

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Manager, CAREY P. ROGERS, Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscribers not receiving their STUDENT before the last of the month will please notify the Business Manager. Don't wait until your subscription has expired to notify us that the STUDENT does not reach you regularly.

Always notify the Business Manager when you change your post-office address. We sometimes send the STUDENT to a man a whole year, and are then blamed because it has not reached him. Whose fault is it?

We call attention to an interesting lot of advertisements in this issue of the STUDENT. The following appear for the first time: Harris's Dye Works, new suits for \$1.25; A. G. Spalding & Bros., sporting goods; Wharton's Photographic Studio, *reductions to students*; Smith's Law Book Exchange, big discount, money saved; E. A. Wright's Engraving House; Bridgers Bros., merchant tailors; J. P. Stevens & Bros., artistic engraving; Seaboard Air Line, schedule; The Chas. H. Elliott Company, engraving and printing; Cross & Linehan, fall and winter clothing; Purefoy & Reid, fall goods, millinery; Wilkinson, the grocer; Z. V. Peed, groceries; W. H. & R. S. Tucker & Co., dry goods; T. E. Holding & Co., druggists, booksellers, stationers; Whiting Bros., dress suits made to order; H. Mahler, manufacturing jeweler; Stearn's "The Yellow Fellow" bicycles; Heller Bros., shoes, trunks, etc.

Boys! *study* the local advertisements, and *patronize those who help you*. Make such men as are always complaining of "throwing away" their money realize that it doesn't pay *not to throw it away*; and those who do not advertise at all realize that it is their loss, not ours.

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Why suffer with Coughs, Colds and LaGrippe when LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE will cure you in one day? Does not produce the ringing in the head like Sulphate of Quinine. Put up in tablets convenient for taking. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Price 25 cents. For sale by T. E. Holding & Co.

# WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### A DIRGE.

J. C. M.

Wail on, O Winds, for there is need of wailing!  
Scream on, O Eagle, in the dusky sky!  
For Nature feels her youth and beauty failing,  
As o'er the hills her withered blossoms fly.

Wail on, O Winds, for in this dale is sleeping  
One dearer to my soul than all things good.  
O Pines, moan on, moan on, while I am weeping!  
And, song-bird, soothe me with thy mournful mood!

She was so fresh, so fair, when last we wandered  
Through this dear dale, then bright with summer's sun,  
And laughed with joy as life's best gifts we squandered  
And knew not then that joy was grief begun.

O cold, grey sky, send down thy snow-flakes hoary  
From Winter's storms this lonely mound to save!  
Some day the Sun of Righteousness in glory  
Shall beam upon this man-forgotten grave.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

G. W. PASCHAL.

"An I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it," but the Great White City of Jackson Park has vanished. Of its magnificent buildings, one alone stands—some of them

went up in smoke, others were seized upon by the wrecker. The grass again grows green in Jackson Park and on the glorious Midway Plaisance, even on the spot where once stood and revolved the wonderful Ferris Wheel. All is gone; the Fair, after all, was a thing of a day. But joining Midway, just north of the spot where stood the Big Wheel, is a plot of ground which has not changed beyond recognition—for here is situated an institution not built for a day or a year, but for centuries—the University of Chicago.

In all the broad expanse of our country perhaps a more suitable place could not have been found for a University. Around it lies the residence district of Hyde Park, whose people are, for the most part, Americans by birth, and highly moral and religious. In becoming a part of the larger city they reserved the right of local option, so no saloons are now in the district, and it is hoped will never be. There are no manufactories in the neighborhood to belch forth their black coils of polluting smoke. A few blocks east on Midway—a park itself—is Jackson Park, containing six hundred and eighty acres, with its wooded island and its garden of roses, its lagoons, and its lake front a mile long, and the lake beyond it. A few blocks west, and we come to Washington Park, containing four hundred acres. "Here lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride;" here are shrubs and trees with birds singing gayly in their branches; here are lagoons of the clearest water and lily ponds and *parterres* of flowers that might have robbed the wife of Nebuchadnezzar of the desire for her mountain home. Thus, for pure air and out-door recreation, the student has almost rural advantages. But he cannot forget that he is in a great city; two blocks away, on Fifty-fifth Street, he can feel its pulse, and, though eight miles distant by the Illinois Central, he is only twelve minutes from its mighty heart, through which, day in and day out, pours a mighty stream of busy humanity. It is America's heart.

If one inspects closely the grounds and buildings of the University of Chicago, he will find that proper regard has been exercised both as to beauty and utility. The campus contains twenty-four acres. Something like one hundred thousand dollars has been spent in improving it. Before ever a building was projected, President Harper sent for Henry Ives Cobb, perhaps the best architect in America. He had the faith to ask for a plan for a complete set of University buildings, to cost ten millions of dollars, though the University had at the time hardly a tithe of the sum. And Mr. Cobb made it. When complete the buildings will comprise an architectural whole, the like of which cannot be found. Let one look at any of the buildings already erected, and he will become convinced that Mr. Cobb must have made his work a labor of love. They are wonderful in their dignified beauty; there is something moral about them; they "minister to the mind" and spirit as well; besides, they serve a part in making the University an object of love to every one who has been a member of it. The buildings already erected are seven dormitories (three for women and four for men), occupying the quadrangles, and the following general buildings in a central position: Cobb Lecture Hall, at present the home of the various languages; Haskell Oriental Museum; Walker Geological Museum; Kent Chemical Laboratory, with accommodations devised by Prof. Remsen; Ryerson Physical Laboratory, the finest college building in America, and as well fitted for its purpose as ingenuity could devise. There are now in course of erection four biological laboratories, one each for botany, zoology, physiology and anatomy, which, when completed, will offer unparalleled facilities for the study of these sciences. Besides, the University has, at Lake Geneva, the Yerkes Astronomical Observatory with its telescope, the largest in the world, and academies and affiliated schools that my pen wearies to write about. In all, the properties and endowments of the University amount to not less than thirteen million dollars; its annual income is six hundred and

fty thousand; one hundred and seventy-five persons are in its corps of teachers. And all this in five years! Surely, there is something beyond the ordinary in all this! There is. It is President Harper.

The resources and energy of this man seem to know no bounds. As a student, it is said that he slept only four hours out of the twenty-four. Though he may sleep more now, it is hard to see when he gets time for it. He solicits money for the University so successfully as to be termed "hypnotist." He knows the workings of every department of the University, and besides his duties as President, finds time to be a regular attendant at the devotional exercises, at receptions innumerable, educational meetings, and ball games, to edit a magazine, to deliver extension lectures, write books, contribute articles to magazines, to attend the chautauqua, and to teach Semitics as Head Professor.

Such are some of the features of the school which the graduate student finds in Chicago. After getting settled and matriculated and registered and being tendered a reception and whirled through a convocation, he usually begins to think, and usually becomes very despondent as a result. He becomes vaguely conscious that, after all, he does not know everything, and can never hope to know; that, of all the thirty departments of the University, he can hope to become moderately proficient in only one, and must abandon the rest. What an unpleasant truth! Perhaps he has not made a wise choice of that one. From these clouds he usually emerges an earnest, hard-working student, and so he remains until he has won the right to don the doctor's hood and gown, and received the coveted degree.

Though during their first two years of residence graduate students do some recitation work, the Seminary is the characteristic instrument of graduate work. This is composed of the professor, fellows and graduate students of the department. It meets once or twice a week. At these meetings

either the professor lectures or some student reads a paper on the general line of work chosen for the year. During his first quarter the neophyte's part is often restricted to listening. He prepares papers, but only for the professor's eye. A tale is told of a noted professor in another institution, who keeps a student as silent the first year as a Pythagorean *acousmaticus*, or "hearer," during his seven years apprenticeship.

All aids are afforded the student in the prosecution of his work. Every department has its own library of books, suited for its special work. Here, too, will be found files and current numbers of all periodicals that relate specially to this subject. If he is a science student, his laboratory facilities are the best; if a student of sociology, the city lies around him.

Every department, or group of kindred departments, has its club, which meets once a month to hear papers of general interest to all its members. Once a month, too, the graduate school has a general meeting, addressed by some teacher or scholar, on methods of study or on some phase of University life. Should a stranger attend one of these meetings, he would doubtless find himself in an atmosphere new to him. For, though the graduate school is only a part—a major part, it is true—of a general scheme of work, it has a spirit all its own. Every member of it is more or less brought under its sway. It is inciting and inspiring, bold, vigorous and aggressive, but also cautious and humble, desiring only to reveal the unadorned truth.

But the graduate school does not live to itself. As soon as the finances of the University will permit, there will be established professional schools of law, fine arts and music, among others. To-day there is a divinity school and an undergraduate school, both of which modify the life of the other schools, and, in turn, are modified by them.

Leaving the divinity school, we say a few words about the undergraduate. He is usually a true Westerner. He knows

little and cares little about the history of his State, but is well versed in that of the nation. The West is the heart of the nation for him. If Chicago is not the largest city in America, he believes it soon will be. In his student life he is extremely studious. He seems to view his connection with the school as a business matter, of which he is determined to make the most. But he is, for all that, the whole-souled fellow the college student usually is. He yells himself hoarse in the interest of the University ball teams, and builds enormous bonfires to celebrate their victories. Sometimes he joins fraternities, but he receives no encouragement in this; sometimes he forms glee and mandolin clubs. In his genial, contagious enthusiasm he has a very salutary effect on the more advanced scholar.

In all the great educational institutions of the West co-education has long been introduced. The Westerners will have nothing else. Its workings at the University of Chicago seems to have been all that could be desired. In the classroom the woman has not shown herself inferior or detrimental. The presence of both sexes seems to be mutually beneficial; the woman is quick and alert, the man methodical and sure. In general, the life of both sexes seem to be bettered. The men certainly become more refined and moral, and the women as certainly keep as much of their true womanly nature as they do in any other sphere of Western life. None of the imaginary ills, such as desperate love affairs, have appeared.

Much attention is given to athletics. The undergraduate fairly revels in gymnastic exercises. But interest in them is by no means restricted to him; the members of all schools of the University will be found on the ball and track teams. Gymnasiums are provided for both men and women; there are a dozen tennis courts on the campus. For base-ball, football and track work, Mr. Marshall Field has given the University the use of a block just north of the campus. This has been enclosed and provided with stands. Here the teams do

battle royal on the gridiron or diamond. The greatest athletic event of the year is the Thanksgiving foot-ball game with the University of Michigan. Then the University turns out in a body—the undergraduate bedecked with chrysanthemums and colors galore, and the staidest theologian developed into a vigorous "rooter." The city is there, too, eagerly hoping for Chicago's victory. There, also, is a considerable body of sympathizers with Michigan.

One might think in looking at this crowd of yelling enthusiasts that nothing but athletics was taught here, but the true subsidiary role of such work is recognized and kept prominent. No student can represent the University in any contest unless he has secured a certain average on his class work. A man who disgraces himself by losing his temper, or by any kind of improper conduct, is promptly dismissed from the team.

The social life of the University is something unique. Each of the various dormitories is organized into a "house." Each "house" selects its own officers and elects new members. They are provided with ample parlors and reception rooms. The women give three receptions—one at each of the "houses"—every month. They are held from four to six in the afternoon, and are purely informal. The genial clatter of conversation goes round; infinitesimal cups of chocolate are served; and the student experiences a pleasant relaxation.

The religious life of the University is very strong and almost intense. Go to almost any English church, and you will find a member of the University teaching in its Sunday School. The officers of the University do all they can to encourage its members to participate actively in Christian work. Devotional services are held four days in the week and on Sundays; one day in the year is set apart especially for prayer. Both the men and the women have a large Christian Association, and an organization known as the Christian Union provides lectures for Sunday afternoons, and has for several years

been engaged in Christian education in one of the worst districts of the city.

It must suffice barely to mention the constant stream of great scholars, statesmen, and others who visit the University; the weekly music recitals given, sometimes by the best talent in the world; the University Extension work, and the Quarterly Convocation.

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#### WITH THE RAIDERS.

R. H. M'NEILL.

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The night was dark and stormy. Since nightfall the heavens had been draped with a dense layer of dark and threatening clouds. The lightnings were playing across the sky, and at intervals the low rumblings of distant thunder could be heard as it rolled across the vaulted expanse, growing less distinct, until it finally could be heard no more. This was a night for crime and for its concealment. It had also been chosen for the enforcement of law. On a night like this, when no one dreamed of an attack, the raiders had planned to destroy a distillery in a district which was inhabited almost exclusively by blockaders. Having been informed of its existence, they had assembled (by agreement) at a little village about two miles from the supposed location of the distillery. They were under the leadership of a strong, giant-like, ruddy-faced, fearless fighter, who had been engaged in a hundred such expeditions of destruction, and who had never yet retreated before the fire of the infuriated distillers. With him as their leader, they were all, twelve in number, inspired with a spirit of fearlessness, which nothing but death could conquer. They were all well mounted on strong, fleet-footed horses, which were trained to leap, to retreat, or to charge, as circumstances required. They were the idols of their riders. In his belt each man carried two heavy, fierce-looking, 44-calibre pistols, and fast-

ened across his shoulders a long-barreled, repeating Winchester. All of these weapons had seen service, and each man depended on them to "speak" when called upon. Thus accounted they took up the march fearlessly, the "reporter" leading them, himself on foot. He was watched by all of the party jealously. They feared him, although they were profiting by his knowledge. They knew how easy it would be for him to lead them into ambush, where they could be easily overcome. They warned him that if he should attempt to play them false his life would pay the forfeit.

Gradually they drew near to the distillery. They entered into a dark, secluded glen, and pushed forward with muttered curses over rocks, fallen trees, into holes innumerable, with many a fall. But, despite these impediments, they pressed resolutely on until they were halted by the low-spoken but imperative words of the leader, who had gone on a little ahead with the informant. "Hold," he said—"Every man move forward slowly and silently until you have reached the last large clump of bushes between yourselves and the blockaders, and there await further orders." Slowly and silently they obeyed, and on reaching the spot, there, just in front of them, was the distillery, plainly outlined by means of the fire which was burning. Within could be heard the boisterous laughter and drunken cursings, which are characteristic of a blockade "still," and without someone could be seen pacing before the door, apparently on sentinel duty. On his face, illuminated by the fire light, was a look of barbarous fearlessness. He paced back and forth by the door with the steady tread of a veteran. Everything about him denoted the practiced guard. His ears seemed pricked all the time in the endeavor to catch some suspicious sounds. This is partially accounted for from the fact that by some unknown means, doubtless through the reporter himself indirectly, they had received an intimation of the intended attack by the raiders, and had placed the sentinel on duty, with the instructions to use his greatest vigi-

lance. On account of the intimation, above stated, preparations for the defense of the distillery had been as nearly completed as time would allow, and its defenders, ten men and six or eight women and boys, were prepared to make a determined resistance to any attempt at its destruction. Within they had piled up a miscellaneous collection of weapons, old, rusty guns, pistols, axes, bludgeons, barrel stays and various other articles which they supposed could be used to advantage.

Suddenly those within the "still" were startled by the sentinel, who rushed madly through the door, pushing and barring it behind him, and facing the surprised crowd who rushed around him, he exclaimed in low tones, but with suppressed excitement, "Just now, as I passed the farther end of my beat, I heard an unusual sound to my left, and looking around immediately, I saw some one scampering behind a hiding. In my opinion the raiders are here. Everyone 'lay to' and prepare to defend this property to the last man." No sooner was this order given than obeyed. Everyone began rolling barrels and casks against the door, in order to secure it from an immediate forcing. This done, everyone turned his attention to his fire-arms and other weapons of defense. To the men were given the guns and pistols and to the women and boys the axes and clubs. The men were to repel the raiders as long as possible, and then, but not till then, were the women to enter the struggle. All these things being agreed upon, they patiently awaited the attack. In the meantime the raiders, who had lain concealed behind the hedge, were silent witnesses to these hurried preparations for resistance, and in order that the defenses might be as slight as possible, after a whispered consultation, they determined on an immediate and a desperate attack. The leader of this desperate band called his men close up around him and, in determined tones, said: "Men, we came here to sack this distillery despite the resistance of its owners and their sympathizers. While we did not expect so desperate a struggle as now seems before us, yet we

are undaunted and are now more determined than ever to capture both it and every man within who will submit to be taken alive, and the most savage ones we will put out of the way. What is the sentiment of you all? Am I right?" A chorus of "yes's" was the response, and every man began preparations for the charge. Again the leader's voice rose above the others, and, commanding silence, he said: "Let no man show his back to the foe. Spare the women and boys, if possible, but by all means let nothing deter you from taking the distillery. Prepare for a charge." They all crowded around their leader, ready but for the word which was to cause them to hurl themselves like a rushing cataract against and over all obstacles.

While these preparations were being consummated among the officers the blockaders were by no means idle. With the desperation of despair they had worked, until now they had made of the old log distillery a splendid breast-work. Through openings between the logs the muskets had been stationed, and were not to be fired until the oncoming force should have almost reached the house. The door, too, was well barricaded and guarded. Although the besieged were fearful of defeat, yet they were aware that if they were taken their punishment would be bitter, so they determined to sell their lives and liberties dearly. Suddenly they were startled by a voice from the direction in which the raiders were stationed. The voice in question had uttered but one word, yet that word had inspired fear into the souls of every one of the besieged party. It had to them a deep, a terrible significance. Its sound was as thrilling and blood-chilling as the sound of the wolf's cry in a lonely forest. Upon its wings was borne "Death," terrible death, and they knew it, but no signal of surrender was unfurled, no word asking for mercy was heard, no prayers to the "God of Battles" were uttered, but behind those walls could be heard bitter maledictions hurled at the guardians of the law. The single word of such wonderful

significance, uttered by this powerful, penetrating voice was, "Charge!" From the hiding in which they had been concealed till now they rushed, their captain leading them, and towards the distillery they bounded like demons. Those within listened with bated breath to the oncoming, impetuous raiders. Silently they waited until they could hear their hard breathing as they approached nearer and nearer, until they had approached to and were ready to rush against the barricaded door, when from within was heard the commanding voice of the seeming leader—"Fire!"—and at the order there belched forth from the muskets and pistols a volley which carried with it death and consternation, which stopped the mad rush for the door, and which caused dying groans and gasps for breath to replace exulting cries and yells of defiance. Not too much elated at their apparent victory, the besieged began immediately to reload and to secure more strongly the door during the lull in the struggle. While they were thus engaged, the besieging party, having gathered up their wounded, retreated to their place of safety, and over the fatally wounded bodies of their two companions they held a hurried consultation as to whether they should continue the charge after such a reverse. The opinion of everyone was that a retreat should not be recorded against them, after their long and unbroken chain of victories, and especially after their comrades had suffered so severely at the hands of those whom they called "savages." Therefore, with a spirit of desperation, born of a longing desire for revenge, they hurriedly prepared to renew the struggle and to renew it with a desperation which they hoped would prove irresistible. But this time they were not to rush headlong against the door, but to approach it cautiously until they had assembled around it, and on an agreed signal they were to crush it in by one terrible effort and then to ply their weapons to the best advantage. This they did slowly, silently. As a cat approaches its prey preparatory for springing on it, they approached the "still" door in the darkness. Not a

footfall could be heard, so carefully did they proceed. Directly they reached within a foot or two of the door and halted, scarcely breathing, so severe had been their orders to observe a dead silence. But silence was not to continue longer. Suddenly a powerful figure rose, with its ponderous weight above those surrounding it, and in a voice resembling the deep-toned thunder, called aloud, "Crush in that door." A voice coming to the besieged from so near by naturally threw them into consternation and for a moment they fell back from the door, and during that moment everyone in the besieging party rushed desperately against it, and with a cracking, a crumbling, a falling it broke from its hinges and into the room the raiders were precipitated, rolling headlong over barrels and boxes into the middle of the floor, where they were set upon by the besieged with a fury born of despair. The raiders rallied as best they could, and fighting their way to one corner from whence the voice of their commander had been heard, they crowded around him, all the time beating back the infuriated blockaders. During the short struggle which had just been waged all the lights had been extinguished, and now the besieged and besiegers were glaring at each other in the dense darkness, fearing to strike lest a friend should be killed instead of an enemy, disdaining flight now their passions had been aroused to such a frenzy—only anxious to exterminate each other. There they were, two desperate bands struggling for supremacy.

Suddenly a ringing voice from among the raiders was heard to cry, "Fire and charge." At this order there blazed forth from the corner in which the raiders were stationed a blaze of fire which illuminated the entire room and caused its occupants to look like dim spectres. Immediately following this volley, which could not be returned, as the guns of the blockaders had been emptied at the first charge, the raiders, guided by the light from their own guns, rushed against the wounded, dying, screaming blockaders and attempted to complete their work of extermination. But this was not to be accomplished

so easily. The women and boys, who had remained passive witnesses of this scene of blood, goaded by a desire for revenge, like she wolves and young tigers, they rushed to the rescue of their wounded friends. The shock of their charge stunned the raiders, but despite its ferocity they rushed fearlessly on, and using their guns as clubs they succeeded, though not until the greater part of their own forces had gone down beneath the onslaught of the determined women, in wounding and disabling or killing every single blockader. The few who escaped unwounded now gazed over the scene of the fight. Horror of horrors! In places dying mothers could be seen clasping their dying sons in a last, cold embrace as they bid them good-bye. Here could be seen wives who, by what was, as it appeared, intuition, had sought among the wounded and dying for their husbands, had found them as they were about to pass off into another world—just in time to print upon their foreheads a last kiss—just in time to die with them.

Horrified at this ghastly sight, the remaining raiders, five in number, dashed through the open door, through the thicket and glen to where their horses were tethered, and mounting the fastest of them they, like pale, gaunt, ghost-like shadows, galloped like madmen into the nearest town. As they passed the streets crowds assembled around them and gazed with wonder at their foam-covered horses and at them—bruised and emaciated from the late struggle.

Quietly they gathered a posse and took up a return march to the scene of the late fatal conflict. On again arriving at the distillery they were placed under no restraint for fear of arousing its operators. They knew full well that all within were voiceless and forever so. On entering the building they silently extricated from the bleeding mass of humanity the dead raiders and tenderly laid them in one corner alone, and then gazing alternately at each heap of mangled bodies, the raiders' captain, for he had escaped unscathed, uttered in an uncanny whisper to his comrades standing by, "Great is the law."

## THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE.

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CHAS. M. STALEY.

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A great deal is said in these days about the corrupting influences of great corporations, or trusts, as they are usually called. Men point to such combinations of wealth as the Standard Oil Company, the American Tobacco Company, and others, and declare that they are a menace to our liberty and a blot upon our civilization. Whether or not the charge is true is a question which will not be discussed here. The object of this article is to show that history furnishes one striking instance of civilization being materially aided and advanced by a great corporation.

The rise and development of the confederation of free cities known as the Hanseatic League, form an important chapter in the history of Germany, and, it may be said, also of all Europe during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. This confederation lasted for more than two hundred years, and its effects may still be seen and felt in the security and comfort which attend the traveler as he passes from one State to another on the Continent, though the League itself (its mission being accomplished) was broken up long ago.

When we contrast the condition of Germany as it was at the close of the thirteenth century, with its present condition, and, at the same time, take into consideration the part that this corporation played in the great reformation of manners and customs, we are bound to admit that Germany would not be what it is to-day had it not been for the Hanseatic League. And yet this League was nothing more than the union of a number of cities into a great corporation or trust, whose object was to crush out competition and thus enrich its individual members. Its first object was its own aggrandizement, yet its beneficial influence on European civilization can hardly be estimated.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century Germany was but the semblance of an empire. A mania seemed to have seized her kings, compelling them to spend their lives for the most part in Italy. The title of Holy Roman Emperor was, in their estimation, a far greater one than King of Germany, and for the sake of this empty honor they spent their lives, and wasted the treasures of the Fatherland, in fighting the battles of the peninsula—"the garden of the Empire," as Dante termed it—leaving their own kingdom to be torn to pieces by internal dissension and strife.

In the absence of the king the government of each little kingdom or principality was left entirely to its own prince or duke. These petty rulers were generally of a warlike and despotic disposition, and, since each one was jealous of his neighbor, they were almost continually at war among themselves. Not infrequently it happened that they would unite and make war on the king himself. The feudal system, which at its institution was intended to be a protection of the weak by the strong, had been so subverted from its original intents and purposes that it was only a system of oppression and robbery of the poor, by those who posed as their protectors and benefactors. The country was continually agitated by deeds of violence and lawlessness, for in many instances those who should have enforced the laws were themselves the principal offenders. The peasantry groaned heavily under the burdens laid upon them, and sighed for the return of the good old days. Around their firesides in the long winter nights they recounted the traditions of the good reign of Frederick Red Beard, and fondly dreamed of the time when the ravens would cease to fly around the Kyffhäuser Berg, for then the old king would awake from his long sleep, and, leaving the cave in the mountains of Bavaria, where he was resting with his trusty band of crusaders, would rule his people again.

It can readily be surmised that in the midst of such turmoil and confusion, commerce between the different States was in

a deplorable condition. We in our modern civilization, traveling from one State to another in ease and security, can have but a faint idea at best of the difficulties and dangers which beset the trader in Germany during that stormy period of its history. The commerce of that time was carried on exclusively by traders, who traveled from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, carrying their wares with them. When one of these bold traders set out on his journey he offered up his supplications to Providence, and put his house in order, for he knew the probabilities were that he would never return. If his journey was by sea, he had to encounter perils greater even than the raging waters of that bleak, rugged coast, for piracy and wrecking were considered honorable occupations. Indeed, it is said that in some places near the coast the people actually offered prayers in the churches for an abundant harvest of "strandgut," as the merchandise cast out on shore by the sea was called. If, on the other hand, the adventurous trader (dreading the perils of the deep) traveled by land, his dangers were none the less numerous. The barons, in their strongly-fortified castles, were little better than highway robbers, inasmuch as they were ready at any moment to sally forth and pounce down on any luckless traveler who might be passing through their dominions. They would either strip him of all his goods, or levy blackmail in the name of toll. That was the conception those old rulers had of a tariff for revenue. In fact, the trader often thought himself fortunate to escape with his life. Scott, in one of his famous novels, "Anne of Geierstein," has vividly portrayed the difficulties and dangers which surrounded the traveler on all sides. In the midst of such conditions as these, the idea of co-operation took root in the minds of these bold, daring traders.

There are no records of the first beginnings of the League, and it is not known how, or when, or where, the first steps were taken. It is supposed, however, that it originated among the traders along the Baltic. The sale of fish was one of the most

important commercial transactions of that time; and as the Baltic was the great source of that wealth, hither came traders from far and wide. As the number of these increased, they would meet each other at the various towns, exchange news, perhaps wares also, and hold to each other as fellow-countrymen are wont to do when they meet on foreign soil. Perhaps they aided each other in settling disputes with the natives, and so naturally they combined among themselves to protect their common interest.

It is supposed that the first organized league was effected at Wisby, as it was the great emporium for this commerce along the Baltic. At any rate Wisby was one of the most influential cities of the confederation. It was here that associational dues were paid; it was here that common funds were deposited—kept safely in the church of Our Lady Maria Teutonicorum. As a rule these guilds clustered around the churches erected by themselves.

As these traders increased in number and influence they were able to bring pressure to bear on the ruler or magistracy, which resulted in official character being given to the guild. Then when these traders returned to their homes they told of the benefits which came from the union. Step by step the organization grew, spreading from town to town, so that by the middle of the fourteenth century all the cities which traded with the Baltic were united in a federation having a common seal. Thus arose the Hanseatic League, which controlled more than eighty cities. Its warehouses and factories were in all the principal cities of Europe, and the markets were under its control. As we say in these days, it was a gigantic trust.

For more than a hundred years the League flourished. It had a monopoly on the entire commerce of Europe, and it vigorously suppressed all competition. But it put an effectual stop to the oppression and robbery which, up to this time, had been practiced by the rulers and their subordinates. It was one thing to seize the goods of a trader who could claim pro-

tection from no source whatever, but quite another thing to incur the displeasure of this great confederation.

These cities were able to secure important concessions from the rulers, not only for their own benefit, but also for that of humanity at large. Sometimes these concessions were wrested from the ruling powers by force, but more frequently it was done by means of gifts of money. Kings and princes borrowed money from this League, and very often the debt was excused in return for very important concessions. Thus the League was advancing civilization in two ways, directly because of the power which it exercised. At the height of its power the Hansea dictated measures to kings and emperors, and, with its armies and fleets, it was able to enforce these demands, as Waldemar, King of Denmark, found out to his bitter cost. Thus it was breaking down the tyrannical power which the kings and princes were using, and was bringing about a state of peace and security, not only to themselves, but to the whole country. Indirectly the League was aiding the spirit of freedom, as it showed the peasants what might be accomplished by united action.

But the closing years of the fifteenth century were to witness the decay and downfall of this mighty system which had accomplished so much for Europe. It had set an object-lesson before the people, and they learned it well. The spirit of change was rife, and the Hansea, which was the progenitor of this spirit of independence that would brook no oppression, was itself to go down before the great tide of democracy which swept over Germany. The Reformation was but one of the many signs which marked the transition from the mediæval to the modern spirit. The Hansea had inaugurated the movement and had set the pace, but was left behind in the onward march. It still clung to ideas which were rapidly becoming obsolete, and in the great struggle which it had inaugurated it was broken to pieces. When the Thirty Years War was ended, the Hanseatic League had fulfilled its mission and was at an end.

The once all-powerful confederation which made and unmade kings, which taught the common people the lesson of independence and resistance to tyranny, was broken and shattered long ago. All that remains of it now is the memory of its former greatness—the memory of a spirit of independence and freedom which would not submit to the oppression of tyrants, great or small. It was instrumental in striking off the shackles of slavery which bound the peasantry of Europe, and making them free. Thus directly and indirectly it was a prime cause of making Germany the great nation she is to-day. When the people were thoroughly infused with the love of freedom its work was done, and the Hanseatic League passed into history. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" might aptly be inscribed on its tomb, for its glory was great and real indeed.

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#### AN INVESTIGATION.

H. B. FOLK.

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There is a large old house standing in a rather isolated situation within the confines of the town. It was formerly occupied by a rich old bachelor, who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. In spite of a close search and suspicion of dark play, his fate had long remained a mystery.

Years afterwards, his nephew, on his death-bed, had confessed to the murder. He had come to his uncle's house one night and demanded more money. His uncle had refused. Bitter words were said. In the heat of exasperation and anger he had drawn his dagger and stabbed his uncle, who tottered, fell and expired with a groan. He had dragged the body from the room, down the stairs, on down into the cellar, and lowered it into an old disused well. He had then fled back to the city, no one having known of his visit to his uncle's town.

Since the owner's disappearance the house had never been occupied. The mystery surrounding his sudden disappear-

ance, and, since the nephew's confession, the knowledge of the murder, had given it an uncanny reputation and accorded free reign to imagination, which had invested it with all kinds of horrors.

By a series of events this house came into my possession. These rumors therefore rendering valueless an otherwise valuable piece of property, it became my interest to investigate.

I made arrangements with a man who was devoid of any sense of fear or superstition to sleep in the house at night, and I fitted up for him the upstairs room in which the murder had been committed. On the morning after the second night, this man came to my office, his face pale and haggard, and declared he had rather sleep in a graveyard, with ghosts and demons dancing about him, than in that house.

I saw I should have to investigate the matter myself, if the mystery was to be cleared up. Accordingly, an evening or two afterwards, taking along a book to read, and my revolver, I proceeded towards the house.

I felt brave enough at first, but when I had left the highway and approached the house, lonely, gloomy and ghostly-looking in the gathering twilight, I confess to a sinking of my spirits, and to a feeling responsive to my sombre surroundings; and when I had entered, my footsteps awaking strange echoes from the solemn silence, and, in the deepened gloom, was making my way up the creaking stairway toward the room which the ghosts of the murderer and his victim were said to haunt, I could not keep my mind from recalling, with vivid and painful distinctness, all the horrible stories of the place, nor my imagination from investing the gloomy shadows with augmented ghostliness.

But when I had lighted the lamp, closed and locked the door and fastened the windows, all such feelings were put to flight, and I felt that all the ghosts and spectres were barred on the outside. I spent the evening in reading, becoming oblivious of my surroundings, and went to bed with my mind free from any nervous or superstitious feelings. I took the precaution,

however, of not removing my clothes, and of placing the revolver under my pillow.

I had been asleep probably several hours, when all at once I found myself awake and with every sense on the alert. The room was perfectly dark. Not a thing could I see; not a thing could I hear, yet I knew there was an uncongenial presence in the room. I could *feel* a baleful influence.

I know not how long I lay thus, when I felt something warm drop upon my forehead. I did not need to see. I knew intuitively what it was. It was a drop of blood. Other drops followed slowly, and then from just at the foot of the bed burst a groan. There was no mistake. I heard it distinctly. I was just about to spring up and investigate, when I perceived a dim light appear upon the wall, and noticed that the room had become faintly, very faintly, lighted. Then I perceived outlined upon the wall two spectral forms. Suddenly I saw one spectre lift its shadowy arm, a dagger in its hand. It plunged the dagger into the breast of its companion. The victim staggered and fell, and from it burst forth a groan of agony. Then suddenly all was dark.

A few seconds, and then I heard a sound as if a body was being dragged. *It was coming towards me.* It approached, passed close by, and then went through the door. I heard it as it went down the stairway, then down the cellar steps, fainter and fainter, until it died away into silence.

I sprang up, lighted the lamp and examined the door. It was locked. The windows, too, were just as I had left them. I searched the room, but could find nothing wrong. I sat down by the table and tried to compose my thoughts. Presently, from just in front, I heard a voice address me. I looked up hastily, but could see nothing. I was trying to persuade myself I was mistaken, when again I heard the voice.

"Sir, what do you want here?" it said.

"Ghost or devil!" I cried, "what do *you* want here?"

"I am here now to *warn* you," said the Voice. "Swear

that in the morning you leave, never to return, and all will be well. Refuse, and all be wrong!"

"If you think to frighten me, you will find that you are mistaken!" I answered. "I swear that in the morning this house shall be searched from garret to cellar, and, if these abominable proceedings still continue, I swear it shall be torn down and not a stick of timber left within fifty yards. I'll ferret out this mystery or put an end to the house!"

There was no reply for a few moments; and then, close to my ear, in a low, suppressed, solemn whisper, the Voice said: "Then know that you are doomed!"

Once more I was left to my own thoughts. Everything was as silent as the tomb—a silence more unbearable than all, a silence filled with vague apprehensions of I knew not what. It settled around me with its impalpable terrors, and I was powerless against its silent, irresistible influence. Imagination threw off control, and revelled in all kinds of horrors, until it fell back affrighted at the apparitions of terror it had called forth. I dared not extinguish the light. I hardly dared move. Thus I sat at the table until nature asserted its claims, and I fell asleep.

Presently, from far down in the cellar, where the last dragging sounds had died away, I heard wild, demoniacal laughter and shouts. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, they sounded. More and more fiendish, more and more turbulent, mingled now with the noise of rattling and dragging chains, as though a band of demons just released from the fiery pit, the strange and awful sounds ascend the stairs. The thronging demons reach the landing. They approach my door! They surge against it with mingled shouts, yells and curses. They crowd about the windows, yet ever keeping without the pathway of light. The lamp begins to burn dim, and the demons outside grow louder, bolder and more exultant. The circle of light still contracts, retreating before the surrounding darkness. Now it is pressed back within the room. The ghostly

roust outside crowd in, into the surrounding circle of darkness—a mass of flaming, yelling, dancing demons. Round and round the circle of light they dance and leap and shout. Dimmer and dimmer grows the light, and nearer and nearer circle these harpies—gleaming eyes, flaming forms, horrid grins, rattling chains, exultant yells. Now the hideous mass is almost within arm's reach. An instant more and they are upon me.

Suddenly, about the horrid din, smites upon my ear that groan. I start up. Gone are the demons. The light burns brightly as ever. Had I really seen this horrible spectacle or only dreamed it? But that groan! Surely there was no mistake about that. It had been too distinct. I listened. Once more it arose—prolonged, awful, agonizing. I seized my pistol and searched behind the bed, whence the sound had come. I could find nothing. I had started away, when upon my head fell a heavy blow, and I dropped senseless.

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When consciousness began to dawn, I felt myself reclining in an uncomfortable position. It was pitch-dark; not a sound. I put back my hand and it came in contact with damp earth. I felt something tight about my waist and discovered it to be a rope. Hastily I drew forth my match-box and struck a light. One glance was enough. The terrible truth flashed upon me. I was at the bottom of the old well in the cellar. An uncontrollable horror seized me. I shouted madly, but only the muffled sound of my own voice came back.

Soon I grew more composed, and turned my attention toward examining my situation. I struck another match and by its flickering light looked about. What was that in the opposite corner? Horror upon horrors! Never till my dying day shall I forget that sight. It was only an instant, but every detail was indelibly impressed upon my memory. Seated in the opposite corner, its knees drawn up, gazing full upon me, was a ghastly skeleton.

Die in this hole with that fearful presence, without an effort,

I would not. I struck another light. Above was only darkness and the decayed wood lining the well. There was no escape. Hope died within me and I sank back.

Amid all my conflicting thoughts was an awful horror of that ghastly presence in the opposite corner. I fancied it was gloating over my despair. I could almost see its mocking grin and the exultant gleam from its eyeless sockets. I could stand it no longer. I *must* have a light. There it was, as before, except the mocking expression passed, when I looked, into one of stolid indifference.

But I noticed just behind it what seemed to be an opening. I determined to examine it, skeleton or no skeleton. I approached and seized hold upon the figure, my light going out just as I did so. Its bones clanked in an angry and threatening manner, its hand fell against my face, and it seemed endowed with a malevolent resistance to my efforts, yet I succeeded in getting it out of the way.

While examining the aperture, I heard faintly the sound of running water, and all at once hope seized upon me. This was probably a channel of communication between the well and one of those underground rivers, which are not infrequent in those regions. If this was the case, and I could succeed in getting to the river, I had strong hopes of being able to make my way down the stream to its exit, which I knew, from the nature of the country, must not be far away.

The tunnel was just large enough for the passage of my body. I had just got my length in, when I felt myself pulled back by an unseen force. Fiercely and desperately I struggled forward, when into the opening I heard that skeleton glide. Faster I struggled, and faster glided the skeleton just at my heels. I could almost hear its labored breathing, as it followed close behind.

Presently I became sensible of something pulling at my waist, and then I understood the situation. The rope fastened around my waist had become entangled with the skeleton, and I was pulling it along with me. Thus we proceeded, when

all at once the skeleton came against an impediment and, despite my utmost endeavors, held me fast. There I was, in that narrow, underground passage, held a prisoner by that diabolical skeleton, which seemed animated with a malignant purpose to prevent my escape. Nevertheless, with difficulty I managed to reach its skull with my hand; then I placed my fingers within its cavernous eye-sockets, and by this means succeeded in pulling it free of the obstruction.

