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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 1

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BAPTIST CO-OPERATION IN NORTH CAROLINA

BY THOMAS M. PITTMAN.

The peculiar individualism of Baptists stood in the way of denominational unity, and made them an obscure people during the earlier Colonial period in North Carolina.

There were Baptists among the early English settlers of the State, but under the repressive laws against dissenters or non-conformists in England they were unused to the meeting-house and the public service. In their new home the habits of former days were retained and we hear nothing of Baptist churches, meetings or preachers within the colony, until the accession of Queen Anne, the devoted church woman, caused the politicians of that day to "get religion" according to the forms of the Church of England. Until then the people had been content to worship under their own vine and fig tree or meet a few neighbors in social service where the Word was read, and singing and prayer, with sometimes the reading of a sermon, constituted their devotions. No law limited the freedom of their worship and no tax collector levied upon their meagre stores for the support of church forms and teachings that violated their most sacred ideals of religious truth.

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The effort to establish a State church, beginning about 1701, seemed altogether evil, but under the Providence of God it served to awaken the people and teach the necessity and power of co-operation. It inaugurated a conflict which broadened into a struggle for both civil and religious liberty, marked at times by the wager of battle, and nearly all the time by political artifice and cunning. Through it all the different schools of religious and political thought became more and more unified and compact in co-operation and organization, and drew together as units of the great body that contended for these mighty principles which could find no abiding place under the rule of king or bigot, and finally asserted themselves in "our glorious Revolution."

During this eighty years war the Baptists grew into the largest and most widely planted denomination of Christians, and the most virile spiritual force within the State. Asplund's Register, by no means complete, shows that in North Carolina, including the deceded territory (now Tennessee) up to November 1, 1790, there were one hundred and twelve churches, ninety-two ordained and eighty-three licensed ministers, and eight thousand, three hundred and ninety-two members. At its beginning, 1701, they had neither church or preacher in the colony so far as can be learned from any known record.

The first North Carolina Baptist document of which we have any knowledge was discovered among the old papers of Pasquotank County a few years ago by Mr. J. R. B. Hathaway, of Edenton. It was printed in the North Carolina Baptist Historical Papers at that time, but its interest and historical value warrant its re-appearance in these pages, as follows:

"To the Worshipful Court of Pascatank Precinct, now sitting:

The honorable Petition of us, the subscribers, hereby sheweth: That, whereas, there is a congeration of the people calld. Baptis gather'd in Religious worship in ye Dwelling House of William Burges, on the north side of Pascatane, on the head of Raymond's Creek, he, ye said Burges, having granted same for use of ye said meeting, we pray ye same may be recorded, and we, ye humble Petitioners, in duty bound shall pray.

W. BURGES.

PAUL PALMER.

FRANCIS BROCKETT.

THOMAS HERENTON.

WILLIAM JONES.

PHILLIP TORKSEY.

ROBERT WASSON.

CHARLES LUTROUGH."

How long this church had been in existence is not known, but they had become sufficiently numerous to attract attention, and the object of this document was to obtain the privileges of the English Toleration Act. In a little while from being an insignificant and contemptible group of sectaries they were grown into such importance and aggressiveness that we find Governor Everard writing to the Bishop of London "by the means of one Paul Palmers, the Baptist teacher, he has gained hundreds, and to prevent it 'tis impossible." The Baptists having occupied Albemarle thenceforth entered into every tide of immigration. Joseph Parker at Meherrin, Wm. Sojourner at Kehukee, Wingfield at Bath, and Shubaal Stearnes Sandy Creek, led the forces which come over our northern and southern borders from Virginia and South Carolina and spread westward into what is now Tennessee.

During this period of expansion, however, the organization was purely local and there was great divergence of doctrine and policy. Their various designations of General, Regular, Particular and Separate are confusing at this day, but in the time of which we are writing they stood for well known differences in the Baptist ranks. Organization was only local. Beginning with the or-

ganization of the Sandy Creek Association about 1756—the fourth in America—the spirit of organization grew and other associations followed in quick order, the Kehukee about 1769, the Yadkin 1786, Flat River and Neuse 1794. These greatly facilitated the denominational unity, but there was no movement looking to larger and general co-operation until Martin Ross' famous query in the Kehukee Association (1803): "Is not the Kehukee Association, with all her numerous and respectable friends, called on by Providence in some way to step forward in support of that missionary spirit which the great God is so wonderfully reviving amongst the different denominations of good men in various parts of the world."

The Association answered this query in 1804 by appointing Elders Samuel Burkitt, Martin Ross, Aaron Spivey, Jesse Read and John McCabe "delegates to meet such as might be appointed by the Virginia, Portsmouth and Neuse Associations at Cashie meeting-house (Windsor), Bertie County, on Friday before the third Sunday in June, 1805, to devise ways and means to support the Missionary Cause."

This resulted in the organization of the Philanthropic Baptist Missionary Society at the time appointed for the meeting as an inter-associational body, and not at all general.

In 1809 Martin Ross again led a forward movement; this time in the lately organized (1806) Chowan Association, by a motion for a committee to arrange for a General Meeting of Correspondence to be composed of delegates appointed by the Kehukee Association and other bodies which had sprung from her. This was afterwards enlarged to include all the Associations in the State. The

organization was effected at Falls of Tar River on Friday before the second Sunday in June, 1811, and its object was to "acquire and disseminate information upon religious topics, to promote the cause of God and to increase brotherly love."

About 1814 the N. C. Baptist Society for Foreign Missions, afterwards in 1817 "Foreign and Domestic Missions," was formed, probably at Cross-Roads Meeting-house in Wake County. The minutes of this body, now before the writer, contain many names yet held in loving remembrance by the denomination. Jesse Read, President; John Purify, William P. Biddle, Elisha Battle, Barzillar Graves, Robert T. Daniel, Josiah Crudup and others. A contribution of ten dollars is noted in the minutes of 1817 from "The American George Lodge of Free Masons in Murfreesborough." From memoranda given Dr. C. Durham by Dr. A. L. Vail, of the American Baptist Historical Society, it appears that Abner W. Clopton, Cor. Sec., on February 14, 1814, made the first annual subscription to this body. The amount was \$5. Its annual contribution to Foreign Missions was from \$300 to \$500.

The multiplication of societies and the incautious, and, in some instances, improvident, or at least imprudent methods prevented that cordial and general co-operation essential to the full development of denominational interests. Again the Chowan Association took the initiative, and in 1826 appointed a committee to make arrangements for a State Convention. The death of Martin Ross' wife and son, soon followed by his own, defeated this action.

On February 10, 1829, a number of brethren met at Greenville and constituted the North Carolina Baptist

Benevolent Society, with the "exclusive object * * * to raise funds and appropriate them to the support of traveling ministers, for preaching the gospel and administering its ordinances within the bounds of North Carolina." Elder P. W. Dowd was President, Elders W. P. Biddle, Thos. Meredith and Wm. Hill Jordan, Vice-Presidents, P. P. Lawrence, Cor. Sec., R. Blount, Rec. Sec., and H. Austin, Treasurer. The directorate included a number of the most prominent men in the denomination, as Elders L. Ross, S. Wait, J. Armstrong, Philemon Bennett, J. Purify, J. Crudup, T. Crocker, and such laymen as Gen. S. Simpson, Col. Dunn, Jr., Dr. J. B. Outlaw, J. Rountree, J. Battle and others.

This society also set for itself limitations which fell short of the requirements. A year later the efforts of twenty-seven years to organize a body which should adequately represent the denomination culminated in the formation of the Baptist State Convention at Greenville. Its plan was so comprehensive as to embrace every interest and enterprise of the denomination, and the passing years bear tribute to the wisdom of the men who so happily devised a system of effective co-operation without invading the freedom and independence so jealously guarded by the churches.

It would be unjust to the women of those early days if these notes should fail to recognize their part in securing such admirable results. Coincident with the organizations already named there were Women's Missionary Societies heartily supporting the same enterprises. Printed minutes are yet preserved of several annual meetings of the Hycó Female Cent Society, which appears to have been organized about 1816. The records show contributions from a similar society near Fayette

ville in 1817. In 1818 there were two contributions of \$25 each from the Baptist Female Missionary Society of Edenton, and a like amount in 1819. There was a like society near Pittsborough in 1818, and one at Eaton's church at an early date. We have no means of ascertaining the number of such societies, but the locations of those named are so far apart as to indicate that they represented no mere local sentiment, but were part of the great unifying and uplifting movements of the denomination, which have borne so rich a fruitage in these later days.

Henderson, N. C.

MINUTES OF NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL
MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL
MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD IN RALEIGH THE
24TH, 25TH AND 26TH OF JULY, 1812.

Raleigh:
Printed by Thomas Henderson, Jun., Printer to the State.
1812.

The Introductory Discourse was delivered according to appointment by Brother George Roberts, from 2 Timothy 1:15.

2. The brethren from different Associations convened in the Meeting-house, while preaching was continued to a numerous audience in the State House.

3. Brother George Outlaw was chosen Moderator and Brother Wm. Dossey Clerk.

Associations.

Messengers.

(1) *Chowan*.—MARTIN ROSS, AARON SPIVY, WILLIAM DOSSEY, *George Outlaw*.

(2) *Country Line*.—GEORGE ROBERTS, JOHN LANDERS, WILLIAM BROWN.*

(3) *Flat River*.—WILLIAM W. FARTHING, *James Ferrell*.

(4) *Kchukce*.—WILLIAM LANCASTER, MOSES BENNETT, PHILEMON BENNETT, JOSHUA LAWRENCE.*

(5) *Raleigh*.—ROBERT T. DANIEL, JOHN GULLEY, JOHN PUREFOY, BARTHOLOMEW FULLER.

(6) *Sandy Creek*.—JOHN CULPEPPER, WM. BRANTLEY, GEORGE POPE,* JAMES BOSTWICK.*

EXPLANATION.—Ordained Ministers have their names in small capitals; licentiated in italics; and * denotes absence.

4. A corresponding letter from the Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence in Virginia was received by Brother William Creach, one of her messengers.

5. Baptist ministers present who were not delegated by their respective Associations were invited to sit with us; whereupon, Brethren Jesse Read, Richard Poindexter, Zadok Bell, James Robertson, Benjamin Davis, William Brame, Josiah Crudup, James Randalson, Bennett Barrow, William Belfour and Daniel Robins cordially united with us, seeking to promote Zion's good.

6. *Resolved*, That Wm. Lancaster, Martin Ross, Bennett, and the Clerk, be a committee to arrange the business of the General Meeting; that Brother Spivey receive the contributions; that Randalson and Crudup write to the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence and report to-morrow.

7. Brethren A. Spivey and Wm. Lancaster, P. Bennett and James Randalson are appointed to preach on Saturday; Wm. Creach, M. Ross and Wm. Dossey on the Lord's Day.

8. Adjourned by prayer until to-morrow at half-past eight o'clock.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Met according to adjournment, and united in a solemn prayer to the Lord for his blessing and direction.

1. The business of this meeting having been arranged by the committee appointed for that purpose, was received and agreed to be acted upon in the order recommended.

2. The committee appointed to write to the General Meeting of Virginia reported a satisfactory letter, and Brethren Wm. Dossey, James Randalson, Josiah Crudup and George Outlaw were appointed messengers to that meeting.

3. The committee appointed to receive the contributions made the following report:

	£.	s.
Received of the Chowan Association.....	2	10
Sandy Creek Association.....	2	10
Cape Fear Association.....	1	10
Country Line Association.....	0	10
Raleigh Association	1	00
Kehukee Association	1	10
Brother William Belfour.....	1	00
Brother William W. Farthing.....	1	00
	—	—
Total	11	10

The report satisfactory, and the money deposited with the Clerk.

4. *Resolved*, That this meeting sanction the proclamation of the President of the United States in appointing the third Thursday in August, next, to be observed as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, for purposes therein named; and do, therefore, respectfully recommend it to all the Baptist Associations and churches in this State, to observe it accordingly.

5. Received of Brother Read six copies of the Baptist General Meeting of Virginia, and Brother . . . eight copies of the Dover Association minutes, for both which we record our thanks.

6. Agreed that since it is the request of the church at the Falls of the Tar River our next General Meeting to be held there, to begin on Saturday before the fourth Lord's Day, July, next; that Brother Aaron Spivy, at eleven o'clock, deliver an introductory sermon, and, in case of failure, Brother Richard Poindexter.

7. Ordered that an address to the different Associations of this State be written by the Clerk, subject to the inspection of Brethren A. Spivy, R. Poindexter and the Moderator; to appear in these minutes.

8. The Clerk is instructed to have 310 copies of these minutes printed and distributed among the Associations in North Carolina, at discretion.

9. Brother Wm. Lancaster, who was among those appointed to preach on Sunday, being much indisposed, his appointment was filled up by Brother Moses Bennett, the next choice.

Having looked up to the God of our mercies for his blessing to attend our weak exertions, the General Meeting adjourned to the time and place before recorded.

ADDRESS.

The North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, to all the Baptist Associations and Churches in this State—Greeting:

BELoved BRETHREN:—The conversion of sinners to God is a matter of universal interest to all the friends of Immanuel; because, in proportion as the object is effected, is the extension of Christ's kingdom; the glory of God and the happiness of mankind is promoted. God has appointed the preaching of the gospel to accomplish this design: For, how shall we believe on him of whom we have not heard? And how shall we hear without a preacher? It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. Therefore, the preaching of the gospel is a business which we should all ardently seek to promote.

Ministers of the gospel are men of like passions with others, and, therefore, need something to awaken their zeal, animate their souls and encourage to the performance of their pleasing, painful labors. We have but few faithful men in the performance of this office in this State, and should consequently seek to render them as

active and useful as possible. Many of them have formed ties of the most endearing nature; ties which render it necessary for them to provide for their own household, or else deny the faith, and be worse than an infidel; ties, too, of a religious kind in their own vicinity from which they can not be easily unfettered; all of which must make it frequently difficult for them to travel abroad without some inducements. And what motives are more likely to avail than the request of an Association, the desire of meeting with many whom they tenderly love, of extending thus religious acquaintance, of receiving instruction and consolation from the lips of strange brethren, with the prospect of being rendered abundantly useful in proclaiming as they go The kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent and believe the gospel. The request of a church induces a minister to attend an Association, and doubtless the request of many churches, united in association, will induce them to attend the General Meeting of Correspondence. As such a meeting is designed to concentrate all the Associations into one general body, it would, at least once in twelve months, call ministers from all parts of the State into one place, and as they go and return they would lift up their voices and proclaim salvation to God and the Lamb; his love is extended to poor, wretched, miserable sinners. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

By this means perhaps hundreds of sermons would be preached to thousands of persons who would never have heard that particular preacher but for this journey to the General Meeting of Correspondence. And we are not strangers to the happy consequences generally attendant upon the gospel, delivered with affectionate

warmth from the lips of a stranger. It seldom happens that an interchange of pulpits is not profitable to the people. The meeting, moreover, concentrate talents qualified for general usefulness, calls together the whole neighborhood to hear, and frequently the shafts of truth, winged by an omnipotent arm and directed by an unerring eye, find access to the heart; cause some to abandon their former errors, and many others, in the bitterness of remorse for crimes committed, to exclaim: What must we do to be saved!

We speak this with that kind of confidence which is the result of certainty: For the Great Head of the Church was pleased to commence a work at the General Convention which it is believed has embraced hundreds, and drawn them from wickedness to the pleasing service of Him whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light. The prospects at the late General Meeting were equally flattering; and we have the pleasure to hope that the handful of corn cast upon the mountain will presently wave in a plentiful harvest of precious souls bound in a bundle of love and preserved for the kingdom of the Redeemer. While we mention this pleasing subject we do it with gratitude to God, whose gracious work it is to renew souls. But as it pleased him to commence this gracious work at the formation of the meeting, unto which we now invite you, we esteem it a convincing evidence of divine approbation to the establishment.

Order and uniformity are objects worthy to be sought by the friends of Zion's King. And what method, permit us to ask, is so likely to secure these ends as a central point to which all the children of the same great family—all the subjects of the same spiritual kingdom—may continually converge? It is true that the Baptists in every part of the world are the same people whether in India,

in the valleys of Piedmount, in Europe or America. But it is also true that some minor differences exist among this people which their interest, happiness and the honor of God require should be removed. We have not yet attained such a state of perfection as admits of no improvement. Let us, therefore, use the most probable means to promote harmony and union, that brotherly love may continue and abound among us. Can you conceive of a man more probable to insure our wishes in the promotion of the noble ends than such a one as the General Meeting of Correspondence? You have seen the necessity of corresponding with other neighboring Associations, then why not extend further? Let not your correspondence be confined to one or two sister Associations, but let it embrace the State, the United States, and if possible the universe. Let all the brethren of the same common parent meet as often as possible and combine their wisdom, their energy and zeal in opposing the common enemy and promoting the common good of Zion.

In bonds of Christian love, and with the hope of meeting you at the time and place appointed, we subscribe

Your brethren in Christ,

GEO. OUTLAW, *Moderator.*

WM. DOSSEY, *Clerk.*

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD AT THE BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, NEAR THE FALLS OF TAR RIVER, ON THE 24TH, 25TH AND 26TH OF JULY, 1813.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday the introductory sermon was preached according to appointment by Brother Aaron Spivy from Psalms 87:3.

2. Having looked up to our Heavenly Father by

prayer, and called in the certificates, we found the General meeting composed of representatives from the following Associations, viz:

- (1) *Chowan*.—MARTIN ROSS, AARON SPIVY, WILLIAM DOSSEY and GEORGE OUTLAW.
- (2) *Flat River*.—THOMAS GARDNER, BALAAM EZZELL,* THOMAS VASS* and BENJAMIN HESTER.*
- (3) *Kehukee*.—WILLIAM LANCASTER, JESSE READ, PHILEMON BENNETT and JOSHUA LAWRENCE.
- (4) *Neuse*.—WILLIAM P. BIDDLE, JOHN M'CABE,* COLEMAN,* WHITE.*
- (5) *Raleigh*.—ROBERT T. DANIEL, B. FULLER, NATHAN GULLY* and JOSIAH CRUDUP.
- (6) *Sandy Creek*.—JOHN GILBERT and ARCH'D M'NEIL.*

EXPLANATION.—Names of Elders are in small capitals; licentiate in Italics, and an * is a mark of absence.

3. Brother Outlaw was chosen Moderator.
4. A letter of correspondence was received from the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, and the messengers, William Creeth, Smith Sherwood and Joseph Saunders, invited to sit with us.
5. Brethren James Ranaldson and Benjamin Davis, being visitors, were invited to sit with us and all other brethren of the ministry of our order.
6. The delegates from the different Associations are of the opinion that the amendments of the constitution of this meeting have been sanctioned by a sufficient number of the Associations for them to be considered a part of the constitution; therefore, *Resolved*, That these amendments meet our hearty approbation, and that the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence is established upon constitutional grounds.
7. Three copies of minutes, viz: One from Philadel-

phia, one from the Boston, and one from the Delaware Baptist Associations were produced by Brother M. Ross as a present from Brother James Woodbury; also six copies of the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, and nine of the Dover Association, were presented by Brother Brame, for all of which we record our thanks.

8. A special committee, consisting of Brethren Aaron Spivy, William P. Biddle and Josiah Crudup, were appointed to select from the documents on the table such things as to them may seem worthy the attention of the General Meeting, and report on Monday next.

9. *Resolved*, That Brethren Crudup and Ranaldson be requested to write the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence; that Brethren Lancaster, Read, Ross and Dossey, and in case of failure, Spivy, be our messengers to the meeting; that Brother Biddle be requested to receive the contributions to this meeting and report on Monday.

10. On casting up the votes it is found that Brethren Creath, Ross and Daniel are appointed to preach tomorrow; services to commence at 10 o'clock.

11. By prayer the meeting adjourned until Monday morning, 10 o'clock. The Lord's Day was spent in the exercises of devotion. Much attention was afforded by a numerous audience, while the brethren appointed to the stage proclaimed the truths of the gospel. Brother Martin Ross introduced the exercise with a discourse founded on Matthew, 18th c. 15th and 16th v.; Brother Daniel followed on Eccle., 2d c., first clause of the 14th v., and Brother Creath concluded the preaching from James, 2d c., 5th v. With praise and prayer the congregation was dismissed.

MINUTES GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE 17

MONDAY, July 26.

