd, we's all heah.' Den wuz one happy meetin'."

"Sho, Toby, dat wuz. When I see you, Mistiss an' de res' all safe un soun', I jes' boun' ter cry, an' so wuz dey all, kaze we fel' so good.

"Talk 'bout de meetin' up in de skies, I spec' it's gwinter be 'bout lak dat unduh de big oaks dat mawnin.

"You jes' oughter see how Mistiss an' de ladies wait on dem po' men. Kaze she say she boun' ter be dey mother a li'p' while; an' mebbe somebody be de same ter huh boys fah away. An' de young ladies, dey sho to carry dem some flowe's, an' put some on de graves uv de men what died. An' now when de white folks puts flowe's on de graves ev'y May up to de cem'tery it makes me think uv dat time.

"—Well, jes' ez ye say befo', Toby, dat wuz de endin' uv dem good ol' days 'fo' de wah. Mistiss is gone, Sis Sally is gone an' mos' all de res'. An', Toby, de 'sweet chariot' gwinter 'swing low' fuh us some uh dese days."

"Dats so, Ceely, an' we don' want any mo' wahs 'sturb-in' de res' uv ou' min' an' soul. When Mistiss died she put it in de will, dat dis place should be ou' own home long ez we live, kaze we bin so good ter dem; an' we hope de good Lawd's gwinter let us stay heah de res' uv ou' days in peace.

“—Why, chile, ain’t ye gittin’ sleepy? Yo’ eyes s^{stir}
popped wide open! Time ye wuz gwinter baid. I s^{spe}
you be dreamin’ ’bout dat wah all night.”

—And again Uncle Toby leaned forward to stir ^{the}
dying embers; while Aunt Ceely seated in an old ^{crip}
pled rocking chair—a gift from her ‘Mistiss,’ ^{pass}
down from ante-bellum days—sank back crooning ^{ab}
sent-mindedly:

“Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ fuh to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
I haint got long to stay heah.”

WHAT LIFE OFFERS TO A BLIND PERSON.

LUTHER E. BALDWIN.

The question has often been asked, Can blind people make life a true success? This question can not be considered lightly, nor answered by one who has not had a great deal of experience with blind people. Blind people, with the one exception of the lack of sight, have thoughts and feelings, emotions and ideas, similar to those of others.

For hours at a time we sit and think, and even indulge in day-dreams, conceiving for ourselves lofty ambitions, high and noble aspirations.

Many have the idea that blind people are exceedingly happy, but strange as it may seem, this idea, to a large extent, is altogether misleading. Most happiness known to blind persons is wholly external, while deep within our heart of hearts we long for that which is not.

But we must not look upon the dark side of this question; for with our seeing companions we have equal duties and responsibilities meeting us on every hand.

Must we, then, simply because we are deprived of one of the senses, sit down and fold our hands and live the life of morbid dejection? To my mind this question can be answered but in one way, and that in the negative.

The fundamental duty of every person who is blind is to obtain for himself an education. There is positively no excuse for any one to make the plea that his means are insufficient. For this grand old commonwealth of ours supports an institution for the education of the blind, and here one may begin, even without a knowledge of the alphabet, and prepare himself for any college or

university in the land. This institution is equipped with a faculty which can not be surpassed. The education here is along three general lines—literary, musical, and industrial.

With such advantages as these, it seems to me that any one with the proper amount of energy and perseverance may make life a true success. We can not afford to go through this world in ignorance of what we possess. The world is filled with beauty, and the great Creator, though depriving us of sight, does not intend that we should go through this world groping in darkness, but through the eyes of others behold it all its greatness. Though we are not able to behold the seasons in all their beauty, to see the sparkling streams and get a full conception of the magnificent waterfalls, yet there is plenty for us to do. Most of us will occupy spheres in humble walks of life. This should not discourage us in the least; for we can not all expect to be great orators, statesmen, or authors, but each in his own sphere, at all times doing his work with thoroughness and doing all within his power to give some one happiness, will have fulfilled the commission of the Master.

AN UNBROKEN RESOLUTION.

JAMES B. TURNER.

It was a miserable night, the rain was falling in torrents, the wind was howling and blowing at a terrific gale, and the band of desperadoes as they entered their hut were cold, shivering and wet to the skin. They had just returned from Helena, where they had broken into the Citizens National Bank of that city and stolen about thirty thousand dollars, and thus added one more robbery to their already long list. For years this band had been the terror of the whole West. They had been twice outlawed by the Governor of Montana, and every plan conceivable had been used for their capture, but all efforts along this line seemed in vain, for they had been at this hazardous business so long that they could completely baffle every attempt to effect their capture.

They, upon entering their ill-kept room, built a glowing fire, drew up their seats and began to discuss plans for their next raid. Each member of the band joined heartily in the conversation, except one who upon entering the room had taken a seat in the further corner. Apparently he had not listened to the discussion of his comrades, but had been all the time in silent meditation. If you had noticed closely, you could have seen upon his face a look of trouble. He was indeed much perplexed about something. Suddenly, while his comrades were in the midst of a spirited conversation, he arose, walked over to where they were, and said:

"Boys, for seven long years I have been a murderer, drunkard and thief. During that time I have broken every one of the Ten Commandments, and disobeyed every law of the land. I have committed deeds which in my boy-

tion. He quickly alighted, and without noticing or trying to recognize any one, he went at once to his home. Coming in sight he saw through the window light.

"Thank God!" he murmured, "she is yet living." And with his heart beating rapidly he opened the gate and walked up on the porch and stopped.

"Here," he thought, "is where I destroyed my life for seven years. I have seen no happiness since the night when in that drunken state I did the most cowardly act of my life."

He started to knock at the door, but changed his mind and walked to the further end of the house, and through the window he beheld one of the most beautiful sights he had ever witnessed. Seated beside a glowing fire, with a small girl leaning against her bosom, was his wife, Mary. He could not at first recognize the girl, but coming closer saw that it was his own little Myra. He could refrain no longer, and rushing to the door he opened it and bounded in; falling upon his knees before his wife he told her of his new resolution. She was frightened at first, but finding that she was in the embrace of her long-lost husband, her heart overflowed with joy. Little Myra knew not who this man was, but was soon told that it was her father. She threw her arms around the neck of the weeping man and cried as though her little heart would break.

Joy, happiness and love once more ruled supreme in this little home. Three years later we find Tom Wright, one time a murderer, drunkard and thief, a respectable citizen in his town, honored and loved for his kindness and courtesy to all. And if any of his old associates should now ask him to take a drink they would get for an answer an emphatic "No."

HORACE MANN.

THOMAS N. HAYES.

Colonel Parker says, "It would be difficult to find a child ten years of age in our sixty-five millions who does not know of Abraham Lincoln or George Washington; but the third at least in the list of the builders of the American republic is not known to millions of intelligent people. Washington and Lincoln represent the highest types of heroism, patriotism and wisdom in great crises of republic building; Horace Mann, the quiet inner-building, the soul development of the Nation."

Horace Mann was born at Franklin, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He was never blessed with good health. He was reared on the farm, with but a few weeks' schooling in the winter. When he was but thirteen, his father died, leaving him to care for his widowed mother and to assume the responsibilities of a man. Notwithstanding the many difficulties he had to overcome, he was determined to secure an education. His insatiable thirst for knowledge was so marked that it attracted the attention of Mr. Barrett, an eccentric teacher, who came to the village and induced Horace to prepare for college. Although he was then twenty years of age, he began his preparation, and in six months entered the Sophomore class of Brown University. He now had a chance to satisfy the cravings for knowledge which he had throughout his youth. He was graduated with the highest honors of his class, after which he remained at the University as tutor for two years, at the same time privately studying law. He entered the law school of Litchfield, Connecticut, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-seven.

As a lawyer and statesman he soon won distinction for he was called upon to serve his State in the Legislature, and, later he became a Representative in Congress to succeed John Quincy Adams. His influence in the halls of Congress for public schools and education in general can not be over-estimated. Colonel Parker says: "Horace Mann, like Thomas Jefferson, saw clearly that there could be no evolution of a free people without intelligence and morality, and looked upon the common school as the fundamental means of development of men and women who could govern themselves. He saw clearly that the whole problem of the republic which was presenting itself to intelligent educated men rested upon the idea of public education."

When the Massachusetts State Board of Education was established, Horace Mann was appointed its secretary. This board was, in the words of the act which created it, "to collect information of the actual condition and efficiency of the common school and other means of popular education, and to diffuse as widely as possible throughout the commonwealth information of the most improved and successful methods of arranging the studies and conducting the education of the young, to the end that all children in this commonwealth who depend upon common schools for instruction may have the best education which these schools can be made to impart."

The board was to enlighten the Legislature; its secretary, the people. It was evident, therefore, that whatever efficiency there was to be in the new measure would be the personal efficiency of the secretary.

If Mr. Mann's qualifications were not peculiar and pre-eminent, they were neither few nor inferior. The qualification which always assured his unbounded success in his undertakings, was his moral earnestness.

Every question that came before him was judged purely from a moral standpoint. He was born to be a champion. Fearless of the consequences to himself, he had in him the stuff which martyrs are made of.

On the intellectual side his legal training had developed in him certain natural characteristics. His mind was broad and keenly logical.

From the combination of these two qualities—moral and intellectual—it came about that whatever cause he pleaded for, he lifted the discussion at once to the most elevated plane, giving to it a breadth and dignity which appealed to thoughtful men and women of his time.

His writings were characterized by a wealth of language, aptness, and variety of illustrations. In controversy he could be witty, keen, vigorous, overwhelming—in public speech his argument was convincing, his eloquence inspiring.

With such endowments as these, Horace Mann accepted the office of Secretary of the Board of Education, June 30, 1837, and on the evening of that day he wrote in his journal, "Henceforth, so long as I hold this office, I dedicate myself to the supremest welfare of mankind upon earth," and for twelve years he did not waver in this vow.

His friends, however, were surprised that he would give up his profession of law, in which he was fast gaining distinction and political preferment, for a work which paid but a small salary and which conveyed only the title of service, and not of honor. Of this work he wrote: "If the title is not sufficiently honorable, then it is clearly left for me to elevate it; I had rather be creditor than debtor to it."

With the earnestness of purpose which characterized all his labors, he went about the duty before him with a

zeal and ardor unrivalled. Whatever he lacked of information, within a few months he knew more than any one else had ever known about the schools of his State. For diffusing this knowledge, three means were used, viz.: first, conventions and other public meetings; second, the annual report which the law called for; third, the *Common School Journal*, a periodical which he published.

In the annual conventions in each county, to which teachers, committeemen and all friends of education were invited, Mr. Mann delivered addresses, discussing in a broad and general way, great educational topics, treating them with a wealth of illustration, an elaboration of argument and lofty eloquence. In his first lecture on the means and objects of common school education he struck the keynote of all his subsequent labors. While no man had a truer appreciation of higher education, nor showed in his own works more of its fruits, yet his accepted mission was to be the apostle of the common schools. In an age of invention he declared: "The common school is the greatest invention of man." And he tried by all means in his power to increase its efficiency on the one hand, on the other to win back to it public confidence and support.

While Mr. Mann in his speeches at conventions treated educational subjects in a more general way, in less formal meetings he treated of specific evils, and pointed out the remedies. This he did through his annual reports, which stand to-day unexcelled in educational literature for the range of subjects, general and special; for the treatment so broad, so philosophical, so wise, so practical.

The condition of the school system at that time was deplorable. One great evil was non-attendance. The

money that should have been used to secure a full measure of schooling to all the children had been diverted to the use of the few to the neglect of the many. The people were paying seven-tenths as much money to educate one-sixth of the children in private schools as they were raising by tax to educate the other five-sixths in public schools.

To eradicate this and the many other evils of the school system, Mr. Mann, through his reports, appealed to the people on the necessity of education in a republican government. In his fifth report he appealed to them as practical business men by showing the advantage of education over ignorance in promoting the industrial welfare of a community. In his eleventh he appealed to the people as Christians by showing the common school to be the most effective means of freeing the people from crime.

The best known and most important of his documents is his seventh annual report, in which he gives an account of the European schools. Of this Mr. Winship says: "He had made a crisis and his seventh report was an immortal document; opposition to the normal schools was never more to be heard in the land, and oral instruction, the word method and less corporal punishment were certain to come to the Boston schools."

Mr. Martin summarizes the work of Horace Mann during the twelve years of his labors as follows: "In the evolution of the Massachusetts public schools during these twelve years of Mr. Mann's labors, statistics tell us that the appropriations for public schools had doubled; that more than two million dollars had been spent in providing better school-houses; that the wages of men as teachers had increased sixty-two per cent, of women fifty-one per cent, while the whole number of

women employed as teachers had increased fifty per cent; one month had been added to the average length of the schools; the ratio of private school expenditures to those of the public schools had diminished from seventy-five to thirty-six per cent; three normal schools had been established and had sent out several hundred teachers who were making themselves felt in all parts of the State."

And of the difficulties he had in bringing about these results, Mr. Martin says further: "He fought the battle of educational reform through to the end and conquered. Apathetic indifference, hide-bound conservatism, niggardly parsimony, sectarian bigotry and political animosity surged around him as the enemies of France surged around the white plume of Henry of Navarre, but he left the field so clear that since his death none of these reactionary forces singly or combined have made any successful opposition to the onward movement of the cause of popular education."

Mr. Mann resigned his office and served in Congress till 1853. Having been defeated in his candidacy for governor of Massachusetts, he accepted the presidency of Antioch College, in Ohio, and held the position to his death. In his last address to the graduating class he uttered these memorable words: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." We may know that he was not "ashamed to die," for he had won many victories for humanity.

The life of such a man can not fail to be an inspiration to teachers for all time.

THE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL.

H. F. PAGE.

He stood by his mother's side,
A noble Southern boy,
And grasped her trembling hand,
Her pride, her hope, her joy.
"Dear mother, I leave you now,"
He said with tear-dimmed eye;
"My country calls for me,
O, mother dear, good-bye!"

"Good-bye, dear mother, good-bye,
I soon must part from you;
To fight for Liberty
I cross the ocean blue.
*When the battle rages wild
And death is on the air,
O, remember your absent child
And breathe for him a prayer."*

She stood by her soldier boy,
A mother, fond and true,
And through the gathering tears
She looked a last adieu:
"Dear child, when you're far away
From mother's kindly care,
Remember her changeless love—
Remember her parting prayer."

"Good-bye, my dearest, good-bye—
But O, my breaking heart!
May He who rules the storm
Protect us while apart.

*When the battle rages wild
And death is on the air,
I'll remember thee, my child,
And breathe for thee a prayer."*

-She stood by the cottage gate
And told her boy good-bye,
She saw his form grow dim
Against the sunset sky.
She thought of the perils thick
That hovered along his way,
Then raised imploring hands,
"God keep my boy, I pray!"

"Go with my soldier boy
Across the dark blue sea,
And when the conflict's o'er,
O, bring him back to me!
*When the battle rages wild,
And death is on the air,
O, remember my distant child—
Remember a mother's prayer."*

THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES
OF NORTH CAROLINA IN 1786

DR. E. W. SIKES.

The first Constitution for the State of North Carolina was adopted in the fall of 1776, but it was not till one year later that the judicial system was inaugurated. The State was divided into six districts, with courts at the chief town in each district. The first courts were held semi-annually at Wilmington, New Bern, Edenton, Halifax, Hillsborough and Salisbury, to which Morganton was added in 1782. Three judges were chosen by the Assembly to hold these courts. These judges were to remain in office during life. There were no other State or county courts even in the State. Jurisdiction was either within the power of the county justices or these judges.

The three men selected for these places were Samuel Ashe, of New Hanover, Samuel Spencer, of Anson, and James Iredell, of Chowan. Iredell served only one year and gave place to John Williams, of Granville. These men were well known in the State, each having filled some responsible position previously.

Samuel Ashe came of that Ashe family that came into the State in 1727 and intermarried with the influential families of Swanns and Moseleys. He had served in the Provincial Congress, and been pay-master of the First Continental Regiment of North Carolina. He was a lawyer, well educated, having attended Harvard, and deeply interested in the war then in progress, having three sons in the army.

Samuel Spencer was not a man of such accomplishment, but he had held influential positions under the

colonial government. He was for many years clerk of the court for Anson County, a very important office, one that was not at all popular among the people. He had also been a member of the Colonial Assembly and a friend of Governor Tryon. He had been designated to lead a company against the Regulators, but did not. Spencer has not fared well at the hands of the historians. Many charges were made against him by his enemies.

John Williams, of Granville, was a lawyer of polished manners, whose home at Nutbush was noted for its hospitality and good cheer. The Regulators did not spare him and assaulted him in 1770 while he was attending court in Hillsborough. It has been said of him that he was an "accomplished gentleman of high talent and genuine Southern hospitality."

During the Revolution these judges had little to do. The State was under the control of the military authorities for much of the time. The intermittent strife between Whig and Tory was arbitrated by swords rather than by judges. But with the departure of the invaders and the return of peace this court found more work to do.

There were many causes for litigation. The treaty of peace with Great Britain guaranteed the protection of the property of the Loyalists. This property the State was not anxious to protect. The war being ended many of these Tories wished to return to the State and become citizens. Of course they were anxious to retain the property rights. There were those in the State who thought that it was the part of wisdom to allow them to return. Gov. Alexander Martin had been anxious that the wounds of civil strife should heal rapidly. The Assembly had not been so conciliatory. It had modified its confiscation policy so that property could be regained or retained. But the difficulties of reconstruction were many.

Out of these difficulties there grew up a quarrel between the Bar and the Bench. The Wilmington Bar, composed of Maclaine and Hooper, were deeply incensed at the ruling of the court. Not only were these lawyers interested in suits, for some of them were the attorneys of the Tories, but they were related. Hooper's brother, who was a son-in-law of Maclaine, was a Tory, who was now anxious to return to the State. Most of the lawyers had some complaint against the court. Even James Iredell, fair and unprejudiced, thought the court very slow in its proceedings.

So bitter did the strife become that the lawyers determined that they would impeach the judges before the Assembly. Accordingly, when the Assembly met in November, 1786, the lawyers were present with their complaints.

On December 4, 1786, Griffith Rutherford reported from a committee that "an inquiry into the present state of the administration of justice in the Superior Courts is absolutely necessary, and that they beg leave to recommend that the Speakers of both Houses be requested to notify the honorable the judges of the Superior Courts of law and equity that this enquiry will take place in order that they may give their attendance if they think proper."

The Speakers of the two Houses were James Coor, of Craven, and John B. Ashe, of Halifax. The committee consisted of A. Maclaine, W. R. Davie, Wm. Hooper, R. D. Speight, J. G. Blount, John Stokes and John Sitgreaves. The judges were informed that their administration of justice was to be considered, and they were permitted to come before the body and defend themselves.

Judges Spencer and Williams came to the Assembly and were present when Maclaine made the report to the committee. The report made the following charges and specifications against the judges:

First. That Peter Mallett plead a governor's pardon and was restored to citizenship, but that the judges refused three years later to allow him the execution of certain judgments. Mallett's attorney at the Wilmington court asked that cause might be shown why Mallett's right to sue in the courts was suspended.

Second. That Francis Brice and Daniel McNeil, Tories, returned to the State, the court had them arrested, fined and expelled from the State within sixty days.

Third. That Spencer and Williams received money for fines, and that all the judges declared that the Assembly had no right or power to remit or suspend a fine till it had been paid into the treasury.

Fourth. That Williams instructed the jury to find for plaintiff, but ordered the clerk arbitrarily to deduct from the amount.

Fifth. That Spencer refused to release bondsmen until the principal had been delivered.

Sixth. That Ashe and Williams have never attended the Morganton court, and that all of them are very irregular in their attendance at courts.

Seventh. That Spencer and Williams are forever quarreling among themselves, which quarrels delay business and that now many suitors never hope to see their cases finished.

Eighth. That in the case of Singleton at New Bern the court refused to decide the question in any way.

Most of the cases cited had been in the Wilmington court, where Maclaine, and probably Hay and Hoober, practiced.

When the House heard the report, it went into a joint session of a committee of the whole house, with Richard Dobbs Speight in the chair. The decision of the House was that the charges did not amount to misdemeanors or mal-practice in office. The vote was forty-nine to twenty-two.

Spencer and Williams answered the charges in person, but Ashe contented himself in writing a spirited reply to all the charges. Ashe wrote that his extreme old age—sixty years—alone would preclude his presence, but that he would not endeavor to exculpate himself from offenses that never existed. "In my judicial character I am righteous, therefore am I bold. The charges against me are malicious and groundless. I demand justice, a strict enquiry upon my conduct." His reason for sending McNeil and Brice out of the State was that they both went off with the British and then returned and defiantly walked the streets of Wilmington, and that Colonels Brown and Robertson said that if it was not for the high respect for the court, these men would be knocked down, and so Judge Ashe thought it would ensure the peace to send them out of the State.

He said that the delay was caused by the lawyers, "who are continually asking for indulgence (an encroaching tribe)." Ashe was specially bitter toward Maclaine, and recognized in him the instigator of the whole proceeding. "My hands are clean, and my heart is pure, but my accuser wants a judicial seat. I have carefully preserved and valued my character as dearly as the vital blood that warms my heart. This is now in danger of being perpetually sullied. By whom? A man of yesterday, a—unknown; the dirty stye may defile the finest picture."

To this spirited letter the lawyers replied, and Ashe

made a rejoinder, in which he said that he wished to make no reflection on three prominent members of the bar, viz., James Iredell, Samuel Johnston and Alfred Moore.

Maclaine, Davie, Hooper, Polk, Speight, Sitgreaves and John Hay were so dissatisfied with the action of the Assembly that they had their protests recorded.

In this protest they declare "that banishment is a punishment unknown to the laws, and that no judicial power has the right to adjudge the same against any of the free citizens thereof.

"That the banishment of McNeil and Brice was illegal, that the condition of the country, the obnoxious character of the culprits, the clamour of the people awakened the zeal of the judges and led them into an error from which the wisest and best men are not exempt."

Maclaine did not sign this protest. He did not think that it was strong enough. Furthermore, Maclaine wanted to write these judges off the bench. He had been writing against them for some years before the banishment, and here was an opportunity to put his charges on the records of the Assembly. Maclaine, in a lengthy protest gave nineteen reasons why he dissented from the decision of the House. These reasons are cogently written and are the best defense of the prosecution. His reasons were as follows: That the judge admitted that Mallett had been pardoned, and therefore the deprivation of his right to sue was a misdemeanor according to the judge's own showing; that the prosecution of Brice and McNeil was made without any information to the Attorney-General, who was the only proper officer to prosecute; that the judges for their then purpose declared that the treaty of peace was the

law of the land, though they had in many other cases denied it; that the judges arrogated to themselves the authority vested in the executive and the Legislature; that these judges acted contrary to the principles of the Constitution that they might erect a detestable tyranny in their own person upon the liberties of the people; that the judges admitted that they feared mob violence on account of the unpopular political character of Brice and McNeil.

Maclaine had special ill-feeling toward Spencer and Williams, and it was these two that he had in mind in his indictment. In regard to the defense made by Williams for the expulsion, Maclaine said it was "an insult to common sense and a wretched quibble altogether unworthy of a learned judge and even disgraceful in any person admitted to plead at the bar of a court of justice." Williams had argued that the men were not banished, but were informed that if they did not banish themselves they would be imprisoned.

From Maclaine's answer to Spencer, it seems that he admitted that he and Williams had received fines and forfeitures imposed by themselves. Maclaine said that Spencer, after a tedious and disgusting narrative of his services to the State, said that if he had received such fines it was in depreciated currency.

In such a strain as this Maclaine delivered himself, citing by name Spencer and Williams, though never mentioning Ashe. He closed with these words: "For these reasons I have thought proper to protest against the vote of this House in favor of the judges, that it may appear to my constituents and to posterity that I am not answerable for the evils which must in my opinion be the necessary consequences of suffering the judicial authority to usurp the rights of juries and to grasp at the legislative and executive powers of the State."

It is evident from the protests that the Assembly voted an unlimited approbation of the conduct of the judges. A resolution was adopted thanking each of them by name "for their long and faithful service which they had been in that department." The Senate proposed that they thank the judges, but inform them that banishment was a punishment unknown to the law. The House refused to modify the vote of thanks, and gave the judges unqualified approval.

Impeachments are generally partisan. A party seldom, if ever, impeaches its own member. This impeachment was not partisan, though there was at this time some political division in North Carolina. The men who pushed this impeachment of the judges became Federalists later in national politics, while the judges were Republicans.

These judges continued to hold their offices for many years. Ashe resigned about ten years later, in 1786, upon his election to the governorship. Spencer served till his death in 1794, his death being hastened, it is said, by an assault from a turkey gobbler. Williams probably served till his death.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from us our friend and fellow member, James McKinnon Powell: be it resolved,

First, that we, the members of the Philomathesian Literary Society, are grieved over the death of this promising young man.

Second, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, and that they be spread upon our records and published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

M. LESLIE DAVIS,
WALTER C. TOON,
JAMES D. PROCTOR,
Committee.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased an all-wise and inscrutable Providence to remove from earth our brother, Mr. John Homer Gore, who met an untimely death in Cape Fear River on the tenth of last December; therefore be it resolved,

First, that in the death of Mr. Gore the Philomathesian Society has lost a faithful member, Wake Forest College a loyal alumnus, and the State of North Carolina a useful and upright citizen;

Second, that we extend to his family and friends our profound sympathy in their deep bereavement;

Third, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy forwarded to the widow of the deceased, and a copy furnished THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for publication.

B. L. POWERS,
J. D. PROCTOR,
J. M. JUSTICE,
Committee.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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DR. G. W. PASCHAL, Alumni Editor.

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C. C. HOWARD..... Associate Editor	G. A. PEEK..... Associate Editor

SPURGEON O. HAMRICK, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. EVERETTE GOODE, Editor.

The
Wake Forest
Weekly.

As another evidence of revival of interest in athletics at Wake Forest, the first issue of *The Wake Forest Weekly* came out the first week in March. This is to be a weekly paper, published under the auspices of the Athletic Association, and while representing all phases of the college life, it is expected to become a potent factor in increasing the athletic spirit. It is evidence also of efficient work that is being done by our gymnasium instructor and general director of all college athletics. Since the inter-collegiate agreement among the colleges of the State for pure athletics, Wake Forest has stood for nothing else in that line; and we hope the *Weekly* along with other healthful influences, will become a forceful agent in furthering the interest at Wake Forest in wholesome athletic sports of all kinds.

The editorial staff of the *Weekly* is as follows: Editor-in-chief, Jo Patton; editor for the Euzelian Society, Geo. A. Peek; editor for the Philomathesian Society, Eugene A. Turner; editor for the Athletic Association, P. C. McDuffie; editor for the Y. M. C. A., Wm. L. Wyatt; faculty editor, Dr. E. W. Sikes; business manager,

Bruce Powers; assistant business manager, S. H. Yockey. The new publication, with such a purpose as it has, is worthy of the hearty support of students, faculty, trustees, all friends of the college. We bespeak for the editors the co-operation and help of all who are interested in any way in the athletic life of Wake Forest.

In the January number of *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, Dr. John Spencer Bassett, who has been editor of this magazine since it was founded in 1902, announces his retirement from the editorship. The purpose for which *The Quarterly* was brought into existence, as stated in its first issue, was that "of becoming a permanent factor in the development of Southern literature." Under Dr. Bassett's management that purpose has been well carried out. He has succeeded in placing *The Quarterly*, in our opinion, first among Southern magazines. Now he has the gratification of announcing his decision to retire from the position of its editor through an issue in which every article is by a Southerner. As his successors, Drs. Edwin Mims and Wm. H. Glasson, who have already been closely connected with the magazine, will in the future be its joint editors. They may be counted on not only to maintain the present high standard of *The Quarterly*, but also to make its permanency more secure and to increase its potency as a factor in developing Southern literature.

This decision of Dr. Bassett's has been made, as he states, "reluctantly and solely because of an accumulation of other labors which can not be declined." Those other labors, we know, are along historical lines. Dr. Bassett turns from active efforts to advance Southern literature to the work of developing Southern history.

Dr. Bassett's
Retirement.

In either field there is opportunity for a great work, and room for great workers. While as editor of *The Southern Atlantic Quarterly*, in carrying out its noble and worthy purpose, he was accomplishing much in the way of advancing our literary life, still we of the South, and especially of the State, are glad to have one with the business of Dr. Bassett for such work, devoting himself to our historical development.

Why does Wake Forest College publish its magazine? Why does any college publish its magazine? Is it because such a publication is expected of all colleges of any standing and does every college maintain its publication to keep pace with other colleges in that line? To be sure a reading of some of the college magazines sometimes almost leave that impression. But before answering this last question too hastily, take time for a little thought. Does not the college magazine hold a high place in the college life? Men of Wake Forest, does not *THE STUDENT* mean more than that to the college to you, to us all? Sometimes—rather more frequently than should be—we hear some of the boys speak a little depreciatingly of *THE STUDENT*, and a few, if our memory does not play us false, we have heard say that they scarcely ever read it. Still we believe that there are none who would be willing to have *THE STUDENT* cease to appear. Think, especially you who expect to spend one, two, and three more years here, of life at Wake Forest without *THE STUDENT*.

But to our original question, the why of the college magazine. It has, we think, the same purpose which many of our great periodicals have, the development of

our national literature; but of course in a very limited sense and in a much smaller field. The college magazines are, so to speak, the primary schools, wherein the training begins for those who must afterwards contribute to the making of the great magazines whose fields are broader even than the nations; for those who will write our books. Indeed, it may be said that the college magazines develop—at least the development begins there, the most important step—of the makers of our literature.

Now, who must write for the college magazine? The answer is obvious. Rarely will those whose work is accepted by the greater periodicals consent to write for the college magazine. Then the college students must write, those who need and are capable of development. Be not so ready, then, to underrate the college magazine because it suffers in comparison with the greater magazines. Remember its mission is to develop, to train, to begin the training, and sometimes it must begin with the crudest material. Keeping in mind its purpose, and remembering that it is worthy of, and that you owe it to yourself to put forth, your best effort as a writer,—this especially to men of the under classes,—write for the college magazine. Test your capacity for being developed along literary lines.

President Eliot on Foot-Ball. The recent utterance of President Eliot of Harvard University on foot-ball has attracted no little attention. In the *Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College* for 1903-'04, he gives some of the most serious objections to foot-ball, as played now in American intercollegiate contests. "The game of foot-ball has

become seriously injurious to national academic life in American schools and colleges," he asserts, and then mentions several of the lesser evils, such as "its extreme publicity, the large proportion of injuries among the players, the absorption of the undergraduate mind on the subject for two months, and the disproportionate exaltation of the foot-ball hero in the college world. The irrational criticisms, praise and blame, which are showered upon the foot-ball player; the bruises, sprains and hurts of all kind, many of which prove permanent injuries; the feeling of distrust and animosity between colleges which foot-ball often engenders, all are pointed out as lesser evils.

But the main objection is against the moral quality of the game. Dr. Eliot goes on to say that though the game is played under strict rules and regulations against unnecessary roughness, yet in the modern foot-ball game those rules are purposely and openly violated by both players and coaches. Trickery and injuries to opponents which are distinctly profitable toward victory are practiced and even encouraged under the plea that the game is a fight, as war is fighting, and deceit and maiming of opponents are as admissible as in war, "in which the immediate object is to kill and disable as many of the enemy as possible." Dr. Eliot says: "The precautions against trickery, like the armor and padding against hurts, show what the game has come to be."

Those of the general public, who are interested in foot-ball and rejoice in the chance of seeing the strenuous combat, do not see and understand "those concealed and subtle evils of the game." And indeed they prefer not to witness the hurts, violations of rules, and quarrels, but rather see skillful, vigorous playing which is played, at the same time with courage and endurance.

spirit of fairness towards opponents and regard for recognized rules. Dr. Eliot says: "The average college player had much rather play fair than foul. * * * What, then, are the sources of the grave evils of this sport? They are (1) the immoderate desire to win intercollegiate games; (2) the frequent collisions in masses which make foul play invisible; (3) the profit from violations of rules; (4) the misleading assimilation of the game with war as regards its strategy and ethics."

Foot-ball, as it is here pictured by President Eliot, is certainly objectionable to all lovers of real manly sports. The prevalence of these hateful conditions are due mainly, we think, to the first-mentioned evil, "the immoderate desire to win intercollegiate games"—immoderate to such an extent that everything else—honor, self-respect, thought or care for others—all is lost in the desire to win, no matter how. And not only in foot-ball is this unreasonable desire to win found, but it extends into more serious phases of the American life than games and sports; this senseless desire to win in any contest, by any means, fair or foul.

But this degeneration of the foot-ball game into a combat, in which victory is won by the side most practiced in deceiving and taking mean advantages, is much to be regretted; for rightly managed, the players being men of honor who have regard for rules and will exercise the proper self-restraint, there is, we believe, in the strenuous game much that is good for a college and for college youth. We mean not such foot-ball that the players regard the game as a fight, and opponents as enemies who must be disabled, where the strategy and ethics of that "consummate savagery called war" are practiced; but the game in which men meet as friends in manly sport, where strength is pitted against strength

in vigorous contest, and where the strongest fairly win. President Eliot's last sentence is well worth remembering: "Civilization has been long in possession of much higher ethics than those of war, and experience has abundantly proved that the highest efficiency for service and the finest sort of courage in individual men may be accompanied by, and indeed spring from, unvarying generosity, gentleness, and good-will."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

We welcome to our table the *Clemson College Chronicle*. It is filled with good short stories and splendid little poems. The departments are well edited. The editorials and exchange notes deserve special mention.

The *Chisel* is one of the neatest and best-arranged journals that come to our table. The stories are all love stories, but they are for the most part good. The poems are good. "Current Topics" shows that girls may take an interest in the events of the times. The departments are well edited and are by far the strongest feature of the journal.