Soon the tunnel widened, and presently I found myself upon the margin of the underground stream. A lighted paper penetrated the engulfing darkness, and threw its rays upon the dark waters, the narrow beach and the rocky passage-way. I started eagerly to follow its shore down-stream, when a jerk reminded me of my connection with the skeleton. I seized it and dragged it along, until it became impossible to proceed further, thus encumbered. I tried to disengage myself, but could not unfasten the knot in the dark. Hastily I took out a letter, rolled and lighted it, seized the skeleton, seated it against the wall, placed the taper between its gleaming, grinning teeth, and by its light again applied myself to the knot. But it was too fast. I tried to untangle the rope from the skeleton's ribs, but the light flickered out. Another light! and my last match was gone. Fast and fiercely I worked. The light began to wane. Should this demon of a skeleton at last prevent my escape? No! One—two—three—four ribs I tore off, and the rope was untangled.

Before leaving, I stopped for a farewell look. The dying taper flickered up for a few moments and revealed the skeleton sitting there, gazing pensively, dejectedly and lonesomely across the river. Just as I turned away the flame gave an expiring flare, and—was it fancy, or did it really wave its hand in a melancholy farewell?

Thus I left it, keeping its silent, lonely vigil upon the bank of that darkly-flowing river. There I doubt not it sits to this day, and there it will sit until its bones crumble to dust; then will the river bear the dust into the valley, the vegetable life

will feed upon it, and from the unsightly skeleton shall be formed the springing grass, the waving grain, the beautiful flowers.

I made my way on down the stream—now along the bank, now wading, now swimming, as the nature of the passage required. I had gone probably half a mile, or a mile, when, turning a bend, I saw a light ahead and knew I was near the exit. The river still proceeded between high, steep walls. These, however, soon became less high and steep, and I was able to reach the top.

It was just before sunrise, and the eastern horizon was dyed in purple and gold. Then the sun awoke from his nightly slumbers, lifted his golden head, threw aside the rich drapery hung by "rosy-fingered Dawn, child of the Morning," and began his daily career of splendor.

The daylight, the glowing sunrise, the sight of the distant blue, hazy mountain-tops, and of the valley below, with its fresh verdure and its fields of cultivation, with its trees tossing their foliage in the morning breeze, and the river meandering through its cool depths, all served to dissipate the ghostly feelings and morbid fancies of the preceding night, and I seemed as if awaked from a horrible dream.

I made my way to the town, and during the day got ready a party of men. That night we surrounded the house. Three men and myself, armed, and with dark-lanterns, started forward to search the house. We had not reached it, when one of the lanterns flashed full upon a man crouching behind a bush. He sprang up with an oath, but before he could go two steps one of the men was upon him, and he was quickly overpowered. He was bound and conveyed to a safe distance from the house.

By means of threats and promises he was induced to tell everything. He was a member of a gang of "moonshiners" who had taken up their quarters at this house, making use of its haunted reputation to prevent intrusion and frightening away all venturesome comers with ghostlike demonstrations. Ex-

pecting a search for me, the band had last night retreated to another hiding-place and appointed him to watch the house.

I further questioned him and learned the means of the mysterious proceedings of the night before. One of the band was a ventriloquist, there was a secret door in the wall behind the bed, and a dim light at a little distance had cast the shadows upon the wall.

Most of the band were captured, and with their capture ended the ghostly career of the house. It has now been occupied for many years. Yet never, never will be effaced from my memory the horrors of that night, nor will a spectral throng of ghosts, apparitions, skeletons and demons ever cease to haunt my couch, or to run riot within the chambers of my imagination.

#### HORSE-FLIES AND FROG-SPIT.

W. L. FOTEAT.

In the warmer portions of the year on a variety of plants may be seen little masses of foam clinging to the smaller and tenderer twigs. They occur, for example, on the alder along brooks, on the blackberry, on rich-weed in the stubble-fields, and on pines. These bits of froth are variously named in popular speech, according to its supposed origin. It is sometimes vaguely called "spring-froth," probably in allusion to the imagined transudation of the copious juices of the plant in spring. In England and France it goes by the name of "cuckoo-spit." It is hard to trace the mental path by which the peasant, who has given most things their common names, reached the conclusion that the "blithe new-comer," Wordsworth's "darling of the spring," poured forth this abundant supply of vulgar saliva. The poet sings:

While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy two-fold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

\* \* \* Thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

But the man of the fields and wood usually has a reason for his opinions, whether these opinions are true to nature or not; and I have thought that possibly the point of connection for him between this foam on the weeds and the elusive cuckoo was precisely the mystery associated with both, which, in the case of the bird, was what excited Wordsworth's imagination, and in the case of the foam, must have started questions with no answers in the mind of every one who saw it. One mystery was made to clear up the other.

In this country, however, it is commonly believed that this profuse, widely-scattered, unsightly, expectoration has quite a different source. It is laid to the charge of the tree-frogs as, in this matter, the chief and only sinners against decency and good-breeding. "Frog-spit" is, therefore, the current American name.

A well-known farmer of this vicinity, now deceased, who was held to be an observant man, called my attention years ago to large masses of white foam on pine twigs at the roadside, and said, "Poteat, do you know what that is?" I replied that I did not. "Well," said he with the air of assurance and gravity with which authority delights to instruct ignorance, "that—that is where horse-flies raise;" and he proceeded to inform me that a young horse-fly was embedded in each mass of foam. Since that time I have heard the same view expressed hereabouts not infrequently. I am unable to say over how extended a region it prevails. It presents us with a fourth theory of this curious froth.

My farmer friend was right in saying that an insect was to be found in each mass of froth; he was wrong in identifying the insect with a horse-fly. It is, rather, a member of the family of *Cercopidae*, the "spittle insects," or "frog-hoppers." As many as four or five individuals sometimes inhabit the same froth. The spittle-insect is said to undergo all its transformations within the mass. On the eve of the last change the outer portion of the foam dries and hardens so as to form

a vaulted roof over a clear space, within which the molt is effected. The mature form which issues is not a little like the frog in shape, and it is able to leap well, besides. The name, frog-hopper, was bestowed, however, because the "hopper" came out of the "frog-spit." The froth itself consists of the little-changed sap which the insect draws with its piercing beak out of the tender shoot of the plant, and which has passed through its alimentary canal. Bubbles of air, which are seized by the hinder part of the abdomen thrust above the sap for that purpose, are set free in it, and, being imprisoned by its slimy consistency, make a froth or foam. And so this "blot in the 'scutcheon'" of frog and cuckoo is wiped away.

So much for "frog-spit." I now undertake the first part of my theme last. What of "horse-flies?" If the bug with sharp beak and good jumping legs refuses to admit them to its protecting sap foam, where are the young horse-flies to lodge? for manifestly the frail creatures require some shelter somewhere.

A recent observation enables me to answer. In the month of September I had the good fortune to see our largest species of horse-fly (*Tabanus atratus*) depositing her eggs on a tall grass-stem by the road. I alighted from the buggy and went cautiously close enough to see the process distinctly. The big black fly rested on the stem with head down and placed the eggs as they issued from the ovipositor with their long axis at an angle of about seventy-five degrees with the stem, plastering them against one another in a mass which extended half way around the stem and had a depth about three times the length of the egg. The eggs were laid at about the rate of one in five seconds, and were slightly curved, cylindrical, and milk white. I interrupted the process and secured the egg-mass, while the fly, with a low buzz, disappeared up the hill in the pine thicket. The mass, incomplete as it was, measured three-eighths of an inch up and down the stem, and was nearly as thick, and contained, I suppose, as many as five hundred eggs.

The next morning I noticed that many of the eggs were brown, and on the second day the entire mass was a uniform dark brown. In eight days they began to hatch. The curious little maggots have the anterior and the posterior segments of the body telescope into one another, and that arrangement, in connection with numerous little hooked spines at the mouth, is serviceable in locomotion. I think these particular maggots live in the soil, where they prey upon such animals as they find there, grubs and snails, for example; for they soon disappeared below ground on being transferred to a glass jar half filled with earth. The larvæ of other species are said to live in the water, where they find animal food in the larvæ of aquatic insects.

And here again I think I see how our man of the wood and field came to believe that horse-flies come out of "frog-spit." The white mass of eggs clinging to the small stem of grass or other herb is not altogether unlike the white foam which occurs in precisely similar situations. Indeed, upon casual observation they would be very likely to be identified. One who had seen the horse-fly depositing the eggs would be easily misled into considering the next mass of foam which he saw a mass of the same kind of eggs, and the discovery of one or more small insects in the foam would tend to confirm his opinion. He would say, "The eggs have hatched, for here are some of the young flies." And the judgment of a man like this, who "noticed things," would be received without question and become current among those who did not "notice."

Curiosity is sometimes expressed about the means of subsistence of the tribe of horse-flies, for it is clear that the chance dinner of blood furnished by the rare horse or cow which passes through the forests, would be a scant and precarious allowance for the months of their life. It is to be remembered, in the first place, that it is only the females that are provided with those terrible swords which inflict so serious a wound that blood flows from it when they are withdrawn. The male is not blood-thirsty like his spouse. If he were thirsty, the well

is deep and he has not wherewith to draw. He seeks his food in the pollen and nectar of flowers. And, in times of scarcity of her preferred diet, the stronger and fiercer female takes up the more peaceful habit of her weakling lord.

*October, 1896.*

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LIFE versus SCIENCE.

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W. F. JOYNER.

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In the days of ancient mythology and superstition, men were indeed blissfully ignorant of the mysterious phenomena of nature. They were content to believe that all manifestations of life, in whatever object they saw, was but the subtle hand of some indwelling deity. To the mind of the Greek, the forests were the abode of myriads of driads and spirits, while every mountain stream was guided in its wandering course by some beautiful nymph. As their imagination was directed towards the darker side of nature, the winds were obedient to the commands of Æolus; and Jupiter, with his red right hand, hurled the vengeful thunderbolt.

Gradually these fanciful and poetic ideas of nature have been abandoned, and in their stead have been formulated the principles and unchangeable laws of science. One by one the hosts of mysterious spirits, that have for a time satisfied the curiosity of man as causes of what otherwise could not be explained, have been dismissed by their most dreaded foe, Science. For example, the moon is no longer supposed to have been swallowed up by some monstrous dragon at the occurrence of every eclipse; nor would Anaxagoras now be called upon to suffer martyrdom because of the conviction that the moon was a lifeless mass. In the realm of physical science, light, heat, and electricity—the imponderable potencies of one hundred years ago—have likewise been robbed more or less of their mystery.

Such has been the progress of science in the branches that have for their field of investigation the *modus operandi* of nature in the vulgarly so-called dead matter—more strictly, non-living matter of the world. But no less wonderful have been the achievements of scientific investigation, particularly since the middle of the present century, in those departments which treat of the complexity of endowment and function of living organisms. So great in fact has been the progress of biological science that, until within a very few years, the fundamental principles of life itself were supposed to have been all but revealed. This question, however, has ever been and still remains an unsolved problem. "What is life?" is yet to be determined.

Two opposing theories have been proposed to meet the demands of this question ever since it has been discussed to any great extent. One, the mechanical theory, has sought, with its boasted scientific method, to correlate the innumerable endowments and functions of the living organism with the known and systematized energies of the non-living: the other, the vital theory, seemingly less confident in the possibilities of science, has been unwilling to attempt any formula that should make plain the mystery. Although the latter view has never been entirely abandoned by its more firmly convinced advocates, the former until very recently has held the ascendancy since the beginning of this century. The cause is evident, when we remember the triumphs of recent research in physical and chemical science. In spite of this nineteenth-century progress, the theory of a vital force is now generally accepted. This reaction, as distinguished from the same opinion that prevailed during the eighteenth century, has been denominated "The New Vitalism." The present situation is clearly given in a lecture delivered by Professor Verworn in 1894. He says: "Psychologically, it is a highly interesting phenomenon, and one of moment in the history of science, that now, almost immediately after the final suppression of the

old vitalism by the new development of the natural sciences, we have again arrived at a point which corresponds in the minutest detail to the reversion to mystical vitalism which took place after the clear and successful research of the preceding century. Now as then the ghost of a vital force looms up, with the dire prospect of extended conquests, in the minds of serious thinkers in Germany and France."

This frequent vibration, even of the judgment of scientists themselves, need not at all seem strange, when its paramount importance is considered and proper consideration given to the argument of each.

On the mechanical side of the question, we are referred to the incalculable possibilities of chemical and physical energies already discovered. They ask, with great persuasion, if all the functions of living organisms so far accounted for have not been easily reconciled to the mechanical theory? Nobody certainly can doubt that our own bodies are indebted to chemical energy for warmth, or that the processes of assimilating food are entirely chemical. What has been already demonstrated in connection with the performance of their functions by the members of the human body? About fifty years ago Mayer calculated and proved a definite relation between the loss of material and heat produced, and the amount of work in consequence performed by the muscles of the body. About this time Helmholtz, with wonderful precision, measured the time required for the transmission of stimuli through the brain to the motory nerves. To this was added the discoveries of Du Bois-Reymond, giving information as to the part played by electricity in the phenomena of life—all these adding weight to the argument of physico-chemical theory.

Besides these suggestions of discovery that physiologists have made, an interesting example of the wonderful endowments of dead matter is found in the phenomenon of crystallography. What a mystery of delicate transformation in the conversion of a hodge-podge of water molecules into the won-

derful symmetry of the snowflake! These peculiar changes, commonly attributed to some inherent property of the component molecules of the water, says Professor Huxley in "The Physical Basis of Life," published in 1881, can as fitly be said to be the result of "aquosity" as the "properties" of protoplasm can be attributed to "vitality." "Why not," says he, "suppose that a clock works by reason of its 'horology'?" In keeping with these views and the prevailing spirit of the times, he writes in 1874: "The idea that the physical processes of life are capable of being explained in the same way as other physical phenomena has steadily grown in force until now it is the expressed or implied fundamental proposition of the whole doctrine of scientific physiology."

Although times have changed very materially since Professor Huxley's works were published, perhaps we may still more correctly say, from the mechanical standpoint, that all matter is living, and that whatever of difference there seems to be really exists only in degree of complexity. But perhaps the scientists, who are still looking hopefully for the time when nature's unity shall be understood, rely mainly upon the yet uninvestigated and unexplored fields of labor. What the future has in store may possibly have only been dimly foreshadowed in the Röntgen ray discovery.

Thus far science may boast of her conquests. But certainly it cannot be truthfully said that the chasm, that separates the living, from the non-living world, has perceptibly narrowed. Much has been accomplished, yet plainly even the simplest operations performed by the living organism are far from exact correlation with any mechanical energy. Glance for a moment, by the aid of the powerful microscope of to-day, at life in its complexity there displayed, and remember that this is only the lowest order of the living. The universal phenomenon of reproduction in the simplest form—the simple division, for example, in the amœba, of the protoplasm of the parent organism to become itself the offspring—defies any possibility of

scientific explanation. Theories of heredity have never attempted even a mechanical explanation. It remains yet to be seen what science may develop. At present "vitalism," or some better synonym, must suffice to cover our ignorance. So far as the "living" is concerned, our nineteenth-century conception remains as mysterious as was that of the Greek with respect to his world—regardless of distinction, all to him being life and spirit.

#### A LEGEND OF NORTH CAROLINA.

J. C. M'NEILL.

It was twilight. Only one little cluster of noisy settlers, and for thousands of miles beyond lay the vast, silent, unexplored wilderness of North America. But here the cows lowed, the dogs barked, the voices of the milkmaids arose and died in the darkening forest, just as home-like as if they dwelt in the very heart of their native land.

Then night closed in, and the several families of this Scotch settlement, called Cross Creek, collected around their firesides to rehearse their ancient traditions, half-expecting at any moment to hear the awful war-cry of the Indians.

Of these families, the most prominent was that of McDonald. It was a branch of a sturdy highland clan, whose history in the Old Country is one continuous record of daring originality. The men were physically like the ideal Scotchman, large, muscular, agile; but in personal appearance, fair, proud, and possessing all the elements of manly beauty, they far surpassed the type of their countrymen. In North Carolina the doings of the McDonalds occupied the greater part of all fireside discussions. Especially did the ladies delight to honor these men, and whenever at a rural gathering the princely form of a McDonald was seen approaching, a flutter of excitement at once swept over the ranks of calico dresses. In dancing, singing, love-making, and all other practices of the fashionable world, they had no competition.

For years this family had stood at the head of Colonial society; but now, by death and by emigration, only two McDonalds were left in the community, the Colonel and his son Duncan, a lad of sixteen years. The latter seemed to combine in himself all the excellencies of his fathers. He was tall, beautiful, ambitious, and intellectual; and when the Colonel reminded him that the honor of the family name now rested upon his shoulders, he felt the glory of hope brighten in his soul, and purposed that he would yet become a man greater than any of his great ancestors.

On the night of which we were speaking, Colonel McDonald was alone at home, thinking with pride of his promising boy, who was now gone to a neighboring village on business, when he heard a great commotion in the street, and on going out to inquire the cause, he found that the village was attacked by savages. The people gathered into a rude fort, and all that night, the next day, and the next night, lay besieged—no one daring to leap the wall and assail the foe on their own ground. But on the second morning of the siege, a flutter of excitement among the women, familiar to the jealous youth of Cross Creek, announced the arrival of a McDonald. It was Duncan, who had discovered the state of affairs, avoided the enemy, and reached the fort in safety.

"Duncan! Duncan!" exclaimed the maidens. "He will lead the attack!"

And they were right. For, seizing an axe, the young giant sprang upon the fort, amid a shower of arrows, and shouted to the men to follow. What a picture he was, as he stood with the fire of battle in his eye—more brave, more reckless, more manly, than any of his race! Too impatient to wait for the others, who were fumbling about for weapons, he leaped alone among the red-skins, and began to brain them right and left. Soon his friends came to relieve him, and drove the foe from the field.

But where was Duncan? They found him covered with

dust, bleeding from a hundred wounds, and trampled by the struggling fighters into an almost shapeless heap.

For a day his praises were sung; but some months later, when a grotesque, cramped, hobbling, dwarfish cripple came among them under the name of Duncan McDonald, they forgot his noble deed, they forgot his youthful beauty, and even the ladies ceased to remember that he was once their idol. Instead of a flutter of admiration, a titter of amusement or a sigh of pity greeted him wherever he went. How galling! His body, indeed, was crooked, but his soul was still the soul of a McDonald. He ground his teeth with rage, and resolved that, although the people for whom he had so nearly died looked upon him as an object of sport or pity, he would sometime remind them that Duncan McDonald was still alive.

"Ha! ha! he's proud!" shouted a waggish youth, as Duncan hobbled along the street. "He's proud; but if I were as ugly and as near the end of my row as he is, I'd creep about at night, like a cursed mink."

The speaker, one Kirkland, had long since made it his business to irritate the sensitive cripple at every opportunity, and the latter had become so used to these taunts that he expected nothing better. But the remark of Kirkland about his being "near the end of his row" put him to thinking. His father had been dead some time, and had left the estate in a sad condition. Even now the creditors were bringing suit against it, and when their claims were satisfied, he, a poor cripple who had dreamed of rising to distinction and adding glory to his name, would be thrown upon the charity of the very people whom he had purposed to outstrip.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Duncan, thinking of Kirkland. "I will yet make him bow in the dust before me," and his rickety frame faded into the dusk.

## II.

Again it was twilight. No sound disturbed the silence which reigned over the great wilderness, except the occasional

popping of a tree which had been over-burdened with snow. It was twenty years later than when our story began. The village had grown to be a town of some pretention, and the blue columns of smoke that wound up from its chimneys made a cheerful impression of civilized life.

Long since, amid the bustle of business, had the name of McDonald been forgotten. The poor cripple, steeped in poverty and more sensitive than ever, was not seen now-a-days hobbling along the streets and greeted by the hooting boys who had never heard of the heroism that caused his deformity. Wherever his home was, he stayed there. Kirkland, however, could not be satisfied with silence. He so exaggerated the ugliness of his victim that his very name became a signal for terror among all the small boys of the village.

But Duncan never retorted. In his dreary chamber, cut off from the outside world, his disappointed soul fed upon itself until the mind of the last of the McDonalds was becoming as crooked as his body. He brooded over the failure of his dreams; but sometimes, even yet, gay visions of himself as a hero would flit across his imagination.

To-night, while he was crouched upon his hearth, reviewing the glories of by-gone days and listening to the "audible stillness" of the falling snowflakes outside, a sound reached his ear which dispelled his reverie. It was the war-cry of an Indian—the first he had heard since his misfortune. He sprang to his feet, and his frame fairly dilated as the screams of the people rose upon the still night. His soul became straight once more. Oh, how he longed for the giant-like body of his youth!

He halted into the street, where he found the terrified people hurrying to the fort. Those who reached this old bulwark in safety, soon repaired it so as to afford considerable safety; and they stationed themselves, with arms of all kinds, at the weakest points, and watched the long night away.

In the morning they began to make preparations for an assault over the fort.

"Ah, me!" sighed an old woman whose memory was quickened in this hour of distress, "if we only had a McDonald here, we'd soon see their backs."

"Yes, we would," answered another. "I remember when that poor crippled Duncan stood up on the fort and called the men to follow him. Little credit he ever got for it!"

A shout just at this moment arrested the conversation. There on the wall, where the heroic youth had stood twenty years before, appeared the grotesque figure of Duncan. Amid a shower of arrows, he shouted again to his townsmen—not in the piping voice of an invalid, but in the clear, resonant tones of a warrior. The dull lustre of his eye had given place to the eye of a McDonald. He had forgotten his deformity, and glanced with his head proudly poised and with the flush of battle upon his brow, over the ranks of his enemies and friends. His appearance electrified the crowd.

"Hurrah! A McDonald, a McDonald!" shouted some one, and the woods rang with cheers. The villagers sallied over the fort, recklessly assailed the savages, and soon had them flying from the field.

But where was Duncan, the twice-renowned hero?

Returning across the battlefield, the victorious pioneers were attracted by cries of lamentation. The women were weeping over the dying hero. There he lay, in a little plot from which the snow had been removed, surrounded, as was the natural right of his family, by nothing but admirers. Down in the snow lay John Kirkland, wringing his hands in extremity of grief.

"What's the matter with John?" an old man asked his wife.

"I should say, what's the matter with him!" she sobbingly replied. "When a tomahawk would have broke his head, Duncan jumped between it and him; and that's why John's grieving."

Duncan had kept his vow. His enemy was at his feet. He

had applied "the little touch that makes the whole world kin."

But there was a lull in the lamentations. The dying man had opened his eyes—the brilliant eyes of his youth—and was speaking: "Thank God! I shall die like a McDonald!" and the last of that noble family was dead.

## TWO LETTERS FROM THE PAST.

We are fortunate in being able to present our readers with two letters written by former Wake Forest students. The first is from Mr. James C. Dockery, of Richmond County, to a young friend who had been a member of the College, Mr. Sanders M. Ingram. Mr. Dockery was a student at the old Wake Forest Institute in 1834-'37. After leaving college he studied in Paris, and became Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in the University of Alabama in 1840. In 1852 he gave up teaching and became a planter, near Hernando, Miss. He served in the Confederate army as captain, and died in 1863. This letter gives us a vivid picture of Wake Forest life sixty years ago.

WAKE FOREST, April 28th, 1836.

"DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 17th inst. has been received. I had been for some time anxiously expecting a letter from you, and had concluded to write you soon, when I received your friendly letter, which I considered as a renewed token of your friendship and regard for me.

"My health as been uniformly good since my return to the Institute. Our school is in a very flourishing condition, numbering one hundred and twenty students, and the students, generally speaking, are as fine young men as I have ever had any acquaintance with. You would be much pleased to be here on Saturday evening and survey the beautiful grove

around 'White Hall,' under whose shades you would see groups of students happily seated, with starched shirt-bosoms, and surrounded by everything that is calculated to dazzle the fancy or delight the imagination—some with pipes and others with flutes and violins—all in the midst of enjoyment. I say, were you here on such an occasion, and to see what I have described, you would no doubt exclaim with me, that 'there is no place like Wake Forest.' And when Monday morning returns, every student resumes his studies with renewed energy and pursues them with diligence until twelve o'clock on Saturday, at which time he is again free. I have often (when reflecting on the advantages of our school) regretted that you were not here with me, which, were it so, would I have no doubt be as beneficial to you as it would be gratifying to me. I know of no school in our State combining so many advantages and holding out so many inducements to virtuous youth as Wake Forest. It is, as you know, free from dissipation—that bane of youthful existence which, in so many instances, engulfs youth before they have fairly left the college walls.

"Our agricultural prospects are very good this year. We have planted one hundred acres in corn and about thirty in cotton. Should the seasons prove propitious, I think that we shall make a very good crop.

"Capt. Berry is progressing very well with the College building. He is now putting on the roof. He will finish it before the close of the year.

"I know scarcely anything about the Forest girls, for I have not left the Institute since my return, though I understand that Miss Caroline Crenshaw has gone to the Salem Female School, and she will no doubt be ready by the time you wish to marry.

"I am reading Horace in Latin, and Socrates in Greek, and I am studying Legendre in Mathematics. I shall go nearly through Latin and Greek this term, and shall take up the French language next term. Give my love to your grandfather and mother Ingram, and to Elisha Bostick and lady.

Tell Elisha Bostick that I should be happy to receive a letter from him at any time. Yours truly,

"JAMES C. DOCKERY.

*"To Sanders M. Ingram.*

"P. S.—Write me soon."

The following letter was written, not from the quiet scenes of Wake Forest, but from the stirring scenes of the Mexican war. The writer is no longer a student. He is a soldier, and a true one. Our readers need no introduction to the writer, Maj. Sanders M. Ingram. His articles on "Old Wake Forest Life," which appeared in *THE STUDENT* a year ago, have endeared him to us all. The letter was written to his brother, Dr. John N. Ingram:

"VICTORIA, TEXAS, Oct. 5th, 1846.

"DEAR BROTHER: I avail myself of this opportunity to write you a few lines. We are getting along as well as could be expected under existing circumstances. We have some of the finest sport imaginable on our hunting excursions among the deer and buffalo. The soldiers have killed a great number. And we meet with many incidents of adventure, new and interesting to us. The boys are generally very fond of sport, and we are in a country where it can be had. Our sport, however, is at the expense of horse-flesh. We run the deer down, and kill them with our swords and holsters. In these large prairies a good horse will run down a deer in two miles, and there is any amount of deer. The sport is very fine. On one day twenty deer were killed.

"Many of the volunteers, both of this and the Kentucky regiment, are on the sick-list. The sickness is mostly confined to slight bilious attacks. The Kentuckians have lost about twenty-five men since they left Memphis, and we have lost only five.

"Yesterday we received very important news from the army under Taylor. The Mexican army, near Monterey, are well

fortified, and have recently received reinforcements to the number of 15,000 men. General Wool has been stationed for some time at San Antonio. He has been ordered to move his whole force to Chihuahua. The Kentucky and Tennessee regiments have been ordered to Comango for the purpose of operating in connection with the main army under General Taylor. The negotiation with the Mexican Government has failed, and the ruling men in that nation swear that they will not treat for peace; that if the United States want peace we must fight for it. They say that they are ready and willing to meet us in the field. Some weeks since, I was of the opinion that we would soon be dismissed, but the general opinion now is that Mexico is going to make a desperate effort to expel the American arms from her territory and retrieve her fortunes. We are glad of this. We wish to meet them at any time or place. Every hour we are expecting to hear that Taylor has had another battle with the Mexican forces near Monterey. The Mexicans are becoming very saucy and impudent, and have invited Taylor to come on to Monterey if he wishes to take another supper, and 'Old Rough-and-Ready' was hastening on in forced marches to comply with their kind invitation. The Mexicans are relying upon the strength of their fortifications at Monterey, which they have been building since the 8th and 9th of May. General Taylor has a good force with him, and it is thought will take the city, but it will be at the loss of a great many of his brave men. The Mexicans are a dark-complected, rough race of men, and are actuated very little by principles of honor.

"A duel took place on yesterday in the Kentucky regiment between Hon. Thomas Marshall and Lieutenant Jackson. Rumor says that they were both dangerously wounded.

"We are encamped this evening near the town of Victoria, a beautiful little town, and named after one of Texas' most patriotic sons. He remarked before he died that the day was not distant when liberty would dawn on his country.

"I am very much pleased with parts of Texas, particularly the counties of Montgomery, Washington and Fayette. The country lying between the Trinity and Brazos and Colorado is not surpassed by any section of country in the far West, but I am not well pleased with the country that we have come through since we left LaGrange. It is too low and sickly.

"There has been a considerable riot and some bloodshed among the Georgia troops. The officers tried to suppress it, but they were knocked down and some of them dangerously wounded. Some of the 'ring-leaders' in the riot have been tried and shot.

"I think you would be highly pleased with Texas. It is a fine country, and would no doubt improve your health. I am in better health than I have been for some years.

"I have written several letters for the *Observer*, which you will probably see if Hale has published them.

"We will be forced on as far as possible to the seat of action, and I do not know what will be the result.

"Give my best love to all the family.

"Yours truly, S. W. INGRAM.

"Direct your letters, after this, to Comango.

"*To Dr. John N. Ingram.*"

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. H. HECK, Editor.

### A Student's Sabbath.

The diversified opinions as to the proper manner in which to spend the Sabbath often leave us in perplexity concerning our true duty on that day. In college it is possible to see all phases of Sunday observance—from the too conscientious, who only spend their time in Bible study, to the irreligious, who disregard all moral precepts and make no distinction as to that day's obligations. Many students seem to consider Sunday a day of idleness. They dislike the quietness which then pervades the college, and seem at a loss how to occupy their time. We positively claim to be no preachers, but a few remarks in regard to a more satisfactory manner of Sabbath observance may not be out of place in this department.

There has been much comment upon compulsory church attendance in colleges; and the plea is made that those who cared to attend service would do so without compulsion, while those who preferred to remain away would thus acquire a dislike to religious service that would injure their moral nature. This is an erroneous idea. As the students are required to be present, they are brought within a religious atmosphere which will sooner or later have an advantageous effect upon their character. Even though they may go reluctantly, and some-

times pay little attention to the minister, they naturally imbibe some benefit; they form a habit which, though compulsory, is in every way to be commended; and they are thus forced to give up other things which might not be in accord with the dictates of Christianity. It is no great compulsion to make a student remain in church one hour; and, being forced to attend, he should make that time as profitable as possible by concentrating his attention upon the sermon.

The afternoon seems more difficult to while away and spend as would be conducive of the most good. The reading of the Bible, or some other religious book, is not the only literature that becomes the Sabbath; but those productions, which tend to develop the moral and mental man, can also furnish us a pastime for Sunday evenings. Do not limit yourself to purely scriptural works—it was never intended that you should. After deciding upon the proper merits of a book, even though it be a novel, let this serve your time, instead of aimless loafing and unprofitable conversation. The Sabbath should be a day of rest and development, not of idleness or drudgery; so let us lay aside all martyrdom ideas of Sunday, and spend it as would best promote the growth of a noble manhood.

Economy in  
Legislation.

The exorbitant issues of bonds in the past few years have served to show the Nation's financial weakness, and they presage disastrous results if our statesmen are so unwise as to permit their continuance. The cause of this growing public debt may possibly be, in a minor degree, the maintenance of gold monometallism; but the more immediate and greater cause is the lavishness of government expenditures, a fact which should indelibly impress upon the people, as well as legislators, the vital necessity of national economy and demand from them serious attention and correction. There is a prevalent idea that our government can readily bear any expense with which Congress may burden it, and that the United States Treasury

is like the loaves and fishes—the more that is taken, the greater grows the pile, until every one can have his fill. Since Congressmen possess no personal interest that would check the national expenditure, they show a tendency to disregard the appeals of moderation, and with careless indifference plunge the government into deleterious extravagance.

The River and Harbor Bill was made a law over the protest of the cautious, so fifty million dollars was added to the Nation's pay-roll. A "billion dollar" Congress was succeeded by an equally rash one, augmenting the demands upon the Treasury. The pension list grows larger and larger, the pensioners call for more, and as public eleemosynaries feed sumptuously from the public coffers, while the government is suffering for lack of funds and the country is attempting to ameliorate its weakened condition. Prosperity cannot overleap these obstacles of extravagance, to which a succeeding Congress adds greater strength.

Every dollar that is spent by the government should be judiciously accounted for, and the responsibility lies upon the legislators of considering carefully and with moderation all expenditures which they force upon the government.

Civil Service  
Reform.

Physics teaches that there can be no force without opposition, the greater the force the greater the opposition; and so it is in political life—the attacks upon a good reform only serve to show the inherent power in the reform itself. The inauguration and progress of the civil service system is an advancement which the people should laud with patriotic fervor. The exemption of public offices from the grasp of scheming politicians, the placing of merit above partisan preference, and the opportunity for increasing proficiency in the duties of state, are steps in the growth of our nation which point forward to a brighter future, and tend to clear the field of politics of the generally incompetent office-seeker. One is necessitated to prove his

ability by an examination before receiving his position, and strict adherence to duty and honesty in the performance of his functions is rigidly enforced, upon the penalty of dismissal. Yet some say that this is undemocratic, discriminative, impolitic; and that it tends to the centralization and continuance of official power in the hands of a chosen few, who are guaranteed their situations for such a time that they naturally grow lax in their attention to duty. It seems that the justice of merit and demerit would be a stronger incentive to careful administration than appointment to office through political power, and the maintenance of positions through the ascendancy of one's own party.

The Democrats have incorporated in their national platform a denunciation of life tenure in public service, and with unbecoming selfishness have declared for "fixed terms of office, and such an administration of the civil service laws as will afford equal opportunities to all citizens of ascertained fitness." This gloss dims to some extent the true meaning, and at first renders the appearance of being a fair demand for political equality; but what is the true signification of these "fixed terms of office"? We have had them for years; we have seen inexperienced men enter upon official duties after every election, and we want no limited terms to be used for party greed. We desire that excellent proficiency which can only be obtained by the admission of the able, regardless of political affiliation, and a guaranteed term of office for life or so long that, as soon as one becomes acquainted with his work, he will not be driven out by a newly-appointed aspirant; especially since the incoming official is more often ignorant of the functions of his office, so must be initiated and gradually learn his duties, while the public suffer. The Democratic platform is, for the most part, a fair exposition of public rights, but in this it seems as if they have put office above patriotism.

Secretary  
Olney's Policy. Cautious conservatism is to be commended, but national humiliation and dishonor should be condemned. Though it may be unwise to aid Cuba against Spain, public rights demand that proper care and defense be given to our citizens on the island, and this right of protection be enforced by the United States with unwavering vigilance. An outbreak with the Madrid government should be avoided; yet the honor due to our countrymen is a vital necessity of national integrity and must be a paramount consideration to the Secretary of State, who by his responsible position is directly concerned in their welfare. Spain cannot justly complain of our government obtaining for its citizens civil treatment and justice.

When General Lee was sent to Cuba, we hoped that he would make clear the condition of our interests there and be instrumental in causing the Spanish forces to recognize our rights. True to his commission, he sent a fair exposition of the matter as soon as possible; but the contents of his message the Secretary, through diplomatic secrecy, has kept from the public. Lee has used all his power to aid our countrymen, whom General Weyler treated with injustice, by imprisoning many, destroying their property, and subjecting some to intolerable oppression; yet the policy of Secretary Olney has hampered him and rendered his plans almost futile. The Secretary seems to be warding off any possible trouble with Spain until he leaves the cabinet, and in so doing he has disregarded his duty and is obsequiously submitting to Weyler's insults. The United States should make the Spanish troops carefully consider the welfare of its citizens in Cuba.

In this connection we may say that the Cuban rebellion is gaining ground, Maceo's position has proved impregnable to the recent attacks, and Spain is losing hopes of suppressing them. On apparently good authority, information has been received that the Spanish forces intend to evacuate Cuba before March, if the insurgents are not then forced into subjec-

tion. The drain on the government is showing its weakening effects, and with a vigorous campaign this winter Spain is going to make a final attempt to regain her lost possession. This encouraging news makes the island's autonomy more than the dream of enthusiastic sympathizers.

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England's At- The recent resignation of Lord Roseberry from  
titude Toward the leadership of the Liberal party has elicited  
Armenia. great interest from the European nations. The  
cause of his resignation is somewhat veiled in obscurity, though his public letter soon afterward gave some important reasons for his retirement: mainly, as he explains, through the disagreement between himself and the Liberals, especially Mr. Gladstone, on British interference for the suppression of Turkish violence in Armenia. He shows forcibly his true position: that Britain, under the circumstances which now protect the Sultan, the jealousy among the Great Powers, would not only be injudicious but even fanatical if she would attempt alone any interference; and as no co-operation is likely at present, England is not called upon to aid the outraged Christians—the responsibility lying with those who have the power. In this he directly opposed Mr. Gladstone, his former supporter, who nobly declared himself, in his speech at Liverpool, as to England's duty. He argues that Britain, through an enforcement of her violated treaty with Turkey, has an inalienable right to demand humane justice for the Armenians, and that the English ambassador be withdrawn as a denunciation of the Sultan's actions. He does not foresee war, but affirms that none of the Powers can oppose England in forcing her treaty; and if they should, then, and not until then, is his country guiltless of the "Great Assassin's" crimes.

The nation is divided over this issue, the sentiment at large believing Gladstone while the majority of influence follows Lords Salisbury and Roseberry. Truly evident is it that she cannot, without co-operation, take any action against Turkey;

but her urgent duty is, even at some sacrifice, to bring about an agreement with Russia that will depose Abdul Hamid and place Armenia under a rule of justice. The distrust with which Russia regards England and her outspoken sympathy for the sufferers—a distrust that is founded upon past enmity and rivalry—renders necessary a determined reconciliation between the two nations, though England has evinced more friendliness than has been reciprocated by Russia. The Czar desires peace, for the maintenance of his power and the progress of his ambitious aspirations demand it; so he is not inclined to interfere with Turkey until assured that no disadvantage to himself would thus be engendered. Since Austria and Germany are watching the massacres with no heartfelt sympathy, but with a determination that any other power shall not gain control of the Turkish province, co-operation between Russia and England seems the only means of settling the difficulty without continental warfare. It was hoped that the Czar's late visit to Balmoral would expedite this agreement; and though nothing was really done, there is a strong possibility of some union soon being made to aid the Armenians.

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Russia's Growing Power.