12. Met pursuant to adjournment. The business of the day was introduced by divine worship.

13. The committee appointed to write the corresponding letter to Virginia General Meeting made a satisfactory report.

14. *Resolved*, That our next General Meeting commence the Friday before the 4th Lord's Day in July, next, at Union Meeting-House in Wake County, Col. Sutherland's. Brother Joshua Lawrence is appointed to preach the introductory sermon; and Brother Martin Ross in case of failure.

15. The committee appointed to receive contributions made the following report:

Received from the Sandy Creek Association.....	\$3.00
Raleigh	4.00
Kehukee	3.00
Chowan	5.00
Church at Cedar Creek.....	2.00
	<hr/>
	\$17.00

16. The above sum was deposited in the hands of Brother Josiah Crudup to defray the necessary expense of this meeting.

17. The committee appointed to examine the documents put into their hands made the following satisfactory report: That whereas, the Delaware and the Philadelphia Associations had warned their churches against William Thomas, John Williams and John W. Carey; and also that the Ketokton and the Baltimore Associations had warned their churches against Elijah Shay, all of whom profess to be preachers of our faith and order,

we do recommend to our General Meeting to warn its respective Associations against the above imposters. We also recommend to this meeting to take some respectful notice of the death of our worthy and much esteemed Elder Thames, of the Cape Fear Association, and also our worthy and much esteemed Wm. Brantley, of the Sandy Creek Association.

18. *Resolved*, That Brethren Wm. Lancaster, Robert T. Daniel and Josiah Crudup be appointed to annex to these minutes an address to the Associations and churches in this State, with the view of conciliating the minds of those who oppose this meeting.

19. The Clerk was directed to have 350 copies of these minutes printed and distributed.

20. *Resolved*, That this meeting recommend to its respective Associations and churches to set apart the first Thursday in November, next, for public fasting and prayer to Almighty God, to avert the calamities of war and to revive religion in our country.

21. We respectfully solicit our brethren who may represent their Associations to continue during the session of the meeting.

22. Adjourned by divine worship until the time appointed.

GEORGE OUTLAW, *Moderator*.

WILLIAM DOSSEY, *Clerk*.

CIRCULAR LETTER.

The North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, to all the Baptist Associations and Churches in the State—Greeting:

BELOVED BRETHREN:—As it has again become our duty, so we would make it a pleasure to address you as the proper source from which we have derived our existence as a General Meeting of Correspondence. We

have heretofore laid before you the designs, usefulness and beneficial consequences of such a meeting, and are therefore sorry to hear that there are objections to its continuance still cherished by those whom we tenderly love. As, however, this gives occasion for Christian forbearance, and allows us the further privilege of evincing our love, we joyfully embrace the present opportunity of removing them.

1. It has been objected "the friends of this meeting assumed in their minutes a title, unto which they had not a constitutional claim." That our minutes had been issued under the title of "The North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence," and to establish such a meeting required the concurrence of a majority of the associations in the State. Truths known to all who have seen our minutes, and read our constitution. But how do these facts establish the charge? By recourse to the minutes of the North Carolina General Meeting, held at the Falls of the Tar River in June, 1811, it will be seen that seven associations, by their delegates, did actually form a constitution for organizing a general meeting among the Baptists of North Carolina and proceeded to appoint a general meeting in the city of Raleigh. On the conversion of that meeting, it was clearly ascertained that out of the ten associations in North Carolina, six were duly represented, as the minutes of that meeting will testify. What title page must the minutes of that body have had, if that of the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence was improper? It is true, one or two of the above associations expressed some dislike to certain articles of the constitution, but as was then confidently believed by the friends of the General Meeting, those articles have been since altered, as the minutes testify, exactly in the words proposed by one of

the objecting associations. Then what could excite our astonishment more, that this identical association, after having been granted her full request, has withdrawn from the meeting? O, brethren, what will the enemies of the Baptists say of such inconsistencies? We mention it not to wound the feelings of any, but to encourage the precious sons of Zion to maintain such an uniformity of conduct as shall stop the mouths of gainsayers. But even supposing the meeting at Raleigh to have assumed an improper title, this can no longer be an objection, because it has been decided by the brethren present that the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence has been constitutionally organized.

2. It has been further objected "that the General Meeting, by making an effort to promote uniformity in the ordination of ministers and constitution of churches, will be the cause of much distress to the different Associations in the State, amongst which some smaller differences exist on these points." We readily acknowledge that uniformity in these important particulars was among the leading objects of the General Meeting; but on discovering that our brethren had misunderstood us, as to the degree of authority assumed by this meeting, and that they were at variance with us in sentiment in consequence of it, we have yielded to their superior judgment, being willing, instead of dictating to them, to sit at their feet and receive instruction. This will clearly appear by the alteration of the 9th article of the constitution.

3. To this meeting it is also objected, "that the design is to raise a fund for the education of young ministers of the gospel." Permit us, brethren, in all the plain simplicity of Christians, to ask whence this objection? It is not found among the proposed objects of this meeting.

Shall we be told that the Baptist General Meeting of Virginia has such object in prospect? Suppose she has; and suppose, further, that she had actually brought such a thing into existence, would that prove that the General Meeting of North Carolina would pursue the same course? Is it not known that the Charleston Baptist Association has such a fund? And are there not many other Baptists who have it not? If, then, other associations can exist without such a fund, the laudable establishment of Charleston notwithstanding, doubtless other General Meetings may exist without following in all respects the examples of that in Virginia. But suppose some future General Meeting should conceive such a design, and being patronized by the associations and churches, should create such a fund, where would be the harm? What evils would arise from such a decision? Shall we be told that the present aged servants of the Lord will be outshone by these brilliant stars? Does this objection proceed from the spirit that actuated Moses when he said, "Would to God all the Lord's peoples were prophets," or from the declaration of an apostle, who says, "The spirit within us lusteth to envy?" If from the former, how does it appear? But if from the latter, how inconsistent with the declaration and desire of the first Baptist! "He must increase, but I must decrease." Would it not be much more honorable for those objectors, could they possess the happy temper of mind of an aged minister in Virginia, who has frequently been heard to say, "Would to God every Baptist preacher in the world had more grace, better talents, and was more useful than myself." But, alas, this degree of humility is not the portion of all while in this imperfect state; but it is the duty of all to seek after it. However, for the consolation of such as have the above objection, we

have the satisfaction to say such an establishment will never injure them; for should such a thing ever be brought into existence, ere it should produce the consequence which they at present dread, they will be delivered from their present imperfections, and if they are permitted to revisit the abode of mortals, will, with holy rapture, behold the flourishing state of Zion, rejoicing that the Lord promotes his cause by abler instruments than they were while engaged in it here below.

4. It has been further said, "That such a meeting would be an additional expense to the churches, and therefore ought not to be encouraged." We are extremely sorry that in duty we are obliged to say anything upon this very unpleasant subject, because all that is said upon it must necessarily expose those whom we tenderly love. But it is among the objections, and we are required to remove it. This is our apology. It is acknowledged that every deliberative body, whether civil or religious, must necessarily incur some expense. But what is this ponderous sum required to support the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence? At the last meeting was collected twenty-three dollars, which is found to be amply sufficient for all necessary purposes; nay, more, for of this sum a considerable portion still remains in hand. In this State are ten associations; at a very moderate calculation on these will average 23 churches each, which is equal to 230 churches. Supposing that each church contained only ten persons able to contribute to the general fund, which must be acknowledged to be very moderate—this makes the number of individuals 2,300. Now, the above twenty-three dollars, being divided equally among these, makes the astonishing sum of ten cents each church or one cent to each individual, to be contributed to the support of the General Meeting of Correspondence. Is not this a war-

derful sum about which to object to an institution calculated for general usefulness? O! tell it not in Gath! Would to God you had not compelled us to publish it to the world! Like the decent sons of an aged patriarch, we would fain have concealed this nakedness of our brethren under the mantle of charity. But, alas, this objection must be removed—we have put our hand to the plow and must not look back. We ask the world to let imperious necessity plead our excuse; and we ask our brethren never again to mention it, even in the closet, lest the whispering breeze of detection should waft it across the State, and the thundering voice of justice require it to be proclaimed on the housetops.

5. It is further said "that such a meeting will eventually lead to lording over the God's heritage, which of all things is to be most dreaded. "But suffer us to ask not merely how this is likely, but how it is possible? It is vain to bring into view the Roman councils, which led to the coronation of Popes. These councils assumed the prerogative of legislation, an authority never pretended by any assembly of Baptists. We again ask, how is it possible? This meeting owes its existence to the churches and Associations, and they, in turn, to the churches. Should anything of this kind be attempted, would it not be crushed in its birth? Four delegates from an association is not generally more than one-sixth of that body, and in many cases not more than one-tenth. Then should this handful of delegates, by an abuse of their authority, form a design to lord it over the rest; doubtless the five-sixth or nine-tenths remaining of the associations, from whom they derive their existence, would prevent it. This would be just as easy as to refuse to send delegates; for if such a refusal at any time prevents the existence of such a meeting, then, doubtless, the withdrawal would abrogate it. But until such a

thing is attempted, to make the bare supposition an objection to the meeting is about as consistent as for a man to be frightened at his own shadow.

6. Finally, to the existence of such a meeting, it is objected, "That upon the same principle we might extend our correspondence to all Baptists, not only in America, but throughout the world." To us it appears inconceivably strange that this should ever be brought forward as an objection. The Baptists are known to receive into communion only such as give comfortable evidence of having been changed by grace and thereby prepared for glory. It is a matter of joyful anticipation that these, with many others, who have never in a gospel manner professed the religion of Jesus upon earth, will meet together there. Then how a general acquaintance upon earth can be pernicious or otherwise than desirable, is to us perfectly unscrutable. Instead of this being an objection, we shall avail ourselves of its friendly aid to recommend our meetings, and tender you our thanks, brethren, for so valuable an argument. Were it as easy to meet our brethren from the different quarters of the earth as it is those in North Carolina who is there, even among the opposers of the meeting in question, that would not make one of such a combination of churches—of such an Association—of such a general meeting of Baptists! The writer of this feels that he would joyfully embrace such an opportunity to commence upon earth an acquaintance on earth which it is hoped will be perfected in heaven! He feels that all would anxiously mingle in the general concourse. For this, brethren of the General Meeting, he feels no hesitation to answer. And when the union of the Christians in glory is a subject so frequently disclosed by ministers, to excite joyful sensations in their pious audiences, he must believe that all would rush to such a general assembly, that they

might swell the praises of Jesus. Then, since this is denied us, why not approach such enjoyment as nearly as we can? Why not extend our correspondence throughout the narrow limits of North Carolina, when it can so easily be done? Have you not sometimes told delinquent Christians that there is enjoyment in the holy ordinance of baptism, which they could never possess but by yielding to this command of Jesus? Then, suffer us to say, there is instruction, pleasure and joy derived from these General Meetings which can never be possessed by such as refuse to attend them.

Beloved brethren, we have examined all the objections to the General Meeting of Correspondence which have come to our knowledge, and it now remains for you to say how far we have been enabled through grace to remove them. On a fair review of them we can confidently say that the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence appears for us to have for its support, Scripture, reason, and piety; that it is qualified for much usefulness to the churches, and may under God be of inexpressible advantage to thousands of sinners. We invite you to meet with us, not to put the (ont) into operation—this we conceive is already done—but to aid us in doing good, and to partake of our enjoyments. We are encouraged to believe that what has been said will approve itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, as having issued from the bosom of love, and will not fail of ensuring your esteem, even should you fail to unite with us in the General Meeting.

Wishing you grace to understand and do the will of your Heavenly Father, we subscribe, Christian brethren, your servants in the gospel.

GEO. OUTLAW, *Moderator.*

WM. DOSSEY, *Clerk.*

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL
MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD AT UNION MEET-
ING-HOUSE, WAKE COUNTY, THE 21ST, 22D AND 23D
DAYS OF JULY, 1814.

Newbern:
Printed by Salmon Hall.

FRIDAY, July 21st, 1814.

1. The Elder (Lawrence or Dossey), appointed to preach the introductory sermon, being absent, a discourse was delivered by Brother Biddle, from Acts, vii chap. 37th verse.

2. The associations represented themselves by their delegates as follows, viz:

(1) *Chowan*: Aaron Spivy, Richard Poindexter, Geo. Outlaw, Miles Rayner.

(2) *Kehukee*: Philemon Bennett, Joshua Lawrence, Jesse Read, Amariah Biggs.*

(3) *Raleigh*: R. T. Daniel, John Purefoy, Bart. Fuller, Josiah Crudup.

(4) *Broad River*: Ambrose Carlton, Drewry Dobbins

NOTE.—Those to whose names an * is affixed were not present.

3. Brother Outlaw was chosen Moderator.

4. Brethren in the ministry were invited to sit with us, whereupon Brethren Lancaster, Roberts, Davis, Woodberry, Joyner, Biddle, Cook, Battle and Weather came forward and seated themselves.

5. The standing clerk being absent, Brother Biddle was chosen to supply his place for the present.

6. Brethren Carlton, Spiva, Read, Fuller, and the Moderator were made a committee to arrange the business for the present meeting and report to-morrow.

7. Brethren Rayner and Bennett were appointed to receive the contributions and report to-morrow.

8. The proceedings of the Baptist Convention for mis-

tionary purposes, held in Philadelphia in May, 1814, were handed in by Brother Woodberry; to whom we tender our thanks.

9. Two hundred copies of our last year's minutes were handed us by Brethren Lancaster and Crudup, which were distributed among the Associations of the State.

Adjourned to 10 o'clock to-morrow. Prayer by Brother Roberts.

SATURDAY, July 22nd.

After convening, prayer was made by Brother Cook.

10. The committee of arrangements reported several things thought necessary to be attended to, and which were duly considered and that discharged.

11. A letter of correspondence from the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence was presented by their messenger, Elder Dabbs, which was received and read with pleasure, and he invited to sit with us. A reciprocal letter was directed to be written by Brother Woodberry, and Brethren Read, Bennett, Daniel and Spiva chosen as our messengers to be the bearers thereof to the Virginia Meeting of Correspondence.

12. Elder Dossey, having removed to another State, now appeared and offered his resignation of the clerkship to this meeting, which was accepted, and he discharged from further duties with the thanks of the meeting for his past services.

13. On it being resolved to choose another clerk Brother Biddle was selected to fill the office.

14. From the church at Cape Fear a Letter was presented by Brother McAllister, the messenger, with a contribution, which were gratefully accepted and he requested to sit with us.

15. The Flat River sent Elder Weathers to this meeting as a visitant (and a letter was prepared but did not

come to hand to show their friendship to it, altho' they could not see eye to eye with us so as to become a member of this meeting at present.

16. The committee to receive contributions reported follows, viz:

Received of Brother Crudup, balance of the last year's contribution	\$5.
Amount of contributions this year.....	19.
Amount this day in the fund.....	_____
	\$24.

The clerk was directed to treasure the fund. It is worthy of remark that a brother present wished to contribute to defray the expenses of the meeting, but it was found unnecessary, as the fund was amply sufficient.

17. Resolved, That the Clerk have published as impostors, both in these minutes and several papers in this State, Andrew Harpening, Samuel T. Counsell and Laughlin W. W. Love, who have passed for Baptist Preachers. We hereby caution all of the Society and also the Public against the above named persons, if they appear to be (whatever be their professions) wolves in sheep's clothing; therefore neither bid them God speed nor give them the least countenance, but point at them as objects of contempt and reject them as heretics.

18. The Virginia Meeting of Correspondence, having made a request of this meeting to obtain all the circular letters of all our past associations to assist in the compilation of a history; we desire that the associations of this State should forward to Brother Woodberry in Raleigh (by private conveyance) a file of their minutes ever since their constitution to the present, which are to be con-

veyed by our messengers to the next Virginia Meeting of Correspondence.

19. It is ordered that the constitution of this meeting as amended be printed with these minutes.

20. The Elders chosen to preach on to-morrow were Brethren Dossey, Dabbs and Roberts.

21. The clerk is requested to prepare these minutes for the press and have 350 copies printed and distributed among the associations of the State.

22. Our next meeting is to commence on the Saturday preceding the 4th Lord's Day in July, 1815, at Campbell's Meeting-house in Orange County (ten miles above Hillsborough). Brother P. Bennett is appointed to preach the introductory sermon, and in case he should fail, Brother Spiva is nominated.

Adjourned to meet at time and place appointed.

The Ministers appointed to fill the Stage met a large and attentive congregation and proceeded in the following order: Brother Dossey opened worship and preached from Mark, X chap. and 49th and 50th verses. Brother Roberts followed him from Matthew II chap. and 9th and 10th verses. Brother Dabbs closed the preaching of the day from Isaiah, XLV chap. and 13th verse. It seemed the Lord was with His servants this day, for they were unto the congregation Sons of Thunder and of Consolation. The Word preached like the cloud of the wilderness presented a terrible aspect to the wicked, but light and animation to the righteous. We fondly hope these effects will be great and lasting, and that the fruit will be unto holiness and the end everlasting life, Amen.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL
MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD AT TANNING
MEETING HOUSE, WARREN COUNTY, THE 3RD, 4TH, AND
5TH DAYS OF AUGUST, 1816.

Raleigh:

Printed at the Star office, by T. Henderson, Jun.
1816.

SATURDAY, August 3rd, 1816

1. The Elders appointed to preach the introductory sermon being absent, a discourse was delivered by Elder John Culpepper, from Heb. iv. 16, "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

2. The Associations represented themselves by the following delegates, viz:

Chowan Association.—Martin Ross,* Aaron Spivey, George Outlaw, Thomas Brownrigg.

Kehukee Association.—William Lancaster, Philomena Bennett, Jesse Read, Moses Bennett.

Broad River Association.—.....

Sandy Creek Association.—Robert T. Daniel,* Robert Ward.*

Peedee Association.—John Culpepper, Bennett Spivey.

Country Line Association.—George Roberts, Daniel Lawson, John Landers,* John Cambell.

3. After prayer Elder George Roberts was chosen Moderator; Moses Bennett, clerk, and John Culpepper, assistant.

4. The Peedee Association petitioned by letter of delegates for admission into this meeting and were received.

5. The Country Line Association in like manner requested admission into this body, and was received.

6. A letter was handed in by Elder Thomas Vass, from the Flat River Association, informing us that she had requested the Churches composing that association to signify in their letters to the next, whether or not they would agree to adopt the Constitution of this Meeting, and unite with the same; recommending Elders Vass, Gardner and Battle as helps to sit with us; the elders were cordially invited to seats with us. We hope the difficulties, which have existed as a hindrance to this Association joining with us, will be removed, and she become a member of this meeting.

7. Elders Creath, Dabbs, Courtney, and Johns, Messengers from the Virginia General Meeting of Correspondence, presented this meeting with copies of their Minutes, which were thankfully received, and the messengers invited to take seats with us.

8. A letter addressed to the moderator of this meeting, accompanied with 12 copies of the reports of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, were handed in by Elder Rice, which were thankfully received, and the Elder invited to a seat.

9. On motion, the ministering brethren present were invited to seats with us, whereupon Elders Chambles, Pickett, Weathers and Crocker seated themselves accordingly.

10. On motion, the following committees were appointed, viz: Elders Rice, Read and Brother Brownrigg, together with the moderator and clerk, to arrange the business for Monday; also to examine and revise the circular letter (if need be) and report on Monday morning. Elders P. Bennett and E. Battle a committee on Finance.

11. Elders Rice, Creach and Dabbs appointed to preach on the morrow, and that divine worship begin at 10 o'clock a. m. Elder Rice requested to deliver an ad-

dress appropriate to Foreign Missions; and Elder Garner requested to select proper persons to collect the voluntary charity of the assembly, to encourage the spread of the Gospel among the Heathen.

12. Adjourned to Monday morning 9 o'clock a. prayer by Elder Creath.

SUNDAY, August 4th.

The Elders appointed to the stage met a crowded assembly. Elder Creath introduced public worship, and preached from Rev. xxii, 17, "And the spirit and the bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Elder Rice followed from Luke ii, 14, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Elder Dabbs closed from Heb. ii, 3, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" From the earnestness of the Preachers, and attention of the people, we hope the divine blessing will follow.

MONDAY MORNING, Aug. 5th.

Met from adjournment; prayer by Elder Creath.

13. The committee of arrangements reported; the report received and the committee discharged.

The meeting took up said report and acted on each article in order.

1. The amendments proposed to the Constitution at this meeting to be considered—Finding that a majority of the Associations concur—It is agreed that the second article read "letter or minutes." And that the 11th article be expunged from the Constitution.