The *Mercerian* for January contains a good story, "A Mountain Fastness." The plot is good and the style is pleasing, but we almost forget that we are reading a story when we come to some of the long descriptions of the mountain scenery. "The Gnome of the Meich" reminds us of a schoolboy who appeals to his imagination for the first time. The departments are good. Especially would we mention the Exchange Department.

The *Southern Collegian* is up to the standard in its January-February number. It contains several very good poems. No college journal is complete without at least one or two poems. "The Escape" is an amusing little story of the Civil War. Most of the contributions are short. "The Stamp of Nature," however, lacks not length. This story deals with moonshiners and revenue officers. There is a very interesting love story and college course held in the background. Some of the descriptions are exceedingly good. However, some of the dialect is a little strained. "Fables" is a good article and contains suggestions that all students might profit by.

Among the best of our exchanges is the *University of Texas Magazine*. It begins with a well-written article, "The New Texas," which is, of course, more interesting to Texans than others. Following this is "An Afternoon in the Rockies." This is well told, and the plot is interesting and keeps the reader's attention to the last. However, by far the best story is "The Finest Horse on the 'Circle S.'" This is, as one would suppose from the subject, a story of ranch life. The writer seems at home telling a story, and doubtless he is also at home riding a bucking bronco. Most of the other contributions

are good. The poetry is above the average, both in quantity and quality.

Among others we wish to acknowledge receipt of the following: *Vassar Miscellany*, *Hendrix College Mirror*, *Criterion*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *Hampden Sidney Magazine*, *Lenorian*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Onachita Ripples*, *Buff and Blue*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *William Jewell Student*, *Guilford Collegian*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Stanford Sequoia*, *College Magazine*, *Charleston Magazine*, *Howard Collegian*, *Converse Concept*, *Consonenses*, *The Etonian*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *Trinity Archive*, *Concordia Collegian*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Wofford Journal*, *Pine Bluff Magazine*, *Baylor Literary*, *The Mercerian*, and *The Chisel*.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, Editor.

Grippe!

Mid-terms!

Midnight oil.

Miss Lizzie Caddell has been visiting friends in High Point.

Hon. E. Y. Webb spent a few days on the Hill last month.

Miss Mamie Thomas was a pleasant visitor at Mrs. Martin's last month.

Miss Nonie Williford, of the B. U. W., visited Miss Anna Mills, Anniversary.

Miss Minnie Wingate, of Salt Lake City, Utah, is visiting relatives on the Hill.

Mr. E. D. Cheek, of Roxboro, visited his son, Mr. R. E. Cheek, for a few days last month.

Miss Maggie Turner, of the Faculty of Buie's Creek Academy, came home for Anniversary.

Misses Eugenia Harris and Minnie Lennon and Mr. Everett Couch, of Lumberton, spent Anniversary at Mrs. M. F. Harris'.

Misses Foy Lynn, Louise Wyatt and Bessie Rogers, of Raleigh, were Anniversary visitors at the home of Mrs. W. M. Dickson.

At Professor Poteat's home Misses Jeannette Daniel, Heslope Purefoy and Essie Morgan, all from the B. U. W., were guests last month.

'03. H. Paul Scarboro is editing a new paper, *The Hertford Herald*. The *Biblical Recorder* says that Mr. Scarboro is a vigorous, alert and intelligent writer and that his paper promises richly.

'92. Rev. J. R. Moore of Westminster will be among the pilgrims to London in July. His churches, Westminster and Easley, will provide for the trip, and we predict that he will see as much of the Baptist World Congress as any man who attends.—*Baptist Courier*.

'96. Not only Wake Forest College, but the State, lost a worthy son in the death of Mr. Jno. H. Gore, of Wilmington, on the 10th of last December. He was fast taking rank among the first lawyers of the State. The high record made while at college was maintained in the practice of his chosen profession. He was honor-man of his class, editor-in-chief of the *STUDENT*, and commencement speaker. He was always interested in athletics, and possessed a great deal of college spirit.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. A. PEEK, Editor.

- '00. B. W. Hatcher is practicing law at Yazoo City, Miss.
- '04. Judson Willis is teaching in the Selma graded school.
- '03. J. B. Huff is doing well teaching school in Kentucky.
- '95. Rev. A. C. Cree is pastor of a large church in Louisville, Ky.
- '81. Claude Gore has charge of a large cotton Mill at Rockingham, N. C.
- T. L. Caudle is achieving high success in the legal profession at Wadesboro, N. C.
- '02. Paul R. Alderman is with the D. W. Alderman & Son Lumber Co. at Alcoln, S. C.
- '04. C. H. Jenkins is teaching in the graded schools at Kinston and is giving perfect satisfaction.
- '03. D. A. Covington has recently refused the Chair of Latin and Greek in a large college in Illinois.
- '92. Rev. W. H. Sledge, of Helena, Ark., has accepted a call to the Tattual Square Baptist Church of Macon, Ga.
- '03. W. S. Privott is practicing law at Edenton, N. C., and is succeeding well. This speaks well for Mr. Privott.
- '03. In a recent election in Cleveland County B. T. Falls was elected superintendent of the county public schools.
- '96. Rev. W. F. Fry, pastor of the Baptist church of Kinston, has accepted a call to the Baptist church of Bristol, Tenn.
- '03. E. M. Britt has formed partnership with R. E. Lee of Lumberton. They already have a large and lucrative practice.
- '92. D. D. Daugherty is county superintendent of Watauga County public schools and principal of the Appalachian Training School at Boone.
- '72. We regret to record the death of Mr. James H. Garvey of South Dakota. Mr. Garvey went West a few years after graduating at Wake Forest.—*Biblical Recorder*.
- '92. R. L. Moore, president of Mars Hill College, is engaged in an earnest effort to raise \$2,000 for that institution. If he succeeds \$2,000 more is to be given by a gentleman out of the state.

CLIPPINGS.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; and everybody is somebody. But when somebody thinks himself everybody, he generally thinks that everybody else is nobody.—*Ex.*



A star shines faintly in the fading west;
The quiet stream reflects a distant light;
All nature softly to us whispers "Rest"—
Lo, day and work are changed to peace and night.—*Ex.*



De man what 'pends on de rooster for to crow
An wake 'im up 'arly in de mawnin';
May sometimes fin' dat de rooster no mo;
But wuz stolen sev'el 'ours 'fore de dawnin'.—*Ex.*



When we do our best,
We may trust God for the rest;
But we still may often meet
Little things not very sweet;
And whatever can't be cured
Should patiently be endured.
If we wish to "win and wear"
We must learn to "grin and bear."

Many people miss success
And the way to happiness,
Just because they lack the will
Needed to endure some ill;
If success we wish to gain,
We may just expect some pain;
If we wish to "win and wear,"
We must learn to "grin and bear."

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ray and Miss Annie Lee Currin, of Oxford, spent a few days during Anniversary at Mrs. W. W. Holding's.

Messrs. R. M. Dowd, John and Herbert Mitchell and W. A. Dunn, delighted their many friends on the Hill by their presence at Anniversary.

Miss Louise Lanneau came home from the B. U. W. to spend Anniversary. With her came Misses Foy and Mary Johnson, who were her guests during this occasion.

On the last Sunday in January, Dr. R. J. Willingham was with us, and spoke at both the morning and evening services. Each time he made a strong plea for Foreign Missions, for both men and money with which to carry on the work.

Several legislators came out to attend the Anniversary exercises, among whom were Messrs. W. L. Cohoon, P. J. Olive, C. H. Hasten, Walter Jones, H. A. Foushee, W. W. Boddie, C. S. Vann, F. W. Coxe, D. L. Ward, E. C. Glenn, C. W. Mitchell and G. C. Fisher.

Among the fair visitors at Anniversary were the following: Miss Mamie Stillwell, of the B. U. W., at Mrs. Robert Royall's; Miss Emily West, at Miss Mattie Gill's; Miss Hattie McGhee, of Franklinton, at Mrs. Pritchard's; Miss Etta Francis, of the B. U. W., at Kenilworth; Miss Maria Allen, of Raleigh, at the Dickson House; Misses Bessie Humphries and Emma Woody, of the B. U. W., at Mrs. Hodnett's.

The first senior speaking, which was postponed from last fall, came off the last Monday night in January. The speakers, with their subjects, are as follows: Mr. J. D. Proctor—The Passing of the "Rube"; Mr. R. D. Covington—Some Dangers to Our Republic; Mr. J. B.

Anderson—The Traits of the Average American; Mr. J. M. Justice—The Secret of American Success; Mr. D. Howell—The Influence of the Present on the Future; Mr. H. F. Page—The Priceless Man.

The concert given by the Glee Club Thursday night before Anniversary was well attended, and came up to the expectations of those who were present. The audience expressed its appreciation of the selections rendered by Professor Eatman deserves much credit for the pains he has taken in developing this important feature of college life. Just after the Glee Club Concert, Dr. F. K. Cooke gave an informal reception at his rooms at the Edgewood Hotel, complimentary to Miss Mabel Vann, of Frankfort, and her friends, Misses Leah Perry and Bettie Perryman, of Henderson. Delicious refreshments were served to the guests. The guests were Misses Mary Taylor, Ada Lee Timberlake, of Wake Forest, and Capt. Frank Cooke, of Fortress Monroe; Professor Eatman, Rankin and Paschal, and Messrs. W. H. Pace, B. Cooke, P. C. McDuffie, J. M. Picot, Leslie Davis, H. Wiggs, F. D. Swindell, Jr., J. D. Proctor, Wheeler Ghee, Lewis Powell, T. M. Bizzell and J. S. Hardin, Jr. The chaperones were Mesdames B. F. Sledd and J. M. Brewer.

A novel feature was introduced this Anniversary in the form of a gymnasium exhibition, given Friday night, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. A large number attended and were well pleased. A volleyball game was played first, then, after some high diving and various kinds of races, an exciting game of baseball was played. It resulted in a victory for the "Walkers" over the "Turners" by a score of ten to

On the evening after Anniversary, Mrs. W. M. Dickson gave a delightful "At Home," complimentary to her guests, Misses Foy Lynn and Louise Wyatt. The pleasures of the evening were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. Delightful refreshments were served. Those present were Misses Foy Lynn and Louise Wyatt, of Raleigh; Minnie Wingate, of Salt Lake City; Isabelle Gulley, Annie Dickson and Lulie Dickson, Mrs. F. W. Dickson; and Messrs. J. W. Whisnant, R. D. Covington, E. A. Turner, Leslie Davis, W. L. Wyatt and W. M. Johnson.

The anniversary of the founding of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies was celebrated on Friday, the tenth of February. As usual, the arrival of "Miss Annie" was preceded by sleet and snow, and her departing footsteps were soon obliterated by another fall of "the beautiful snow." Notwithstanding the weather, however, there was a large number of visitors present at the Glee Club concert Thursday night, and Friday every train brought more.

Friday afternoon the debate came off, and was well up to the average. The query was, "*Resolved*, that the United States should further increase her navy." The affirmative was represented by Messrs. Edward Long and William D. Poe, the negative by Messrs. Eugene A. Turner and Jo Patton. After careful deliberation, the judges, Messrs. B. B. Winborne, of Murfreesboro, John R. Fowler, of Clinton, and John E. Ray, of Raleigh, gave the decision to the negative. In announcing the result, Judge Winborne paid a graceful tribute to the work which the Literary Societies here have done and are doing.

That night orations were delivered by Mr. A. H. Olive, of the Philomathesian Society, and Mr. M. D. Austin, of

the Euzelian Society. Mr. Olive's subject was "Japan the New World Power." Mr. Austin spoke about "The South and the Presidency." Both the speakers reflected much credit upon themselves and their societies.

After the orations the society adjourned to the society halls, where the usual reception was held. On many this was the most enjoyable part of the whole occasion. Doubtless there are many of the students who can sympathize with a certain newish who was dismissed for several hours the next day. Becoming somewhat uneasy, his room-mate began to search for him and finally found him in one of the society halls, sitting in the same chair in which his fair companion had sat the night before. When asked why he was there, he replied, with a deep sigh, that he was "just thinking."

After the usual reception in the society halls Anniversary night, the members of the D. V. L. Fraternity ordered a banquet to their young lady friends. The dining-room was beautifully decorated with the fraternity colors and pennants, while the table was tastefully ornamented with silver candelabra and red carnations. An orchestra added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

At the close of the courses, Mr. W. H. Pace, the master, having first gracefully welcomed the guests on behalf of the fraternity, in happily conceived words introduced the following speakers of the evening: John S. Hardaway, Jr., on "Our Chapter"; Mr. W. Dunn, "The Faculty"; Dr. Frederick K. Cooke in response; Mr. Edwin W. Cooke, "The Ladies."

Those present were Miss Willa Norris, of Raleigh, with Mr. W. H. Pace; Miss Mary Taylor, of Wake Forest, with Mr. E. W. Cooke; Miss Mabel Vann, of Fayetteville, with Dr. F. K. Cooke; Miss Heslope Purefoy,

Asheville, with Mr. J. M. Carson; Miss Essie Morgan, of Marion, with Mr. A. W. Dunn; Miss Loula Brewer, of Raleigh, with Mr. W. L. Royall; Miss Louie Poteat, of Wake Forest, with Mr. L. M. Powell; Miss Lucy Petty, of Carthage, with Mr. J. J. Thomas, Jr.; Miss Harriet Dickinson, of Richmond, with Prof. William Royall; Miss Betty Pitman, of Henderson, with Mr. H. W. McGhee; Miss Leah Perry, of Henderson, with Mr. J. S. Hardaway, Jr.; Miss Mamie Stillwell, of Savannah, with Mr. R. H. Royall; Miss Evelyn Aydlett, of Elizabeth City, with Mr. C. R. Smith; Miss Jeannette Daniel, of Weldon, with Mr. R. W. Adams; Miss Ada Lee Timberlake, of Wake Forest, with Mr. W. H. Early; Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brewer, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Dodd; Mrs. W. L. Poteat; Mrs. M. T. Norris, of Raleigh; Mrs. John Royall, of New York. Patronesses: Mesdames Robert Royall, J. J. Thomas, B. F. Sledd, Carey Brewer.

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APRIL.

IL. F. PAGE.

Lulled is the swish of rain;
Dreamful the willow dips:
Over the dappled stream
Sun-rent a shadow slips.

Glimmerings of woven green,
Fringed with dripping spray;
Glint of a naiad's robe,
Trailing the foam away.

Waving of woofed boughs,
With quivering beadlets hung;
Shimmer of irised locks
Fresh from the blue depths wrung.

Snatched where the willow fronds
Drooping are folded by,
Glimpse of a dew-wet brow,
Glance of a violet eye.

Darkens the dappled stream,
Leaning I yearn—in vain!
Lost in a swirl of mist,
The naiad.—The rain! the rain!

SYMPOSIUM

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE COLLEGE.

WHAT THE FACULTY MAY DO.

C. E. TAYLOR.

Only in barest outline will it be possible to write upon the theme assigned to me, *i. e.*, "What the Faculty Do for the Improvement of the Moral and Religious Life of the College." A full discussion would expand into a treatise, embracing the whole life and work of a professor in such a Christian College as Wake Forest. For there is no hour of a professor's life or feature of his work which is unrelated, directly or indirectly, to the moral and religious condition of the college. And I believe that this fact, as an implied condition, is tacitly recognized by trustees in an election and by candidates in their acceptance.

"Faculty" is an ambiguous term, being used some times collectively and sometimes distributively. It seems desirable in this paper to insist on the distinction.

I. What may the Faculty *do as an organized body*? To it, under general responsibility to the trustees, is committed the oversight and control of the college. In the discharge of this function, in the interests of collegiate righteousness, some of their duties are as follows:

1. To make wise and reasonable regulations, general and specific, and to insist upon compliance with them both by themselves and by the student body. While allowing and encouraging large liberty, they should

check license. Law is essential not only to the well being, but to the existence of such a social organism as a college. Respect for and obedience to law are no small part of the ends aimed at in college education. One who has not learned to obey will never be fit to command. He who in the transition period of youth forms the habit of compliance with law will not be likely to develop in mature life into a lawbreaker. And it is certainly easier for one, even during his student life, to yield to the behests of moral and religious obligation in proportion as the habit of obedience in minor matters has been encouraged and strengthened.

2. The Faculty, in its organized capacity, should eliminate from the student body influences which they have sufficient reason to believe to be corrupting. Heroic surgery is sometimes demanded, for the microbes of evil breed rapidly and spread swiftly. There should be patience. There should be efforts for reformation. But it would be idle to hope for moral and religious improvement so long as laziness, drunkenness, licentiousness and the other kinsmen of their tribe were condoned, openly or tacitly, in any institution. To establish moral quarantine against corrupting influences is always as imperative as it is often difficult and painful.

3. The Faculty, as a body, can help to elevate the moral tone of the college by showing itself openly, actively, aggressively, in sympathy with all the forces, organized and unorganized, which make for righteousness in the college. Notable among the former is the Y. M. C. Association. Every possible facility should be afforded to this for its manifold work and generous leave of absence should be extended to its delegates to general meetings. And when the college church appoints spec-

ial and protracted services, the Faculty should cheerfully unite in suspending a portion of the regular work of the college.

II. What may the Faculty do *as individuals*?

Few men are in positions which afford wider scope for direct, personal influence than those occupied by college professors. They are brought into daily relations with numbers of young men under conditions exceptionally favorable, in most cases, for warning, stimulating, advising, and encouraging. And since, ultimately, the moral and religious condition of any community is determined by the condition of the individuals who compose it, too much stress can not be put upon the obligation imposed upon each college professor by the position which he holds.

1. It is perhaps needless to dwell upon the silent but potent influence which it is possible for any teacher to exert merely through example. This is a force which operates through the whole range of educational activity, from kindergarten to university, but which nowhere has more possibilities for usefulness than in a college. A professor whose intellectual vigor, scholarship, and wide experience have won the respect of students, can do infinite good or harm according to his unspoken attitude in matters of religion and morals. And not only chronic indifference to matters pertaining to the Kingdom of God, but flippancy of utterance in regard to serious concerns and a critical attitude with reference to religious services are more to be deplored in a college professor than almost anywhere else. I say this because the influence rightly acquired through his familiarity with matters in which he is an expert is in the mind of a student unconsciously transferred to

realm in which he may be no authority at all. But the teacher whose heart is aglow with desire to be helpful in the spiritual and moral development of his pupils, even if he be not active and aggressive, is by the pervasive power of example improving the condition of his college.

2. But it is the privilege of a professor to do more than this. Few friendships are stronger or more enduring than those which are frequently formed between individual professors and students. These friendships, bringing men into close personal affinity, afford opportunity for admonition and advice as to moral dangers and for tender appeal as to religious condition. How often it has been the case that a young man or group of men have been saved from moral wreck by the friendly, tactful warnings of a faithful professor.

3. While it is true that in most of the departments of a college there is no place for direct moral or religious instruction, it is possible in all departments for a professor in his teaching to reveal his views on moral questions and his sympathy with religious truth. And where this can be done naturally and incidentally, by illustration or otherwise, it certainly enhances the efficiency of a professor in at least one direction.

4. That those members of the Faculty who can do so should take active part in the public religious work of a college goes without saying. While, for one reason or another, this privilege may be denied to some professors, it is afforded to most of them. And ample scope for active Christian endeavor is presented in Sunday schools, in prayer-meetings, and in co-operation with the Christian Association.

5. In closing this imperfect discussion, I will only

add that, as individuals, it is the duty of professors to aid in giving financial support to all the organizations whose object is to improve the moral and religious condition of our institution.



WHAT THE CHURCH MAY DO.

J. W. LYNCH, COLLEGE PASTOR.

Wake Forest offers as an inducement to her students a church home during their stay in college; and this privilege, in the opinion of the writer, is peculiar to Wake Forest. Of course other institutions make more or less provision for the religious culture of their students in the way of providing chaplains, visiting preachers, Bible courses, etc., but at Wake Forest church and college are as closely joined as were the Siamese twins. Their relation is really unique and perhaps without a parallel in the country. The church worships in the college chapel, and the trustees of the college provide for a part of the church's expenses. The present pastor has never been able to tell where the one begins and the other leaves off. This arrangement is doubtless just what our fathers intended. Wake Forest is a Christian college, and when it ceases to be Christian, it will be in order to raze the buildings and plant the campus with cotton.

At Wake Forest religion and science go hand in hand. This again is believed to be a feature of the school. The pastor knows of no case of scepticism in college, although the latest and best books and the world's greatest periodicals find their way into the library and reading-rooms. This does not mean that our men are not asking questions—they are encouraged to do that—but that they

have found out it is possible to be a thorough and up-to-date scientist and at the same time a devout and faithful follower of Jesus Christ. We believe in the unity of all things, that all truth is God's property, and that religion and science can and must go hand in hand. The men who teach science at Wake Forest are leaders in the worship and religious activities of the church.

The presence of the student body is recognized by the church and nothing in the way of preaching, teaching and music is thought to be too good for young men who are here in the formative period of their lives. Fully half the themes discussed from the pulpit are chosen with reference to the students, and from time to time the services are varied and adapted to meet their every want.

In addition to the regular services, the church at her own expense provides for an annual protracted meeting *mainly for the students*. Only the very best men are engaged to assist in these meetings, and they are conducted on a high plane. Every year many young men are reclaimed from wandering and backsliding and not a few find and acknowledge the Saviour for the first time.

Surely every student ought to get help from associating with the choice spirits of the college church, and it is believed that most of them do. Some, however, show little appreciation at the time of what is done in behalf of their better life. Let us hope that when time has sobered their thoughts they will then remember this place, the saving truths preached and taught, the godly example that walked before, the beautiful ideal that was held aloft, the simple, quiet, wholesome life of a God-fearing people, as David remembered Jerusalem.

WHAT THE Y. M. C. A. MAY DO.

J. M. JUSTICE.

The Young Men's Christian Association holds a peculiar place in college life. It is the common meeting point of all the boys of all classes and sets. Its end is the perfectly rounded Christian gentleman. Organized as it is on a basis allowing all Christians a right to active membership, it fills an important function in the life of the college. It opens its doors to all as they matriculate and asks them to join its struggle for a higher, deeper, and nobler life. It begs of those who have exerted an influence at home not to wrap their talent in a napkin while in college, but to enter actively into service at the first opportunity, and make themselves a power for righteousness. It asks of its men faithful service on committees, for their best effort as leaders of Bible classes, and for their faithful attendance and active participation as students of these classes. Much can be accomplished by a correct understanding of the duties of each officer and member of committees.

An opportunity much talked of but not so well improved by the members of the Y. M. C. A. is that of hearty co-operation in the athletic life of the institution. More of our best Christian boys should enter actively into athletics. They should enter, too, with a determination to uplift the lives of those with whom they come in contact. There are some who complain because more directly interested in college sports, do not identify themselves with the work of the Association. Some urge as a reason for their non-attendance that too many of our meetings are led by ministerial students. While there may be some truth in this, we think the chief reason is

our failure as members of the Association to participate actively in the different games, both as players and spectators. For example, suppose the leaders in athletics were also leaders in the Association. This would make a vital union between the two phases of college life which are at present too widely separated in sympathy. While our Association is making itself felt, we all realize that there is much more which it can do as a body to uplift the moral and the religious life of the college.



WHAT THE SOCIETIES MAY DO.

ALFRED H. OLIVE.

The literary societies of the college have always filled a very important and peculiar place in college life. Possibly no other feature of the regular work has been so beneficial in building up the college. The one is dependent upon the other, and *vice versa*. Sons from sister states have attended the institution in order to receive the training of the societies. Former students attest in unmistakable evidence the thoroughness and stress of society work in past years. I speak of the importance of society work in order to show the scope of its influence.

All friends of the college feel a special gratification in the entirety of the society work. It has been a custom for years, with but few exceptions, that every man who enters college life must join one or the other of the literary societies. Thus it is that the work done in the societies is comprehensive and in some way affects, practically, every student of the college.

The primary motive of the societies being of a literary

rather than a religious nature, by necessity, causes their influence for moral and religious improvement to be indirect rather than direct.

The fact that each of the societies is a secret organization imposes a moral obligation upon every member. The destinies of the societies rest in the hands of individual members, thus imposing a moral responsibility to the organization and fellow members. So well has this moral obligation been carried out that since the date of their founding in 1835 the meaning of the bewildering combination "I. C. T. Q." and the mystic word "Sentram" has never been revealed.

The secrecy of the internal workings of the societies prevents dealing in details, and forces us to generalize.

I believe that the best means of strengthening the moral and religious improvement in the workings of the societies would be a stricter adherence to the principle of honesty. A number of things are done in every college behind the shield of what the boys call "college license." Young men of character, Christian young men, engage in things at college, which under home influence, they themselves would consider ungentlemanly. This same spirit often enters society work. Young men are led by personal motives to act dishonestly toward society, when to their fellow-students they are perfectly honest, simply because the society is an organization and not an individual, they feel at liberty to depart from the principle of the Golden Rule.

I fear this spirit of disloyalty is growing in the societies, and if not checked will not only hurt the primary motives of the society, but will create a public sentiment in college life which will tend toward general demoralization. No doubt these deeds are thoughtless

and without malice or evil intent; but surely every sober-minded young man who will give the matter serious thought and who loves his society for what it stands for, will agree that such indulgence is not for the best interest of any concerned.

In general, the work of the societies is of a high moral tone. Gentlemanly conduct of the highest standard is aimed at and attained to a moderate degree. The discipline, though not ideal, is above the average of organized bodies. Questions of history, politics, and religion are discussed on a high plane, thus giving matter for high and noble thoughts. In this indirect way the societies play well their part in the moral development of college life. I believe every true son of Philomathesia or Euzelia who carefully analyses his life will find that the inspiration, the aspirations, the ambitions, and the high ideals of life instilled by these foster mothers have been silent agencies in the moral and religious development of his life.



WHAT THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN MAY DO.

G. W. PASCHAL.

The editor has asked me to write what the people of the town can do for the college student. I prefer to indicate my answer by telling what some of them did do for me. I will refer to two instances.

1. When I came to college I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman and his wife. On the next Sunday I delivered it. I was warmly and sympathetically received. I recall now the topics of conversation of that afternoon. They were just such as I might have been expected to be interested in, and in fact was interested

in. Then the lady, an excellent artist, at my request, discussed with me her pictures, many of which were on the walls. Right there began with me a love of art which has since become almost a passion. From that time I always felt welcome at that home. After that I had an active respect for that lady, and because of her, of the other ladies of the town, which respect I might not have taken pains to practice otherwise. I felt too that I had friends who would help me in case of need. This put me in a correct attitude to the people of the town. On the other hand, I knew that my relation to them required of me an upright, gentlemanly life. This couple, bereaved of their only child, lent themselves to doing good to students, and though their orchards and gardens were often robbed, they did not lose their kind helpful disposition, but did good to whom they could. Their work is done, they are gone to their reward, so many whom they so signally helped, for setting down their names. They were Mr. and Mrs. Philip Johnson.

2. The next person I wish to mention in this connection is the lady at whose house I lodged. I have no doubt that she did more to shape my life than any teacher in the college. She would often visit our rooms, and her entrance always brought light. She knew how to give advice—and still does, bless her,—and to say nice pleasant things. She was interested in every thing we were interested in, our studies, the books we read, our teachers, our sweethearts, our mothers, and our health—very much interested in our health,—and always giving simple hygienic precautions, such as not to sit with our backs to the window. When all in our room took the grippe, the choicest dainties of her pantry—fig and

pear preserves—came up to the attic where we were tossing on beds of pain, and she came, too, and her soft, gentle hand was laid on our fevered foreheads, and we had to show her our tongues. We soon got well after that. An "elect lady" is what she was and is, and her constant interest called forth the best that was in us. Great numbers have made their student home under her roof; they are now scattered around the world; I suppose the sun is always shining on some of them; there can be but few of them, I trust there are none, who do not at times remember gratefully, and from the depth of their hearts thank Heaven for, her sweet influence on their lives.



WHAT THE INDIVIDUAL STUDENT MAY DO.

E. D. COVINGTON.

The moral tone of such an institution as ours should be its most distinguished feature. A denominational college, established by the Baptists of the State, it stands a sacred trust from them to the students here, and it devolves upon us to develop more and more our individual moral natures that we may bring about most efficiently the highest standard of morality among our student body.

The individual student by leading a consistent Christian life at college has an illimitable opportunity for upholding the moral standard of an institution. His thoughts are pure, and his fellow-students obtain from him no degrading and immoral expressions such as are sometimes heard on a college campus. Such influence as one such Christian boy can have is of course beneficial to his institution. Now, "Faith without works is

dead," and, while a conscientious boy and one who always tries to do what is right, has much influence among his fellow-students, still his influence increases a hundredfold when he goes about with the determination to help a boy here overcome some bad habit, another to live a better life, and another to attend church more regularly.

No one knows how much a new man enjoys an encouraging word from one of the old students. What a responsibility rests upon us to do all we can to help the new boy begin on the right track. Some little word of kindness, some little deed of love, may cause some wandering boy to attend the Y. M. C. A., or to read his Bible more often, or perchance in the end to consecrate his whole life to God's service. I remember well how a certain young man, who graduated my first year, always spoke kindly to the new men and tried to show them that he was interested in them individually. You never saw him trying to make fun of a fellow because, perchance, his shoe was worn or his hat shabby. When he met you, it was always with a smile. He urged the boys to attend Y. M. C. A., to live better lives, and to help others come closer to their Master.

Such men as these count for the development of any institution along moral lines. It is such an individual influence as that which always keeps the old college on the right track. As long as there are some individual students here who try to help the moral tone of our institution, just so long will the dear old college never fail to be known far and wide as one of the most moral institutions in the country; but if the most influential boys here do not continue to exert a Christian influence among the boys there will then be a possibility of degeneracy in the moral tone of our college life.

The more conscientious, working individuals you have the greater will be the influence, improvement morally and religiously. But some one may say, Why, do we not have a pastor, and do we not have a Y. M. C. A.? Why are they not sufficient? My dear friend, your pastor can't reach everybody. He has no such hypnotic power that he can control the attention of every thoughtless boy, and no such mental telepathy that he can send a wireless message to the room of each student and urge him to come to church or to lead a better Christian life. The great mistake of the majority of Christian students is that they depend on the pastor to do everything. Nor can the Y. M. C. A. as a whole affect the student body so well as the individual. Numbers of the boys do not attend the Y. M. C. A. at all, and they can only be reached by the individual. The key to the moral development of a college is the moral influence and work of its individual students.

Instead of trying to show a *few* things that the individual can do, would it not be better to ask, What can he not do to develop the moral condition of his institution? In other words, he can control the moral condition of his institution if he gets his other Christian comrades to be active with himself. The moral life history of an institution varies as the life history of the moral element in it. We see, then, how the individual can spread his influence by leading a consistent Christian life himself, by showing his faith by his works, by talking to individual students and by putting himself forward along all Christian lines. What an opportunity it is to teach a Bible class and to influence directly the moral natures of your fellow-students! What an opportunity to work eagerly in the Y. M. C. A. that you may interest some of

your fellow-students and cause them to lead a better life. What an opportunity for every Christian student to do individual work among the boys and to help them resist all the temptations that come.

As our beloved pastor said, "Be something better than drift-wood, boys." Let all join in keeping the moral tone of our college as high as possible and apply an old fighter's words to our effort to work together for this—

"Brave comrades, quit ye now like men;
Bear a stout heart; and in the stubborn fight,
Let each to other mutual succour give;
By mutual succour more are saved than fall,
In timid flight nor fame nor safety lies."



THE KIND OF MAN THE COLLEGE STUDENT SHOULD BE

CHAS. E. BREWER.

He should be, first of all, a *man*. He'll probably not be an angel—he ought not to be a devil. Great things are possible for a man of full weight and measure, little can come from a mass of flesh and clothes.

He should go with head erect, step elastic, eye steady, conscience clear. His superior advantages should make him peculiarly sensitive to every imputation of wrong doing. Honor should be with him a passion. A man of this kind will defend the true and despise the false.

He should have respect for authority. The first essential in *exercising* authority is to know how to obey. College men are training for leadership. An absolutely necessary prerequisite for this is high regard for leaders. Anarchy is destructive. The high ambition of a college man should be to ally himself with the constructive forces and make a permanent contribution to the world's progress.

A college student should be optimistic. Pessimism is characteristic of disordered heart and brain. Faith in God, in man, in self; poise that comes from knowledge of the past and present, and from confidence in the future—these are developed in student life and should find expression in a hopeful view of life in all its relations. The mission of the college man is one of good cheer—first to his fellow-students, then to the world outside.

A student should be careful to maintain his health, if he has it, to secure it, if it be lacking, by proper daily habits of eating and exercise. The former he is liable to overdo, the latter to neglect. Let him remember that in becoming a student he has voluntarily chosen a life that will demand more than the average amount of nervous force. It would be a sad disaster if his physical organism should fail to furnish the strength required of it and so make it impossible for him to achieve his deserved destiny.

In the next place, he should be a *student*. Nothing in the college course can take the place of study. Every other interest is either incidental to this or an application of its results. The habit of continuing on a subject till it is mastered is one of the most valuable traits a college man can have. Irregularity in study, taking chances on recitation, "running the race," relying on spasmodic work before examination, are surely not characteristic of a *student*. Such performances reverse the process supposed to take place in education. Instead of leading out, developing, his education becomes a process of pouring in, cramming. Such performances do more—they start him on a course of sham and pretense from which he may never recover.

To be a student is to be more than a mere memorizer, imitator or copyist. He must do some thinking on his own score. He should learn to take the initiative—project some thought or scheme of his own. This does not mean that he must break from long-honored tradition or well-known landmark. He need not be an iconoclast. It frequently happens, however, that a tradition needs a new interpreter, a landmark a new discoverer. Such a career can come to him alone who prepares himself for it. But there are ways innumerable in which wholesome originality may manifest itself—in college as well as in subsequent life.