England has been forced to see her European rival take that place in the affairs of the Continent which she had indisputably held for so long a time. Nicholas II. has proved his ability as a ruler, and his judicious diplomacy and incomparable policy is fast gaining for him the transcendent power in Europe. The nation's progress is internal as well as international; and great industrial and commercial improvements are being made throughout the country. As has been said in a preceding editorial, the Czar is at present exerting all his power for the maintenance of peace, since war would be a setback to his plans of internal development. His tyrannical and unjust rule may be denounced, the Siberian prisoners may loom up as a

spectacle of barbarism; yet Russia is rapidly growing within her borders, and her citizens are approaching that stage of enlightenment which characterizes the more advanced nations. The tour of the Czar and Czarina was but a project to augment their country's power by placing her on more friendly terms with France, England, Austria, and Germany. The demonstration which they received in Paris proved the French eagerness to obtain Russia's close alliance, and thus raise herself to her former continental prominence; and the words of the Autocrat and President Faure verifies that this relation has been secretly consummated. In England he was hailed as a friend and kinsman, though the rivalry between the nations somewhat checked the enthusiasm he was given elsewhere; while in Vienna and Breslau, Emperors Joseph and William received him with great ovations. The nations were desirous of gaining his mighty favor. An alliance with China and the dependence of Corea strengthen his power in Eastern Asia; and he also holds the friendship of Persia, Spain, Denmark, and Holland. We cannot give, in a short space, much idea of the Russian ascendancy, but a swift glance at her position shows that she is becoming the most powerful nation in the world.

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## LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

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The Southern Literary Society, which has for its object the preservation of the writings of Southern men and women, was formed recently at Atlanta, Ga.

Mark Twain expects to publish in December a volume recounting his adventures during his tour around the world. The public will hail its appearance gladly, for anything written by Mark Twain is sure to be racy.

It is stated that W. H. Mallock is to begin the publication of a new London weekly, modeled after the *Spectator*. It will probably meet with the same fate which overtook other imitators of that matchless paper.

Harold Frederick's new novel, *The March Hares*, is not so popular as was *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. The success of *Theron Ware* completely turned its author's head, and *The March Hares* was written carelessly and in too great a hurry.

Few of those who quote that couplet which predicts a time coming, "When the Rudyards cease from kipling and the Haggards ride no more," know who its author was. The honor of that saying, with others of like nature, belongs to James Kenneth Stephens.

Carmen Sylva, whose poetry is so popular, is Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. Besides attending to the numerous duties which devolve upon her as queen over a contented and prosperous people, she finds time to write a number of poems and novels which, it is needless to say, quickly go the round of the literary world.

Frank L. Stanton is making quite a reputation as a poet. True, he writes a lot of newspaper poetry that is but little better than mere jingle; but whenever he forsakes the *Billville Banner* and enters the true realm of poetry his merit is at once apparent. In a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* was one of his poems, *The Light of Love*, which had the true melodious ring.

Mr. J. M. Barrie expects to visit this country and spend about six weeks in getting acquainted with American institutions and customs. He will arrive in time to witness the close of the present political campaign. If he is wise he will remember the storm that was raised when Dickens published the *American Note-Book*, and will be careful how he expresses in his next novel the impressions received while here.

We have reached the millenium in literature when nothing but "master-pieces" are written. Caine wrote the *Manxman*, and it was a "masterpiece" of literature; while every book that Hardy writes, no matter how indecent, is a "masterpiece." And now it is announced that *The Weir of Hermiston* is Robert Louis Stephenson's "masterpiece," although it was unfinished at his death. Truly this is an age of literary excellence!

Stephen Crane, whose *Red Badge of Courage* created such a sensation, has published another book, *George's Mother*, which is a decided failure. The story of the life of a young rake, who, by frequenting clubs and saloons, develops into a regular "tough" and breaks his mother's heart, may be true to nature, and in accord with the present school of realism, but it is too tame and flat for the public. His reputation as an author will not be strengthened by this book.

The death of George du Maurier, which occurred October 8th, was almost identical with that of Svengali, the hero of *Trilby*. Each died from a heart trouble just as they reached the zenith of prosperity. It is said that Mr. DuMaurier complained when he was dying, that his prosperity had killed him. What a strange complaint for any man, and especially an author to make! Many an author, whose works will be read and enjoyed long after the name of *Trilby* is forgotten, might have said that adversity, not prosperity, was sapping his life away.

*The Well at the World's End* is the striking title of a book published by William Morris just before his death. The life of Morris was a curious mixture of the practical and the imaginative. He was a millionaire, a socialist, and a poet. As a poet, he was the equal of any English poet now living, though he was no interpreter of his time as Tennyson was. He said of himself "Dreamer of dreams, why should I strive to set the crooked straight?" A born troubadour, his songs were all of the past or the doubtful future; and in the realm of the poet he was the peer of Scott or Tennyson.

The craze for dialect writing continues unabated. As a rule whenever a writer has nothing to say he tries to hide the meagreness of his thoughts by using dialect. The following lines written by Opie P. Read, serve as an illustration:

"De leaf's turned yaller, and de cuckleburr's brown  
And de grass is streaked with the gray of age,  
Nature is a waving 'twixt a smile en a frown  
And de red in de sky puts the bull in a rage."

## BOOK NOTES.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

*Essays on Nature and Culture. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co.*

This is an exquisite volume, good to look at and good to feel, a fine example of the refined taste and unerring art with which books are now made. And on opening it to read, one goes forward with the same sense of satisfaction. It is fittingly dedicated to John Burroughs; but, while it shows the same sympathetic responsiveness to nature which characterizes that writer, there is no recording of observations, capable as the author evidently is of this kind of work. In this little volume Mr. Mabie approaches nature more in the attitude of Wordsworth or of Emerson than of Burroughs and Thoreau or of Asa Gray. Indeed, his subject is Culture, and Nature is treated as the most important source of culture, "the oldest and most influential teacher of our race," our constant friend and inspirer, "furnishing both the material and the methods necessary to the unfolding of the soul, and silently but imperatively opening man's life to the creative impulses and influences."

The "essays," many of them, may be read independently with profit, but there is throughout an ordered progress of thought. Some of the titles may be mentioned: "The Art of Arts," "Education," "Time and Tide," "Man and Nature," "The Race Memory" [of Nature], "The Discovery to the Senses," "The Discovery to the Imagination," "The Poetic Interpretation," "Repose," "Work and Play," "Work and Beauty," "The Prophecy of Nature." To select striking passages illustrative of Mr. Mabie's style and point of view would be easier than to find space for them. Two or three must suffice: "The interest of the human story centers, not on what man has done at any particular time, but on what he has been; not on the work of his hands, but on the discoveries of his spirit." "Education is as individual as temperament and gift, and may take as many forms." "The mystery, the terror, and the music of the sea, the secret and subduing charm of the woods, so full of healing for the spent mind or the restless spirit; the majesty of the hills, holding in their recesses the secrets of light and atmosphere; the infinite variety of landscape, never imitative or repetitious, but always appealing to the imagination with some fresh and

unsuspected loveliness;—who feels the full power of these marvellous resources for the enrichment of life, or takes from them all the health, delight and enrichment they have to bestow?" "Nature is clearly treating the race as if it were immortal, and training the individual as if he were imperishable."

On laying the book down, one feels not so much informed as refreshed. Without having seen many new landscape features, you have manifestly been in an elevated atmosphere, whose intellectual and moral ozone you will be sure to seek again. It is not a great book, but sane, clear and suggestive. Its message is this, that a man's work is a revelation of himself, that a great work can only issue from a great personality. It regards Nature as primal, all-encompassing, harmonious and strong, the support and guarantee of every unselfish effort at production.

W. L. P.

*La Princesse de Cleves.* Edited by Benjamin F. Sledd and Hendren Correll. Ginn & Co.

This book, written by Madame de LaFayette, will be read with a great deal of pleasure by every student of French, and it will be doubly interesting to those who wish to trace the causes that brought about that period in the history of our own literature known as the period of French influence. Beginning with the restoration of Charles II., and continuing till near the close of the next century, English thought and writing was dominated by French influence. And even after the classical Renaissance, as it was called, had to some extent spent its force, we still see the literature of France giving color and vivacity to the works of English writers. This is true even now, for the gross realism of Zola and the lax views concerning matrimony which George Sand held, have had a great deal to do with shaping the character of modern literature. Indeed, it may be said that the history of English literature is closely connected with that of France.

George Eliot was correct when she said, "If the writing of women were swept away from French letters a serious gap would be made in the national literature." Women have occupied a prominent place in the intellectual life of that country for nearly three hundred years. In the seventeenth century Madame de Sevigne and her protegee, Madame de LaFayette, were rulers in the world of letters. In the eighteenth century Madame de Staell wielded an influence which is not surpassed by any woman in any age. And we know what the women of this century have done in literature.

Madame de LaFayette was a well-known figure in that throng of

distinguished men and women which collected in the salon of Madame Rambouillet during the reign of Louis XIV. She was on terms of friendly intimacy with Corneille, Boileau, Moliere, Turenne, LaFontaine, and others. She gained something from each one of these, but she was indebted most of all to Boileau, who was tearing to pieces the style of writing that was in vogue at that time. He criticised the old style of romance, and pointed out what the new style should be, but it was left to Madame de LaFayette to make use of his precepts and create the new. Instead of the heroic adventure which tires one with its marvellous happenings, she produced a work in which character was truthfully delineated.

*La Princesse de Cleves* is an historical romance, with the scene laid at the Court of Henry II., but the characters are so thinly disguised that we recognize them at once as belonging to the Court of Louis XIV. It is an exact representation of the court life of "Le Grand Monarque." Indeed, many of the characters have been identified with persons who were conspicuous in that golden age. Thus it is asserted that M. de Nemours was none other than M. de La Rochefaucauld, with whom Madame de LaFayette was at one time on terms of questionable intimacy.

The editors deserve great praise for the admirable introduction to the work, by which the reader is given such a clear conception of the life and character of Madame de LaFayette, and the time in which she lived. The text, too, is simplified and greatly improved by their critical revision. Altogether it is a charming little volume, and has been adopted as a text-book by the leading colleges of America.

C. M. S.

*Sir George Tressady.* By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. In two volumes. The Macmillan Company.

This story, which was originally published in *The Century* but which has been re-written and put in book form, is in that same old vein in which Mrs. Ward delights. It deals with political and sociological matters, with here and there a touch of religion. The reader is continually finding the author's own views about those things put into the mouths of the different persons represented in the story. The whole book is "preachy," if we may make use of such a word, and naturally the interest in it as a novel is greatly marred. It is probable that the author intended this book to be a sequel to *Marcella*. At any rate we find some of old friends reappearing, Marcella, who is now "Lady Maxwell," and her husband, Aldaus Ræburn, who has become Lord Maxwell and Home Secretary of the Ministry.

The whole story centers around Lady Maxwell, and is a disquisition on the influence of women in politics. Lady Maxwell is a social queen in the political circles of London, and tries to convert her friends to her beliefs by her intellectual gifts, and by her beauty and social position, without bringing into action the magnetism of her sex. This is the difficult position which the author attempts to work out.

Women have taken part in political matters before, and generally with disastrous results. There has not been a court in Europe since the time of Louis XIV, which did not learn by experience to dread the influence of women in its politics. It was not because woman lacked the intelligence, the clear insight, that was necessary to deal with political matters, but because she must take with her the bewitching charms of sex. We see this clearly illustrated in the influence which Lady Maxwell exerted over Sir George Tressady.

Sir George is a young man, of ordinary intelligence, who has just been elected to the House of Commons. He has married a lively, fascinating girl, but at the same time she is ambitious and thoroughly selfish. He married without any deep thought concerning the step he was taking, but with her matrimony was a business matter. She married him because he could give her the means of gratifying her ambitious desires. It is quite easy to foresee the outcome of such a marriage. When his income fails and he is forced to deny her many extravagant pleasures, she begins to make his home life unendurable by means of those little torments which have sometimes driven men to desperation.

Just at this critical time in his domestic relations, he comes under the spell of Lady Maxwell's influence, and he suffers the common fate. She sets out to reform and elevate his politics, but passion comes in to confuse and corrupt his motives. It is the same old story that has been witnessed by every age since the time of Cleopatra, men yielding their reason to the magnetism of women. A bill comes up on which the fate of a Ministry hangs. He is the leader relied on to carry the bill through, but she has a power over him that is irresistible, and he deserts his party.

Of course Lady Maxwell is shocked beyond measure when she learns from his own lips the true motive which influenced his action. She goes to her husband and lays bare to him all the inmost motives of her actions. But that does not bring back to Sir George his self-respect, or heal the breach between him and his jealous wife. Lady Maxwell tries to make amends for her innocent(?) error, by devoting her attentions to Sir George's wife, while he goes away to regain his

sober senses. But at length a reconciliation is effected and everybody is happy again.

The tragic ending is altogether unnecessary, but it is in keeping with the present style of plot. A novelist is no longer allowed to end his book by making everyone become good, and so be happy all the rest of his days, but there must be a tragedy at the close.

The characters are all full of farce and are clearly drawn; and this is the charm of Mrs. Ward's writings. C. M. S.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GRAY R. KING, Editor.

—'34-5. Maj. Sanders M. Ingram, one of the oldest students of the College, has had the forethought to send *THE STUDENT* some interesting letters, which we publish in this issue. We hope his example will be followed.

—'59. Dr. J. D. Hufham, after a pastorate of two years at Shelby, N. C., has moved to Henderson.

—'68-9. Mr. C. A. Woodard is a prosperous merchant at Norfolk, Va.

—'68-'71. Dr. H. A. Brown has just completed his twenty-fifth year as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Winston, N. C. A very interesting article on communion from his pen recently appeared in the *North Carolina Baptist*.

—'73. The news of the death of N. B. Cannady, Esq., of Oxford, has just reached us. The bereaved family have our sympathies.

—'74-7. Rev. A. M. Pittman has resigned his pastorate at Ellorree, S. C.

—'76. J. T. Bland, Esq., of Pender County, is chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of his county. Mr. Bland has been very successful in the practice of law in his district.

—'81-4. The new book just out, entitled "The Ups and Downs of Youth," or "Lessons of the Prodigal Son," is by Dr.

L. G. Broughton. Dr. Broughton is pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Roanoke, Va.

—'82. Mr. J. W. Fleetwood is Principal of Severn Academy in Northampton County.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Morton, for the past five years located at Louisburg, has recently resigned his pastorate at that place. Mr. Morton has, since June, '95, been President of the Alumni Association of Wake Forest College. The success of the Alumni banquet under his management last commencement has been previously noted in our columns.

—'84-6. Rev. E. E. Blount, formerly of Haywood County, N. C., is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Cambridge, Md.

—'87. E. J. Justice, Esq., was married last week to Miss Cuttler, of Wilmington. We extend our congratulations and best wishes.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson, pastor of Edenton Baptist Church, was recently married to Miss Sallie Faulkner, of Harmony, Va.

—'88-'91. Dr. J. M. Parrott is a leading physician at Kinston, N. C.

—'89. Dr. Harvey Upchurch has recently moved from Raleigh to Patterson, New Jersey.

—'94. Mr. W. L. Foushee, A. M. of '94, after two successful years of teaching at Roxboro, has gone to Johns Hopkins, where he will take the Ph. D. course in Greek and Latin.

—'94. The comment of the *Charlotte Observer* on Mr. R. F. Beasley, of the *Monroe Journal*, is indeed most gratifying to Mr. Beasley's many friends throughout the State.

—'96. J. D. Hufham, Jr., is teaching at Bladenboro.

—'96. J. M. Alderman is preaching in Sampson County.

—'96. W. C. Barrett is teaching at Salem, Johnston County.

—'96. G. N. Bray is at Crozer Seminary, Pennsylvania.

—'96. T. C. Council is teaching at Holly Springs.

—'96. Spright Dowell is teaching at Aulander.

—'96. D. F. Lawrence is at Louisville Seminary.

—'96. C. Winborne has entered a very successful law firm at Fayetteville, N. C.

—'96. D. B. Rickard has made a fine record as a preacher since he went to Scotland Neck.

—'96. J. H. Gore is the junior partner of the law firm of McNeill & Gore, Wilmington, N. C.

—'96. C. R. Hairfield is teaching at Bethel Hill, Person County. He is also pastor of the church at that place. Mr. Hairfield spent several weeks preaching in Anson County this summer, where he made a fine impression among the people.

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## EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor

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In the *Guilford Collegian* an article, "Some Notes on the Life-Work of Franz Schubert," is of especial interest to the lovers of music. It tells of his early struggles, and later of his success.

*The Georgetonian* is a twelve-page sheet, full of news of local interest, but contains very little of general consideration. A college with the standing Georgetown has, and over three hundred students enrolled, certainly ought to publish a magazine.

*The Cloverleaf* is a new weekly, published at the University of Kentucky. It is a very creditable paper, but we think a magazine issued monthly would be worth more to the students, and be only a little more expensive. It is a worthy successor to the *K. U. Enroll*, and has improved much during the last month.

An article entitled "In the Footsteps of Goethe and Schiller," in *The Thielensean*, is very interesting, and we were only sorry it was not completed in this number. It gives a very graphic account of the home-life and early surroundings of Goethe. This is one of our neatest exchanges, but we think some verse or a story would help its columns.

*The Blue and Buff*, of Washington, D. C., has a very neat cover, but nothing of general interest within. It is filled largely by an account of an Alumni meeting.

*The Crucible*, published by the "State Normal School," Greeley, Colorado, has a very good contribution on "The Teacher's Relation to Politics." Truly the man who has studied history and political economy ought to have an opinion when such economical questions are involved in politics, as are this year. Of course no teacher should be an obnoxious partisan.

The October number of *The Trinity Archive* has an article on "The North Carolina Manumission Society," which we enjoyed very much. It shows that the writer has carefully studied his subject that he might write the history of this league. There are many things of historic interest in our State about which very little has been written, and which form an inviting field for students. *The Archive* is one of our most valued exchanges.

From Leesburg, Fla., comes *College Thought*, published by the Phi Sigma Society of the Florida Conference College. This is a college of about eight years' standing, has done much for the educational interest of the State, and takes a bold stand for Christian education. This number is lacking in good contributions, but possibly the hot days of summer in that sunny clime have caused lassitude which the autumn breezes will dispel.

To those of our readers contemplating housekeeping in the near future, we would recommend the careful perusal of "The True History of Our Cooks," in the October number of *The Cosmopolitan*. It is a very interesting article, describing the various characteristics of the several cooks employed and the attendant evils in the occupation. We think the modern pessimist who beholds with disgust the "coming woman," would do well to read "The Modern Woman Out-of-Doors."

One of the best magazines we have received is *The College Message* of G. F. C. We like the arrangement of the departments, and the care shown in getting up each. It contains an article on "North Carolina Folk-Lore," which merits special praise. The contribution shows research and careful study. It is a very interesting subject, and one in which young ladies, whose minds are so retentive of "signs," "omens" and "traditions," ought to excel. This is the best article we have received this month.

#### THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Up, up! we must sail to-day,  
 Where the surges rise and fall!  
 Away, away! through the dashing spray,  
 'Tis the ocean-mother's call!  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for the struggling waves,  
 That falling, crest in foam;  
 The wind tears rifts in the smiling drifts,  
 Hurrah for our ocean home!

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

#### THE BRUNETTE.

Methinks your eyes are shades that dwell  
 Deep in the glades  
 And leafy nooks, the last to tell  
 What day parades,  
 And first to take deep twilight spell:  
 That they were made from crystal-gemmed,  
 Morn's dewy light,  
 Whose radiant rays were quickly hemmed  
 In darkest night,—  
 And the light-flood upon itself is stemmed.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

*The Adelpian*, of Brooklyn Adelphi Academi, comes in quite a neat dress. It has only one story—"A Mystery,"—and is most too much of a mystery to be entertaining. On one stormy night a peculiar-looking man calls on a physician, takes him to a fine old building, the front rooms of which show no signs of habitation, but in an upper room is found a

sick lady. The physician leaves several bottles of medicine for the patient, but on returning the next morning he finds no trace of any one in the building save the empty bottles and tracks in the dust. The locals are well gotten up.

QUID NOMEN?

At last my heart is smitten  
 With love, as ne'er before.  
 Thy sweet face haunts me ever,  
 O, thou whom I adore.  
 Your face alone I'll cherish,  
 It's all there is for me.  
 Thy name's unknown, for e'er  
 'Twill be a mystery.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

The cover of the *Bowdoin Orient* suggests to one's mind the climate from whence it comes—Maine. It is well gotten up, especially the editorials; but one or two more contributions—essays or stories—we think would add to its value.

THE BLONDE.

Whence come those tresses by that beauty rare,  
 That yellow, pale, fair shining of your hair?  
 Did jonquils, dying with the last sweet spring,  
 Will thee a golden legacy, or fling  
 A farewell blessing on thy favored pow?  
 Or did the setting sun, from yon hill's brow,  
 Bestow on thee a lasting gift of day,  
 To shine when light is done, and with the ray  
 Of lustrous summer moon to vie in sheen—  
 A crown more fair than Lucifer's, I ween?

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* has an article on "The Right and Duty of National Intervention," which meets our hearty approval. We do not believe in rash intervention or meddling in the affairs of other governments, but strong Christian nations cannot afford to stand, hands off, while thousands of human beings are being slaughtered like brutes to quench

the thirst of bloody tyrants, as has been done in Armenia and Cuba. The end is not yet. *The Hampden-Sidney* is an interesting magazine. This issue has some good stories and verse.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* there are two very interesting articles. "A Fragment of Contemporary History" deals with the Armenian question, giving a very graphic account of the situation and the horrible massacres. It seems that at times the Armenians have used very little judgment by giving themselves up to their passions. Often large numbers of young men would hurl themselves against such terrible odds that they were soon butchered by the cruel Turks.

"The Old Twins" is a very interesting story, telling of the sweet love days of youth; but the young man goes off to New York, becomes rich, and finally quits writing to his youthful love, which was one of the twins. Soon he marries a haughty belle in New York, sees his former love but once afterward, and soon dies of broken heart. The twins in their old age are living at the old homestead, one of those quaint old farm-houses in New England. It is not of the ideal nature, but real, and is well told. The *Miscellany* is a valued exchange.

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## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MISS CARRIE HOLDING is teaching at Green Level.

MISS HELLEN FOOTE, of Warrenton, is visiting Mrs. Simmons.

MISS IDA POTREAT is visiting her brother, Prof. W. L. Potreat.

MISS KATE KING, of Washington City, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Lankford.

MISS FOY ALLEN left a few days ago to enter Oxford Female Seminary.

A NEW engine has been purchased for the water-works. This was much needed.

MISS PEARL RIDDICK, of Gatesville, is visiting her brother on the Hill.

THERE WAS a "surprise party" at the home of Mr. W. C. Brewer on Monday night, October 5th.

MISSES SALLIE AND RUTH WINGATE spent a short time on the Hill recently, visiting their sister Mrs. Gulley.

MRS. C. E. BREWER, after spending several days with parents and friends at her old home in Shawboro, has returned home.

A PROMISING Freshman is very anxious to know what X-rays cost apiece. We can only refer him to the Professor of Physics.

MR. W. L. FOUSHER, after spending a few days on the Hill, has gone to Johns Hopkins. He recently received a scholarship at that institution.

WE ARE glad to welcome to our town Mr. J. L. Kelly and family, of Granville County, N. C. They occupy the house recently vacated by Dr. Edwards.

MR. J. J. LANE, of Marlboro County, S. C., who graduated here in 1887, spent a short time on the Hill recently. He was the guest of Prof. Carlyle.

THE marshals elected for Anniversary are, viz., Phi.: H. B. Folk, J. D. Biggs, Jr., and W. P. Etchison. Eu.: F. R. Cooke, H. C. Draper and G. P. Davis.

ON THE evening of September 29th, quite a severe storm passed over our village. Some of the trees in the campus were injured, but no serious damage was done.

WE WERE glad to see Rev. J. H. Vernon, of Orange County, on the Hill a few days ago. He has purchased a lot here and expects to build on it in the near future.

MRS. W. B. ROYALL and son James have returned home, after spending three weeks very pleasantly with her parents at Hallsboro, near Lake Waccamaw, in Columbus county.

ON TUESDAY NIGHT, November 10th, Dr. C. S. Blackwell, of Elizabeth City, will lecture here. He is one of the finest pulpit orators in the State, and we are very glad to have the opportunity of hearing him.

A BAGPIPE BRIGADE, a company of organ-grinders, monkey dancers and politicians have struck the Hill since our last issue, but, having failed to witness their performances, we will not attempt to chronicle them.

A PORTRAIT of Dr. Duggan, who labored so efficiently in raising the standard of the Chemistry course here, and in equipping our excellent laboratory, has been presented to the Philomathesian Society by Mrs. Duggan.

THE Sunday School has decided to purchase a piano. An instrument of some kind is needed very much, as the present one is about worn out. The various classes are contributing liberally, and we hope it will be purchased soon.

MR. W. M. WINGATE is building a storehouse on the site where his old one was burned last January. It is twenty-one feet wide by eighty in length, and the roof and walls are covered with corrugated steel, as a protection against fire.

THE MOOT-COURT is held weekly, under the direction of the Professor of Law. The following officers have been elected for this term: Solicitor, S. E. Hall; Clerk, E. H. Snider; Sheriff, L. J. Leary; Justices of the Peace, C. J. Edwards and W. D. Burns.

PROF. JOHN E. RAY, of Raleigh, will lecture here in December. He was for several years Corresponding Secretary for State Missions, but has since been teaching in Deaf and Dumb Institutes in Colorado and Kentucky. He now has charge of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Raleigh.

DR. GWALTNEY has been away several days assisting in revivals at Wakefield and Durham. On October 24th his pulpit was filled by Dr. Taylor in the morning and Prof. Cullom at night. At the close of the evening service a very beautiful and touching solo was sung by Miss Minnie Gwaltney.

ON THURSDAY, October 22d, College exercises were suspended for the students to attend the State Fair at Raleigh. Several attended, and as some of the female colleges gave the same day, they accidentally, of course, found some very pleasant friends there. Especially do we hear mentioned the N. and I. young ladies of Greensboro.

THE Senior Class is much perplexed to know whether it is necessary to purchase caps and gowns to become distinguished, but we think they will decide in the negative and probably have no badge of distinction save the second-hand beavers for the president and secretary.

THE LITERARY CIRCLE of the Hill met on the evening of the sixteenth, at the residence of Prof. Sledd. At this meeting the study of Wordsworth's poetry was finished, and the Society listened to a very instructive lecture from Prof. Sledd, preparatory to studying the eighteenth century poets. The society meets fortnightly.

ON THURSDAY EVENING, October 1st, a delightful party was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Holding, in honor of Miss Gertrude Abernathy, of Warrenton. The first prize was won by Messrs. Rogers and Kellinger, and the booby by Miss Perry and Mr. Mangum. Miss Abernathy is now at Bryson City, teaching a select music class.

PROF. GULLEY has recently received some very valuable donations to the law library: From Kay & Brother, Wharton and Stelle's Medical Jurisprudence, three volumes, Taylor's Private Corporation and Bispham's Equity; from West Pub. Co., Black's Law Dictionary; and from Hon. Walter Clark, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, thirty-one very valuable books.

THE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH lectures every Tuesday evening to a class of ladies, who are studying Scott's Novels in their relation to English history. They will study the Betrothed with reference to England and Wales; Talisman, to the Crusades; Ivanhoe, to the English and Norman. The Abbot is the present subject of study, and includes a careful review of the life of Mary Queen of Scots. There are about twenty in the class.

It is just ten years since the last lot of one hundred magnolias were set out in the campus. These were about six feet high when they were transplanted, in November, 1886. In December, 1885, about a year before, one hundred others were set out, these averaging three feet in height. They were bought of Mr. Forrest, of Raleigh, who superintended their transplantation. He furnished

also the sugar, silver, and ash-leaved maples that are now, for the most part, thriving so well in the campus.

ONE OF the most enjoyable events of the season was a concert given by Mrs. Ferrell and her music class on Friday evening, Oct. 9th. Besides the music several interesting selections on the lives of musicians were read. The pieces, both vocal and instrumental, were well rendered and much enjoyed by the audience. Everybody seemed hungry for just something of the kind. It is evident that among the young girls of Wake Forest there is musical talent of a very high order, and it is also evident that they have means for developing it. We congratulate the future student. We have hopes that we may have the opportunity of hearing from the class again later in the season.

AT THE September Term of the Supreme Court eight young men of the Wake Forest Law School were granted license. Of these W. C. Winborne has located at Fayetteville; Wade Wishart, at Lumberton, but has not fully decided where he will locate permanently; J. C. Clifford, at Dunn; G. W. Newell has returned to finish his college course; A. C. Farthing, in Watauga; R. B. White, at Franklinton; and H. H. McLendon and J. H. Pritchard are at Columbian University continuing their studies. The two years' work done here by Messrs. McLendon and Pritchard has enabled them to enter the Senior Class at Columbian. This is quite a compliment to the work done by Professor Gulley, as that is one of the highest universities in our land.

THE Wake Forest Scientific Society met in the chemical lecture-room on the evening of October 13. The paper of the evening was read by Dr. Gorrell, on "Goethe as a Scientist." It was an excellent paper, but we will attempt no synopsis, as we hope to see it published soon. This society was organized on January 31, 1891. From the records we find that the house was called to order by Mr. W. T. Bryan, with B. W. Spillman acting as secretary. At the second meeting a constitution was adopted, and Professor Poteat elected president, Professor Lanneau, vice-president, and Professor Brewer, secretary. These gentlemen have been re-elected every year since. This society meets monthly during the college year, and as to its object we will quote Article II. of the Constitution, viz.: "Its

object shall be to promote interest in the progress of science, and to encourage original investigation." The interest in the society has continually increased. It has awakened a new interest in scientific study among the students. The ladies of the Hill have at times been so interested in the discussions that they would face the winter's chilling blast and walk through snow to hear such popular lectures as "The Science of Bread-Making," by Professor Brewer, or "The Roentgen Rays," by Professor Lanneau.

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" Philadelphia, "		5 15 "	12 05 night	" Athens, via S. A. L.		2 55 p. m.	11 40 "
" Baltimore, "		7 31 "	2 55 a. m.	" Elberton, "		4 00 "	12 45 a. m.
" Washington, "		8 40 "	4 30 "	" Abbeville, "		5 00 "	1 47 "
" Richmond, "		12 36 a. m.	9 05 "	" Greenwood, "		6 30 "	2 15 "
Lv Norfolk, via S. A. L.		* 11 30 p. m.	* 9 00 "	" Clinton, "		6 25 "	3 13 "
" Portsmouth, "		12 01 night	9 15 "	" Chester, "		7 39 "	4 43 "
Lv Weldon, "		* 3 05 a. m.	* 11 55 "	" Charlotte, "		* 8 20 "	* 5 25 "
Ar Henderson, "		4 32 "	† 1 30 p. m.	" Hamlet, "		9 13 "	6 13 "
Ar Durham, "		† 7 32 "	† 4 09 "	" So' h'n Pines, "		10 35 "	8 15 "
Lv Durham, "		† 5 20 p. m.	† 11 00 a. m.	" Raleigh, "		11 21 "	9 15 "
<b>Ar WAKE, "</b>		<b>* 5 22 a. m.</b>	<b>* 2 57 p. m.</b>	" WAKE, "		* 1 26 a. m.	* 11 31 "
" Raleigh, "		5 55 "	3 34 "	" WAKE, "		* 1 54 "	* 12 08 pm
" Sanford, "		8 00 "	5 49 "	Ar Durham, "		† 7 32 "	† 4 09 p. m.
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" Hamlet, "		9 52 "	8 01 "	Ar Weldon, "		* 4 05 a. m.	* 3 00 p. m.
" Wadesboro, "		10 40 "	8 55 "	" Richmond, "		6 40 "	6 40 "
" Monroe, "		11 35 "	* 10 90 "	" Washington, via Pa. R. R.		10 45 "	11 10 "
" Charlotte, "		12 03 p. m.	10 32 "	" Baltimore, "		12 00 noon	12 45 night
" Clinton, "		1 20 "	11 58 "	" Philadelphia, "		2 20 p. m.	3 45 a. m.
" Greenwood, "		2 33 "	1 00 a. m.	" New York, "		* 4 53 "	* 6 53 "
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Vol. XVI.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 3.

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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VOL. XVI. WAKE FOREST, N. C., DECEMBER, 1896. No. 3.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### NIGHT SCENE.

Stars with golden footprints wander  
Softly through the realms of light,  
That they may not earth awaken  
Slumbering on the breath of night.

Silent stands the listening forest,—  
Every leaf its green ear bends,  
And the mountain, as if dreaming,  
Wide its shadowy arms extends.

—*From the German of Heine.*

For The WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

### THE PROGRESS OF THE LAW.

WALTER CLARK.

Motion is the law of life. *E pur si muove*—"but it does move though"—indignantly exclaimed Galileo, rising from his knees on which he had been forced by the Holy Inquisition to recant his declaration that the world revolved on its own axis. With many it has been thought that the law, or or at least legal proceedings, should be an exception to this universal rule—move on or perish.

An American ambassador to Russia, seeing a sentinel stationed in the midst of a grass plot where there could be no need of him, with American inquisitiveness asked the Czar the reason. The Czar, on reflection, could not explain and asked his chief of staff. He could not account for it, and had

the archives examined, but they gave up no answer. Finally a very aged lackey was found, who remembered that in his youth his aged father, who had formerly served in the palace guard, had related to him that in his youth an old sergeant had told him that the Empress Catherine one day had found a flower at that spot, and a soldier had been stationed there to guard it. No orders to remove him had ever come, and so summer and winter, seed time and harvest, had passed; sovereign after sovereign had appeared and disappeared; but for 150 years a soldier of the Russian Imperial Guard had been stationed at that point.

This is paralleled by many features of what we know as the common law, whose origin has been fictitiously claimed to be "as undiscoverable as the sources of the Nile." The sources of the Nile have now long since been discovered, and as to the common law—we know that its real origin was in the customs of our barbarous and semi-barbarous ancestors, added to by the decisions of judges of more recent centuries, most of whom were neither wise nor learned beyond their age. One of these—in haste to get to his supper, or half comprehending the cause, or prejudiced, it may be, against a suitor; or possible boozey (and such have been kenned)—has rendered a decision. Another judge too indifferent to think for himself or oppressed by the magic of a precedent, has followed. Other judges have followed each other in turn, and thus many indifferent decisions being interwoven with a great number of sound ones, there was built up, piece by piece, precedent by precedent, that fabric of law, that patch-work of many hands, that conception of divers and diverse minds, created at different times, that jumble of absurdities consistent only in inconsistency, which those who thrive by exploiting its mysteries were wont to style: "the perfection of human reason—the common law of England." As a system, it resembles Otway's Old Woman, whose patched gown of many colors bespoke

"Variety of wretchedness."

An eminent lawyer thus characterizes it: "In the old volumes of the common law we find knight service, value and forfeiture of marriage, and ravishment of wards: aids to marry lords' daughters, and make lords' sons knights. We find primer seisins, escuage and monstrans of right; we find feuds and subinfeudations, linking the whole community together in one graduated chain of servile dependence; we find all the strange doctrines of tenures, down to the abject state of villenage, and even that abject condition treated as a franchise. We find estates held by blowing of a horn. In short, we find a jumble of rude, undigested usages and maxims of successive hordes of semi-savages, who from time to time invaded and prostrated each other. The first of whom were pagans and knew nothing of divine laws; the last of whom came upon English soil when long tyranny and cruel ravages had destroyed every vestige of ancient science, and when the pantheists, from whence the truest light had been shed upon English law, lay buried in the earth. When Blackstone, who had a professor's chair and a salary for praising the common law, employs his elegant pen to whiten sepulchers and varnish such incongruities, it is like the knight of La Mancha extolling the beauties and graces of his broad-backed mistress, winnowing her wheat or riding upon her ass." The same writer further pertinently asks: "When is it that we shall cease to invoke the spirits of departed fools? When is it that in search of a rule for our conduct we shall no longer be banded from Coke to Croke, from Plowden to the Year Books, from thence to the Dome Books, from ignotum to ignotius in the inverse ratio of philosophy and reason; still at the end of every weary excursion arriving at some barren source of pedantry and quibble?"

To adapt this incongruous learning to the development of an advancing civilization, recourse was had to the Roman or civil law, a system known as equity, by which a different kind of justice was administered in a separate court, so that the

spectacle was often presented of a suitor recovering in the law court, being restrained from availing himself of the judgment by an order issuing out of chancery, or failing in the law court because he should have instituted proceedings in equity, or vice versa. Strange as it may now seem, there was a time when many eminent lawyers held to this absurd and illogical division between equity and law as something foreordained in the very nature of things and indispensable, and as being, in some indefinable way, connected with the maintenance of our liberties. Yet that system would permit a man to obtain a judgment as a sacred right on one side of Westminster Hall, when on the opposite side of the great hall of William Rufus another court would be sitting which would hold him an unconscionable rogue if he sought to enforce his judgment, and would lay him by the heels if he attempted to do so.

Then even on the law side of the docket, remedies were divided into divers forms of action, so that if one brought an action of trespass when he should bring trespass on the case, assumpsit instead of covenant, or replevin in the cepit instead of replevin in the detinet, he lost his action. And yet a royal commission in England reported so late as 1831: "There is at present no authentic enumeration of all the forms of action." Indeed, of the forms most commonly in use, the divisions and purposes were much in controversy, and it was difficult in very many cases to be sure that you had your client properly in court. It was said that old Judge Cowen, of the New York Supreme Court, died in the belief that we had "not yet sounded the depth of trespass on the case."

It is only about fifty years since the movement was started which, in England and in most of her colonies and in the greater part of the United States, has swept away the distinction between law and equity and between the forms of action, and has substituted for them one form of action in which the plaintiff shall plainly and intelligibly, without undue repetition, state his ground of complaint, and the defendant shall

reply in the same way, so that the case shall be tried in a business-like mode upon the merits. Unfortunately the reformed procedure had to be entrusted for its successful working at first to judges and lawyers who had grown up under the old technicalities, and consciously or unconsciously they endeavored to construe the new system to be as much like the old one as possible. It was the old case of putting "new wine into old bottles." But the reform has made its way and the generation of lawyers now on the stage are astonished at the attachment of our predecessors to a system which in this State and some others they yielded only under the stress of the upheaval following in the wake of a great war.

The substance of the laws, no less than the forms of its administration, has been from time to time so modified and modernized by statute that there abides the faintest perceptible relic of the old English common law. Even in England this is true, and there, as well as here, the abolition of the old modes of procedure has been total.

Yet such is the force of habit that, in some of the less progressive law schools, until very recently intelligent professors wasted almost the entire time of their students in teaching them the absurd farrago which used to be, a century or more ago the law in a foreign country, but which for long years has not been the law there or anywhere else on the planet, under the delusion that, because our grand-fathers had learned law in that fashion, we should still so teach it. At the same time, no learning was imparted to the young men of what a young lawyer most needs to know—the law, and the practice of law, as it exists to-day in the student's own State.

Happily this system has probably been abandoned in the last of the schools, and a modern and practical education is now vouchsafed to the young student everywhere.