2. Letters and other communications to this meeting to be attended to.

A friendly letter from the church at Tabb's Creek Granville County, was handed in by brother Hester with

\$0.60 cts, as a bounty to the fund of this meeting, which was thankfully received, and the brother invited to a seat.

A letter handed in by brother Gardner, from Elder Biddle, our clerk, stating his reason for not attending this meeting; and informing us the price of printing the minutes of the last General meeting, which was \$15. The meeting satisfied with the reasons and the report.

Elder Gardner handed in 13 copies of the minutes of the Flat River Association; Elder Roberts 4 from the Country Line; and brother Brownrigg 10 from the Chocawan Association, which were all thankfully received.

Elder Rice stated that extensive and very revivals of religion had been lately realized in Wilmington, Delaware—in several of the churches in Philadelphia—in Providence and Pawtucket, R. I.—in Boston and other places in Massachusetts—a number of churches in Maine, New-Hampshire and Vermont—in Troy and other places in New York—and in some parts of Kentucky; also in several counties of Virginia.

Elder Gardner reported that he has received in contributions at this Meeting, for Missionary purposes, \$126.56—12 cts., and that \$5 of the same were contributed by the Black People.

Elder Gardner is requested to deposit the above sum in the hands of Elder Luther Rice.

3. Appoint messengers to attend the next General Meeting of Correspondence in Virginia. Elders Roberts, Ross, Spivey, Read, Lancaster and brother Brownrigg appointed to attend said Meeting, to be held in the city of Richmond the 1st Saturday in June next, and that they bear 5 copies of our minutes to that meeting; and Elder Read is appointed to write a Letter of Correspondence.

ence to said Meeting and affix the signatures of Moderator and Clerk thereto.

4. The Circular Letter to be called for and read. This was done and the Letter received.

5. A person to be appointed to prepare a Circular Letter for our next General Meeting. Elder Aaron Spivey is requested to do this; and he is at liberty to write on any religious subject he may choose.

6. The Committee on Finance to report. They reported that they have received in contributions to the fund of this Meeting \$23.85 cts.

7. Appoint a corresponding secretary to this Meeting. Unanimously agreed that brother Thos. Brownrigg be our standing Corresponding Secretary.

8. Appoint some person to superintend the printing of these minutes. Elder Read is requested to transcribe these Minutes, prepare them for the press, superintend the printing, and have 500 copies printed; with constitution as amended printed, and distribute them as usual and it is ordered that the contributions to the fund of this Meeting be deposited in the hands of said Elder Read.

9. The place to be appointed for our next General Meeting.

Agreed that our next General Meeting of Correspondence be held at Grassy Creek Meeting House, Granville County, on Saturday before the 1st Sunday in August 1817. Elder Creath is requested to preach the introductory Sermon, and in case of failure, Elder Philemon Bennett is requested. Divine worship to begin at 11 o'clock a. m.

Adjourned to time and place appointed. Prayer by Elder Johns.

GEORGE ROBERTS, Moderator.

MOSES BENNETT, Clerk.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST SOCIETY
FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

[The minutes of this Society represent considerable activity in the State. Unlike the General Meeting of Correspondence which was in existence at the same time, it was not composed of delegates representing associations and churches. This body was simply a missionary society composed of Baptists. Contributions were received from any one interested. The minutes of 1818 show contributions from a large number of young men attending the University of North Carolina, who were not Baptists. Among these was a future President of the United States, James K. Polk, who contributed \$5.00; and William Hooper, not yet a Baptist. This large collection from University students was due to the enthusiasm and popularity of Abner W. Clapton, who was an officer in this body, a graduate of the University and a tutor, and Benjamin Fiveash, a student who was also an officer.

This Society seems to have been more influential and popular in the Piedmont section of the State. So far as it has been possible to obtain information, only one session was ever held in the East. The body met at Tabb's Creek Meeting-House, Granville County, in 1816; Campbell's Orange County, 1817; Cross Roads, Wake County, 1818; Shell Banks, Edgecombe County, 1819; Patterson's, Orange County, 1820; Cross Roads, Wake County, 1821.

Many of the leaders in the General Meeting were not members of this Society. Martin Ross' name is absent; Luther Rice, the missionary agent, used both bodies.

The minutes reprinted here were found among the diaries of Elias Dodson.

E. W. S.]

PART OF THE MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST SOCIETY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, 1817, AT CAMPBELL MEETING HOUSE, ORANGE COUNTY.

7. The following report, being made by Elder Pur in behalf of the Treasurer, was received:

North Carolina Baptist Mission Society for Foreign Missions, in account with Davis Battle, Treasurer.

By cash received from the Executor of former Treasurer	\$224
By cash received at Tabb's M. House.....	400
By cash returned from J. A. Renaldson.....	
	<hr/>
	\$629
To cash paid James A. Renaldson, per order...	\$150
To cash sent to the General Convention at Philadelphia, per order	500
Balance on hand	114
	<hr/>
	\$629

DAVIS BATTLE, Treasurer

The above account has been examined and approved by
JOHN PUREFY, Auditor

S. Elder Luther Rice, Agent for Baptist Board of Foreign Missions in the United States, being present, before the Society intelligence of a most pleasing intelligent nature in regard to the arrangements progress of Missionary Institutions.

9. *Resolved.* That Brethren Read, Brooks, M'Alister Purefoy and Battle be appointed a committee to examine the records and make arrangements for Monday next

10. *Resolved.* That Elders Rice, Daniel and Brewster preach to-morrow, it being the Lord's Day; and that

Collection be made immediately after Elder Rice's Sermon.

After Prayer by Elder Rice, the Society adjourned till Monday morning 9 o'clock.

MONDAY, 17th.

The Board convened according to appointment; and, prayer having been made by Elder Daniel, proceeded to business.

1st. The committee appointed to examine the records made Report thereon, which was received.

2. *Resolved*, That the proposed alteration in the third Article of the Constitution, and the amendments to the Fifth Article, be and they are hereby adopted.

3. *Resolved*, That it be proposed for the consideration of the Society that the first article of the Constitution instead of "Foreign read Foreign and Domestic Missions"; and that there be added to the second Article the clause, "and in destitute neighborhoods and frontier settlements in our country."

4. Ordered, that the amount of collections be ascertained, and that each collector make his return, on a scrip containing the names of the members and donors, and their several sums annexed, and that the letters be inserted after the name of each member, for the sake of distinction.

1. C. M'Allister the following collections were made:

Col. Joseph Thomas, s.....	\$5.00
William Moody, s.....	2.00
Elder David Thomas, s.....	1.00
The Female Baptist Missionary Society, near Fayetteville, s.....	47.60
The Cape Fear Baptist Association....	60.70
Ch. M'Allister, s.....	5.00
	<hr/> \$121.30

2. Elder Read's Collection:

William P. Biddle (for 1815-16), s.	\$4.00
The American George Lodge of Free Masons, in Murfreesborough	10.00
The church at Rocky Swamp, s.	2.00
Robert Jelks (for 1816-17), s.	4.00
Capt. R. Bailey, d.	1.00
Jesse Read, s.	2.00

\$237

3. By Elder Purefy:

Moses Neal, s.	\$2.00
At Abernathy	1.00
James Bagby65
Bolling Dunn	1.00
John Fort	1.00
Jane Batt10
Edward Dor, c.25
At Woodbury's	2.05
John Purefy, s.	2.00

\$10

4. By Elder Landers:

Reddick Deshough, s.	\$2.00
David Patterson, s.	2.00
John Landers, s.	2.00
John Creswell, s.	2.00
James Ward	1.00

5. By Elder E. Battle:

At the Falls of the Tar River.	\$4.10
Flat River Association	16.05
Will. Jones	1.30
Maj. T. Taylor	2.00
William Royster	2.00
B. Hester, s.	2.00

. Philpott	\$1.00
Elder T. Vass, s.....	2.00
B. Howard, s.....	2.00
William J. Martin.....	2.00
Luilford Tally	2.00
Melissa Battle	3.09

 \$59.54

6. By Elder George Roberts:

David Lawson, s.....	\$2.00
23 Young Lovelace, s.....	2.00
Rhodan Lovelace, s.....	1.00
Matthew Daniel, s.....	2.00
Carter Stubblefield, s.....	1.00
Richard Going, s.....	1.00
Rachel Christie75
William Atkinson50
From brethren of color.....	.50
From other individuals	3.90
George Roberts	2.00

 \$16.65

7. By John Campbell:

Nathan Williams, s.....	\$2.00
John Campbell, s	2.00
Thomas Turner, s.....	2.00
William Brown, s.....	2.00
James Jay, s.....	2.00
John Russell, s.....	2.00
George Huston, s.....	2.00
John M'Neil, s.....	2.00
William G. Long, s.....	2.00
Thomas Phelps, s.....	2.00
William Yarborough, s.....	2.00
William Miller, s.....	2.00
Lewis Tapp, s.....	2.00

William Hagewood, s.....	\$2.00	
William Campbell, s.....	2.00	
Alfred Compton, s.....	2.00	
John Roberts, s.....	2.00	
Joseph Bird, s.....	2.00	
Elder Barzilai Graves, s.....	2.00	
From individuals at Graves' M. H.....	1.60	
Hycó Female Society at Arbour M. H..	32.67½	
From other individuals.....	5.00	
Collection at County Line.....	6.00	
James Ward.....	1.00	
Collection on the Sabbath.....	16.07½	
Elder Robert T. Daniel, s.....	2.00	
Davis Battle, s.....	2.00	
Iveson L. Brooks, s.....	2.00	
		\$63
Total.....		\$345

5. The letters directed to be prepared for the Female Societies having been read and approved, it was ordered that Brother M'Alister be the bearer of the one to the Missionary Society near Fayetteville, and that Brother Campbell convey the other to the Hycó Female Church Society.

6. *Resolved*, That Elder George Roberts and Alexander W. Clopton be and are hereby delegates to the General Convention to be held in Philadelphia on the first Wednesday in May next.

7. *Resolved*, That in case the delegates fail to attend, Elder Luther Rice be appointed proxy to act for the Society; and that the sum of three hundred dollars be put into his hands to be by him deposited in the General Missionary Fund.

8. *Resolved*, That the sum of one hundred dollars be appropriated to defray the expenses of the delegates.
9. Ordered, That the delegates prepare a letter for the General Convention; and they sign the name of the President and the Recording Secretary to the same.
10. *Resolved*, That Elder Daniel prepare a circular for the next annual meeting of this Society.
11. *Resolved*, That the Corresponding and the Recording Secretaries be appointed to superintend the printing and distribution of 500 copies of the Minutes of this meeting; and that an abridgement of Buchanan's Visit to Juggernaut be annexed to the Minutes as a circular.
12. Ordered, That the sum of twenty dollars be put into the hand of the secretaries to defray the expenses of printing the minutes.
13. Ordered, That Elder Jesse Read be and he is hereby appointed and directed to inquire into the cause why the money was not forwarded to the General Fund, according to the order of the Board in 1815; and that he use his best efforts to have the order executed, and report thereon to our next meeting.
14. Ordered, That Elder E. Battle obtain, if practicable, the books presented to this Society by Dr. Battle, and dispose of them to best advantage, and make a report thereon at our next meeting.
15. Ordered, That delegates of this Society make communication to the General Convention in regard to propriety of sending missionaries to the savage tribes of our own country.
16. Ordered, That Elders Daniel, Roberts, Purefoy and Battle be appointed to give Elder Rice instructions, in case he should have to act as proxy for the Society, in the General Convention.

17. *Resolved*, That the thanks of this Society be tendered to the people of this community for their hospitality; and to the congregation for their voluntary contribution on the Sabbath.

18. *Resolved*, That the next annual meeting of the Board be held at the Cross Roads Meeting House in Wake County, on Saturday before the third Lord's Day in March next.

19. Ordered, That Elder William Brown, and in consequence of his failure, Elder George Roberts, preach the Introductory Sermon at 11 o'clock on the above named.

20. *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Society that it would be well for all the churches of the Baptist Denomination to set apart the first Monday evening every month for uniting in prayer with other Christians of other denominations, for the propagation of Gospel light to the "uttermost parts of the earth."

After prayer by Elder Purefoy, the Society adjourned till meeting in course.

JESSE READ, *President*.

IVESON L. BROOKS, *Rec. Secy*.

CIRCULAR LETTER, 1817.

BELOVED BRETHREN:—Permit us again, at the close of our annual meeting to renew our Communications on the important subject for which our society was originally instituted. It will be seen by the minutes preceding this address that, in the course of the last year we have collected upwards of Three Hundred and Forty Dollars for Missionary objects. In regard to the amount of collections our anticipations have not been realized. This failure, however, is, perhaps, due more to a spirit of opposition in enemies, than a want of exertion in those who wish well to the Missionary cause.

The decided hostility of some of our beloved brethren to the use of proper means for the propagation of the Gospel among the dark and benighted nations of the earth, begins, as we hope and believe, to that love of God and man, without which none can claim the liberty of being the real disciples of Jesus. This love, Brethren, in the exertion of its influence, is not circumscribed by the narrow limits which the circumstances of the individuals, societies, sects or nations may have imposed; but rising superior to these barriers, it embraces as object of compassion, Man, wherever Man exists. The real Christian knows and, that He, who said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind," said also, "And thy neighbor as thyself." And while a priest on one side and Levite on the other, pass by the hungry, the thirsty, the sick and the imprisoned, without feeling the obligations or exercising the duties of a neighbor, acknowledging man as his brother and neighbor wherever he be, extends to him the hand of relief, and pours into his soul the soothing balm of consolation. Under the sacred, the operative influence of this love, who can look with cold indifference, a lifeless insensibility, on the present Idolatrous Nations of the Eastern world? Who can read of their Gods of wood and stone—their altars stained with the blood of human victims?—their savage sacrifices and brutal manners, without horror, mingled with sighs and prayers for their deliverance? Since these are the miserable sons of Adam, for whose benefit our efforts are now making, and since we wish, cordially wish, all who read may understand, we insert a passage from the researches of the pious and learned Dr. Buchanan, whose eyes beheld and whose ears heard what he relates. Of his visit to the Temple of Juggernaut, the chief idol of the Hindoos, he thus writes:

"I have just returned from witnessing a scene I never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being great day of the Feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan, (named Juggernaut) was brought out of his Temple, amid the acclamation of hundreds of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude such as I had never heard before. It continued audible for a few moments, then gradually faded away.

After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance. All eyes were turned towards the place, and behold a Grove advancing. A body of men, having green branches or palms in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon and worshipped.

The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous tower about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground as they moved slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of idols surrounding his throne. The idol is a block of wood having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth, a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in the most gorgeous apparel."

It would occupy too large a space for a letter to describe what our author has said in relation to the worship of this horrid monster of iniquity. His worshippers are hundreds of thousands. Of these, many not being content with paying him divine homage, offer up their lives as a voluntary victim of a sanguinary rapacity. Human depravity seems to have reached its utmost pitch.

Here no species of misery is absent—and sin, wretchedness and superstition seem to triumph completely over fallen man. Brethren, is there no possible remedy for these worst of evils? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? We humbly hope there is a time, and that not far distant, when these slaves of ignorance, superstition and misery will be delivered from their thralldom. The Everlasting Father hath promised to His Son the Heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possessions.

Let the standard of the Cross be erected on the plains of Hindoostan and the Temple of Juggernaut will sink before it like Dagon before the Ark. Brethren, the signs of the times invite to vigorous action. The soldiers of the Cross should not sleep, when their Captain seems ready to lead them forth to victory and to conquest.

When our Saviour came upon earth, while a babe in the manger, his life was sought by the seed of the serpent. He met every species of opposition—He sustained the rage of wicked men and devils—He drank the bitter cup of His Father's wrath—He bled—He died. His immediate followers shared a fate not much less cruel. Their prowess, in their God-like labours, was marked by an opposition not less vigorous—not less obstinate. The Heathen raged and the people imagined vain things. But how changed is the scene at present. The rage of opposition has fallen before the sword of the Spirit; the darkness of Error, Prejudice and Superstition is made to flee speedily before the irradiating beams of the Son of Righteousness. Kings are now become the nursing fathers and Queens the nursing mothers of the Church. A high road is now opened for the herolds of the Cross to proclaim to all nations, kindreds and tongues the unsearchable riches of Christ.

We therefore invite and entreat all who love the
 in sincerity and truth; all who believe that He has
 His Son the heathen for an inheritance and the
 most parts of the earth for a possession; all who be-
 that His people shall be a willing people in the day
 His power; all who hail these signs of the times as
 dawn of Millennial Glory; all the friends of peace
 order, of good government, to a cordial participation
 our efforts for the extension and establishment of
 Redeemer's Kingdom.

IVESON L. BROOKS, R. Secy.

ABNER W. CLOPTON, C. Secy.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST SOCIETY
 FOREIGN MISSIONS, CONVENEED AT THE CROSS
 MEETING HOUSE, WAKE COUNTY, MARCH 14, 1818

Raleigh:

Printed by J. Gales, 1818.

SATURDAY, March 14

The introductory sermon was delivered by
 George Roberts, from Luke ix. 11, "And the people,
 they knew it, followed him."

2. Visiting brethren in the ministry were invited
 take a seat.

3. Brother Benjamin Fiveash was requested to
 the stage, to which he assented.

4. Elder Jesse Read declined being any longer com-
 ered a member of the Board, on account of old age,
 continues his name as a member of the Society.

5. On the motion of the President the Board
 ceeded to elect a President and Vice-President, where-
 Elder George Roberts was chosen President and
 Robert T. Daniel Vice-President.

6. Appointed the following brethren as officers of the board: D. Battle, Treasurer; J. Purefy and A. W. Clopton, Corresponding Secretaries; B. Fiveash, Recording Secretary.
7. The following brethren were appointed Trustees: la. Crudup, E. Battle, J. Landers, Wm. Brown, Charles McAllister, E. Battle, and J. Campbell.
8. Brother McAllister presented a letter from the Female Baptist Society near Fayetteville, covering the sum of \$38.38, accompanied with a number of their first annual report, which were thankfully received. A letter was also presented by Bro. Campbell from the Hyco Baptist Female Society, enclosing the sum of \$27.50, to be deposited in the General Fund. Also was handed by brother Daniel a letter from the Female Society for Foreign Missions near Pittsborough, covering the sum of \$37.35, to be applied as above. These letters having been read, it was ordered that Brethren R. T. Daniel, J. Crudup and J. Fiveash prepare answers to them against Monday.
9. Vote was taken where our next annual meeting should be held. Mount Carmel and Shell Banks in nomination, Shell Banks was chosen. Meeting to commence on the Saturday before the third Lord's Day in March next.
10. Ordered, that Brother A. W. Clopton, and in case of failure, Brother R. T. Daniel preach the introductory sermon at eleven o'clock on the day above named.
11. *Resolved*, That Elders Crudup and Daniel and Roberts preach to-morrow; and that a collection be made immediately after Elder Daniel's sermon. Preaching to commence at ten o'clock.
12. *Resolved*, That Brethren Read, Roberts, Battle, Clopton and Daniel constitute a committee to arrange

the business for Monday, and to examine the circuit letter.

After prayer by Elder Roberts, the Society adjourned till Monday, 9 o'clock.

LORD'S DAY, March 15

Public worship was introduced as usual, after which Elder Crudup preached from Psalms cx. 3, "Thy power shall be willing in the day of thy power." Elder Roberts followed from Isaiah liv. 13, "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Elder Robert concluded from Matthew 15, "But they made light of it."

Owing to the inclemency of the weather many were prevented from attending who otherwise would have done so at the meeting. We hope a blessing attended what was spoken.

MONDAY, March 16

The Board convened according to appointment and proceeded to business.

1. The committee on arrangements made their report which was received.

2. Elder Jesse Read, who was appointed to make inquiry if the money in the hands of the former Treasurer had been forwarded to the General Fund in Philadelphia, reported that it could not be ascertained.

Resolved, therefore, That the following committee, Jeremiah Battle, Jesse Battle and Joel Battle be appointed, they are hereby appointed to examine into the business and make report to our next annual meeting.

3. Ordered, that the account of J. Crudup, former recording secretary, be published with these minutes.

4. Ordered, that Brother Purefy be and he is hereby authorized to make sale on the best terms he can

ok in his possession, the donation of Elder Woodberry
in this Society.

5. Dr. Jeremiah Battle obtained leave and handed in
\$10, being the two years subscription of Col. Joel Battle.

6. *Resolved*, That the first article of our constitution
be so amended as to read, "Foreign and Domestic Mis-
sions."