DORA AND NORA.

E. DELKE PEARCE.

Midway between the cities of B— and W—, near the village of C—, under the shadow of a great hill, is Clairmont, the old and elegant home of the widow Thorne. A quarter of a century ago two beautiful daughters came as sunshine to this happy home. When the twins were four years old their father died, leaving the mother to care for her daughters. They were positive brunettes, and so alike that none but their mother could tell them apart. Dora and Nora gave early indications of developing into most refined women. Living in semi-retirement, Mrs. Thorne bestowed the utmost care in their training; they were idols. Their tastes were in all things similar, even their thoughts were in such unison that when separated, a telepathic cord made each one conscious of what the other was doing. The mistakes made in recognizing them were often amusing and sometimes ludicrous. Aunt Dilsey, the colored family servant, said that they were as much alike as two black-eyed peas.

Nothing unusual to happy girlhood transpired until at the age of sixteen they were sent to Mt. K— College to complete their education. For three years, brightest and happiest of school girls, their minds and persons were gaining fresh charms every day. They were favorites at school and were always leaders in every pastime and entertainment. At a Christmas festival they acted in tableaux a scene from the play of the Corsican brothers. The audience being enthusiastic, they were repeatedly encored. Among the guests was Ro-

land Hamilton, a rising young lawyer of B—, brother of Louise Hamilton, who was an intimate friend of the Thorne girls. He sought an introduction, and after a delightful evening in their society, he became an ardent admirer of the young ladies, soon evincing a decided preference for Dora. He frequently made errors, his bon-bons often through mistake, falling to the lot of Nora.

Accomplished, refined and intelligent young ladies admired and loved by all who knew them, at nineteen they left their Alma Mater and again became the sunshine of Clairmont. Under the espionage of their mother, they spent the following summer at one of the fashionable watering places, where they soon became the cynosure of all eyes. Mrs. Thorne's care avoided their introduction into the vortex of society; yet Roland Hamilton hovered about them, passing many of his holidays at L—. He was a noble young man, of one of North Carolina's historic families. Roland and Louise Hamilton were at all times welcome guests at the old homestead, where many wholesome hours were spent. Roland's attention to the two sisters soon grew into the master passion of love for Dora, whose heart Cupid's arrow had too soon pierced, and she warmly reciprocated his affection. Nora watched the growth of this which she knew must bind these two together, without a jealous thought, her careful foresight giving many quiet and happy hours.

I have said that the sisters were not dissimilar, yet in one respect they differed (a secret carefully guarded by mother and sisters). Dora intermittently was subject to attacks of syncope; at which time, she would lie in a state of trance for hours, waking as from a fresh sleep.

with no ennui or tedium. During the trance period she could not be aroused. This one peculiarity of hers gave birth to this story.

Clairmont was at all times filled with happy, joyous company, and the months passed swiftly away. One Easter eve while the young people of C— were decorating the parish church, at the twilight hour, Roland Hamilton with Dora was arranging clusters of lilies about the chancel, when Roland's hand unconsciously enclosed that of Dora. Instantly upon the altar of his love flashed a fire that could not be quenched. He raised the jeweled fingers to his lips and with eyes all aflame, looked down upon the sweet face upturned to his, and in the softest of whispers said, "Dora, will you be my Easter lily?" An answering pressure of the hand, a melting look from the love-lit eyes, and the two turned away from the sacred spot, one in heart before God and the angels. Courtships are common things, yet too sacred to be trifled with, and we leave them to their rose-tinted life for more than a year.

Young Hamilton had gained worthy notoriety in his profession, and upon a change in the administration of the government, he was offered a secretaryship to one of the foreign legations. He and Dora had no intention of marrying until she was twenty-three, at which time he would return to claim his bride. He was to sail New Year's day. Christmas had been spent at Clairmont, and he returned to B— with the promise that he would have one more opportunity of seeing them, then to say good-bye to Dora.

At the last moment Roland decided to ask Dora to accompany him, and he knew he must be quick, or she would not consent, as it was within three days of the

time for him to sail. He hurriedly wired to Clairmont requesting his betrothed to meet him at 10 o'clock a. m. en route to W—. The same evening the young ladies were attending a hop given at the N— Academy. On turning to their home at a late hour, they were received by Mrs. Thorne at the gray dawn of morning. Dora and Nora discussed the ambiguous telegram, but having the utmost confidence in Roland, determined to meet him. Nora awoke as the clock struck eight. Dora was in a deep trance from which she could not be aroused. Knowing that in a few hours Dora would regain consciousness, Nora hastily determined to keep the tryst with Roland and meet him promptly.

He hurriedly disclosed his plan, to which Nora listened with bewilderment, but her woman's wit saw her way out of the dilemma, and she determined that Dora should accompany him to Europe. They were met at W— by two of Roland's friends and driven rapidly across the city, and on Virginia's soil were made man and wife. A rapid return brought them to Clairmont in time for dinner. Nora, almost crazed, rushed once to Dora's room and disclosed to her in a hysterical manner what she had done, declaring that what had been done could not be undone, and that she (Dora) was Roland's true wife. The secret would never be known, said Nora and not Dora he was marrying. Late in the afternoon, amid the congratulations of Mrs. Thorne, Nora and the servants, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hamilton were bidden a God's speed.

As they were nearing the city at the entrance of the tunnel, there was a terrific crash of colliding trains. Amid the debris, the dead body of Dora was found,

er head resting upon the breast of her husband, who
 ay crushed and mangled, yet alive and conscious of the
 wful catastrophe and his terrible misfortune. The
 bridegroom of the morning was widowed in the twilight.
 While Roland's life hovered between two worlds, Dora
 was tenderly and lovingly laid to rest in the family
 cemetery. On the marble shaft was the inscription :

“DORA HAMILTON,
 AGED 21.

SHE IS WITH THE ANGELS.”

Nora was now alone with her secret, and now she
 must carry it through life.

Roland recovered after long months of tender nursing,
 at whose bedside Nora and her mother kept constant
 vigil. As soon as he was able to travel, he spent a few
 days at Mrs. Thorne's, mourning with the loved ones as
 son and a brother. They decided that absence from
 the familiar scenes would be beneficial to his health,
 and he made haste to join his legation.

For two years Nora and Roland corresponded as
 brother and sister, then his face was turned homeward.
 Three years from the time of his betrothal to Dora, he
 was again at Clairmont, and with Nora, went to place
 flowers upon the grave of Dora, the loved wife of only a
 few hours. It was a morning of great quiet. Never had
 an Easter sun bedazzled the earth with more beauty.
 But the hearts of these two were sad, soft and tender;
 Roland, looking across the mound into the tear-filled
 eyes of Nora, said: “Just three years ago she promised
 to be my Easter lily, and now she is gone.—Nora, will
 you not take her place and be my own dear wife? I know
 we have Dora's blessing.”

Nora walked slowly around the head of the grave with downcast eyes she reached Roland's side. Then placing both hands firmly upon his shoulders and looking bravely up into his manly face, she said calmly "Roland, it has been a terrible secret which I have held for more than two years; it was Nora, not Dora, that you married that morning. I have been true to the troth plighted you then. Can you forgive me? If so, take me and before the world make me your lawful wife."

A few months later Nora heard the preacher, this time for herself, pronounce a benediction upon her as the wife of Roland Hamilton.

THE RISE OF COMEDY IN THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

EARLE GORE.

Next in the development of the English drama after the permanent introduction of miracle and morality plays naturally comes comedy; and yet the comic element had begun to creep in even before the rise of the morality play. With the secularization of the miracle plays their character speedily changed, other than sacred elements being added; although they were discountenanced, if not actually prohibited, by the church. Without doubt, the development of the realistic portrayal of character was insisted upon by the natural and prevalent demand for amusement.

Assigning 1520 as the date when the morality was about to pass into the drama, we find the natural introduction of comedy to be co-incident with it. Why it should take precedence over tragedy may be shown in the fact that the former was more acceptable to popular audiences, and more within the reach of the not-at-all highly cultivated writers of that time.

The influences brought to bear upon the drama were various. That French, and more especially Spanish, had some influence on the introduction of the comic element is shown by the fact that the farces in both languages were more or less well known and commonly read by the writers of England. Roja's *Calvisto and Melíbea* is of most importance in this connection. It is an abridged version of the dimensions of an interlude, and is memorable as the first exhibited in England which can be said to have a plot. Neither can the influence of the classical drama be underrated. The Renaissance had awakened a new interest in Latin and Greek litera-

ture. By 1520 Plautus had been presented before Henry VIII.; and the comedies of Plautus and Terence were not unknown at the court of Queen Elizabeth. So comedy was ushered in under classical as well as French and Spanish auspices.

The miracle play generally confined itself to religious subjects, but the comic element occasionally showed itself in such little incidents as in *The Play of Noah's Flood*, the refusal of Noah's wife to enter the ark. A domestic quarrel, of course, takes place. After the quarrel has somewhat spent its force, her children show her into the ark. Noah bids her welcome, but she does not feel consoled; and, in order to work off her anger, pounces upon her worthy spouse with all the fierceness of a thoroughly enraged woman.

Again, in *The Play of the Shepherds*, the theft of sheep by Mak, who has a reputation for thieving, and his consequent detection, is the subject of a little comedy which required true inventive imagination; for there is no such incident in the sacred narrative.

Such short dramatic incidents introduced into miracle or morality plays are called interludes, and consequently mark the first mile-post in the development of comedy.

The name of John Heywood is indissolubly connected with the interlude. It has been said that he can not be termed the father of English comedy, for he was neither the admiration nor the example of his successors; but he may well be entitled its patriarch. Mr. Pollard states his chief distinction when he says: "To have shown that comedy was entitled to a separate existence apart from didactic, was no small achievement." "There can be no doubt," Dr. Ward says, "that so soon as the interludes of John Heywood, and compositions more or

less resembling these in kind, had established themselves in popular favor as an accepted dramatic species, the required transition from the moralities to comedy had to all intents and purposes, been affected."

Of the interludes of Heywood, *The Four P's* and *The Play of the Weather* are the best—the former very amusing, the latter in more stately vein and, it is said, after the manner of Aristophanes. In *The Four P's*, the four characters, the Poticary, Peddler, Pardoner, and Palmer all become engaged in a debate as to which is the greatest liar, the Pardoner or the Palmer. The Pardoner creates some little diversion by exhibiting the contents of his wallet, among which are "the blessed jawbone" of All Saints and the great toe of the Trinity. In his efforts to tell the biggest lie, the Pardoner relates the story of his journey to Purgatory to obtain the release of a woman, and of his success on account of the ill-favor with which they are regarded by the Devil. The Palmer resents this slur upon womankind. He says that he has seen five hundred thousand,

"Yet in all places where I have been
Of all women that I have seen,
I never saw or knew in my conscience
Any one woman out of patience."

By unanimous vote he receives the palm of victory. The first play with a regular comic plot was *Ralph Roister Doister*, by Nicholas Udall. It appeared about 1552 or 1553. It shows the influence of the classical drama to perfection, for it depended rather too extensively upon the *Wiles Gloriosus* of Plautus. The interest attached to this play can be explained by its having come at the head of comic pieces, and but for this it would not be of much importance; for it has few merits. The second place in English comedy is acceded to

Gammer Gurton's Needle, which goes a few steps farther than the first. It is little like the other, and is really a sketch from "the short and simple annals of the poor." True that it is coarse, but the scenes abound in a rough and ready humor which shows to perfection the character and manners of the peasant of that day. It is a real comedy, and is portrayed with striking adherence to truth. The types of character range from the busy body vagrant, who is at home wherever he finds himself, and has no trouble to provide for his existence, to the cat who indeed causes the whole action of the play.

From the popular acceptance of the interludes as a part of the drama, comedy is regarded as a fixed element in dramatic production; and its progress continues without a break. It reaches its highest success in Shakespeare, who was as successful in depicting humor as in pathos. As Mrs. Browning says, his plays are filled

"With tears and laughter for all time."

WAKING.

J. D. IVES.

Pause and listen.
Dost not hear
Rhythmic echoes
Drifting near?

Gently wafted
On the gale
From the moorland
O'er the vale?

Birds returning
Music bring
Long-awaited,
Notes of spring.

Sleeping flowers
Wake from rest,
Fill with rhythms
Dale and crest.

Each low murmur
Wakes some thought
Which in slumber
Was forgot.

THE GHOST OF CYPRESS BEND.

—
H. F. PAGE.
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The April rains had come on in good time. The sturdy Scotch timber men who lived in the vicinity of Stuart Landing were taking advantage of the rise in the river to drift the last of the winter's cuttings. Several completed rafts lay along the river's edge loaded with barrels of rosin from the near-by turpentine still.

The evening was a little damp, and as the twilight faded, the glimmering camp-fire threw its gloom farther and farther into the river mist.

"'Bout time for Keith to be back from his nets," remarked Glenn Graham filling his reed-stemmed pipe for an after-supper smoke.

"Eh, there's the dip of his paddle now, and it moor like he's had a good catch, too," observed Doug McGowan following the example of his friend.

By this time the outlines of Keith's boat could be made out as it glided rapidly through the mist toward the shore.

"What luck to-night, Keith?" echoed several voices as the prow slid upon the sand.

"Ain sight o' luck!" replied Keith, who was but a generation removed from the Highlands. "Ain sight o' luck. I hae na seen the like o' this in monie a day. See!" and he raised a fine catch of fish up in the glow of the camp-fire. "But thare's mair than fish in the auld river to-night. By sarky, thare is!" he continued as he proceeded to draw the boat-chain ashore.

"Eh, Keith, there must be; for you look pale as a ghost. What's happened?" said Hugh McCall, assisting him in mooring the boat.

"Mair'n I ca' tell, Hugh. As I skent by the bridge doon there just now, right whare drunk Dan McGuire skelpt aif into the water and wa drooned, an unco light went up aboon the airch-stanes an' sklent aif frae the bridge towards the auld kirk aen the hill."

"Ah, Keith, just a will-o'-the-wisp, just a will-o'-the-wisp. That old tale about the ghost of Dan McGuire has been fully tested. And if you don't mind listening awhile I will tell you how."

"Up with it, Hugh," several voices broke in. And they began to arrange themselves in comfortable positions about the fire; for they knew what it meant when Hugh proffered to tell a story.

"First, boys, I must tell you it's a secret known to but one other living soul. However, since I have the reserved right of revealing it, it is not improper to tell it here for the first time.

"You remember, Keith, it was five years ago I came back from school and assumed control of Ralph McLean's store and turpentine still over there. Well, every Saturday evening I cleared up the week's run, and went out home. Very often my work entered considerably into the night, and that necessitated a trip through the dark across the bridge and out by the old kirkyard on the hill.

"People kept telling me of the strange sights to be seen along that way, especially on moonlight nights, and hinted that it would be of special interest to me to round up my business as early as possible on Saturday evenings. I thanked them for their suggestions, I must confess, with a little air of condescension, intimating that I had never yet met anything which I had not made to account for itself.

“Well, Hugh, that’s brave talk, but just wait,” said Wray McDonald one day, and proceeded to give me a blood-curdling description of what he had witnessed at the old kirk one sultry summer night.

“At first I must confess I could not pass that way in the moonlight without a sort of strange feeling creeping over me as I caught sight of the white tomb-stones in the old kirkyard. However, this gradually wore off as time passed, till one night late in August as I neared the grave-yard, I caught sight of a strange white object moving along the top of the fence on the opposite side. Suddenly all the ghost stories I had ever heard popped into my mind one after another, and the thing began to assume a dreadful appearance. But with determined nerve I moved on to discover it was nothing but a white faced cow feeding over the fence among the tall weeds that had grown up there.

“‘One ghost dead,’ I said to myself as I passed on.

“After that, time passed with nothing out of the ordinary, and I grew more confident of myself than ever, till one chilly winter night about Christmas as I was nearing the corner of the kirk grove, where the roads cross, I saw something like a man staggering around among the tomb-stones. Back came those ghost tales again reinforced by the old Scotch stories of cross-roads meetings with the Devil. I must own my nerve was strained very near the breaking point. But with a desperate effort I recalled the case of the cow, and called out, ‘Friend, who are you? Are you lost?’

“‘Lost! faith and Oi am, Nora, ’tween the gate an’ the dair steps.’

“There was no mistaking that voice. It was Mr. O’Flannigan, who lived a half mile down the left side

of the road. Drunk, he had mistaken the grave-yard gate for that of his own home. And when I called, he thought it was his wife, Nora.

"'Another bogle caught,' I said to myself, as I set him on the way home once more and left the kirk-yard behind.

"After that, things went smoothly on till one restless windy evening in March. Now and then thin white clouds were drifting rapidly across the moon, giving to the tomb-stones as I caught sight of them the appearance as if they were moving. Suddenly I heard a rustle in the dry leaves drifted up against the gate, and I saw something white move slowly up nearly to the arch above it, then glide noiselessly down. As I drew nearer the same thing was repeated, each time the white object increasing in size until it seemed almost to cover the whole gate-way. Just then there came a long, lonesome wail of the wind down by the old kirk, and for an instant all the tomb-stones looked like they had changed to moving, sheeted ghosts. However, with a determined effort, once more I steeled myself against the chill of terror fast creeping over me to find that it was only a paper blown against the gate by the wind.

"'Another mystery explained,' I said, and passed on feeling no little pride in my success in solving the problems of ghost lore from a practical point of view.

"But even these instances had not exhausted the possibilities of the subject, as I was soon to find out."

"Hae to be mair in yair story, Hugh, air it canna meet my case," Keith interrupted. "Tha unco light on the bridge canna be kenned like a' that."

"But wait till you hear through, Keith," continued Hugh. "It was in early April I was passing that way

again. The moon was nearly setting in the west. Long shadows fell across the grave-yard, streaked with narrow belts of moonshine. As I neared the corner of the road I saw a dark object moving along on the fence toward the corner which I was approaching. When I reached the corner it sat down and gazed into my face as I passed. 'A black cat—nothing more,' I thought as I eyed the creature as intently as it eyed me.

"I saw its eyes blink and its mouth open just as I gazed opposite it. My blood began to freeze."

"'Need company to-night?'"

"'By Jove, no!' I found myself replying, but in the last extreme reason asserted itself and saved me from breaking into a terror-stricken run. As it was, a few steps past the corner I found myself reasoning thus: 'After all, it's nothing but a cat, and what I thought I heard is only a vivid recollection from some black-cat story I have heard before.'

"Yet, somehow, I did not feel quite as sure of myself as in the other instances. For I felt that I had come nearer losing my self-command than I had ever thought possible. The cat, after all, had not quite been explained.

"The next Saturday evening I was quite late getting from my work. Wearied more than usual, I started home about nine o'clock. As I neared the church-yard not a breath of wind was stirring. Suddenly I heard a dull beating on the ground in the direction of the pines just beyond the grave-yard, followed by an earthly groan. When I had reached the near corner it began again—thud, thump! thud, thud, thump! And I saw a great white moving object rising up where the pines broke away and left a wide moonlit gap between them. Up, up, it went till it assumed awful proportions.

stopped. It whirled round and round in the moonlight for a few seconds; then down it came again with a dull, heavy sound, followed by that unearthly groan which I had heard before.

"Then all was silent for a moment. I started forward. The beating began once more. Thud, thump! thud, thump! It seemed to me that the very earth itself was shaking beneath my feet. Again that ghostly white spectre rose little by little up, up. Horrified, I stopped. Again it began to whirl round. Suddenly I discovered that it was moving with successive short circles in my direction. With every completed circle the spectre assumed more terrible proportions. Cold chills such as I had never known before swept over me. A strange crawling sensation crept through my hair. I felt my hat begin to rise. Instantly I seized it. Up to that time I had felt as if I were rooted to the very earth. But that act broke the spell. I stepped forward; at that instant the spectre reeled and fell sprawling in my direction, uttering that awful, blood-curdling groan. No nerve could resist that shock. In utter terror I lunged forward. The last I remember of the old kirk and grave-yard that night was an awful swirl of ghouls and demons crouching in behind and reaching after me with long, skeleton fingers.

"It was a mile and a half home. For certain reasons I had intended stopping at a particular house about half way. But for immediate reasons best known to myself the call was deferred till a more opportune time. Afterward I recalled the faint glimmer of a front parlor window rapidly dodging the grove trees, but that was all.

"Once in sight of home, I began to recover myself. The first thing I recognized personally was that I still

held my hat clinched in one hand, and that a bunch of fish I had bought that evening was missing from the other. By the way, Keith, I purchased them from you. Do you remember?"

"Canna say I do," replied Keith. "Gae lang wi' your tale."

"Well, next morning we missed those fish for breakfast. However, I made no remarks about it.

"After breakfast I brushed up for church. Though much used up by the run the night before, the principal thing that troubled me was the slighted engagement for which I knew I was honor bound to give a good reason. Just how was the unsolved puzzle.

"When I was hitching to start, two neighbors chanced to come along. I overheard one say, 'I wonder how old Kit made it last night.' 'What do you mean?' questioned his friend. 'Why,' says he, 'that old gray mare of Dan McNeil's. She got sick down near the church yesterday evening, and after doing all we could for her we left her to live or die—doubtless to die.'

"The experience of the night before was explained. I started, full of fast-maturing plans, to make all clear to the other interested party in the slighted engagement on Saturday evening. Nevertheless, I felt considerably humiliated. To confess my inglorious retreat from the church-yard haunted by a dying mule!—well, the more I thought of it the more ridiculous it seemed.

"'Jaenie'—you will stop guessing on the nature of the engagement now—well, she laughed and said she would keep it along with our other secrets if I did not object. And I didn't object. The next Easter we were to be married, you know.

"As we rode on to church she kept pointing to the tracks out in the sand, and hinted that they would be

pare favorably with the strides of Hermes any day. As we neared the old kirk I kept glancing now and then for signs of the lost fish. Soon I saw a patch of scales in the sand and knew their fate. Farther on near the road lay the awful spectre of the night before, cold and lifeless. Jaenie glanced mischievously at me and said, "Shall we run?" I did not assent.

"The sermon that day was very long and doubtless profound. To this I can not attest just now. This, however, I do remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday. During his discourse the minister quoted, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'

"And again Jaenie gave me that mischievous glance."

"Be tha the aend of yair yairn, Hugh?"

"Yes, Keith. By the way, how do you like it? Don't it knock all your ghost tales to flinders?"

"Canna say sae, Hugh. Thare's naething in it to gie light aen tha thing I kenned doon at tha auld bridge, shair tha aint."

"Nonsense, Keith. Let me—"

"Nae mair talk, Hugh. Aen thing shair, dairk winna find me doon thare alone anither night—"

—"Ho! There's the upstream crew. See, they're turning the bend. On to the raft! Loose the ropes! The 'fresh' 's turned down. We must run to McFayden's mill by sunup."

—Soon the river-men were at their oars and the raft running to midstream.

"Look shairp for ghaists aen the auld bridge!" Keith called after them. Then taking his fish, the pine-knot camp-fire was left behind—a fading glimmer in the river mist.

SIGHT-SEEING ABROAD.

J. M. JUSTICE.

Every year the excursions to the beautiful island of Cuba are becoming more popular, and deservedly so. In January and February, the rainy season well over, large numbers of tourists from New England take advantage of the reduced rates offered by the Boston Fruit Company's boats and spend a short while here and in Jamaica, while their less fortunate neighbors are either snow-bound or shut in by the bitter cold. Within the last two or three years the people of the South have learned that there is a place even more pleasant than the far-famed Florida, and so are joining the number throng to the spot where frost is unknown and the loving herds nip the green grass all the year.

It was my good fortune to visit last year a number of these places most popular with tourists. In what I shall say the reader will understand that I speak only of what I saw. Not a few have returned from this climate somewhat disappointed from the fact that much that has been written came from the vivid imagination of the writer rather than from the panorama about him.

After spending a day and night between Port Tampa and Havana on a vessel that behaved a part of the time like an egg shell on an angry wave, it was not hard to forsake the unkind couch and look at the old castle looming up in the distance. In a short while we found ourselves entering the narrow mouth of the Havana harbor with the historic Morro Castle on our left looking down upon us and the large fortress, Cabanas, on the right not so elevated. Presently we came up alongside the

wreck of the *Maine* in the central part of the bay. Our hearts grew sad as we saw the spot where our brave boys went down, but to our consolation we noted that loving hands had placed some flowers on the bent ribs, and Old Glory above them still waving in the breeze.

Havana, with its population of three hundred thousand, is the most modern city of the island. It has excellent hotels, lovely plazas and a broad street, called *The Prado*, which is beautiful indeed. In company with a young lady who speaks the Spanish, I boarded the electric cars and visited on the suburbs of the city the celebrated Catholic cemetery. It is neatly kept and zealously guarded. On every hand we beheld tombs of costliest marble, decked in statuary and flowers exquisitely beautiful. It is safe to say that more than a million dollars have been lavished upon the sepulchers that here meet your eyes.

For other reasons than the terrible encounters of some with mosquitoes in the Isle of Pines of which I had heard, I chose to take passage for Santiago rather than to this island where so many travellers go. Three days we sped along through tobacco farms, sugar plantations, cattle ranches, orchards of oranges and other fruits, swamps sometimes for a stretch of thirty miles at a time until at last we reached Santiago, nestling down under the mountains on the south coast five hundred and forty miles east of Havana. Instead of three days, this same trip may be made now in twenty-five hours in a sleeper without the memorable nights spent along the way and encounters with Spanish bills of fare where garlic and oil are the seasoning, aptly styled by some as "abominable concoctions."

The house in which I came to live was a palatial country villa called *La Dolarita*, and had been, during the

war, headquarters for a part of the army of that vicinity. Situated in the midst of a grove, there could be seen growing the cinnamon tree, the spice, the clove, the coffee, the rubber, the nutmeg, the cocoanut, the starfruit, breadfruit, the chocolate, the lemon, the mango, the banana, and five species of orange trees. From the top could be seen the ruins of three old forts from the tops of the neighboring hills.

A bright morning in February found me in company with seven Americans and two native visitors on the way to the famous Morro Castle. We traveled in a guagua (wahwah), drawn by two strong mules, moving along at a good pace over the fine road. This fortress is located on a narrow point of land on the east side of the entrance to the harbor, seven miles from Santiago. Approaching it as we did from the land side, the castle could hardly be seen, being built on the end of a high bluff and no higher than the bluff. The fort was garrisoned by a small band of Cuban soldiers, who were very courteous to us. There is only a small beach about a mile near this point, the bluff being of volcanic formation, steep and rugged. The whole party, bent on gathering souvenir shells, descended by a winding path to the little beach below, and in so doing better appreciated the enormous height of the fort above. Back again to the heights, passes and a guide secured, we began to explore cell by cell the castle. With pride the officer conducted us to Lieutenant Hobson's cell, and then to the edge of the fortification, showing us the place where he sank the Merrimac and swam ashore with his men. The water at this spot is made indeed beautiful by the rocks underneath, green as emerald, distinctly seen through the clear waves. Next we entered the dungeons

where the prisoners were accustomed to be kept chained down to a ring for days, seeing no ray of light save when some one entered with their bread and water. Proceeding thence to the cell where the prisoners were shot, a feeling of horror came over us, and on to other quarters we hastened. By a long flight of steps we descended, down, down and down until at last we came within fifty feet of the water just in time to see a vessel floating a German flag steam into the harbor. We were somewhat reminded of the fable of the goat in the well when we began to retrace our steps, and gladly rested in the burning sun to hear our guide tell us how Schley won his victory just in front of us. Once on top again, the breeze almost carried us away and soon refreshed our weary frames. Enough for a day, but hungering to see yet more we boarded the guagua and were on the road.

Returning from Morro, we decided on the following day to visit the San Juan and El Caney battle-fields. So in like manner our faithful mules brought us to the entrance of the San Juan park the next day at noon. Our chaperone suggested that we lunch in the shade of the giant Peace tree near by, under which the Spaniards surrendered to General Shafter and the conditions of the treaty of peace were drawn up. Of course we agreed. Then followed *our* charge up the not so steep hill, unimpeded by any barbed wire, to find the block-house surrendered and gone and a nice monument in its stead. Looking south we found the hill very steep, and saw upon descending that those who scaled it from that side fought against great odds. The trenches yet remain to show where the enemy had been concealed. Already two miles on the way all were anxious to look upon the scene of the biggest battle of the war. Even

before the town was sighted we caught a glimpse of the old Caney blockhouse on a neighboring hill under the shadow of a mountain. We were struck with the signs of the storming of this fort by the Americans when we noticed in the old cathedral of the city marks of the cannonading. The fortifications consist of two structures, a fort about forty feet square on the top of the eminence, and nearby another so concealed by its construction that it could not be seen any distance. It is known as the Blind Battery, so called because the Americans could not locate for some time the point from which a part of the firing came. Our visit would not have been complete had we failed to see the home of the old Carib Indian of the place. He told us his age was ninety-seven and that he was the only living man of his tribe. We learned later that he had sold his skeleton at death to the Smithsonian Institute to be exhibited as a perfect type of the pure-blooded Carib that Columbus found in the West Indies.

My next day of sight-seeing found me on board the cars in company with three young ladies en route to one of the finest plantations of the island. We saw growing together in these immense fields bananas, plantains, coffee, chocolate, and rubber trees. This appeared strange, but it was explained to us that the rubber tree yields no gum until about eighteen years old, the chocolate no beans until six, and the coffee no berries until after three years. The fruits need only a year to begin to bear. It was plain that as each reached the fruiting stage the less valuable was cut out to give place to a more remunerative crop. Just by where we ate our lunch were seen drying on a concrete yard the chocolate beans of which our candies and breakfast cocoa are

made. Near also was machinery for husking, classing and polishing coffee for the market. In the same building was a mill for sawing the huge cedar and the mahogany logs brought from the nearby mountains. On our way back to the station we chanced to find exquisitely beautiful specimens of maiden-hair fern by the roadside fully four feet tall, growing in richest profusion.

One of the things that most attract the visitor's attention is the beautiful mountain scenery of eastern Cuba. In the rainy season it is lovely beyond description. Domes and peaks and wall-like precipices succeed each other in striking variety. A brilliant verdure clothes their sides, down which dash cascades that shine like silver in the tropical sunlight. Even when nightfall comes on, one has sights yet to see worth his while. The *Lucyvas*, a kind of large firefly, may be seen in large numbers shooting here and there like so many little meteors. It is the chief delight of the children to catch them by the twilight. The bug is often longer than two inches, and its light is sufficient to read by or to tell the time of night by. Some of the girls are fond of wearing them in their raven hair at night, and when so used the diamond is completely counted out. What is far more interesting to him who sees beauty in the myriad stars above him is the stately Southern Cross, possibly more sublime than either Orion or the Great Bear. It is known to the natives as the May Cross, as it is visible through the whole of that month.

Perhaps one of the strongest impressions made upon a visitor in Cuba is the forces at work to revolutionize business in the island. The Cuba Railroad Company is expending more than a million dollars on wharves at Port Nipe, on the north coast, and a city is rapidly being

built. It will not be many years before this will be the most important shipping point of the entire island. It is right in the heart of the finest fruit-growing section and has a decided advantage over both Santiago and Havana in nearness to New York and Boston. Already passenger boats of the Munson line are making regular stops at this point, and a railroad has been constructed joining this city with the main trunk line. Havana has its numerous attractions, Matanzas its beautiful Venetian water front, but Oriental Cuba has the mountains, the airy resorts, the choice fruits and the historic scenes of the past. Ere long the hills of Cristo, with its cool breezes and its buena vista will be dotted with modern hotels and boarding houses, and those who care to leave close their homes in bleak New England and elsewhere and bask in the sunshine of the Pearl of the Antilles.

KATY'S KISSES.

WILSON H. PRICE.

There was not a more beautiful girl in the village than Katy, the blue-eyed Swedish clerk and faithful assistant of her mother, the worthy postmistress. All the young men of the place thought of Katy as being the belle of the town. Especially was she admired by Mr. Lawrence, a cautious old bachelor and well-to-do merchant. Mr. Lawrence, when young, came to this village in quest of wealth. He always showed great partiality toward Katy while in the presence of others, but no one knew he was captivated by her beauty of form and winsome ways. She was very fond of joking with him, and when she visited his store they would have a long chat over the sale of a pair of gloves or a few yards of ribbon, and she always received an invitation to repeat her visit, when she had longer to stay.

Katy was as quiet and refined as she was beautiful, and along with other accomplishments, she always wore a pleasant smile. The old bachelor, as is always the case, had his head full of queer notions concerning the opposite sex, always wondering if he would have to spend this life in solitude and loneliness, with no help-mate to share his joys and sorrows. He had a great deal of perseverance along with his other business qualities, which was clearly shown in his rapid success in his profession. One day while Katy was in his store looking and asking for that which she knew he did not have, the old bachelor leaned over the counter, as if to whisper the price to her of some lace, and asked her to kiss him. Of course she refused at first, and under no circum-

stances would she yield to his heart's desire. She, in the most surprising manner expressed her seeming astonishment at the proposal, but as the old bachelor whispered soft and low, she had to keep nearby in order to detect what he was saying. Finally, as a last resort, he offered her the sum of one hundred dollars for three kisses, a proposition which within itself, so he calculated would be worth something as an advertisement. And to complete the request and still make it more forcible, taking her hand in his across the counter, he said:

"Oh, spare me dear lady a kiss,
It will not impoverish your store,
For after you've dealt out the bliss,
There'll remain just the same as before."

Katy laughed at his proposition, but then she began to ponder and think of her widowed mother who lived among strangers and needed all the help she could get from her. After giving all this considerable thought, she decided that it would be a great gain for her mother and not much loss of hers. At last she consented to his proposition.