## IN THE STEPS OF LUTHER.

J. H. CORRELL.

The traveller, who hurries from point to point in an endeavor to crowd as many experiences as possible into his limited sojourn in Germany, finds no better place to observe the people and customs than a railway-carriage. There he can recline at his ease and watch with ever-growing interest the varying scenes of life that pass before his eyes. The picturesque little stations are crowded with an eager group of passengers, who rush hither and thither in their efforts to find a compartment which is not *besetzt*; the ubiquitous soldier walks with sturdy tread, feeling his importance as the guardian of the Empire; at this station descend a troop of bright-faced school-children, each one provided with his *botanisierbuechse*, on their way to an excursion in the hills; there a military-band with their gaudy uniforms board the train to reach some far-away barracks. All is bustle and confusion, and yet there is no undue crowding or annoying delay.

I had hardly seated myself in my carriage at Weimar when the conductor opened the door and assured me that I was to have some companions *en route*; a thick-set old fellow rushed in and cast himself in the opposite corner of my seat, followed shortly by a big cavalryman dragging his massive sword; and just before the door was slammed to and the shrill whistle blew, in came a youth with a forlorn expression on his face, and placed himself just opposite me. With little else to do than observe the changing scenery from our little window, I turned my attention to my youthful fellow-traveller. He was dressed in the most faultless manner, as if he had just issued from a tailor's establishment. In a few moments he carefully removed his hat, but persisted in keeping on his grey kid gloves, although the summer heat was decidedly oppressive. He appeared to be a most nervous and discontented individual.

He would carefully fold his overcoat, make a pillow of it, and closing his weary eyes, seem to settle down for a long nap, when at the very next stop he would start from his seat, and walking over my feet, would thrust his head out of the window and vacantly scan the appearance of the station; then again he betook himself to his former position, which he would preserve for a few minutes, only to change for another posture, accompanied by a succession of deep-drawn sighs. So pitiable did his condition seem, that I was just about to offer some consolation, or at least assure him of the sensitiveness of my feet, which he constantly trod upon in his frantic rushes to the window, when he heaved the most woeful sigh of all, donned his hat and overcoat, and with a "guten Tag" left the train at Gotha. Again at my ease, I was beginning to raise some conjectures as to the cause of my late friend's inquietude—whether it was a government examination, the death of a near relative, or may-be his approaching marriage,—when suddenly my military companion buckled on his sword and left me alone with my corpulent fellow-traveller to make our way to Eisenach.

What a curious little city this is—built along the narrow valley lying between three or four small mountains, the sides of which are adorned with modern-looking villas and inns. There is one long street, which winds according to the turnings of the valley, and from which the houses extend to the right or to the left in proportion to the amount of level ground in either direction. I passed into the town proper through the old Nikolai-Gate, and with my usual good fortune was shown to the Inn of the Golden Lion by a pleasant-faced young man whom I knew by his cap to be a member of a German gymnasium. The good *frau* received me kindly, and, after having assured the police that I was a harmless American citizen, I was allowed to pass the night under her roof.

Everything was favorable the next morning for a ramble in

the country. A night-storm had cooled the air and washed away the last particles of dust; the roads even along the mountain-sides were as smooth as a gravel-walk, and as I made my way over the hills and through the vales, the ever-changing panorama of woods and fields and tiny streams reminded me strongly of my loved Valley of Virginia. I was enjoying to the full all this beauty, when all at once by a turn in the road, I beheld at a distance the object of my search. The highest of the many wooded hills before me was crowned by a fine old castle, with its massive walls, from which peered numerous little windows, and its great central tower frowning down upon the little hamlet at its foot.

A steep climb of perhaps a half hour brings one to the entrance of the Wartburg, the most interesting castle of Middle Germany. Founded in 1070 by Lewis the Springer, it was occupied till the middle of the thirteenth century by the art-loving Landgraves of Thuringia. It was especially during the rule of good old Landgrave Hermann that this hospitable stronghold was visited by the wandering minstrels. I could imagine the beloved Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach knocking at the heavy postern gate, entering the great hall, and shortening the weary length of the cold winter nights by their wonderful songs of love and war, of the knightly adventures of Parzival and the strange search for the Holy Chalice.

In the great Saengersaal the guide points with pride to a large mural picture which celebrates a beautiful tradition of those golden days of old. In this room, it is said, the minstrels from all Germany assembled at certain periods and vied with one another in poetry and music, and so sweet and powerful was the melody, that even the birds stopped in their flight to perch upon the castle walls and borrow some new notes from the plaintive strains of the old singers.

I should like to tell of the old cannon and other relics of the Thirty-Years' War; of the Elizabeth Gallery, adorned with

scenes from the life of sweet Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, who resided here; of the spacious old banquet-hall; of the Ruestkammer with its collection of armor worn by the ancient knights of the castle; of the Landgrave's room and its curious paintings. But it is the Wartburg's connection with the great German Reformer that gives it the chief interest to the traveller. It was toward the beginning of May, 1521; Luther had just made his magnificent defence before the Diet of Worms and was quietly journeying through Thuringia, when a band of armed knights seized upon him and forcibly carried him off to the Wartburg, where for a year he disappeared from the view of men, enjoying the hospitality of his good friend, Frederick the Wise, and translating the Bible into the German language.

A narrow, winding staircase of stone leads to a little room which formed what he called his "castle in the air"; on the outer wall is written a verse by some enthusiastic Luther-worshipper, and two stanzas from the hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God." The room itself is very unpretentious—a simple table, a chair and footstool, and a large, old-fashioned bed, compose the furniture. A few portraits of Luther and two of his letters hang just above his table; a suit of armor worn by him to conceal his identity is placed above the door, and the opposite wall, all cut and defaced by relic-hunters, show where the Reformer hurled his ink-bottle at the devil. This is all that was to be seen, yet to me an air of peculiar sanctity rested upon this lowly chamber. Here the mighty champion of the truth found time for that soul-preparation which he needed before again rushing into the conflict; hence he sent to his struggling followers those comforting letters from "the kingdom of the birds"; and, more than all, he here began that great work which was to give to each German a Bible in his own tongue and to all the Germans a national language. I could not forbear seating myself in his chair and writing in my note-book on his table, and peering out of the

casement at the low over-hanging roof from which Luther said the birds twittered and comforted him in his loneliness.

But life is short and time is fleeting to the wayfarer, and with reluctance I leave this little room, wend my way through the castle, say a "Lebewohl" to the armed sentinel, and begin the sharp descent of the mountain. An hour later, and I am again in Eisenach; shortly after, I once more board the cars, and with a hasty glance from the windows at the towers of the Wartburg, swiftly vanishing in the distance, I am whirling along toward the Rhine.

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"BY THE SILENCE OF LIFE."

R. A. L.

Just one month ago Marshall Hampton, rated on 'Change past the million mark, was the happiest man in all New York: to-day his mouth is drawn at the corners and his face has the hard expression that few things, save time, can leave. According to the calendar, it has only been thirty days since he was young, jovial and as full of life's young dream as a man could well be, certainly in New York; but after childhood is passed the milestones of one's life are not counted by years: to Hampton each day has been an epoch, and has left the marks of an age. In short, a month ago he had a sweet companion of a wife, a home, and happiness: to-day he has a wife, a residence and—to the world—contentment.

Three years ago, during the great cotton panic, "old Growler" Jones—as the brokers had dubbed him, though the sign over his offices read P. M. Jones & Co., Bankers—"old Growler" had been on the losing side. He had been "bearing" the market for a full week, yet the rise continued, and it was whispered about that he must soon go to the wall. But Marshall Hampton and a few other friends came to the rescue and, having turned the market, they succeeded in saving the old man's honor, but not his fortune.

Three months after the panic had ceased Marshall Hampton married Ida Jones. Some said that the bride was bought by Weyther, Hampton & Co. for their junior partner; but for all that, the junior partner seemed very happy. "Oh, yes," they hissed, "no doubt he loves her and is very happy, but she has never forgotten Aubrey Dupree," whose papa (poor fellow!) lost his standing by a little unlucky deal in that most uncertain of all uncertainties—mining stocks. But it made little difference to "sassiety": the wedding was the prettiest and costliest of the season, the reception the talk of ten whole days; and "poor Aubrey" drifted about in the same artless manner as before, making eyes at the unmarried women—the others were out of the question—and singing love ballads to sentimental damsels who would listen to him.

For a year all had gone well in the Hampton household. The swellest receptions, the gayest card parties, the most pleasant dinners and theatre parties, were given by them; but at the end of that time Marshall Hampton, wearied of such prolonged gaiety, pleaded that his business demanded more of his time. His wife petulantly complained for a while, but finally acquiesced, having learned that pouting availed little with a man of methods, such as he was. Besides, she could have just as good time as if he was at home, possibly better. That was the beginning. In the course of a few months, he became so much interested in his business that no temptation could induce him to go out more than once a week.

His wife, on the other hand, was of a different temperament. "Why," she said, "should I give up my pleasures simply because Marshall does?" He has his business, but I have nothing else to interest me. We are very fond of each other," she added, "and he does not care." Yes, he was very fond of her,—there was no doubt of that. When she did not go out to attend to some social function, he stayed at home. But he always urged her not to absent herself on his account, for he was very proud of her, and there was no dearer sight in his

eyes than his wife arrayed in her regal splendor, queen of his generous heart, at least.

One night when she had remained at home, they sat *lete a lete* across the library table for some time—he reading stock reports and she writing letters. Impulsively he threw down the paper and, passing around the table, lightly kissed his wife's forehead. "I declare, Ida," he exclaimed, "this is the most pleasant evening that I have spent in months. This is the life that I can love!"

"It is well enough for you," she answered, somewhat peevishly. "You sit through the whole evening reading like an automaton and never open your lips. For *my* part, I want conversation, vivacity, excitement, pleasures! The hum-drum existence with 'bulls,' 'bears,' bonds, and the like is not for me. The life 'I love must have a touch of earth,' but a touch only. I like to forget that there is such a thing as business!"

"As you like, sweetheart," he returned, not angered by such petulancy. "I want you to enjoy the life that pleases you most; but such evenings as this are the oases in my life."

Their dissimilar life continued in the same diverging paths for some months. Aubrey Dupree, being her escort almost constantly, gradually insinuated himself into her affections, until the little scandal was in every one's ears except her husband's. The dangerous companionship of a young man with a woman joined in an incompatible marriage had resulted as it so often does. Marshall Hampton had no suspicion of his wife,—his heart was too generous for that—and his awakening only came accidentally. One morning while reading the mail he opened and read this letter, accidentally placed with his:

"DEAREST!

My precious papa has it in his head that I must run out to Chicago (beastly place) to attend to some biz for him. Just think! one whole week away from the "idol of my heart!" Shall I not call this morning? Each word bears a kiss.

Your AUBREY."

Marshall Hampton stayed late at the office that evening. As he passed through the hall on his return, he heard an old song, one that his mother had sung, and one that he had given his wife before their marriage:

"But time doth thrust me from thine arms;  
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye:"  
"He gave it to me, whom he loved best;  
So do I to you, Aubrey!"

It was enough! He had hoped and almost believed that the letter represented Aubrey Dupree's love alone—but even that hope was crushed! In some way he reached the library and sank into his easy chair. For him to reason logically over the matter was an impossibility. He would begin thinking of perfidy, dishonor, suicide, duels, or what not; but always with the same sequence of reveries—he had loved her! He was sure that he loved her, and that she had made him very happy; there was a little selfishness on his part—he remembered when he had begged her to marry him when her father's honor and fortune were at stake—he felt sure now that she would never have married him under ordinary circumstances. Did he not therefore owe her something for the happiness she had given him—not for love but for her father's honor? Yes, he decided, he owed her much; and in expiation he would cloak *their* divine, tho' illegal, love with the formal rites that had bound her to him, for is not the love of two congruous hearts, he reasoned, more holy and legal than the artificial bond made by man's law and a stupid priest? Having decided this main point, he was free to arrange the details; and this he did, walking up and down the floor grinding his heel savagely into a red poppy, woven in the pattern of the carpet at every turn. He did this almost unconsciously, yet it afforded him relief. Once he paused and pressed the book that she had left opened on the table passionately to his lips. But a card fell from its leaves: "Zola, from Aubrey," and

the dainty volume was flung across the room into the wastebasket. Remembering that it was hers, however, he carefully replaced it on the table.

The music had long since ceased, and he walked rapidly into the parlor to the piano. Sitting there among the flickering shadows from the grate he translated his soul's sorrow into music. He began the first movement of Chopin's Eleventh Nocturn, but quickly passed to the second, pregnant with its sobs and sorrow, a deep grief such as Chopin alone can express by his *adazios*. Then, after a brief improvisation, arose the grand notes of Mendelssohn's Consolation, soul-inspiring and comforting, yet saddening all the while. Last came Ein Süsser Traum—his prayer for her to-night and forever.

He arose from the piano an old man! The music still echoed from the portieres and the odor of crushed roses drowned all others; then a silence, broken only by a sob that came from his big, manly breast. His life took a long leap in that night. The physician says he is troubled with his heart; but there are more diseases of the heart than doctors know of.

In business and in life he is the same Marshall Hampton, twenty years older than he was last month and without the jovial laugh and merry word of greeting that once won so many friends. They say that he is "breaking," but they are wrong, he is already broken! Sensible man that he is, he does not make his sorrow a subject for gossips, but endures it "by the silence of life more pathetic than death."

October 10, 1896.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

CHAS. M. STALEY.

"In the course of nature he might yet have been living; but his short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died, in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected."—*Carlyle on Burns*.

The short, wretched life of Poe is a sad commentary on the intelligence of an age which caused this great spirit to suffer

all the pangs that disease, poverty, neglect and calumny could inflict on his delicate, sensitive nature. Americans boast of their progress in almost every department of science and learning, but they have not, as yet, developed a high sense of literary excellence. This is one of the reasons why Poe failed to receive the recognition which he merited. A man who, with the true critical insight into books and men, declared emphatically that Tennyson was the greatest poet of that age, as Hawthorne was the greatest prose writer, could not fail to encounter the opposition of that circle of New England writers who claimed for themselves all literary excellence. True, the people of the South were loud in their praises, but inasmuch as their good will was confined to words only, Poe was little better off. His life was spent in a desperate struggle against the irony of fate which filled his soul with strange, sweet melodies, yet denied him the time and the means to give voice to their harmonious tones. And at last, like the feeble light of a candle which flickers and wavers in the wind for a few seconds and then is gone, his life went out.

One of Poe's classmates at the University of Virginia said of him: "No one knows him; there is something about him which is past finding out." That was a very good analysis of his life and character. From his earliest boyhood there was lacking to him a sympathetic appreciation of his genius by his associates. There was an undefinable something about him that none could fathom. Some said it was pride; others, that it was eccentricity; in truth, it was a sense of loneliness which overshadowed his whole life. And yet it was not an unhappy solitude in which he dwelt. Auerbach makes one of his characters say, "The greatest natures are happiest when alone." So it was with Poe. If his circumstances would have permitted him to withdraw himself from the busy world and to develop that dreamy myth-making faculty which he possessed, instead of forcing him to "coin his brain into silver at the nod of a master," he would have

taken his place in the front rank of Romantists, and no one would have dared dispute his right. But a stern master—poverty—dragged him down from the cloudland of dreams to a world of harsh realisms.

When we attempt to analyze his poetry—to explain that indescribable something which men called genius—we find this dreamy, imaginative element entering into it in a marked degree. He peoples the world with those beings whom we, in our boasted wisdom, have banished long ago. And we find him lamenting their departure in his sonnet to Science:

“Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood,  
To seek a shelter in some happier state?  
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?”

There is the ring of true poetry in that sonnet which was written in his early boyhood, and it may be compared favorably with the productions of poets whose fame is far greater. Indeed, Wordsworth has expressed almost the same thought in one of his most finished sonnets, though of course in a far better manner:

“— Great God, I'd rather be  
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:  
Have sight of Venus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.”

Not only was the imagery of Poe beautiful, but his versification was almost faultless. He was an ardent admirer of Coleridge, and naturally we find him patterning after that master of mechanical beauty. Though Poe failed in attaining to that degree of perfection which Coleridge reached, yet we may say of his versification that it is the witchcraft of

charmed verse. We feel its beauty, and yield to it without questioning the source of the spell.

That the author of such poetry as the "Raven" or the "Bells" was a poet of the highest order, no unprejudiced person can doubt; and now that time has mercifully covered up his faults and imperfections as a man, the world is coming to realize that he was one of America's greatest poets. Who can deny that he was a poet of great originality? True, there are those who object to that term, and who say that it was only peculiarity. It is hardly necessary, however, to speak of those objections, since time has settled the question, and the original genius of Poe is now universally recognized.

All of his poetry is of a dark, melancholy nature, though it is not at all strange, when we consider the dreary life he led, that it should be so. He had seen his hopes and aspirations one after another come to naught; sitting by the bed-side of his beloved child-wife, he had seen her slowly fading away before his eyes, lacking even the bare necessities of life—what a sad, heart-rending picture that page in his life's history is—and the darkness and gloom which enveloped him was pictured in his writings. He was one of those

"Whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast, and followed faster,  
Till his songs one burden bore;  
Till the dirges of his hope,  
That melancholy burden bore,  
Of "never, nevermore."

This feeling of loss was present with him even in childhood, and it never left him. His was one of those natures that had a tendency to idealize a woman's memory, and in his case it was joined with emotional beliefs which bordered on superstition. We see him, while still a boy, haunting the grave of his dead friend, Jane Stith Stanard, and listening to the sighing of the autumn winds through the dry grasses and whisper-

ing trees, while his lonely heart was filled with a passionate regret that was akin to terror. The thoughts and fancies which came to him in those hours he has given to us in the poem beginning, "I saw thee once—once only—years ago." With what weird imagery has he pictured those fancies! So graphic are his descriptions that we almost see the vague floating figures around us: the eyes which look at us from every side. Where can you find a line more expressive than his picture of a still, peaceful night, "When no wind dared to stir unless on tip-toe"?

It was said by some, who were incapable of understanding his delicate, fine-grained nature, that he was mad; that his mind was diseased and unbalanced. If it was madness, it was that madness which despair, disappointment and the agony of taking leave of loved ones bring. It is not denied that, at times, his mind was filled with weird, erratic imaginings; but such times were only when, overwhelmed and almost crushed by misfortunes, he sought relief from his heart-burning anguish in stimulants. And yet he was not a drunkard, as has been claimed by malicious persons, for Willis, with whom Poe was associated as assistant editor of *The Home Journal*, says of him: "I saw only one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his *unvarying* deportment and ability."

If Willis, who was closely associated with him, day after day for months, saw in him only a sad, winning and refined gentleman, then it is not necessary to heed the vaporings of those who proclaimed, on every opportunity which was afforded them, that Poe was a confirmed drunkard and a person of depraved, bestial appetites and habits.

We may say with regard to his writings, that he was to poetry what Hawthorne was to prose. These two—the only great literary men that America has produced—dwelt in that misty borderland which stretches from the extreme limit of the

real toward the land of shadows and sombre supernaturalism—a region in which the spectres that hover about the tombs mingle and blend with the clouds and sunshine of life. And in this land they reign supreme and alone, for no one else ever comes near them.

Poe's pictures of the things which he saw in this mystic land are so graphic, so true to detail, that we too can almost see them. Gloom and death were his themes, for his soul was enamored of darkness and shadows. He had not lived in the joyous springtime, with its bright flowers and balmy breezes, but in the bleak November time, when the leaves, sere and withered, fall rustling from the trees. As the poet of melancholy and gloom he is unrivalled.

He carries us with him through all the changes of pain, and passion; from the deep gloom which has settled down upon his soul, and which shall never be lifted, to that image, exquisitely beautiful, of death coming like a wind out of a cloud. We cannot help but admire and wonder at the genius of this man, who amid the agonies and heart-burnings of his own life could strike forth such harmonious chords.

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#### A TWILIGHT MYSTERY.

It was an evening late in autumn. There was no wind, yet every now and then the dead leaves by the wayside would start into frantic motion; and far off among the hills could be heard the mustering powers of the storm. Already great black cloud-shapes were crouched upon the horizon, waiting to be unleashed by night.

I was returning from a day of fruitless hunting—too tired to mend my pace, though not unmindful of these warnings and of the failing daylight. My dogs, wiser than I in the signs of nature, had long ago gathered around me, whimpering and shivering, and then, one by one, had slunk away homeward. Only Flora, faithful old Flora, remained with her master.

A rabbit, with timid uncertain course, leaped noiselessly across the road in front of hunter and dog; but the latter only dropped her head lower and drew nearer to her master.

"Why, Flora, are you getting superstitious all at once?" And I stooped to pat her head, feeling, moreover, a strange comfort in her companionship, as I unwillingly thought of all the weird superstitions which the negroes have connected with the rabbit.

The way here made a sudden turn. A well-worn foot-path led to the right, for the road beyond this point had certain uncanny associations which had long since brought it into disfavor.

"Come, Flora, we will go this way," I said, running up the steep bank and leaping upon a low, decaying fence which, with a tangled growth of shrubbery, bordered the road. But Flora did not follow. She looked after me a moment, then kept on her way slowly and sullenly.

"Well, Flora, I shall have to go with you, I suppose," and I returned to the road, secretly ashamed of the feelings that had tempted me to turn aside. I knew it was useless to remonstrate with the old dog when once her mind had been made up. Besides, I felt unusual respect for her opinion this evening, female though she was.

The deserted way seemed doubly lonely in the twilight. On either hand were miles of unclaimed land wholly given up to broom-sedge, scrub oaks and dwarf pines. Many a deed of violence, too, had been done in these gloomy precincts, so tradition said.

Suddenly old Flora began to show signs of uneasiness. She would stop, listening with head erect, and uttering low, threatening growls. There was a rustling in the bushes by the roadside, and a wolfish-looking dog rushed down the bank, barking savagely. Flora crouched in an altitude of defiance, I flung a stone, and the intruder retired, baffled but undaunted. Twice was the furious sally repeated, till finally I discharged

my gun among the bushes, and the creature did not venture forth again; but still, beyond the fence could be heard the tread of stealthy feet, with now and then a vicious snarl.

A hundred yards further on, at the top of the hill, was an ancient brick church, long since fallen into decay and given up to bats, ghosts, and (it was whispered), to more dangerous human denizens. The ruin stood close by the road, and even now, through the leafless trees, could be descried the jagged walls, looming dark and menacing. All the wild stories connected with this place rushed into my mind, yet I went stoutly on, pausing only to reload my gun. A human figure dived swiftly across the road, followed by the strange dog, the latter growling still in sullen defiance at Flora and her master.

"What shall we do, Flora?" I asked. "Is there danger before us? It is you who got me into this scrape, remember." Flora licked her master's hand, and trotted on bravely in front.

Somewhat reassured, I drew near to the ruin. A lean, spectral-looking horse was cropping grass among the neglected graves, and a covered wagon was drawn up beside the way. In the shelter of the church wall glowed the embers of a camp-fire, and I could dimly descry the form of a man lying prone in the shadow of the wagon. The head was turned toward the fire, and the man was apparently asleep, yet the arms were not in the attitude of one sleeping, and the whole body seemed strangely helpless and rigid.

"Hello, friend," I called. "Are you asleep?" But the only answer was a hollow echo from the ruin, which made my scalp prickle with horror. Flora approached cautiously and sniffed the prostrate body, then slunk back to my side, every hair on the old creature's body seeming alive with rage or fear.

## THE TWO PARDONS.

E. L. WOMBLE.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Mable Thomas, as she allowed her boat to drift slowly down toward the mill; and well might she say it, for the sight was indeed lovely. The broad river was spread out around her, and the little ripples that the wind caused seemed tipped with silver by the sun, which had just risen behind the distant mountains and seemed to smile a welcome to all nature.

The geese, too, seemed to be enjoying themselves as they swam and sported in the water. The whirr of the mill also added its melody to the scene.

If Mabel had glanced in the water she would have seen reflected a picture that would have rivalled everything around her—a head crowned with curly black hair which the wind tossed about her neck and face, a pair of sparkling dark-brown eyes and a rosy complexion.

A young man was gazing at this sight from behind a tree, and he thought he had never seen a prettier sight. It was Charlie Spencer who was thus enraptured, and as he stood with his gun on his shoulder how well he remembered the first time he had ever seen the maiden. He had been up the river in his boat and a sudden thunder-storm had risen. As he was coming back he saw an object, which on drawing near he discovered to be a boat caught on a snag, and a girl trying to move it away from this obstruction. He could not help but admire the strength and nerve she showed, and the sight of a girl doing this made an impression upon him. But he hastened to help her, as the storm was increasing. The lightning flashed its forked tongue across the heavens, the thunder roared, yet at each flash he saw no look of fear on the young girl's face, but one of cool determination. In a little while he had rowed her safely to land, and had received her thanks for his kindness.

When Mabel reached the shore on this morning, he was there to assist her, and one could tell from the drooping of those dark eyes that they had met since the terrible storm. After telling her that he would call that afternoon, he turned and went into the woods.

Mabel rode home, fearing to meet her father, for she had gone on the river against his wish. This was not the first time she had disobeyed him, so she knew he would be displeased. As she walked into the room he was just telling her mother that he did not know what to do with her. He turned as she entered.

"Mabel, did I not tell you that you were not to go on the river this morning?"

Having a high temper she answered him sharply and left the room, slamming the door after her.

"That is the way with her," said her father; "she disobeys me, and then flares up, if I correct her. I wonder what will become of her, when we go to live in town?"

"If she would just control her temper, she would be a good girl," said her mother.

Mabel did have some faults, but still she was not lacking in admirable traits.

A few weeks after Mr. Thomas moved his family to town.

It was a sad day to Mabel when she bade farewell to the old home, for she knew the new life would be so different from the one to which she had been accustomed. She did not know the ways of the city, or what "society" had done for so many young women. Would that she had known the future, and never have left her country home, with its stately oaks, green meadows, babbling streams, and singing birds.

As Mabel was a very pretty girl, she attracted much attention. A young man, Ben Green, was captured by her charms. He had trifled with the affections of many girls, but here was one of whom he stood in awe, and his flattery melted under her contemptuous smile.

Although this attention was flattering to Mabel, she often thought of Charlie, and looked forward to his visits with pleasure.

Ben Green called on Mabel very often, and "people" said they would make a match. Ben was an attractive young man in many respects, but his one great fault was jealousy, which at times overshadowed all the good in him. When Ben heard of Charlie's visits, and also that he was Mabel's accepted lover, all his fierce jealousy was aroused immediately.

One day Mabel heard a report, a shameful scandal which he had circulated, and all her strong character which she had shown in the thunder-storm was aroused; yet she hardly knew what she did when she wrote a note and asked Ben to call that night. She thought of the report so much all day, that when night came she was hardly responsible for the passion that possessed her. She did not know herself that her strong will and high temper would allow her to form the terrible revenge she did.

Ben arrived at the appointed hour, and as he stepped upon the porch, was met by a pale-faced figure in a long black cloak. Just as he was going to speak of her appearance, a knife glittered in the air, and he fell, wounded but not killed.

I will not attempt to describe the next few days, only to say that every day during the trial a young man with a pale, haggard face was seen to come in the court-room, and to keep his eye on the girl with the black veil. When the jury rendered the verdict of "guilty," he was seen to drop his head in his hands and sob.

O! how he longed to clasp that figure to his heart, and bear her to a place of safety.

She was sent to the Reformatory at W——, and it was not long before Charlie had obtained a position in the same town. Often at night he would come and sit for hours near the place of her confinement, long for just one sight of that dear figure, and dream of the time when she would be free and he would

take her far away to a home of his own. There she would never hear of this awful period of her life, for by his love he would make her forget her trouble.

Mabel soon saw that it was to her advantage to perform all her duties. In a few months she had become a different girl, and had won the respect and confidence of every one. She learned rapidly everything that was taught her. After she had been in the Reformatory two years, Charlie carried a petition to the governor, and she was pardoned.

Mabel little knew who it was or what he had for her, when she was told that a gentleman wished to see her in the parlor. As Charlie heard the well known foot-steps, his heart throbbed joyously, and how it did swell with love and pride, as he folded his long lost friend to his heart, whispering that there was a pardon in his pocket as well as in his heart.

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#### THE SHARP-SHOOTER'S BROTHER.

R. C. LAWRENCE.

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"Oh! the rebels, the rebels, the rebels—  
I'll kill them whenever I can."

The song ceased. A minie-ball came singing through the air and buried itself in the soft earth, a few feet from where Will Kendall was sitting.

"Humph! That's my brother John," exclaimed Will Kendall disgustedly.

The time was late autumn in '63, and the place a Confederate breastwork, behind which a battery of North Carolina artillerymen were lazily shelling the Federal rifle-pits in front.

I was a young lieutenant of artillery, and had been with Johnston in East Tennessee; but greatly to my delight, the week before I received orders to join the army of Northern Virginia, where an active campaign was being carried on

under Lee. And I was pleased still more when I was assigned to duty in the battery commanded by Colonel D., who was an old friend of my father.

A roar of laughter had greeted the remark of Will Kendall, and the Colonel ordered "Silence!" sharply.

"What's up, Colonel?" I inquired.

"Oh, just Will Kendall and his brother John," returned the Colonel. "They are very curious men, Lieutenant. Before the war they were townsmen of mine, and ever since their childhood I have known them intimately. They are undoubtedly the strangest pair of brothers I ever saw. Instead of having the natural affection for each other, they seem to hate each other cordially, and for the cause of this hate no cause can be assigned. Whenever one undertakes anything the other is sure to be the first to predict his failure, and the first to rejoice in his defeat. And so when the war came on, and I raised this battery from among my townsmen, Will Kendall joined, and has been with me ever since. When John heard that Will had joined the Confederate army, he left home immediately, and the next thing we heard from him was that he was in the Federal army. And we have heard from him too often since then, much to my sorrow," continued the Colonel gloomily. "Ever since the war began John Kendall seems to follow my battery, and many a poor fellow have I seen fall dead before the accurate aim of this terrible sharp-shooter. And nearly every man in my command has been wounded. Will Kendall alone seems to bear a charmed life. Bullets may rain around him and he never gets hit. He can go where others dare not, and beyond a bullet, which will come close enough to scare him, he will remain untouched. So I warn you, Lieutenant," said the Colonel as he arose, "whenever you hear that song you had better get under cover immediately, for it is always followed by a shot, and if you take my advice it may save us the trouble of a military funeral."

I promised obedience, and sauntered through the camp,

making friends with the men. I was especially anxious to meet Will Kendall, and inquired where he was.

"Over thar with that frying-pan," answered an old veteran.

I went over and engaged him in conversation. I found him a man of superior good sense, and beyond the implacable hatred which he bore for his brother, seemed a very kind, good-humored man. He was certainly the wittiest man in the camp, and in action he was far from a coward. He added to the caution given me by the Colonel, and seemed disgusted at the very mention of his brother's name.

Several days passed away without any engagement. Day after day we shelled the rifle-pits, and more than once I heard the song, and more than once saw a brave veteran fall dead before the terrible aim of John Kendall. Every means that could be suggested by the Colonel for his capture or death, was tried by the battery, but John was secure in the rifle-pit, and woe to the man who in the day time showed his head above the breastworks.

Finally orders came for an active advance, and the men gladly embraced the opportunity to leave the place where so many of their comrades had met inglorious death at the hands of that terrible sharp-shooter. Soon Meade's army advanced, and the bloody campaign began. But we were not rid of the sharp-shooter. Sometimes a week would elapse and the song be unsung, but at an unguarded moment his clear voice would be heard and a dead veteran bear testimony to the fact that he was alive and uninjured.

It was the close of a disastrous day's fight. The Confederate troops had earned a hard-fought victory. All day long the contest had been waged furiously, and when the shades of night prevented the continuation of the contest, heaps of dead bodies showed that the victory was dearly bought and the Confederates the actual losers. All that night we scoured the star-lit battlefield and brought off our wounded. The rising sun next morning showed that the enemy had retreated,

leaving their dead and wounded. Then we gave some attention to their wounded and placed them in our own hospital. The next afternoon I was going through the hospital when I heard my name feebly called. I looked around. It was Will Kendall. The poor fellow was suffering terribly. His right leg had been shattered by a cannon-ball and an amputation was necessary. I stood by him as he endured the painful operation and visited him the next day. I found him in a terrible humor, gazing savagely at a man in another bed, who was returning his look with one equally malignant.

"Hope you are better this afternoon, Will," said I.

"A-w—let him alone, Lieutenant," growled the man in the other bed.

"Who is that man, surgeon?" I asked the doctor, pointing to the other man.

"Oh, that's John Kendall," he answered. "We captured him the other day, but I fear he will die. And I won't be sorry, either; for that man has killed at least twenty men from our battery alone."

The next time I visited Will he was better, but John was worse. Will told me cheerfully that he thought his brother would die, and expressed his complete satisfaction at the prospect.

"He ain't worth livin' nohow," he said.

But neither died. But all through the long days of their convalescence they lay in their beds, fussing and growling and complaining at each other. Finally they were cured and discharged. Will returned to his battery, and John was exchanged and returned to the Federal army.

Several months passed away and the song of the sharp-shooter was heard no more. During that time one-legged Will Kendall grew gloomy, and a sad expression came over his face. He seemed to have lost all energy and bravery, and what time he could he spent off in the woods by himself. The Colonel told me in private that (and stranger things have happened)

Will must be grieving for his brother. But it would not do to tell Will this to his face, for a comrade had joked him about it and that night he was in the hospital, while Will was in the guard-house and making a frenzied attempt to break the bars which confined him and continue the whipping administered.

One clear winter morning we were sitting around the fire, whiling away the time. I looked up at the approach of a detail and recognized John Kendall. I looked at Will. His face was radiant, but as he caught my glance he turned away and resumed his moody look.

I followed the detail to the Colonel's tent. It appeared that a foraging party that captured John while he was sleeping in the woods near by, and that he had intercepted Confederate dispatches of importance on his person. So a court martial was convened and a speedy sentence came that he be shot the following morning.

The detail passed out on their way to the guard-house. As they passed Will I heard him say pleasantly, "Goin' to be shot in the mornin, John?"

"Yes."

"That's good. I am glad we are going to be rid of you," he remarked cheerfully.

That night a dark form stole up to where a solitary sentry was pacing his beat before the guard-house. A slung-shot descended on his head, the door was opened, and John Kendall was conducted to the limits of the camp and freed. The next morning the report was noised through the camp and the old veterans were commenting on it in forcible terms. No one ever thought that his brother Will had been the cause of his release, for he was indignant over the affair and was the first to offer a plan whereby he might be re-captured. But it was noticed that he grew cheerful again and the Colonel was satisfied that Will was the man who had released his brother. But he had no evidence, and so no action was taken against him. But the vigilant eye of the Colonel was on him.

We heard nothing of the sharp-shooter for several days but finally one morning he began the song. Then Will scrambled upon a gun-carriage and cheered.

"Bang!"

A minie-ball struck his wooden leg and he tumbled head-long into the ditch.

A roar of laughter greeted this, and Will remarked ruefully as he regained his feet, "That John Kendall's goin' to be the death of me yet."

"Oh! no, Will, your brother John loves you too much for that," remarked an old veteran. Will instantly closed in with him and the presence of the Colonel was necessary to restore order.

Will's predictions were false. John's bullets continued to decimate the camp, but he and I were both uninjured, and when Lee surrendered at Appomatox, Will was by my side when he saw John come up.

"Let's go home, Will," said John.

"You go to thunder!" returned Will. But he followed him off the field, still grumbling to himself and cursing his brother.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some years after the war I was riding alone a quiet country road in West Virginia, when to my surprise I beheld one-legged John Kendall sitting on a fence by the roadside. I greeted my old comrade cordially, and asked him how he was making a living on the farm when he had only one-leg.

"That sorry, good-for-nothing brother of mine is taking care of me," he said impatiently.

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"OLD BRICE."

(A TRUE STORY.)

It was as cold as it usually gets in Northwestern North Carolina in January. The sun was just setting. Eight inches of snow that had been of the ground a week, apparently waiting for more, was almost trackless in forest and field.

In a lonely wood, far from any road or foot-path, a negro man, of the average size, was seated on a decayed rail fence. His brown face was somewhat ashy, indicating hunger and long exposure to the cold. By his side, stuck in the top rail of the fence, was an ordinary axe. He looked behind him often, and his demeanor in every respect betokened consciousness of a pursuing enemy; but his vigilance served him to no purpose, nor did he hear any sound for several minutes. Doubtless he was reassured by this, and he fell into a half-reverie, which was quickly broken by the sharp successive barks of a dog a hundred yards in his rear, followed almost instantaneously by the report of a rifle from the same direction. He had turned to look, but at the crack of the gun fell forward in the snow with a loud moan. The silver bullet had accomplished its purpose.

It was "Old Brice," a runaway negro and outlaw. He had been a slave and had belonged to many masters; but in truth he had never had a master, and on various occasions had shown himself so averse to servitude that really no one cared to claim him now. He had been declared an outlaw, and was feared and hated alike by white and black.

The following circumstances, which are only a few of the many, will serve to show how he had gained such an unenviable reputation. He was first brought to the county when quite a young man, by Mr. R——, about 1845. He served this owner more and better than any of his subsequent would-be masters. Almost superhuman strength and ability to endure hardships, was one of his characteristics; no slave could do more work. But he was always sullen and unruly: running away at frequent intervals, and being as often captured and punished. His dislike for work was not so evident, but he had an antipathy that knew no bounds for the restraints of servitude.

Mr. R——, who was a local Methodist preacher, and a man of considerable feeling for humanity, even if in bondage,

soon tired of this sort of thing and sold Brice to Mr. F—. The latter was less scrupulous, and doubtless put more faith in the lash; yet under this treatment the slave did not reform, but became more desperate and persistent in his efforts to obtain freedom. When he did escape, he would go further and was more difficult to capture. He also became dangerous and would fight desperately when in close quarters, using his favorite weapon, the axe.

The slaves, from fear, fed and concealed him. They dared not refuse to do so, for they looked upon him as being in league with the devil and capable of doing them all manner of harm by means of his witchcraft, in addition to his skill with the famous axe he always carried. A posse of men, following him on one occasion, found him in a negro cabin, where he had fortified himself by barring the doors with poles of wood. They demanded his surrender, and on his refusal to do so they proceeded to break down his stronghold with axes and hand-spikes. When a sufficiently large breach was made, Brice rushed out, with axe in hand, striking in all directions. Of course he was given room, and made his escape, receiving however several rather serious gun-shot wounds as he ran away. He was taken some weeks afterwards, having been shot again repeatedly until he was unable to walk. But he fought desperately, till completely overcome.