7. The Circular letter was called for, read, and or-
dered to be printed with these minutes.

8. *Resolved*, That the Recording Secretary be and he
is hereby authorized to prepare for the Press the Minutes
of this year's meeting, and have 500 copies printed and
distributed; and that the sum of \$20 be put into his hands
to defray the expenses of the same.

9. *Resolved*, That the sum of \$25 be annually given
to the Recording Secretary for his services.

10. *Resolved*, That the sum of \$100 be forwarded to
the Baptist Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions in
Philadelphia.

11. *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed,
and they are hereby appointed, to convene at the General
Meeting of Correspondence, in August next, to employ, if
possible, one or more missionaries to labor in the desti-
nate places in North Carolina; and that this committee
consist of Elders Jesse Read, Geo. Roberts, R. T. Daniel,
W. Clopton, and J. Crudup.

12. Ordered, that the money now in the hands of the
treasurer be put out to interest by him to such person
or persons as he may think proper; but that he shall re-
main responsible to this Society for the money thus
loaned out by him.

13. *Resolved*, That Bro. Benjamin Fiveash prepare a
circular letter for the next annual meeting of this So-
ciety.

14. *Resolved*, That the thanks of this Society be they hereby are tendered to the inhabitants of this and vicinity for their kindness and hospitality.

After prayer by Elder Daniel, Society adjourned meeting in course.

GEORGE ROBERTS, *President*
BENJAMIN FIVEASH, *Rec. Sec.*

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD.

Rev. George Roberts, President.

Robt. T. Daniel, Vice-President.

A. W. Clopton, John Purefy, Cor. Secretaries.

Benjamin Fiveash, Rec. Secretary.

Davis Battle, Treasurer.

Trustees.—Rev. William Brown, Rev. Josiah Cr
Rev. John Landers, Elisha Battle, Charles McAll
John Campbell, Joel Battle.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

*The North Carolina Baptist Society for Foreign
missions, in account with Davis Battle, Treasurer.*

1816.

Dr.

March 18th. By cash in hand.....

1817.

March. Cash received at Campbell's

M. H., Orange County...

To cash sent to Philadel-

phia by Luther Rice, per

order \$300.00

Do. paid Elder George Roberts,

do. 100.00

Do. paid Iveson L. Brooks to

pay for having the min-

utes printed 20.00

1817.

Do. E. Battle, being the amount paid over his subscription for 1816 \$3.00

1818.

March 16. By cash received at Cross Roads M. H. this meeting 575.22
 To do. to balance..... 612.54

\$1,035.54 \$1,035.54

By balance brought down..... \$612.54

The North Carolina Baptist Mission Society, in account

with J. Crudup.

DR. CR.

By cash paid for printing the Constitution and Circular \$15.00
 Do. a blank book..... 3.00
 Do. publishing an address to the Baptists 7.00
 Do. advertising meeting as Manager 1.00
 By Abner Clopton's annual subscription. \$5.00
 Josiah Crudup's—(4 years) 8.00
 Donation from Jeremiah Perry, Esq. 5.00
 " " Major Thomas Dunn. 4.00
 " " Mr. James Baker.... 1.00
 Cash from the Treasurer, per order..... 25.00
 To cash paid the Treasurer..... 22.00

\$48.00 \$48.00

The following list of subscribers and donors to the Missionary Society was handed in by the members of the Board who held subscription papers:

1. By Charles McAllister:

From the Female Baptist Missionary Society near Fayetteville	\$3
Cape Fear Baptist Association.....	7
Col. Joseph Thames	5
William Moody	2
A friend to missions.....	3
Charles McAllister	5

2. John Campbell:

From the Hyco Female Cent Society for For- eign Missions	\$27
Nathan Williams, s.....	2
Thomas Turner, s.....	1
Elder B. Graves, s.....	2
Hosea McNeil, s.....	2
William K. Campbell, s.....	1
Alfred Compton, s.....	2
John Roberts, s.....	1
John Campbell, s.....	2
Henry Williams	1
Elder Richard Martin.....	1
Thomas Smith	2
John Williams	1
Thomas Foster	1
John Boswell	1
Samuel Fielder	1
John Stadler	1
Richard Henslee	1
James Hayden	1
William Smith	1
James Sheppard	1
William Hagewood, s.....	1

3. Abner W. Clopton:

John C. Washington.....	\$2.00
Robert A. Clopton	2.00
William Hooper	5.00
Robert Mason	1.00½
John B. Mitchell.....	1.00
Thomas Hill	2.00
Thomas Davis	1.00
Oliver Spencer	2.00
Abram Wimbish	2.00
James A. Washington.....	1.00
Marion Sanders	1.00
Abias Haywood	1.00
William F. Spencer.....	1.00
George Trice12½
Mrs. Thompson	10.00
William H. Merritt	2.00
Thomas H. Speller.....	5.00
James K. Polk.....	5.00
Hugh D. Waddell.....	5.00
William Green	10.00
William G. Hunter	5.00
Calvin I. Hatch.....	5.00
Will. Royall	5.00
Elam I. Morrison.....	3.00
Charles D. Donoho.....	2.00
Mann Patterson	10.00
Thomas Wright	5.00
William Harden	1.00
James H. Otey.....	1.00
Jane Puckett	5.00
William Barbee	5.00
Milley (a servant)50
Collected for preaching.....	5.25

A. W. Clopton (two years subscription), s....	\$10
Iveson L. Brooks, s.....	2
Benjamin Fiveash, s.....	2

4. Robert T. Daniel:

From the Female Cent Society near Pittsbor- ough	\$3
Sandy Creek Association	10
Several ladies	3
David Patterson, s.....	1
Robert T. Daniel, s.....	1

5. George Roberts:

Colonel George Hairston.....	\$5
Mrs. R. S. Hairston.....	1
James Watkins	1
Mrs. B. Watkins	1
John Caffee	1
Martin Wright	1
Blake Brassell	1
John Wilson	1
Benjamin Dilworth	1
Thomas Stokes	1
David Harrell	1
Nathaniel Scales	1
Zachariah Neal	1
Philemon Neal	1
William Atkinson	1
John Everett	1
A stranger	1
George Everett	1
John Read	1
Josiah Womack	1
Rhoda Mullins	1

colored brethren	\$0.50
\$1 Odham Lovelace50
\$2 Edward Jones	1.00
\$2 Rachel Christie	1.00
\$1 Villoughby Mustan55
\$8 Thomas Scales	1.00
Thomas Lowe	1.00
Daniel Matthews	1.00
\$3 Henry Tatem	1.00
\$1 Abraham Peoples	1.00
Charles Bruse	1.00
Blake Braswell	3.00
Levi Ross	1.00
Thomas Carr	1.00
\$2 Joel Fagg50
\$2 James Back	2.00
\$2 Sarah Scales	1.00
\$1 William Kelly	1.00
\$1 Peter (a servant)25
	<hr/>
	\$48.90
6. Jesse Read:	
From the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in Ra-	
leigh	\$27.00
Several ladies in the town and county of Halifax	10.50
Elizabeth Long	2.00
Joseph Lane, s.	6.00

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST SOCIETY
 FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MISSIONS, CONVENEED AT
 SHELL BANKS MEETING-HOUSE, EDGECOMBE CO.
 N. C.

RALEIGH:

Printed by T. Henderson, Jr.

1819.

SATURDAY, March 20

The introductory sermon was delivered by Elder Landers, after which the members of the Society convened and appointed brother Landers President pro tempore. They then proceeded to elect officers, the result of which was as follows: George Roberts, President; C. McAllister, Vice-President; John Campbell, Treasurer; James S. Battle, Recording Secretary; A. W. Cleveland, Corresponding Secretary; John Purefy, Auditor.

Trustees.—Joel Battle, John Landers, Jesse Landers, John Roberts, Peter P. Lawrence, William Brown, Elisha Battle.

Two letters were handed in by Bro. Campbell, viz. one from Hogan's Creek Female Society, covering \$18.00; the other from the Hycos Female Cent Society, \$35.90; also a letter by the hand of Bro. McAllister, from the Female Baptist Auxiliary Society for Evangelical Missions, in the vicinity of Fayetteville, with \$17.30.

Elder Read, that a letter written by Gen. Calvin Read, giving an account of the Cherokee Indians, be read, which was done accordingly.

Bros. Joel Battle and James S. Battle were appointed to answer the above Female letters.

A committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of Bros. Landers, Campbell and Joel Battle, to arrange the business of Monday.

After prayer by Elder Read, Society adjourned Monday, 10 o'clock.

LORD'S DAY, March 21st.

Public worship was performed by Elder Landers, from Acts 24 and 34, "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled." And collection was made.

MONDAY, March 22d.

The board convened pursuant to appointment, and proceeded to business.

The committee of arrangements made their report, which was received.

It being announced that the people had convened at the meeting-house, Elder Landers was requested to go to the pulpit, and he preached from John 10th and 9th, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."

Bro. McAllister reported, and handed in money from several sources to the amount of \$116.18.

Bro. Campbell, for President Roberts, handed in \$34.37½. Ditto for self for sale of books, collections, etc., \$98.67½ (\$125 being for sale of books already accounted for).

Elder Landers reported and handed in \$8.00.

Jas. Battle and others handed in yesterday a collection, viz., \$21.53¾. James S. Battle paid in his annual subscription, with arrearages, \$8.00.

The committee appointed to inquire if the \$200 ordered to be sent to the general fund by a former treasurer had been sent, reported in the affirmative, there being satisfactory evidence of its having been so sent agreeable to the order of 1815.

Resolved, and it is hereby ordered, that the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) be forwarded on to the Baptist Board for Foreign and Domestic Missions in Philadelphia.

Resolved, That Bro. McAllister forward circular publication with these minutes.

Resolved, That Bro. A. W. Clopton prepare a circular for the next annual meeting of this Society.

Bro. J. Campbell petitioned by request that our annual meeting be held at Patterson's Meeting-Place ten miles south of Hillsborough, which is to come on Saturday before the third Lord's day in March, which is unanimously agreed to.

The Rev. Wm. Brown is appointed to preach the introductory sermon in case of failure of Elder J. Purefoy.

Bro. McAllister is requested to write the female school near Fayetteville.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be tendered to the inhabitants of this vicinity for their hospitality and patronage.

Resolved, That Elder J. Purefoy receive the money long to this Society which is in the hands of Davis Battle, the former treasurer, and to pay over to Bro. John Campbell, treasurer elect.

After prayer by Bro. Campbell, Society adjourned meeting in course.

CHAS. McALLISTER, *Pres.*

JAS. S. BATTLE, *Sec.*

STATE OF THE TREASURY—AUDITOR'S REPORT.

VERY DEAR BRETHREN:—I take this method of informing you that I have examined the Treasurer's account and find remaining in his hands at this time five hundred and thirty-seven dollars sixty-eight and a half cents (\$537.68½), exclusive of the interest, which is not known to me, but will be when Dr. Battle returns to which account I believe to be correct.

J. PUREFOY, *Auditor*

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be authorized and is hereby instructed to prepare for the press the minutes

this meeting; have five hundred copies printed and distributed; that the sum of \$20 be put into his hands to defray the expenses of the same.

The following are a list of the subscriptions and donations handed in by members appointed for this purpose, viz.:

1. By John Landers:

Wm. Brown, s.....	\$2.00
John Russell, s.....	2.00
Jas. Ray, s.....	2.00
John Landers, s.....	1.00
John Creswell, s.....	1.00
	<hr/>
	8.00

2. By John Purefoy:

John Fort, s.....	1.00
John Purefoy, s.....	2.00
1 book sold	5.00
	<hr/>
	8.00

3. By John Campbell:

Account of books sold, 30 catechisms of health	12.50
Hosea McNeill, s.....	1.00
Nathaniel Williams, s.....	2.00
Wm. Haguewood, s.....	1.00
Alfred Compton, s.....	1.00
John Roberts, s.....	1.00
Wm. K. Campbell, s.....	1.00
John Campbell, s.....	2.00
Hycø Female Society.....	35.90
	<hr/>
	57.40

Collection at County Line Association, August, 1818	4.
Jas. Nelson	
Bartlett Estrees	
Lemuel Feldon	
Jas. Haden	
Miles Wells	
Jas. Murphey	
Beufort Pleasant	5.
John Hulet	
Nathaniel Jones	

From Black's:

Sam. McAuley's	
Harry McAuley	
Nathan McAuley	
Mark McAuley	
Patience McAuley	
Frank Crisps	
Moses Wells	
Joe. Comptons	
Squire Nelsons	
Jenny Bird	
Sam. Armstrong	
Jenny Armstrong	
Ester Leas	
Matthew Campbell	
York Campbell	
Ester Campbell	

4.			
Money for the use of the mission			
from a newly instituted Fe-			
male Society in Rockingham			
County	\$18.37½		
Collection from the Lick Fork,			
males including my own			
quota	16.00		
	<hr/>	\$24.37½	
5. By Chas. McAllister:			
From the Cape Fear Association			
	\$47.63		
From a friend to missions, by			
Brother Morris			
	.55		
John Oliver, s.....			
	6.00		
Washington, by the hands of J.			
Oliver			
	4.00		
Joseph Thames, s.....			
	5.00		
Rev. David Thomas, s.....			
	1.00		
Chas. McAllister, s.....			
	5.00		
From the Female B. Auxiliary			
Society for Evangelical mis-			
sions in the vicinity of Fay-			
etteville			
	47.30		
	<hr/>	\$116.43	
6. Collection at Shell Banks:			
On Sabbath, from whites.....			
	\$20.72½		
On Sabbath, from blacks.....			
	.81¼		
	<hr/>	\$21.53¾	
Jer. Battle			
	\$1.00		
Jesse Reed			
	1.00		
Jos. Lane			
	1.00		
Redmm Bunn			
	1.00		
Elisha Battle			
	2.00		
Jesse Battle			
	1.00		

Joel Battle	\$2.00
Peter P. Lawrence.....	2.00
J. S. Battle, with arrearages for	
three years	3.00
Joseph Battle	1.00
	<hr/>

CIRCULAR LETTER.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—Among the most interesting subjects that invite the Christian's attention none appears of more high and solemn importance than the subject of missions. By this we understand the operations by which the glad tidings of Gospel grace are carried to the untaught nations of the earth—many of which are living in the most destructive superstition. The weight and importance of this subject can only be appreciated by Christians who have been taught by a happy experience that the Scriptures are the word of life, and that Jesus Christ is the only name by which men can be saved. Such only can form a just idea of the horrible darkness of that land and people, from whom the light of God's revealed truth has been hidden. As long as they remain in this mournful condition, they must inevitably stumble on the dark mountain of ignorance and error. In all Christians of every distinction the truthfulness of that Apostolic assertion has been verified: without faith it is impossible to please God. Faith cometh by hearing, and how shall they hear without a preacher—and how shall they preach (to the heathen) except they be sent by Christians. You then who have been apprehended by Christ, and brought in some degree to know His love with exceeding riches of His grace

call on you to estimate by your own experience the importance of a subject that has for its end the salvation of millions, who are capable of as much glory or terror as themselves. The language of prophecy leads us by a vivid description, and to a lively appreciation of that glorious period when the wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad—when the desert shall put forth the beauty and bloom of the cultivated garden, and all flesh shall behold the salvation of God. But are we to expect these effects, of cultivating truth, without any concurring exertions on our part? Has not God established His throne on the tops of the mountains, that the light thereof may go like a lamp that burneth; and circulate its enlightening rays thro' distant and benighted regions? Has He not sanctified the means to the end? That this is a fact, we are instructed to believe by the animated exertions of Zion's friends, wherever the theme of redemption has been sung. Party names and divided views in the subject of religion have sunk almost into oblivion, while the salvation of sinners, at home and abroad, receive the Amen of the most spirited exertions. Many among all denominations of Christians have been inspired with love and evangelical zeal to take their lives into their hands, have gone forth to the glorious work, committed themselves to the violence of troubled oceans to reach the gloomy regions of savage rudeness, there to witness the most alarming scenes of human wretchedness, disclosing themselves in the black depravity and superstitious ignorance of human nature. They have gone to spend their lives in crying 'behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' You who profess to love your neighbor as yourselves, behold (not your neighbor), but your brother in those unfriendly regions, deprived of the pleasures of religious and civil life. See

them standing alone in the midst of surrounding en-
looking back to you for assistance. Without your per-
sistance, they can not subsist in a region so unfrien-
the object of their great endeavors. Can your re-
feelings refuse to give a single dollar to promote a pu-
so noble and glorious, when others have given a sib-
friends, privileges, and even lives, for its advance-
jeo-
ior-

That the spirit of sending missionaries to reform ou-
heathen is of God appears undeniable from two eter-
erations—the general interest that is excited among etc
Christians and the unexpected success with which sol-
sionary labors have been attended. The Moralld
Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Bet-
all are engaged in this work. To suppose that il-
not of God would be, in effect, to suppose there w-
reality in religion; for we can not with proprietic
agine that the Almighty would permit His favorime
lowers to be so greatly misled on the same subject
at the same time. But the strongest arguments
may be urged in favor of this spirit coming from al
is the rapidity with which the work has advan
Through the influence of this spirit the Scriptures
been translated into the languages of many her
nations, so that they as well as we may read and
stand. We have authentic information that many
viduals have embraced the truth in love of it—the
nation of their lives bearing testimony to the hap-
fluence on their hearts. Then if the work be from be
no doubt can remain of our duty to aid in its pro-
tion. Brethren, let us not play an ungrateful part
ward our heavenly benefactor, who has so highly
guished us by His favor in giving us the Gospel, and
ing our hearts to receive it and to know its value.
us engage in the work while we have opportunity.

means in our hands. Should we be so blind to our duty, and refuse aid to those employed in spreading the Gospel, as the only successful means of salvation, and thereby render ourselves unworthy to be its advocates. In pursuing such an unchristian measure, may we not possibly incur the resentment of Heaven? May we not subject ourselves to the worst of all calamities—a privation of the Gospel? May not the Almighty, provoked at our remissness, send us a famine, not of bread nor water, but of hearing the word of God? O, how wretched and forlorn would be our condition! What desolate wastes would strike our astonished eyes, to behold our temples forsaken? But we hope for better things,—we hope to see Christians display the high value they set on the Gospel, by using every effort with possibility and reason to send the word of life to dying nations, and thus may we sincerely pray, “Thy kingdom come.” Amen.

REV. EDMUND L. DAVIS.

(ABSTRACT OF A PAPER BY WILLIAM RAY GRIFFIN, of
COUNTY.)

One of the strongest and most original of the preachers in the southern portion of North Carolina is Edmund L. Davis, who was born in Anson County, February 19, 1813. He was the son of Isham Davis, who came to North Carolina from Virginia, and was the father of twelve children. His parents were not members of a church, consequently the children had little religious instruction in their youth. It is not probable that Davis heard a dozen sermons before his conversion, at the age of eighteen.

His conversion and call to preach are interesting and peculiar. As he told it to his son, it is as follows: In his seventeenth year a younger brother died, which made a lasting impression on him. A short time afterwards he was working at some little handicraft which his brother had made, when the thought occurred to him that if he should die where would his soul go. In thinking over the matter he realized that he was a sinner, and was convinced that his soul was doomed to hell. The thought overpowered him. He said he never knew how long he spent that night, that a blank came over his mind. The next morning, when he found himself at his work, he cut three notches on the gate, told his mother farewell, saying that he was going home to die, and on his way home through the woods, the Lord appeared to him, and he entered his home praising the Lord. He told his mother what had happened.

He joined the church at Lawyer's Springs.

county, on the old stage road leading from Charlotte to
adesboro. He was baptized by John Culpepper, states-
man and preacher, September 17, 1830. Up to this time
had never seen any one baptized or join the church.
Shortly after this he visited the spot where he said the
Lord had been gracious to him," and standing there an
impression came over him to preach. He seemed to
hear a voice say, "Behold my people as sheep without a
shepherd." He did not know that the words were in the
Bible; he had heard little preaching and could not read
himself. So deep was this impression that he never
doubted but that God spoke them directly to him. Never
from that moment did he ever doubt that preaching the
Gospel was his life work. Consequently he was ordained
Lawyer's Springs December 16, 1837.

He had no preparation in a literary or theological way
for preaching. He was unable to read, but he had a
great thirst for knowledge. He began the study of the
Bible; he went through the New Testament, spelling it
out word for word. It is a fine picture—this strong
young man—athletic in every movement—spelling his
way through the Word of God, seeking to know his Mas-
ter's orders. He read his orders clearly; no one who
ever heard him preach ever doubted his mission, while
never a doubt crossed his own mind. He was not try-
ing to find an argument, or justify a creed; he was sim-
ply seeking to know the will of God and was willing to
believe if he could but learn; and from such God does not
long conceal Himself.