"Now, after I have given you the three kisses, it is quite sure that I will get the hundred dollars at once," said Katy.

"Certainly," said the merchant, "just as sure as I give you the last kiss, I will immediately place the money in your hand."

Then they took hold hands, just as people do in Sweden when they want to make a contract legally binding, and looking up into the eyes of the old bachelor, Katy replied:

"I wont refuse to aid your muse,
If kissing me will do it,
But, pray be mute when you salute,
Or folks will misconstrue it."

Katy stood as still as a mouse without making any resistance whatever, and the storekeeper kissed her twice on her rosy lips. All the time Katy was thinking more of the money she was to receive than she was of the disposal of the kisses. But when she presented her rosy lips for the third kiss he withdrew and in a very determined way and said "No." Whether the first two were not to his taste, or whether he hated to part from his money, he did not say; very likely the latter was the case.

Katy did not want him to refuse the third kiss, for if he did not take it she would not be entitled to the money. She wanted him to take the third one, and insisted that it was right for him to have it, but the old bachelor said he did not owe her any kiss. Katy then asked him if he would give her the hundred dollars. He replied that did not owe her the money because he had not got but two kisses.

"Well, its not my fault," said Katy, "you have the privilege to take the last one if you wish, and I certainly wish you would."

Just then some one was heard coming in, and thus the performance ended unsettled on Katy's part. She went away, wondering how she was to get the money for the kisses, or even two-thirds of the amount, in proportion to the number of kisses given. So next day Katy made known the affair to her cousin, who was then a lawyer, by profession *only*. She maintained that she ought at least to have pay for the two kisses he had taken, but the stern old bachelor held on to his first proposition, and repeated the exact words that she was to give him "three kisses for one hundred dollars." And, as he had taken only two, he refused to pay her the

amount. The matter was referred to court, and the judge asked Katy if she was willing to give the third kiss.

"Yes," answered Katy, "if he will only take it." Her face was as red as a fresh-blown rose. Still the storekeeper refused to take the kiss.

The old judge descended from the bench and took Katy's red face in both his hands and kissed her with the solemnity which characterized all his official acts. Then in his solemn manner he rendered the following just and wise decision:

"The plaintiff in this case has now given three kisses, two to the defendant and one to me; the court therefore finds that the defendant must pay to the plaintiff the aforesaid amount of one hundred dollars, according to contract, and the cost of the suit. The court will be lenient with the defendant and make no extra charge for completing the contract."

Katy laughed outright, and the judge chuckled over having entrapped the wily old bachelor, who paid the hundred dollars with a bleeding heart. He got only two kisses and the free advertisement.

"The third kiss has been deposited with the court in due legal form," Katy laughingly said when asked about her case against the old bachelor.

NIGHT.

L. E. BALDWIN.

“Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where all the long and lone daylight.
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear—
 Swift be thy flight!”

Twilight is fast deepening into darkness; a full moon scatters its rays over the landscape, and the myriads of little stars are shedding their light over all the earth.

The deep silence is only broken by the chirp of the cricket, the song of the whippoorwill, and the far-away hooting of the owl.

Oh, night, what a rare boon art thou! Such a glorious gift from the hands of the Creator! a time when man can lay aside the worries and cares of the day. 'Tis then that he can reflect upon the many perplexities of life,—life with its few joys and its multitude of sorrows.

The night to us brings peace and quiet, and in its still hours what curious thoughts flit through our brain, and what magic spell is that which causes us to stand and gaze at one lone star.

To some it brings hallowed memories of other days, when life knew no care; when ambition filled their breast, when the word despair was unknown to them; when success crowned all their efforts. But now they stand with fixed gaze, knowing that all their hopes are gone, their ambitions crushed, and their many joys changed to bitterest sorrows. While to others thoughts

of their youth come thick and fast. One thinks of another night just like this; that night of long ago, when the first sweet violet of spring had bloomed; when beauty softly whispered "Yes" had given him a new being and filled his breast with hope and higher aspirations. Through all the years since childhood love has grown purer, deeper, and truer, and now as the close of life draws near, it is something beautiful to witness their devotion for each other.

When the shades of night have gathered and all nature seems at rest, 'tis then I dip into the future and wonder what the great Unknown has in store for me. "Can life have aught of good?" I fondly ask. The answer comes ringing down the ages, To all who will there is something of good which may be had for the striving. To every man who pushes forward with perseverance and unflagging zeal, there waits a reward.

And now again my fancy changes. What to me is this splendor of moonlight, this radiance of the stars? Does it bring to my mind thoughts of other times? No. I only stand and think—think that if suddenly the veil of vision could be opened, the long pent-up light could leap forth, and the world in all its beauty be brought before me: could the mind bear the sudden shock, would the thread of life be snapped in twain?

All these fancies fill my mind in the hours of quietude and rest. I only wait for the far-away land beyond which will be sometime, somewhere.

A NIGHT IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

W. H. VANN.

Arthur Le Moyne sat in his room, feeling very disconsolate. He had left home only the week before to take the medical course in a large university, not because he wanted to become a doctor, but because his father had insisted upon it, as the Le Moynes had all been physicians for the last fifty years.

"I can never stand cutting those dead folks," he exclaimed to his mother. She had always taken his part, but now she said nothing, as his father was so determined.

"You must try to bear it, my son," she said, "for your father's sake."

So now here he was, looking out of the window at a group of boys lounging under the elms.

"Well, boys," one of them was saying, "the 'meds' have a swell lot of new material. There's a fellow Le Moyne rooming next to me, and he's as 'fraid of a 'stiff' as he is of a ghost."

Arthur felt a lump rising in his throat, but he recalled his father's parting words: "Be a man, my son; remember that you are a Le Moyne." Arthur remembered, and turned bravely to his work.

The next day he read the following notice on the bulletin board: "All students in anatomy will please report this afternoon at 3 o'clock in the anatomical hall."

The time had arrived, and he must be a man. So he went in with the others, and although it nearly made him sick, stuck to his work until the bell rang.

The instructor had told them that unless each one's

instruments were carefully cleaned and put away, it would mean five demerits. Arthur thought he had attended to this, but just as he sat down to his work, discovered that he had put his dissecting knife in his pocket. It must be returned that night, as the laboratory was inspected early the next morning. So he put a box of matches in his pocket and set out.

The medical laboratory was one of the new buildings and on a different street from the dormitories. When Arthur reached the building, he found the door of the dissecting-room locked, and the only way to get in was through a window. The bodies of several negroes were upon the table, and from some the clothes had not been removed. Arthur was greatly frightened, but he struck a match and finally reached his desk.

Just as he was leaving he thought he saw one of the cadavers, which had not been undressed, move slightly. A cold sweat broke upon his brow. Was it possible that the man was not dead, or was he really coming back to life? Arthur was too much frightened to move. Presently the man slowly sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked around cautiously. He did not see Arthur, who was crouching in one corner. He then began to descend from the table. After feeling carefully in his pocket for something, he crawled through the open window and let it down after him.

For a while Arthur could not collect his thoughts. But soon he decided that the first thing to do was to get out, when to his horror he found that in his fright he had lost the matches. He tried in vain to find the catch to the window, which resisted all his efforts. What could he do? He tried the other windows, but all were securely fastened.

Sitting down in a corner, he thought over what had happened. He did not relish the idea of spending the night in the laboratory, but fear soon gave way to curiosity. What could a man want in the dissecting-room? Evidently he must have been concealed there for some purpose. Suddenly a thought struck Arthur. The day before a large collection of curios had been received from Europe, and they were worth several thousand dollars. The papers were full of it, and the thought came to Arthur that the man was there to steal them, as they had been placed in the adjoining room.

But just then he heard a noise, and shrank back into his corner to await developments. The negro he had seen effected an entrance by breaking through the window, and was followed by two masked men. They stole softly into the next room and closed the door.

Arthur saw it all. The negro had gained entrance in the afternoon while nobody was around, found out about the curios, and then concealed himself among the cadavers to prevent detection while the laboratory was being closed. Thinking all was quiet, he had escaped and notified his accomplices.

Arthur let himself out by the open window and made all haste to a police station. The captain at first did not believe the story, but Arthur's manner convinced him that this was no college boy's prank, so he sent an officer and four patrolmen to investigate.

When they reached the laboratory, they heard the men at work. But when they came out, the policemen were right there, and in less than half an hour the negro and his companions were behind the bars.

The trial came off the next day. Arthur's evidence was enough to convict them, so they confessed. Having

read in the paper of the curios, they formed this bold plan to secure them. The negro had gotten in late in the afternoon and located them. Just as he was about to leave he heard some one, so concealed himself among the cadavers. Thinking all was quiet, he had finally escaped when Arthur saw him.

The papers were full of the affair, and Arthur Le Moyne's name became known all over the State. He has long since overcome his aversion to the medical science, and is now a leading physician in a large city. But to his dying day he will never forget the only night he ever spent in a dissecting-room.

"DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION."

RUFUS FORD, JR.

Although it is with difficulty that we can estimate with any exactness or precision the present tendencies of our times, yet there is among many thoughtful men an instinctive feeling that we have just passed over a definite stage in the evolution of our civilization, and that a new era has dawned upon us. This conclusion is greatly strengthened by the history of the nineteenth century, with its enormous strides in material advancement, scientific progress, and political development.

The material advance of the nineteenth century is far more and greater than the sum total of all that had been made up to that time. Invention and discovery have repeated themselves in rapid succession, and in addition have been more numerous and striking than ever before. It is almost impossible for us to imagine how our forefathers lived in this world without any of our so-called "modern conveniences." We would be sorely perplexed in these modern times to know how to get along without our conveniences. The whole appearance of the earth's surface, as well as the details of our daily life, would be entirely changed if the products and applications of steam, electricity, and machinery were taken away from us. We would have no great factories and manufacturing establishments, no railroads and locomotives, no telegraph and telephone lines, no steamships, no street cars, no marvelous pieces of human workmanship like the mountain tunnel and suspension bridge.

The scientific progress of the past century has been to less wonderful and marked than the material ad-

vance. Every branch of science has been developed to an enormous extent, and this seems to be only a good beginning. The resources of nature have been revealed and utilized, to the benefit of all mankind. Nature and the laws of nature appear very different to us from what they appeared to our ancestors. What to them were unexplainable mysteries are to us simple laws of the universe. Says Butler: "The nebular hypothesis, once the speculative dream of a few mathematicians and philosophers, is now a scientific commonplace. The geology of Lyell, the astronomy of Herschel, the biology of Von Baer, of Darwin, and of Huxley, the physiology of Muller, the physics of Helmholtz and of Roentgen, are already part of the common knowledge of all educated men."

But the greatest and most wide-spread movement of the nineteenth century has been the political development toward democracy. At the close of the eighteenth century most men did not believe that such a thing as democracy was possible. They looked upon such a form of government as almost preposterous, so long had they been used to an absolute monarchy or oligarchy. With only one or two exceptions, all the governments of Europe at that time were entirely on the monarchical type. Europeans looked with suspicion and almost contempt on the attempts of France and the United States to establish the democratic form of government. But each decade of the century has witnessed the strong and vigorous growth of democratic principles and ideals. With only a few exceptions, all of the nations and countries of to-day are either democracies, republics, or very limited monarchies.

Of late, however, there has been a little reactionary

spirit. Some people have begun to doubt whether democracy is coming up to the expectations of many of its great theoretical writers. We hear cries of injustice, partiality, and favoritism. Allowing that part of this is truth, and perhaps a good part at that, still, it is not to be expected that a comparatively new form of government is to be exchanged for the old without any dissatisfaction and trouble. Democracy can not be a remedy for the discontents and distress of all of the people. Burke has said that it is the tendency in all stages of history to ascribe to the prevailing forms of government most of the ills that in reality flow from the constitution of human nature. The flat, dull statements about democracy are accepted readily enough by the masses, but they do not go any further. What we ought and must do is to understand the full depth of its principles, and gain a clearer and truer conception of the institutional life of which we are a part.

It is just here that we find evidence of the close relations that exist between democracy and education. In the days of the king and the rule by the few, there was not much need of training the people along institutional lines. They had no share in running the government, so it was not at all necessary. But in a democratic country like France and the United States, where the entire management of the complex machinery of the government depends upon the intelligence of the people, we are most forcefully convinced of the importance of education in that direction. It is on this foundation that the argument for public education at public expense really rests.

In Greece, during the period of her highest development, the best educated men thought it a duty and privilege to take part in the administration of public affairs.

But a large number of our people, including many highly educated men, have lost this high ideal of personal conduct. There has somehow arisen the idea that there is not so very much connection between the State and the individual. People get to believing that the State is under the control of and is run by political rings and office-seekers, and is either a tyrant to be resisted or a benefactor to be courted. This is not true democracy. "The State is the completion of the life of the individual and without it he would not wholly live. To inculcate that doctrine should be an aim of all education in a democracy. To live up to it should be the ideal of the nation's educated men."

It has come to pass that the greater part of our government is in the hands of a limited few. The people at large are nominally the rulers, but yet they are controlled and led by those who make that their sole aim and occupation. This fact is made still more grievous by the way in which the people submit themselves to it. They do not seem to care. Men of great intelligence and learning hold themselves aloof from participating in public affairs of government, because of the many who have debased and degraded the whole system of administration. They regard "politics" as beneath them. This is not true citizenship. If those who really have the best interests of the government at heart would they could, by their strength and numbers, drive out the selfish, unscrupulous and self-seeking. They are able to remedy all the evils if they only would. One of the duties of education is to make them to know their capabilities and then arouse themselves to action.

One thing which makes many people refuse to engage in political life is because of what is known as the spoils system, a system which has gained such a strong hold

this country and has so debased and corrupted our governmental administration. In this way men who are totally unfit are placed in positions of trust and honor, and all because they were such stout fighters in partisan warfare. Such conditions must inevitably lower ideals of public service and citizenship, not to say anything about the resulting corruption of the morals. The way to remedy this is in the hands of those who do have high ideals of public service, and who are not morally corrupt. To train men to this standard is the duty of education, and through it alone can this be successfully accomplished.

To preserve civilization is the work of education, and civilization includes the family, property, the common law, the State, and the church. Each generation must preserve and promote the civilization it has inherited from the past, and transmit it undiminished to those who come afterwards. But the greatest need of our times in education is a complete appreciation of the meaning and significance of human institutions, and a full and deep insight and understanding of their underlying principles.

In the words of Dr. Butler, "That democracy alone will be triumphant which has both intelligence and character. To develop them among the whole people is the task of education in a democracy. Not, then, by vainglorious boasting, not by self-satisfied indifference, not by selfish and indolent withdrawal from participation in the interests and government of the community, but rather by the enthusiasm, born of intense conviction, that finds the happiness of each in the good of all, will our educational ideals be satisfied and our free government be placed beyond the reach of the forces of dissolution and decay."

MEMORY.

LUTHER E. BALDWIN.

O, sacred thoughts of other years,
With sweetest joys almost divine,
Come, let thy heavenly radiance shine
And from our hearts remove all fears.

Ah, youthful dream to me once more,
With all thy pleasures come again;
And sing to me that dear refrain
I loved so well in days of yore.

Those days forever gone from us
In memory's store still hold a place,
For with our lives it keeps apace
And ever writes the record thus.

So memory unto all does give
Some hidden power his deeds to see,
And unto each of us will be
A true recorder while we live.

A LEAF FROM THE OLD "PLAIN DEALER."

[The following we are sure will have peculiar interest for all readers of the *Student*. It is from a leaf of the "Plain Dealer," which was furnished us by Mr. Robert C. Lawrence, of Lumberton. The "Plain Dealer" was the fore-runner of the *Student*, and this leaf, so far as we can tell from names found on it, is from an issue of about 1857 or 1858. From this leaf it seems that the printing was done with a pen in the hands of the editor, or some one who was master of the art of hand-printing, for the sheet, though time-worn and now somewhat mutilated, shows that originally it was as neat, and almost as readable as one of our modern type-written pages.]

* * * from them, he went to a room, whose humble occupant was peeping through the key-hole at the ladies, and to put the "cap on the climax," he pushed the door open hastily, struck the fellow in the eyes, and laid him flat upon his back in the middle of the floor.

GUN POWDER.

UNION MEETING AT W. F. COLLEGE.

A few of our citizens met on Friday evening, owing to the inclemency of the weather, but few attended; had a prayer-meeting and adjourned.

Thursday morning—rainy and stormy, no delegates. Rev. O'Bryan preached, a query was discussed, and the meeting adjourned. 3 o'clock some queries discussed and adjourned, no ladies out. At night some other queries discussed, no ladies. Sabbath morning. Though it was somewhat disagreeable on account of the wind, yet the bright sun shot forth his enlivening rays and by 11 o'clock a full congregation, composed both of ladies and gentlemen, had assembled. The regular discourses were delivered, one by the Rev. Dr. Webb, the other by

Rev. T. Brooks. Also some remarks from Prof. White. At evening it was pleasant, and a very respectable congregation assembled. Prof. White preached.

We thank the ladies very much for contributions this week. We hope that they may continue to send in the most *acceptables*.

It is a very gross breach of etiquette to fail to introduce persons of the same respectability meeting in the same parlour, or anywhere else, if it *can* possibly be done conveniently.

You must always praise the performance of a lady upon any instrument of music whatever; whether it be good or not. Notice these slick heads, what do they say—"I declare that's *splendid*, isn't it?"

COMMUNICATIONS.

A STRANGE SOMETHING.

We think it quite strange that the students of Wake Forest have never heard of the 11th. commandment. However they never have, we should like to teach it to them. It is for every man to mind his own business, that is if they style themselves men, if they do not, it can be equally applied to boys as to men. We can judge from reading the last two Nos. of the 'Plain Dealer' that they never heard of the 11th commandment, or else they never have been practical observers of it.

We hope that it will not be impolitic for us to give you a little advice on the subject "ever watch your own

selves, and not always be upon the alert to get something on the *Ladies*, but to keep your eyes turned towards yourselves and we are sure that you will not have time to watch the ladies."

MINERVA.

CUPID-IZED.

There is a lad here, who seems to be in fine spirits, and as far as we can judge is prosecuting his studies with success. We have advised him at least to take a thorough course of the Mathematics. That perhaps would be as useful as any knowledge he could obtain, and we feel sure nothing is better calculated to improve the understanding and quicken the apprehension of the mind. This young man seemed right much taken with a lady at church a few Sunday nights ago but we, interposing a few words, were successful in arresting Cupid's carts, so that we do not think that they penetrated very far into the young lady's heart. We are rather inclined however to fear that the young man has a rather soft and foolish heart towards the "sex"; we hope though that time and experience will bring him to rights. His eyes seem well, but they do not allow him to study much at night. A kind of mist, he says, comes before them, and his sight grows dim.

T.

Mr. Editor, have you not observed how some certain sleek headed Preps. at this place have been attempting lately to put on a layer or two more of importance? If you will condescend to notice so small things, I wish you would but behold some of them.

Yes, these same sleek, empty heads of such, would not have been, a year or two ago, allowed to enter even a freshman's room, much more a *sophomore's*.

WATCH OUT.

A CHAPTER FROM LIFE.

EUGENE TURNER.

It was a cold night, that December fifteen years ago when I first saw Henry Styles.

The usual crowd had gathered at the little village store; each in his accustomed seat—Jake on the counter next to the show-case, Bill on the goods-box near the dry-goods counter, Sam and Mike in the two flag-bottomed chairs the store boasted of, and I behind the grocery counter, in readiness to serve a possible customer.

Each of the loafers were paying his respects to a white-pine board with his jack-knife, and had chosen the stove-hearth for the target of his yellow stream of tobacco juice, rather than one of the two tin spittoons.

While we were amusing ourselves and beating away the time by jokes and yarns, the biggest we could tell, had grown colder and cloudy outside. The starlight had given place to a darkness that was murky and dense. It seemed to be pressing up against the window-pane with hostile intent against the little dingy lamp that was dispensing light throughout the store. Suddenly the pitterpat of rain began; the wind began to howl and rattle the loose shingles overhead, and we knew a storm was on. Still we talked on and laughed.

It was my turn for a story, and I had begun, when the door opened and a man stepped in. He stopped a moment to shake the rain-drops from his long black coat, acknowledged the crowd with a slight bow, and came over to the counter where I was. He was a man of striking appearance, tall, athletic, and broad-shouldered, and yet his step was inelastic, limping, and uncertain.

His eyes were large, frank and blue, but with the unmistakable look of dissipation. His voice was husky and nervous as he called for a box of sardines and crackers.

We watched him as he sat there. His hair was long, unkempt and red, his face was covered with a coarse, stubby beard, things that made him look almost repulsive. But as he prepared to eat from the box I had opened, he bowed his head for a moment in silent benediction. We knew then he was a good man in hard luck, and no longer did he look repulsive. We knew from the way he ate that he was satisfying a hunger that had grown fierce from long duration, for after the sardines were eaten, he called for cheese. With the cheese I passed him a glass of cider. He smiled his thanks, and took it in silence.

The company around the stove had ceased their joking and bragging and were unconsciously absorbed in watching the hungry man satisfy his appetite. Pretty soon he finished eating and joined the crowd at the stove. He declined a proffered seat from Sam and leaned on the counter. He stood there, taking no part in the conversation, but was listening to all that was said, until it was almost time to close the store. I had bolted the windows, and made sure the back door was closed, before he spoke: "Wait just a minute, sir, before you close; I want to say something to the gentlemen before they leave."

"Gentlemen," he began, "I came to your town to get a job, and I want to know if any of you can help me."

"Yes, sir, I'll take you, stranger, and pay you twelve dollars a month and board."

It came from old Mike. He knew a man who would invoke the blessings of God on a meal of sardines and

crackers among a crowd of loafers in a country store must be all right, and he was able to trust him, though he was a stranger.

After this they all went home. Mike one way with the stranger, and the others together. Then I took my little tin lamp, and went to my room over the store to reconsecrate myself to One Whom I had almost forgotten, and before I could take the rest of slumber, even to my unworthiness, I had to breathe a prayer to Him for my companions of the evening, and thank Him for the stranger that had come to us.

Every night now after supper the stranger would come with old Mike to the store, and we would gather around the stove and tell our jokes, but no longer were they smutty as they were sometimes before. Thus began the influence of Henry Styles in the village of Pillsbury.

He had been there only a short time before he knew every child and loved them, and they in turn knew and loved and trusted him, and the sick of the village could always count him a visitor.

Again we were gathered around the stove in the Pillsbury store. Henry was with us. He had been in Pillsbury about a year now, and was still living with old Mike. We knew nothing of his past, but we had learned to respect him, and knew that he was living well now, well indeed that one could not but admire and respect him.

It was raining outside now, and the wind was blowing, rattling the loose shingles on the roof again, reminding us of the night he came into our lives. Henry had told his story, and now his turn was come.

He began: "Fellows, had you thought about it? To-day is the anniversary of our meeting—a perfect anniversary."

nary, too, for it was cold, and raw, and biting outside—just as it is to-night—and the same crowd is here that was one year ago.

“I came to you a stranger, but it seemed to make no difference. You took me in and made me one of you. I have been with you all this time, and you know nothing of me yet, but like gentlemen you have awaited my pleasure, and asked no questions.

“To-night I am going to tell you my history—the story of my life. It is my fault that I am here to-night working on a farm for twelve dollars a month. I had a good home and was wealthy. I had friends, and moved in the best society. My father sent me to college and I went through with honor, but while I was there I acquired habits that are bad; among them was drinking—W-h-i-s-k-e-y spells my ruin.

“My prospects were bright had I been strong—but I was weak, and went ever toward the worse. I had friends, but with the loss of my money I lost them all. I had a sweetheart, but I lost her, too. She is one woman who trusted and understood me. Ah! men, I loved that woman. It wrung me with pain until I thought I should die when she told me she could not marry me. I can almost hear the trembling pity in her voice now, and see the tear-drops now on her holy lids, when she told me why she couldn't, although she loved me, she said. Weak, groveling beast that I was, I could not give up my damning habit; that was the only price I had to pay for the greatest jewel God has ever given to the world, but too weak is the shameful story I have to tell.

“I tried to stop, and wanted to. God knows I did, and for a while I thought I could, then came a temptation in a friend, and again I was down. It was thus for

three long, almost interminable years; for awhile I would be up, and then down again I would go. I knew I could gain no victory, for I had tried and tried, but always the power of an ill-trained passion would draw me back. So I knew that my safety lay in flight rather than in the same old struggle for victory. That is why I am here. I have always been religious and trusted God. Even when I was drinking I loved Him, and my remorse was terrible when I became sober after a long debauch. This briefly is my story. Perhaps you think you have harbored a devil unawares, any way I thank you for what you have done. I have been helped by living with you; I have been free from temptation, and am, I believe, a stronger man.

"As soon as I can, I am going back to my home. A proviso in my father's will, I have enough to live on, and I am going back for a life of usefulness, one that will help others, one with a purpose, rather than the aimlessness that ruled my former one, and who knows but that I shall marry the woman too good and pure for me to touch.

"I can never forget my life here with you, and I shall always remember you as friends simple and true."

Two days later old Mike came by the store for Helen to tell me good-by. He was going back to his home to begin anew.

Three years later we heard from him. He had become a lawyer, and had married the sweetheart of his childhood and innocent days, and together they were living lives that blessed the unfortunate in their little town.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM MARCHANT BREWER.

William Marchant Brewer was born in Murfreesboro, N. C., on the 16th of November, 1884. He was the only son of John B. and Elizabeth Brewer. William's first school days were happily spent at Murfreesboro. After this he was three years in the Wake Forest Academy, then a session in the college proper. When his father moved to Franklin, Va., in the year 1901, he came with him, and then for two sessions he was a student of the V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va. His health having failed there, he gave up the purpose of taking a degree and chose, as his profession, civil engineering. After making this decision, he decided to prepare himself thoroughly for his profession. With this in view, in the autumn of 1904, he went to Wilmington, N. C., and there joined an engineering corps, which was engaged in making a large survey in and near the city. Here he distinguished himself for his fidelity and enthusiasm for his work. The chief engineer was attracted by his proficiency, and was led to hope, for his apprentice, the highest measure of success in his calling. Some of his plots equalled and in many respects excelled that of an expert.

While in the city of Wilmington, he made his home with his brother-in-law, Mr. John H. Gore, who was a successful lawyer of that town. This gave him access to his brother's large library and brought him into fellowship with such environment, that he began to realize, as never before, the possibilities that were his, and fired

his youthful soul with a holy ambition to make of his life a success.

One of the distinguishing features of William's character was his devotion and tender love for his mother and the manly and courtly regard for his sisters, of whom he had five. To see him in public with them, one would be led, from his attention and courtesies, to imagine that he was entertaining special guests. This unconscious devotion to them won for him a high and wide admiration among those who observed it.

While attending school at Wake Forest College, he made a public profession of religion, in a meeting conducted by Dr. Barrow in the college chapel, during the year 1898.

While living in Franklin, he made his home with his parents in the Seminary building. Here he was a great comfort to his father in promoting the order and comfort of the institution. While in this relation, he was greatly honored and respected by the servants, over whom he exercised excellent control. William's habits were good, and he is said to his great credit, that to the day of his death, he persistently refused even to taste whiskey.

On the afternoon of the 10th of December, 1904, he, in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Gore, and two companions, embarked in a steam launch, on a duck hunting expedition, down Cape Fear River. Having arrived at a given point, they anchored the launch, and got into small boats, and went out into the shallow waters, some miles distant. Here they remained hunting until late in the afternoon, when a storm commenced to blow from the northeast. The small boat, in which William and his brother were hunting, was capsized. They held on to the boat and called to their assistance the

two companions. After consultation, it was decided that these should go for the launch and come to their rescue. Darkness was now rapidly approaching, and the gale had increased into the fury of a storm, while the temperature had fallen below the freezing point. William and his brother kept in connection with their comrades by the mutual exchange of loud calls. These having arrived at the launch, started to the rescue, when to their horror the launch ran aground. By this time their voices were drowned in the howling wind. There was nothing left for those in the launch to do but to return to the city and try to extend help to their unfortunate comrades from the shore. This was found to be in vain, and the night passed away without their friends seeing or hearing anything of William and his brother. The alarm was given, and the next day the shore was lined and the river covered by sympathizing friends in the search for the lost. Later on, the two bodies were recovered and returned to the bereaved home, from which the two brothers who had died together were taken and buried in the same grave.

The bereaved family has the deep sympathy of all the people of our town. We miss the manly form and cheery voice of William on our streets and in our homes. And with the distressed family we mourn his untimely end. But we do not mourn as those who have no hope. For beyond the veil of the unseen there is One who loved him and gave His life for him; whom he confessed as the only hope for his soul, while with us in time. And now we indulge the sweet hope that in eternity we shall meet him in fellowship with our Lord and Saviour.

Franklin, Va.

REV. J. L. LAWLESS.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, on the 24th of February, 1905, it please God in His infinite wisdom to remove from us to heaven our esteemed friend and fellow-Philomathesian, Mr. J. Hope; therefore, be it resolved that:

1. We, the members of the Philomathesian Society feel the loss of this faithful member, and bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, feeling that our loss is his eternal gain.

2. We extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy, and commend them to our Heavenly Father, who alone can comfort them.

3. A copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy sent to the family and a copy sent to
THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

C. C. HOWARD.

C. T. TEW.

R. L. KENDRICK.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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G. C. HOWARD.....Associate Editor

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

W. E. GOODE.....Editor
G. A. PEEK.....Associate Editor

SPURGEON O. HAMRICK, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. EVERETTE GOODE, Editor.

In the Anniversary invitations this year there was quite a change for the better.

Instead of the elaborate booklets which

we have been sending out, the invitations were simple

double cards; and, we think, much more appropriate

and in keeping with good taste and the custom of all the

higher institutions. The day of elaborate and showy

invitations has passed for the colleges. Leave those to

the high schools and academies. The modest, inexpensive

card more befits the dignity of the higher institu-

tion. The societies have realized the impropriety of the

fancy invitations, and have set a limit to the price to be

paid for them. We hope the Commencement chief mar-

shals will follow the example set by the Anniversary

chiefs, and will provide invitations of a neat, modest

design.

For a month now the ball game will absorb a great part of our attention, and the

members of the team will be the biggest

men in college. Is it well? Yes, it is well that it should

be so—well for the team at any rate, for thus we make

Invitation
Cards.

we have

double

and in

higher

invitations

the high

schools

and academies.

The modest,

inexpensive

card more

befits the

dignity of

the higher

institu-

tion. The

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Commence-ment

chief mar-

shals will

follow the

example

set by the

Annivers-ary

chiefs, and

will provide

invitations

of a neat,

modest

design.

The Ball
Season.

men in

college.

Is it well?

Yes, it is

well that

it should

be so—well

for the

team at

any rate,

for thus

we make

the players feel that their fellows are behind them. And if we lose a little time that perchance should have been put on our studies, who will feel the loss, or will regret it when the season is over and the team has made a record, if not as a winning team in every case, as a team composed of men who know the game and play always either winning or losing, with perfect co-operation and confidence; a team that either wins by superior playing or submits without kicking when defeated by superior playing.

The Wake Forest team has this year been more thoroughly trained than it has in recent years, and before the season is over we expect that training to manifest itself in excellent team work. Good results of this training have been seen already in the few games that have been played. Some strong teams have been met, and when we did not win, victory for the other team was not easy. Our team can not win in every game, but let us make the men who play for us feel that in defeat as well as in victory they have our full support. Let us make them feel that their efforts to win are always appreciated by us, and then, whether winning or losing they will play such ball that we or the college will never have cause to be ashamed of them.

Signs of a
Hopeful
Change.

North Carolina has become accustomed to pointing to men honored by other States or by the Nation, men in the different professions who have distinguished themselves, and counting them as sons of her own soil. It has come to be a common saying among us that we furnish many of the great leaders and thinkers of other States and other parts of the country; that many of our sons, with great

ness born in them, find the State too small to hold them and seek other regions that will give scope for their full development. Some hold that this in a great measure accounts for our tardiness in taking our stand in the forefront of the States, which place, we have frequently been told, our resources and environments so eminently fit us for. Our great men, it has long and often been said, go away to wider fields and more congenial climes, and other States receive the benefit of their greatness, while to North Carolina is left only the pride of being their native State.

Indeed, it would only be necessary to name some of those who, though born and reared in this State, have made history for other States, to show that there is good ground for the above assertions. Not a few native Carolinians could be pointed out now, who are accomplishing much for other parts of the country; men who are, as Minnesota's new governor would say, "making good" for their fellows, and for themselves places in our national life and history; men who not only were born and reared here, but also received their education and began life in North Carolina.

Not all of our great have gone elsewhere to find fame; many have given, and are giving, their lives nobly to the State. And we believe a change is coming in this respect, and more of those who have it in them to become great will remain at home and achieve that greatness in and for the State. At least it seems to us there are some hopeful signs that point toward such a change. We mean not our industrial development, our agricultural importance, or any of those more material influences. They will have their weight, are being strongly felt already. But we speak now of signs not so evident—

signs of a change in attitude of those history will call our great men toward the State that gave them birth. Men of North Carolina are beginning to feel that their own State offers a field wide enough for the full attainment of the distinction they aim at; or they realize—and in the latter case more honor is due them—that the State needs their best service, and they are determined perhaps at a personal sacrifice, to give their lives to its upbuilding.

The signs of this change have been more marked, it seems to us, among the educators, those of the press and the teachers proper, but we doubt not that the same indications may be found, less noticeable, perhaps, among men of all vocations. There are men teaching in our colleges whose abilities would easily procure for them places in the larger Northern colleges, even in the great universities; but they are spending their lives in the institutions of the State. We could name men in the faculty of this college who might now be occupying important chairs in the Northern universities—places offering vastly superior advantages seemingly to those here; superior indeed from every point of view except in point of true service to be rendered; but they prefer to give their lives to the youth of North Carolina. Again, as is known to all, the editor of one of our weeklies has recently been offered a position on the editorial staff of a great Northern magazine, which would give him every advantage as a writer, but he prefers to stay in this field of greater service. These are some signs of a hopeful change, and along with the industrial influences that are working for our development, insure a brighter day just ahead for North Carolina.