After he had recovered sufficiently he was taken to Georgia and sold to a large planter, his owner perhaps thinking the warmer climate and superior facilities for whipping, together with the more vigilant overseers, would have a good effect on him. But Brice did not like the Georgia climate, and after a desperate fight with the overseer and a score of slaves, he succeeded in making his escape from the field one day shortly after he was sold, and in a short time was back in his former haunts. Doubtless one of the attractions that brought him back to North Carolina so soon was the wife he left behind. She, "Old Rach," was scarcely less remarkable for her sav-

ageness and wonderful physical endurance than "Brice" himself, and enjoyed even a greater reputation as a necromancer. She belonged to that class of society so much detested by all slaves, known as "free negroes." They were negroes who, by being liberated or otherwise obtaining their freedom, had become an independent class of society, quite numerous in some parts of the South. They usually lived in little villages made up wholly of their own class; but "Old Rách" was an exception to the rule, and lived in a hut in a secluded part of the Haystack Forest, where she was visited by her husband quite often, when he was working for his master or on one of his runaway scouts.

It was said that there was not always tranquility in the family—the trouble seeming to be that Brice consumed and carried away more than he contributed to the household supplies. The following incident, which occurred soon after his return from Georgia, will verify the statement as to his domestic troubles.

"Old Brice" was dodging his pursuers, as usual, and chanced to be at home one day; and in some way having incurred the displeasure of his spouse, they resorted to blows to settle the matter. "Old Rach" was too fast for him, and getting his axe she managed to break both his legs above the knees. Having done this, to further wreak vengeance on her unworthy husband, she picked up a bee-hive near the hut and threw it in on him. Then she shut the door and left him to battle with the mad bees, being in this plight unable to run. But he was not one to be overcome by trifles. So with both legs actually broken, and almost stung to death, he managed to crawl away sometime that day or night and conceal himself in the woods; and there he remained hid until able to travel again. He then resumed his former habits of tramping around the country, living on the slaves and free negroes, keeping them in terror of himself and constantly stirred up against their masters. Thieving was added to his

already numerous crimes, and altogether he became a very dangerous and unwelcome citizen. Week after week he was pursued by man and dog, and was repeatedly shot at from close range, but bullets seemed to have no effect on him, or were spirited away to one side. At any rate he kept out of their way almost miraculously. Story after story was added to the already long list of his tricks and marvelous escapes from death, until it was generally conceded that he was indeed in league with Satan, by the negroes and many white people; and the general belief was that he could only be killed with a silver bullet, which was thought by the superstitious to have some power able to overcome the tricks of the sorcerer.

It was under these conditions that Colonel L—— had been tracking him in the snow, with the result stated in the beginning of this story. He had followed him two days, and had caught a glimpse of him once or twice; but he was too far off to get in an effective shot. The Colonel had left the trail at sun-down the evening before and gone home to spend the night, resuming it at daybreak on the morning of the fatal day. It is supposed that "Old Brice" thought he had gone home again, when he sat on the fence, and had no idea that his pursuer was near. After the shot, Colonel L—— turned his steps homeward, not stopping to see how his game fared. Brice crawled a few rods down the hill to a branch, where he could get water, and by his cries he succeeded in attracting the attention of an old black man and his wife who lived half a mile away. They came and kindled a fire near him, so that he would not freeze, but being in such awe of the slave they dared not touch him. He died sometime next day, near his lonely fire, and was given some sort of a burial by some slaves who were forced by their master to bury this notorious negro.

Colonel L—— was one of the first men of his county, honored and respected by all who knew him; and served for many years as a Justice of the Peace. The Colonel, who was well

known to the writer, died only about two years ago. He always refused to have anything to say about "Old Brice's" death; but to this day it is believed by the negroes and many white inhabitants of that county that "Old Brice" was shot with a silver bullet.

ROBT. HUGHES HERRING.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

W. H. HECK, Editor.

Prevalent Ideas of Education. With the progress of civilization new ideas of education have received popular favor and been formulated in the educational systems of the country. The vast strides of science in the way of inventions with the increased notions of living and extravagant tendencies of the age, the universal demand and requisite for money with its coveted power, and the ambitious trend for the attainment of wealth, have inculcated in the inmost nature of the present civilization the idea that material welfare—with, of course, the exception of religious aspirations, many of which are on a material basis—is the true aim of education, the paramount consideration of life. On this account there have grown up the institutions for the specialist, all the preparation in these schools being narrowed down to one central aim, or profession. To succeed in one's life-work, to obtain financial prosperity and an honest reputation, and to gain a position of prominence, are the ideals laid before the student. "What can I make of this?" is the question by which he guides himself, the motive in his education, only that his self-improvement may increase just as it serves to augment his prosperity. Not what shall I *be*, but what shall I *profit*? This is the motto!

In a magazine of recent date, an article on a kindred sub-

ject gave three true ideals of education, which may be summed up as follows: (1) To make the student a noble man; (2) to so fit him that he will be more able to meet the problems of life; and (3) to so develop him that he can do something for the betterment of mankind. The first in order and importance is the great motive that should be the fundamental principle of all education: the teacher must attempt to develop every latent power and dormant energy for good which the student possesses. The instructor must not drill him in mnemonics and stuff the mind with mere matters of memory, which are necessary only as they develop the man—they are subsidiary: a means, not an end. The present education is superficial when it should be internal: the student is expected to grow like an inanimate body, by external accretions, not as a living plant which receives its nutrition through the interior and grows from the centre. The student should be made to think for himself, express individual ideas, and to develop that sentiment in him which is not valued in dollars but influences the scales of life. The etymological meaning of education is to draw out, not to pile on; and to draw out the powers of the student, the teacher must eradicate the evil tendencies at the root, he must guide the youthful energy to a noble goal, and must train the abilities in that direction in which they will better the individual.

The practical ideas do not meet the requirement of the present manhood, though they may fulfill the requisites for advancement, as it is generally considered, for that prosperity which is the dominant aim of the age. The beauties of nature are lost upon most of us, that impersonation of the Almighty is not realized by our blunted sentiments, and the love for the beautiful, the imaginative is derided among the material ambitions which move the world. It is the recognition of this that forces Keats to say in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*:

“ ‘Beauty is truth, truth beauty,’—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

Our education is one-sided, and leans to the practical, the minor side; while the true ideal should be the development of sentiment, the cultivation of the soul—in four words, the ennobling of man. This is not merely religious, for that is often more automatic than personal, but it is the true life of man, that to which our Maker referred when he said: "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness." The appreciation of the beauty in nature, in literature, and all fine arts, is crowded to the rear by the superseding desire to grasp something of material consideration. How expressively Wordsworth cries against this practical absorption—the poet who "caught a vision of nature as it was the relation of God and the teacher of man":

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"

As to literary cultivation the *Outlook* succinctly expresses its benefits in the following sentence: "Thus the study of literature, rightly conducted, first of all acquaints the student with great thoughts of great thinkers and enables him in some measure to make them his own; secondarily, enables him to think high and noble thoughts himself, or to express clearly such thoughts as he possesses; and, finally, to perceive the real life of humanity as it is interpreted by the great revelators of human experience."

We desire that education which will, above all, give the man a true personality, a noble sentiment, and a broad, comprehensive intellect. Mental development should be an equal consideration, not only that it may promote success, but especially that the individual may live in that higher sphere to which the progress of the mind lifts one. He should not make his education purely professional, but should broaden himself in every direction, delighting in self-improvement

because it makes him more of a man. As to the second consideration, which is really involved in the first, the problems of life should be met with the best possible preparation; professional education should be increased, but not in its present exclusive method; and the specialist should still specialize, if he does not centre too much upon that one object of specialization. But, I reiterate, to *be* is greater than to *do*, and must be the primary purpose in all education. The third ideal mentioned is the direct outcome of the first. A noble ambition is that which desires to better the world; yet the self must be better before it can advance the life of others—there must be force to give force, character to develop character.

“ This above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

William Winter strikes the key-note when he writes: “The supreme need of this age in America is a practical conviction that progress does not consist in material prosperity but in spiritual advancement. Utility has long been exclusively worshipped. The welfare of the future lies in the worship of beauty.” Herbert Spencer epitomizes the true principle of education in the following: “Happiness consists in being all that it is possible to be, in complete living. To prepare us for a complete life, such is the function of education.”

What our education needs is more stress upon the ennobling of the individual without the predominant consideration of its material expediency.

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Princeton and  
its Anniversary.

The grand growth of American education was enthusiastically illustrated by the celebration of Princeton's one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Born in the colonial days, it has witnessed the beginning and achievements of our democratic government;

and, as a star whose influential rays pierced and blessed the heart of our nation, it has been, through disseminating truth, a leader in knowledge, Christianity, and patriotism. The University has maintained a high religious sentiment, though not marred by denominational prejudice, and has taken a prominent part in ministerial education, the primary object of its foundation; while among the statesmen and law-makers of the country it has educated a long list of those who rank with the foremost in our history. The anniversary celebration was as great a success as could have been wished for, and the exercises were marked with that lofty sentiment which characterizes the University. On that occasion, scholars, representative of all branches of learning, assembled to join hands in Princeton's glory, while such statesmen as William L. Wilson and President Cleveland delivered addresses relative to the influence of a university upon the nation. The United States, as a whole, should feel glowing pride over the advancement of this exalted institution, which has been an inspiration in the development of minor schools of learning; and the students of our land should take a personal interest in its growth, recognizing in it an influence for the future of our people.

Settlement of  
the Venezuelan  
Difficulty.

Universal approbation has prevailed in the United States and England over the harmonious agreement as to the Venezuelan boundary line. In last December President Cleveland's jingo message, in which he unnecessarily stirred up our country with threats of war, rendered amicable settlement between the two great English nations almost out of the question; but the wise, unbiased and superior judgment of Lord Salisbury and England has formed a meritorious contrast to the actions of our representatives, and finally made the difficulty a matter of friendly consideration. The following extract from the President's message will reveal its nature: "When such a report is made and accepted, it will, in my

opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory, which after investigation we have determined of right belong to Venezuela." Though our stand in this matter was right and we have triumphed in it, such uncalled for jingoism is to be regretted.

The exact conditions of arbitration are somewhat uncertain, although the main facts have been given to the public. The Court of Arbitration will consist of two members of our Supreme Court, to be selected by the Chief Justice, two from the High Court of Justice of England, to be appointed by the Lord Chief Justice, and the fifth arbitrator will be King Oscar of Sweden, or one whom he selects to take his place, the latter being the *ex-officio* President of the Court. Among the several rules necessary to a proper decision, the most important is "that adverse holdings or prescription for a period of fifty years shall make good a title; that the arbitrators may give effect to the rights of settlers, and that in establishing facts the ordinary rules of law shall prevail," which will settle the disputes about those districts which for a long time have been inhabited. The existing Venezuelan Commission may, in all probability, serve the arbitrators in furnishing the available information in regard to the boundary. A similar agreement must be made with Venezuela by the English government, though there is no doubt the former is willing to let the United States, which is really not personally interested, be her representative or leader in the decision. A pertinent consideration is that England has recognized the United States as the chief government in the arbitration, disregarding the approbation of Venezuela; and she thereby acknowledges the prevailing power of the Monroe doctrine in international law, a thing that has been openly recognized by Lord Salisbury.

A more serious matter than a peaceful settlement of the Venezuelan boundary line, one which may in the future cause

our government a vast amount of difficulty for thus asserting her right of protection, is the responsibility thus incurred by our government. The recognition of the validity of the Monroe doctrine by Great Britain is denied by the German and French papers to be an influential precedent in regard to their dependencies in the American continents. For the United States to consider herself at all bound to assume the protectorate over these provinces, for her to be looked upon as in any way responsible for the dealing of European nations with their subjects in South America, is of the gravest importance and the foreshadowing of trouble, we know not what. The *Philadelphia Press* shows the seriousness of this action in the following: "Every American republic has learned both the value of our support and our readiness to face the risk of war in defense of a country which had no claim on us but the justice of its cause and the weakness of its resources; having assumed this position and accepted the risk of war in its defense, the United States is bound to see that the countries it protects and safeguards give no just occasion for foreign interference; having assumed these grave international responsibilities, the United States must be prepared to discharge them." The outcome of our triumph in this should not be looked upon as necessitating the United States in the future to endanger herself with interference in the affairs of other nations, and the wisdom of our country should foresee the responsibility involved and free our government of these grave obligations.

The great accomplishment in the settlement of the Venezuelan question is that it has brought the United States and England into closer relationship, and has paved the way for a permanent Court of Arbitration between these great, kindred nations. Above all other considerations, we rejoice that the outcome has been the promotion of peace and the dread of war, leading to the hoped-for universal recognition that bloodshed is criminal when difficulties between nations can be judiciously and satisfactorily settled by arbitration.

## A Southern Calamity Averted.

Competition is the life of trade, the lack of it clogs the wheels of progress; and of all the evil resulting from monopolies those from a railroad syndicate, unhampered by rivalry, are the most baneful. The South is rapidly on the increase as a manufacturing section, her natural resources furnish an unrivalled opportunity for merited prosperity, and the presage of her future power is being recognized through the North as an allurement for the expenditure and accumulation of wealth. The two competitive railway systems from Atlanta to Baltimore have given us the benefits of independent and rival lines, and with excellent facilities have advanced the intercourse between North and South. Rejoicing in the prosperity of and from these systems, it was with fearful dread that we watched the attempts of a New York syndicate, headed by Mr. Ryan, to gain control over the Seaboard Air-Line; and with rebounding gladness we have seen the transference of the controlling amount of that railroad's stock fall on the verge of its consummation. Though Mr. Ryan denies any affiliation with the Southern Railway, still it is generally believed that, if the transference would not have been indirectly in the interest of that road, Mr. Ryan would have exerted his influence in friendly concert with the Southern; and the fear of this was the real cause of the attempt failing, for those interested banded their power to avert the calamity. The *Manufacturers' Record*, in commenting on the failure of the contract, says: "The failure of the New York syndicate to secure the controlling interest in the Seaboard Air-Line should cause profound thanksgiving, not only in the South, but in the interest of the future of this section. That the concentration of ownership of all railroads in the central South in New York hands would prove a serious injury to this section, and eventually to all Southern railroad securities, admits of no question." For the North to hold absolute control over our railway systems, that they should be managed entirely for the aggrandizement of New

York capital, and that the central South should thus be dependent upon a powerful syndicate of purely Northern interest for its transportation, would truly have been calamitous. As this railway is still in its former hands, under whose direction it has been constantly increasing its traffic and net profit, the portion of the South which it traverses is thankful for the railroad's past prosperity and its maintained independence, while we trust that in the future augmented patronage may promote its advancement with that of the South.

*The Triple Alliance.*

All Europe has been startled by the divulgence, through Prince Bismarck's organ, of a diplomatic treaty between Russia and Germany, when the latter was fast bound by the Driebund to Austria and Italy, who looked to the Berlin government for protection in any interference by Russian aggressiveness, or that of any other European nation. This treaty was in force from 1884 to 1890, but, on the compulsory resignation of Bismarck as Chancellor, was not renewed by his successor, Count von Caprivi; and lately the vengeful Prince, smarting under the decline and defeat of his personal power, has strongly attacked Caprivi in the *Nachrichten* for refusing to renew the agreement with Russia, and has alleged that the recent consummation of an alliance with France, Germany's great enemy, by Russia was the real outcome of disdaining that nation's advances. The paper says: "Thus the first affiliation between Russian absolutism and the French republic was brought about, in our opinion, exclusively by Count Caprivi's mistakes, which have forced Russia to take out in France that insurance against international politics which every prudent statesman of the great powers likes to have at command." In this way he has revealed a state secret that is not only working injury to Germany, but is also destroying European faith in the Triple Alliance, considered the bulwark of continental peace. The

treaty with Russia seems to have been an agreement that neither should aid in an attack upon the other, especially that German neutrality should be sustained in case of an Austrian war with Russia; and the excuse for this duplicity is that the Driebund was only a defensive alliance, to which this secret treaty was not inimical. Naturally the revelation by Bismark of such an agreement, which, though not now in force, shows the bad faith of Germany to her professed allies, has caused great indignation in Austria and Italy, and an explanation has been demanded.

The gradual dissolution of the Triple Alliance is of grave interest to the civilized world, involving the relation of the European nations; and the attempt of Germany's celebrated statesman to destroy the faith of her allies is an action that redounds to his dishonor. Germany needs the support of Austria and Italy, especially since the Franco-Russian agreement renders her a powerful rival; while the weak, arbitrary policy of William II is fast isolating her from any national friendship—even those of the Driebund have been alienating themselves for her, the estrangement now having been accelerated by the revelation of Germany's seeming bad faith. Prince Bismark has shown himself in a reproachable light, and has lowered his reputation as an exalted statesman. The *Boston Herald* thus speaks of him, almost too severely: "A statesman who acts without conscience in his treatment of foreign governments, in compliance with assumed demands of loyalty or patriotism, is not a trustworthy custodian of a nation's safety, for if the mind or the inclinations become in any way distorted, then conscience does not prevent the man from treating his own government with the same absence of honor that had characterized his treatment in former days of foreign governments." The results of the divulgation of this Russo-German treaty may, or may not, be disastrous to the nations involved; but it is to be regretted that such diplomatic duplicity has injured Germany's character as a nation.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

The first edition of 10,000 copies of Barrie's new novel, *Sentimental Tommy*, was completely exhausted in advance of its publication date, October 17th.

Charles Scribner's Sons are getting out a Centenary edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle in thirty volumes. In this edition will be some essays and minor writings which have never before been published.

Harry S. Edwards, the Georgian, whose story, "Sons and Fathers," won the \$10,000 prize offered by the *Chicago Record*, has invested the money in a house near Macon. The house is built after the fashion of the houses of Southern planters before the war, and will be a beautiful residence for the gifted young writer.

Conan Doyle's latest story, *Rodney Stone*, is to be published at once by D. Appleton & Co. The Prince, Beau Brummel, the gay young chappies of Brighton, and the heroes of the ring appear in its pages. It is a story of the prize ring, and will be interesting to the admirers of the noble science of pugilism.

The six most popular books of the day are Miss Marie Corelli's *Murder of Delicia*, *Sir George Tressady* by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Anthony Hope's *Heart of Princess Osra*, *Sentimental Tommy* by J. M. Barrie, *Kate Carnegie* by Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Crockett's *Grey Man*. Miss Marie Corelli is the most popular author just at this time.

It is getting to be a very prevalent custom among those who have made some reputation in the world of letters to write long essays on "How to write fiction." The best recipe, so far, is that of Conan Doyle, which can be summed up in a few words: "Have a story to tell, and then tell it."

It is said that Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, author of *Unde Remus*, expects to publish a history of Georgia. It is to be hoped that the report is true, since the average history is nothing but a col-

lection of facts and dates, and is about as interesting as the Congressional Record, or the last volume of Patent Office Reports. A writer with the vigorous, entertaining style Mr. Harris has, could put some life and animation even into the dry facts of history.

Mr. Stockton's story of *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht* is equally as entertaining as *The Adventures of Captain Horn*. No one but Stockton would have ever imagined such a story as *Mrs. Cliff's Yacht*. A number of tired clergymen off on a cruise in a yacht are overtaken by pirates, and a terrible combat ensues. The clergymen succeed in capturing the pirates and then continue their voyage, eager for any other diversion which may be found. It is certainly an original conception.

On the night of November 8th fire destroyed the winter home of Miss Alice French, and with it her valuable library. Miss French is well known to magazine readers, as it is she who writes such charming stories of western life under the pen name of Octave Thanet. The loss of her library will seriously interfere with her work for the winter.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard has come to the surface again, and has just published a new novel, *The Wizard*. The scene is laid in the heart of Africa, and the story is the usual mixture of murders, battles, sudden deaths, and magic incantations. This book will be interesting reading when one is in a mood for enjoying Haggard—a mood which seizes us all occasionally.

Anthony Hope's last story, *Phrase*, which had its serial publication in *McClure's Magazine*, will be published in book form about the first of January. He is at work on a new novel, the title of which is not yet announced, which will be published as a serial by the same magazine. The publishing of a novel as a serial before it is put in book form is one of the fads of the day. But it is at the same time a source of vexation to those who read a novel for the pleasure of the story.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale has just published an introduction to his *Man Without a Country*, in which he tells how it happened that he wrote that story. Just as soon as a man writes a book that is at all popular, the journals are full of accounts of how he came

to write it. What does the average reader care for the minute details of an author's life, from the cradle up? A few months back you could not read anything in the magazines except a description of the early scenes of Harriet Beecher Stowe's life, and an account of how she came to think of writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Just at this time the very name of George du Maurier causes a tired feeling to come over us. If there is any one in the present generation of writers whose name will be remembered fifty years from now it will be some one who is not talked about so much now.

Mr. W. D. Howells confesses that he never read any of Robert Louis Stephenson's works. He says, also, that Scott is very much overrated as a novelist, that the author of the Waverly novels was only an ordinary writer. Some years ago when Col. Ingersoll was publishing his criticisms on the books of Moses, this pertinent remark was made: "Now that we know Bob. Ingersoll's opinion of Moses, it would be interesting to know what Moses thinks of Bob. Ingersoll." We have now Howells' opinion of Scott, and it would be interesting if we knew Scott's opinion of such a writer as Howells.

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## BOOK NOTES.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

*Sentimental Tommy.* By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
12mo.: \$1.50.

It is not very clear just what the reasons were which induced the author to give such a striking title to this charming book. *Provoking Tommy* would, perhaps, have been more applicable to Thomas Sandys, for we are continually provoked and exasperated at his doings. We are provoked, almost to smiling, at the first sight of him in his sexless garments climbing the stairs, and stopping at the open doors long enough to say, "my mother says I ain't hungry one bit." We are still more provoked when, at that memorable meeting of the Society for Juvenile Criminals, just as Rev. Mr. .... was going to open the proceedings with prayer, Tommy rose and began praying for her ladyship, who had been so amused at his marvelous stories of his own

wickedness. Those stories which were so thrilling, that even Shovel almost believed them, though he knew that they were lies. And, at the last, when Tommy goes away to become a herder, leaving you and me standing there in the road with Elspeth, while Grizel rises from her hiding place in the broom to get a last glimpse of him, we are so provoked at not knowing what is to become of him that we make use of his favorite oath, and swear "dag on-t!" with a hearty good will.

There is something about the description of child-life that appeals to every one. There are times in the lives of us all when we seem to lay aside the present, with all its cares and vexations, and for a few moments the man is a child again, with the freedom from cares and with all the bright hopes for the future which characterize childhood.

We almost envy Tommy and Elspeth their delight, when Hogmany comes and they can divulge the mighty secret which, for days, they have been concealing from their mother. How innocent and transparent are their efforts to keep her from suspecting anything until the bell shall proclaim that Hogmany has begun.

But the author has shown us other aspects of life besides that of childhood. There is tragedy in the case of poor Jean Myles, and touches of pathos which defy our efforts to keep our eyes dry. Who can refuse a few tears for her sorrows and sufferings, when she is laid at rest in the little cemetery at Thrums? She brought her misfortunes on herself, when she abandoned Aaron Latta, and went off to London with Magerful Tam. The spite and venom of a woman's nature show themselves in every letter that she wrote back to Thrums, always ending with, "Mind you tell Aaron Latta that." But when she was dying, her thoughts went back to days of auld lang syne, to the Den, and to Aaron Latta. So she wrote to the man whom she had so cruelly wronged, begging him to come to her before she died. How clear to her mind were those happy days, before that fateful night in the Den, when Aaron branded himself a coward before her eyes. She was thinking of those happy times when she wrote "Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at Inverquharty, and the cushie doos?" likewise, "Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at the Kaims of Airlie?" And still again, "Aaron Latta, do you mind that Jean Myles was ower heavy for you to lift? Oh, Aaron, you could lift me so pitiful easy now."

It is useless to try to describe the charm of this book, which can be learned only by reading it. But attention can be called to a few defects which appear in it. The author has taken the liberty of using words

that are not found in the dictionaries. It may be that Mr. Barrie was forced to coin a few new words because there were not enough words in general use to express his thoughts clearly. We would say, however, that only a master of language may dare to coin new words.

There are also many obscure passages which could easily have been changed so as to make the meaning clear. There is no excuse or pardon for the writer who leaves his phrases and clauses in such a tangle that the reader has to stop and puzzle over what the writer meant to say.

However, Mr. Barrie has written an intensely interesting book, to say the least that can be said. A very eminent critic goes so far as to say that the author of *Sentimental Tommy* can claim close kinship with that great writer, whose works were so full of child-life, Dickens. But when we turn to the account of the death of little Paul, or to the description of David Copperfield's early life, we see at once that the claim cannot be sustained. Dickens stands on a height far above the plain on which Mr. Barrie is making his way. The comparison is an unfortunate one, and one that will hardly add to Mr. Barrie's reputation. He has written a great book, all admit that fact, but that does not necessarily place him in the front rank of the world's greatest writers.

*The Child and Childhood in Folk-Thought.* By Alexander F. Chamberlain, M. A., Ph. D. Macmillan & Co. 8-vo. 1896. \$3.

The world-wide and age-long interest in childhood has been greatly intensified lately. From the beginning we have had nature and the child with us, but the best of both we are just discovering. We are learning the essential beauty and strength of nature untouched by human art, and to that pure spring, as never before, we now go for spiritual suggestion and refreshment. In the Dante essay, published in 1824, Macaulay notes the turn of feeling in this direction and criticises it with his usual haughtiness and severity; but it is now clear that the succession in the dominion of letters belongs to the line of his "herd of blue-stocking ladies and sonneteering gentlemen," who possess the strong sensibility to the charms of external nature. For Wordsworth (to whom he evidently refers), George Eliot, Emerson and Browning, members of the line royal, owe to this very sensibility not a little of their present pre-eminence and their hold upon the future.

It is interesting to observe that the period of literature which is most marked by the feeling for nature is precisely that in which the child is recognized and honored with greatest penetration and tenderness. Indeed, both these attitudes are united in the same great poet, who

was the prophet of childhood because he was the prophet of nature. The words which stirred the depths of Macaulay's scorn—"the hour of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower"—occur in the same poem with these:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height.

Besides this sentimental interest in childhood as a thing of beauty and as healthful and happy in the midst of disillusion and complaint of the modern world, there has grown up also a scientific interest which is expressed in the development of a new science—Paidology—with the child as its particular subject of investigation. The science dates from Boston in the year 1879, when certain kindergarten teachers endeavored to ascertain and record the actual contents of children's minds. Since that time other lines of inquiry have been taken up—for example, the order of faculty development, measures, defects, and health. President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, called by our author "the *genius* of the movement for Child-study in America," has devoted his energies and the resources of his university, in no small measure, to the young science. It is no surprise, therefore, to know that this large volume of 464 pages comes from that institution. Dr. Chamberlain is lecturer on Anthropology at Clark, and this book is, as he tells us, an elaboration and amplification of a series of lectures which he gave there in 1894. His object may be stated best in his own words: "The object of the present writer is to treat of the child from a point of view hitherto entirely neglected, to exhibit what the world owes to childhood and the motherhood and fatherhood which it occasions, to indicate the position of the child in the march of civilization among the various races of men, and to estimate the influence which the child-idea and its accompaniments have had upon sociology, mythology, religion, language; for the touch of the child is upon them all, and the debt of humanity to the little children has not yet been told." He aims to set forth "what tribe upon tribe, age after age, has thought about, ascribed to, dreamt of, learned from, taught to the child, the parent-lore of the human race, in its development through savagery and barbarism to civilization and culture." In the accomplishment of this task he has with great industry ransacked the literatures of all times and climes and the reports of explorers in uncivilized regions of the earth. The bibliography appended to the volume, and not the least valuable of its features, shows a total of 549 titles.

Dr. Chamberlain has given us not a treatise, but a compilation. He

has opened to us a vast mine of information and proverb about the child and related matters, and he merits the gratitude of every intelligent lover of that stage in own life when—

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven.

W. L. P.

*The Story of Aaron, So-Called, The Son of Ben Ali.* By Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rudyard Kipling can transport us to the jungles of India, and introduce us into the councils of the wolf pack, but it remains for Mr. Harris to inform us what "Brer Rabbit," "Brer Fox," and the other animals of our own Southland are doing and saying. And in this book he carries us to the animals, and lets us hear them talk in their own language.

Not only is Mr. Harris acquainted with animals and their lore, but he is also thoroughly conversant with "Life Among the Lowly." Mrs. Stowe, under the guise of fiction, tried to depict life on a Southern plantation, but she knew but little of the characters she was trying to describe. Mr. Harris, however, is quite at home in such an atmosphere.

In the *Story of Aaron* we are on a large plantation in middle Georgia with our friends Buster John and Sweetest Susan, trying to gain admittance into "Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country." What wonderful experiences we meet with when, after following "Brer Rabbit's" advice, we learn the language of all the animals!

Aaron is a slave on the plantation, but his color, his daring spirit, and his habits show that he is different from the other slaves. In truth he is an Arab, the son of a slave dealer, who was carried off with a lot of negroes and sold into servitude. He is looked upon with terror, by the other slaves of the plantation, as a conjurer, "a dangerous nigger," for he has a peculiar power over all animals. He knows their language, and he imparts this wonderful secret to Buster John and Sweetest Susan. Then the grey pony, the track dog, the white pig, and the black stallion tell them the story of Aaron's life.

It would be doing the author a great injustice to attempt to give an outline of the story. The pony tells of the time when Aaron was put up on the auctioneer's block and sold, while the white pig tells about the time when Aaron was a runaway in the swamp where its lair was.

In this story we are shown many of the different aspects of slavery. The slave auction, the pursuit of runaway slaves, the lynching of an abolitionist (in which Aaron and the white pig take part), the domi-

neering character of large slave-owners, and the instinctive resort to the shot-gun are all set forth. The rescue of the abolitionist is the means of preserving the Abercrombie plantation from the ravages of Sherman's army when that general makes his famous march to the sea. Mr. Harris must surely have been in a sarcastic mood when he conceived that picture of General Sherman as a benefactor of humanity. The people of the South are accustomed to regard him in a different light altogether, and, judging from his record, the role does not become him.

The story is a charming one, though not as dramatic or pathetic as some other books he has written. It shows remarkable skill in conception, and its fidelity to life is striking. The supernatural element which enters into the story will make it very attractive to those readers whose imagination can make a happy family of "Ole Brer Tarry-pin," Tecumseh Sherman, and "Miss Meadows and de gals."

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

GRAY R. KING, Editor.

POLITICAL.—Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the recent State election was the fact that of the nine Congressional Districts of North Carolina, the majority of which have always elected Democratic representatives, only one elected a Democrat this year. Hon. W. W. Kitchin was elected over Yom Settle, Republican, in the Fifth District, one which is generally Republican. Mr. Kitchin is a powerful orator and a man of great ability, and the people in his district have shown their appreciation of him. Hon. C. H. Martin was re-elected from the Sixth District, and Hon. John E. Fowler was elected from the Third by the People's party.

—'80. Mr. Joe Rogers was re-elected Register of Deeds for Wake County at the recent election.

'85-90. Mr. Needham Mangum's host of friends in Wake Forest and surrounding community are sorry to learn that he has decided to go to Philadelphia, which he will make his future home.

—'86. Rev. H. F. Williams, for the last few years pastor at Roxboro, has recently accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Chase City, Va.

—'90. Mr. John Franklin Mitchell is travelling agent for Coats' Spool Cotton. His territory embraces several States, including North and South Carolina.

—'91. Mr. R. L. Paschall is principal of one of the Ward Schools in Fort Worth, Texas. Mr. Paschal has been in Fort Worth for the past three years, and has had quite a successful career.

—'91-'92. Mr. C. B. Garrett is teaching at Shiloh, Camden County, N. C.

—'91-'92. Mr. W. F. Fry is principal of a flourishing school at Vandemere, N. C.

—'92. Rev. E. F. Rice has a field in North Dakota. He graduated at Rochester Seminary last June.

—'92. Mr. R. E. Major is Professor of Latin in Owachita College, Arkadelphia, Arkansas. He has filled this position for several years and has made quite a reputation as a teacher.

—'92. Rev. Junius W. Millard, of Baltimore, was married on the 5th of November to Miss Fannie Wekley, of Shelbyville, Ky. The bride and groom spent a few days in Washington, and then returned to Baltimore, which place they will make their future home. Mr. Millard, after completing his course at Louisville Seminary, located in Henderson, N. C., where he remained until last spring, when he was called to the pastorate of Eutaw Place Baptist Church, of Baltimore.

—'93. Mr. J. E. Yates is teaching at Stanhope Academy. He was principal of the school at Mt. Moriah last year and the year before.

—'93-'94. Mr. H. C. Finkley is teaching at Bermuda, S. C. Mr. Finkley was a celebrated "wrestler" while he was at Wake Forest, and he has no doubt found ample opportunity to display his skill along that line in his chosen profession.

—'93-'96. Rev. Charles Utley was elected to the State Senate from Wake County at the recent election. Mr. Utley led the ticket in his county.

'94. Mr. Charles N. Beebe is still at Mapleville, where he has been teaching ever since leaving college. Mr. Beebe has built up a good school at this place, and his patrons fully appreciate his work.

'95. Mr. Frank E. Parham has a position in the University School of Montgomery Alabama. Mr. Parham was a student of Chicago University, '95-'96.

'95. Mr. L. A. Beasley was married a few weeks ago to Miss Bertha Jolinson, of Warsaw, N. C. \* Mr. Beasley was Professor of Mathematics in Wilson Military Academy last year. He is now practicing law at Magnolia. May success crown his efforts.

'95. R. T. Daniel, after completing the business course at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., accepted a position in the Bank of Weldon. Raleigh is thoroughly in love with his work and will, no doubt, make a success of it. The Secretary of the Students' Aid Fund reports him as being very prompt and enthusiastic in his support of this fund.

'96. Rev. J. M. Alderman was married on the 14th of November to Miss Mary Perry of Wake Forest. We extend congratulations and best wishes. Mr. Alderman is preaching in Craven county.

'96. W. Hickman Carter, who was private secretary for Prof. Ray of the Institute for the Blind at Danville, Ky., has been elected to a professorship in the Institute. Hickman, we wish you much success.

—Since our last issue came out the College has lost one of her earliest friends by the death of Dr. D. S. Williams. Dr. Williams was one of the trustees named in the charter of 1833. He was very prominent as one of the zealous workers in the foundation of the College, and his name will ever be closely connected with the names of Wingate, Purefoy, and others, who spent their lives and their all in the interests of Wake Forest College. Not only has Wake Forest cause to be grateful to him, but he was ever an enthusiastic worker in the advancement of Christian Education wherever he was able to lend a helping hand. He died several weeks ago in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, at the ripe old age of eighty-

nine. He leaves several children, many grandchildren, and a host of friends to mourn their loss and to imitate the example of the true and noble life which he led. The bereaved family have our sympathies.

## EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor

*The School Girl* is a neat four-page sheet published at La-Grange.

*The Gray Jacket*, published at Blacksburg, Va., is a very creditable magazine.

It was a pleasure to us to read Dr. B. H. Carroll's speech, delivered at the Baylor University, on the unfurling of the United States flag.

*The University of Texas Magazine*, as usual, is good, but we think more care in arranging the departments and contributions would add to its inward appearance.

*The University Scientific Magazine* published at Knoxville, Tenn., has some very interesting articles to the lovers of science. It is published by the engineering society.

*The Mnemosynean* comes to us in quite a neat cover and is neatly arranged within. It has a number of really good short stories, which would be more interesting if longer.

*The Laurentian* has a very neat appearance. It pays a nice tribute to Prof. Foye, who died during the summer. "A Broken Violin" is well written and a very interesting story.

*The Hastings' Collegian* is making its first year's history and a fairly good record. Some contributions—stories or essays and short bits of verse—would improve its columns very much.

*The Villanova Monthly* has a good article on "Reminiscences of an Ancient Scottish Town." The frontispiece is a portrait of "Most Reverend Sebastian Martinelli, Papal Delegate."

*The Peabody Record* has good articles on the "Medical Department" and "College of Music."

*The St. John's Collegian* has a speech on "Fair Woman," which contains some good advice to students and is very interesting. It has some good verse, especially "The American Girl."

Too much of the *Etonian* is taken up by the editors, and vacuum would be more interesting than a part of the locals, and reflect more credit upon the institution. Get up some good stories and verse.

The leading article in *The Intercollegiate Athlete* is "Intercollegiate Cross-country Running." It is devoted entirely to athletics, as its name suggests, and the October issue is principally devoted to football.

"The Contribution of the Monuments to Old Testament History" is the best article in the *Seminary Magazine* for October. An old letter written by Dr. Yates, giving some of his college life, is very interesting.

*The Richmond College Messenger* has an article on "Society," which expresses rather extreme views. Its author claims that Socialism sprang out of Christianity and is very closely intertwined with it. It is a very good magazine.

*The William Jewell Student* contains some interesting matter. It is one of our most welcome exchanges, but we think it ought to be put in a neat cover. This would not add very much to the cost and would give it a more journalistic appearance.

*Converse Concept* from Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., has a fairly good article on "Bubbles," but is seriously lacking in good contributions. This is the first issue for the year, so the scarcity and timidity of productions are excusable, but we hope to see it improved.

*The Crimson-White* is a weekly four-page sheet, published at the University of Alabama. It started out by filling the local columns with trash and nonsense, but has improved very much, and is becoming a fairly good sheet; but we think every college ought to publish one good monthly magazine, and let all of the work be centered on that.

Three long, dry essays compose the contributions to *Wofford College Journal*. The articles are well written, but subjects which have been written on for the last quarter of a century have little interest for the average reader of college journals.

*The Literary* is a good college magazine, but we think some of the "Air Castle" articles in the November number might have been left out and something better inserted. We like good stories, but some of these articles are too timid to interest.

"French Literature" is the subject of a very interesting article in the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*, but is not finished. A part of the locals in the November number are unworthy of its pages. The locals of too many of our exchanges are largely composed of trash and nonsense.

An interesting account of W. J. Bryan's visit to his Alma Mater is given in *The College Rambler* for November. This is a very neat magazine, but one or two good stories added to its list of contributions would improve it in general interest more than the local and fraternity news.

The *An-X* has a very interesting article on Gen. Sam. Houston. Truly the life of this man forms a large part of the early history of Texas. The *An-X* is a neat and valuable exchange. A part of the October issue was put in wrong end up, but of course that was the printer's fault.

The sketches, "Wahanowi the Seer" and "In Pumpkin-Yard District," in the *Dartmouth Literary*, deserve special mention. It is one of our best exchanges.

MA MIGNONNE.

A little, sweet, beseeching face,  
With deep, gray eyes and child-like grace—  
The world has ever been to her  
The echo from a dulcimer.

A dainty bit of flesh-and-blood  
That God has set above the flood  
Of human griefs, of human cares,  
To lead us to unconscious prayers.

—*Dartmouth Literary.*

The *M. H. S. Bulletin* of Montclair, N. J., has a very neat appearance, and the extract from a letter describing Leah is full of interest. It portrays a beautiful character, and one well worth studying. She possesses that grace of all graces, modesty—and is content to remain in the quiet home circle. The craze for notice and the desire to be society belles is, frequently, not the mark of a pure and noble mind.