It was at this time that the Baptists in North Caro-
lina began to divide. For twenty-five years there had
been two parties. One was impressed with great mis-
sionary spirit that was rising, the other was opposed to
everything of the kind, especially to all organized effort

to further these causes. John Culpepper was the en of the aggressives, but E. L. Davis did not follo rd He expressed himself in no uncertain terms, deti that if hell were raked and scraped such a pack o not be found. But he was not destined to remain th him, death came to the household, and for weeks et prostrate on his bed. The missionaries whom k condemned so severely were very good to him, m than his own brethren. He began to reconstru r views and to ask what was religion. Soon after on heard Solomon Snider, who had recently gone th si the same religious experience, preach a sermon. m close Davis said, "If that is missionary doctrine, ul am one of them." He soon after joined the Miss at Baptists. ng

He was evangelical in his preaching and feov churches in Union, Anson and Stanly counties g preached in South Carolina, but the work of his li c in Union and Anson. His preaching was at times tra he could say hard things and was not afraid l a them when he thought it necessary. Fear was pro da a feeling that he could not appreciate. His voi PP powerful and rugged; it had wonderful carrying f and no hearer ever failed to hear him. His countr e was stern and rugged, the very picture of strengt ic expression was often sour and crabbed. But io with the man. ng

When he began to speak there was a mellowness of voice that soon went to the heart of the hearer a eted his attention. It was easy for an audience to f under his talks. One of his great themes was "the r ness of the gospel of Christ." It was great to her describe God's welcome to the repentant sinner. Pa

preached a sermon that caused one hundred and fifty persons to ask for prayer, sixty of whom afterwards joined the church. He rose to emergencies; difficulties gave him strength, fired his heart and soul. On one occasion a meeting had been going on for some days with no manifestation of interest. At the noon hour the deacons met and decided that they would bring the meeting to a close that afternoon, and that they would invite their pastor, Brother Davis, to preach the closing sermon, since he had done none of the preaching during the meeting. He was seen to walk off to the woods alone and returned only when the congregation began to sing. He took his place in the pulpit and read the lesson; there was power in the very reading; the man's soul was on fire. A prayer followed and men wept under that prayer; then followed a sermon that stirred the congregation to its depths; men who had never been moved before cried for mercy and forgiveness; the meeting did not break up, but continued for a week. This was only one of many such meetings held at Meadow Branch church, where he was pastor for forty years. He was not a great visitor; he generally had a few places where he liked to stop when he filled his regular appointments; he was a frequent visitor to the homes of the sick and afflicted; his personal friendships were strong and lasting; all his members felt that he was their friend. To the needy he would give all. On one occasion he met a widow going to the field to work on a cold morning with no shoes on the children's feet; upon learning of her poor condition, he drew from his pocket a ten dollar bill—all he had—and gave it to her. At the end of the Civil War he was asked to join the Union League, or Red Strings, in order to save his property. His reply was that he would join no order that would confiscate

his neighbor's property and leave his own; that if he took his neighbor's they might take his too.

Many traditions are still alive about his powerful and striking remarks. In the Baptist State convention, at Warrenton, he followed Dr. Broadus in one of the most masterly tributes to education ever made. He never failed to enlist the attention by his wit and humor and deep feeling, for the man was an orator from the molds of nature. Several things went to make up this man's useful life; nature endowed him with a fine physique, good voice, imagination, strong natural intellect, anxiety to know, and a real love for his fellow men. To all these endowments were added a zealous consecration that made him powerful for good. For him for all and all, he was one of the State's most remarkable men.

On June 6, 1896, he died at the age of eighty-four and was buried with his Bible on his breast—a very appropriate ceremony, for he had preached its truths for thirty-five years, and in its name had baptized between two and five thousand people.

OUR LICENSED LAWYERS.

(With Present Post-offices.)

COMPILED BY H. J. MARREY.

Along with the ministers and teachers of any State and the lawyers. They are a positive force in the prosperity and progress of the commonwealth. They stand as exponents of the law and, as such, they probably exert more influence in shaping the politics and history of the State than any other class of men. Wake Forest has ever stood for that which is noblest and best in mankind. Through all the years of its illustrious history it has sought to impart *unto* and instill *into* the lives of those who come within its precincts, proficiency and a high moral standard. The demand for Wake Forest men abundantly testifies as to the success of this aim. In almost every field of human endeavor Wake Forest has her representatives. Among this host her sons in the legal profession are eminently conspicuous. Therefore, thinking that it will be of interest to readers of THE STUDENT and, perhaps, that it may be of service to some one, we append a list of the licensed lawyers who have gone from Wake Forest. In presenting this list we wish to say that the greater number of names and addresses are taken from a copy of last year's Historical Number. The others were kindly furnished by Prof. Gulley. In some instances there may be errors in the name or address, but we have endeavored, as far as possible, to secure correct information.

- †Alderman, J. E., Greensboro.
 Allen, R. C., Coweta, I. T.
 Allen, T., Dillon, S. C.
 Alfred, L. H., Seima, N. C.
 Allen, T. A., Albany, N. Y.
 Anderson, J. B., Asheville, N. C.
 Anderson, J. G., Halifax, N. C.
 †Ausley, P. A.
 Averitt, H. S., Fayetteville, N. C.
- Bagett, W. R., Mt. Airy, N. C.
 Baley, L. J., Marshall, N. C.
 Beasley, L. A., Kenansville, N. C.
 Bell, W. C., Dunn, N. C.
 Bellamy, W. M., Wilmington.
 Beckerdite, H. L., Winston, N. C.
 †Blue, F. L., Ashpole, N. C.
 Bolton, J. W., Fayetteville, N. C.
 Bower, J. C., Sparta, N. C.
 Boyles, N. E., Pilot Mountain.
 Britt, E. M., Lumberton, N. C.
 Britt, E. J., Lumberton, N. C.
 Brook, W. E., Wadesboro, N. C.
 Braswell, W. R., Ashpole, N. C.
 Brooks, J. C., Olive Branch, N. C.
 Bridger, R. C., Winton, N. C.
 Bullard, V. C., Fayetteville, N. C.
 Bryan, R. K., Scott's Hill, N. C.
 Bryan, A. B., Burnsville, N. C.
 Bruamitt, D. G., Oxford, N. C.
 Bryan, S. C., Marshall, N. C.
 Bunn, J. W., Raleigh, N. C.
- Campbell, E. L., King's Mountain.
 †Cannady, A. B., Louisville, Ky.
 Cannon, L. S., Washington, D. C.
 Carson, J. M., Rutherfordton, N. C.
 Carter, J. G., Dobson, N. C.
 Carlton, D. L., Kenansville, N. C.
 Carlton, P. S., Salisbury, N. C.
 Cohoon, W. L., Elizabeth City.
 Cashwell, D. J., Fayetteville, N. C.
 Caudle, T. L., Wadesboro, N. C.
 Cheek, Geo., Sparta, N. C.
 Clayton, O. W., Wake Forest, N. C.
 Chisholm, W. A., Biocoe, N. C.
 Clifford, J. C., Dunn, N. C.
 Cloud, E. B., Columbus, N. C.
 Collier, J. L., Bradentown, Fla.
 Cooke, A. W., Greensboro, N. C.
 †Cooper, R. W., Antryville, N. C.
 †Cox, E. V., Ayden, N. C.
 †Craig, F.
 Cranor, H. A., Wadesboro, N. C.
- Critcher, B. A., Williamsboro.
 Crumpler, B. H., Clinton.
- Davis, M. L., Beaufort, N. C.
 Dickinson, O. P., Wilson.
 Dingleboef, O. F., Macon.
 Dixon, R. H., Pittsboro, N. C.
 Dunn, R. C., Enfield, N. C.
 Dunn, S. A., Scotland, N. C.
 Dunn, D. W., Spray, N. C.
 Dunn, W. A., Scotland, N. C.
 Dunning, A. R., Robersonville.
 Duncan, J. S., Beaufort, N. C.
 Duncan, N. G., Clinton, N. C.
 †Durham, Walters, Raleigh.
 Dye, R. H., Fayetteville, N. C.
- †Early, H. W., Aulander.
 Edwards, C. J., Franklin.
 Echinson, W. P., Branchville.
- Ferree, T. S., Asheville, N. C.
 Fort, D. F., Raleigh, N. C.
 *Farthing, A. C., Philippsburg.
 Fortune, R. B., Elberton.
 Fletcher, A. L., Morgan's Lake.
- Garland, G. W., Salisbury.
 Gavin, J. A., Kenansville.
 Giles, J. A., Durham, N. C.
 Gilreath, C. G., Wikesboro.
 Glendon, T. W., Reidsville.
 Godwin, A. P., Gatesville.
 Goodwyn, G. T., Laurinburg.
 *Gore, J. H., W'ilmington.
 Green, C. H., Baker's Mill.
 Guley, Donald, Clayton, N. C.
 Gullidge, J. W., Wadesboro.
 *Grandy, W. H., Elizabeth City.
- Hairfield, E. M., Axton, Va.
 Hall, S. E., Winston, N. C.
 Hall, C. A., Robersonville.
 Hall, J. W., Winston, N. C.
 Hendrix, T., Wake Forest, N. C.
 *Harold, A. R., Deep River, N. C.
 Harris, C. U., Raleigh, N. C.
 Hatten, G. H., Winston, N. C.
 Hatcher, M. F., Salisbury.
 Haynes, F. W., Hatteras.
 Henderson, J. R., Wake Forest.
 Hendrix, T., Wake Forest.
 Hines, H., Lancaster, N. C.
 Howard, J. P., Greensboro.

- Brook, J. A., Wilkesboro, N. C.
 Diding, B. T., Louisburg, N. C.
 Howay, A. C., Lillington, N. C.
 bbs, E. C., Gatesville, N. C.
 yle, T. C., Greensboro, N. C.
 meycutt, A. C., Albemarle, N. C.
 arwood, J. H., Robbinsville, N. C.
 oks, W. J., Kenly, N. C.
 arner, G. T., Lynchburg, Va.
- ekaou, W. M., Dobson, N. C.
 hnson, J. McN., Aberdeen, N. C.
 hnson, W. R., Windsor, N. C.
 hnson, Hugh, Scotland Neck.
 hnson, N. H., Raleigh, N. C.
 ones, W., Swan Quarter, N. C.
 ones, H. A., Wake Forest, N. C.
 osey, E. B., Columbia Univ., N. Y.
 ustice, A. B., Charlotte, N. C.
- eener, W. N., Lincolnton, N. C.
 ellinger, F. W., Norfolk, Va.
 Kerr, Jno. H., Warrenton, N. C.
 Kenney, J. N., Windsor, N. C.
 Kittrell, J. C., Henderson, N. C.
 Koonce, C. D., Jacksonville, N. C.
 Kornegay, H., Zero, Miss.
- Larkins, E. L., Burgaw, N. C.
 Lawrence, R. C., Lumberton, N. C.
 Leary, L. J., Morehead City, N. C.
 Lee, R. E., Lumberton, N. C.
 LeGrand, J. W., Bennettsville, S. C.
 Leigh, J. A., Columbia, S. C.
 Lennon, W., Raleigh, N. C.
 Little, J. C., Roff, Oklahoma.
 Little, J. E., Charlotte, N. C.
 Long, J. V., Gastonia, N. C.
 Long, I. F., Monroe, N. C.
 Long, Hugh, Gastonia, N. C.
 Lyon, W. H., Raleigh, N. C.
 Lyon, F. H., Wilkesboro, N. C.
 Lyon, T. A., Elizabethtown, N. C.
- McMillan, N. F., King's Mountain, N. C.
 Mangum, N. P., Wake Forest, N. C.
 Maness, T. D., Concord, N. C.
 Markham, T. J., Elizabeth City.
 Martin, G. P., Knoxville, Tenn.
 Martin, V. B., Elizabeth City, N. C.
 Martin, C. H., Washington, D. C.
 Mathews, P. V., Enfield, N. C.
 McCullen, C. E., Burgaw, N. C.
 McDuffie, D. L., Fayetteville, N. C.
- McDuffie, P. C., New York, N. Y.
 McGlamery, A. C., Mocksville, N. C.
 McIntyre, S., Lumberton, N. C.
 McLendon, H. H., Wadesboro, N. C.
 McKinney, T. S., Spruce Pine, N. C.
 † McNeill, J. C., Charlotte, N. C.
 McNeill, G. W., Carthage, N. C.
 McNeill, R. H., Washington, D. C.
 † Medlin, A. J., Wake Forest, N. C.
 Medlin, L. L., Monroe, N. C.
 Meekins, I. M., Elizabeth City.
 Midyette, G. E., Jackson, N. C.
 Moore, L. J., New Bern, N. C.
 † Moore, E. V., Lilledoun, N. C.
 Morris, R. E., Rutherfordton, N. C.
 Morris, J. P., Rutherfordton, N. C.
 Morgan, J. R., Waynesville, N. C.
 Moss, C. R., Bangsio, Banquest, P. I.
 Mull, O. M., Shelby, N. C.
 Murphy, T. J., Greensboro, N. C.
 Muse, C. M., Lillington, N. C.
- * Newell, G. W., Williamston, N. C.
 Newell, S. A., Williamston, N. C.
 † Newton, W. L., Arlington, N. J.
 † Norfleet, P. J., Franklin, Va.
- * Oates, D. T., Fayetteville, N. C.
 Olive, P. J., Apex, N. C.
 Outlaw, N. W., Goldsboro, N. C.
- Pait, A. H., Wilmington, N. C.
 Pace, W. H., Raleigh, N. C.
- * Pendleton, W. S., Washington.
 Peterson, S. D., Oregon.
 Peterson, J. M., Washington.
 Peterson, W. M., Athens, Ore.
 Petree, F. H., Dobson, N. C.
 Pleot, J. M., Littleton, N. C.
 Pierce, C. C., Springhope, N. C.
 Powers, A. K., Burgaw, N. C.
 Privott, W. S., Edenton, N. C.
 † Prichard, J. H., Windsor, N. C.
- Quinn, J. H., Shelby, N. C.
- Radford, S. W., Asheville, N. C.
 Ramsey, J. C., Marshall, N. C.
 Reavis, W., Pittsboro, N. C.
 Reynolds, G. D. B., Troy, N. C.
 Reynolds, H., Pilot Mountain, N. C.
 Ritter, C. D., Birmingham, Ala.
 Roberts, E. G., Asheville, N. C.

- Rodwell, T. O., Warrenton, N. C.
 Rogers, W. W., Ahsokie, N. C.
 Rosser, C. K., Sanford, N. C.
 Royall, J. B., Jacksonville, Fla.
 Ryals, N. T., Benson, N. C.
- Saintsing, J. E., Wake Forest, N. C.
 Smith, J. C., Robesonville, N. C.
 Sams, A. F., Thomasville, N. C.
 Sapp, H. O., Winston-Salem, N. C.
 Scarlett, Chas., Edenton, N. C.
 Scull, J. H., Wilmington, N. C.
 Signon, R. L., Lincolnton, N. C.
 Sikes, J. C., Monroe, N. C.
 Simms, R. N., Raleigh, N. C.
 Skipper, C. B., Lumberton, N. C.
 †Smith, T. L., Walla Walla, Wash.
 *Snider, E. H., South Carolina.
 Snow, O. E., Pilot Mountain, N. C.
 †Stallings, R. E., Salisbury, N. C.
 †Stephens, B. F., Lumberton, N. C.
 Spence, J. W., Greenwood, S. C.
 Spence, G. J., Elizabeth City, N. C.
 Stringfield, D. M., Manteo, N. C.
 Swindell, F. D., Wilson, N. C.
 Sykes, C. A., Raleigh, N. C.
- Taylor, J. R., Martinsville, Va.
 †Thurston, D. J., Clayton, N. C.
 Tilley, A. E., Jefferson, N. C.
 Timberlake, E. W., Wake Forest.
 Toon, E. M., Whiteville, N. C.
 Turner, R. W., Elizabeth City.
- Upchurch, E. F., Cary, N. C.
- †Vann, P. S., Wallburg, N. C.
 Varser, L. R., Kinston, N. C.
 Vaughan, L. T., Nashville.
 Vaughan, W. L.
 Vernon, J. H., Burlington.
- Wagoner, J. M., Sparta, N. C.
 Wagoner, W. M., Sparta, N. C.
 Ward, E. F., Lumberton, N. C.
 †Watkins, J. C., Winston.
 Weatherspoon, W. H., Max.
 Webb, W. P., ————, ————
 Weeks, C. D., Wilmington.
 Wheatley, C. R., Beaufort.
 Westfeldt, G. R., Asheville.
 Whisnant, J. W., Lenoir.
 White, R. B., Franklinton.
 Whitley, T. F., Scotland, N. C.
 Wike, C. B., Webster, N. C.
 Wilson, S. Fred, Athena.
 Williams, H. S., Concord.
 Williams, L. B., Rockingham.
 †Winburne, Chas., Florida.
 Wishart, W., Lumberton.
 Wright, J. C., Albemarle.
 Werrrell, J. A., Jackson, N. C.
 Woody, T. K., Wilmington.
 Wooten, J. S., Kinston, N. C.
- Zollicoffer, D. B., Weldon.

† Not in practice. * Dead.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

EDWARD L. CONN, Editor

The Baptist Historical Number—The Student and the Students.

The September issue of THE STUDENT is, as usual, devoted to the publication of the Baptist historical papers, being the third effort of a highly praiseworthy movement inaugurated by THE STUDENT through Dr. E. W. Sikes some years ago. Appreciating the inestimable value of the true history of the great Baptist denomination in North Carolina, and believing that, if some permanent record of it were not made, much of the glorious past of the largest and most influential denomination in the State would be forgotten, Dr. Sikes, in behalf of THE STUDENT, proposed to the Baptist State Convention during its session in Elizabeth City, to devote one issue of this magazine annually to the publication of Baptist historical papers. The offer was accepted, and these issues have been so successful as to justify the undertaking on the part of THE STUDENT and to encourage painstaking research on the part of those faithful men who revere the traditions of their faith and respect the memory of their fathers. These numbers containing contributions on the Baptist past in North Carolina will in years to come

be a golden treasury affording rich material to the who shall erect their edifices upon the honest toil, trials and the triumphs of the Baptists. The preparation of these numbers is a pleasant task, bringing joy to every one who participates in it. But there is incurred in publishing these papers an expense that is a burden upon THE STUDENT. This magazine lacks the loyal and hearty support it should receive from the Baptist brethren, and although its pride and ardor are not lessened by the lack of paying interest and support, yet it has a claim, through these publications alone, upon the Baptists generally, and it is but fair to assume that THE STUDENT should receive and is entitled to the assistance of all whom it represents. It has a claim upon the Baptist State Convention by reason of the acceptance of THE STUDENT's proposition at the session held in Elizabeth City.

The responsibility, however, for THE STUDENT, is a duty to maintain it and keep high its standard, and to broaden the scope of its usefulness, rest upon the hearts and minds of the student body, and also, to no small degree upon the affection of the alumni. Last year the splendid work of Carey B. Taylor and Oscar R. Mendenhall gave THE STUDENT the pre-eminent place among Southern college magazines. They had a lofty ideal and achieved the best in college journalism that has ever known at Wake Forest. There must be no retrogression. Even as the college opening this year was unprecedented, so the opportunities for accomplishment in every phase of college life, especially in the literary phase, with unexcelled Societies and equipment, without parallel in the college's past, and if every student will put forth his best effort in advancing and upholding

THE STUDENT, they will have a publication of which they need not be ashamed.

It shall be the effort of every department of THE STUDENT to present the purest expression of the God-favored Wake Forest spirit. It shall ever be ready to cultivate the same in college thought and activities, and with the considerate co-operation of the students the management will strive to transcend in achievements. In addition to its literary aspirations, THE STUDENT will chronicle the events and endeavors incident to college life, and will be the right hand of every good and beneficial undertaking. Its spirit will be catholic—as broad and liberal as the many minds that form the student body. But no impostures will be tolerated, nor are they likely to present themselves, for a parasite in college—a student who thrives and prospers upon the abilities of another—is becoming a myth. Students are seldom estimated in college above their real value, and a spurious coin among the gold is soon detected and retired from circulation.