"Should Col-
lege Students
Study?"

The president of the Western Reserve University, Charles H. Thwing, discusses this question in a late issue of the *North American Review*. His discussion has to do with conditions at Harvard University. Dr. Thwing says that by careful investigation by a committee for that purpose it was found that the average amount of study done by the undergraduate at Harvard is fourteen hours a week, an amount, the committee says, "discreditably small." Harvard has come to be recognized as the first university of the land. The question is, then, he says, whether, under such a condition, Harvard will be able to maintain that intellectual and scholastic leadership. He then proceeds to present the two sides of the situation.

Dr. Thwing thinks the situation at Harvard more open to defence than the opinion of the committee would seem to allow. When young men go to a great university, after a three or four years' course of high intellectual training in a college, they "ought to have wisdom enough to know what they want, and strength enough to get what they want, from such conditions as Cambridge embodies and offers." If they want the education of thinking which comes from hard intellectual toil, or the education of culture which comes from large and general learning, or the education of efficiency to be had from the administration of undergraduate activities, they should have the chance to get each the kind they want. If they want the education of the intelligent gentleman of leisure, then they should be allowed to get that. It would be an evidence of narrowness to set any limitations. "The college means far more than books, lectures, recitations, study. It is a place for high aims,

high opportunities, and high spirits. It is a place for work, but also for freedom, for association, for good fellowship." These conditions prevail in the old German and English universities—the universities of opportunity, where no man is obliged to toil, but it is sought to give just what each wants.

On the other hand, his arguments for working students are much stronger. The real purpose of the college is not to give men what they want, but what they ought to want. The college is set to satisfy right desires, if they exist; to create right desires, if they do not exist; to reveal the highest ideals of character and power; to show to the indolent the opportunities and obligation of hard service. "It is a place and method for training in thinking. * * * It is a trustee for the nation, and should train its men to work and to work hard."

This is a timely discussion, for the tendency among college students seems towards less and less study. And the question catches the interest of the average college man at once. Especially attractive are the arguments on the negative side, to most much the more pleasant side of the proposition. It is indeed interesting to hear a college president admitting that there are considerable "small" amount of work by college students. How different have been the lessons of experience! We may be forgiven, but we had always thought the main object of coming to college is to study, and we know many who would testify that the purpose of the college president or professor is not only to impress upon the student the importance of study, but also to see how much work can be got out of him. And deep down in our hearts

though we like not the study any too well—most of us feel that the teacher is right, and the more we study the better it will be for us.

Prof. F. H. Hall, of Harvard, has said: "Coming between the long drill of school and the long warfare of professional life, college is peculiarly the place for elasticity of mind, for election, for growth of purpose." But if "elasticity of mind" and "election" are to mean the student may elect to study much, or little, or none, at his will, then, if true at all, Professor Hall's sentence had better be made to say that, after the long drill of school and college life, the *university* is the peculiar place for elasticity of mind, for election, etc. For if these arguments that a small amount of study is best for the student are sound at all, they must apply to the university and not to the college. Those who go to the great universities, such as Harvard, *may* be trusted to elect their own course, with the assurance that they will make the best of the opportunities offered them,—we doubt the wisdom of such freedom even there,—but those who come to colleges, such as this, certainly can not be left to choose for themselves whether they shall study much or little. Those who go to the universities are usually the best from the college, are those who have studied hard in their college course, have been pretty thoroughly trained, and may be left to expand, to choose, to grow in purpose for themselves. But those who come to the college, come, many poorly trained, some almost with no training at all, all undeveloped, and they must be put through the mill of work, must begin the grind of study and keep constantly at it, if they would do the best for themselves.

Indeed, what an ideal existence, it seems to us, life at college would be without text-books, lectures, or

studies of any kind. But we come not to college, nor go even to the university, to find the ideal life, but fit ourselves for the warfare of the practical life in the world. And that life needs not the education of the gentleman of leisure, nor the education of culture, but the education of the thinker, and the education of efficiency, both of which come by work and study. Men at the university, after the training of the college, must know what they want, and have strength enough to get what they want, but what they want may not be the best for themselves or for those whom they expect to serve. We believe the old principle, that the man is best developed, both in mind and body, by hard and constant toil and study, still holds good; and that it applies to the student in the university as well as the student in college. Dr. Thwing closes well: "Going to college and working little is good; but going to college and working much is better, very good. * * * The college student should indeed be other than a student. But he should, at least, be a student, and a hard one, too."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

It gives us pleasure to welcome to our table the first number of the *Guidon* from the State Normal School, Farmville, Virginia. We congratulate the editors for getting out such a neat magazine in the very beginning, and, shall expect something good from them in the future. We withhold all criticism of the articles, as the editors have told us that all the contributions were intended for society programmes, and not for publication. We extend to the *Guidon* a cordial welcome to the realm of college journalism and wish for it a bright future.

The *Roanoke Collegian* contains an interesting article, "A Glimpse of Dresden." However, it covers too much ground in such a short article. As the writer passes from one phase of his subject to another we can only wish he had developed his subject more fully. The "Journeys of Birds" is a well written article, giving some of the theories for the migration of certain birds. This article is a "happy mean" between the "gushy" love story and some of the "heavier" articles found in college magazines. The *Collegian* contains only one other contributed article, "The Colonel's Daughter," which is above the average love story. It seems that a double number might contain more than three contributions.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* for February is filled with good things, from "A Domesticated Tiger" to "Lemons and Kisses." "A Stray Scrap of Paper" is a well told little love story. The descriptions in the beginning are vivid and the plot is well worked out. However, it seems hard to have the hero suffer two great afflictions for one little mistake. "Apple Blossoms" is another love story with a sad termination. "Lemons and Kisses," however, is quite different. The *Observer* contains a very good article on monopolies, also two very good poems.

The *Winthrop College Journal* for February contains some very good contributions. "Bill Phillips, Express Rider," shows the neglect of our southern heroes. The story is of the second war with England. "Bill Phillips rode from Washington to New Orleans —Paul Revere rode from Boston to Concord Bridge. . . . But no one has heard of Bill Phillips. And why is this true? It is because Paul Revere was from New England, and Bill Phillips was

from the South. New England honors her heroes in song and story. The South allows hers to be forgotten," says the writer. *Journal* contains a beautiful little poem, "A Thought." "Bill Hiding Place" is an interesting little story of Civil War times.

The January-February number of the *Emory and Henry Era* contains a splendid variety of contributions. There are a number of poems which have the true poetic spirit. The writer of "The Haunted Village" tells his story well. The descriptions are good. The love stories of this issue are above the average. They are new stories on old plots as a great many that come to our table. "An Episode of the Spanish War" is especially interesting. It tells of the social relations between the United States and Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American War, and weaves into them a love affair between an American soldier and a Cuban girl. "My First Outing" is an interesting love story, but the heroine comes dangerously close to committing suicide. "Wilburn Waters" is a sketch of the counterplot of Cooper's hero in "Leather-stocking Tales." This issue contains an up-to-date editorial on the New South, which shows thought and research.

Among others we wish to acknowledge receipt of the following: Purple and White, South Western University Magazine, Guilford Collegian, Winthrop College Journal, Howard Collegian, Limestone Central Collegian, Madisonenses, Furman Echo, Buff and Blue, Reverse Concept, Ouachita Ripples, Hampden Sidney Magazine, Howard Payne Monthly, Stanford Sequoia, St. Mary's Muse, The Oracle, William Jewell Student, Red and White, University of Texas Magazine, Baylor Literary, The Guidon, Roanoke Collegian, The Observer, Southwestern Collegian, Hendrix College Mission, The Mercator, The Lenorian, Monroe College Monthly, University of North Carolina Magazine, Clemson College Chronicle, Trinity Archive, Davidson College Magazine, The Chisel, Wafford College Journal, The Critic, The Philomathean Monthly, The Etonian, The Vassar Miscellany, Randolph Macon Monthly, The Pine and Thistle, The Ivy, The Era and Henry Era, The Oak Leaf, College Messenger.

CLIPPINGS.

"Alas!" cried the gentle maiden,
As her eyes with tears did swim,
"Whenever I want to think of he
I always think of him."

"And wouldn't it almost make you mad,
And wouldn't it make you jar,
We never, never, never be,
We always, always are!"

"And isn't it cruel!" she murmured,
"In spite of all our spunk,
We never, never seem to pass,
We always, always *funk!*"

—*Exchange.*

✽
"Oh, that my soul possessed a harp,
That it might play its wild desire!"
"Take me," said he, but she replied,
"I asked a harp and not a liar."

✽
He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he said to her one night:
"Dinah, could you love me?"
She whispered, "Dinah might."

They married in the autumn,
When she blows him up at night,
He realizes what she meant,
When she whispered "Dynamite."

—*Exchange.*

✽
Freshman—"I thought you took algebra last year?"
Sophomore—"I did, but the faculty encored me."—*Exchange.*

✽
They tell how fast the arrow sped,
When William shot the apple;
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

—*Exchange.*

What Hans' idea of Heaven is
We don't know very well,
For when he looks up in the sky
He says, "*Der Himmel ist hell.*"

And when I questioned him,
He nearly had a fit.
"Ach! Uie!" said he,
"There's nothing wrong, *damit.*"

—Exchange

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

SPURGEON O. HAMRICK, Editor pro tem.

- '01. J. Y. Irwin is principal of Hollis High School.
- '02. Ben Stafford is teaching school at Oakway, S. C.
- '03. Thomas A. Allen is studying law in the Albany Law School.
- '06. Rev. D. Benton Hill is pastor of a flourishing church at Norfolk, Va.
- '01. C. N. Peeler is taking a course in medicine at Davidson Medical School.
- '02. J. P. McSwain is now superintendent of a big cotton mill near Spartanburg, S. C.
- '98. W. H. Houser is achieving great success in the medical profession at Cherryville, N. C.
- '73-'74. James L. Webb has been appointed Superior Court Judge for the Eleventh Judicial District.
- '77-'88. B. G. Kerr is connected with the American Cigar Company, with headquarters at Lynchburg, Va.
- '03. W. H. Pace, who was admitted to practice law last February, has his office with Womack & Hayes, Raleigh, N. C.
- '02. R. P. Walker is editor of the Atlantic Messenger, Albemarle, N. C. This is one of the best local Baptist papers found anywhere.
- '02. O. M. Mull is practicing law at Shelby, N. C. He has formed a partnership with E. Y. Webb. They already have a large and lucrative practice.
- The Wake Forest Alumni in the General Assembly gave a fine banquet in Raleigh recently. Professor Carlyle declared it the best he ever attended. Mr. Walter Cahoon is responsible for the occasion.
- '15. Rev. J. V. Devenny has been appointed financial agent for the purpose of securing funds for the building of the King's Mountain Association School. He is to be commended for such a cause, and it is hoped that the people will respond generously to his appeals.
- '02. Principal Moore, of Mars Hill, writes: "Every dollar of our \$2,000 has been secured. Six hundred dollars from the school, \$500 from Asheville First Church and \$1,000 in cash and notes, and no one hands for more than \$50. Many, entire strangers to me, sent contributions. Their letters are a treasure."—*Biblical Recorder*.

'83. One thing is certain: Whatever Rev. Thomas Dixon, writes is read. In the Bookman's list of the six best-selling works of February, "The Clansman" ranks second, "The Masquerader" taking precedence of it. It is a pleasure to learn "The Clansman" is selling so well. It will do our friends of the North good to read the book.—*Charlotte Observer*.

'92. Hon. E. Y. Webb, a representative in Congress from North Carolina, deserves credit for opposing a proposition which was offered in the House, to permit the saloons in Washington to remain open on Sunday, for the accommodation of visitors, who might remain in the city after the inauguration. Through the efforts of Mr. Webb, who protested "in the name of all that is good and true in Christian civilization, and in behalf of eighty million of people," the movement was not only defeated, but a counter proposition was adopted, which pledged both Houses of Congress in no way to indorse or sanction any resolution which would be interpreted as a declaration to the world that they were willing to reverse their determination to keep forever the Capital City of the greatest nation on earth of its hotels and saloons.—*York Gazette*.

Rev. C. J. D. Parker, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, sprung a surprise on his congregation yesterday morning by tendering his resignation. The resignation is to take effect in May, probably about the middle of the month.

Mr. Parker is going to Portsmouth to accept the call extended to him by the Fourth Street Baptist Church of that city. Recently Mr. Parker, who has been pastor here for seven years, was extended a call to Portsmouth and after a visit there he declined, saying that he would remain here. Since then the Virginia church sent a delegation here, two of the deacons coming, and such pressure was brought to bear that he finally decided to reconsider his former decision and accept the call. The deacons, it is understood, told him if he would come later that they would hold the pastorate of the church for six months, a year, or longer if necessary. He then decided to accept the call and leave here before June.—*Charlotte Observer*.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, Editor.

Miss Ruby Reid, of the B. U. W., visited her mother last month.

Miss Lizabel Dunn, of Norfolk, has been visiting relatives on the Hill.

Miss Maggie Turner spent a Saturday and Sunday at home last month.

Dr. G. W. Paschal spent a few days at his home in Siler City last month.

Mrs. N. Y. Gulley has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Clark, in Wilmington.

Mrs. John A. Wray, of Alexandria, Va., has been visiting her father, Prof. L. R. Mills.

Miss Nellie Martin spent a day or two in Raleigh last month, visiting Miss Maimie Thomas.

Mrs. W. D. Duke, of Richmond, Va., is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Taylor.

Mr. Williams, of Laurinburg, has taken charge of the prescription work in the new drug store.

Mr. Fred. Harris, of Raleigh, spent a few days last month with his mother, Mrs. M. F. Harris.

We are glad to say that Professor Eatman, who was sick for a few days last month, is well again.

Miss Emma Ralston, of Harrisonburg, Va., has taken charge of Dickson Bros.' millinery department.

Mrs. John Royall, of Newark, N. J., is visiting her husband's parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Royall.

The *Wake Forest Weekly* is a credit to the institution. Show your college spirit by subscribing to it, boys.

Mrs. C. M. Cooke, of Louisburg, is spending the spring with her sons, Dr. F. K. and Mr. Edwin Cooke.

Mr. C. Y. Holding, of New York, spent a few days on the Hill last month, visiting his sister, Mrs. Isaac Fort.

Quite a number of the boys attended the concert Monday night, March the twelfth, by the B. U. W. Glee Club.

Rev. S. F. Conrad, field editor of the *North Carolina Baptist*, was here for a day or two the first of last month.

Measles have—beg your pardon, has—been going the rounds of the college, and a dozen or more students have been its victims.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keener, of Lincolnton, and their son, Walter Ney, Jr., recently visited Mrs. Keener's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dunn.

Rev. Livingston Johnson, of Raleigh, spent a night on the Hill recently, with Professor Cullom. While here he lectured to the Yates Ministerial Class.

Miss Minnie Wingate, of Salt Lake City, who has been visiting relatives on the Hill for a few weeks, has gone to visit relatives in Raleigh, Atlanta and Kansas City. While here she made many friends, who hope she will come again before long.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dickson have been to Baltimore and Philadelphia, buying the spring stock for Dickson Bros. On their way they stopped at Washington to attend the inauguration. Miss Elva Dickson accompanied them to Philadelphia, returning to her duties as trained nurse.

Ever since Christmas the editors of *The Howler* have been working industriously on their respective departments. By March the fifteenth all the material was in the hands of the printer, and the book will be on sale by the fifth of May. It will be much larger and better than was the one last year, and every boy in college should get one.

As a result of the annual elections for Commencement Marshals, which took place on the first Saturday in March, the following gentlemen were chosen to represent the societies: From the Eu. Society, S. O. Hamrick, chief, Jesse Gardner, second, and L. B. Weathers, third; from the Phi. Society, C. A. Upchurch, chief, J. W. Vernon, second, and J. B. Rozier, third.

After a long illness, Mrs. W. B. Dunn died at her home here on Tuesday morning, March the seventh, and was buried the next afternoon at three o'clock. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Lynch. Mrs. Dunn was well known in the community, having lived in or near Wake Forest for the past fifty years, and her death was a source of grief to all who knew her. She leaves seven children, four girls and three boys.

The ball season has now well opened, and college spirit is running high these bright spring days. The first game of the season was played Tuesday afternoon, March the fourteenth, with Trinity Park School. The visitors played good ball, and kept the score tied, one to one, until the eleventh inning, when Richardson made the winning run for Wake Forest.

Edwards, our old stand-by in the box, is showing up in excellent shape. Turner, E., will again assist him in pitching this year. He bids fair to make a better pitcher this year than last, as he has developed much more

speed, and is getting better control over his balls. Couch, a new man, has given evidences of ability as twirler, and may pitch a few of the games. Hamrick, a new man, will wear the catcher's mask, and, though young, he has a cool head, and plays ball like a veteran. Holding will play first base, and his good playing and batting make him a valuable addition to the team. Second and short will be again played by Walker and Turner, J., both of whom are good players. Smith will play third base this year, and will also be captain of the team. His cool head and good judgment, together with his knowledge of the game, eminently fit him for this office. Left and center fields will be played by Richardson and Goodwyn, who were both members of last year's team, and than whom there are no better fielders in the State. Right field will be played by Turner, Edwards and Edwards. The utility man is Townsend. He is a new man, but is fast, hits well, and plays well both in the infield and outfield.

The grandstand has been almost entirely rebuilt, and the diamond has been worked on until it is in better shape than ever.

Mr. Crozier has had the boys at work ever since Christmas, at first in the Gymnasium, then, as soon as the weather would permit, on the grounds. Under his careful supervision they have improved steadily, both in fielding and batting. He says that he is confident that the team will be at least thirty per cent stronger than was the one last year, and he does not say things which he does not believe himself. All the indications are that he is correct in his opinion, so, boys, support the ball players all you can and let us have a winning team this year.

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MAY.

H. F. PAGE.

Long tangles of scented hedge
Blown by a waking breeze;
Soft foldure of bowing sedge
Fringing the clustered trees.

Faint glimmer of flowering thorn,
White in the dawn's dim glow;
For wind of an Elfin horn,
Down where the brook-foams flow.

Wild rustle of odorous wings
Up from the bosky stream;
Low tremulous whisperings
Born in the morn's first beam.

Slow-moving of woodbine screen,
Up on the dawn-touched hill;
Forms, kirtled in irised green,
Wine of the hyacinth spill.

Wide-wheeling, the airy crew
Range by the flower-strewn way—
Hush!—trips o'er the emerald dew,
Elfin Queen o' the May!

EDWARD FITZ GERALD—TRANSLATOR OF THE
RUBAIYAT.

The dedication of Tennyson's last poem, *Tiresias*, fraught with deep and peculiar interest. In some fifty or sixty lines the Poet Laureate has painted, as it were, a miniature of his life-long friend, Edward Fitz Gerald, which is so striking and so beautiful that it could hardly fail to create in one not well acquainted with "Old Fitz," as Tennyson affectionately called him, a burning desire to know more about the man. It is disappointing to note that Tennyson's lines were destined never to reach him to whom they were addressed; for, before they arrived, Fitz Gerald had quietly "crossed the bar." It was his death that called forth the passionate cry for immortality in the epilogue to *Tiresias*.

Fitz Gerald was born March 31, 1809, at Breadfield House, an old Jacobean mansion, near Woodbridge, Suffolk. He was the third son of John Purcell, who married Mary Frances Fitz Gerald; and upon the death of his grandfather in 1818, he took the name and arms of Fitz Gerald. When Edward was six years old, Mr. Purcell moved to France, lived at St. Germain's awhile, and then removed to Paris. Here the family occupied a house where Robespierre had once lived, and Fitz Gerald had for his drill-master one of Napoleon's Old Guard. Even at this early age he showed signs of the vivacious humor which was so characteristic of him all through after years; for, his father, in a letter to a friend, spoke of little Edward's keeping the whole family in good spirits by his unflinching fun and droll speeches.

In 1821 he was sent to King Edward the Sixth's School at Bury, St. Edmond's, and in 1826 he was entered

Trinity. While here he devoted a great deal of his time to music and drawing and poetry, rather neglecting his studies and caring little for university distinctions. Hence it was that, towards the last, he went through a period of suspense, during which he was apprehensive of not being able to take his degree at all. Among his school-fellows were the three Tennysons, W. B. Donns, J. M. Kemble, W. M. Thackeray, and W. H. Thompson, afterwards master of Trinity. These all remained his devoted friends to the last.

Euphranor, Fitz Gerald's first printed work, affords a curious picture of his academic life and associations, and it is easy to see in this little volume an attachment for his college which induced him in later life to make frequent visits to Cambridge. It was during these visits that he became intimate with E. B. Cowell, "a man of highest attainments in Oriental learning, who resembled Fitz Gerald himself in the possession of a warm and genial heart, and the most unobtrusive modesty." From Cowell he learned Persian, and became intensely interested in Persian poetry. Omar Khayyam exercised the most powerful influence over him; for that author, as some one has said, in his attitude towards religion, the old questions of fate, immortality, and the origin and destiny of man, admirably foreshadowed the views which we have since adopted. And indeed, of Omar Khayyam it is also said that his philosophical and Horatian fancies were graced by charms of lyrical expression equal to those of Horace, and by a vivid brilliance of imagination to which the Roman poet could lay no claim.

Fitz Gerald liked Omar so well that he asked his friend to put some of the Astronomer Poet's works into English; but Professor Cowell was either too busy, or else had not enough patience with Omar's infidelity to comply. Fi-

nally Fitz Gerald made some translations for himself, among them the *Rubaiyat*, which, although done more for amusement than for any other reason, gained for him immortality and gave to us one of the rarest productions in our language. The *Rubaiyat* does not compose a single poem divided into so many stanzas. Each stanza is simply a distinct thought expressed in musical verse. About the only element of unity in the poem is a general Epicurean idea running through it, and a sort of alphabetical arrangement of the quatrains. But Fitz Gerald's marvellous work was in the translating. He knew how to choose from the rather profuse original what was of real value; how to rejoin scattered phrases with surprisingly happy results; and how to turn into literal English that strange and outlandish imagery which other noted translators succeeded in transferring in a mechanical way merely into commonplace or hackneyed speech. Indeed, we do not regard Fitz Gerald's renderings as translations at all, but rather as English poems in the real spirit and with the true flavor of their prototypes. A few quatrains taken here and there from the *Rubaiyat* will at once show Fitz Gerald's power of expression and some of Omar's views of *life*:

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

"Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

"For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend,
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and . . . sans End!

"Alike for those who for To-day prepare
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There.'

"Why all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the two worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust."

Although the burden of Omar's song is, "Let us drink, for to-morrow we die!" Omar himself was no debauchee. A philosopher far in advance of his age and country, he was hated and dreaded by the Sufis, whose religion he ridiculed, and whose faith indeed was so clouded with mysticism that it might be doubted whether they had any faith. Fitz Gerald thinks that Omar pretended sensual pleasure as a serious purpose in life; that he bragged more on the "Juice of the Grape" than he drank it; and that whether the "Drink and make merry" is genuine or not—it is sad enough either way, but sadder perhaps to think that the old *Tentmaker*, after vainly endeavoring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny and to catch some authentic glimpse of To-morrow, fell back upon To-day as the only ground he got to stand on, however momentarily slipping from under his feet.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate
 And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
 But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was a Door to which I found no Key,
 There was a Veil through which I might not see:
 Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
 There was and then no more of THEE and ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
 Nor rolling Heaven with all his Signs reveal'd
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
 About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!
 A Hair perhaps divides the False and True
 And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
 Yes: and a single Alif were the clue—
 Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
 And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
 Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains,
 Taking all the shapes from Mah to Mahi; and
 They change and perish all—but He remains."

There is a beautiful reference to the *Rubaiyat*, as well as to the fact that Fitz Gerald was a vegetarian, in the dedication mentioned at the outset:

"Old Fitz, who from your suburb grange
 Where once I tarried for a while,
 Glance at the wheeling orb of change
 And greet it with a kindly smile;
 Whom yet I see as there you sit
 Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
 And watch your doves about you flit
 And plant on shoulder, hand and knee,
 Or your head their rosy feet,

As if they knew your diet spares
 Whatever moved in that full sheet
 Let down to Peter at his prayers.
 * * * * but none can say
 That Lenten fare makes Lenten thought
 Who reads your golden Eastern lay
 Than which I know no version done
 In English more divinely well;
 A planet equal to the sun
 Which cast it, that large infidel
 Your Omar; and your Omar drew
 Full-handed plaudits from our best
 In modern letters * * *"

The Omar Khayyam was published anonymously—Fitz Gerald having made the publisher a present of it on condition that his name should not appear as the translator's—and Ruskin, into whose hands a copy fell, was so greatly pleased that he addressed a letter in 1863 to "The Translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar." He entrusted the letter to a Mrs. Jones, who after an interval of ten years handed it to Mr. C. E. Norton, then Professor of the History of Fine Arts at Harvard University. Mr. Norton in turn sent the letter to Carlyle, who finally transmitted it to Fitz Gerald, at the same time himself writing: "Dear Fitz Gerald,—Mr. Norton, the writer of that note is a distinguished American, with whom I have had some walks, talks, dialogues, and other communications of late months:—in the course of which he brought to my knowledge, for the first time, your notable *Omar Khayyam*, and insisted on giving me a copy of the third edition, which I now possess and duly prize. From him, too, by careful cross-questioning, I identified beyond dispute the hidden 'Fitz Gerald,' the Translator:—and indeed found that his complete silence and unique modesty in regard to the said meritorious and successful performance was simply a feature of my own Edward F.!"

Fitz Gerald's genius as a translator did not confine itself to the Persian alone. He made translations from the Spanish—notably, six Dramas of Calderon; and from the Greek he gave us *Agamemnon: a Tragedy Taken From Aeschylus*,—also the two Oedipus dramas of Sophocles.

The letters of Fitz Gerald are among the best ever written, and it is fortunate that enough of them were preserved to allow our author to tell through them the story of his own life, in a more delightful way, perhaps than any one else could have told it. His secluded manner of living is probably responsible for the letters. These show that his early manhood was not over before his London friends began to die or move away from the great metropolis; he to care less and less for the place and to stick closer to his home near Woodbridge. Here he roved the woods and fields at will, or made short excursions of not more than two or three days at a time on his own yacht, taking with him occasionally a friend like Cowell, and always his books. He built a beautiful mansion, which he called his Little Grange,—and sometimes he signed himself "The Laird of Little Grange." But he soon gave this over to his nieces and fitted up a small cottage near by for himself, having only an old hired woman to look after the housekeeping. Dwelling thus apart from the rest of the world, he made frequent use of his pen and tablet—which were about the only means he had of talking to his friends. And his letters, like his conversation, were graceful, unaffected, and full of quiet humor. Carlyle in answer to one wrote, "Thanks for your friendly human letter, which gave us much entertainment in the reading (at breakfast the other day) and is still pleasant to think of. One gets so many human letters, ovine, bovine, porcive, etc., etc. I wish

you would write a little oftener; when the beneficent Daimon fail not to lend ear to him."

When Carlyle was writing his "Life of Cromwell," Fitz Gerald became the negotiator between him and Mr. Squire, who was in possession of some valuable papers that pertained to the great "Roundhead"; and their correspondence about these Squire papers reveals the intimate nature of their acquaintance,—as do also a number of letters exchanged about a monument which Carlyle wanted to set up on the Naseby Battle-ground, on the spot, he said, where the thickest of the fight took place. The field was then owned by Fitz Gerald's father, and Fitz Gerald, who happened to know every inch of it, when he saw that Carlyle had mistaken some of the landmarks, had chosen a place for the monument where there had been no fighting at all, told him of his mistake. But Carlyle would not believe that he had gone wrong; until Fitz Gerald succeeded at length in opening, in an altogether different locality, one of those huge graves above which, two hundred years before, men with jaws clenched in deadly rage, waded into the terrible carnage only to perish and have their mangled bodies covered where they fell with a few inches of bloody soil. For some reason the proposed monument was dropped until 1855, when the field was sold out of Fitz Gerald's family. Just at this time the lawyers advised Fitz Gerald that nothing could be done without the consent of the new owners, so the matter was dropped once more, this time for seventeen years. But in 1872 Carlyle brought it up again. Those who now owned the field, however, were not in sympathy with his plan, and refused to grant him permission to carry it out. When Fitz Gerald, who had again been the negotiator, wrote that there was no hope for the little monument, Carlyle began his letter of reply

thus: "Dear Fitz Gerald:—There is something at once pathetic and ridiculous and altogether miserable and contemptible in the fact that you at last announce your departure by one caprice and another of human folly, perpetuated by the general length of ear our poor little enterprising and definitely forbidden us."

In his latter years Fitz Gerald made the acquaintance of two prominent Americans—Chas. E. Norton and Russell Lowell. Between himself and these a strong friendship at once sprang up, and it is interesting to look in his letters to both, and to Mr. Norton especially, where he thought of some of our best authors. Hawthorne was admitted to be a man of true genius, but he said, he never could find an appetite for his books; Longfellow he loved; Emerson's *Representative Men* struck him as being scattered and disconnected; for Lowell's works he had the greatest admiration.

Fitz Gerald was on a visit to the Merton Rectory when at the age of seventy-five, he died suddenly, June 1883. He had felt for some time that the end was far off, having observed to a friend only a month before that, "We none of us get beyond seventy-five"; and in a letter to one of his nieces just sixteen days before he died, he wrote, "It seems strange to me to be so seemingly alert—certainly, alive amid such fatalities with young and stronger people. But even while I say so, the end may break and the suspended sword fall. If it will, but do at once and effectually!" That his wish was gratified may be seen in a lasting tribute paid him by Tennyson:

" * * * and laying flowers,
This wreath above his honor'd head,
And praying that, when I from hence
Shall fade with him into the unknown
My close of earth's experience
May prove as peaceful as his own."

ZEKE MAZEY ON WIVES.

A number of the boys were taking their post-prandial rest on the porch of the hotel, trying in vain to get comfort out of the hard benches, and spending their witticisms on the eccentricities of various members of their company. The conversation had at last come around to the inevitable topic, the one that is ever fresh and interesting to men, from the tyro with his first long trousers to the octogenarian. Of course I mean women. Just when Old Zeke Mazezy came out of the drug-store, rubbed his red face, rough with a straggling beard of two weeks growth, hitched his gallus up on his shoulder, took a seat on the steps and became an interested listener.

"Well, old man," said a self-important young sprig of the law who had just delivered himself of a monstrous speech on the management of wives, "what do you think of it?"

"What do I think?" replied Old Zeke. "Well, what you don't know about a woman would fill one of them better books you've got under yer arm."

There was a titter, and cries of "Good," "Good," while the discomfited reader of Coke placed a cigarette in his mouth, elevated it at an angle of forty-five degrees, and shifted himself back into his assumed dignity.

"Tell us something about 'em, Zeke." "I'll bet you know." "Go on!" and so forth came from several parties. Thus importuned, Zeke looked cautiously around, and

gan:
"Now, I don't object to tellin' ye, but Marier must not get on to it. You see it was this way. Before I married I thought I knowed as much about women as you others do. I had about a half-dozen sweethearts, and

used to see 'em all about once a week. I thought 'em all fooled. I used to talk mighty sweet to 'em, eat the 'lasses cake they made, and praise the purty hands that made it—and let every one of 'em abuse the rest and sorter chime in with them. So I reckoned that every girl thought I loved her the best and was going to marry her. I was just fool enough to believe they believed all I said. At last I run up with Marier. She had the prettiest black hair, rosy cheeks, and sparkling black eyes, and wouldn't stand a bit of foolishness. I just determined I'd manage her, even if I had to make her to do it—so I married her.

“Marier is a little woman. Now let me tell you, one thing. Don't you go to foolin' around these little women. They look just as sweet as pie, and so help and weak, till you feel just like you want to fold 'em up in yer arms and protect them from all the world. They don't need no protection. They can protect themselves. In a fair fight they can whip any two-hundred pound man, and their tongue is sharper than any edged sword. Marry a fat widow with six children, you'll be happy, but you'll have to walk a chalk line, ginger blue, if you get one of these little women to manage your household.

“Well, I married, as I said, and thought I'd marry Marier, but I kept puttin' it off. She picked out a place for us to live down on Mr. Abernethy's place, and showed me the kind of plows to buy, and when the horse needed shoein', and when she wanted 'taters planted, and how much corn to plant and how much cotton, and made me get up and build the fires, and draw the water, and made me keep wóod hauled up, and wouldn't let me slip off my work without plenty was cut, and had me to put in all my time at dinner when I meant to lie in the shade, at

the garden, or hoopin' tubs or mendin' her shoes, or smethin' of that kind. And all the time I was trying to think of some way to begin to manage her.

"One day I was down at town, and pretended that my both was hurtin' terrible and was ready to jump out. The Doctor gave me a 'scription for a quart of whiskey. I drank up good. I felt like I could step over that cambric wall every step, and I got it into my head now was the time to begin to manage Marier. It was too good. I got behind Old Hen and give a keen yell. I saw Mayor and peep out of that place where the purty gal stays, and a big policeman you boys call "Chief" started for me. At law, I knowed they couldn't catch me. I give another yell, jest as a banter, and all the store doors opened and the clerks came out to see. Even the depot agent over there poked his head out of the window. Every one of them had his blinkers fixed on me and that policeman. That made me proud. I was gettin' important. I took my whip, and I guess I 'sprised Old Hen, for he jumped the least calculation twenty feet the first jump, and came near jerking me out of my seat. It was plain as the nose on that feller's face over there that they had no chance against me and Old Hen. I give another yell to 'em know they was beat, and here we went down the road, bumpty-bump.