In the November number of *The Georgian* there is a very good article on George du Maurier. A short story, "The Average Woman," is quite interesting. The description is natural and style good. More short stories would increase the general interest of *The Georgian*. It has some good verse. Some of its articles are chopped up into too many paragraphs to be interesting. The University is of interest to Southern people especially as the alma mater of the beloved Grady.

"From the New Netherlands to the Old," in *The Davidson Monthly*, is quite a graphic discription of a trip across the Atlantic. The article on "Home Rule" is too incomplete. It is our pleasure to be personally acquainted with the author, and we like him, but are inclined to endorse the views of Gladstone. The monthly is one of our best exchanges. It contains some essays of worth, but are rather heavy. Its stories are good, but we think "The Haunted Picture" overdrawn and rather horrible.

*The University of Virginia Magazine* is one of our most valued exchanges. It contains a number of interesting stories and some good verses. Four-fifths of its pages are taken up in contributions, all of which are good. It is a pleasure to review magazines which contain matter of general interest and not little frivolous locals. It will be remembered that the University of Virginia is the Alma Mater of our beloved President.

It is a pleasure great to me  
 To watch her kindly courtesy,  
 And how each and every guest  
 Receives a part of all that's best.  
 But when the other men are gone,  
 And she and I sit quite alone,  
 The essence of all courtesy  
 Seems summed and centered just for me.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

An essay on George Du Maurier, in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, is good, also a short story "How I Won Her," is interesting, but an article on "College Fraternities," has too many broad and incorrect statements, and too much bitterness in it to find a place in the columns of a literary magazine. This issue is lacking in contributions, and too much is taken up in the editorial department.

Standing on the porch at night,

Almost time to go,

Fearing every moment

The father's awful toe.

Then there's the opportunity

To speak sweet words of love—

Take her to your bosom,

The darling little dove.

The dearest little creature,

Darling of your heart,

Squeeze the little animal

Until its time to part.

—*Randolph-Macon Monthly*.

The October number of *Ouachita Ripples* is quite full, but most of the articles are dull and too heavy.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY GIRL.

She is pretty, she is witty,

She can sing a shocking ditty;

But she can't make bread—

No, she can't.

She is neat, and she is sweet,

And she's very hard to beat;

But she can't sew on a button—

No, she can't.

She can sigh, and she can cry;

She can love you, if she'll try;

But she can't milk the cow—

No, she can't.

—*Ouachita Ripples*.

*The Roanoke Collegian* is well edited, but we think the "College Fun" department out of place in a good literary magazine. To head any department with such a sentence as "Rats," is out of

taste. We enjoyed reading "A Cycling Trip in England," and hope our friend will tell us in the next number what he saw at Oxford. It also has some good verse. More of it should be devoted to matters of general interest and less to locals. Some good stories would help its columns.

## A HOPE.

Our life is like a magic chain  
That links the dark to dark again:  
From whence we come and whither go,  
We do but dream,—we cannot know;  
Yet inly some faint beam we mark  
Of light that lies beyond the dark.  
In hope we live, in hope we pray  
For God's own star to light our way;  
And when life's fitful dreams are o'er,  
And we stand trembling on the shore,  
We may its golden ladder see  
From time to heaven's eternity.

—*Roanoke Collegian.*

*The Carolinian* for October is on our table, and is a credit to the South Carolina College. "My Trip to Mount Vesuvius" is interesting and well written. "Benefits of a College Education" is an old subject, but so well treated that we wish every youth in the land could read it.

## WORTH.

Little flowers of palest hue,  
A violet is all you are—  
A violet of faded blue;  
But when last night she gave me you,  
Oh sweeter were you then by far,  
Than anything that ever grew.

—*The Carolinian.*

The "Sesquicentennial" number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* comes to us laden with good things. An article on "Old Nassau Hall" tells briefly the story of Princeton's career. The old stage road from New York to Philadelphia caused Princeton to be honored by the presence of some of our most distinguished men of colonial times. Washington, on his retreat to Trenton,

used Old Nassau building as barracks for a short time, also Cornwallis, who was in close pursuit. The Continentals once cannonaded the building, and captured a large number of "red coats". Congress once assembled in the library there, and the exercises of the literary societies have been attended by Congress and President Washington. The short sketch of the "Literary" pictures vividly the ups and downs of college journalism; "Countess Emma" is a very good story. The *Literary* is well edited, and we are glad to welcome its monthly visits. "Book Talk" is rather too full, but when written so well the length is excusable.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MISS EVELYN THOMAS, of Raleigh, is visiting Mrs. Peed.

MISS LOULA BRIGGS, of Raleigh, is visiting Miss Mary Lanneau.

MISS ANNIE ROGERS, of Raleigh, spent a few days on the Hill the first of November visiting Miss Elva Dickson.

MISS SALLIE WINGATE left the Hill a few days ago for Denver, Colorado, to spend a few months with her sister, Mrs. Battle.

MISS MARY LANNEAU returned home the first of November, after a very pleasant stay in Raleigh visiting Miss Loula Briggs.

REV. THOS. DIXON, JR., of New York, came down November the 5th for a few days' bird hunt. He was the guest of Prof. Poteat.

REVS. A. CREE, of Seaboard, and Josiah Elliott of Perquimans County spent a short time on the hill as they returned from the Convention.

MISSES MAMIE and Byrtee Lew Rollins, of Humboldt, Tenn., after spending a few weeks visiting Miss Mattie Gill, have returned to their home.

WE ARE indebted to F. W. Hemlick for a very popular piece of music "Won't you give your love to me?" It is published by the Union Mutual Music Company.

THE SUBJECT of Prof. John E. Ray's lecture, December 10, will be Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who is now one of the brightest students in Harvard University.

ON NOVEMBER 17, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. J. M. Alderman, formerly of Sampson county, now located at Newbern, was united in marriage to Miss Mary Perry, of the Hill. Mr. Alderman graduated in the class of '96, and in behalf of THE STUDENT we extend congratulations.

MISS JULIA BREWER, daughter of Prof. John B. Brewer, teaches a music class here on Tuesdays and Thursdays. She is a graduate of Murfreesboro Female College and Boston Conservatory of Music. The people of the Hill are to be congratulated on having an opportunity to patronize so accomplished a teacher.

THE STUDENT is due thanks to Levi Branson of Raleigh, N. C., for his Agricultural Almanac for 1897, also to the Secretary of the Interior, U. S. Geological Survey for "Reconnoissance of the Gold Fields of the Southern Appalachians," which we have not had time to examine, but it seems to be a valuable pamphlet.

WE WERE somewhat excited a few evenings since at seeing what at first seemed to be some one wounded or seriously sick being carried up the street by friends, but after observing the procession more closely we decided that it was only somebody's darling learning to ride a wheel. Fine time for the sport, these moonlight nights.

DURING THE last month the law department of the library has received some of the most valuable donations of the year. From H. B. Parsons, Albany, N. Y., two volumes of Pingrey on Real Property; F. H. Thomas, Law Book Co., seven vol-

umes; Baker, Voorhees & Co., New York, seven volumes; Judge Faircloth, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, two hundred and eighty-five volumes.

ON THE evening of November 3, the reading-room was filled before the appointed hour, to hear Prof. Lanueau lecture on the various discoveries in electricity leading up to the X-ray discovery. The principal part of the time was used in showing the various experiments, stopping only for brief explanations. First, Faraday's experiment as to vacuum—passing spark through various degrees of density, showing that the rarer the medium the better conductor until perfect vacuum was reached in which, contrary to the rule, no spark at all would pass. Geisler's permanent vacuum tubes were used for the last experiment. Crooke's tubes were used to show the effect in vacuum on matter and how the current caused heat and motion, giving a beautiful illustration of the Cathode stream. Leonard's studies revealed the fact that there was something with the Cathode rays that would penetrate metal and affect a photographic plate within the tube or outside of it. Roöntgen discovered that this affect was caused by something with the Cathode but unlike it, for a magnet would deflect the Cathode but would not this other ray which, for want of a better name, he called X-ray. The lecture closed with a beautiful experiment showing the glow of five different metals enclosed in a tube. It is impossible to give an adequate description of the experiments. The audience is to be congratulated upon having the opportunity of seeing the experiments and hearing them discussed.

THE WAKE FOREST GIRL knows. There is no doubt of that. *Elle sait*, she kens, she is cunning, as Shakespeare uses the term. She knows many things and many a boy who has been nervously fingering his depleted pocket-book for the last few weeks will bear witness that she knows how to raise money. It came about in this way. Our Sunday School is

raising money for a new piano. The girls wanted to do their part, so they laid their heads together and determined to give a tea. One made chicken salad, another devilled eggs, another made ice-cream, another cake. Perhaps their mothers made those things—we are not certain. Then they had a proclamation issued that the boys should come. The Wake Forest boys have nothing mean about them, so they did not begin with one accord to make excuses. As far as we know, none of them have bought any farms or oxen, and if any had horses or ponies they never thought of alleging them as an excuse. By no means. Such an excuse would sound ridiculous. Besides, the Wake Forest boys are loath even to mention their horses. So they went in great numbers and left nothing uneaten. But they did leave their shekels. One poor freshman has done without cigarettes ever since, and has almost learned that sensible people don't smoke them. Another must give up a big cane for a while yet. But all feel amply repaid for all they spent. The young ladies met us at the door with the most charming grace, talked us hungry in a trice, and led us to the dining room where we were served by four of their number, so bright and fair that we never thought how much we were eating until we were presented with our bills. The soda-crackers were excellent; so were the apples, but as this supper was prepared by many cooks, we will avoid any cause for anger or jealousy by refraining from compliments. We were all presented with a pretty button-hole bouquet, which we keep to remind us that the Wake Forest girl knows—knows how to make an evening pleasant and our college life happier.

DR. BLACKWELL lectured in Wingate Memorial Hall on the evening of November 16. His subject was "The Twentieth Century's Call for Men."

He spoke of the opportunity of crossing the boundary line of two centuries, and pictured in beautiful terms the Genius of the Twentieth Century, pencil in hand, noting with pleasure the many discoveries and inventions cast at her feet by the

Nineteenth Century; but her brow seems to sadden as she asks,  
Where are the men?

This is the call for men, and truly the fields lie open, for there are books to write, forests to fell, and battles to fight.

The opportunity is presented to be used or abused, and we should tremble as we enter upon that field.

The call is for men, not *gentle* men. It wants no dudes and they will be extinct, for in the next four years they will be ground up between the upper and nether millstone, and the only relict left will be cartoons in *Puck* and *Judge*.

The call will be for men of purpose. The butterfly is beautiful as it flits about from flower to flower in curved lines, but the "brown jacket," with a purpose, strikes a "bee line" and he accomplishes something; so don't be alarmed because you are not pretty. A man might in the past steal a dozen railroads and be counted a success, but then only the man of duty will be called a success.

The call will be for men willing to work anywhere and not be anxious to be seen. Men who will labor faithfully in their calling whether it be high or low, and die if need be for principle, and not for men who can be pig one day and puppy the next. But this does not mean to stay the same, for only fools do that. Principles grow. Look at the bright side of things. We will turn over a sober land, for whiskey has already left the sideboard and college campus. It is being moved by the dynamic power of prayer. Unless your faculties are developed you will get left. You cannot afford to paralyze your faculties with whiskey or tobacco. You had as well grind an axe, then put it in the fire until all the temper is out and try to chop with it. In the twentieth century the minister who smokes will not only be driven from the pulpit but expelled from the ministry. So will the deacon be driven from the church who dares sell cigarettes to minors.

It has taken six thousand years to cast out the dross and perfect our molds for making men. The "Round Head"

landed in New England, the Cavalier at Jamestown, Virginia. In the North was a Phillips and a Lincoln. In the South, Randolph and Davis—all great men, but not well rounded. At Appomattox the "Round Head" was victorious, and the true American was found. To-day we have no Calhoun, no Phillips, but a Grady and a Bryan.

The demand will be for patriotic men—men who will fight for right and love of country, and not to get on a pension roll.

The call will be for awakened women—women with trained hands and minds who will not be compelled to marry a worthless man or be sneered at for being an "old maid."

Take time to prepare, for if that girl can't wait another will. Dr. McCosh said it took God one hundred or one hundred and fifty years to make an oak but only five or six weeks to make a squash, but the oak will last and be of service.

You may be trammelled by some weakness—so was John B. Gough, Thomas Benton, Peter and Paul, but they succeeded. Live for eternity, for this life is but little compared with that, and no one can grow to full status unless he is born again.

With a beautiful description of Gen. R. E. Lee as a model for young men, the lecture was closed.

While the speaker was at times too dramatic to be appreciated, he was well received and frequently applauded. Many amusing and apt illustrations were intermingled. We have sought to give only what seemed to us the leading thoughts taken during the lecture.

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Lv New York, via Pa. R. R. . . . .	* 3 20 p. m.	* 9 00 p. m.	Lv Atlanta, via S. A. L. (Central Time) . . . . .	* 11 45 a. m.	* 8 10 p. m.		
" Philadelphia, " . . . . .	5 15 "	12 05 night	" Athens, via S. A. L. . . . .	* 2 55 p. m.	11 40 "		
" Baltimore, " . . . . .	7 31 "	2 55 a. m.	" Kiberton, " . . . . .	4 00 "	12 45 a. m.		
" Washington, " . . . . .	8 40 "	4 30 "	" Abbeville, " . . . . .	5 00 "	1 47 "		
" Richmond . . . . .	12 36 a. m.	9 05 "	" Greenville, " . . . . .	6 30 "	2 15 "		
Lv Norfolk, via S. A. L. . . . .	* 11 30 p. m.	* 9 00 "	" Clinton, " . . . . .	6 25 "	3 13 "		
" Portsmouth, " . . . . .	12 01 night	* 9 15 "	" Chester, " . . . . .	7 32 "	4 43 "		
Lv Weldon, " . . . . .	* 3 05 a. m.	* 11 55 "	" Charlotte, " . . . . .	* 8 20 "	* 5 25 "		
Ar Henderson, " . . . . .	4 32 "	* 1 30 p. m.	" Monroe, " . . . . .	9 15 "	6 13 "		
Ar Durham, " . . . . .	† 7 32 "	† 4 09 "	" Hamlet, " . . . . .	10 35 "	8 15 "		
Lv Durham, " . . . . .	† 5 20 p. m.	† 11 00 a. m.	" So'ern Pines, " . . . . .	11 21 "	9 15 "		
<b>AR WAKE</b> " . . . . .	* 5 22 a. m.	* 2 57 p. m.	" Raleigh, " . . . . .	1 26 a. m.	11 31 "		
" Raleigh, " . . . . .	* 5 55 "	* 3 34 "	" WAKE, " . . . . .	* 1 54 "	* 12 08 pm		
" Sanford, " . . . . .	7 14 "	4 58 "	Ar Durham, " . . . . .	† 7 32 "	† 4 09 p. m.		
" So'ern Pines, " . . . . .	8 00 "	5 49 "	Lv Durham, " . . . . .	† 5 20 p. m.	† 11 00 a. m.		
" Hamlet, " . . . . .	8 50 "	6 55 "	Ar Weldon, " . . . . .	* 4 05 a. m.	* 3 00 p. m.		
" Wadesboro, " . . . . .	9 52 "	8 01 "	" Richmond, via Pa. R. R. . . . .	6 40 "	6 40 "		
" Monroe, " . . . . .	10 40 "	8 55 "	" Washington, via Pa. R. R. . . . .	10 45 "	11 10 "		
" Charlotte, " . . . . .	* 11 35 "	* 10 20 "	" Baltimore, " . . . . .	12 00 noon	12 48 night		
" Chester, " . . . . .	12 03 p. m.	10 32 "	" Philadelphia, " . . . . .	2 20 p. m.	3 45 a. m.		
" Clinton, " . . . . .	1 20 "	11 58 "	" New York, " . . . . .	* 4 53 "	* 6 51 "		
" Greenville, " . . . . .	2 33 "	1 00 a. m.	Ar Portsmouth, via S. A. L. . . . .	* 7 30 a. m.	5 50 p. m.		
" Abbeville, " . . . . .	3 00 "	1 32 "	" Norfolk, " . . . . .	* 7 50 "	6 10 "		
" Kiberton, " . . . . .	4 00 "	2 36 "					
" Athens, " . . . . .	5 10 "	3 38 "					
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*W. J. ...*

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Vol. XVI.

MARCH, 1897.

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# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

VOL. XVI. WAKE FOREST, N. C., MARCH, 1897. No. 6.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### SUMMER DREAMS.

J. C. M'NEILL.

On a moonlit night in the month of May,  
With the voice of a waterfall far away,  
And near  
The voice of a maiden, soft and clear,  
In my ear,  
Can I heed the tales of the men of old  
And seek elsewhere for the Land of Gold?

On a sunny day in the month of June,  
When lulled by the drone of a lazy tune,  
I lie,  
And dreamily follow the clouds that fly  
Through the sky,  
Do I care to discover the long-sought truth  
Concerning the fabulous Fountain of Youth?

### THE CRUSADE OF THE AGES.\*

ROBT. N. SIMMS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When my friend, in announcing my subject, mentioned the name crusade, your minds, of course, instantly reverted to what are known in history as *the* crusades. Those magnificent movements of conscientious men

\*Anniversary oration by the orator of the Huzzellan Society.

against the infidel Turk originated, and therefore have a prior claim upon, the name crusade. But in the nine hundred years intervening since that time, the name has been given to many a move, and sometimes, alas! has been debased. A world-wide movement for political liberty was a crusade; so was the movement for the purification of the one city of New York, led by "our Tom," of course, and, incidentally, Dr. Parkhurst! The bluster in behalf of the imaginary right of woman to be no better than man, and to paddle with him in the mud-puddle of politics, was called a crusade; while the heaven-born movement against human slavery received but the same name. Of the many movements that have been thus called, some have ended badly, others have had noble results. The accomplishments range all of the way from the realization of human liberty down, *down* to the creation of the "new woman"—that thing that belongs neither to the heavens above nor to the earth beneath,—remainder, waters under the earth; that is, of neither the masculine, the feminine, nor yet the neuter gender—having neither the gentleness of a woman, nor the manliness of a man, and being utterly devoid of the passivity of a neuter; that is nevertheless so (pardon the word and let me use it) devilish worldly-wise that, knowing the advantage which a good name gives, it has seized upon and appropriated to its besmirched self that name which, when not thus defiled, tokens what is purest and noblest in God's creation—the name woman.

I believe it was Abraham Lincoln who once said that God must love the common people; that he was sure that God loved the common people, because He made so many of them. Now I am not sure that it was Lincoln who said that, but it doesn't matter as to that fact now. The logic of the statement is invincible, and so to-night I am going to speak to you of those great common people whom God loves.

Those of us who are young men now have to face the coming of a mighty crisis. We shall have to live the lives of

men amid conditions to which our fathers were never subjected. And I might add, that those who are young women now will have to take a very vital part in this same crisis. The time is now upon us when women, if they would fill the sphere which their Creator has ordained they should, even though they be of the blessed type of home women, must know something at least of the political, the social, and the economic conditions which surround them. North Carolina has not produced, and will not produce, a Bely Lockwood, or a Mrs. Lease—and I am glad of it; but the time ever has been, and now is, when her women dared do all that doth become their kind, when they were content with no smaller sphere—because they recognize that there is no greater, nobler one—than that of being helps meet for men in their struggle for the right. At every period of her history—all of the way from the time of those noble women of Edenton who pledged themselves to drink no more of England's tea, whose buying made their husbands slaves, down to the times of the heroines of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, who, even though they stayed by the firesides (where, alas! there was so often no fire to burn), suffered yet far more at the homesteads than did the men upon the fields of gore—North Carolina has ever had daughters in her quiet homes who were ready and able to hold up the hands of her sons in every noble work. And this, by the way, is the reason she has given more men to die the noble soldier's death than any other state in the Union. The question now is, How will her women respond to-day?

Strange forces are at work around us. Ours is a period of intense unrest—perhaps the unrest of coming dawn, but certainly the unrest of an immediate storm. What is there beneath it all? There is *the great movement of the mass of humanity after a better estate*. That is the crusade ages-old, and is the one of which I speak. Men have termed it at times the crusade of poverty against wealth, and to the superficial observer the name has perhaps seemed justifiable. Oftenest

in its history the movement has displayed itself, to the casual observer, on the part of the humbler, poorer classes, in an attack on those who possessed much wealth. But to him who studies with heart as well as head, it must ever have been evident that all of this turmoil has not been caused by a mere struggle between the more fortunate and the less favored followers of Mammon. Down beneath it all, and mingled with it all, there has been the myriad-tongued voice of human suffering; and behind it all, and urging it all on, there has been, on the side of humanity, in response to its cry of distress, the great hand of Him who cannot be served together with Mammon.

Let's notice two or three of the manifestations of this movement in our own land, in order best to catch its central truth.

I need not elaborate to you the causes of the birth of our labor organizations. You know how our great industries began to fall into the clutch of that demon-born thing, monopoly. You know how the great staples and necessities of life found themselves caught in its all-embracing grasp. You know how it ever widened the reach of its power until it had laid its hand upon everything that God had placed in the world to minister to human want. And then you know how capital went on with its aggressions and, having prostituted our judiciary, handicapped our political system, and made, by its bribery, our national legislature a thing of mockery for the world, it "entrenched itself behind the deepening powers and privileges which government gave it, and the countless ramparts of its money-bags, and opposed to the vague but earnest onset of the people, the power of the trained phalanx and the conscienceless strength of the mercenary," forgetting that some day the great American heart, bursting with righteous wrath, would tear down every barrier which it might build and challenge it with the voice of the people, which is then the voice of God. And the people suffered and grew strong until finally, when forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, they

came together in organized form in one mighty move against oppression. And thus the labor organizations are but one of the manifestations of our great general movement—a movement of the great common people in vindication of their sovereign rights. Indeed, the crusade for the elevation of the common people finds its working base, its chiefest factor and expression in modern labor organization; and these organizations, if I mistake not, are the muster-grounds of an army as pure and patriotic in its motives, and having as noble a cause, as did ever that which followed Washington, or in our own times, the patriot Maceo.

One remarkable thing about the labor organization movement was the part taken therein by the farmers. Seeing the advantage which combination gives, they came together into the organization first of the Granges and then of the Farmers' Alliance. This is indeed a most significant fact. When the rural part of its population become aroused a nation may well scrutinize its condition. The farmer, slow to wrath, is the very genius of avenging destruction when once his passion is aroused. What has he done in the past? Three times when liberty demanded it has he captured and held with his horny hand against every attack of baron, lord, and peer the capital city of England. It was the farmers of France who, leaving the country where they were subject to unequal taxation, and flocking into the festering cities, brought about the great French Revolution. It was a body of American farmers who, with heels tarred down to liberty and right, drafted at old Mecklenburg the first declaration of American independence. The farmer's heart is the home of freedom. He will be the throttled bond-servant of no man. He has never known servile obedience to earthly potentate or power. Witness the revolting and triumphant farmers of England, France, and the American colonies pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their most sacred honor to the quest of fleeing Freedom's trail. Witness now, if you will, five million embattled farmers,

banded brothers in a common cause, against an odious industrial oppression.

And now need I ask why these farmers have united? Why, for that matter, have all other laboring peoples united? Did they have no reason? Is their action devoid of a valid cause? Just as much without a cause as were the men of the Netherlands who revolted against the iniquitous oppression of Spain; just as much without a cause as were the barons of England who wrested from tyrannical old King John the great charter of English liberty; just as much without a cause as were the peasants of France who raised their bowed backs from their servile toil and, catching into their hearts the sunlight of liberty, went forth to wreak upon their oppressors the accumulated wrath of centuries; just as much without a cause as were those men who, braving perils by land and sea, set foot upon the American shore and fired at the tyrannical monarch of England that shot whose echoes, heard round the world, made the thrones of kings to tremble and proclaimed the death-warrant of every monarch; just as much without a cause as are the patriots of Cuba to-day who are dying the death of martyrs in rebellion against such oppression as wise men would not give and brave men will not bear. The labor organizations are here because of the prior presence of oppression. Every labor organization upon the face of the earth to-day stands as a monument testifying to the existence of human woe. Some one has well said that the people will as soon rise in revolt without oppression as the ocean will heave in billows without the wind.

And so far are these organizations from being harbingers of ill, that they give us the best ground for hope for the future of America, and therefore for the world. The dark hour for the American people will be when they have become so sunk in the scale of manly vigor that they will *not* organize and will *not* rebel. The labor unions are omens of good, and speak hope to the human race, for they are the tangible proofs

of to-day that we are the sons of those men who, by seven long years of such bravery as the riches of history cannot show, wrested from the hand of a tyrannical monarch those liberties which the Creator had given for man, who established this republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and at last, stilling their own tumult, consecrated it forever as the home of liberty-loving men and the theatre of their transcending achievements, "while startled kings and emperors gazed and marvelled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government, the perfect model of human liberty." And it is well that the sons of those men should be found to-day in organizations re-echoing the truth that bathed old Bunker Hill in glory and consecrated the American soil, that powder will as soon slumber beneath the spark as will Anglo-Saxon men beneath oppression.

Well, anarchism, socialism, nihilism, communism, are all but varied manifestations of this same general movement—misdirected manifestations, indeed, but manifestations none the less. Men are restless and groping, and their hands fall upon these things in the darkness, to which they afterwards cling in the hope that some way out of them can come relief. I spoke of the Farmers' Alliance a moment ago. Out of that organization sprang a great political party. The times were crying loudly for some one to espouse the cause of truth. Two old parties had long since ceased to mean anything vital, and stood for naught save blind infatuation with a name. The circumstances which called them into being had passed away, and they lived and were loved but as relics of glorious battles fought and won. Their platforms were naught but successions of sonorous platitudes. The victory of either meant the solution of no vital question, and every one knew it. Meanwhile the world was living ages in a few short years. Great problems were arising demanding solution. The people cried out

for some one to help them; but as no one came, they finally decided to do that best of all things—to help themselves. To that end they organized a political party and espoused the cause of many needed reforms. They accomplished some things and the way seemed open for more. The future seemed full of promise for them. But alas! at that very moment they fell beneath the odious sway of the demagogue, and their movement has received a blight.

But is it dead, therefore? Is it dead? Not unless truth itself can die! I am no Populist, as the term is now used. I am not speaking for the Populist Party as it now is, but for it as it started out to be; for it as it was in its incipency, when it voiced the claims of eternal truth, and pledged itself to win the same. And I am speaking for it as it, or something very like it, is yet going to be; for I declare to you boldly that the spirit of Populism is immortal. Why? Because it is the same spirit that stirred in the hearts of those men who, beneath the leadership of Jefferson, framed the grand old people's party of their time—the matchless Democratic; the same spirit that burst forth in the organization of the Republican Party when the times demanded the changes which it wrought; the same spirit that has ever burned and glowed in the hearts of Anglo-Saxon peoples and cries for liberty or for death.

Ah, they say the Populist Party will die. Aye, and so it may. But if it does it will be because its members have forgotten the cause of its birth. Born of rebellion against party corruption and partisanship, it signs its own death-warrant when it condescends to scramble for spoils. Born to voice humanity's cause, it dies, and ought to die, when it comes to be no more than a vaulting-stone for ambitious men. Die! Yes, the present Populist Party may die, mayhap even now is dying; but if it does, or even if it lives and fails to reform, something else must be forthcoming to fill the place which it started out to fill. A people's party there must ever be!

Well, the recent political campaign was but another manifestation of this same general movement of which I speak. Now, I am not going to discuss the question of finance. I shall certainly not say to you that the system of those men whose party is now triumphant is the very best thing our nation could have. And, on the other hand, righteous indignation forbids that I should say anything in behalf of that theory which needs no better defense than that its opponents were unable to answer its arguments, and had to resort to the contemptible subterfuge of branding its believers as anarchists and repudiationists. What I do mean to say is this: that the recent political campaign meant something far more than bi-metalism. He must have been a superficial observer, indeed, who failed to mark beneath the surface of the movement a something greater than a question of mere national finance. The gold-standard men said that their opponents, if victorious, would not be content with a mere change in our coinage system—and they were right! The party which has suffered a temporary defeat was the expression of the needs of the great laboring class, and, if victorious, would not have rested short of the accomplishment of industrial freedom. Nay, more; it *will not* rest short of that high aim; for while, as the gold men assert, the free coinage of silver may not be the battle-cry in 1900, the something else that was in this movement will be there to meet their money-bag-surrounded hosts, and, like truth, this something knows no Waterloo.

Ah, they talk about free America. They say that it's good enough as it is, and that we are the freest of the free. Is America really free so long as the great majority of her population is suffering from industrial bondage? Is industry free? Trade is throttled in the grasp of monopoly. Commerce is fettered by so-called protection. Protection to whom and what? Protection to such extortion as the world has never seen; protection to those who would subvert the government that gives them a home; protection to those who would

transmute this land of the free into a hell of political and industrial slaves. Industrial freedom, indeed! Merciful God! Was there ever a more pitiable travesty of words? Our forefathers fought for political freedom. We are called upon to do even more. They fought for the ballot-box. We must fight for the home. Men of North Carolina, how will you acquit yourselves?

Ah! but you say, the issue is not yet upon *us*. Labor organization is not yet strong, nor needed to be strong, amid us. We have a quiet, secluded, conservative state. Hold! Are you sure of that? Out of the Farmers' Alliance, a labor organization, sprang a great political party, and North Carolina is one of its strongholds. But more than that, the other kind of labor organization is coming. Manufacturers are beginning to recognize the immense advantages which North Carolina can give. Her mighty resources are being investigated. Factories are springing up here and there. Our population is becoming tinged with that of the factory kind. Our old, secluded, conservative state is gone, or going, and in its place will be found one filled with all of the current social and industrial problems and the radicalism which human suffering breeds. The question is ours. How will we meet it?

It behooves each one of us to study the great movement underlying these various manifestations. There is life or death for us in the task, while it is but suicide to evade it. To this duty there is abundant call, so that the statesman who neglects it is a charlatan, the philanthropist who shirks it is a hypocrite, the christian man who passes it by is a traitor to his God. Shall it be said that North Carolina's women and men are, for the first time in all of their history, loath to answer stern duty's call?

Look with me at that mighty temple once as white as the driven snow. Its pillars seem strong as if founded in justice, its arches kiss the very skies, its portals are wide enough for the foot-sore throng of humanity to enter into its air of peace.

Ah! surely, Liberty must walk those corridors. Art must adorn those walls. Religion must fill those aisles with incense. Yes, for there is emblazoned upon its front, in letters of glittering gold, large enough for the farthest to see, and bright enough to shed into the heart of the humblest slave the very sunlight of freedom, the simple word HUMANITY, aglow with the effulgent splendor of heaven. But no! what is that I hear? There comes, borne upon the gentle breeze that seems ashamed to bear it, the pitiful cry of suffering men. And do I see it? Yes; there, within those sacred precincts, are the tables of the money-changers, the clinking of whose cursed coin keeps time to the constant wailing. And there, off to one side, stands the Goddess of Liberty, the star upon her forehead darting rays of living fire as she points with her sword toward her befouled and prostituted home. And I know not how you may feel about it, but as for me I desire no greater privilege than to answer to her call for men by kneeling down humbly at her feet and letting her strike upon my shoulder the knighthood that comes of her giving alone, and pin upon my breast the snow-white cross of a crusade, not to capture an empty sepulchre upon burning Syrian sands, but to seize, purge, and re-consecrate as the abiding place of all that is good, the great temple of humanity's cause.

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**AN INCIDENT.**

H. A. GRIFFIN, JR.

The act passed by the Legislature of 1893, known as the "oyster bill," attracted but little attention anywhere except along the coast of Eastern Carolina. The law prohibits the taking of oysters from their beds by means of dredges, and the result is that the oyster fisherman is compelled to evade the law or give up his occupation; for with tongs a fisherman cannot catch oysters enough for his dinner. The incident which I shall relate grew out of this law.

One clear, bright summer morning two oyster-boats were lightly riding on the peaceful waters of Pamlico Sound. The two oystermen were in earnest conversation.

"Them law-makers up at Raleigh don't know nothing about what we need down here," said one, as he pulled up his empty oyster tongs; "do they, Pete?"

"They are a lot of consarned fools," answered Pete, with an emphatic shake of his bushy head. "I don't see how I am to live at this rate. I fished all day yesterday and sold the oysters for twenty cents. I have been thinking that the oysters were put here for our use, and I don't see any harm in catching them any way we can."

"I don't mind telling you a secret, Dave," said Pete, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "I went fishing last night with a dredge, and caught over twenty-five bushels. I am going again to-night; do you want to join me?"

"But what if the patrol-boat should catch us?" asked Dave, with an apprehensive look around as if he were already a violator of the law. "What would become of our wives and our children while we were shut up in prison? I guess you haven't forgotten what they did to Jim Brinly when they caught him last year."

"No, I haven't forgotten," answered Pete, with a dogged look, "but I mean to run the risk; I shall starve if I do not, and I must do something to keep my wife and children in bread and meat."

"Well, I'll see about it," was Dave's answer, and the two went back to their work.

That night, after Pete had eaten his supper, he rose from where he had been sitting, wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, and began pulling on his heavy fisherman's coat.

"Pete, I don't want you to go out again to-night," said his pale little wife, "I am afraid that you will be caught, and then what will become of me and the children?"

"Lucy, you keep to your work and don't bother about me.

I believe justice allows us to catch oysters, and I must have twenty bushels before midnight. There's no use of you saying anything against it."

She turned back to her work of clearing away the dishes from the table, without saying any more, for she had learned not to cross Pete when he spoke in the tone which he had just used.

Pete went across the sand banks to the apology for a house that served his fellow fisherman as a home. When he knocked, Dave appeared in his rough pea-jacket.

"All right, Pete," he said, closing the door behind him, "I have decided to go with you, though Jane did not want me to go. She cried and begged me not to go and violate the law, but I must get bread for her and the children some way; so I am with you."

The two men strode down to the beach where the boats were, and silently pushed off. They rowed cautiously, stopping now and then to listen, but they heard nothing; everything was quiet and they seemed to be the only ones afloat on the sound. They rowed out across the inlet to Gull Shoals, and there they stopped. The dredges were let down and raised again, full of fine oysters. Again and again they were lowered, until both boats were full.

"I'll tell you, Dave, there is no harm in going against such a law as this," said Pete, as he lighted his short pipe. "The sea belongs to me as much as it does to anybody, and I have a right to what is in it."

"I think so too," replied Dave, who was looking intently across the water. "What is that between us and the point yonder? It looks like the patrol-boat. Look!"

Pete looked long and earnestly at the spot indicated.

"I do not see anything," he said. "Are you sure that you saw anything?"

"I thought I did, but it may be that I was mistaken. I cannot see it now."

The oystermen waited an hour or more before they took the oars to return. Slowly they moved along, with their eyes glancing over the water, and their ears open to catch any suspicious sound. But everything was still; they could not hear any sound save the breaking of the surf on the beach.

Dave was suspicious still, and as they neared the landing place, which was the spot where he thought he had seen the boat, he dropped behind his companion, and slightly changed his course in order to draw near the land.

Pete, however, had mastered his fear and was pulling straight on with lusty strokes. Already he could see the light shining from the window of his home, where he knew his wife was anxiously awaiting his return. A few more strokes and he would be at the landing. Just then a boat shot across his course, and he heard the click of a gun-lock, as a voice commanded:

"Halt! you are my prisoner. You have violated the law, and for that reason I arrest you."

The words were scarcely uttered when Pete felt the hands of the officer laid upon his shoulder. He offered no resistance, for he knew it was useless. He cast a swift glance around to see what had become of Dave, but he was not in sight. Pete looked again toward the light shining in the window at his home, and as he looked a groan burst from his breast.

The next moment a demon of madness seized him, and, leaping up he seized the officer by the throat. The struggle was brief—for in a moment both tumbled overboard, locked in a death grip.

For a few minutes the officer's assistants were so dumb-founded that they could not move. They looked in vain for the bodies to rise again. For nearly an hour they waited, peering into the darkness to catch a glimpse of their leader; but they had seen him for the last time.

Dave heard the command to halt, and the terror of being captured seized him. He rowed with all his strength across

the sound, and landed several miles from where the patrol men were still looking for the dead body of their leader.

A few days later a headline appeared in the weekly paper : "A patrol officer, and a thieving oysterman who was caught in the act of dredging, both buried in the waters of Pamlico Sound."

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HOW IT ENDED.

CHAS. M. STALEY.

There was a deep frown on Mr. Stratford's face, as he came into the room where his wife sat quietly sewing. The muscles of his face were twitching, and his step was heavy and impatient. He slammed the door to with a bang, as he exclaimed in a fierce voice :

"Where is that little scamp? I'll teach him a lesson he will not forget soon when I get hold of him."

His wife looked up with surprise at these words.

"Why, what is the matter, George," she inquired anxiously. "Who is it you call little scamp?"

"That sorry, good-for-nothing Wilbert, that is who," he answered fiercely. "He is nothing but a sneaking rogue, and will have to be taught a lesson."

Just then he caught sight of the object of his inquiry, a boy about thirteen years old, who was sitting at the window deeply absorbed in the wonderful adventures of poor Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island. He was so lost in the narrative that he did not hear the words just spoken.

"Ah, here you are, you thieving rascal," said Mr. Stratford, in a menacing tone. "Where is that money you stole? You might as well give it up, for I know you took it. What did you do with it, I say?"

Wilbert looked up from his book with a puzzled, frightened countenance, as these harsh words, and harsher tones, fell on his ears. When he saw the threatening attitude, and the up-

lifted hand grasping a heavy riding-whip, his bright, brown eyes were filled with terror.

"I don't know anything at all about your money," he protested, in a pleading voice. "Please don't strike me. I have not seen any money; honestly, I haven't."

"It is no use for you to tell me a lie about it," stormed the enraged man. "I left a five-dollar bill lying on the table in the room there when I started to town this morning, and it is gone now. I know you took it, so go get it at once, or I'll give you a thrashing that you'll remember."

"I didn't take it, indeed I didn't," said the trembling boy. He had felt that heavy hand too often not to fear it. "Please, sir, don't whip me. I didn't take it. Oh, please don't!"

"George, I am sure Wilbert didn't get your money," said Mrs. Stratford, laying her hand on her husband's arm. "He has been sitting here reading all the afternoon, and, besides, I am sure he wouldn't steal anything. Are you certain that you didn't overlook the money?"

"Stand back out of my way," he answered roughly. "I will teach him how to steal." And the whip came down on the body of the cringing boy.

But not a sound escaped his lips, which were tightly compressed to keep back any cry of pain. The expression of agony on his face, from which every drop of blood had receded, and the wild haunted look in his eyes cut Mrs. Stratford's gentle heart like a knife. She knew the nature of her husband too well, however, to attempt to interfere in the boy's behalf.

"There, now, see if you will steal anything more," said Mr. Stratford, throwing his whip into the corner.

Wilbert did not say a word, but went out of the room with that same wild, haunted look, which made Mrs. Stratford's heart ache.