THE STUDENT would recommend to every student a careful consideration of the following truth proclaimed by Emerson, a strong and noble utterance, which will benefit him in his college career, and may prompt him to keep alive his inventive spirit, and if there be evidence of this, THE STUDENT will be fulfilling its mission in giving utterance to the idea or the ideal:

“When you shall say, ‘As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season’;—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect.”

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

This being the first issue of "The Student" for the session just beginning, we deem it appropriate to devote the Alumni Department of this issue to a review of the Class of '07. These men are just stepping out upon life's pathway. Some travel towards the same goal. Others go in different directions, and there may be some who will change their course before reaching the end of the journey. But, nevertheless, it is of interest to know in what direction each first starts out.

The following is a review of last year's graduating class:

- J. R. Green is teaching school.
- S. J. Husketh is teaching school.
- R. B. Pearson is engaged in teaching.
- O. J. Sykes is back in college, taking law.
- T. N. Hayes is back in college taking law.
- C. C. McSwain is teaching at Grover, N. C.
- Rufus Ford is at his home in Marion, S. C.
- E. W. Cook is at his home in Louisburg, N. C.
- A. H. Nanney is engaged in teaching school.
- J. B. Bridges is at his home in Ellenboro, N. C.
- J. W. Whitley is principal of Round Hill Academy.
- S. F. Wilson is practicing law in Athens, Oregon.
- D. G. Brummitt is teaching school at Hester's N. C.
- W. E. Speas is teaching school at East Bend, N. C.
- W. O. Johnson is teaching school at Castalia, N. C.
- T. B. Caldwell is engaged in business in Campbell, S. C.
- C. A. Leonard has accepted a pastorate at Statesville, N. C.
- J. R. McLendon is also following the teacher's profession.
- Woodbury Lennon is attending a business college in Raleigh.
- Valley Joyner will enter the Theological Seminary this fall.
- J. B. Hipps is principal of Lea Baptist Institute, Virginia.
- Jesse Gardner is instructor in Latin in Shorter College, Ga.
- O. R. Mangum is pastor of the Baptist Church at Selma, N. C.
- G. V. Brown is connected with a surveying corps in Virginia.
- J. C. Jones is assistant principal of Leaksville-Spray Institute.
- B. S. Bazemore has returned to college to take a medical course.

- Lewis M. Powell is taking graduate work at Columbia University.
- W. H. Vann is back in college, being assistant instructor in mathematics.
- G. J. Spence is succeeding well in his law practice at Elizabeth City, N. C.
- C. B. Taylor has accepted a position on the staff of the *North Carolina Baptist*.
- F. B. Hamrick is secretary and treasurer of the Shelby Roller Mills, Shelby, N. C.
- J. E. Allen has accepted a position as teacher in the Warrenton High School.
- R. H. Ferrell has entered upon his duties as principal of the Oxford Graded School.
- J. W. Bunn is engaged in the practice of law in Wakefield and Raleigh, N. C.
- H. L. Wiggs, or "Billy," as he was more familiarly known, is at his home in Atlanta, Ga.
- Thos. H. Beverly is the Y. M. C. A's. Traveling Secretary and Treasurer for Georgia.
- A. L. Fletcher is associated with Mr. T. H. Huffman in practicing law at Morganton, N. C.
- B. T. Holding is practicing law at Louisburg, N. C., being associated with Mr. F. H. Sprull.
- J. W. Vernon has entered Jefferson Medical College, where he will complete his medical course.
- J. B. Turner, who was one our best ball players while in college, is teaching school in Georgia.
- J. R. Morgan is associated with Congressman Crawford in the practice of law at Waynesville, N. C.
- G. R. Edwards will enter Harvard this fall, where he will take graduate work in modern languages.
- W. H. Weatherspoon is practicing law in Laurinburg, N. C., being in partnership with Mr. Geo. Goodwyn, '06.
- J. W. Nowell has returned to college and is assistant in chemistry, in which science he is also taking advanced work.
- E. L. Morgan is in business with his father at Clyde, N. C., but will return to college after Christmas to complete his medical course.
- J. B. Weatherspoon has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, where he is taking advanced work. He is also assistant instructor in Greek.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—"Where are the dreams of yesterday?" To the alumnus who attends the Commencement exercises of Wake Forest College in the year 1908, it will doubtless seem that many of them have already crystallized into the realities of to-day; that more of them are about to be realized in the history of to-morrow. In our alumni building is a lecture room the plan of which lay in the desk of one of our professors for fifteen years, while the College Hospital, also, is the fulfillment of a dream born over twenty-five years ago in the mind of James S. Purefoy. Both these buildings were completed during the past year; both are thoroughly modern in every respect, and, as to equipment, will bear comparison with any in the State.

—So much for present attainment. It is toward the future, however, that the eye of the visiting alumnus will turn most eagerly in the spring of 1908. The new dormitory, which is to be erected at a cost of thirty thousand dollars and which is to accommodate one hundred and fifty students, will have then been under process of construction for many months. To wander through its commodious dining hall, to observe that electric lights and steam heat are being provided throughout the building, to learn that this system of heating and lighting is to be extended until it shall include every building on the campus,—all this will be an inspiration indeed, and in it all the former student of the college will see, realized dreams and visions of his own.

—In all other respects the college is keeping pace with

its progress in buildings and equipment. The number of instructors is increased, and the teaching force grows stronger, year by year. Professor J. H. Highsmith, formerly a member of the faculty of the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh, now has charge of the Department of Education here. To him and to his wife **THE STUDENT**, the boys, and the citizens of the Hill extend a glad and hearty welcome.

—And as the college grows the town grows with it. Slowly but surely brick stores are replacing wooden structures, and unsightly buildings, which have so long marred the residence portion of the town, are gradually disappearing. Older buildings are being repaired and made to look almost new again;—even the walls of "Paradise" have received a fresh coat of paint and shine with resplendent whiteness through the sheltering green of the trees.

—All in all, never before did the future of Wake Forest seem so bright. Never was opening so auspicious, never did the wheels of college routine begin to move with so little friction. We believe that a bright and prosperous session lies before us. And when the coming year is past, Wake Forest enters upon a new era. Already the darkness and the struggle of the early days are gone; even now we watch with eager joy the brightening east and see the steeds of dawn "beat the twilight into flakes of fire." But—

"The best is yet to be."

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 2

TO THE HARVEST MOON

BY SANFORD MARTIN.

Calm beauty, serene, undimmed
By touch of man's unskilled, ingratiating hand,
Rich lustre, limpid light,
Painting the landscape,
Caressing last roses in thy fair embrace
While yet they raise their heads,
Unchallenged by the cold
Approach of Autumn's wind,
To receive thy welcome kiss
And then to droop—and die;
Whose searching brilliancy
Puts out the boldest star
And drives its timid light
Hence paling into blue;
Whose gentle leaves fall breaking through the trees,
Spy out some rustic seat,
Where, circumstance-enthralled,
The blushing maid first yields
Her will to love's fierce passion,—
Alike the lover's boon
And poet's inspiration
Art thou, sweet harvest moon.

THE CHOUL'S FIND

BY LEE M. WHITE.

After graduation, I had, in a spirit of adventure, gone to South Africa to serve in the capacity of a surgeon in the Boer ranks. My sympathies had been with them from the beginning, and I believe in them still more now. I had just returned from the service, when I received Lesterfield's telegram. I was tired and wished the luxury of a few weeks' rest. But here was his message:

"Come to see me at once. Have on hand a fine experiment."

The message was already over two weeks old.

Now Lesterfield and I had been old college chums together. I did not know positively what kind of an experiment he was going to perform—whether it would follow his surgical bent or his sentimental thoughts. He had been accused while at the University of having lost his heart to a beautiful maiden. Afterwards I learned that she had refused him for some unknown reason, which we could not find out.

He must have felt this keenly, for, not long afterward, he swore by all things eternal that he would remain single for life. I had always felt a repugnance for a married life myself, and I heartily shook hands with him. Therefore we both stood pledged.

Knowing no way to get out of going to help my friend, I hastened to comply with his wishes. I was already nearly three weeks late. Arriving in New Orleans, I was met by my old friend. You can just imagine for yourself with how much gladness we greeted each other.

After a good supper, one such as only bachelors can enjoy—no women folks and kids to make you dizzy with their chatter—we repaired to the sitting-room.

There we talked over the old days, each lingering fondly over them. At length, the conversation drifted to other things—he telling me about his work and success, and I relating some of my many experiences. The subject at length drifted to his experiments.

“Well, what about this experiment of yours? I’ve come all this long way to see it carried out.”

“Old fellow,” he said, “you’re too late by almost three weeks. After you did not answer my telegram, I was seized with the notion to perform it at once.”

“What,” I exclaimed, “after all my trouble to come here to help you, and now you’ve not waited for me?”

“Wait, wait, Rutherford, till you hear my story and I know you’ll forgive me. Anyway, I’m glad to see you, and I’ll try to make your stay as pleasant as possible. There are many quaint things in this old town to interest a fellow.”

“All right, spin your yarn and I’ll judge for myself whether it has been worth my while to come or not.”

Lesterfield relighted his pipe and began:

“You know when we left college both of us were rather cranky on the subject of ‘baching it’ for all time. I, myself, as you will no doubt remember, had lost all faith in womankind for the very reason that *she* had deceived me. After leaving the University, I came here. I had been here less than three months when I heard that she was here, too, and one of the belles of the city. Her uncle is a very prominent citizen. I saw her only once, and that at the annual ball held at the Armory three years ago. You can’t imagine how many memories her face—”

“What has that got to do with your experiment? and have you deserted the ranks already?” I hastily exclaimed.

"All in due season, my lad. About this time—the time that I saw her—I was deeply interested in embalming and the different methods by which it was done in the different countries. I studied them all exhaustively, and found that only one, the Egyptian method, was worth the trouble to inquire into. The others are mere farces.

"I am rather a crank on some things, as you know. I furnished a laboratory and began experiments in that line on my own account. So deeply fascinated did I become that I decided to go abroad. To Egypt then I went.

"There I've spent the last three years in study. In my course of inquiries and excavations, I met an old Egyptian priest. Hearing that I was somewhat of a scholar and really interested in knowing fully and concisely all the facts and data of their mummery, he placed himself at my disposal. I found in him an invaluable companion and friend.

"One day we were searching an old mausoleum of the Pharaohs, when I came upon an obelisk of red granite inscribed with very old Egyptian characters. My friend, who knew the old languages as well as you and I know our own, offered his assistance. He deciphered it. To my astonishment it was the formulas for the different embalming fluids which the alchemists in those days had used.

"My desires having been satisfied, I returned to this country. I have been back only a few months and have been very anxious to try my new preparation.

"I heard that you were expected to arrive at any moment from the Boer war. I knew you would be glad to help; so I telegraphed you."

"Yes," I interrupted, "our ship, for some unknown reason, was delayed in mid-ocean for over ten days. Bad management, I thought. Anyway, lucky for us, a collier happened to pass one day and supplied us with coal. That was the cause of my delay. I'm sorry I couldn't come in time to assist you."

"All right, I shall have to forgive you. But I was very anxious to complete the experiment.

"Happily, about this time I met a young physician connected with the College of Medicine here. I asked him whether he could procure a body for me, or where I could get one. He said that he knew men who could be trusted to get me one for a neat remuneration. They had procured the specimens for the college. I agreed to pay the sum, and he promised to meet me at the North Gate of the Cemetery of the Virgins, a week from that time—now nearly three weeks ago—with the men.

"I must confess I felt a little shaky about how the affair would end, because this making a compact with ghouls and grave-diggers had never entered my head before. I suppose my uneasiness then can be accounted for by the very novelty of the compact.

"The appointed night came, dark, damp, with sheet lightning, every once in a while, making the night hideous with bright flashes—so in accord, you see, with my own dark thoughts!

"It occurred to me, as I walked to the rendezvous, that this night above all others, should have been bright, to lend at least some semblance of permission to the deed. For this very reason, as this was not the case, I felt that the time was propitious for some unusual occurrence.

"Arrived at the gate, I was met by my friend, the physician, and his allies. These had provided an ox-cart to carry the body in.

"We went at once to the east side of the cemetery where the vaults were. As well as I can remember there were six, all built in the side of a little knoll. It was so dark, except for the occasional flashes, that none could be made out distinctly, much less the names inscribed on them, or I might have known.

"At length we stopped at one, and one of the ghouls, a big, bully-looking fellow, approached the vault and silently opened it with his skeleton key. Before entering, he went to the cart and secured his tools and a lantern. This he lighted. All of us entered. It took little time to knock the lid off of what appeared to me to be a very new casket. Asking one of the ghouls about this, he answered that it was a new casket—it had just been placed there during the afternoon. While they worked, I held the lantern. It was just the matter of a few moments to take the body out and place it in the car. While removing it, I remarked to my friend that the face was one of marvellous beauty. In the dim light I could not distinguish the features.

"We hurried away as quickly as possible, for the night was waning, and it was only an hour or two till daylight.

"It was not long before we reached my house. There I had them to place it in my laboratory. For some unaccountable reason, I wasn't sleepy, and all at once I was seized with the insane idea to begin work at once. No sooner had the notion entered my head than I was in my operating clothes.

"I laid my specimen on the table, and eagerly began my preparations for the long desired experiment. With a sharp incision knife I cut the radial artery in her little wrist—white and wasted with sickness. I started—for I thought I had seen the blood, ooze and drop. I looked

closer again—"just my imagination, I muttered." Again I cut and a little deeper. The blood did drop! I knew there was life there! I glanced at the features more closely—there was something familiar about them! I looked yet closer, and then closer still.

"My God! I cried, 'is it she? Can it be possible. She cannot be dead! Oh, she cannot be dead. Yet, those are her features. I would know them anywhere.'

"Suddenly I remembered the artery which I had severed. I was almost in a frenzy. I hastily bound it up. I applied restoratives and every other thing that was of use. I worked, oh, Lord, for I don't know how many hours. They seemed then to me like as many centuries. I worked all day, and late the next night. At last I was about to give up, when I noted a faint pulsation. I knew then I had conquered—saved her life—her life, I say!

"After another hour's work she opened her eyes, but no recognition for me. Oh, what eyes those were! I nursed her to health and strength, and to-day she is"—

There was a soft knock at the door. I almost jumped out of the chair.

"Come in," he composedly called.

And there walked in from the darkness of the hall without to the bright light within, a veritable dream of loveliness.

"And she is, I was about to remark," said Lesterfield, "*my wife.*"

I bowed; and as I did so, the clock struck twelve.

"It grows late," said Lesterfield.

I slowly ascended the stairs to my room and pondered long into the night on the inconsistency of human nature.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BY GILBERT THOMAS STEPHENSON, '02.

The pride of Wake Forest College is its two literary societies. The pride of these societies is the number of effective public speakers they have given to the pulpit, to the bar, and to the lecture platform. I think that it may be interesting to the readers of *THE STUDENT* to know something of how public speaking is taught in a big university like Harvard.

THE DEBATING CLUBS.

In Harvard there are no literary societies in the sense that we mean when we speak of the Euzelian and Philomathesian. The large number of students, about 5,000, puts them out of the question. Consequently, they have a system of debating clubs. When a freshman manifests any desire to learn to speak in public, he is invited to join the Freshman Debating Club. This club is open to every freshman upon the payment of a membership fee, usually \$2.00. They meet once a week and have set debates. Once in a while they have a purely social meeting, so that the members may get upon more intimate terms. At each debate there is a judge and critic, both in one, appointed by the Vice-President of the Debating Council. Each year they have a debate with the Yale freshmen. The speakers are trained for that meet by a coach appointed by the President of the Council.

Until two years ago, there were other class clubs—the Sophomore and the University—the last open to all seniors and to all men in the other departments of the University. But the elective system of Harvard crept into these clubs. The men interested in science were not

interested in the subjects that would appeal to the men interested in the languages or in theology. Accordingly, the class clubs were discontinued and the groups of congenial souls were left to organize clubs of their own choosing. Last year the leading debating clubs were the Agora and the Forum. This year the theological students have organized their club. The law students have their Law Clubs, which take the place of the Moot Court at Wake Forest.

THE DEBATING COUNCIL.

I have already made reference to the Debating Council. In a word, this is the Steering Committee. Its membership is restricted to men who have been on 'Varsity debating teams and alternates and members of the faculty who teach courses that have to do with public speaking. The Council elects officers biennially. The President must have been an intercollegiate debater. Once a member, you are always a member as long as you are connected with the University. The Council meets only when there is business to transact. The main business is (1) to manage the intercollegiate debates, (2) look after the various clubs, and (3) promote the interest in public speaking in the University.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES.

Each year Harvard has a debate with Yale and Princeton—in the fall with Yale, in the spring with Princeton. The Council sends a man to meet a representative of the other University to choose the query and the side. Just about twenty-four hours after these are announced, the first preliminary is held. This is open to every student in the University. Each contestant makes a five-minutes speech upon the side of his own choosing. The judges,

appointed by the Council, retain twelve men. In about three days the second preliminary is held, each speaker choosing his side and having ten minutes. Of these, six are retained. These draw for sides, and about three days thereafter the final preliminary is a set debate. The three best men constitute the first team; the other three, the second. Now the battle is on.

Just as soon as the query is announced, the men in the college library ransack the indexes and stacks and ferret out every bit of material they have upon the subject. This is taken over to the library of the Debating Council and placed at the service of the teams. In this way the debaters do not have to spend their time searching for magazines and books, but can devote their energy to mastering the material which the University has found for them. I think that this plan is worthy of adoption elsewhere.

The Debating Council appoints a coach for the two teams, usually he is an old 'Varsity debater himself. For three weeks he is training his men as carefully as a football coach ever put his teams through. Nearly every afternoon or night there is a practice of about three hours. None of the speeches are written, not even those for the final debate. Each debater speaks on first one side and then the other. The coach puts up every case he can imagine, he puts all sorts of interpretation upon the query that he thinks can occur to the teams of the other University and makes his men meet those cases and interpretations. When the teams meet for practice, no one knows on what side or in what order he is to speak. The coach will say something like this: "Mr. A., I want you to make the opening speech on the Affirmative." When Mr. A., who may have been used to speaking on the Negative, has finished, the coach says, "Don't you

think that you can answer your argument? Let me hear you try." Away goes A. tearing to pieces the case he has just built up. Thus it goes on for the three weeks. The final team is really not chosen until about three nights before the debate. The coach reserves the right to substitute second team men for first if he sees fit. When the final effort comes, the men go up brim-full of the subject, without manuscript, ready to meet any interpretation the other side may put upon the query.

COMMENCEMENT PARTS.

The next exhibition that Harvard makes of her training in public speaking is in the parts delivered on Commencement Day—the English Undergraduate, the Latin Undergraduate, the Graduate, the Law, the Medical, and the Divinity Parts. Some two months or more before Commencement, the men trying for these parts submit their speeches. The propriety of the subject, the purity of the language, the arrangement of the discourse, and such matters are considered by a committee of the faculty and the manuscripts are returned with criticisms, corrections, and suggestions. In a few days the contestants read their parts before another committee of the faculty. The purpose is to judge how the speeches sound. As soon as the selection of speakers is made, each man is put under a special coach, usually an instructor in Public Speaking in Harvard. From then until Commencement the rehearsing and revising go on, even more careful and detailed than that for the debate. The faults of the man,—his mannerisms in delivery, his provincialisms in pronunciation, his difficulties in enunciation—are detected, and a desperate effort to uproot them is made. There is practice upon every point, even the bows he is to make. After passing through this crucible, then

comes the final, dress rehearsal before still another committee of the faculty. Even at this late moment there is the possibility that the part will be thrown out altogether because the man has some insurmountable impediment. When this is passed, there is nothing more until the final effort.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING AT HARVARD.

I will mention what I consider the two characteristics of public speaking at Harvard. One has to do with the style; the other, with the spirit. Of all the things frowned upon by coaches and instructors, it is spread-eagleism. To romp around on the stage, with arms in the air, with froth at the mouth, and with the brain in eclipse is to the judge what the red blanket is to the bull. They strive to attain the maximum amount of mental alertness with the minimum expenditure of physical energy. For this reason, it has been said that men trained as they are at Harvard do not make great public speakers. If by great public speaker one means the man who can make hair stand on end, who can make hats and hurrahs go up in the air, the criticism is just. But if the effective public speaker is he who convinces by his argument and persuades by his own sincerity, then I believe that the Harvard training will measure well up to the standard.