"Arter a while we sorter slowed up, and I took another big or two of whiskey. Oh, I tell you I felt good. It was so funny to think how I was going to get Marier under my thumb.

"So when I got home I didn't even take time to get Old Hen out of the shafts, but left him standin' there at the gate and went to let Marier know what I meant to do. I run in where she was up to her elbows in corn trough for supper and begun :

“Now, you look here, Marier, you’ve managed this here long enough. I am your lawful lord and maner, and you promised to honor and obey. I ain’t going to build any more fires, I ain’t goin’ to draw water”—

“Marier was so ’sprised that she just held up her hands at first and didn’t say a word. And I was going on to say a great deal more, but just then I got deathly sick sicker than I ever was afore or since, and I got down on my elbows and began to vomit. I just thought that I’d throw up the tacks out of my shoe heels. I don’t know what else happened. I kinder recollect Marier’s screaming out, and the children cryin’ and Marier gettin’ into bed.

“I had a dream. I thought I was in hell—wrapped in a shroud, and that Old Scratch was standin’ over me with a cat-o’-nine-tails, whippin’ me. Then two devils swung me out and I began to fall. I went down, down, and kept going down, about a hundred years. At last I was hit and waked up—and shore enough it was just as I dreamed. There I was with a sheet all around me. Then the whippin’ begun again. I could hardly move—I could wriggle around like one of these things with no head you find under old logs in the Spring. The switch was being laid on with a vim. I was thinkin’ of all them things the preachers say about what is going to come on the wicked, and I began to pray. I’ll tell you I made some mighty big promises just then.

“‘You make them promises to me.’ That was Marier’s voice, and I never felt so happy in all my life. Even when I was in hell, I knowed it was all right, for Marier was goin’ to manage things wherever she was.

“Marier kept on, ‘Yes, you are a purty thing, ain’t you? Go to town, and come home drunk, and come tellin’

what you are not goin' to do. You are not goin' to get drunk any more—that's one thing you are not goin' to do. Oh, you needn't try to kick and wriggle, you've got this whippin' to take. You are sewed up in a new sheet made of the best double-A narred homespun, and you can't get out. Yes, I'll show you how to come home and insult your wife, who you promised to love, honor, cherish and protect. You'll be sober before you get out of that, and will promise me you'll never touch another 'drop of whiskey.'

"Marier kept on talking and the whip kept on goin'. I made promise after promise, but I thought the lambastin' would go on forever. I was just sore all over and all around. I kept tumbling around now on my face, now on my back, now on one side, now on the other, and it seemed all the time the place Marier was hittin' was the worst place on my body. I reckon it never would have stopped, but little Mary come runnin' in, bless her sweet pictur; and hearing me callin', begun to cry. Then Marier quit and ripped me out. She got some hot water and made me wash up, and got me some clean clothes to put on.

"After I was clothed and in my right mind, bless my soul, if Marier didn't come in and put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and rub the hair smooth on my head and hold me by the chin, and call me her sweet husband, and say that she was sorry she had to hurt me, and that the balance of our life should be the happiest, till I just felt good all over. Well, Marier was right. We have been happy ever since. She kinder manages things. We have bought the whole Abernethy place—but sh-sh-sh-sh, boys, yonder Marier comes out of that store and I must hitch up."

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

A. C. HAMBY.

Fair on a hill where the breezes blow,
Where the spreading elms their shadows throw,
Stands a humble cot built long ago—
Home of my Queen—Maud Vivian.

Up by its side some fig trees grew,
Purpling their fruits in the autumn dew,
And between the leaves a face peered through—
Face of my Queen—Maud Vivian.

And oft in dreams that face I see,
Mid clustered flower vases three,
Who sent those dreams, if 'twere not thee—
The Queen of Hearts—Maud Vivian.

That form so slight, that face so fair,
That nature sweet, so debonair,
Has stolen my heart; but instead I share
The heart of my Queen—Maud Vivian.

In form so frail, in life so gay!
So much of Christ in human clay!
To every heart she wins her way—
My Love, my Queen—Maud Vivian.

Perchance she'll go across the bar
Before I do. Then gleams from far
Shall light her face—no shadows mar
That Christ-like Soul—Maud Vivian.

And when I reach that love-bound shore,
With eager eye and bending oar,
I'll know her there as here of yore—
Heart of my Soul—Maud Vivian.

"A PLEA FOR LATIN AND GREEK."

D'ARDINGTON.

There is always somebody who complains of the best in anything, and so I have thought that he who is continually asking, "Why study Latin and Greek?" merely shows his lack of appreciation for the best in the education one may acquire to-day. So often we meet people who deprecate these two main-stays to a good, sound education. On every hand you may hear people saying it is useless to spend so much time in the study of dead languages. Stirred up to a defense, I feel that we can vindicate our stand that these two studies in themselves, if studied well and thoroughly, do as much for a student as any other two studies he may take.

But why this continual complaint? Why this incessant questioning if there is nothing in it? One could soon show that those who question the value of Latin and Greek are generally among those who fail to study the subjects under consideration. We have observed that those who complain most are those who know least of the subjects. It is perfectly natural for people who have failed to study the subjects to be on the defensive when they hear of the great advantages in studying such languages. And in many cases such assertions, detracting from the general consensus of opinion, come from persons as an excuse for not having mastered the principles of Latin and Greek. Having considered the class of people who fail to appreciate the value of our subject, it is necessary to give some reasons why Latin and Greek are very beneficial to those who study carefully those languages.

The student of Latin and Greek acquires a more perfect knowledge of English grammar by having various rules of the English made clear by means of the different forms in the Latin and Greek work. Many people fail to understand the grammar of their own language as they should. This is probably because they simply memorize the many rules. For example, a child learns that the subject of a sentence is in the nominative case, but hardly ever sees into this simple rule as clearly as he should. He perhaps sees in the same sentence some other word, probably the object, and can hardly see the difference and understand the rule so well as when a little later he sees in the Latin and Greek a certain form for the nominative case and still another for the objective case. When the beginner sees this distinction so clearly put he at once sees the significance of the rule in English. "The subject is always in the nominative case, and the direct object in the objective case."

Moreover, other obscure things in English grammar are made clear when one studies even so little as just the grammar of the Greek and Latin languages. In long sentences in English the beginner finds so much difficulty in seeing the various agreements and how one clause is dependent on another, etc.,—but in the Latin and Greek when a relative clause is introduced, it is made plain by the form of the word to what other word the relative refers, and so, after some training in Latin and Greek, one learns to see at once the various little difficulties in English, and can see through tangled and obscure sentences so much more easily. Having been compelled to pay close attention to the various agreements between the forms in the Latin and Greek, the student has acquired an ability to see various little connections in the English without much difficulty. Thus, when he comes

to read authors who write long sentences with many subordinate clauses long drawn out, he can read with pleasure and appreciation the best works of the best writers. Of course one by practice may learn a deal of English without Latin and Greek, but certainly he can learn more of his own language after he has diligently studied the various little difficulties of the Latin and Greek which explain many constructions in the English. We have never heard any one who has studied Latin and Greek until he could fully appreciate their value, say, in after years, that he had derived no benefit from the time he had spent in their study. A person would be well repaid if he should take these two studies merely to acquire a more perfect knowledge of English in a short period.

Moreover, after we admit the great benefit of Latin and Greek to a young student in English grammar, it can easily be shown that the best and one of the easiest ways to acquire a correct and impressive style is by a careful study of these subjects. The exact construction leads one to notice in his own writing the exact relation of the parts of the sentence and the exact modification of the phrases and clauses he may use. He has to associate the words in the language by their agreement in case, etc., and soon learns the relation of the various parts. When a student depends entirely upon English authors for his style it takes much longer to get the exact and polished style of a good writer than when one has had some training in the Latin and Greek. But some may complain of this and say one can soon, by following the English authors, become a good writer. True, he may do that; but then one may easily see that he fails to cope with the writer who has had a thorough training in Latin and Greek.

And why does the study help an author? Because in the study of Latin and Greek the writer gets various distinctions in the meanings of English words derived from those languages. The writer gets a vocabulary that otherwise he can never acquire, for a large number of our English words are derived from the Greek and Latin. Thus when one learns the etymology of a word and exactly what it means from the original form, he can use it so much more exactly and effectually in his writing. The careful study of Latin and Greek gives the writer the exact distinctions between synonymous words. Therefore, it stands to reason that a writer knowing these things can write more perfectly than one little acquainted with these languages. It is true that it takes a very good knowledge of the subjects to be materially benefited in the style of writing, but even a slight knowledge will enable the writer to learn to look up the various meanings of words derived from these two subjects. So it seems to me that a person who wants to be an author of some note would be justified in studying these two languages, if only to broaden his vocabulary and help him to see more clearly the various little distinctions in thought.

The world as a whole owes more to the great philosophers of Greece and to the law-givers of Rome than to any other set of people who have ever lived. Now if they have done so much for us, what can be more interesting than to study their thoughts as they were thought out in their mother tongue. Especially in Greek, where the least little word has such a significant meaning and polishes up the sentence so that it presents itself as a beautiful masterpiece of style. In Latin and Greek, though more noticeable in Greek, the student finds so often some idea that is hard to express in English, some thought that to put in English would mar its beauty.

and to the good student of this language what a pleasure it should be to take up a treatise by Plato or Socrates and get the beautiful thoughts of those wonderful Greeks in their mother tongue. Nothing should be so delightful as to see the thoughts in the original which are hardly possible of translation, to feel that you are coming to the point where you can commune with the minds of those men who have wrought such wonders for modern civilization. And how fine it is to have such an opportunity! How insignificant the years of hard study in such languages when we think of the rich fruit one would pluck afterwards when he can commune mind with mind with those heroes in literature, when he can think in the language he has so well mastered. How many beauties in thought some of their masterpieces must express which he who never devotes any time to their study fails to see!

But some one may say, "You can buy translations." To whom I should reply that no translation can get the reader aroused to the beauty of style and the arrangement of the Greek and Latin words so well as the original itself. To take Homer and read the metre correctly, to see its beauties of construction, and then to work out for yourself the meaning is an experience every person should be proud of, for as he does this he begins to see more and more into the thought rather than into the mere words themselves as given in a translation. So I may say also as to this point that were it only to see the beautiful arrangement, to feel the thought of the author, to read the works of the greatest men in the world, that would amply vindicate the careful study of these beautiful languages for years.

In addition to the above reasons for the diligent study of Latin and Greek one may add the indecision of most young men as to their future career as one great reason

why every one should study those languages. Why? Because if the young man should enter medicine he would have a very great need of the many Latin and Greek words used in that profession; and should he take up law, still he will have a very great demand brought to bear upon him to know the many little Latin phrases in that kind of life. As the sciences become more and more popular to-day, more and more of the young men are going to give their whole lives to that kind of work. Now suppose the boy goes through college undecided as to what he shall do, as most boys do, and while he is in college suppose he should neglect the study of Latin and Greek. Then should he decide to enter a scientific line of work he would have the great difficulty of studying Latin and Greek after he is through college. This would of course, take a great deal of time, thereby causing much delay in acquiring a profession, a consumption of energy that should have been used during college life. But on the other hand, should every young man who enters college take a few years study in Latin and Greek, he of course would be ready to enter any profession with little difficulty.

Having given just a few of the many reasons why every student should spend some time in the study of Latin and Greek, let me urge every student here to see to it that he take up at least one of these subjects for careful study. All A.B. students are required to take some Latin, and let me urge that you make the most of your opportunity to master that language as best you can in a few years study. Nor would I close without pleading with you to study some Greek during your college course. The various little distinctions in construction, the beauties in thought, the superb style of the best writers, all tend to fill one with enthusiasm, and help one to appreciate the best in literature.

THE LAST TRACES OF THE CHEROKEES.

BUPORD F. WILLIAMS.

It was many, many moons ago. The sun, as he cast the last rays down upon a beautiful valley of Western North Carolina, seemed to linger upon the tops of the tall pines, as if reluctant to miss the events that were to take place that night. Which should dominate these pleasant hills and fair valleys, the red man with his savagery, or the white man with his laws and religion? That night must the Cherokee Indians decide whether they would contest further the encroachment of the whites on their hunting grounds or whether they would yield and move further into the west.

As the night shadows began to fall, the camp-fires of the Cherokees could be seen shimmering through the forest, throwing their long arms between the dusky figures sitting around on the big smooth rock, and reaching their fingers out among the trees beyond. It was a melancholy group that sat around the camp-fires that night. Each wrapped close in his blanket, looked straight into the fire and spoke not a word.

A right inherited from their forefathers had been lost. For many moons this famous rock (The Big Rock may still be seen near one of our western towns) had been the camping place of the Cherokees. A legend among them said it had been given to their ancestors long ago by the Great Spirit, and in the centre was the sacred spot scooped out in the solid rock.

But that day a great battle had been fought with the white men. Many braves had been killed. Now the wise men were in the council tent, debating whether they should leave behind their long-held camp and move toward the setting sun.

Suddenly a murmur arose from the braves around the fire. The council had come to an end. The chiefs, followed by the old men, were coming from the tent. Slowly they made their way to the sacred pot in the centre of the big rock, their place of sacrifice, around which they formed a circle.

They had decided that the Great Spirit was angry with them, and to appease his wrath and get his aid they must offer a human sacrifice. When the news had been learned throughout the camp, all the braves, squaws and children gathered around the band of wise men.

The chief gave orders for a big fire to be built around the pot. Soon a dozen or more of the leading warriors had collected a lot of dry wood. The object of sacrifice was an Indian who had been friendly to the whites in the days of battle, but had been captured. He was brought forward, and each member of the tribe touched him, muttering at the same time words to the Great Spirit. The victim was then placed in the pot. The chief approached, muttering also, and applied the torch. As the flames reached higher and higher the circle widened. With hands folded behind their heads they began moving round and round the pot, muttering at the same time their sacred chants, until the victim was burned into ashes.

Then the ghostly procession stopped, and the band of sages, with their chief at its head, took the ashes of the late victim and marched slowly from amidst the crowd again to the council tent. Here, after a long discussion it was decided that if the wrath of the Great Spirit had been appeased they would see some signs on the highest part of the rock. With torches in their hands, the sages, headed by their chief, came again out of the tent.

looking for a sign from the Great Spirit. After a long and careful search, the chief saw the prints of a warrior's, a squaw's and a child's foot pointing to the west clearly outlined in the rock.

Once more this sage body of warriors marched into the council tent, and after a stay of a short while it was decided not to fight again on to-morrow, but to do as the Great Spirit advised and move to the west.

Long before the rising of the sun the camp which so long had been pitched on the big rock was broken up and the whole tribe of the Cherokees moved westward.

As the sun rose the next day, throwing its bright rays into the same valley, it was not met by the war-cry of the Cherokees as on the day previous.

Although the Cherokees are no more, yet there still remains as a living monument to this once great race the holy pot and the foot-prints pointing to the west.

SOME OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

They are not always the faces of those whom we call great, and yet there is not one of those that look from the past at me to-night that does not represent a character that has achieved something in this poor little world. Some have entered within those sacred portals reserved for those whom all men delight to honor.

To linger over memories of past days and to see again with the mind's eye the old faces has ever been a potent charm for me, and I trust I may be absolved from any accusation of egotism, if I tell how I looked into the faces of some whom I have known and of some whom I have only seen, and how I have heard some words from their lips.

When I was yet a college student, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge delivered one of his characteristic addresses on one of the commencement occasions. Great was the eagerness of all us boys to hear the celebrated lecturer and I can well remember my feelings of suspense as he walked up the aisle of the crowded chapel, leaning on the arm of our Professor of Greek, the handsomest of men. In contrast with the latter Dr. Talmadge appeared to my juvenile eyes as about the homeliest of human kind. There was a broad expanse of face, fringed on either side with sandy-red side-whiskers. His voice was of a peculiarly metallic tone, though not unpleasant, and his capacity for grimace was unsurpassed, every amusing movement being accompanied by the corresponding facial contortion. What impressed me most was the extraordinary size of his mouth; at certain times it appeared to me that an ordinary saucer could have easily been projected therein, and I really believe that I was in fear

the whole audience would precipitate itself into it as into some vast cavern. Yes, the good Doctor was most fascinatingly ugly, and his lecture was most fascinatingly funny, and in my boyish merriment I laughed enough to make up for all the dry commencement addresses of later days.

When I entered the Johns Hopkins there were two men whom I dreaded especially to look upon—my future masters in English and German. With fear and trembling I knocked at the sanctum of Dr. Bright, whose fame as an English philologist had long been known to me. A short and quick "Come in" answered my knock, and I found myself in the presence of one who I frankly confess disappointed me. A middle-sized figure with nervous movements, a face plain, undeniably plain, a short and obstinate nose, a heavy and yellowish moustache completely covering a mouth which was rarely seen, deep furrows around the cheeks, marks of arduous, patient and unremitting toil. The only relieving feature was a pair of magnificent eyes, resplendent with the light of a brilliant intellect and indicative also of absolute fearlessness, candor and truthfulness. The subtleties of pretense, affectation and hypocrisy would find no lodging-place for a moment in his nature, and during the intimacy of three years I came to honor him not only for the wonderful depth of his knowledge, but also for the frankness, bluntness and child-like simplicity of his character, and his unswerving devotion to truth, which was sublime.

"Well, sir, what corse (so pronounced) do you propose to take?" spoken in a sharp, aggressive tone, was the first question directed to me by Dr. Henry Wood, as he wheeled rapidly around in his desk-chair. I looked

into a face very formidable to a new student,—a thick covering of raven-black hair, bright eyes behind very age-looking spectacles, a bold nose, and a luxuriant beard, long and professional. And yet when the freshness of first acquaintance wore away, the faithful students found Dr. Wood to be the kindest and most sympathetic of men. His delightful home was the frequent resort of his seminarians, and there we found everything thoroughly German from the pretty servant girl who answered the bell to the mistress of the house, who, it was vaguely rumored, had been formerly a governess in the palace of the German Emperor. Dr. Wood was well known to commence his course on Gothic philology without alluding triumphantly to the fact that Professor Muellenhof, of Leipzig, would always on a similar occasion assign the whole of Braune's *Gotische Grammatik* for one lesson. However free and unconstrained might be the relation of professor and student at other times, during the lecture hour there must be the strictest decorum shown, and the most rigid laws of etiquette observed. "You must know that you are to respect my position if not my person," was one of the many rebuffs hurled at a refractory student. Of all things that Dr. Wood's soul hated worst, was tardiness in attendance. Many a time did he pour forth the vials of his wrath upon some chronic offenders, and on one occasion there was almost a personal encounter for this reason. The lecture effort had its desired effect, and the next day every seat was promptly filled, but Dr. Wood did not appear; and it was a sight to make the angels weep to see the looks of sorrow and reproach that rested on the faces of the students as the Professor dashed in, puffing and blowing, *minutes late*.

I am ashamed to say that I attended only one lecture of the celebrated Dr. Rowland, whose recent death has been mourned by the whole world of science. By the invitation of a member of his seminary, I entered one morning the small lecture-room and seated myself with a dozen or more men who composed the class. The lecture-bell rang, but no lecturer appeared. There seemed to be no surprise, neither was it certain, said one man, that there would be a lecture that morning. Presently a servant came in and asked that the Professor be excused for a few minutes, as he was busy with an experiment in his laboratory. We waited in patience, and at last a quick step was heard outside, the door opened and closed with a quick jerk, and Dr. Rowland appeared, the great experimenter just out of his workshop, his hands still soiled with the handling of batteries, that magnificent forehead of his wrinkled and clouded with a problem still unsolved and worried with the interruption of a perfunctory lecture. With a stiff gait he walked to his desk and desired to know of his class what was the subject of the lecture for that morning. An expression of gratitude came from his lips as he heard that it was the treatment of alloys, and for an hour he talked in an off-hand manner, very entertainingly but with very little coherence. His mind was evidently not on the subject of the lecture, but on the unfinished experiment; he had even forgotten where the United States Mint was, and seemed pleased to learn that it was in the neighboring city of Philadelphia. Possibly a dozen times his watch was in his hand to see how time was passing, and as soon as the electric signal for closing was sounded he dashed out of the door, and before any man had left the room he was doubtless back at work among his loved galvanos and spectrum gratings.

I began this paper hoping to tell of Professor [unclear] whose coming to this country to deliver a course of lectures on Greek Literature was hailed with delight by all of us who loved the language of Hellas and who had been struck by the charm of his *Attic Orators*, a man whose bodily presence was weak, stoop-shouldered, almost hump-backed, lame of one limb, awkward in pose and gesture, monotonous in speech, but whose words were words of beauty and wisdom, and whose face glowed with that intellectual refinement that characterizes the best of English scholars; of Professor Gildersleeve, the halcyon Zeus, whose presence always inspired me with reverence and awe, but whose courtesy and kindness towards me in the close of my university life I shall never forget; of the handsome and urbane Adams, whose enthusiasm for historical study infused itself into every man who came in contact with him (even the Second Minors), and whose premature death is sincerely mourned by them all; of that thorough product of the English university, Professor Emmott, whose lectures and examinations on some of English History were the terror and distress of my student days, to such an extent that I felt even a little pleasure in the explosion of a cannon cracker under my desk, which incident shattered his nerves and disgusted him with the American student.

But my measure is already filled to overflowing, and I protest against excessive length. It may be that the reader will find little to interest him either in the personal or in the stories. Never mind, I have my own pleasure as I look back in my waking and in my sleeping hours at these old familiar faces.

THE SCULPTOR—A MONOLOGUE.

CHARLES PRESTON WEAVER.

Look!

The chisel, how it slides!
Like a cold blade in the side.
Will she be a weeping bride,
Or a Næid, with her hair
Falling o'er her shoulders bare?
Ask the sculptor; ah, he knows;
Watch the wonder as it grows
From the glistening, graceful toes
To the teeth in shining rows.
Ask the sculptor; for he knows.

What's the trick, thou silent man?
That pale beauty from thy hand
Glistens in the burnished sand
Sweeping grim old earth aside,
Opes the doors of heaven wide?

The twilight deepens; up then looms
The gray-walled convent like a tomb;
In black stoles the sisters tread,
Sable-suited like the dead,
Lighted candles o'er their head,
Silent bow; their beads are said,
Then again the sober tread.
Behind the altar peels the choir,
The angels touch their magic lyre.
The prayers ascend like incense-fire.

Ah, sculptor, is this what you see?
Is this the world you meant should be?
Is this the secret thou hast read?
The silent sculptor bowed his head.

"WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT."

H. F. PAGE.

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause."

"In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!"

—Timrod

It is a perfect May afternoon. We are in full view of the little grove that surrounds the cemetery in which the soldiers who fell in the Battle of Aversboro are interred. As we near the low iron gate opening toward the road, upon it we read the inscription, "Chicora." The student of history will remember that this is an old name applied to the coast of what is now Georgia and South Carolina during the days of discovery and colonization; its being inscribed here indicating that the soldiers who fell in this battle were from those States.

The occasion of our visit to this historic ground is Memorial Day. Already from the surrounding countryside a few people have gathered, and are scattered here and there in chance groups under the inviting shade of the spreading oaks.

To the north edge of the grove a gray-haired Scotch veteran is pointing out the traces of the old battle-line to a gradually increasing circle of listeners. Soon we are among the rest, intensely absorbed in the old man's quaint rehearsal of the experiences of those stormy days in which men's souls were severely tried.

We discover only one well-defined line of breast-works running through the grove. This we follow to the north-west corner. Here the central battery was located, and a little further on, the colors. Out of the partially-filled trenches, once crimson with the blood of the fallen hero, a luxuriant cluster of wild roses grows, just now bursting into full, rich bloom, its fragrant wreathes clinging about the frail form of a dwarf willow tree.—What a touching symbol of the Old South and the New!

Here we pause. The line can not be traced any farther. The spear has become a pruning hook, and the ploughshare has razed to the earth the battlements of armies. Farther on only a wide stretch of farm lands meets our eye. But out beyond the fields, where the majestic Southern pine yet remains undisturbed in its primal beauty, our veteran guide will tell us is another fragment of fortifications—the extreme right wing of the Southern army's last position before the field was deserted. Why have not these fortifications been preserved unbroken, inviolate—sacred memorials of the deeds of Southern valor? This is a question for our State to answer.

By this time all the pathways leading up to the cemetery gate are filled with groups of matrons and maidens laden with floral offerings—love's last tribute to the fallen brave. First, the little weather-stained marble shaft in the center is garlanded till only a fragment of the inscription,

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

is visible between the garnishing festoons. Then comes the loveliest scene—Southern beauty bending above the graves and tenderly wreathing the tribute of a deathless devotion in memory of Southern heroism!

Note the contrast. Here where the air once reeked with the fetid fumes of battle, now it is rich with the fragrance of flowers. Where once the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry clashed in deafening dissonance, now the low rhythm of subdued voices blending with the slow dirge movement rendered by the near-by orchestra.

The work of placing the flowers at length is completed. The music dies into a low wail—then ceases. The assembly begins to drift toward the roughly-improvised stand in the shadier part of the grove. The speaker of the occasion now appears—a silver-haired veteran of the Army of Virginia. Soon the record of Southern gallantry, courage and heroism grows luminous under the touch of eloquence.

A plea is made for the Southern interpretation of the old Constitution. Then the long struggle and varying fortunes of the Confederacy are rapidly surveyed from Manassas to Gettysburg.

The horrors of Sherman's march to the sea and through the Carolinas are vividly portrayed, closing with a graphic picture of Hood's shattered and demoralized army, saved by Johnson, who gathered the fragments together and stayed the Blue wave at Averasboro and Bentonville.

The noble sacrifices made by the women of the South are duly noted. And lastly a climactic plea is made for the recognition of a stronger bond in the nation sealed by the blood of both sides, and the adaptation of the South to the changed order of things. There is a New South, a New North, a New Union. To preserve and perfect these the memory of bitterness must be forgotten, the spirit of brotherhood must be cherished by all.

Thus closes the speaker. The stirring notes of Dixie ring out from the orchestra, greeted with successive

cheers, led by the veterans present. Then as one national air follows another, the crowd breaks and gradually melts away in the various directions from which it had assembled. At our request the genial Scotch veteran kindly consents to take us to other interesting places.

ON THE FIELD.

Crossing the farm, we come to the pines mentioned above. Here we easily make out the line of fortifications reaching on through the woods to a deep ravine which comes up from the Cape Fear. This, as stated before, is the extreme right of the Confederate position. Near the close of the battle, an attempt was made to flank this, but failed.

Turning thence, our guide takes us back across a little brook to the best preserved line now on the field. It extends east of the cemetery nearly half a mile, and at places is four feet high. But even here the axe has rudely intruded. The trees have been felled on half the line, and unless soon arrested the plow will also level it to the earth. Fronting this line we trace another series of embankments evidently constructed to strengthen the left wing. Following this, we find ourselves entering a grove in which the neighborhood church and district school-house are located. How changed!—here where for one terrible day the stern pæan of war rent the air, and the horror and carnage of battle raged in its fury, now the holy Sabbath calm is broken only by the sacred melody of praise to the Prince of Peace, and at other times by the merry laughter of school children. Traversing the grove, we find the breastworks again obliterated by the intrusion of the axe and plow. Here a farmer, long resident in the vicinity, will point out a certain spot and tell us how, twenty years after the

war, while doing deep Spring plowing, he exhumed the bones of a fallen soldier—the bullet that struck him in battle being in the skull. And still the ploughman yearly traverses the spot as he does other common ground. Even as we pause here, on the opposite side of the field a sun-burned rustic lad goes whistling along the freshly turned furrow, glancing now and then for fragments of canister, bullets and other relics of the struggle. Should it be thus? Somehow we can but think that it is not an over-wrought sentiment that resents such desecration. Should not the State have taken steps to prevent this treatment of a Southern battle-field, hallowed by the blood of our Confederate dead? It could have been done by purchasing the field and thus making it State property.

Then we pass on, noting other places of interest, till we reach

THE OLD FERRY.

This is located at the confluence of the Cape Fear and Lower Little River, and tradition relates that in pre-colonial times it was regularly used by the Indians on their hunting expeditions. When the Scotch settlers came they made it the principal ferry above Cross Creek. Such it remained till the recent erection of bridges at other points has left only a few chance travelers who take crossing in the worn, moss-covered ferry-boats. These we find swinging idly in the ceaseless eddyings of the two blending river currents. Fortunately the old ferryman, "Uncle Bill," is on hand, and at once, recognizing the purpose of our visit, drifts into conversation giving us the traditions of the place in that peculiar interesting way known only to the old-time Southern darkey:

"Yessuh, boss, I knows dis ribber an' dem times jes' lak ye knows yo' book, dat I does.

"Lemme see—it wuz in de evenin', on de day aftuh de fight, Massa sen' me an' Brer Aben down heah to see wuz any uv de boats lef'. We 'spose de Yankees wuz 'bout all gone. But time we gits down heah looking fuh de boats, we heah some guns way cross de ribber wheah de road comes down to de watah."

"'Heah dat?' say Brer Aben.

"'Yes, Brer Aben,' says I, 'what mus' we do? Peers de fight's 'ginin' ovuh agin.'

"'Sho it does,' he 'low. An' about dat time we sees some Yankees come runnin' down de hill. Dey didn't stop to holluh fuh any boats, lak folks genally does at dis ferry, sho dey didn't. Co-plung inter de watah dey jumped, twenty or thirty uv um, swimmin' right todes dis side. Den we heah some hosses. An' dey wuz a-comin' sho's you bawn. Nevuh heard such gallopin' 'fo' nuh since. Now dey comes in sight an' 'gin shootin' at dem Yankees in de ribber.

"No stayin' deah fuh us. We jes' boun' ter run. Arter dat some uh dem men wuz foun' floatin' up down deah on dem rocks ye see at de falls—daid!"

"It was a squad of Wheeler's cavalry," our Scotch friend suggests. "They hung continually along Sherman's flank and rear; and when opportunity afforded, made sudden dashes against detached foraging parties."

As we ascend from the water-side a line of fortifications is pointed out to us running along the brow of the bank, also the stations of the battery placed here to sweep the crossing. This was the extreme left of the Southern army's first position on the morning the fight began.

It was expected that a part of Sherman's infantry

would come up the west bank of the river and attempt a flank movement here, but this did not occur.

Meantime an old Scotch burial ground, recognized by the ghostly glimmer of marble through the elm trees, adds another sombre aspect to the place.* In our round, the old ferryman has taken occasion to tell of several who were drowned in attempting to cross the river during high water. He points out the remains of the old ferry house, long ago deserted and now fallen into ruins and hints of spectres seen to rise in the river mists on moonlight nights and pass out over the ruins toward the tomb-stones on the hill.

As we turn to leave, the long mellow rays of the low sun pour through the tall ash and beech trees. A flight of twittering swallows which, all the time of our stay, have filled the river with the whir of rushing wings, takes now a last dip in the shadowed stream, and ascending in a long irregular spiral, disappears—a shower of fading ebon specks in a sky of gold. A soft, dreamy sunset breeze floats to us from the long dark line of trees fringing the river bank. The deep roar of the near-by rapids grows fainter and fainter in the distance as we trace the old battle line eastward from the river. Finally it dies into the mere dream of a sound, and we find ourselves nearing

THE OLD SMITH MANSE.

Calmly reposeful, it rises before us, deeply embowered in a grove of aged oak and elm. The last mellow rays of the setting sun fall gently on its gray walls and dimly stained windows. At the beginning of the engagement it stood directly between the Northern and the Southern front. A nearer view reveals to us rents of grape and shrapnel made by shots from both armies. On entering

we find it a spacious structure, built on the old colonial style. The ground floor consists of one large cellar, cut into various windings by huge pillars and partitions. Leaving this we pass to the second floor, then the third, and finally the garret is reached. Here we pause awhile, listening to our Scotch friend rehearse the traditions of the place, till the coming dusk begins to creep down upon the eastern hills. Retracing our steps, we are again on the second floor. Here, after the battle, were brought the wounded soldiers of both armies. As we think of this and look upon battle-scarred walls, fast growing dim in the sombre twilight shades, over us creeps an inexplicable feeling of awe. Intrusive imaginings steal into our thoughts, revealing pale, mangled forms lying side by side, wrapped in Blue and Gray—all alike awaiting the gracious ministry of that sympathy which loses the power of discrimination in the presence of helpless human need. We even seem to hear the last prayer, the last quick breath followed by the hush of death, and see the shrouded pall pass from the room bearing the soldier to his long rest.

Then a whiff of wind moves the blinds at the window. From the fading west a soft glow of light pours in through the blurred glasses, and falls on the high-arched mantle above the spacious fire-place.

Our reverie broken, with subdued step we turn for the door. Descending the long flight of steps leading down into the front yard, we pass the gate in silence—thinking—thinking! Gone is the old-time culture and affluence of antebellum days. Gone is that unsurpassed hospitality and refinement typical of the Old South. The grove, the orchards, the out-buildings, bear the unmistakable evidences of neglect and decay. Instead of the large slave-holding planter with his broad tilled acres,

a single tenant now keeps the place, while much of the original plantation has become pine lands. One lone cabin stands in the corner of the grove, but no rhythmic twang of the banjo or sound of heavy, shuffling feet is heard. As we pass down the long lane, one by one the gray outlines of the old manse melt away—lost in the common gloom. Above the tall grove trees, the stars are beginning to appear. After all, we inwardly question, are not they the only feature of the scene that has remained unchanged with the years?

DEPARTURE.

Once more we are on the old Raleigh and Fayetteville stage road, going back toward the cemetery. This gives us opportunity to note successively the three positions occupied at different stages of the fight,—the first extending across the northern border of the plantation, the second on a ridge a half mile farther on, and finally the one first described.