Wilbert Anson was an orphan boy who, when his mother died a few years before, had been bound to Mr. Stratford with

due legal formality. All the neighbors said it was a lucky thing for the homeless boy, for his master was a good man and a well-to-do farmer. True, he was harsh and strict, but he would do a good part by the boy, and Wilbert would be better off by having such a master.

George Stratford was an honest, upright man, straightforward in his dealings with his fellow-men, but he treated his bound boy with unnecessary severity. He had no children of his own to soften his harsh nature, and Wilbert's life was far from being a pleasant one.

Wilbert's heart was raging within him as he went to his room, and the tears, which he had manfully repressed while in Mr. Stratford's presence, now rained down his cheeks. The thought of being regarded as a thief was more than he could bear, and he resolved to leave at once. He did not stop to consider where he would go, or what would become of him; the one thought in his mind was to get away from such cruel treatment.

That night he softly stepped out from the Stratford home with a small bundle on his arm. For several moments he stood irresolute at the gate, looking back at the house he was leaving forever. Although his life there had been a hard one, yet it had been home to him, and a feeling of sadness and utter loneliness came over him as he turned away.

He had no definite idea which way he would go, but, unconsciously, his feet took the road which led by the little church-yard where his mother lay buried. As he stood by the little headstone which marked her last resting-place a sharp pang seized him—he was leaving his mother's grave behind him. The tall oak which stood beside the little gate to the inclosure like a giant sentinel keeping watch over the sleepers there, seemed, to his tear-laden eyes, to nod and wave its branches as if inviting him to make his resting-place there. The moon looked serenely down on him as he knelt by the grave, praying to his mother to look in pity upon her lonely

child. The wind rustled and sighed through the tall sedge, dying away till only a gentle whispering was heard. The peacefulness of the quiet night entered into his lonely heart, and the rest which nature alone can give came upon him. He felt in his heart a gentle voice which spoke comfort and peace. Was it the soothing voice of nature alone that he heard, or did the spirit of his mother hover about him in that solemn hour? The feeling of grief and loneliness vanished, and, soothed and comforted, he left the place. In the thicket nearby a night-bird called to its mate; in the pines an old owl hooted solemnly, and a dog barked at him as he passed along in the night. These were the only expressions of farewell he received as he set out into the world.

When Mr. Stratford discovered that Wilbert was gone he made strenuous efforts to find him and bring him back. But it was in vain that he searched far and near for some trace of the missing boy. He inserted notices in the newspapers, describing Wilbert, and offering a reward for his return, but to no use. He had vanished, leaving not a trace behind.

As time passed on Mr. Stratford became still more austere and exacting, till it became so no one would work for him. Finally he determined to go West, for he thought he could be more successful in a new country. So, despite the timid remonstrances of his wife, he sold his farm, and left the old North State to seek a home in Missouri.

He was not at all popular with his new neighbors, for they were not accustomed to his ways. Dislike soon grew into distrust and, when a neighbor's barn was set on fire, suspicion fastened on Stratford as the incendiary. It was known that there had been a bitter quarrel between the two men, and Stratford was arrested and thrust into jail to await trial, although there was no direct proof whatever against him. But when suspicion once settles on a man, the merest trifles seem convincing testimony. He firmly declared his innocence, but, with his characteristic stubbornness, refused to engage a lawyer to defend him.

The day before the trial was to be held, Mrs. Stratford, after imploring in vain her husband to employ a lawyer, left the jail, and walked across the square into the office of the only lawyer left who was not engaged by the prosecution. Harold Brantley, attorney-at-law, (such was the name painted on the little wooden sign) was seated alone in his office when she entered. He was a young man, not more than twenty-five years old, although he looked much older, for there were lines across his face which told the story of suffering and hard struggles. He looked at Mrs. Stratford intently, while she told her story, with a puzzled, questioning look in his eyes as if he was trying to recall something from the past.

"Pardon me," he said when she had finished, "but I did not catch your name distinctly. If I am to do anything for your husband it is very important that I know his name," and a smile played over his face.

"Oh, did I forget to give you his name? I am so nearly distracted that I hardly know what I am saying or doing. His name is Stratford, George Stratford."

The young lawyer gave a start on hearing the name, and, to hide his confusion began moving the papers lying on his desk.

"Is he the man who has such a name, because of his harshness and cruelty?" he asked, after a moment. "I think I remember hearing something about this case, though I have been away from town for some time."

"He may seem harsh and stern, but that is only his manner. He has always been good and kind to me, and I have been living with him now for twenty-five years. Tell me that you will get him out of this difficulty," she said in a pleading voice, fixing her gaze on his face."

"Tell me the details again" was the reply, and, while she went over the details again, he sat there with his head supported on his arm, and his eyes looking vacantly out through the dingy window. It was very evident that his mind was

far away, for when Mrs. Stratford had finished, he still sat gazing into the distance.

What was it that he saw? Perhaps there flashed across his mind the picture of a boy, tossing on his bed while a burning fever scorched his delicate frame. And a woman whose features were strangely like those of the woman who was sitting before him now, only younger, moved softly around the bedside, and with her cool hand pushed back the dark locks from his aching brow. Or perhaps it was the picture of that same boy as he knelt by the side of a neglected grave.

Mrs. Stratford regarded him with wonder and surprise. What could he be thinking of that would cause the care-worn lines of his face to deepen so, and tears to glisten in his eyes?

He roused himself from his reverie, and, turning toward her, said slowly.

"I will do all that lies in my power for your husband. You need not tell him, however, that I shall appear for him," and, as Mrs. Stratford went out, he fell again into a deep reverie.

When the day of trial came, the court-room was packed with people whom curiosity had drawn thither. They shuffled their feet, talked in subdued tones, ate peanuts, or chewed tobacco, all with hearty good will, while the court-crier kept up his monotonous cry, "Oh, yes, oh, yes! come into court, come into court." As soon as the sheriff had succeeded in bringing about some degree of order the case against Mr. Stratford was called.

"Who appears for the defendant?" asked the judge, peering over his eye-glasses.

"I appear for the defendant, may it please, your Honor," answered Harold Brantly.

"I don't want him, I tell you," Mr. Stratford broke in excitedly. "I am innocent, and I will not have any lawyer tell lies for me."

"How is this?" asked the judge in surprise. "Do you say you are counsel for the defendant?"

"I do, your Honor. The defendant's wife requested me to take the case, and, with your Honor's permission, I will appear for him," and, so it was agreed upon, despite the vehement protestations of Mr. Stratford.

The witnesses were called and examined. Brantly, when questioning the witnesses, did not attempt to browbeat and bulldoze them according to the usual manner, but, by skillful questioning, managed to get them to contradict one moment what they had said a moment before. There was no evidence at all against the defendant, only a mass of suspicion and hearsay.

Then came the speeches of the lawyers. The prosecution made out a case which, to the minds of the people; warped and distorted as they were by distrust and suspicion, seemed very clear and convincing. Brantley had claimed and obtained the right of the closing speech, and it was now his turn.

When he rose to speak, the sunshine, streaming in through the window, fell upon him and lighted up the outlines of his countenance. His face was a little paler than usual, and the lines were a little closer drawn. As his clear, rich full voice with an undertone of plaintive melancholy, fell on the ears of the people, the bustle and stir gave place to rapt attention, and, after the first few words, the crowd was at the will of the speaker. The charm of his words and manner had completely fascinated them.

He took up the evidence of each witness in its turn, and, in a few words showed how exaggerated and contradictory it was. The people began to wonder how they ever could have thought Mr. Stratford guilty of the crime. As the speaker went on his voice rang out fuller, more melodious, in rising and falling cadence, yet always with that note of sadness, till the walls resounded with such eloquence as they had never heard before.

The young lawyer cited instance after instance in which men had been convicted by evidence far more incriminating

than had been introduced that day, only to be proven innocent when it was too late. He appealed to the jury not to cast on the defendant a load of disgrace and ignominy from which he would never be free. The accusation would hang over him all his days, taking away from him the sweetness of life.

"Let me tell you a little story, and it is a true one, bearing right on this point," he said at the close of his speech, and his voice faltered with the tide of emotion which swept over him.

"Some years ago in a distant Eastern State a boy was accused of theft. He was a homeless orphan who had been bound out to a harsh, cruel master. One day some money was missing and the boy was accused of stealing it. His master would not listen to his protestations of innocence, but punished him with cruel blows. He could have endured the punishment, but the thought of being considered a thief was more than he could bear, and it forced him to leave his master as a runaway, to wander away in the world. And all through these years he has been tormented by the thought that he is considered a thief."

Here the speaker's voice trembled, faltered, and almost gave way. Before he could command himself enough to go on Mrs. Stratford gave a scream and fainted, while Mr. Stratford leaped to his feet in great excitement.

"Are you Wilbert Anson?" he cried. "How did you know anything about that boy who ran away from my home twelve years ago? Tell me, are you he?"

There was a breathless hush as everybody waited for the answer to this question.

"I am Wilbert Anson," was the reply.

"Then let me beg you to forgive my harsh treatment," said Mr. Stratford with emotion. "I found the money that next morning, before I knew that you were gone. I went to your room to beg your pardon, and found that you had fled. I searched for you everywhere but could never find you. Will you forgive me for using you so cruelly?"

"With all my heart," was the reply, and the two men clasped hands, and stood silently gazing into each other's face, while something very much like a cheer went up from the people. Mrs. Stratford had recovered from her swoon, and was weeping tears of joy and thankfulness. Even the judge himself was moved, and blew his nose with a great flourish. "Silence in court," he cried. "Mr. Sheriff, preserve order in court."

The jury were out only a few minutes, and returned with a verdict of "not guilty." The court adjourned, and the buzzing crowd pressed out at the door, discussing in loud, excited voices the strange event of the day.

#### HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CELTIC CHURCH.

G. E. L.

When Cæsar with his conquering legions came over to Britain in 54 A. D., he found, as he said, the inhabitants principally engaged in tending flocks, the cattle being numerous but small.

They lived in "clans" or "families," which were separated by narrow strips of woods, and a stranger coming through these without blowing a horn was liable to be slain as an enemy. And in these woods they believed that spirits, hobgoblins and will-of-the-wisps resided.

Their courts were held beneath the boughs of some tall, spreading oak; here the relatives decided the punishments or fines, and generally helped to pay the fines. These ancient Britons were the blood connection of the Celts, belonging to that advance race, the Aryans. In religion they were under the power of the Druids, of which little is known save traditions of their delight in human sacrifices, great reverence for the mistletoe and many sacred groves. They worshipped the gods from which we get the names of the days of the week.

In 61 A. D., their sacred groves were nearly all destroyed and their form of worship almost broken up. Some claim that Peter, Paul, Philip and Joseph of Arimathea sent teachers to this land, but it is probable that their religious instructors came from Asia Minor.

Some beautiful traditions are told about these early religious teachers, principally about Joseph of Arimathea. It is said that during his stay there that, coming one day to Glastonbury, he stuck his cane in the ground and it grew and bloomed every Christmas. From Tennyson's *Holy Grail* we quote:

“This, from the blessed land of Aromat—  
After the day of darkness, when the dead  
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,  
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas mindful of our Lord.  
And there awhile it bode; and if a man  
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once  
By faith of all his ills.”

Northumbrian verse (as found in the French language) contains many of the traditions of their early religious instructions, which are beautiful to read, but of course no credit should be given to them as history. Perhaps they have a rose-bush which blooms at Christmas, about which these sacred stories cluster.

Soon after Cæsar's conquest he was called away, and it was during this release from the Druids and Roman rule that the Celtic church flourished. And the man whose labors did so much for christianizing the Irish and Picts of that day was St. Patrick, born in Strathclyde, A. D. 360. His early education was very meagre, as he was captured by raiders from Ireland and there sold to a chieftain when sixteen years old. But after a few years he was released and returned to his home again in Briton. He soon saw a vision in his dream, as stated in his “confession,” and heard some one saying: “We en-

treat thee, holy youth (puer) that you come and henceforth walk among us." And later another vision and a voice said: "He who gave his life for thee is he who speaks to thee." His parents and friends urged him to give up this "foolish notion" of going back to a country where he had been so cruelly treated, but when thirty years old he set out on his great mission, possibly stopping in Gaul for a short time for study.

This was while Britain was divided after Cæsar's conquest, as he uses the plural in speaking of it and about the time Palladius was sent out by Pope Celestine, which caused some to think St. Patrick a Catholic, but it was only a mixing of names. He was in sympathy with the Gauls, and the hostility of the Irish caused him to go over to Gaul for awhile, where he received help for his work. Had he been Catholic this could not have been. Also Bede had full access to the Pope's register and would surely have written an account of him and his great work had he been under the care of Rome.

His great desire was to preach the Gospel to every man in Hibernia, and to this end he labored about fifty years, leaving his work only two or three times. Knowing the great influence of the chiefs, he would go to them first and, securing their favor easily, reach the people. He always spoke of himself as a great sinner and seemed, like Paul, willing to do anything to save the people. He early conceived the idea of using native helpers to convert the Irish, and arranged what he called a "household" for training them. This not only sent out equipped men to labor among the people, but was the forerunner of Clonard and Bangor colleges and the great school in Iona.

St. Patrick was a man gifted in speaking, as is shown by his address to the daughters of King Loeghire at the spring of Cleebach. He was also a man fearless of danger and often went among the most hostile tribes and wickedest men. A story is told of one man, whose character is compared to that

of Cyclops, who got one of his bands of murderers to feign death and called in St. Patrick to see him. After a short time the man was found to be really dead. They believed that he had worked a miracle and this incident caused them to turn from their sins and be baptized. His visit to the place known as "the graves of the men of Fiacc," shows how little he feared men.

One writer says that he organized seven hundred churches, ordained seven hundred bishops, three thousand priests and baptized all Ireland.

In his *Confession* and his letter to Coroticus he shows the true spirit of a devout Christian often in prayer and, like Lorenzo Dow, refusing pay for his labors. In his *Confession* he says if he has taken from any man he will restore it. He often speaks of baptizing so many men or maidens, and as infant baptism was only practiced a little in the East at that time it is very certain that St. Patrick never baptized any except believers, and he certainly immersed or he would not have needed so many wells (fonts) for baptizing, as springs were numerous in Ireland and would have been sufficient for sprinkling or pouring. Also, it is said that he went down into the wells to baptize. He never yielded his churches to any earthly ruler, believing in its independence and sent out missionaries to convert the world,—in short, he founded his churches upon the New Testament idea as held by the Missionary Baptists.

Tacitus tells us that when Agricola conquered Britain he built a line of fortifications to protect his men from the Picts. The persecutions of the Christians by Diocletian hastened the conversion of this race, as many Christians fled to them for protection.

Nimian, the Briton, was another St. Patrick and was the instrument in God's hands for converting the Southern Picts. His connections at Rome must have been severed or he could not have stayed among the Picts. Kentigerten, one of Nimian's students, aided much in the work, laboring especially in strengthening the believers.

In the year 651 A. D. there was born in Ireland a man whose labors were to be almost equal to St. Patrick's; this was Colomba. He founded the great work in Iona and among the northern Picts, which resulted in the conversion of so many Saxons. He was the most learned Irishman of the Celtic Church, and founded in Iona a school which stood forth pre-eminently as the best in Western Europe for many years. Another college was at Derry and he erected a monastery in Ireland at Dearn-ach, from which there went forth a great influence for good, and three hundred churches were established in Ireland through Colomba's labors. On leaving Ireland he went to Iona and there erected a monastery, built of hewn logs and covered with reeds. This soon contained two hundred people. This has long since decayed but the beautiful "Abbey of Iona" marks the place which was once the great seat of learning and sent forth so many teachers and preachers.

Colomba wrote over three hundred copies of the New Testament and continued his work of translating up to his last days.

The monks of his monastery in Iona were allowed to marry, but their wives lived on an island near by. This, and his manner of keeping Easter and preaching, show that he was not under Roman Catholic rule. He always used the expression, "Thy sins are remitted," while the Catholics say, "I absolve thee."

Ever going forth to do good—trusting in prayer—many incidents of uniting families, turning battles and quelling storms are related. On the night of June the 9th, 597, A. D., while at his accustomed place of prayer, he breathed his last, leaving many schools and churches, translations and Christian hymns, to perpetuate his memory.

Oswald, King of Northumbria, in 635 A. D., seeing his people turning again to idolatry, sent to Iona for a preacher. The first who came was not successful but the second, Aidan, soon became the favorite of the King, and he went with him

on journeys as interpreter and soon started schools at Lindisfarne and Melrose.

One day when the enemy came and under the order of Penda piled materials around Bambrough to burn it, Aidan, two miles away in prison on the islet of Farne, saw it and prayed for his people. The wind quickly changed and saved the city. The King gave him a fine horse to ride, but one day meeting a beggar he gave him his horse. He seemed to prefer going on foot, as he could reach the people better. One day at dinner King Oswald was told that there were some beggars at the gate. He took a large silver dish containing food and gave to them, then cut up the dish and divided it piecemeal among them, calling forth commendation from Aidan, who said, "May this hand never grow old." Fina and Calma erected reed-covered houses in England where the people gathered not for the "loaves" but to listen to God's word. Melrose Abbey commemorates one of these.

Whitley was founded by Hilda, a devout Christian woman. Aidan was her instructor, and she admitted both sexes, but arranged separate departments. This is remembered as the home of the famous Christian singer, Caldnon, and was a great power for good.

Mercia is remembered as being the home of the great missionary, Wm. Carey, and Yorkshire as the home of the ancestors of Adoniran Judson. The appearance of Romans again marked an era of persecutions, and two priests, appearing before a northern king about 686 A. D., urged their respective claims; the Celtic man (Colman) claimed his instructions from Colomba, while the Catholic (Wilfrid) claimed St. Peter, and urged that he held the keys of heaven. The king turned to the Catholic and thus virtually ended the Celtic Church, although the persecutions continued until the twelfth century before it completely yielded and paid homage to Rome.

So a land once holding to the true Christian idea, and which was filled with churches of the living God, is now in the hands of the Catholic and a large part shrouded in spiritual darkness.

## SUSIE'S ANSWER.

CAROLUS.

Oh, sorely wounded was my love,  
When Susie told me "No."  
All beauty left the sky above,  
And joy the earth below;  
The woodland birds might sing in vain,  
In vain the balmy south-winds blow;  
They brought no solace to my pain,  
When Susie answered, "No."

And so, the story once again,  
I whispered in her ear,  
And cheered my drooping courage when  
She seemed less loath to hear:  
And ever shall my heart recall,  
Tho' countless ages should elapse,  
How fell Hope's rosy glow o'er all  
When Susie said, "Perhaps."

Again I wooed the maid so coy,  
This time she answered, "Yes."  
All nature's dulcet songs of joy  
My bliss could not express:  
The rapture of the glad surprise  
Quite overcame me, I confess,  
When, with the love-light in her eyes,  
Sweet Susie whispered, "Yes."

## A GARTER-SNAKE.

R. E. STALLINGS.

It is a pretty little innocent young thing, not much above a foot long. He is a prisoner, and knows it. Its prison is a washing tub, with sides perhaps ten inches high. Round and round its prison it goes, darting out its forked tongue, and taking long breaths as every now and then it vainly tries to ascend the sides. At every breath the yellow stripes down its back grow brighter, to fade as the air is expired. Why can it not get out? People credit snakes, especially rattlesnakes, with the power of springing. If this non-venomous snake could spring but three inches it could get out. If it could raise itself just a little higher, if it could leave about two inches of its tail upon the bottom, and rear the rest up the sides, so as to be able to touch the edge of the tub with its head, it would soon glide over and be gone. Yet we know that serpents can climb trees; so it seems strange that this little snake cannot climb this tub. The reason it cannot do so is because the inside is smooth (long use for washing purposes has worn off all roughness). A snake has no legs, and it seems wonderful how it can glide about so swiftly, but it must have something to rest upon just like any other creature. When it climbs a tree every roughness of the bark gives a hold to the edges of the broad scales that are under the animal's belly, but the smooth inside of the tub gives no hold whatever, and when the creature has raised about half its length to an upright position, it is forced to fall down again.

A snake has a great number of pairs of ribs. Instead of twelve or a few more pairs, like mammals have, it has hundreds of pairs. The ribs are joined to a backbone just as our ribs join our backbone, but while the vertebræ or bones of our back are flat, and have little power of motion, those of a snake are furnished with a ball and socket, or, if you like, cup and ball joint, something like that by which our thigh-bones are

joined to the hip-bones. So a serpent can bend and coil, and each of the ribs is so made that it can act like a pair of legs, each pair moving a little in its turn. The scales which lie across the belly have a free edge that catches in every inequality, and gives the creature a hold. But no snake can jump. When a serpent, which was first seen coiled up like a piece of rope, suddenly straightens itself out to full length, darting its head far from where the coil was, the frightened observer, if afraid of all snakes, thinks it has sprung at him. But if, knowing the snake to be harmless, he stays and watches its motions, he will see that its tail remains in the place where it first was. Its tail is the fulcrum, the point of support, which enables the serpent to fling out the rest of its coiled length.

There is a great deal of senseless fear of snakes. The rattlesnake and the copperhead are the only poisonous kinds to be found east of the Alleghanies, and they may be known at once by their broad heads. The rattle gives warning of the rattlesnake, but the copperhead, the moccasin and the water-moccasin have no rattle.

All our other snakes, the water-snake, the milk-snake, the black-snake, the garter-snakes, the racers, the pine-snake, are quite harmless, and have narrower heads than the poisonous rattlesnakes and copperheads.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the tongue of a rattlesnake can do any harm. The poison comes through two hollow teeth, which can be laid back when not wanted. These two fangs are the only teeth the rattlesnake tribe have in the upper jaw, while the harmless snakes have solid teeth in both jaws.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

E. L. WOMBLE.

"Say, fellows," said big Ben Meadows, as he joined a group of boys gathered around the little, unpainted school-house one beautiful day in May. "I wonder what sort of a fellow this new teacher will be. He must be plucky to come here after hearing how we treated 'Old Snipes.'"

The little school-house was situated in a large grove. The grand old oaks seemed as if they had stood the ravages of time for centuries. The birds filled the air with their melodious song, and the cattle were lowing in the adjacent meadow. The river sparkled in the sunlight a short distance from the school-house, and beyond the plowman sang merrily as he pursued his daily toil.

This school, although situated in such a beautiful spot, was conceded to have the worst set of boys of any school in that section. Their minds seemed to be continually on the alert for some new way in which they might trouble the teacher. The last teacher had disappeared only a few days before, and now the pupils were at the school-house waiting for the new teacher, and surmising what sort of a man he would be. Big Ben had boasted that the teacher would be forced to leave in less than a month.

And why had "Old Snipes" left? One night as he was returning from a choir practice—for he seemed to have assumed the role of Ichabod Crane in respect to singing as well as teaching—he was suddenly startled by seeing a figure in white emerging from the wood just in front of him. What thoughts of ghosts and headless horsemen flashed through his mind. He almost imagined he could see the lifeless head thrown straight at him. The word that trembled on his lips seemed to cleave to his throat as this apparition loomed up before him. He turned to escape, but what was his horror

and dismay upon beholding another figure, similar to the first. As he stood, rooted to the spot, two more appeared. Seizing and blindfolding him, they carried him far into the woods, and then they disappeared.

Whether from shame or fright it is not known, but "Old Snipes" was never seen in those parts again. Some of the superstitious old women declared that the headless horseman, who still bore a grudge against all school-teachers, had borne him away, but the boys had quite a different opinion.

It was with no small degree of hesitancy that Frank Martin had accepted this school at the earnest solicitation of the board of trustees. He prided himself upon being a man, physically as well as mentally. Although he stood high in his class, he did not devote all his time to study. He realized the importance of training the body as well as the mind, and that he could not fully develop one to the exclusion of the other. Therefore he took an active part in all physical sports, and it was conceded by all that there was not a better boxer or rower in college than Martin.

As the new teacher walked through the group of young people, standing eagerly waiting to see him, he met them with a frank smile, and kindly shook hands with some whom he knew. But if any one surmised from this that he was going to be easy "to do" they were greatly mistaken, for they soon found that, while he was kind and lenient, he was also firm and exacting.

A few weeks passed very smoothly. The school seemed to have received fresh impetus. The patrons were beginning to congratulate themselves upon having found the right man at last to take charge of the school. Martin himself was thinking that he was succeeding much better than his most sanguine hopes had led him to expect. The pupils could not imagine why Ben had allowed the teacher to go on so long unmolested, and were daily expecting an outbreak on his part.

But one morning, on arriving at the school, Martin found

the door locked and the window-shutters closed. He heard the laughter from within, and stood a few moments in doubt, and then remembered that it was the night-latch which the boys had locked. He first secured all the windows and then locked the door with the former lock.

When the pupils realized that the tables had turned some of the younger ones began to cry, and the older ones looked chagrined. They realized, also, that the joke was not working just as they had expected, and that it was an instance of "the biter bit."

After passing a few hours in this way they begged to be released, but Martin thought that now was the time to show them who was the master, so he decided to keep them there until evening.

By evening the boys were wholly enraged and were making threats as to what they were going to do to the teacher, and they agreed that the best thing would be to throw him into the river.

When Martin set them free and was informed of their cool intention toward him, he answered, with provoking good humor, that he was perfectly willing, and started toward the river. The boys, somewhat nonplussed at his readiness, and still more infuriated at his coolness, followed him. Some of the girls, curious to see how the affair would end, followed also. The boys were fully determined to give him a sound ducking. They were well aware, that as matters stood, he had the joke on them.

When they reached the bank Martin placed his back to the river and told them he was ready. They hesitated. They had not planned who was to make the start, and no one seemed to desire to be the leader, but all were ready to assist. They began to think the thing was a little easier said than done, and they appeared to have lost some of their vaunted courage. The teacher, in a tone of all seriousness, told them again that he was ready, and the girls began to titter. That was

enough for big Ben. He sprang at the teacher to grasp him by the waist, but Martin stepped a little to one side and, seizing big Ben, pitched him fairly into the river, and turned, just in time to serve the next one who attacked him in the same way. The other boys, seeing the fate of their companions, seemed to change their minds about throwing the teacher into the river, and were forced to own themselves vanquished.

It is needless to add that Martin had no more trouble with his pupils, and that by this act he won the admiration of the boys who before were his enemies.

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REVERIE.

R. C. LAWRENCE.

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One by one the leaves are falling,  
Slowly as the seasons go,  
And the air with snow is laden,  
Chilling plant and flower below.

Just as fade the flower and forest,  
Just as now the sad leaves turn,  
So also my mind is burdened;  
Dull despair my soul doth burn.

But despite this sea of trouble,  
Filling all my life with woe,  
Still will come from out the shadows  
Thoughts which leave the mind aglow.

For our great, all-wise Creator,  
As he makes the seasons go,  
So also our lives he orders,  
Ruler over all below.

## A STRANGE CASE.

R. B. FORE.

Early one bright morning my brother and I set out to a millpond to shoot otter. The pond was frozen and we made our way on the ice easily to its head, where a thick growth of cypress and gum began. We sat on an old log in silence, to listen for the cracking of ice or any other noise by which the presence of an otter is announced.

"Ah! there is one," exclaimed my brother, when a sound of snapping bushes reached our ears.

But we were deceived. The progress of the animal was too rapid for the reptile-like gait of the game we sought; and in a moment the underbrush opened and a man, wrapped to the ears in a great fur-trimmed overcoat, bounded past us without turning his head.

"The foul fiend must be after him," said I, "for his pursuer is certainly invisible."

Then we had a hearty, frosty-morning laugh, and were about to conclude that the fellow had stolen something the night before and was making good his escape, when there came to us again the sound of snapping bushes, confused with a great hubbub of grumbling, quarreling voices. The place, we were beginning to think, was possessed with devils; but our fears were relieved when the bushes again opened in the same place and out rushed two women, clawing and biting and scuffling (with each other) in the most lively manner. Just as they came opposite us, one threw the other heavily upon the ice and ran off in the direction the man had taken. We hurried to the side of the fallen woman, and asked her for an explanation.

"Turn me go! Turn me go!" she screamed. "They'll both git away, and she'll have 'im all to herself. Let go!"

But we swung on, determined to find out what was the matter. We did find out, as well as we could from the discon-

nected, jerky sentences of our prisoner. The man whom we had seen was Henry Anderson, who had been living just above this pond for several years, in blessed singleness. But as the dreary winter approached his loneliness weighed so heavily upon him that he felt the need of a companion. Straightway he went in search of one, and, since in those days wives were not so difficult to find as now, he soon came home with one upon his arm. For several weeks they lived together, but Anderson one day had to make a business trip to the nearest town. Here he saw a woman who suited his eye better, and like a man born in a free country, he could see no reason why he should not woo this one. To be brief, when he came home again this new spouse—for he had married her—accompanied him. This was just the day before our adventure. The wives were not slow in coming to hostilities.

“The night past on with noise and clatter,  
And aye the strife was growing hotter”—

to change the language of Burns to fit the circumstances. By daybreak the conflict had reached such a height that Anderson put on his overcoat and made for the woods, pursued by the wives, who, even in their haste, could not desist from fighting.

My brother was a young lawyer. He saw here his chance for a case, and told the woman she was entitled to a divorce; but she seemed not to desire a separation from her husband, but implored that my brother should take the case in her behalf against the other wife. He saw fit to do so—but thereby hangs another tale which I will not now relate.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

CHAS. M. STALEY, Editor.

### The Public School Question.

The question of how to secure better schools for the children of North Carolina is one that is receiving a great deal of consideration just now; or, perhaps, it would be better to say, one that is being talked about. This is a subject that is agitated every two years—while the Legislature is in session—and then is allowed to rest in peaceful quietness until another Legislature meets. Almost every newspaper is full of statistics showing that the people of North Carolina are more illiterate than those of any other State; that we spend less money on our schools than any other State, and that a smaller percentage of the school subjects attend regularly than in any other State. These long arrays of figures would frighten us, were it not for the fact that we have grown accustomed to seeing them brought forward with every recurring Legislature. Just as soon as the law-makers finish their arduous labors and go back to their homes, all this sudden interest in the dear bright-eyed boys and girls, who are growing up in dense ignorance, will cease. In fact, the question of investigating the lease of the North Carolina Railroad gave the educational horn-blowers a hard blow. So it will be two long years before those noble self-sacrificing leaders will come forward again with plans and

measures which, if adopted, would banish ignorance and illiteracy from our midst so quickly that it would make us dizzy. For the last ten years the people of the State have witnessed this same performance, and the public schools are not one whit better than they were ten or fifteen years ago. In 1886 the State gave \$1.22 per capita to educate her children. In 1894 we had reached the point where we felt that we could not do less than give \$1.29 per capita. And while the schools in 1884 were kept open on an average only fifty-eight days, by 1894 they continued for the space of sixty-one days. The great revival of educational interest, which sweeps over the State every two years, has not benefited the schools to any appreciable extent. And this condition of affairs will remain the same until the people themselves are aroused.

What is the remedy for this inaction, this want of interest? Some of the *leading educators* of the State held a meeting recently and decided that the panacea for all these ills was to divide the State into districts of three or four counties each, and then elect a supervisor for each district, with a nice little salary, of course, to see to it that a teachers' institute, lasting one whole week, should be held in each county during the year. Then some other crank proposed that the State should have compulsory education, make the parents feel more interest in the subject of education, whether they will or no. But somebody else says that the school districts are too small; that there are many districts in which no child has to go more than three miles to reach the school-house. That ought to receive attention, for, to be sure, children over six years old can walk more than three miles to school, even if the school is taught in the winter months when sometimes the weather is bad.

The public schools of North Carolina will remain in their present deplorable condition just so long as parents feel no interest in the education of their children. Whenever the parents are made to see the necessity of education, then the school term will be more than three months in the year. But how

to arouse this interest is a question. You cannot do it by legislation. Compulsory attendance will not accomplish the end, for while "you may lead a horse to water you cannot make him drink." And that homely saying is sometimes very applicable. There is but one way in which interest can be awakened, and that is through the personal individual effort of every teacher in the State. Whenever each and every teacher regards himself as a kind of missionary, educational missionary, so to speak, then North Carolina will bestir herself and do her duty toward her illiterate children. Then we will have a longer school term, local taxation to continue the length of the school term, intelligent supervision, and we will have action by the Legislature instead of so much talk.

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**Better  
Methods of  
Teaching.** When the people once become interested in education they will demand that the public school teachers shall abandon the careless slipshod methods which are still in vogue. The time has come when the methods employed by our fathers and grandfathers must be replaced by a more modern system. A great deal has been said about the public schools by men who have had no practical experience in such work, but it is very evident to any one who takes the pains to look into the matter, that there is room for great improvement. In the country the conditious and circumstances which surround the teacher, are very different from those which are met with in the graded schools of the towns. And too often is it the case that a teacher thinks that he is doing the very best he can by following the old paths. The school lasts only three months in the year, and the average salary paid to public-school teachers is less than twenty-five dollars a month. Surely, he cannot be expected to be acquainted with the educational world, for it costs money to have books and papers. So they go on in the old ruts, teaching because they can do nothing else at that

season of the year, and indifferent as to whether or not the pupils attend regularly.

It will be a hard matter to change the methods of those who are now teachers. But what about the coming generation? Are they to be educated by the same old methods, and use them in their own teaching? A teacher will almost invariably use the same methods as those by which he himself was taught. Such being the case, how is a reform to be started? The teachers in the public schools are not able to attend normal schools, even if they wished to do so. With a majority of them their education ends after a year or two at an academy, and it is in the academies that they must learn new and better methods. The teachers of the academies are, for the most part, college men, and the colleges must begin the work. The time has come when the college must not only teach men how to acquire knowledge, but also how to impart that knowledge to others. The colleges in this State have been very remiss in this respect, and it is only within the last few years that they have given any attention to teaching men how to teach. The State Normal and Industrial School has begun a work that will do more for the public schools of the State in ten years than the University has done in fifty years. The girls who are educated at the Normal and Industrial, those who are teachers, go directly from there to the public schools. They have been taught that there are better methods of teaching than those that were in use forty years ago. But the colleges of the State have done nothing at all in this respect. A man could graduate and leave college without having heard one word of Pestalozzi, Frœbel or Fitch.

It would be difficult to say just how many teachers Wake Forest College has turned out, but it is safe to say that a large number of its graduates have been teachers. Yet they completed their course and went away without knowing one whit more about educational theories than the day they entered. Four years spent in acquiring knowledge, but not an hour

given to the study of how to impart that knowledge! By all means, every college in the State ought to have a school of Pedagogics, and they ought to have a course especially adapted to the needs of those students who expect to teach. Wake Forest took a step in the right direction when it was decided to have a summer school for teachers. Let her take still another step and establish a school of Pedagogy, and she will then do a work which will prove of incalculable value to the educational interests of North Carolina.

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The Summer School at Wake Forest. The Baptists of North Carolina are beginning to move in this matter of education. They are beginning to realize the importance of academic schools, and in many places they have established associational academies, which are to be feeders for Wake Forest. At the same time they demand that the teachers of these schools shall know and understand their business. Hence the need of a summer-school for teachers. Wake Forest has always been conservative, not given to taking up every new fad that is started, but whenever there is seen to be a need for a thing, she always supplies the want. The summer-school for teachers, to be held here next summer, will mark an era in the history of the college. Those who planned for this work were foresighted enough to see the needs of the times, and they set to work to meet those needs.

The four weeks will be spent, not in idle, social amusements, but in genuine hard work. Of course the social feature will not be completely banished—the oaks on the campus will conspire with the moon to prevent that—but the idea of work will be the main one. Men and women who have at heart the welfare of the children of the State, not extravagant theorists, but practical workers, will meet to discuss the questions and problems which they have to meet with in

actual school life. Each one will learn something, and will impart something to others. The questions discussed will not be abstruse generalities which have no interest for the practical teacher, but such questions as he meets with daily. Instead of such topics as "The cultivation of the æsthetics as a means of developing moral stamina," there will be discussions on such questions as how to arouse interest among the parents, and secure their co-operation. There will be lectures on different subjects connected with school work, on physiology and hygiene, on how to teach English grammar, and on other subjects of like nature. But above, beneath, around and through it all, will run the one great purpose of learning how to do better and more work in the school-room.

Who can tell what the results of this will be to Wake Forest and to the State? As the years go by, more and more teachers will go out from here thoroughly trained and equipped for their work, as a result of the impetus given by this meeting together of teachers. And when the impulse of a great educational awakening is felt all over the State those who are at the head of this movement will be rewarded by the consciousness that to them is due the praise for this step forward.

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**Sensational  
Journalism of  
To-day.** The evil effects of the modern journalism has been clearly set forth by President Gerry of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in his annual report. He says that, in a large number of cases, children have been enticed into crime by the sensational accounts of vice and immorality which are found in the newspapers. Take up one of the large city papers and you will find its columns filled with lurid accounts of crime, illustrated profusely with pictures which cannot be otherwise than harmful. All the large daily papers, especially

in the North, are racing to see which can get up the most striking details of every murder, every bank robbery, train wrecking, or licentious orgies, and some of the leading papers of the South are falling into line, and patterning after the same model. Crime and immorality are portrayed in all their horrible aspects. Criminals are pictured in situations and attitudes which appeal to the imagination of the youthful reader with great force, and they call it, printing the news. The injury to the minds of children wrought by such papers cannot be estimated. And not only is it working an injury to children, but it is bringing about a great deterioration of public sentiment. *The World* and the *Journal* of New York, the *Blade* and the *World* of Chicago, and the *Constitution* of Atlanta are called to answer to a grave charge. The newspapers try to defend themselves by claiming that they print the kind of news demanded by their readers. But they overlook the fact that if such stuff had never been supplied to the reading public there would never have been any demand for it. The papers are themselves responsible for the demand for such news, inasmuch as they have encouraged and fostered this craving for sensation by first printing it. For years a crusade has been waged against the dime novel, and literature of that nature; and it seems now as if a war will have to be started against the newspapers of the country, for the harm they are doing is greater than that wrought by paper-covered novels. Parents, who would be greatly shocked and alarmed at finding their boys reading a dime novel, read with avidity the details of a murder or of a divorce case in which vice is shown up in a more fascinating shape than in any novel by "Mexican Sam," or "Omaha Bill," and their children are encouraged to read such papers! "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel."

The Retiring Administration. With the fourth of March will end the administration of President Cleveland, and he will retire from office with the consciousness that his policy, in many instances, has not been in accord with the sentiment of the party that elected him to the presidency. The stand he took on annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, his attitude toward Cuba, and his views on the currency question, did not meet the approval of a large number of people. Perhaps no president since Johnson has been abused and defamed so much as Cleveland. All his wise measures, his reforms of abuses, and his economical administration are forgotten. We are not an admirer of his course in many instances, but we do think that his good deeds as well as his unsatisfactory acts ought to be remembered. His attitude toward England in the Venezuelan controversy, his views on the pension frauds, on the tariff, and civil service reforms, these things ought to be remembered by those who are heaping abuse and calumny on his name. As an American he was entitled to his opinion about all matters, and as president of the United States he had to do what he thought was for the best interest of the whole country. Now that he is again a private citizen it would be generous in his adversaries to let all controversy have an end, and remember only his wise acts.