The other characteristic is that, when a student goes out to represent the University, either in intercollegiate debate or Commencement part, he has it constantly impressed upon him that he is representing Harvard. He must do credit to his school. He must maintain its reputation. Hence, when a man is appointed to one of these positions, he is not left to work out his part alone, but the University renders him every assistance possible. If

he does ill, the University as well as himself is to be blamed. If he does well, both take credit.

As I have written, my purpose has been neither to criticise nor to compare methods, but to state them, hoping that in these pages there may be ideas which will interest those who are trying to maintain and enlarge that prestige which Wake Forest has gained for itself in the forum.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 7, 1907.

A VOYAGE ON THE STYX

BY J. E. HOYLE, '10.

Am I mad that I behold the blood dripping from my hands, and my feet sore and bleeding? And has God rained blood from heaven that all the streams are "red like crimson?" Do these human skeletons about me suggest that my blood will soon stain the sand upon which I sit? And is that roaring noise the voice of some savage beast that will soon be upon me to devour my flesh, and leave my bones uncoffined, to bleach in this burning heat? Ah! the situation is clear now. This is the story:

In early manhood I was wild and adventurous, aye, wild in the fullest meaning of the word—wild as the rugged mountain heights among which I was reared; and as fearless as my Spartan brothers. Together we scaled the loftiest peaks, swam the deepest rivers, and looked into the glaring eyes of the "Numidian Lion"; and never once arose within our bosoms the least sentiment of fear. Often when but a boy I have sat at my father's feet by the glowing coals of a dying fire, and listened with acute attention to a band of hoaryheaded men rehearse the heroic deeds of Spartan warriors, and the fierce battles they had fought. And especially was I eager to catch their words when they told of a river whose waters are black and poisonous, and whose swift, ever-increasing current sweeps all before it into an unknown world. Many a night have I dreamed myself upon its banks ready to plunge into its surging tide, but each time I would awake before performing the act which in my slumbers seemed so pleasing.

And thus with manhood came that desire for adventure which nothing could alleviate. Rivers there were about my home, with rapid currents, forming great cataracts and many dangerous gorges; but my canoe had successfully passed them all, and I longed for something now to explore.

From the top of a far distant mountain, which overlooked a depopulated valley, I had often viewed the course of a river whose surface reflected no glittering ray of the brightest noonday sun. And each time that I beheld it an inevitable desire to explore its banks was increased, until finally desire gained the mastery of reason, and I found myself alone on a river whose black water clung to my oar with exciting tenacity. Had there not been a stiff breeze to aid me my boat might have remained immovable because of the density of the water. However, the density soon began to decrease; the wind, too, was waning rapidly in velocity; and the current of the river likewise became visible. But what did I care for the rapidity of my speed? My purpose was to find the sea into which the river flowed, and my desire to discover the unknown increased in advance of both wind and current.

But hark! Whence came that roaring noise? Surely no cataract ever leaped from a sufficient height to produce that thundering roar. Some distance before me I observed that the river became a subterranean stream. There, in my very course of the river, was a yawning cavern, from which issued a deafening noise. Now, you may think that I drew back in fear, but no, no; its fury increased my desire to achieve the impossible, "as the beating of the drum stimulates a soldier into courage." I now had entered the mouth of the cave. For awhile

it seemed that I must be dashed to pieces against the great boulders which projected from every side. Then, in the last glimmering days of the upper world, I beheld the ghastly, grim visages of spirits long departed, and their groans and shrieks could be heard above the noise of the turbulent stream. Thus ebon darkness reigned supreme. For the first time in my life I felt a chill of fear creeping over me, but I shook it off and remained quite calm.

When sufficient light had returned for me to observe the changes, I was horrified by my surroundings. The water was red with blood, and human bodies floated upon its surface, while the banks were strewn with human bones. The stream, however, had become quiet now, and vast meadows stretched out on either side.

Seeing some one ashore I landed and drew near him. From his feet flowed a stream of blood, to which every pore of his body contributed. When he observed me he threw up his hands and shouted, "Delivered at last. Reign until relieved." His blood ceased to flow, and rushing to the river he leaped into my boat and was gone.

For forty years I have wandered about this dreary waste, most lonely and wretched. My blood has not flowed so freely as did his, for my deeds were not so evil, but at times I am unable to wipe the crimson stains from my hands and feet, while every noise suggests a death which never comes.

THE INEVITABLE

BY J. B. FROST, '10.

The June sun poured down hotly on the broad shoulders of John Stanley as he ploughed the long cotton rows. From force of habit he did his work well. But his thoughts were not upon it, but upon his sweetheart, hundreds of miles away in a large college. To-morrow she was coming home. Would she be the same sympathetic, unaffected girl of nine months before? Would her handshake be as strong and her "Come in, John," as sincere as of old? He had his doubts.

Fifteen years before, Peter Allen had bought the old Brown place, the largest plantation in the county, and had started farming on a large scale. His family consisted of himself, wife, and one child, Alice, a girl of four years. On a farm adjoining the Allens lived Alec Stanley, his wife, and their six-year-old son, John—a poor but respectable family.

Neighbors were few and far between, and almost of necessity the two families, in far different stations of life, were on the most friendly terms. John and Alice, being the only children, naturally formed a strong attachment for one another. They began their education together at the neighborhood school, and stayed in the same class until they finished. From the first year John was looked upon as being a promising scholar, the most promising, in fact, of the class, except one, Alice. But work as hard as he might, he could never quite equal her.

Gradually, as the time passed, their relations changed from that of playmates to that of sweethearts, and by the

time they graduated from the school, no one thought of rivalling John in Alice's affections.

Through all his school days John's ambition had been to go to college and become a lawyer. With this in view, he had carefully saved his money, so that by the time of his graduation he had collected enough to carry him through his first year at college, and everything seemed to be working out right for him. But just here came a crushing blow. His father, while standing under a tree during a thunder shower, was killed by lightning, and the support of his mother fell upon John. This broke up his plans, and it was with a sad heart that he bade farewell to Alice as she left for college. There was one consolation, however,—her promise of frequent letters.

And for awhile the letters came as frequently as he could ask for. But after a little time they showed that the feelings of the writer were changing, that she was thinking less of home and more of college, forgetting the old life in the pleasures of the new one. Then the intervals between them, always long to John, became longer, and at last they almost stopped coming.

Slowly the conviction had come over John that he was steadily losing ground, and that it was only a little time until he would be down and out. At first he fought against it, stubbornly, bitterly, but in the end he had to admit it, and his life became still harder. Now she was coming home, and he could see with his own eyes just how things stood. He was already pretty well satisfied as to how things would be.

His first call showed him that his fears were not ungrounded, for instead of the simple, sweet, country girl of a few months before, he found a cultured young lady with all the airs of society. Her talk was all of college

and the city. Everything of any worth was in the city; there was nothing here in the country. And yet, once or twice her old self broke out, like bursts of sunshine through clouds, but were quickly repressed. In these unguarded moments John caught something, he hardly knew what, that gave him a little hope. When he went home that night, though, he could but admit that his prospects were dark.

For several weeks he kept on calling on Alice, in a half-hearted way, then gave it up, and resolved to see her no oftener than was unavoidable. After this the only times that he saw her was when passing her home along the road.

Slowly the long summer days passed by. The time was drawing near for Alice to return to college. Then one evening, when John came in from work, his mother told him that they had been invited to a picnic to be given the following Saturday at a lake a few miles away. At first he determined not to go, for he knew that Alice would be there, and for him to see her would only be to increase his pain. But upon second thought it seemed unmanly to refuse to go for that cause, so he went, determined to see as little of Alice as possible.

During the morning he got along well, being thrown with Alice only in a crowd. But just after dinner, when the young people broke up into couples and strolled away to different parts of the grove, it happened that he and Alice were left alone together. For a moment neither spoke. Then, while he was trying to think of something to say, John noticed a boat drawn up on the shore of the lake, and almost before he knew what he was doing, he had asked Alice to go for a ride, and whether she wished it or not, there was nothing for her to do but accept.

For some time, as they glided along through the water, there was no sound save the dipping of the paddle, for both felt ill at ease. Then Alice, partly out of capriciousness, partly from embarrassment, began to rock the boat from side to side. Several times the water almost entered it, and John warned her that she would upset it if she didn't stop, but she persisted. Finally she gave it an extra hard rock, and John leaned over the side to balance it. Just then the boat ran on a hidden snag. It was going at considerable speed, and the shock when it struck was sufficient to send both its occupants out into the lake. They had been facing each other in the boat, and consequently went out in opposite directions,—he toward the prow, she toward the stern. Just as the boat struck, Alice screamed, and this saved her from being drowned, for a fisherman on the shore heard her and came to her assistance, and got her out safely. But where was John while this was happening? When he struck the water, it was near the prow of the boat, and his feet became tangled in a chain, which was used to fasten up the boat, and had been left trailing under it. His efforts to get free only served to tangle him worse, and at length, exhausting his strength in struggling, he sank. But he fought his way to the surface again, then sank twice more, the third time to stay down.

But as soon as the man who had rescued Alice saw John's struggle, he immediately swam toward him, and got to the boat just after his last struggle to the surface. Grasping the chain, he hauled him up, and with difficulty disentangled his feet, and got him to the shore. Then he and Alice set to work to restore him. After much work signs of life began to show in his body again. He was taken to a house near the lake, where he lay for

several days, delirions, and between life and death. During this time Alice hardly left his bedside, and her name was always on his lips. By the time John began his convalescence, Alice had decided that she had had enough of college, and that the country was the best place to live anyhow; so when he regained his strength,—well, the inevitable happened.

THE SPARSITY OF THE STARS—THE MEASURELESS REMOTENESS OF EACH STAR FROM ALL OTHERS

BY PROFESSOR J. F. LANNEAU, REPUBLISHED FROM "POPULAR ASTRONOMY."

In February, 1901, there suddenly appeared in the northern sky a previously unseen star about as bright as the familiar Pole star. It quickly brightened, and in less than three days vied with Sirius, the brightest of the stars. Then, fading rapidly for a month, it resumed its former invisibility.

I cite it only to illustrate stellar distances. The sudden blazing up of that star to a 25,000-fold brightness, really occurred over three centuries ago—occurred before Jamestown's settlement, whose tercentennial is now being celebrated.

Such that star's distance, that its light flashing from its unthinkable remoteness had just reached us in February, 1901!

"Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky,
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

This, the child's simple questioning, seems to voice an inborn longing of mankind. From time immemorial the sky's glittering finger-marks of Deity have attracted man's untiring attention.

When the jeweled brow of night is contemplated perhaps the first question it provokes is:

ARE THE STARS INNUMERABLE?

Most of us think we see a countless multitude. But contrary to this popular impression, the visible stars are really quite limited in number. They have been mapped

accurately, carefully counted and found to be, all told, less than 7,000!

Of course the telescope brings into view millions more—a countless host. But even from a favorable standpoint on the Earth's equator, scanning the evening sky from pole to pole throughout the year as its twinkling lights pass in review, you can not count as many as 7,000 stars.

Of the half of them above you in the sky any night some 1,500 will be concealed by the murky air all around your horizon. At no time as you patiently scan the glittering sky do you see more than 2,000 stars.

HOW FAR OFF ARE THE STARS?

Too far to state in miles. To name the distance to the nearest star in miles, would be like stating the distance to the moon in inches. For stellar remoteness we need a large unit—not less than the distance from the Earth to the Sun. Some hundreds of thousands of this long unit express somewhat intelligibly the star's distance from us—provided the unit distance is comprehended.

Unfortunately any mental picture of this earth-sun unit distance must be inadequate. We may aid imagination, however, by noting the time of transit of some missile or swift vehicle.

A balloon soaring sunward may aid conception. Assume that Columbus in the year 1492, to signalize his discovery of America, had sent up a balloon to the overhead Sun; and suppose that, regardless of failing atmosphere, it rose swiftly, steadily 37 1/3 miles every hour until it reached the Sun. When did it reach its destination?

Columbus retraced his uncertain course across the broad Atlantic, presenting the new-found western conti-

ment to Ferdinand and Isabella. He made other long voyages—other discoveries. Still the balloon was swiftly moving sunward! More than a century passed. Jamestown was settled. Virginia's forest witnessed the romance of Pocahontas. The *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth Rock; and later, New England nestled in the wilderness. Still the balloon was mounting! Long Indian wars were waged. Colony after colony struggled successfully into civic strength—thirteen of them. Old England misruled. Edenton harbor and Boston harbor were tea-tinctured.

Lexington's guns heralded a new flag—the stars and stripes. Independence was declared. Then, late in the new nation's natal year, the balloon which had mounted steadily sunward 37 1-3 miles every hour for well nigh three centuries had just reached the Sun!

Its long flight measured our needed unit of distance—the stretch from Earth to Sun—a swift balloon's three centuries' climb!

275,000 times this unit is the distance to the nearest star—the bright southern star, Alpha Centauri.

The nearest of the stars is more than a fourth of a million times farther from us than the Sun is.

No balloon will help thought across that nearest star's long reach. Will the swiftly known vehicle, an automobile, aid us?

In January, 1906, one of these marvels of speed raced on Ormond Beach, Florida, at the rate of 128 miles an hour. Suppose it could speed to the stars, going steadily 120 miles an hour—two miles a minute—for days, years, centuries. It would reach the nearest star in something more than twenty-four million years!

Two miles a minute for that many million years—240

thousand centuries—will not quite span the unthinkable distance to the nearest twinkling star.

What, then, the distance to the stars beyond? What the distance to those so remote in the depths of space that powerful telescopes bring them only faintly into view?

For these stupendous distances our earth-sun—the 93,000,000 mile unit—is too short, automobile speed too slow. For these staggering stellar reaches through boundless space, a special new unit of space must be devised. It is called the light-year—meaning the distance light flashes in a year.

We must realize, if possible, something of the significance of this unit—the distance light goes in a year.

The first creation from primal chaos was light. "Let light be, and light was." It moves with the swiftest speed known. Its unrivalled velocity—first learned in 1675 by noting eclipses of Jupiter's moons, more recently proved experimentally—is 186,330 miles per second!

This amazing distance through which light moves in one second, 186,330 miles, is over seven times the distance around the world. If a light ray instead of moving as it does in a straight line could trace a circle, it would flash seven times around the world in a second. Yet, at its unrivalled rate, light in one year traverses less than a fourth of the distance to the nearest star.

Our two-mile a minute automobile returning from that star would reach us, you will recall, in 240,000 centuries. A beam of its light comes to us in something over four years! In a word, Alpha Centauri's distance from us is over four light-years.

Sirius, the brightest of the stars, is eight light-years from us; Arcturus, twenty-four light-years; and Polaris, the familiar North Star, is sixty light-years distant.

Some of the stars just visible to the unaided eye, are more than three hundred light-years from us. Many of those which are faintly seen through a large telescope are three thousand light-years off; and others are at distances of many thousand light-years!

With this insight into the vastness of stellar reaches—this suggestion of the stupendous scale of the sidereal universe—we may in some degree apprehend the otherwise astounding fact that any two visible stars, though seemingly side by side in the sky, are in reality distant from each other several light-years!

True, in many instances an apparently single star consists of two or more comparatively not far apart. But such systems are as isolated as are solitary stars. Regarding them as single stars it follows that despite appearances

THE STARS ARE NOT CROWDED.

They are remotely separated, widely scattered. Their seeming nearness to each other is but the effect of distance.

Looking down a long, straight stretch of railroad the rails on either side, though always equally wide apart, apparently converge to a point. In the distance they seem to touch each other. Two mountain peaks which in reality are several miles apart, when seen in the distance appear side by side, may seemingly touch.

So with the inconceivably distant stars. Closely grouped apparently, as in Perseus or Scorpio or in any of the constellations, no two stars are really neighbors. Any two of them, on the average, are twice as far apart as are the Earth and the nearest star.

A fast automobile run—two miles a minute—from star to nearest star would take, as from earth to star, not

less than 240,000 centuries; more likely, a half million centuries!

Often the two apparent companions are nearly in the line of sight—one far beyond the other. For instance, in the northern constellation Cassiopeia are two faint stars, Eta and Mu, seemingly side by side; one is distant from us 21 light-years; the other, 9 light-years. The two, then, seemingly close neighbors, are in reality separated a distance of at least 12 light-years—about three times our distance from the star Alpha Centauri.

The familiar Big Dipper is outlined by seven stars: three in a curve trace its handle, and four its bowl—the two farthest from the handle pointing to the North Star.

Could you stand on any one of the seven stars in that group, the nearest of the others would appear to you about as the star Sirius appears to us! So stupendous is the scale of the stellar universe—so widely scattered is the sky's twinkling host!

ARE THE STARS MOTIONLESS?

We speak of the "fixed" stars in contradistinction to the planets. For planetary motions, like that of our earth around the Sun, are made manifest by the seemingly stationary stars far beyond in the depths of space.

But the stars are not even relatively fixed. Centuries ago, Job spoke of Mazaroth in his season, of Arcturus and his sons, of the sweet influences of the Pleiades, of the bands of Orion. He saw the Dipper's handle pointing to Arcturus, the Pleiades close to the Hyades, Orion's belt above his sword—just as we now see them.

Mazaroth and other groups—the Dragon intruded between the Dippers, its head under the foot of Hercules; the Sea Monster seeking fair Andromeda, and barred by Perseus bearing the Gorgon's Head; the Cross in Cygnus,

the Archer, the Arrow, the Eagle—all of the constellations, appear to us as they appeared to the earliest man.

Nevertheless, the stars are not fixed. They are in motion, and in all directions; each in its independent course in straight, swift, steady motion. They are certainly changing their relative positions.

Why then are the changes not perceived? Simply because of what has been noted—their inconceivable distances from us and from each other.

One effect of great distance is to make motion. I cite a notable terrestrial instance. From Mitchell's Pass, the highest railroad crossing the Rocky Mountains, 18,000 feet above sea level, one looks down the steep curving spurs and slopes towards the Pacific for hundreds of miles. He sees in the far distance, at intervals, train after train, east-bound and west-bound. He knows that each of those hurrying trains is making at least a half-mile a minute. Yet, in the distance, they seem to stand still!

So with the twinkling stars in the far away depths of space. Moving in straight paths, in all directions; each is speeding not half-miles per minute, but miles per second. Yet, so great is their remoteness they seem to be quite stationary—even relatively unchanged.

But the incontestable proof of their real, though to us imperceptible change, is found in comparing star charts made long centuries ago with charts recently made.

For instance, the bright star Sirius, mapped by Ptolemy seventeen centuries ago, is shown by modern charts to have moved southward about the apparent breadth of the full Moon.

A moon-breadth in seventeen centuries! Yes, but a moon-breadth at our Moon's distance is two thousand miles; at our Sun's distance, nearly a million miles; and

at Sirius's distance, a moon-breadth is hundreds of thousands of millions of miles!

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

Viewed through a telescope a star seems to be a mere point of light. The larger the telescope, the more of the star's light entering its great eye, the brighter the star's image, but the image is still a point.

The star's really vast volume, millions-fold larger than this Earth, seemingly shrinks to a mere bright speck because of its inexpressible remoteness from us.

How can it so shine from the profound depths of space? Does it receive light from the Sun and reflect that light to us as do the planets? Is the star's light only reflected sunlight?

Polariscope and spectroscope both ring out No, an emphatic No. Star-light is not borrowed sunlight. Each star, as the subtile spectroscope proves, shines by its own energy, is self-luminous—is itself a Sun!

Our resplendent Sun and those remote twinkling stars reveal under spectroscopic ken the same essential structure. Each star is indeed an immense glowing body, dispensing freely its own heat and light.

Some of them—notably Canopus and Arcturus—are vaster in volume than our immense Sun, and more gloriously effulgent. Could our Sun withdraw from us and retreat into the depths of space, on its way to one of those remote giant stars, it would itself become a twinkling star—and farther on it would look fainter and fainter until invisible.

An obvious question arises: Is our Sun, like each of the other stars, speeding through space in a definite straight course? Yes, like the distant twinkling suns our Sun is speeding, we with it are speeding through space starward.

What the evidence? Herschel's patient scrutiny, comparing the star charts of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Ulugh Beigh and Tycho Brahe, made centuries apart, discovered that the stars in the region of the constellation Hercules appear wider apart than formerly—and that those in the sky opposite about Orion, appear nearer together.

Compare this fact with the familiar one that far off trees as you approach them appear wider apart, while the trees behind you in the distance close together.

Thus it is seen that our solar system, Sun and planets, is speeding toward Hercules—or more nearly, towards the bright star Vega, now conspicuous in the northeast.

The spectroscope confirms this fact. Moreover, it shows that our Sun's steady motion toward Vega is at the rate of some twelve miles a second.