As the shades deepen, we hasten up the road, saying little but musing much. Occasionally the plaintive call of the whippoorwill floats to us from a distant brake. Then the soft murmur of the night-breeze laden with the rich aroma of jessamine dies away among the pines. And ever, as we pass the old battle lines, comes the vision of the lonely sentinels pacing their weary beat and in the background, the dying camp-fires of a sleeping host.

—Again we are in sight of the cemetery. Thanking our guide, the old Scotch veteran, for his kindness, we prepare to leave. Once more we pass the garlanded graves. The soft glow of the dying twilight still lingers on them, loath to yield their loveliness to the encroaching gloom. From above, the May moon pours a benedic-

tion upon their sad, melancholy beauty—divinely approving the patriotic devotion that thus reveres the memory of the fallen soldier.

Beneath the tremulous light of the stars, those flowers to us seemed touched with something more than beauty—something unsearchably mysterious. Is it not that, during the night's holy calm, a spirit host keeps here its silent, solitary watch; and that they, whose pulseless dust here sleeps, somewhere, know and understand?

"Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!"

REQUIEM.

H. F. PAGE.

Rest!

Rest!

After the strife—

After the pain

And the ebbing life—

Rest!

Rest!

Sleep!

Sleep!

Under the Bars—

Under the Cross

And the folded Stars—

Sleep!

Sleep!

Dream!

Dream!

Folded in Gray—

Folded in love-twined

Garlands of May—

Dream!

Dream!

NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISM.

J. M. JUSTICE.

"We are all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform. Not a reading man but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket. I am gently mad myself, and am resolved to live cleanly. George Ripley is taking up a colony of agriculturists and scholars with whom he threatens to take the field and the book. One man renounces the use of animal food; another of coin; and another of domestic hired service; and another of the State; and on the whole we have a commendable share of reason and hope."

The above is a letter written by Emerson to Carlyle in the year 1840, and gives us a glimpse into the condition of the social and the literary life of New England at that time. If one would properly appreciate the literature of these states, especially of the period from 1825 to 1850, it is necessary to know something of the movement so prevalent then in that part of the country, known as transcendentalism.

The term represents a so-called school of philosophy whose adherents maintain that the principles of reality are to be discovered by the study of the processes of thought. An eminent scholar declares that "individualism" is a more appropriate name for this doctrine, as exemplified in Massachusetts. Transcendentalism as viewed by its followers, however, was a pilgrimage from the idolatrous world of creeds and rituals to the temple of the living God in the soul. There is no doubt that its origin can be traced directly to Rousseau, Fourier and others of that type in Europe. It lead its advocates to the verge of agnosticism. Out of it has grown Unita-

rianism and Eddyism. Not only are the pages of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow and others permeated more or less with this mystic idea, but even Dean Howells and Edward Bellamy have allowed it to color their works to some extent. Who has not wondered as he read Emerson's *Essays* what the author had in mind in his *Over-Soul*, *Circles* and *Love*, especially the first? We are almost persuaded that the writer himself did not know.

The age was characterized by a spirit of liberty of thought, a desire to break away from creeds, customs and conventionalities. The official organ of the transcendentalists was a publication called *The Dial*. In 1842 it contained this description of the *Convention of Friends of Universal Reform*.

"If the assembly was disorderly, it was picturesque. Madmen, madwomen, men with beards, Dunkers, Mugger-tonians, Come-Outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh Day Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians and Philosophers—all came successfully to the top."

It is not strange, then, that we shall expect to find that all kinds of ridiculous things grew out of a movement so odd and varied. Once the company felt itself somewhat united there was a manifestation for putting into practice their strange beliefs. Some gave expression to their feelings in the *Dial*; Emerson invited certain congenial friends to settle around him in Concord but by far the most interesting attempt at propagating their faith and views of practice was the Brook Farm Experiment. It is all the more interesting to us when we come to know that among others there lived for a while such personages as Hawthorne, Charles Dana (afterwards well known as one of the editors

the *New York Sun*), W. H. Channing, George William Curtis, Theodore Parker, J. S. Dwight, George Ripley and others.

This was a socialistic settlement, an attempt at the Apostolic, Communistic idea of life. Education and agriculture, together with the fostering of their doctrine, was the purpose of their organization. The farm was located eight miles out from Boston at West Roxbury, and contained two hundred acres. Hawthorne gives us a splendid picture of the place in a letter to his sister shortly after he took up his abode there:

"This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life, and so secluded, as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village. There are woods in which we can ramble all day without meeting anybody or scarcely seeing a house. Our house stands apart from the main road so that we are not troubled even with passengers looking at us. Once in a while we have a transcendental visitor, such as Mr. Alcott; but generally we pass whole days without seeing a single face save those of the brethren. The whole fraternity eat together, and such a delectable way of life has never been seen upon earth since the days of the early Christians.

"The weather has been so unfavorable that we have worked very little in the field. I have planted potatoes and pease, cut straw and hay for the cattle, and done various other mighty works. This very morning I milked three cows, and I milk two or three every night and morning. I have gained strength wonderfully—grown quite a giant, in fact, I can do a day's work without the slightest inconvenience. In short, I am transformed into a complete farmer. The frock which you sent me is considered a most splendid article, and I should not wonder if it were to become the summer uniform of the

community. I wear a tremendous pair of cow-hide boots with soles two inches thick. Of course when I come to see you I shall wear my farmer dress.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *Ploughman.*"

He declares that he looked forward to spending his whole life here, and in 1842, after he had been there about a year we find him looking about for a house site where he hoped to build, and bring his bride. Strangely in a short time he took a very sudden notion that he was out of his place, and folded his tent and stole away, not however, before having spent his last thousand dollars. We can not look upon his stay here as idly spent, for it gave him material for his beautiful *Blithedale Romance*. Speaking later of his stay here he says: "The real me was never an associate of the community; there has been a spectral Appearance there sounding the horn at daybreak, milking the cows, etc., doing me the honor to assume my name. But the spectre was not myself."

A large number who sympathized with the movement never lived at Brook Farm. Many of them visited from time to time and contributed to it liberally. Among them was Sarah Margaret Fuller, afterwards Countess of Assoli, who with her charming conversation was always most gladly welcomed. She was well versed in the new doctrine, and did much to make this ideal society a place where brotherhood should be made a real thing and not a glittering generality. It was she that Hawthorne portrayed as the beautiful Zenobia in the *Blithedale Romance*. Much of the picture he draws is untrue to facts, as are most of the characters of fiction, but her frequent visits caused her to be classed as a real Farmer by many.

Those who allied themselves with this movement have

been considered cranks by not a few. This is an unfair criticism to most of them. Every age has its fads, and while they are not as distinctly marked in some times as in others, they really do exist. Besides, these people added a great stimulus to literary life. The Transcendental period marks a new epoch in our literature. The mere association of kindred spirits at Brook Farm and elsewhere did not make them literary, but they flocked together because they *were* literary. Intermingling deepened their propensities for writing. Hear what Emerson says in summing up the result of their communistic experiment:

"The founders of Brook Farm should have this praise, they made what all people try to make, an agreeable place to live in. All comers, even the most fastidious, found it the pleasantest of residences. It is certain that freedom from household routine, variety of character and talent, variety of work, variety of means of thought and instruction, art, music, poetry, reading, masquerade, did not permit sluggishness or despondency; broke up routine. There is agreement in the testimony that it was, to most of the associates, education; to many, the most important period of their life, the birth of valued friendships, their first acquaintance with the riches of conversation, their training in behaviour. The art of letter writing, it is said, was immensely cultivated. Letters were always flying, not only from house to house, but from room to room. It was a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution, an age of Reason in a patty-pan."

It is needless to say that Brook Farm was short-lived. Established in 1841, the main building destroyed by fire in 1846, it soon ran its course. Bad management, lack of funds, and an assembly that chose to write poetry and philosophize rather than become "horny-handed sons

of toil," soon caused the modern Utopia to collapse. The history of all such settlements shows that they must be founded upon religious enthusiasm rather than on philosophy if they have a life of any duration. We see this point strikingly illustrated in the case of the Mormons and the Shakers. We certainly can not bring the charge of insincerity against Ripley and his associates at West Roxbury, for their lives were deeply reverent. The trouble lay in the fact that their hopes were at once unreasonable and infinite, benevolent but impossible, their creeds flattering to the human heart, but born of strange hallucinations instead of any real knowledge of the world in which they lived.

In speaking of this age Thomas Wentworth Higginson says: "It was one of the best—probably the best incarnations of the ardent and wide-reaching reformatory spirits of the day. It was a day when it was very pleasant to live, although it was doubtful whether living would have remained as pleasant, had one-half the projects of the period become fulfilled." The best single picture of the period is in Emerson's lecture on *England Reforms*, delivered in 1844, while the movement was in full blast. All kinds of issues were prevalent. Mesmerism and phrenology were studied, Graham denounced bolted flour, and Edward Palmer wrote tracts against money. The man who did not have some new theory to give the world was considered dull indeed. To-day a Lutheran orphanage is conducted on the ideal spot where Brook Farm flourished. Those who do not so much as know that there ever was such a thing as this socialistic settlement here sixty years ago. A visitor depending upon having the story told him by his cab driver will be sure to come away none the wiser.

In answer to his own question as to what there is in a name, Shakespeare declares:

"That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

This, as a rule, we agree to, but with *transcendentalism* we rather believe that the name itself caused the flower to wither before it was full-blown.

A STRANGE REWARD.

EUGENE TURNER.

The battle of Santiago had been fought, and Spanish tyranny was struggling in the convulsive and certain throes of death. The American soldier had covered himself with glory, and had made secure his country in the galaxy of nations that are great.

In the American camp the soldiers were drinking deep from the cup of joy, and were resting in the peace of victory. The relaxation was come. Some were taking the lull in the storm to write to the folks at home, others were sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion; and others still were laughing, and singing rhymes of childhood. They were insane from the awful strain through which they had passed.

The scene was different in the Spanish camp. There one saw shame and regret stamped deep into the countenances of the soldiers and heard the sighs of resignation as he passed among them. Their flag was weltering in the dust, and was soiled with their own blood. Across the waters their people were cursing and swearing—their ancestral pride was gone, broken to pieces by a people too, whom they had scorned and despised.

As a reporter for the *New York J—*, sent to Cuba with our army, I saw all this. I saw many of the fights between the Spanish troops and ours, but this at Santiago ago was the fiercest by far. It was a victory, yea, a brilliant victory, but one that brings to mind the worst of the famous Wellington as he looked out over the bloody field of Waterloo: "A great victory is the saddest thing on earth, except a great defeat." Yes, it was a victory, but it had the accompanying sacrifices; sacrifices that made it sad.

I saw General Torrey, the commander of the Spanish forces, just after the surrender. He was bidding farewell to his officers, who were preparing to embark for Spain. He was standing with head bared, on the great pier at the head of Santiago harbor. Above the roar of the breakers dashing themselves to pieces on its great supports could be heard his voice:

"My friends," he said, "our people over yonder do not know what has prompted me to do what I have done, and they would not believe it if they did. They think they would not have surrendered. You know why I did it, and thank God you do. You can sympathize with me; they can not. They will call me traitor, unprincipled and cowardly; they will say I was bribed and sold my country's honor; you know better. We have suffered together, we are comrades of the same hardships, we are friends, and have learned to love each other.

"Why I have done this my people will not know, they can not understand. If I were the coward they will think me, I should not go home, I could remain a prisoner of the Americans, but like a man I shall go, come what may. Remember, if we shall meet on the other side, we are friends."

As he turned away—that strong, inexorable man, who had so often to be strong in times of weakness, a tear-drop glistened under his rich black eyelashes, but who could blame him? In the Spanish world he was lost forever to honor. In his country it is a conventional law "That whoever surrenders must die."

He squeezed my hand until the bones were racked with pain, as I extended it, with a word of sympathy.

A few days later I obtained a permit and went to his tent. I extended my pass to the guard and was allowed to enter. I found him alone. He was in a study. With

elbows resting on his knees, he was holding his head in his hands, and gazing at the ground in front of him. He was unconscious of my presence until I touched him lightly on the shoulder. He looked up with the semblance of a smile on his broad, frank face, and invited me to a seat.

For awhile he continued his silent, thoughtful attitude, and then began to talk.

He told me how happy he was when he left home, how buoyant and full of hope he was; of his dreams and aspirations; of his happy little family, and the plans he had made for them, and how now these plans were frustrated and crushed, and how they were disappointed and must suffer for his helpless disgrace. And lastly he told me of the sad fate that awaited him when he got home. "And yet," he continued, "what else was there for me to do? What else could I do? It would have been cruel had I not surrendered. Look out there in those tents; ten thousand of my soldiers are burning there in the parching flames of fever. Not a round of ammunition was left them for their guns. There was nothing left to stave away the pangs of hunger, and men can not fight with that tugging at their strength. It was surrender, or useless death, and I chose what I thought was the better. We could have died, yes, we would have died; but there are far too many desolate homes in Spain now, too many unmarried sweethearts, too many mothers wailing for their missing sons, and yet I stand disgraced forever, even the doors of my home are closed against me."

* * * * *

A few weeks later a chance loiterer at the harbor of Cadiz saw a great man-o'-war breasting the waves of the sea headed toward the docks. It was bringing the "swartbly sons" of Spain back to their home.

Around the dock was gathered a motley crowd, forming a scene that was sad, because of its character; a scene a man could never forget. There were mothers there whose cheeks were stained with tears, maidens who were looking for their sweethearts all in vain, and little children who were crying for they knew not what.

The soldiers began to land. They looked tall, they were so lank and gaunt. Disease and sickness had beaten against their forms so long that their skin was dry and yellow until they looked like the natives of the East. Many of them, too weak and thin to stand, were assisted to the pier. Here and there one could hear the sobs of a mother as she pressed her son to her breast, and see the maiden as she grasped and held the hand of her returned hero, happy in their reunion. Others could be seen anxiously straining their eyes hoping despite the cruelty of fate, to see the form of a loved-one, who was sleeping in an unmarked and forgotten grave across the sea.

During the excitement a yawl was lowered from the larboard side of the ship and a well-wrapped and muffled figure was seen to descend into it. It was General Torrey. Carefully he was rowed down the beach, out of the sight of the crowd, and landed. He hoped and thought he was unseen; but not so. Suddenly the great crowd at the pier resolved itself into a great marching procession. Some one had told them he was in the city. The same crowd that a few minutes ago had seen those fever-stricken, emaciated forms, too weak to stand, assisted down the gang-way; yes, that same crowd that had melted into tears at the sad sight, was now throwing stones at the house of the general who had led those ragged soldiers, and had suffered with them.

Soon the officers came, and he was placed upon an open wagon, drawn by four men from the jeering mob. Thus it was, amid the shouts and sneers of the heartless rabble, he was carried to his trial—a mockery in all its baseness.

He was convicted of cowardice and bribery. The jury said: "He has sold his country's honor and must die."

From custom it was a privilege allowed the convicted to offer a word, before the execution in vindication of his character or in farewell to his friends.

The General rose and spoke: "My countrymen, for I can not call you friends, we Europeans have always studied European warfare. We have studied the German, the English, and the French, but never the American. We thought them weak and beneath our notice. I see now where we lost by it. Your soldiers fought well, but they were fighting against heavy odds. They had to contend with discipline such as the world has never seen before. Their arms were old and rusty, while those of the Americans were of the latest make; and they knew how to use them.

"You did not furnish us with arms, but you expected us to fight. You gave us no food, but expected us to march and withstand disease. Our ambition was gone, our soldiers were sick and starving, and the enemy was bombarding our works. Yet, you think we ought to have held out, and to have died like dogs at our post. I did not think so. I had a heart in my breast, although I was a soldier. I knew the condition of my soldiers. I knew they had stood all they were able to stand; you did not. I had pity for the widows, orphans, and mothers here in my country. You do not have that pity, you are heartless, cowardly dogs, called human beings. Your conscience is gone.

"Some day, after I am gone, you will hear from the generous, soft-hearted Americans how I did my duty. Then you will repent and feel sorry for your act to-day, but too late then, for I shall have gone. You think you are doing right; perhaps you are. May God judge between us."

He was led away then to his execution.

His prophecy came true. His people have found that they were wrong, and Spain is groveling in shame and remorse, the brunt of the world's criticism. "Too late" she is repenting.

LOVE'S WAY.

P.

The violet's life is short—so soon they go.
The rose-buds swell, the leaflets grow—
How quickly nature's course is run!
Then comes decay.

My love for you doth ever grow,
Not complete in a day, but slow—
Not for a time is it to stay,
But for eternity.

A CHRYSALIS.

J. D. IVES.

As I wandered down the hillside
Looking carefully around,
On an oak beside the pathway
A cocoon of silk I found.

On a branch it hung suspended,
Gently rocked by every breeze;
And a moth within it slumbered,
Sleeping there amidst the trees.

In its home the moth was dreaming,
Free from every care and fear,
Dreaming of the gentle springtime,
After winter cold and drear.

Thinking of the blooming flowers
Freshened by the sparkling dew,
When 'twould leave its silken prison,
Borne on wings of brilliant hue.

So each soul within its fetters
Longs to mount in upward flight;
Leaving here its earthly prison
For celestial realms of light.

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA DARE.

OSCAR R. MANGUM.

The colonization of the Western World was one of hope mingled with despair. The red man stood as an unconquered giant in the way of progress. The settlers lived in eternal dread, for lurking behind every tree was their hidden foe, and at a time least expected, from the silent forest there would come the twang of the Indian's bow-string, and one more scalp would be added to his belt. Into this almost certain death settlers continued to pour, and the shower of arrows from the Indians continued to fly until each one fell, but still Sir Walter Raleigh was determined to plant a colony on Roanoke Island.

He sent out on the third expedition one hundred and fifty men, women and children, under the command of Governor White. They came to the spot where a former settlement was made, and found the "City of Raleigh" as desolate as a grave-yard, with the exception of a stray deer here and there feeding near the bones of some dead colonist. This condition of affairs presented a gloomy aspect; nevertheless they began to build homes on the island where the former colonists had met so terrible a fate.

Shortly after their arrival, in the year 1587, Virginia Dare, daughter of Eleanor Dare and granddaughter of Governor White, was born. By this incident North Carolina won the distinction of being the mother of the first white child born of Anglo-Saxon blood on the continent of America.

On this island the parents of the little Virginia lived and toiled with no encouragement save the coming of

Spring, for the Indians, that dreaded foe, had called a council of war which meant death. The colonists soon saw that they were far too weak to cope with so treacherous an enemy, and so they sent Governor White back to England for more men.

This act decided the fate of the weak colonists, for when Gov. White, a man who prized gold and fame more than duty, reached England, the Spanish Armada was approaching, and against the wish of Raleigh, Governor White abandoned his preparation to return to the Carolinas and joined in the pursuit of the "Invincible Armada" in the hope of booty. But when the Spanish were routed and he did not receive his expected booty, he turned his heart toward the colonists again.

After an absence of three years he steered into harbor near the "City of Raleigh" once more. He found it as desolate as upon his first arrival. What had become of his daughter and little Virginia during his absence? No trace could be found except the word Croatan carved upon a tree, but there was no cross beneath it indicating trouble with the Indians. Their fate is one of the many secrets in God's keeping, and will never be known until the great Indian chiefs shall assemble around the campfire on the happy hunting ground and shall relate the story of their bloody deeds and lay aside the numerous scalps from their belts; then, perhaps, we shall find the scalp and learn the fate of fair Virginia Dare.

But this much is certain. The Indians knew of her and no doubt kept her for many years in captivity until the pale-faces came and troubled them again; then no doubt she was killed; for they have a legend that she was transformed into a milk-white doe. This is the legend* that they have woven about this little girl.

* We have this legend on the authority of Mr. R. B. Creecy.

name: About the year 1615 the Indian hunters were astonished to see a white doe grazing with the other deer on Roanoke Island. They remembered this one especially because of its beauty and swiftness, for no hunter had ever been able to slay it. It had but one course when chased. It would bound away over the hills with the swiftness of the north wind toward Croatan.

The strange appearance of this doe aroused much interest among the Indian chiefs. Even the squaws and papooses talked about it with no little concern. They believed that it bore a charmed life and was under the protection of the Great Spirit. But the braves did not think of it so. Some said that it was an evil omen, and began to get their arrows ready, others thought it a sign of peace from the pale-faces, and that they would leave them in sole possession of their hunting grounds; while kind old Manteo, the settlers' friend, thought that it was the spirit of some pale-face whom they had scalped.

The news of the strange coming of this doe spread far and wide, and troubled many an uneasy Indian chief. But finally when they could bear the suspense no longer, Wingina, the fierce chief of Roanoke Island, called a council of the chiefs to plan its destruction.

That night when Okisco, chief of the Chawanookes, Wanchese, who had long-ago been to England with old Manteo and Amadas, and others, assembled around the camp-fire, before the wigwam of Wingina, he began to address them thus: "Braves, more than twenty winters ago our island was troubled by the pale-faces, who cheated and deceived us, but everywhere at the red man's approach they have vanished away. My young braves scalped them all. But now our hunters are troubled by the appearance of a milk-white doe among the other deer. Two times have the leaves fallen since they be-

gan to chase it, but all their arrows fall harmless at its side, while it bounds away toward Croatan. Five sleepers have passed since my best marksmen tried their skill upon it, but to no avail. They are filled with fear. Our braves believe it an evil omen from the pale-faces. And now let us free ourselves from the last reminder of them."

After a long discussion of plans, they decided that the grand hunt should be in the early Indian Summer, and so in November the friendly chiefs assembled on Roanoke Island to assist Wingina in the destruction of the white doe.

They all had their best bows and arrows, but Wanchese's differed from the others. When long ago he had been taken over the sea by Amadas, Queen Elizabeth had given him an arrow-head made of silver like the stone arrow-heads that he presented to Sir Walter Raleigh with many other Indian curiosities. The Queen had said that this arrow would kill when all others had failed. So now Wanchese determined to test its power upon the white doe.

The chiefs stationed themselves along the course toward Croatan which it always took. Kind old Mantico started the doe far up in the land of Wocokon, but she sped by him untouched by his arrow. On and on it sped leaving many a sad hunter behind, for the twanging of the bow-strings of their best marksmen only made music in harmony with the sound of her flying feet. Still on it went across the highland of Croatan, swimming through the billows of Croatan Sound until she came upon Roanoke Island, where old Ganganimeo let fly his harmless arrow. When she came to the "City of Raleigh" she stood sniffing the breezes with her sad face

turned toward the sea as if longing and expecting some one to come. Wingina, who was stationed here, carefully drew his bow and let fly his arrow, but to no avail. The doe bounded onward into Roanoke Sound and across to Fresh Ponds, where the panting doe satisfied her burning thirst. Then she turned again toward the sea, to the foot of Kill Devil Hill, where, alas! she met her doom. Wanchese was there, and shot her with his silver-headed arrow that "Good Queen Bess" had given him. The sad but beautiful milk-white doe leaped into the air and fell.

Wanchese hurried to the spot where the poor doe lay in a death agony. She raised her piteous eyes to her slayer and groaned her last sound, "Virginia Dare." With a sad heart for what he had done, Wanchese pulled the arrow from her side and found under her throat, as if penciled in black hairs, the words "Virginia Dare," and on her back the word "Croatan" in brown.

Thus died the milk-white doe that bore a charmed life, and who shall deny that this little legend reveals the fate of Virginia Dare. At any rate, this is what the Indians tell of her, and to them we must turn for the true story of her fate.

THE COYOTE'S MUSIC.

JO PATTON.

The sun god was rising lazily from behind the eastern hills. His tawny rays shone through the cracks in a little Western shack, and at once the sleeper awoke—only to yawn and for a while to stare vacantly at the floating dust in the sunbeams. As his senses gathered, his expression underwent a panoramic change. His feelings portrayed first a look of ennui, then melancholia, after which his face took on a look of disappointment and utter remorse. With somnambulistic abjectness he arose, yawned again, and donned his apparel. He slowly drew on his cow-hide gloves, tightened his belt, adjusted his slouch hat, and began to prepare his breakfast. In this same spirit of oblivion and chagrin he ate his lunch, carried off his cayuses, and the routine of ranch duties being completed, he saddled his favorite broncho, tightened the cinch-hook, and was off like a flash in the direction of the post-office. Squirrels scampered in every direction. The chinook was laden with the aroma of buttercups. Coo-coos were trilling their matin lays—in fact, it was a typical Western morning. However, the environment seemed to little affect the rider, who bent drearily over his broncho as if in deep meditation.

Presently he came to a sudden halt, slid from the saddle and sauntered up to a little dilapidated building known as the post-office of Hay, Washington.

“Any mail fer Jim Day?”

“Nuthin’ but en old paper—Beckie, go ax yo’ daddy ef he’s through with Jim’s newspaper,” drawled a wrinkled old woman known as the postmistress, to a little red-faced brat.

"Recon things 's alright up ter the ranch, are they, Jim?" continued the postmistress.

Jim was evidently in no mood for talking, for with a quick jerk he was off up the trail as fast as his little broncho could take him, leaving behind a thick cloud of alkali dust. At a curve in the road he came to a sudden halt, for who should he see approaching at wild speed but Margie Curtis, hair disheveled, cheeks red and eyes sparkling from the morning's exhilaration.

"Hello, little girl," he cried, nervously, "where on earth did you drop from?"

"Right up yonder on the hill where I've been looking for you," she replied. "But, Jim, if you love me a bit, don't ask me to stop, for papa's likely to turn up at any minute and see us, and he said last night if he ever saw me with you again he would disinherit me. Said you knew your orders, and mine were to remain from you till they were fulfilled."

"But I must see you, Margie; I'm bound to," pleaded Jim.

"Please don't ask me, Jim, you know I can't." And with that she wheeled, and in a minute all he could see was her brown curls vanishing down into the canyon. She turned, blew him a kiss from her finger-tips, and was gone.

* * * * *

It was in the summer of 1885, two years previous to this, that James Day had bidden adieu to his Southern home and came to the far West to seek his fortune. He had filed his claim on a quarter section of land, had fenced it in and built his little shack. The previous year wheat had been \$1.25 per bushel; and so all the farmers of Washington had put their entire lands in wheat,

only to find themselves ruined by its drop to 17 cents per bushel this year.

It was no wonder that James Day was disheartened on this morning, for he had facing him a debt of \$1,000.

After Margie's disappearance, he stood for a while as if in deep reverie. Again the picture came to him of her the first time he had seen her one year ago. It was just such a morning. She had come to him like an oasis in a far-spreading desert.

Then he remembered the stern words of her father. "You can have my daughter when you are worth one thousand dollars, not before; and in the meantime, Mr. Day, you will please discontinue your visits to our home." Yes, he heard them again, and they burnt their way to his soul.

"Surely Job's trials were not so great as mine," reflected Jim sorely.

What to do he knew not. Life was a bore. Merely to pass away the time he crossed the hills, pick-axe in hand, determined to try one more time to bring water from a certain damp place in a corner of his ranch. All day he worked, never stopping for dinner, and seemingly to no avail. The sun was fast nearing the western horizon when he languidly set off another fuse. When the dirt cleared away, what was his wild surprise to see a small stream of clear water gently trickling from between the rocks and slowly meandering down the hill, leaving a dark place on the alkali beds. He almost fainted, so wild was his surprise and delight! Was it a mistake? Could it be true?

He nervously set off another fuse, and the stream grew stronger. No, there was no doubt of it. It was true. In hurried fancy he saw the value of his ranch raised hur-

dreds of dollars, for with the presence of water he could now sustain as many cattle as he liked, and this meant his fortune—and something more, and of more purport to him, too.

That night late a young man might have been seen following the trail from the Curtis mansion back to the Day ranch. The coo-coos were hollowing all about—occasionally a night hawk dashed from one hill-top to another, filling the intervening canyon with its shrill cries. The air was crisp and fresh with the breath of harvest time, and the moon shone fair upon a face which was now soft and wreathed in a contented smile.

James Day lay awake that night long, and for the first time in his life listened to the rapid yelping of the coyotes from a far-away hill-top, and thought it musical.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

H. F. PAGE.

To the Confederate Dead Interred in Aversboro Cemetery.

Come, ye that honor valor's grave,
With woven wreath—
Love's last gift to the fallen brave
That sleep beneath.

Hither, O South winds, softly blow
Above the tomb,
Soothing with requiems sweet and low,
Its primal gloom.

After the drum's deep sullen roll—
Stern battle hest—
(Long peace unto the hero's soul)
Lowly they rest!

Who questions them of reasons why?—
Their country called—
Enough that they thus dared to die;
Nor shrank appalled.

Would scathing taunt and senseless scorn
Still blot their name?—
Let be. The juster years unborn
Shall keep their fame.

Their fathers' faith they sought to hold
A changeless trust—
Was this their crime?—These tombs enfold
No perjured dust!

Not they who sought when strife began
To rend apart
This age-built heritage of man,
Our Nation's Chart.

Not theirs to cringe when whelming foes
Broad-fronted swept
Their shattered lines.—Unto the close
Was honor kept.

Their cause was lost?—Howe'er that be;
Not with the dead
Shall sleep the swerveless loyalty
For which they bled!

Upon the newer Chart that bears
The Nation's seal,
No blood-writ pledge truer than theirs
Shall time reveal.

Then let the bitterness of strife
Forgotten fade
Until the Nation's larger life
Be perfect made;

Till one great heart throbs full and deep
To all the woe:
For they who here low-tented sleep
Would have it so.

Come, ye who love the laureled brow
That valor bears,
Place here your wreathed garlands now,
Embathed with tears.

And ye, O South winds, hither blow
Above the tomb,
Soothing with requiems sweet and low
Its primal gloom.

And last, ye Hosts that hover near
The hallowed grave,
Breathe benedictions on them here—
The fallen brave!

STORIETTE DEPARTMENT.

BLACK SAM.

SYNOEARDT.

Sam was the black boy that worked on Squire Regan's plantation. He was considered a little unusually bright for a black, on which account he was made the "Handy Andy" of the whole plantation. He was nearly twenty-two years old, but his stature would proclaim him not more than fourteen. Visitors in speaking to him would address him as a boy, of course judging from his size. This was a great annoyance to Sam. He wished to be recognized as a man. If any of the blacks wished to arouse his indignation and call down upon themselves epithets, the portent of which was to consign them to perdition, they had but to call him "boy."

One sunny noon in the pleasant autumn weather he sat on the ground in the back yard, digging his naked heels into the soft earth, while his battered hat lay by his side. Presently an old turkey gobbler came strutting by. At sight of Sam he seemed to strut his proudest and gobble his loudest.

"Yes, you old rascal; you's de chap dat tried ter flog me when I sta'ted ter run you out en de hen-house. You seems ter feel mighty big about it, but you jus' wait. I'll git eben wid you yit"; and he shook his fist at the old turkey, taking care not to allow him to come too close. The old gobbler seemed to ignore his threats and strutted off under the floor of the house. Just then a voice was heard from the kitchen singing "Nellie Gray."

"Dat's Nancy," said Sam, "She sets right down on me. She seems ter lak me well enuf till I gits ter tellin' her about luv, and den she comes right square down and say, 'Oh, you go off. What der you know 'bout luv? You's jus' a boy, anyhow.'"

"But jus' wait. I'll git eben wid 'em yet. Dar's two t'ings dat I wants, and dat is Miss Nancy and dat old tu'key gobbler. I kin--"

But here his soliloquy was broken into by his master's calling, "Sam! Sam! Why don't you come when I call you?"

"Yassir, I'se already heah," said Sam, as he stood before the squire hat in hand.

"Sam, I'm going over to the Hollow to tæe election. May be gone all the evening. While I'm gone I want you to dig the rest of those potatoes; do you hear?"

"Yassir," said Sam, and he stood to watch the squire canter off down the road on his big black horse which he had named "the General."

"'De Gen'r'l' seems putty frisky to-day. Haint bin doin' much. Masr had better watch out," Sam said as he started off to the potato patch. There he worked industriously till the sun was down. As he was finishing the last row, the squire galloped up. "The General" seemed unusually spirited.

Just as the squire was dismounting the old turkey, with a strut and a gobble, strode from under the house. Ready to take anything as an excuse for a scare, the horse started off on a dead run before the squire could disentangle his foot from the stirrup; thus the squire was dragged rather unceremoniously over the ground. For him it was a critical moment.

The horse chanced to take the direction of the potato patch, and almost before he knew it Sam was directly in front of him. He shied to one side, but not in time to escape the nimble hands of Sam, who grasped the reins and held on bravely, although he was fairly lifted from the ground. Soon he had brought the horse to a standstill, and the squire, ridding his foot of the entanglement, stood on his feet, a little pale from the excitement, but unharmed except for a few scratches.

"You're a *man*, sure enough, Sam, and I'll not forget it," said the squire a few minutes later, as Sam led "The General" away to his stable.

That night Sam went to see Nancy. She didn't call him boy either, nor did she "set square down on him" when he talked about love. She had been an eye witness of the runaway.

What does it matter if Sam dreamed that night that he was mixed up in another runaway affair, and that it was Nancy he was holding instead of "The General." The next day he had the satisfaction of seeing Nancy smile at him from across the table while a fine roast turkey lay between.

HAUNTED HOLLOW.

BY YSONNE.

In the heart of the broad expanse of land known as the Golden Valley, stretching from the Flint Hills to South Mountain, near the South Carolina line, is a wide waste of dark woodland. Somewhere near the center of the gloomy wood lie the remains of a once handsome residence and grounds. From the house the land slopes downward for several hundred feet to a hollow, from which it rises

again, after a few feet's space, to continue it's course unbroken at about the same attitude as that on which the house stands. A dismal road winds by the ruins of the house, down the incline in the hollow, and up the hill on the other side.