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## LITERARY GOSSIP.

W. H. HECK, Editor.

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F. Marion Crawford has made a dramatization of his popular novel, "Dr. Claudius," which has been produced in New York.

In London there has been acted a drama taken from "Pilgrim's Progress;" but it is said that one seeing the play would hardly recognize it as having Bunyan's allegory as its founda-

tion. Truly does it seem a shame to have such a desecration of this sacred book.

John Kendrick Bangs has fallen into the direful consequence of "doing too much of a good thing," if his "House-Boat on the Styx" can be called such, for he has followed it by a sequel, "The Pursuit of the House-Boat," which we trust will surpass its predecessor.

Rev. W. Garrett Horder has compiled "The Treasury of Sacred Song from American Sources," which has been issued by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. It is a companion to Mr. Palgrave's "Treasury," which is solely from British sources, and is a comprehensive collection of our sacred verse. It will be published in this country if the demand justifies.

Ian Maclaren's ennobling stories have been translated into French, a merited compliment to the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," whose simple grandeur has charmed all who read it. Dr. Watson's theological writings show religious power, and his other stories are creditable productions, but none of them has gained for him the reputation of the "Bonnie Brier Bush."

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet whose poems, "Lyrics of Lowly Life," have aroused general commendation, has now started on a lecture tour through Great Britain. He gives readings from his own work, both dialect and those poems of more serious significance; and it is expected that he will receive some attention abroad, especially as the novelty of a cultured negro poet will naturally evoke some interest.

There has finally been finished the full edition of "The Temple Shakespeare," which in all makes an incomparable set. Each has full notes, though not equal to the edition of Mr. Hudson in this respect, and are especially valuable because they contain the renowned Cambridge text. We are glad to know that a number of prose classics will be issued in this cheap, handy addition, though we would prefer to them

the splendid and more serviceable Scott Library, which has not yet been equalled.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who is decidedly the ablest of living American poets, has been bequeathed by H. L. Pierce, of Boston, the title to his house at Ponkapog and \$200,000 in addition, while each of his twin sons received \$100,000. The rise of Mr. Aldrich from a poor youth to his present high position, and then this last addition to his prosperity, may be called by many nothing but "luck;" but we have become such fond admirers of the poet and novelist that we hail any good fortune which may come to him as a deserved reward.

A statistician has estimated that twelve billion copies of papers are annually issued in the world, being printed on eight hundred thousand tons of paper, and that, if the average man only spent five minutes in reading his paper, the people of the world would annually consume the equivalent of a hundred thousand years in perusing the papers. This time, which is partly well spent and partly misspent, is a cogent argument for the transcendent power of the paper and for the elevation of its tendencies, since no factor in modern civilization can equal that of the daily press.

John Ruskin's health has greatly improved, and he is now able to make some revisions of his earlier work. The past few years of the life of that great master of English prose and noble philanthropist have been clouded by mental and physical trouble; and those who have grown to love him because of his literary work will rejoice in his reappearance in the world of literature. Receiving by inheritance a large fortune, to which the royalty from his work has greatly added, Ruskin has been a model of charitable beneficence, though we regret that he was so injudicious in some of his philanthropy.

The influence of biography as a stimulant to the student is so great that he should lay particular stress upon this department of reading during his college course. Such books as

"The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" and the elevating sketches of Samuel Smiles can certainly play a beneficial part in one's development. Then, in our literary work, the study of the poets, a good knowledge of their lives and the circumstances which made them what they were, is indispensable to a proper appreciation of their productions. Let us learn the lives of exalted men and thus set high ambitions before us for our attainment!

Those who have been charmed with Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" will be glad to know that he is now at work, preparing an anthology of the landscape art of the poets from Homer to Tennyson. Such a collection as this will be a valuable and charming addition to literature, especially, as Mr. Palgrave's admirable judgment will give us only the best selections. William Watson's "Love Lyrics" and those delightful collections in the "Canterbury Poets," as "Sea-Music," "Children of the Poets," have proved the value of such publications; so we rejoice in any new work, which promises to give us similar delightful results.

The American Baptist Publication Society will issue this year "The Great Poets and their Theology," by Dr. Strong, the President of Rochester Theological Seminary. Dr. Strong is a profound scholar, and has written some valuable works on theology; and if this new book ably expounds its subject the author will undoubtedly add a great help to the study of literature. Those students who have tried to get a formulated idea of the different poets' theologies from their productions can partly appreciate the difficulty of attempting the task of writing a book on that subject. We await Dr. Strong's book with a desire that he may give us a successful insight into the religious views of the poets.

Macaulay said that when a student he practiced the habit of stopping at the bottom of every page, and trying to recall everything on it; and to this, with similar training, he attrib-

uted that phenomenal, almost superhuman, power of memory and of marvellously rapid reading. Though the great historian and essayist was a remarkable genius in this direction, his experience shows the paramount advantage of assiduous training in the development of memory. To a student the possession of fine memory is not only invaluable, but a fair assurance of future success, if rightly used; and it would be exceedingly advisable for every one to train himself in remembering what he reads or studies by some individual training, applicable to his needs.

## BOOK NOTES.

W. H. HECK, Editor.

*The Mastery of Books.* By Harry Lyman Koopman. American Book Company.

Every enthusiastic student of literature eagerly reads any book or article that will serve as a beneficial guide to his study in the vast, varied realm of books, a study so comprehensive that it is bewildering to attempt it without judicious instruction. So the title of this guide renders it at once attractive, for the mastery of books is a greater conquest than the mastery of a human colony. Koopman, the librarian at Brown University, has given some valuable and interesting suggestions in it, and we are sure the book will prove helpful to the young student, even though it shows no marked literary ability. But the guide is practical, and points out definite regulations in regard to reading.

The first chapter gives us several reasons why we should devote as much of our time as possible to literature; among them, the reading for general culture, which the author says "should mean such a training of the taste and sympathies as shall enable one to appreciate the noblest that man has expressed in literature and art during the long experience of the race"; but above all, the study should be pursued for the upbuilding of character, the grandest motive that can impel any action. Then there are a few suggestions as to the limit of our study, judicious "skipping," the care of eyes and health, of which all

are more or less aware, but which they often neglect. The second chapter, on "What to Read," expresses the author's views as to the relative value of the different branches, ranking the first three as poetry, fiction, and essays; then, with more freedom, classing the other departments. Each one has individual opinions in regard to this, though it would generally be supposed that the essay would have a superior place to fiction; but, as the branches are so interwoven and so necessary in their sphere, it is hard to make a relative appraisal of them.

The advice about "How to Read" offers no new, but still helpful, suggestions as to the courses one should pursue. Then the author discusses the main reference books with little profit to the general reader; but in the next chapter gives some good opinions as to the use of periodicals, their growth, benefits, and abuses. The suggestions about the cultivation of memory are well worth reading; the discussion of the study of language, and the cursory history of the library's growth and its place in education are quite interesting. The book closes with some remarks about reading-courses, after which is a supplement of a list of fifteen hundred books of all departments, which the author gives as a direct guide to reading in any branch. There is nothing especially new or valuable in the book, yet it does contain helpful suggestions which can be profitably followed by the young or mature student.

*Pietro Ghisleri.* By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo. cloth, \$1.00. Macmillan & Co.

Marion Crawford certainly deserves a high place among modern writers of fiction. No other living author has displayed such versatility and cosmopolitan treatment of plots; he has lived in several countries for some length of time, gaining a close insight into all the customs, society, and character of the people; and in his novels he has depicted with true talent the life at different places in the world. Mr. Crawford is a copious writer, and it is seldom that a really poor book comes from his pen; and any novelist should be glad to claim as his own such books as "Mr. Isaacs" and "The Three Fates."

*Pietro Ghisleri* is a splendid book, written so concisely that every thing in it has a relevant connection with the complicated story, and portraying a fine interplay of character in a well-conceived plot. As the author's masterpiece, "Saracinesca," and its sequels, the scene of this novel is in Rome, and deals with the high, worldly circle and fast life of the city, which is treated in such a way by the author as to

plainly show his evident condemnation of such a state of society and scandalous dissipation. Ghisleri is a man of commanding superiority at heart, though hardened by a careless, pleasure-seeking life; and through all his career he cherishes within himself a longing to throw off the influence of evil and determinately rise to something better than this callous, selfish society life. His development to a person of noble purposes and higher characteristics by his devotion to the widow of his beloved friend, Herbert Arden, is admirably traced. Laura Arden is the grand character of the book, as her love for her deformed, yet noble husband, and her consuming devotion to their son, strongly mark; but in dark contrast her jealous sister, Adele Savelli, is the fiend of the plot, and her unnaturally conceived designs for the ruin of her beautiful, superior step-sister gives a horror to the story. But her torturing conscience, the damning effects of narcotics, and her final insanity, exemplify the vindictive reward of evil. The plot is very long and intricate, but is ably managed from the first; and on finishing the novel, one must confess that he has read a well-written story. Frank Marion Crawford has attained great popularity, as well he should in preference to the many superficial novel writers of the day; and there is promise that he will in the future add to his past list of splendid books.

*Love in Old Clothes.* By H. C. Bunner. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The increasing popularity of short stories in preference to never-ending novels, has made a great demand for collections of stories in book form, as well as those in the magazines. These stories of Mr. Bunner are printed on beautiful paper, in a handsome binding; and one rather feels, after reading the book, that such a fine publication would have better suited finer contents. The initial story is the anomaly of a modern incident written in the style of "ye olden times," and is of little worth; but some of the other stories are pleasantly told, furnish us an enjoyable pastime, especially the incident of the learned divine at the country revival and that one about "Our Aromatic Uncle," the last and probably the best of them all. Mr. Bunner has done some creditable work, as his "Zodiac Pines," but in the collection mentioned above he has rather detracted from his reputation as a good story teller.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

A. F. SAMS, Editor Pro tem.

—'61. Rev. J. H. Yarboro has returned to the principalship of the Forest City High School. This was the scene of his labors for twenty years preceding 1890.

—'68-9. Among the journalists of the State there is no more energetic and faithful man than F. A. Olds, of Raleigh. Mr. Olds has made newspaper corresponding his life work, and fills his position with marked ability.

—'83. Rev. J. H. Lamberth recently decided to accept the pastorate at Lexington, N. C.

—'83. Among the names of prominent educators in the State of Missouri, stands that of Prof. G. C. Briggs. For seven years the North Missouri Institute has made uninterrupted progress under his leadership.

—'83. Wake Forest College has, in time past, sent many men to the foreign mission field, and in every instance the reputation of the college, with its purely Christian influence, has been sustained. Among the men thus sent out there are probably none who have been more successful in the past, or who promise more for the future, than Rev. G. P. Bostick. During the past few months Mr. Bostick has been busily engaged in preaching and lecturing on China and the progress of the mission work there. He expects to return to China in September.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell, of Wilmington, recently resigned the pastorate of the South Side Baptist Church.

—'89. Those who know of Mr. Thos. M. Hufham's career, both as a student and teacher, will not wonder at his success as a lawyer. Mr. Hufham has made his way within three years, to the front ranks of the legal profession at Hickory, N. C.

—'89. We were glad to have with us recently Mr. L. S. Sprinkle, of Winston. Mr. Sprinkle is making a signal success in his chosen work—insurance. He is also making a reputation in the Sunday School work.

—'89. C. T. Bailey, better known as "Bailey of North Carolina," has been appointed by Gov. Russell as Assistant Adjutant General of the State Guard. Mr. Bailey's earnest work in his party's behalf during the last campaign will doubtless secure him some important appointment under the incoming administration.

—'90. Mr. Thos. R. Crocker, late professor in the Turlington Institute, Smithfield, N. C., has accepted a lucrative position as traveling salesman with a St. Louis house.

—'91. Rev. C. B. Williams has accepted the editorship of the *Atlantic Baptist*. Mr. Williams is one of our most promising young men.

—'91. We note the marriage of Mr. C. L. Haywood, now a successful druggist at Wilmington, to Miss Zoa Lee Biggsbee, of Durham. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

—'92. Mr. Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., who is a prominent young Republican of this State, has been appointed as aide on General Porter's staff at the Inauguration of President McKinley.

—'92-'94. Mr. F. M. Lee holds a responsible and lucrative position in the Western Carolina Bank.

—'94. Messrs. M. O. Carpenter and J. E. M. Davenport are attending Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa. Mr. Davenport graduates this year.

—'94. Mr. S. P. Holding graduates in medicine this month from Bellevue College, New York. Those who remember Sol as a student know that he was contented only to stand at the head of his class. We predict a brilliant future for him in his chosen profession.

—'96. Mr. Wyatt Patrick Exum Jr., familiarly known as "Pat," is teaching in the graded schools of Asheville.

—'96. Mr. Bruce Benton is Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages in Keachie Male and Female College, Louisiana.

## EXCHANGES.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor

## A MEMORY.

A tiny floweret pressed, within a book,  
 A scent of faded roses, faint with age;  
 A maiden fair the fragrant flower took,  
 And dropp'd a tear upon the spotless page.

Although no word of love was written there,  
 That flow'r, that little tear-drop, told it all;  
 How one so young, possessed of virtue rare,  
 She'd loved in vain and lost beyond recall.

—*St. John's Collegian.*

## IMPROVE YEARLY.

As years go out, and years come in,  
 Be ever mindful of the thoughts within,  
 O lips be true! O soul be pure!  
 Thy voice will be heard, thy footprints endure.

Cast off the old, take on the new,  
 O love, shed o'er all thy heavenly dew,  
 Let one crystal drop penetrate  
 The soul's secret chamber at the gold'n gate.

—*Wafford College Journal.*

## HER EAR.

Her dainty ear, so small, so dear,  
 So pink, so soft, so fair,  
 Where overhangs a clustering curl  
 Of her dark chestnut hair.

And when my heart does throb and start  
 With love and passion rare,  
 Soul's whispers from my burning lips  
 Will find a resting there.

Ah, how vain this love-sick'swain!  
 To him I say, beware;  
 While he may own this little ear,  
 Forgets she has a fair.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

## THE REASON.

I love thee, dear one! darling mine!  
 More than words could say,  
 But sent thee no rich valentine  
 Upon this lover's day;  
 The reason why you will divine,  
 The price I could not pay.

—*Tenn. Univ. Mag.*

## FAILURE.

If thou has seen a bird with wounded breast  
 Strive bravely upward to her clamoring young,  
 And then by some fierce storm-blast earthward flung;  
 Or else a ship-wrecked sailor on the crest  
 Of some wild billows struggle toward beach,  
 And yet at last, exhausted, sink from sight;  
 Or some brave soul press onward through the night  
 Of doubt and dim despair, yet never reach  
 The light of truth—this is not failure, nay:  
 No greater victor can this proud world show.  
 They have deserved success, and man can do  
 No more; 'tis God alone who grants the way.  
 These are the ones who truly conquer fate;  
 They only fail who idly sit and wait.

—*The Davidson Monthly.*

## A THOUGHT.

I saw the rosy figure of the dawn  
 Steal up the wakening East  
 To touch the sleeping world with wine,  
 Spilled out at Hope's glad feast.  
 I saw the purple figure of the night  
 Fall down the darkening East,  
 And drench the twilight world in wine  
 Left o'er from sorrow's feast.  
 The dawn was but the childhood of the night,  
 The night—the saddened age of morn;  
 So life, the sorrow-bearing night,  
 Is tinged with hope's red wine at dawn.

*The Peabody Rec.*

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

## NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Loud rings the chapel bell in air;  
 'Tis hushed—what sounds are these I hear?  
 Shriek after shriek—the students 'round me swoon,  
 'Tis but the choir struggling with the tune.

—*The Gray Jacket.*

## AN ICICLE.

Flashing, dancing, sparkling bright,  
 E'en a diamond shaming,  
 Green and blue and crimson light,  
 Like Heaven's stars aflaming.

But alas, how cold thou art!  
 Wondrous fairy jewel,  
 When I clasp thee to my heart,  
 Beautiful but cruel.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

## WHY NOT BE SWEETHEARTS FOR LIFE?

Oh, why may we not be sweethearts for life,  
 E'en though we be wedded to-morrow?  
 Why may we not live a life without strife,  
 A life filled with sweetness, not sorrow?

Is affection to end where trouble begins?  
 Are the happiest days those of wooing?  
 Is the cup of pleasure filled to the brim,  
 Never to be overflowing?

If sweethearts we are when in wedlock made one,  
 Through life we'll sweethearts remain;  
 If clouds should arise concealing the sun,  
 Love will soon disperse them again.

—*King College Magazine.*

## A VALENTINE.

I cannot give my heart to thee,  
 It is no longer mine,  
 Thou frown'st? Nay, be not wrath with me—  
 My heart hath long been thine!

—*Tenn. Univ. Mag.*

## SORROW'S DROUTH.

When death doth in our chambers move  
 The souls of dear ones to depart,  
 The tear springs from the fount of love,  
 The eye speaks gently for the heart;  
 But when we are denied the love  
 That none on earth can e'er supply,  
 Then vainly weeps the lonesome heart  
 While dry and tearless is the eye.

—*The Univ. of Va. Mag.*

## SUCCESS.

"I'll never kiss a man," said Mae,  
 "In any land beneath the sky."  
 So firm was she it seemed to me  
 A useless task to try.  
 But perseverance won the day  
 Ere desperation drove me frantic;  
 I kissed her—not in any land,  
 But on the broad Atlantic.

—*Univ. of Tex. Mag.*

## RECEIVED PAYMENT.

I stole a kiss as I left her,  
 In the doorway standing there,  
 A picture for any artist  
 So graceful and debonair.  
 For her eyes seemed to half invite me,  
 And her lips didn't seem to refuse,  
 And a spirit within me whispered,  
 'Twas a chance too good to lose.  
 Yes, I stole a kiss as I left her,  
 But I left in its stead my heart,  
 Surely value for value received,—  
 So she seemed to think for her part.  
 For the kiss lasted only a moment,  
 And the heart—why, she has the heart still,  
 To treat as she likes, and to keep for aye,  
 Full of love that no time can kill.

—*Univ. Va. Mag.*

## LA BELLE INCONNUE.

She smiled,  
 And in the garden of my heart  
 A little bud burst into lovely bloom.  
 She smiled,  
 But fate our lives would ever part,  
 And flowrets wither when no sunbeams come.  
 She smiled—  
 From mem'ry's rose-jar perfumes start  
 And float to sweetly fill a silent room.

—*The Univ. of Tex. Mag.*

*The Cadet*, published at Nashville, Tenn., is a new magazine, devoted principally to things of local interest. Its literary department is not very marked, but we are glad to note quite an improvement since its first issue. It seems to us that all college magazines should strive to develop the undergraduates in literary work, and not simply to amuse, which course we hope to see our new exchange pursue.

The Senior Class of the Winston City schools has commenced the publication of a very creditable magazine—*The Public School Record*. It is largely devoted to matter of local interest, but contains some well written articles in its literary department. "Ian Maclaren" and "The Origin of Myths" are the best articles in this its first issue. The departments are neatly arranged, especially the Alumni, which is quite full.

The *Emory Phoenix* for February is largely devoted to local news, but has a very entertaining story, "My Duck Hunt." The *Phoenix* is a very neat magazine, and we are glad to welcome it to our table, even though it be late in coming.

"Mrs. Simpson's Poodle" and a "Dedicatory Essay" are well written and fairly interesting, in the last issue of *The Fairmount Normal* for February. This is the first issue received this year, and while it is very neat in appearance, we think the size too large for a college magazine, and its contents might be improved.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

G. E. LINEBERRY, Editor.

MRS. J. B. BREWER is visiting at Prof. C. E. Brewer's.

MRS. W. C. LANKFORD is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Royall, in Savannah, Ga.

MR. CAMP, of Florida, was on the Hill for a short time recently visiting his sons who are in college.

MISS MAMIE BIZZELLE, of Goldsboro, after a few weeks, visit to Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Powers, has returned home.

MR. BERRY GODWIN, one of Lumberton's most prominent business men, paid a short visit to the College recently.

MISS ANNA HUFHAM, the very popular daughter of Dr. J. D. Hufham, of Henderson, has been visiting Prof. and Mrs. C. E. Brewer.

ON FEBRUARY 22d Dr. Taylor spoke to the Durham schools. All wheat and no chaff is his style, and we are sure he gave them something good.

REV. W. H. RICH, of the Thomasville Orphanage, filled Dr. Gwaltney's pulpit on the evening of February 13th and gave to his hearers a good gospel sermon.

"AMONG THE BREAKERS" was very well acted in Wingate Memorial Hall on the evening of February 11th. The actors were composed of students and ladies of the Hill.

MISS HELEN FOOTE and Miss Lillian Foote, of Warrenton, were present at the Anniversary exercises and spent a short time on the Hill, to the delight of their many friends.

WE ARE indebted to ex-State Auditor R. M. Furman for his annual report, also to Commissioner B. R. Lacy for the tenth annual report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of North Carolina for 1896.

MISS KATIE EVANS, of Cheraw, S. C., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brewer. She is a very popular young lady and an excellent bicyclist, as many of the students can testify, especially those who ride "wheels."

IT WAS with deep regret that we heard of the death of Mr. R. C. Maley, who was a student here last year. All remember him as an excellent young man. He won the improvement medal in the Euzelian Society last year.

MISS KATIE BAGLEY, of Littleton, came to the Anniversary exercises and is spending a few days visiting relatives on the Hill. She is a daughter of Prof. Bagley, of Littleton, who is one of North Carolina's most zealous educators.

A RECENT favor of Edward Thompson Company is the 31st volume of the American and English Encyclopaedia. It will be remembered they gave to the Law Department thirty volumes last summer and the thirty-first has just been issued.

THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY of the missionary society has received quite a number of cancelled stamps for Bro. Ginsburg. All sent will be forwarded April 1. It is an easy way to help the missionary cause.

MISS MATTIE GWALTNEY has taken charge of a school at Kittrell. Miss Mattie is one of Wake Forest's most popular young ladies and we regret very much to have her leave us, but wish her much success in that noble profession of training youthful minds.

THE READING CIRCLE of the Hill met at the residence of Prof. Brewer February 19th and spent the evening in the study of Matthew Pryor and his works. The next meeting will be at Prof. Sledd's. These meetings are well attended and very pleasant and instructing.

PROF. LANNEAU delivered his lecture on X-rays at Oxford on February 26. Prof. Hobgood is a wide-awake educator and is very considerate in securing Prof. Lanneau's lecture, which

will doubtless relieve the long pent up curiosity of the students of our sister college.

EVERY TEACHER, both male and female, who can possibly do so should attend the summer school to be held here. It is truly a labor of love on the part of the faculty, and not for pay; also the Bible school to be held at the same time. Our summer law school will be unsurpassed.

PROF. POTREAT will speak to the young people's organization of Fayetteville soon. His lectures on the life of Christ have justly given him a place as one of our best lecturers. It will be remembered that he was one of the South's representatives at the American Baptist Congress at Providence, R. I., last year.

ON FEBRUARY 17th John T. Pullen, of Raleigh, spoke to a very appreciative audience on the gift of faith, taking for his subject, "Thou Lord comfortest us." His power lies not in eloquence but in a God-given earnestness, backed by a very zealous Christian life. He is one of the best Christian workers in the State.

SOME TIME in March Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Va., is expected to assist Dr. Gwaltney in a revival meeting here. He was here in 1892 and did a great work. He is an eloquent speaker and perhaps possesses more personal magnetism than any preacher in the South. We will be very glad to have him with us.

THE LITERARY Address at the close of the Wilson Graded School on May 20th, will be delivered by Prof. J. B. Carlyle. All who have ever heard Prof. Carlyle speak will join us in prophesying for the people of Wilson a literary treat eloquently delivered. He is always busy in Commencement times as he is easily one of the best speakers in the State on educational lines.

THE FEBRUARY TERM of the Supreme Court found ten applicants for license to practice law hailing from Wake Forest.

All were granted license. Messrs. T. L. Caudle, S. E. Hall, J. C. McNeill, L. G. Leary, Hugh Long, P. S. Vann and J. C. Watkins returned to college to complete their college work. Mr. D. T. Oates goes to Clinton, Robert E. Lee to Ashpole and Paul Matthews has not yet decided where he will locate.

PROF. W. H. RUEBUSH, of Dayton, Va., is expected to be here soon to take charge of a very large class in vocal music. Prof. Ruebush, although quite a youth, has made an excellent reputation. He is perhaps best known as one of the composers of "Crowning Day," which has had a very large sale and is very popular with Sunday-school workers. He will find here plenty of material with little training. Every student should join the class.

WHEN THE law class returned from Raleigh, after their examination before the Supreme Court, they did not forget to show their appreciation of the very efficient training which Prof. Gully had given them, and presented to him a beautiful office chair. It rarely happens that any professor can start a new department and in so short a time cause it to be so popular with the boys as Prof. Gully has the Law Department here; but he is a born teacher, who has few equals in his line.

MR. FRED T. WEST, who is traveling in behalf of the Young Men's Missionary movement, lectured here on February 24th. His subject was, "Darkest Africa." His lecture was helped much by a map of Africa, nearly all dark as that, represented the heathenish part, and at the bottom contained the simple inscriptions, "A silent appeal." "Come over and help us." He spoke principally of the part north of the equator. The lowland country is the seat of the deadly fever, and is also characterized by "devil worship," which is worship of evil spirits. They believe all sickness due to internal spirits and death is the carrying of the soul to the seat of evil spirits, and so they gladly accept a religion which shows them a way of escape. At Cairo is a great seminary sending forth false

teachers to the Arabians in the Sahara region, and the negroes farther south. There is little restriction on the number of wives one may have and none to the number of female slaves. Arabians, well armed, surround villages in the night, kill the men and boys and march the girls off to a northern slave market, and often their limbs become so perished from starvation that they fall by the roadside and from whence their benighted souls go to meet a just God. They generally sell at prices ranging from two dollars to two hundred dollars. Railroads are being built in Africa and opening up the way for travel. Some cities are already carrying on manufacturing and an extensive trade. Mr. West is an Englishman, has a lady-like voice with an English accent, but is a very pleasant lecturer. He spoke very touchingly of his mother's influence in turning him to Christ. He is soliciting subscriptions to a monthly paper, representing the African missions. He urges the giving up of such useless stimulants as tea, coffee and tobacco and spending the money to enlighten the poor heathen.

ONE OF the most interesting lectures we have heard was given by Bro. G. P. Bostwick on February 3d. He lectured on Chinese customs and was dressed in full Chinese garb. He sang two songs in the Chinese tongue and told something of their history. One was written by a converted Confucianist and the other sent to China by the dying request of a little boy in Philadelphia. Very few good physicians there, as the natives use lizards, spiders, etc., for medicine. He spoke of the difficulty of learning their language, telling of some very amusing mistakes made by missionaries. Crops very much like ours, but no machinery; cut wheat with knife and beat it out on old-time threshing-floor by rolling a stone over it. They plough up the ground after cutting the wheat and save the roots for fuel. Principal way of travelling is by wheelbarrow with handles in front and rear for one man to pull and one to push and you must carry a bed if you stay all night at an inn, as they do not furnish one, and only a block of wood

or brick for a pillow. The women wear pants and men shirts and their custom of horseback riding is consequently opposite to ours; they put their heel in the stirrup instead of their toe. Evidently they have the "modern woman." They mourn only for the death of parents and then the oldest son does most of it. Marriages made by their parents while children are very young and proposal may come from girl's father as well as boy's. Very inquisitive, especially the women. He referred very touchingly to the death of his wife and told of two Chinese who were caused to turn from their idols to the true religion by her noble Christian life. He showed during his lecture an imitation foot of a Chinese lady and closed with an eloquent appeal for China. He is an eloquent and very forcible speaker and, if his life is spared, destined to do a great work for the heathen.

THE SIXTY-SECOND anniversary of the founding of the two literary societies has come and gone, and in our minds is left a pleasing memory of the occasion. Of course it rained that day (old Pluvius never forgets to visit us on such occasions), but that did not prevent a large crowd from attending. Wingate Memorial Hall was full, when at 3 o'clock the president of the debate, Mr. W. R. Sykes, called the house to order, and, in a few apt and well-chosen words, spoke of the past record of the societies, and their influence and usefulness in college life. When he had stated the manner of deciding the question, he called on the secretary, Mr. C. M. McIntosh, to read the query for discussion, "Resolved, that civilization is able to cope with the evils attending its progress."

Mr. W. D. Burns, from Phi. Society, was the first speaker for the affirmative, and he began his speech by explaining what is meant by "cope." It means to successfully contend against an opposing force, and to rise above it. Greece could not cope with Rome; Rome could not cope with the evils which beset it; the Southern Confederacy could not cope with the mercenary armies of the North. He argued that

science and civilization, mutually dependent on each other, go hand in hand. Science reclaims lands from the sea, irrigates the arid desert, lessens the hours of labor, and lengthens life itself. Increased knowledge of the laws of health is making the world better, while schools, colleges and universities are increasing intellect and morality. He compared the condition of the world as it was in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries with what it is now, and claimed that the improved condition of society is due to our civilization. Slavery and serfdom have been abolished, intemperance is decreasing, since drunkenness is now treated as a disease, and the heathen countries are now open to our missionaries. The world is growing better morally, physically, mentally and religiously. Mr. Burns is an able speaker, and united oratory and argument in his speech in a manner that charmed the audience.

The next speaker was Mr. H. H. Marshburn from the Eu. Society for the negative. His argument was based on the assumption that civilization is either a process or a state. We should not look to the future with its glowing pictures, but look to the past with its lessons. Egypt had a civilization that was far superior to that of the present time; her works are beyond the ability of the present time to equal; yet Egypt fell because of inherent evils. Phœnicia gave the world the alphabet, yet inherent evils destroyed that nation. Greece attained a height of civilization that in many respects will never be equaled, but she fell. Rome, from her seven hills, ruled the world, but she, too, passed away. And the cause of this decay and death was inherent vices. The condition of society of the present either has a parallel in history or it has not. If there is a parallel, then, judging by the past, we are forced to conclude that our boasted civilization must pass away. If there is no parallel, then everything is mere conjecture. His speech was full of keen satire and flashes of wit, and he was frequently interrupted with applause.

The next speaker for the affirmative was Mr. J. S. Snider, from the Eu. Society, whose speech was perhaps the most logical and argumentative of all. He claimed that each nation has its own civilization, attended by its own peculiar evils, and he also maintained that, though a nation may pass away, its civilization will live on. Greece and Rome, as nations, are dead, but our civilization is founded on their civilization. In the struggle between vice and virtue civilization comes in as an aid to one or the other. If vice gains the ascendancy then we would be better off without any civilization whatever; if civilization is not able to cope with its evils then we are worse off than when civilization first began. But the change from despotism to a republican form of government, the substitution of law and authority for private will and anarchy, the city, railroads, modern inventions, religious freedom, all are the result of the development of civilization. Even our religion would be different if we had a different civilization, for religion and civilization react upon each other, and are dependent one on the other. But it is claimed that our civilization tends to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Did civilization find everybody dwelling in marble mansions, or in huts and tents? The much-abused tenement-house is far better than were the houses of noblemen a few centuries ago. If civilization can cope with its evils then the world has gone forward; if it is not able to cope with them, then we have sunk below the barbarians.

The last speaker for the negative was Mr. Walter N. Johnson from Phi. Society. He began by asserting that it is a moral predestination that civilization shall not stand, and that poverty, intemperance, and vice are necessary results. The ballot, the printing-press, the school, and the home are often instruments to work out bad ends. Christianity can overcome all evils, but christianity is not civilization. Salt will save meat, yet salt is not meat. All civilizations of the past have been over-burdened by the wealthy. That evil destroyed

Egypt, Persia, and Rome, and it will destroy us. Centralization and civilization will go hand in hand so long as financiers are selfish, and while law-makers are human. The health of the civilized is gradually destroyed, while medical discovery only preserves the sickly from generation to generation. Poverty, intemperance, fashion, and suicide are to be attributed to civilization. At times the speaker rose to heights of eloquence which called forth tumultuous applause. His choice of words was excellent, his delivery was impassioned and grand, and he moved and swayed the audience at his will.

Each speaker was allowed to reply to the arguments of his opponent, and the audience was delighted by the lively sparring of wit and satire with satire and wit. The audience was then called on to pass judgment on the merits of the argument, and the decision was in favor of the negative by a vote of 92 to 76.

The debate was an excellent one, the best perhaps for many years, and was a convincing testimony of the thorough work done by the societies. It was entirely free from all personalities or vulgar allusions. Those who founded the two societies in the early years of the college's existence builded better than perhaps they knew, as is evidenced by each recurring anniversary.

At night the crowd was still further augmented by those who came on a special train from Raleigh to hear the orators of the occasion. Everybody came expecting to enjoy a treat of good things, and they went away highly pleased, for the orations were truly grand.

Mr. Albert Brown Cannady, the representative of the Phi. Society, had chosen for his subject, "Cuba and her Cause," and he treated it in a masterly manner. He set forth clearly Spain's iniquitous treatment of Cuba, taxing the Cubans twice as heavily as her own citizens, and denying to them any representation. He claimed for Cuba the ability to govern herself, and also to hold her own against Spanish troops. The

Cuban cause did not die with the patriot Maceo, who was treacherously murdered. He asserted that it was the duty of the United States to aid Cuba. Americans had been thrown into prison, or brutally butchered without any form of trial. Diaz was arrested, but was liberated because the United States interfered. The speaker, in glowing terms, pictured Cuba's future—a destiny too high to be a province of a foreign dynasty—and predicted that she would soon take her proper place among the nations of the world.

It is impossible to describe the charm of his manner. To say that he is a genuine orator gives no conception whatever of the ease and gracefulness of his motions, of his rich sonorous voice, or the beauty of his style and diction. The breathless attention of the audience, and the frequent applause, showed how heartily he was appreciated.

Mr. Robt. N. Simms was the orator from the Eu. Society, and he spoke on the "Crusades of the Ages." As his oration is printed elsewhere in this number, it is unnecessary to give any outline of it. But the reader will miss the charm of his delivery which moved the audience now to laughter, now to applause, and now to eager rapt attention. The Eu. Society may well be proud of its representative, for his like is not often found.

Then came the crowning event of all—the reception in the literary halls. Those classic walls, which so often have resounded with the fiery outbursts of patriotic Sophomores, or the calm deliberate utterances of lordly Seniors, then echoed with the sparkling chatter and bright laughter of ye fair and gentle maidens. They took possession of the official seats, and we obeyed their rulings cheerfully and gladly. Sweet strains were wafted up from the reading-room, where the Durham band discoursed sweet music. In the dim corners of the library some couples were discussing in low voices—books and authors(?). Even the "courting gallery" was invaded by the unsuspecting damsel, who was ignorant of its mysteries until

her escort explained them to her. But all things pleasant have an ending, and now, to most of us, only pleasant memories and recollection remain. But to a few, perhaps, the 12th of February, 1897, will mark the beginning of an important chapter in their life's history.

Two poems have been handed us as being suitable for the local department. We gladly give them room.

#### THE ANNIVERSARY GIRL.

Oh, she comes, with her ribbons and ruffles and curls,  
The bonniest, sweetest and fairest of girls,

As lovely as maiden can be;

And Seniors and Juniors and Sophomores all,  
Overcome by her glances, in love's meshes fall—

But she's not a coquette, not she.

She brightens the college, so classic and grey,  
And drives the grim spirit of science away,

With her smiles so happy and free;

And while love and music enliven the scene,  
Of all she's the peerless and radiant queen—

But she's not a coquette, not she.

And when she departs, I have often heard say,  
There are many fond hearts that she carries away;

But she can't love them all, don't you see!

So she culls them all over and picks out the best,  
And sometimes, I am told, she forgets all the rest—

But she's not a coquette, not she.

C. L. G.

#### A COMPARISON.

I've stood beside the cataract

Of great Niagara's flood,

I stood with Lee at Malvern Hill,

And saw the earth drink blood;

I've seen the vatican at Rome,

And St. Paul's—but alas!

These are but molecules beside

Our present Senior Class.

DANIEL A. TEDDER, '98.

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Lv New York		* 3 20 p. m.	* 9 00 p. m.	Lv Atlanta (Central Time)		* 12 00 noon	* 8 10 p. m.
" Philadelphia		5 15 "	12 05 a. m.	" Athens		2 55 p. m.	11 40 "
" Baltimore		7 31 "	2 55 "	" Elberton		4 00 "	12 45 a. m.
" Washington		8 40 "	4 30 "	" Abbeville		5 30 "	1 47 "
" Richmond		12 36 a. m.	9 05 "	" Greenwood		5 30 "	2 15 "
Lv Norfolk		* 11 30 p. m.	9 05 "	" Clinton		6 25 "	3 13 "
" Portsmouth		12 01 night	9 15 "	" Chester		7 39 "	4 43 "
Lv Weldon		* 3 05 a. m.	* 11 55 "	" Charlotte		* 8 20 "	* 5 25 "
Ar Henderson		* 4 35 "	* 1 39 p. m.	" Monroe		9 15 "	6 13 "
Ar WAKE		* 5 22 a m	* 2 57 p m	" Hamlet		10 35 "	8 15 "
Ar Durham		† 7 32 "	† 4 09 "	" Southern Pines		11 21 "	9 15 "
Lv Durham		† 5 20 p. m	† 11 00 a. m.	" Raleigh		* 1 25 a. m.	* 11 31 "
Ar Raleigh		* 5 55 a. m.	* 3 34 p. m.	" WAKE		* 1 54 "	* 12 08 pm
" Sanford		7 14 "	4 58 "	Ar Durham		† 7 34 "	† 4 09 p. m.
" Southern Pines		8 00 "	5 49 "	Lv Durham		† 5 20 p. m.	† 11 00 a. m.
" Hamlet		8 50 "	6 55 "	Ar Weldon		* 4 05 a. m.	* 3 00 p. m.
" Wadesboro		9 52 "	8 01 "	" Richmond		5 40 "	6 40 "
" Monroe		10 40 "	8 55 "	" Washington		10 45 "	11 10 "
" Charlotte		* 11 35 "	* 10 20 "	" Baltimore		12 00 noon	12 48 a. m.
" Chester		12 03 p. m.	10 32 "	" Philadelphia		* 2 40 p. m.	* 3 45 "
" Clinton		1 20 "	11 58 "	" New York		* 4 53 "	* 6 53 "
" Greenwood		2 33 "	1 00 a. m.	Ar Portsmouth		* 7 30 a. m.	* 5 50 p. m.
" Abbeville		3 00 "	1 32 "	" Norfolk		* 7 50 "	* 6 10 "
" Elberton		4 00 "	2 36 "				
" Athens		5 10 "	3 38 "				
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