This place is known to the people thereabout as the "Booger Hollow," because—well no one can say—but nearly every one believes the place haunted. All have heard something of the dread things that appear there on certain nights, and a select few have actually heard, from their own statements, strange, unwonted sounds, for which they could not account. The story they give is, that on passing this place after night they have heard sighs and groans, as if some one was in deep trouble; and the more mysterious it is, because they have been within ten feet of the sound without seeing anything that might cause it.

Without doubt there is a story connected with the place, but whether it is the cause of the unnatural noises or whether there be any, I cannot say. I give the story as it was given to me, anything further the reader may conjecture for himself.

During the Civil War there was a man living at this identical place—in the house mentioned above, a handsome structure then—who would not serve on either side. To hire a substitute would have been an easy matter, for money was not an item with him, but he did not see fit to spend his money in that way. On account of his uncertain stand he was continually persecuted by the war parties, each trying to filch from him all it could. To avoid letting his money fall into the hands of either party he hid it somewhere on the hill opposite the house. When he thought there was no danger of being detected he would steal over on the other hill and gloat over his hidden treasure to his heart's content. But the concealed gold, like every other hidden treasure, proved a secret venom preying upon his life and reason. It so occupied his thoughts that often in the dead of night he would make his way over on the other hill, sit and talk in a senseless way, all the time in a deep sleep, and finally return without waking. Of course no common constitution could stand this strain long, and his was not the strongest. Gradually he became weaker and weaker, his mind more and more unbalanced, till at last he was unable to leave his bed. There he lay for a long while, all the time telling in a broken, irregular way something of his gold or how he had escaped the war. This, till he was laid away. Of course in his delirium he had exposed the secret of his money, which, when found, proved to be considerable, notwithstanding the ravages of war before its concealment. By and by the place was neglected and the house left to decay. In time it became a desolate, wild-looking place. Weeds stood where once

beautiful flowers grew, briars and thorns had sprung up where before a fruitful orchard lay. Then a faint rumor spread abroad that the place was haunted. A few averred that his ghost had been heard as it went from one hill to the other, and that it kept up the same senseless harangue he was known to have while on his bed. At first people who placed any belief in this report were treated with silent contempt, but as it was corroborated by others, from their own experience, it was given more credence.

To-day throughout the valley the place is known as the "Booger Hollow"; and many a young lad—and old ones, too, for that matter—passing towards his home by this place in the dull hours of the night, filled with visions of black eyes or blue ones peering at him from the region of the stars, has suddenly forgotten his vision before reaching this place only to remember that there was a nearer way to his home, though it lay in a circuitous route.

A CASUAL CALL.

BY OREZ.

"There's a man here for dinner, 'Aunt Jemima,' you'll have to go to the spring-house for some cream—bring that larger bowl, and you'd better bring another pitcher of milk. Willie, you run along with Aunt Jemima and bring back the raspberries your father picked this morning."

With an "All right, Miss 'Lissa," Aunt Jemima was off.

But Willie began, "What man is it, sister, and what's—?"

"Oh, its a piano agent, Wille; go along."

Aunt Jemima went off down the hill at full tilt, and Willie, who had just begun to go "barefooted," had to struggle so to get over the sharp stones in the path that he found it impossible to come up with the old servant before she reached the spring-house.

Meanwhile Miss Melissa, whose cheeks were taking on a pinker tint from her present excitement, looked into each of the boiling, sputtering pots on the stove, then opened the oven and "turned" a beautiful brown chicken. Next she gave her attention to the dining room: rearranged some double hyacinths which filled a wide open dish in the center of the table, removed a few ordinary dishes to the kitchen and replaced them with finer ones from the side-board.

Aunt Jemima was back now, and Miss Melissa, after giving her a few hurried instructions about minor details, returned to the parlor—not taking time to satisfy Willie's curiosity about whether she was going to buy another piano. "I'll piano you," she said, "if you

don't keep this *everlasting* little dog out from under my feet," for in her haste she had stepped on a black terrier's toes and "Nigger," as he was called, had sent up a pitiful yelp.

In half an hour Aunt Jemima rang the dinner bell and, on going back into the dining-room to see that everything was in order—to and behold, that precious pet of Willie's was in the middle of the table! Nigger had been caught in mischief of this nature more than once before, and without giving Aunt Jemima time to say, "De Lawd hab mercy!" he bounded down and out at the window. But in leaving the table so precipitately, Nigger overturned a syrup pitcher containing a pint of 'Georgia-cane,' which ran out upon the table cloth, and knocked a pitcher of buttermilk "just a windin'," as Willie put it, and this flooded about half the dining-room.

Aunt Jemima wisely went to inform Miss Melissa, instead of rushing after the dog to wreak vengeance, as she had done on former occasions. Miss Melissa was coming through the hall ahead of her father and the guest when Aunt Jemima met her and whispered, "Dat dog hab ruined eberything."

She needed no further explanation, but turning, said, "Father, we've had an accident in the dining-room, please take Mr. Wright back into the parlor for a few minutes."

It was fully an hour before Aunt Jemima, with Miss Melissa assisting, could get another dinner ready. And during that time Aunt Jemima steadily abused the dog, while Miss Melissa scolded Willie for wishing to keep such a pet, and at last said that either she or the dog would have to leave.

Mr. Wright's business, which now kept him far out in the country most of the time, frequently made it necessary for him to get his meals wherever he could. But he had so invariably found among the country people such a hospitality as was long since dead in the Southern cities where his youth was spent, that, since it was something new to him, he should be pardoned for wishing to take advantage of every opportunity to enjoy it. He had never been to Col. Andrews' before and he had found out beforehand that Col. Andrews had only recently purchased a new piano but he could not resist the temptation to stop when he saw that fine old gentleman sitting on his front veranda. Of course when he was once in there was no leaving until after the next meal. But when the second summons for dinner came, Mr. Wright, although he did not know what had gone wrong, instinctively felt that he was to blame, and he was sure that he should be greatly embarrassed and not know what to say when he was again in the presence of Miss Melissa, whose charms had taken him all by surprise. She, however, was quick to see his embarrassment and put him perfectly at ease by a few graceful utterances.

Mr. Wright had intended to drive to the nearest railway station immediately after dinner, but the delay of the dinner made this impossible now, and it occurred to him, while Willie was going into ecstasies over Mr. Wright's "pretty white pony," that if Miss Melissa would consent to go driving with him that afternoon he would be more than glad that he missed his trip to Macon. Not until he had spent two hours in friendly conversation with Col. Andrews and his daughter and Col. Andrews excused himself to write a letter, did he venture to ask Miss Melissa for the drive. She hesitated and he saw her embarrassed for the first time since he arrived. She evidently didn't know how to refuse and yet she felt that she ought to. At last she said frankly that she would have to consult her father. Col. Andrews, who had "sized" Mr. Wright up for a gentleman (and who prided himself on being able to "size up" any man correctly) after an hour's conversation with him) told his daughter to go if she wanted to. Deep down in her heart she did want to go—so she went. But when Mr. Wright took the reins and was about to give the pony the word—Willie, who was sitting on the front steps with "Nigger," began to cry as if his heart would break. Miss Melissa stepped lightly from the little buggy, threw her arm around the child and asked what was the matter.

Willie whimpered out, "L-e-t him t-take Nig-ger—don't you go!"

Miss Melissa laughed outright and assured her little brother that she would soon be back. Willie looked doubtful, however, and as soon as she was out of sight began to cry again.

Mr. Wright and the little white pony became frequent visitors to Oakdale, and it was always with a sense of uneasiness that Willie saw his sister start out for a drive. At length he saw Mr. Wright come without his pony, but in a great carriage drawn by two strong horses, and that there was a man with him who wore a large black hat and a coat as long as his father's. His sister was dressed as he had never seen her dressed before, and this man, who wore the black hat, when they were all in the parlor, made Mr. Wright and his sister stand up together and join hands, and that night sister went away and left him and his father all by themselves.

Nigger had got on the table that day and the next day, when Miss Melissa did not return, Willie remembered an oft-made threat of hers. He was sure that it was all "Nigger's" fault, and that Aunt Jemima it would have gone ill for the dog.

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change in the
Time of Com-
mencement.
must agree—that the change is much for the better.
is better for at least two reasons; better in the saving
time and expense, but mainly in that it will keep
many more of the students through Commencement.
heretofore a bigger part of the students has hurried
way home as soon as examinations could be finished,
and not because, we believe, they didn't care at all for
commencement, but mainly because, after examinations,
seemed so far off. Now that Commencement follows
closely upon examinations and continues but three
days, the larger number of students will stay until the
The time for week-long college commencements is rap-
ly passing. What need of two whole days between the
of all college work and the beginning of Commence-
ment, and then a much-scattered program of exercises?
has been the custom here for examinations to close

on Friday and then the baccalaureate sermon not on Sunday night, another address on Monday night, Commencement prolonged to Wednesday, and until recently to Thursday—tedious and needlessly long. To secure, music, beauty, eloquence, rest, are all attendant upon Commencement week; but a full week of these is less attractive to the student than home-going. This is evinced by the fact that most of the students hurry home as soon as their work is done.

We hope, if it has not already been decided upon—we believe it has—that this change will be made permanent. Here's to a three-day Commencement, beginning the day after examinations close.

Increase Wake Forest's Endowment. The great millionaires of the country have money to bestow on worthy objects. They are this year turning their attention to money to the colleges, especially to the smaller colleges of the South, without doubt the most needy, and perhaps the most deserving. Mr. Carnegie has turned from donating libraries to helping colleges. He has just made a gift of \$45,000 to Guilford College, provided the friends of the college duplicate the amount. Mr. Rockefeller is making gifts to the Virginia colleges. A retired Chicago capitalist and benefactor, Dr. B. Pearson, has announced that he will give away each year \$250,000 to the poorest and most worthy colleges in the South.

To hold her place among the colleges, Wake Forest must not delay long in increasing her endowment. There are three ways in which the endowment of a denominational college may be increased: by small gifts from many supporters in the denomination and friends

side the denomination; by a gift unconditioned of several thousand from a rich friend, or, as Mr. Carnegie to Milford College, by a gift of a certain sum by a rich friend provided the friends of the institution raise a like sum. The first way, if possible, would be best; but the third, because it is most practicable, is probably best. No one wishes to see Wake Forest go the way of some of the institutions, and become so obligated to one rich benefactor that his influence so dominates as to lead the college away from the purpose of its founders, and the wishes of the many people who constitute its patrons and supporters. But if it were so represented to some great millionaire, that he would believe the friends of the college ready to duplicate any sum, not too large, he would donate to the College, he might deem Wake Forest worthy of some fifty or one hundred thousands of his money.

This is about the handiest word in the "Newish." Wake Forest man's vocabulary, and we believe its use now is confined to this college. Where it calls to mind at once the first-year man, whether he come as a senior, junior, sophomore, freshman, or sub-freshman. And herein is its aptness seen. By far the bigger part of the new men of each year belong to the freshman class. A considerable number, however, take sub-collegiate work, and almost as many enter as sophomores; a few come as juniors, a very few—one or two in life-time—come as seniors; but they all are *newish*. Where could you get a word so comprehensive, so well fitted to its place?

Every one knows well the meaning of the word as used now, but do all know its true origin and history? We

think most are like ourself. Until very recently we thought it had been coined solely for the use and meaning given it here. But not so. It has a nobler origin and a better history.

In 1863 the Confederacy was pressed for funds to carry on the war, the currency having fallen in value so a second issue was made. To distinguish it from the old the second was called the "New Issue," which soon became contracted into "New-ish." The new-ish was exchanged for the old currency notes in the ratio of two of the new for three of the old. The word was then used generally all over the South, but has been forgotten everywhere, it seems, except here at Wake Forest, where it has undergone quite a change in meaning.

But how came it to be preserved only at Wake Forest? What ingenious fellow introduced it into the College with its new meaning? We should be glad to know who was the first to use it here. Some man who came from the army back to the College, no doubt, little thinking how apt and much-used the word would come to be. When Wake Forest went to the war almost in a body, he may take the general catalogue, and he will find many whole pages filled only with the names of those who left college for the army. When some of those men came back—not many came back, we know, but some did, and in their old army short-coats—doubtless they felt that there was need of a new issue of students for the College for the war had taken all the old. Anyway, "New-ish" now is peculiar to Wake Forest, and, with its origin and history, none of us are ashamed of the word.

Following the example set by some of our predecessors, we undertake a brief retrospective of the year just past. In some respects it has been an extraordinary year, and in every department at least the usual progress has been made.

In the way of things accomplished outside the regular departmental work, the year has been more than an average one. Thanksgiving we won the second victory over Richmond College, and brought the cup back to its rightful home. During the fall term the sum of \$12,000 was raised for the Alumni Building. This Spring has seen the *Wake Forest Weekly* established and in a fair way to succeed. The pipe organ has been purchased, paid for, put in place, dedicated, and is now ready for service. But two things, as we think, mark the year as an extraordinary one. They are the fuller recognition of the importance of the physical development of the student by the addition to the Faculty of a director of the gymnasium, and the inauguration of the honor system among the students.

This stress laid on the physical development of the student, and the provision made for year-long work in the gymnasium mean much for the College, more for the students who come here. One great drawback here has always been the lack of proper provision for the daily exercise necessary to the student life. Some of us can remember when the center fourth floor of the old dormitory was called the gymnasium, although there was not much there but the big bare room, and it very uninviting; but little apparatus, and no way of being heated in cold weather. Even when the new building was put up, ample enough, excellent in every way, except for lack of furnishings and a director—but little more apparatus was added, and no provision was made for heating. Then

attendance upon gymnasium had to be compelled, and with no one to see that attendance was enforced, a great number of boys never went to the gymnasium, none regularly. But the director has had new apparatus put in, has arranged to have the gymnasium heated to comfort in any kind of weather, and has inaugurated a number of indoor games, all of which make the gymnasium attractive. Monthly reports of those who attend upon the daily drills are sent before the Faculty, and attendance upon gymnasium enforced almost as rigidly as upon recitations.

The inauguration of the honor system, we think, if it is rightly attended to in the next two or three years by Faculty and students, will prove one of the greatest events for the College in its history. One must see it will develop a spirit of manliness and self-respect among the students, and a feeling of responsibility that can not fail to make powerfully for their up-lift. Many good results may be seen already, one of the least of which is the better understanding produced between Faculty and students. The honor system has already put down much lawlessness. Of course there are yet many things done which might shock an over-modest person; but some deeds, notorious before its inauguration, are now more heard of among Wake Forest students. Often we hear attention called to the improvements worked by the honor system, and we have heard men confess that things they did not hesitate to do before, now they never think of doing. We hope, however,—we know it can be made so, and we believe it will—that the good influence of the honor system in Wake Forest College has only begun, and that the future will see its results more and more marked for the good.

The spirit against professionalism in college baseball is being broken down in many of the colleges. If that spirit is not revived and the professional ruled out of the college game, college athletics must suffer serious harm.

Some colleges in the State, it is known, have this season played professional men, and some of the others who can not be charged directly with having professionals on their teams, are rapidly growing towards it by the practice of, as one editor has pleased to call it, semi-professionalism. But one step from semi to full professionalism, and when the professional rules on the college ball-field, then good-bye to college athletics; that is, the kind of athletics that benefits the student and the college.

There is an understanding among some of the Carolina colleges—tacit at least—that none but *bona fide* students, who are doing regular college work, be allowed to play on the ball teams. That Wake Forest follows this understanding strictly we do know. The position of our athletic managers in regard to anything professional in the way of baseball was well shown the first of the year. A young man, one of the best players in the State, registered here last fall and did regular class work until Christmas. But when, just after the holidays, he wrote to a member of the Faculty that he could not return unless some inducements were offered for his playing on our ball team, he received the quick answer that Wake Forest does not get her players that way. This position was shown again before the season began, when a man, who had graduated last year, and is this year an assistant in one of the laboratories, was told, though much stronger than any opponent playing for the position he

was playing for, that he would not be allowed to play on the team.

But while any but regular students can easily be kept off our team, still, as yet, only by flatly refusing to play can we prevent our team's going up against teams with professionals on them. Although it would mean that our team would have but few games, we believe most Wake Forest men would stand to such a refusal until Wake Forest is in position to rule all professionals out of the game. In the long run it would certainly be best for the College. Several times this year our team has gone up against teams on which we knew there were professionals, and in every case, with one exception perhaps, has gone down to defeat; not defeated by these colleges and high schools, but by the professionals on their teams. And yet the impression goes out that Wake Forest has the weakest team in the State. Let any semblance to professionalism on our team continue to be strictly guarded against, but we hope by next season Wake Forest will be in position to see that our team is not subject to defeat by another team part professional, playing in the name of a sister college.

The bad influence of the professional on a college ball team can easily be seen. He drives the student from the ball-field; he plays only for money; he cares nothing for the college or its reputation. He plays good ball only to preserve his own reputation as a player. Most professionals—not all, we know—are men of base characters, some are deep dissipators, rowdies. Need it be asked what harm a team with two or three such members on it can do the reputation of a college? Compare a team of this kind with a team made up of students who have an interest in the college; who play good not only for themselves but for the college also, which they feel

they represent not only as players on the ball-field, but also as gentlemen off the ball-field.

What satisfaction is there anyway in having a winning team—what honor—if it is a winning team solely because of the professionals who play on it? For our part we feel some pride in the ball-team that we have, absolutely free from professionalism, semi-professionalism, or anything that resembles professionalism; a team that has had the training, and has shown it knows how to play ball; a team we are glad to have represent us both on and off the ball-field in any city in the South. One other thing we are proud of. There is no old student, who has long passed the usual limit of time spent in taking a college course, never heard of in the college life save during the ball season, hanging around Wake Forest, kept here only to play ball.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

CLAUDE C. HOWARD, Editor.

"*The Palmetto*" seems to have realized that love stories do not make a magazine. It is filled with excellent articles. "Education Should be Compulsory" is well discussed under three main heads: First, the moral aspect or the duty which the State owes to each one of its citizens. Secondly, the practical side. Thirdly, that education is necessary to make a refined and law-abiding citizenship. This issue contains one poem only: "Loney Baby," which is written in smooth and easy rhythm, and breathes the true air of the nursery. The whole magazine shows the skill and ability of its editors.

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a simple way. We read with interest the article, "The Need of a Class System at Virginia," and the editorial on "Caps and Gowns at Graduation Time." It is a pity that we can not have more of such outspoken sentiment as the authors of these pieces have displayed. The glaring fault of our exchanges is that their writers prefer to express another's ideas rather than take the chances of adverse criticism on their own.

Among others, we beg leave to acknowledge the following exchanges: Central Collegian, Stanford Sequoia, Red and White, Baylor Literary, Trinity Archive, Converse Concept, Buff and Blue, Wofford College Journal, Etonian, William Jewell Student, Hendrix College Mirror, Southern Collegian, Davidson College Magazine, Southwestern University Magazine, Philomathean Monthly, St. Mary's Muse, Vassar Miscellany, Emory and Henry Era, Vanderbilt Observer, University of Virginia Magazine, Furman Echo, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Winthrop College Journal, Randolph Macon Monthly, College of Charleston Magazine, Lenorian, Guilford Collegian, Madisonenses, University of North Carolina Magazine, Pine and Thistle, Howard Payne Monthly, Roanoke Collegian, N. C. State Normal Magazine, Mercerian, Clemson College Chronicle, Ouachita Ripples, Howard Collegian, University of Texas Magazine, Oracle, Oak Leaf, Ivy, College Message, Purple and White, Criterion Messenger, Guidon, and Louisburg Collegian.

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The maiden's face grew bright—
"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,
"They all come out at night."

—*Exchange.*

A little girl coming from Md.,
When shown the yard said,
"This is fd."
But when a storm came about,
And she cried, swimming out,
"My! how quickly this water can bd.!"

Japanese Soldier (sharpening his sword)—Blessed are the piece-makers, for they shall inherit Manchuria.—*Exchange.*

EDUCATION.

As a child she would pray, on her knee,
"A blessing to father," to be,
"A good little girlie," and then
"A comfort to mother—Amen."

A French student now, still she prays,
"A blessing to father," she says,
"A good little girlie"—and then—
"A comfort to mother—et men."

M. A. P. in Miscellany.

He met her in the meadow,
As the sun was sinking low;
They walked along together
In the twilight's after glow;
She waited, while gallantly
He lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him,
As radiant as the stars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him,
For indeed she knew not how;
He was just a farmer's lad,
And she a Jersey cow.

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She waited, while gallantly
He lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him,
As radiant as the stars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him,
For indeed she knew not how;
He was just a farmer's lad,
And she a Jersey cow.

—*Exchange.*

Flo was loving Ebenezer,
 Eb was what was called her beau;
 Talk about your tides—Great Cæsar!
 You should see this Eb and Flo.

—*Exchange.*

✽

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 As he stumped his toe against the bed—
 —!—!!—!!!—!—!!!!—!!—!?

—*Exchange.*

✽

Georgie with his father's gun
 Shot his sister just for fun.
 Sister tumbled on the floor;
 Maybe Georgie didn't roar!

—*Exchange.*

✽

What is it?
 A buzz—a whir—
 A cloud of dust—
 A wild, blood-curdling yell—
 A ghastly object flashing by,
 Then silence—and a smell!

—*Exchange.*

✽

QUERIES.

Are all the germs from Germany?
 And tell me, mother, dear,
 Are all the its from Italy,
 And none from over here?

Do mantels keep the wells' backs warm?
 And tell me, mother dear,
 Are you not shocked at burials
 When men put down the bier?

—*Exchange.*

✽

Professor (looking for fun): "Johnny, what time is it by your nose?"

Johnny (bootblack with many chums around): "Mine ain't running. Is yours?—*Lippincotts.*"

Am she dead,
 And are she gone?
 Have she left
 I all alone?
 Oh, cruel fate,
 You is unkind
 To take she 'fore
 And leave I 'hind.

—*Exchange.*

Primary Teacher.—“What about the Spartan youth and the fox?”

Pupil.—“The boy put the fox under his coat and the fox ate up his ‘victuals’.”



We saw a thing of greenish hue,
 And thought it was a lawn of grass;
 But when to it we closer drew
 We found it was the Freshman class.

—*Exchange.*

When your pocket book's empty
 And your bills pile high,
 When your checks are cashed
 And no help is nigh,
 When you've “touched” your friends
 And you've “worked” your dad,
 When your needs are many
 And your credit bad,
 You're broke, my boy, you're broke.

—*Exchange.*

He—“If I should attempt to kiss you, would you call for help?”

She—“Would you need any?”

—*Exchange.*

W'en troubles pile on mount'n high,
 Jes' grin;
 Dar ain' no use to cry,
 Ev'n 'f you's called t' die;
 While d' time is passin' by,
 Jes' grin, an' grin ag'in.

—*Exchange.*

Lives of Seniors all remind us
 We ought to make suggestions,
 And avoid the teacher's quiz
 By asking lots of questions.

—*Exchange.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GEO. A. PEEK, Editor.

T. J. Gold is practicing law at Shelby, N. C.

Oscar L. Powers is preaching at Woodlake, Ky.

'04. E. M. Britt is practicing law at Lumberton.

'83. Rev. W. F. Watson is pastor at Monroe, N. C.

Law '03. J. E. Little is pleading law at Charlotte.

'03. R. L. Pittman is teaching school at Barnesville.

'04. Robert Flemming is at the University of Chicago.

'99. W. P. Etchison is practicing law at Branchville, S. C.

'01 Law. A. B. Harold is pleading law in Charleston, S. C.

W. I. Taylor is practicing medicine in Sampson County, N. C.

'98. James Wilson is surgeon in a coal mining town in Pennsylvania.

Rev. J. B. Jackson has entered upon a new field in Robeson County.

Law '03. J. C. Sikes, Jr., is doing well in the legal profession at Monroe, N. C.

'02. C. E. McBrayer is studying medicine at the University of North Carolina.

'98. R. L. Varser is meeting with great success practicing law at Kinston, N. C.

Law '01. M. F. Hatcher is practicing law with Lindsay Patterson at Winston, N. C.

'82-'85. Oscar Haywood is pastor of the First Baptist Church at Waterbury, Conn.

Mr. A. L. Fletcher is working for the R. J. R. Tobacco Company at Winston-Salem.

'02. E. M. Harris is assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church at Waterbury, Conn.

Waverly Dickens is in business with the Old Dominion Tobacco Company in Norfolk, Va.

'03. Mr. Greene Garrison's school at Reeds, N. C., has its commencement May 8, 9, 10, 11.

Mr. F. C. Sams is married and now has charge of a large lumber mill in Madison County, N. C.

Mr. G. F. Simmons was recently married in Paris, Texas. Mr. Simmons was here '01 and '02.

'91. W. A. Osborne is district manager for the American Tobacco Company, with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. J. A. Campbell, one of Wake Forest's most prominent sons, has just closed a series of meetings at Buie's Creek.

P. D. Mangum was here a few days ago; says that he intends taking a course in the University of New York next year.

'92. W. C. Barrett finishes his course at the Seminary in June. He then comes to Durham to take charge of the Second Baptist Church.

P. L. Peacock, an old alumnus, is the leading banker and merchant in Cochran, Ga. His two sons, W. L. and W. H., both alumni, are in business with their father.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, Editor.

Commencement!

Miss Ruby Reid, of the B. U. W., was a pleasant visitor to the Hill last month.

Mr. Royster, a student at the University, spent a day or two on the Hill last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawrence, of Lumberton, spent a few days on the Hill last month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Duke, of Richmond, Va., were visitors at Dr. Taylor's last month.

Mr. Fred. Harris, of Raleigh, spent a day on the Hill last month, visiting his mother, Mrs. M. F. Harris.

Miss Margaret Rogers, of Raleigh, spent a few days on the Hill last month, visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Dickson.

THE STUDENT extends congratulations to the B. U. W., which institution won by a large majority in the library voting contest.

A good many of the students went to Youngsville, on Monday, April the seventeenth, to hear Governor Glenn's speech on education. They all report a good speech and a fine time.

The Spring Senior speaking took place on Saturday night, the first of April, in the Wingate Memorial Hall. The speakers and their subjects were as follows: P. C. McDuffie,—The Ideal Woman; C. C. Howard,—The Modern Pharisee; C. T. Goode, Tolstoi, the Only Free Russian; J. H. Vernon, Jr.,—William Jennings Bryan; M. L. Davis,—Nathaniel Macon.

In the Eu. Society, in the annual oratorical contest for the Junior class, the medal was won by Mr. T. B. Ashcraft. In the contest for the Freshman medal, Mr. F. F. Brown came off with the honors.

Quite a number of the students went home to spend Easter, and came back with wondrous tales of picnics, receptions and other such festivities. Several others went to Raleigh to witness the game between A. and M. and the University.

The following gentlemen have been chosen by the Faculty for Commencement speakers: From the Eu. Society, Messrs. J. B. Anderson, R. D. Covington and E. Long; from the Phi. Society, Messrs. M. L. Davis, A. H. Olive and H. F. Page.

About the middle of last month there were several cool days, and on the afternoon of Sunday, the sixteenth, a few flakes of snow fell. Surely the "oldest inhabitant" will have to tax his memory severely to recall anything to beat this, in the weather line.

The people of the community were saddened by hearing of the death of Mrs. E. T. Wheeler, which occurred on Sunday morning, April the second. Mrs. Wheeler leaves a husband and several children, one of them quite young, to mourn her loss. THE STUDENT extends its sympathy to the bereaved family.

The pipe-organ came last month, and was put up by Mr. Louis Miller, of Baltimore. It is one of the largest in the South, being twenty feet high, eighteen feet wide, and seventeen feet deep, and having nearly 1,500 pipes. An organ recital which will eclipse anything of its kind given in the State for some time, will be given in the first week in May, to help pay the debt on the organ. Our "sisters" at the B. U. W. will be given a holiday then,

and a special train will be run from Raleigh, also one from Oxford, for the accommodation of the music-lovers in these places.

The Glee Club has recently taken two trips. The first was to Lumberton and Red Springs. A concert was given in Lumberton on the evening of March the twenty-fourth, and one in Red Springs on the next evening. On the second trip, the Club gave a concert at Oxford on the evening of April the twenty-seventh, at Warrenton the twenty-eighth, and at Littleton the twenty-ninth. The boys were greeted by crowded houses every time, and throughout both trips the Club fully sustained its reputation.

The "Marshals' Set-up" occurred on the first Monday night in April, and, as usual, was enjoyed immensely by all who attended. Professor Gulley presided over the festivities. The "eatables" were very good indeed—better than what is generally given at these affairs, but the speeches and jokes, which usually form such an enjoyable part of the set-up, were very "few and far-between." Dr. Tom Jeffries was called upon, and made the best speech of the evening, fully sustaining his reputation as an orator in a brief address to "the kind and beautiful young gentlemen" present.

Mr. J. Richard Crozier, who has served us so faithfully in the capacity of gymnasium instructor and coach of the ball team, left last month for Atlanta, where he will again play left field this season. The improvements which Mr. Crozier made in the gymnasium are simply wonderful. Before he came, the hour of "Gym." was dreaded by all, but the enthusiasm with which he took hold of the work, and the skill with which he varied the daily exercises, made the students enter into the work

with new zest. In coaching the team, he met with numerous obstacles, but he trained the candidates faithfully; and the good results of his training are evident to all who have watched the team. Mr. Crozier and his family, while here, won the esteem of all the students and people of the Hill, and all will be glad to see him come back next year.

Quite a sensation was created last month on the campus by a strange dog, that was said to be really, truly and genuinely mad. This animal made his appearance in Dr. Edwards's yard. The Doctor shot at him five times, and claims to have hit him twice, but at any rate the dog received no vital wound, for he continued the even tenor of his way across the campus. Dr. Edwards set out in pursuit, armed with a rake, of the variety usually known as "potato-digger," but did not succeed in catching him. After following him nearly to the dormitory, he abandoned the chase, but one of our brave Sophomores seized this opportunity of proving himself a hero. Taking the rake from Dr. Edwards, he "headed-off" the dog, and, when the latter came charging at him, snapping his teeth viciously, and with the froth flying from his lips, this young hero calmly raised the "'tater-digger" aloft, and brought it down with such fearful momentum upon the dog's shoulders that its prongs pierced quite through the body of the dog. Then it was, in the midst of all this excitement, that another Soph., who had been viewing the conflict from afar, sought to distinguish himself also. Brandishing his trusty twenty-two calibre revolver, he rushed up to within about twenty-five yards of the dog and fired the only cartridge he possessed at the dog's head—merely to graze the skin of his throat. The dog was finally dispatched by Dr. Edwards, who, by a few well-directed blows of a plank, ended his sad life.

While the ball-team was away on one of its trips last month, the diamond was utilized for the playing of several of the "greatest games of the season." The first of these was between the Law Class and the Medical Class, in which the young Solons were victorious, winning by a score of 22 to 5. For the Law Class, the features of the game were Brown's pitching, Harwell's catching, and the work of Picot and Whisnant on first and second. For the Meds., Kitchin pitched a steady game, but his support was rather poor. The batting of Dr. Cooke and the playing of Dr. Rankin on first deserve special mention. The batteries were: Law Class, Brown and Harwell; Medical Class, Hines, Kitchin and Timberlake.

The next game was between the Hotel and the Tanner House, in which the Hotel won easily by a score of 18 to 4. Wiggs, for the Hotel, pitched an excellent game, while the Tanner House pitchers were hit freely. The batteries were: Hotel, Wiggs and Hussey; Tanner House, Hardaway, Proctor, Ward and McDuffie.

The Lawyers and the Preachers played next, the score being 13 to 9 in favor of the lawyers. In the ninth inning Brown's arm began to weaken, and the Preachers pounded out enough hits to make five additional runs. Then, with bases full and only one man down, the Lawyers saved themselves from defeat by changing pitchers. The batteries were: Lawyers, Brown and Harwell; Preachers, Duncan and Arnette.

The last game was between the Hodnett Club and the Turner Club, in which the former won by a score of 17 to 15. The batteries were: Hodnett Club, Beverly and Brown; Turner Club, Gore, Poe and Arnette.

The ball season is rapidly drawing to a close. While

our team, up to the present writing, has suffered more defeats than it has won victories, we are nevertheless proud of it. All the games yet played have been with strong teams, and most of these teams have had professional players, while every man on our team is a *bona fide* student. For our part, we had rather have such a team to represent us, even though it lost a majority of the games played, than to have a team composed partly of professionals, even though it won every game.

In the beginning of the season the team was in a disordered condition, and it was not until after several of the most important games had been played that it was well organized. Richardson was forced to drop out on account of sickness, and this crippled the team badly. Mr. Crozier trained the players as faithfully and efficiently as anybody could have done, but it seemed impossible, until the season was well advanced, to find the right men for one or two places on the team. However, just before the team took its second trip, the right men for these places were found in the persons of Couch for short-stop, and Morgan for left field, and from then on a marked improvement was noticed in the playing of the team as a whole. In batting, too, it has improved steadily through the whole season, and in all the games played, whether won or lost, every man has played his best, and has never given up hope until the last man was out.

The record of games played up to date is as follows:

March 14—Wake Forest, 2; Trinity Park School, 1 (eleven innings).

March 27—Wake Forest, 2; Oak Ridge Institute, 5.

March 28—Wake Forest, 3; Oak Ridge Institute, 2.

March 31—Wake Forest, 5; University of North Carolina, 11.

April 1—Wake Forest, 0; Trinity College, 4.

April 8—Wake Forest, 3; University of North Carolina, 5.

April 10—Wake Forest, 4; A. and M. College, 10.

April 18—Wake Forest, 1; A. and M. College, 5.

April 20—Wake Forest, 5; Trinity College, 1.

April 21—Wake Forest, 4; Guilford College, 6.

April 22—Wake Forest, 2; Davidson College, 4.

April 24—Wake Forest, 9; Furman University, 5.