In a year, we move in that direction four times the earth-sun distance; as far as our two-mile a minute automobile could travel in over three centuries.

Do you ask, when will we reach the star Vega? In some four thousand centuries we will reach Vega's present region of space—but not Vega. Its motion, meanwhile, will have borne it to new remoteness.

We will then be where it now is. We will have indeed a new pole-star, but will still see in the north the same Big Dipper—a little bent, doubtless—and will see the same Galaxy, the same Zodiac, the same glittering constellations from that viewpoint then as from this one now.

Speed on towards Vega, and on and on; the myriad stars—ever distant, each in rapid independent motion; because of their always stupendous remoteness from us and from each other seemingly unchanged—will all the while present still their old familiar groupings.

That since the "Beginning" we, with our Day-Star, the Sun, have been steadily speeding on and on through interstellar space without once meeting or passing a single lonely star, brings home to our realization as no other consideration can, the amazing amplitude of cosmic space, the completeness of the isolation of each star from all others, the supreme magnificence of the SCALE of the stellar universe; a magnificence worthy of a man's Creator—who "made the stars also, the work of His fingers."

RELIGION AND INTELLECTUAL APPREHENSION

BY S. F. WILSON, '07.

When we say that the supreme and most desirable qualification of humanity is the right use of reason we express a truism which no thoughtful person will deny. All human beings are more or less rational, potentially so, and differ only in the degree to which their reasoning faculties have been developed. There is little difference between a primitive barbarian and one who is civilized, except that one has continued in undeveloped mental conditions while the other, through the lapse of centuries, has risen higher and higher in conscious attainment of his intellectual powers.

It has been said that education, in order to be effective, must be symmetrical—that no education is truly genuine that is merely partial—that appertains alone to one department of an individual or interests only a single faculty of his being. Complete education must be full rounded and proportionate. It must be distributed proportionately among all the faculties—all the departments and elements of the human being. Otherwise it makes him physically, intellectually or morally lop-sided. His passions, thoughts, aims, purposes, judgments would therefore be confused and contradictory. His education, however extensively developed in one department at the expense of another, would hinder his true growth rather than develop it, thus leaving him one-half barbarian and one-half civilized.

In like manner we must think of religion, science or philosophy. We must study them not as distinct and unrelated phases of human investigation, but as equal

partners in the equipment of the human mind. So that if our science is not sustained by the fundamental principles of our philosophy, there is something wanting either in our philosophy or our science, and they can be reconciled only when we by careful examination find the faulty premise on which one or the other rests. Likewise, if our religion falls into conflict with our science, which is grounded on undeniable and authentic facts in experience and nature, then the life of such a religion is weighed and must meet with speedy destruction or make itself comply with scientific discovery and deduction.

Mere belief, of itself, is valueless if it asserts itself in spite and in defiance of truth as nature plainly reveals it. It is useless for us to hug a delusive religion which is available for some imaginary heaven, but is at variance with scientific interpretation and all the facts of earth and man.

In all the infinite there can be but one truth, as there is but one universe. Would it be reasonable to argue that a thing is truth in heaven and a lie on earth? Or that a thing is true in one science and false in another? We know that the sciences are balanced one with another and are harmonious. Who then will have faith in one science if it contradicts the laws of every other science? As a matter of fact, we have a systematic and harmonious science. This is because the universe is one, systematic and harmonious, and the same immutable laws prevail throughout the length and breadth of it. Were it otherwise science would be impossible.

Why then should a man ever imagine that his religion gives him the privilege of obstinately ignoring the very fundamental facts of scientific truth on the ground that religion possessed a truth unthinkable and beyond the

scientific mind? If it were true it would prove the contradiction, and therefore the inconsistency and lack of harmony of the entire universe—were it true scientific advancement would be impossible. But the fact that law anywhere and everywhere, however great or small, prevails throughout all cosmos affords a "safe and sane" basis for comprehensive science, the burden of which is the discovery of truth. Why then so many clashes between religion and science? Why so much intellectual anarchy?

First, let us ask ourselves the question, What is religion? If we look in our books we may find various answers to this question—such as

(a) "The outer form and embodiment of which inward spirit of a true or a false devotion is assumed; a rite or ceremony practiced in the worship of God."

"To transform

Oft to the image of a brute adorned

With gay religions full of pomp and gold."

(b) "A system of doctrine and worship regarded by its adherents as of divine authority."

(c) "The feeling of veneration with which the worshiper regards the Being which he adores."

(d) Darwin (*Descent of Man*) considers that the feeling of religions devotion is a highly complex one, consisting of love, complete submission to an exalted and mysterious superior, a strong sense of dependence, fear, reverence, gratitude, hope for the future, and perhaps other elements.

(e) Another man gives a definition which he feels sure must meet with the approval of all disputants. He says—"Religion is a mental faculty which, independent of, nay, in spite of sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the infinite under different names and varying degrees."

But all these efforts are only attempts to define a metaphysical chimera whose reality may be called in question. Whatever may be the thousands of definitions of religion, we all know that it is a fact in human experience. There is then but one meaning to religion and there can be but one.

Religion is a FORCE, the same as other forces in nature. It is the energy of the human mind that lifts a man to thoughts higher than he is wont to think; to feelings that aspire toward higher ideals; to efforts that improve and exalt his moral nature. Has not anything else that may have passed for religion been questionable?

History often confuses religion with man's interpretation of it. In reality religion has no logical relation to theology. Theology is man's attempted systematic interpretation of his own conception of the existence of a Supreme Being. Religion is a man's attempted interpretation of himself. The two have been confounded and made to stand the one for the other, merely because it had been supposed that man could aspire to noble things only when he thought he was worshipping an invisible Being who reigned supreme in the universe. Once proved that man can ascend in moral development without an appeal to imaginary external Deity, and the alleged contention between religion and theology falls to the ground.

Most of the theology is, after all, man's effort to explain that power,—that spark of divinity inherent in his breast which he knows as religion. There are few human beings—in fact none—who are entirely devoid of religion. Even the wildest savage believes in a heaven of great battlefields or happy hunting grounds. It is impossible for man to be without some form of religion. It is a natural force, a moral energy, a world-power

present not only in every human heart but in every living thing that has been created.

Will you question the religion of the queenly rose or of the inspiring plant or even the wild weed? Did you never feel in touch with the religion that thunders in the booming tide or sings in the rippling brook? Did you never feel a touch of the religion that is manifest in the glory of the sun or the twinkle of the stars?

In the growing of the grass, in the blooming of the flower, in the roaring of the storm, in the boiling of the sea, in the glory of the sun, in the sparkle of the star, in all the universe of God, there is some profound, eternal religion, because each is moving to some loftier ideal.

Do you say it is not religion? Then what is it?

When we shall realize the truth of religion in human life, then we understand that it is not an experience of the human being alone, but rather that it is a natural force, operating in every form and feature of existence and finding in man its final and most supreme expression.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

When we realize the truth of this and learn to listen to the still small voice within, we shall then be willing to break away from foolish superstitions, which are wholly contrary to reason, and sing with the poet—

Grow old with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
Nor be afraid."

A HEROIC CHARACTER—SILENT AND UNSEEN

BY F. T. COLLINS.

Standing some time ago on the billowy shores of the Atlantic, during a terrific storm, when it seemed that some mighty hand held its waters within its grasp and was about to throw them skyward and everywhere, I espied a speck not bigger than a man's hand far out on its surface. Nearer and nearer it came. Soon you could see belching up from it great clouds of smoke. It proved to be a United States man-of-war. On it came, piercing and plunging through the waves and through the storm, leaving a silvery streak of foam behind. The billows would lash its sides and plunge headlong over its decks; but on, still on, it came, not noticing the fury of the tempest—a mighty power amidst a mighty force! Bold and majestic, with the stars and stripes floating to the breeze, it crossed the bar and sailed proudly into port. I cheered and said, "That's grand." But whence such mighty power? Oh, down deep in the bowels of the monster there throbbed two huge engines, and back of these the steam—an unseen power.

I began at once to wonder and search for a power that shall float our flag and that of our civilization as triumphantly on land,—for indeed it has, and does, and must so float. I went to the lonely, bloody battle plain, where bayonets, fire and blood blend their terrors, and asked the dying warrior if it be he. He said, "Not I; for all this is the result of the clash of ideals that have elsewhere their origin." I went to the halls of Congress, where statesmen legislate for races yet unborn, but lo, it was not there; for these only tabulate the principles that some unseen influence has tutored into them.

Remembering that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," I hurried away to the sainted mother's chamber, and inquired of her if this were wholly true. She sighed, while a cloud gathered on her anxious brow, and said sadly: "I fear not; for often at an early age fate snatches me away from my child and leaves his youthful bark storm-tossed on life's fitful sea. And, unless some tender, tutoring hand comes to the rescue, smooths his ruffled spirit, touches and quickens into life the power within him, holds up before him his possibilities, and points him to the upward way, his little bark will hardly come into port at last." These were words from the depths of a Divine despair!

I sat me down to think, and while I sat, a voice spoke in tones as deep as thunder: "See the life savers along the coast—God's modern angels of light, the true heroines in real life to-day, the lady teachers in the lower schools"! Did I hear some puny, selfish pimp "hiss" at the name "teacher"? Whoever you be, go off and smite the lips that spat that hiss! Sneak cowardly to your kennel! For you and the world can no longer deny and rob her of the exalted place she fills in public life. She is undoubtedly the mightiest factor in our civilization at this hour! Upon her tired shoulders rests the destiny of our nation; about her nervous, electric personality cluster the hopes, and upon her efforts, and the help we give her, hangs the fate of our race and civilization. Now don't think that I would invade the realm of mother, and steal from her sainted brow a single, solitary laurel that is hers by virtue of her great love, her purity of soul, her prayers and salt tears,—No! Mother! The word itself is the sublimest and holiest in all the languages of earth! Were it tangible matter it were big enough to fill up the space of ten thousand worlds like this. No, let me die

a traitor's death rather than detract one iota from the glory of that hallowed name! The work of mother is sufficient and sublime so far as she is able; but oh what a field beyond her jurisdiction!

So, in all seriousness, I believe the twentieth century school mistress, slowly but patiently wending her way to her work, often over rough, rocky or muddy roads, beset—oh! too often, as you know—with the perils of the beastly, brutish African—shame on a land that lets such reptiles crawl its surface! and everlasting dishonor, disgrace and disgust on a race that will stand cowardly by, as we do, while such foul crimes are perpetrated upon its women! even those great ones, the heroines who are fighting the battles of a civilization and shaping the destinies of a world! I say, this brave, battling woman, tripping along the desolate way, alone, defenseless, with bonnet or hat in hand, singing softly a song that angels stoop to catch, is the most striking character in history, the biggest personage "in all the tide of time." And, if the spirits of the departed do honor about the living, to be sure a numberless Heavenly host encampeth around about her!

If there be one single central factor in human development upon which depend the weal or woe of man, it must be she. If it were given to that vile fiend, the devil, always planning and working the eternal ruin of mankind, to strike one big fatal blow at that point in our whole system where it would be most disastrous and blighting, he would not burn a temple of Diana, or sack a Rome with all its literary productions, or smite a Russia with a bomb-throwing terroristic propaganda, or throttle a civilization with a demon like Thad. Stephens; and stamp and pave the face of a prostrate, but proud, Anglo-Saxon race with the savage black foot of a slavish

race of apes; but he would sneak up behind this toiling teacher, and, with his blighting shaft drawn, he would take sure and deadly aim, and stab her in the back! And then with a howl of exultation, horrible and loud, known only to his angels and the demons of the under world, pawing and stamping the earth meanwhile around her dying form, he would summon his deputies and order all the hosts of hell to prepare a triumph exonerating his victory.

But back to the battlefield of life, down in the thickest of the fray, where the shot and shell are falling fastest, and the solid sheet of fire and smoke engulf the combatants. There you will find this modern "Maid of Orleans" fighting relentlessly the battles of a civilization, with all the odds against her! Oh God, nerve her for the struggle! And forgive us for the meager support we give her! See her with face set like steel toward a higher and purer and better state of civilization, pulling the world up with her, and refusing absolutely to go up unless humanity goes with her! Right heroic this! Peep in and watch her smooth this girl's ruffled spirit with her own gentler one; clear up the perplexity in this boy's mind about some fundamental truth; awakening confidence in this one, making hopeful that; cheering one drooping, struggling spirit, telling to another its possibilities, and stimulating the ambitions of another; and now inspiring in all hope and the ultimate gain of knowledge, influence, power, and usefulness! Great work this! Now listen to her tell them at close of day of Washington, Paul Revere, or Lee, in her tender, loving, eloquent way! Eloquent? Yes! A Divine message ringing down to all ages and all times! Humanity hangs breathless on the words of this great one, its new literature and light; this world's Priestess,—guiding it, like a sacred

Pillar of Fire in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of time.

Now the day is done and all are off for home; but our heroine, where is she? She lingers within. Softly now!—with head bowed upon her arms, is she tired, or does she pray? The angels know. Now she strolls homeward along the dusty way. Alone and friendless? No; the dogs at every farm house gate await orderly her approach. Far down the road a lady comes—enough! They know 'tis she! Playfully and friendly he runs to meet her, asking no greater reward than the "snap" of her finger or a touch on the top of his head, or "Top" or "Trail" ejaculated soft and low. Just that makes him chivalrons to the last ditch, and carries him home with her;—and woe to any assailant now! Thus they fall into ranks, one by one, as she passes; for she, ever kind and innocent and noble, acknowledges each one's greeting with a "snap" of her finger or some pet name. And by the time she gets home there is a chivalric troop accompanying her. No band of ancient knights ever performed a trust of protection more proudly and full! Thus goes quietly from a day of toil to a night of rest this valiant soul; a wise, faithful, unconquerable woman; "swallowing down how many sore sufferings daily into silence"; fighting, like an unseen hero, ignorance, superstition and doubt to a standstill every inch of the way! Nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about her nobleness; voting pieces of plate to her! However, she is not lost; nothing is lost. An educated youth is there, the outcome of her! The world has not seen her; the world sees nothing great till it be gone. The busy, bustling, clamoring populace has jostled her on the street and in the crowded thoroughfares in search of a hero to worship; it doesn't see her. Lamentable this! No bells

ring to announce her coming; the cannon's boom is never heard when she lands. No special envoys are sent to meet her; some one would laugh to speak of giving a reception in her honor; but she is great anyhow! Great in inspiration, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious characters. Great, not as a hewn obelisk; but as the sun's rays—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all; here for quite another purpose than being great! Ah, yes, unsubduable sunshine, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet at its kiss there smile before, and all around you, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A real, true, heroine, whether you will or not, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to heaven. You have her, this living, throbbing dynamo of power and influence in rescuing and saving a world. The essential quality of her is, that she can fight and conquer; that she is "a right piece of human valor. No more valiant one, no mortal heart to be called *braver*, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic kindred, whose character is valor." You may slight her if you will; the world may forget her if it please; for what's in the plaudits of the populace anyhow? One minute they run wild with praise for a Caesar—he's a god; the next minute, Caesar having abdicated in his favor, it's his slayer, Brutus; and in a little short hour they thirst for Brutus's blood and chase him through the streets of Rome, and a Mark Anthony is the hero now. Ah, it doesn't matter; she is no grandstand player. Notice? she courts not that; what could notice here do for her? "Ever in" her "great Taskmaster's eye," the eternities will applaud her! Future ages and times will stop still, uncover their heads, and, turning back, will bless her! God will crown her with a diadem, rich as He alone can make!

COLLEGE SPIRIT

BY H. H. M'ILLAN, '08.

"College spirit"—should you ask me to define it I could not give you an answer. Should you ask me to explain it I could not. All I can say about this word college spirit is that I have felt it and I have observed that it is the backbone of any college.

It is this spirit that accompanies the ball players to the ground as found in the heart and feelings of every boy. You college boy! no matter what college you are from, have you ever seen a winning ball team without the support of the student body? But the outsider asks what has the student body got to do with winning a game? The college boy says he goes out to "root" for his team. But what is "rooting." It is the expression of your college spirit by making any kind of a noise you can to rattle the other team. If a boy has college spirit it comes out in the form of rooting during the game and riding the players on his shoulders when it is over. I would like to remind you that college spirit supports your representatives in defeat as well as in victory. If a boy supports his representatives only in time of victory, one might say that it was from a selfish motive, but when a man stands to his college in time of darkness as well as in sunshine, you may watch him as a man not a coward. Nor does this spirit of encouragement stop when the game is over. No. If the game is won (I speak of baseball because it is generally considered to be the college game) the college spirited fellow closes his books that night (he is generally studious) and joins his fellow-students in serenading the old college grounds.

Then is when he can sing his college song with feeling. At this place one might say: "Well, what is the good in ball any way? It is the most foolish, nonsensical game I ever saw." I should answer him by saying that it gives the boy a chance to find out his fellows. A boy's character is tested as it could be in no other place. It brings the student body together. It gives a boy a love for every other boy that is stamped on his heart for life. A college game develops college spirit. If a man goes to college and leaves with nothing but a love for his college, a respect for the right, and an inspiration to bring in honor to his old Alma Mater, I feel that his time is not entirely lost. But on the other hand.

Would to God that there was no betting in our colleges, but there is, and there is no need of hiding it. If a boy wants to gamble he can bet on anything, so I don't think there could be any objection to ball on this account. If we try to extinguish gambling from our colleges by force we must cement the cracks in the floor and make both sides of money exactly alike. So the ball is all right, although betting is wrong. Now for the boy who bets against his team. It were better for him to be at home serving his father, because he does the college more harm than good. He thinks more of self than he does of his college. College spirit can not be attached to his name.

As athletics tends towards unity in the same proportion do secret organizations tend towards division. "A house divided against itself must fall." So it is with a college. Before a college can prosper as it should, each man must make the college and the will of the student body his highest thought. In order that a boat may move, each oar must pull in the same direction. So it is

with a student body. They must become an organism of unity.

Does college spirit vanish when college life comes to an end? No. It leaves a man's body when the death knell is sounded. It is college spirit that causes the Alumni of a college to give her their hearty support. But you say: What can a poor man do for her? I would say, practically, as much as the rich man. Money is not the supreme means of its existence. If you have no money then give her your support by giving her a good name, in advising and persuading other boys to attend her sessions. Be sure that all your sons, if you are so fortunate, go to your school, and after you have advised him to shun evil companions, live a pure consecrated life, be an honest studious boy and other words of advice, let your last words go forth, "Be faithful to your college."

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

BY H. J. MASSEY.

“ There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

“ Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Alladin's tower
Unfinished must remain!”

Nathaniel Hawthorne stands at the head of American prose writers. His life, together with his best short stories and his charming romances, is familiar to readers of our literature. And on the assumption of this familiarity, no minute account of his life and chief works will be given, but rather some notice will be taken of his unfinished works. 'Twas never his intention to have these incomplete works published; nor after his death did his family wish them to be given to the world. But in some way they are before the public and are interesting as showing Hawthorne's persistence in pursuing what he set out in early life to accomplish; moreover, they are instructive in that they show how he worked. Yet by no means are we to suppose that he wrote all his novels under such circumstances or with such laborious pains.

As nearly all his works indicate, Hawthorne was a man of meditative turn of mind. The theme of many of his stories and novels is sin and rebuke of conscience. A certain weirdness of seclusion and mystery pervades them. He sounds the depths of the human soul and, as it were, exposes secrets long concealed. In his hands New England witchcraft, Indian traditions, and legends

of the early history of our country assume a form so definite that the reader is transported to the scenes of action and becomes a participant.

From the period of seclusion at Salem until the end of his life, his journal and stories show that Hawthorne's mind was haunted with dreams of the Fountain of Youth. The fascination of such an intangible idea took possession of him, and at intervals throughout life he sought to embody it in a story. The power of man over nature and the spiritual world is hinted at in "The Birthmark," which was written in 1843. Aylmer, confident in his ability to remove the horrible blot from his wife's face, even intimates that some day his weary years of study and research will be rewarded by the discovery of the Elixir of Life. He ignores the mortality of humanity and fails to realize that absolute perfection, even in a beautiful woman, is not granted to mankind. In his exultation at the success of his experiment he is suddenly thwarted by death. He has conquered the imperfection and his wife is a specimen of perfect beauty, but as the last scarlet tint of the spot fades from her cheek life expires and she is transported to the abode of the truly immortal.

Ponce De Leon was lured by no delusive phantom if Dr. Heidegger's experiment be true. This story was among Hawthorne's earlier productions and is an evidence that his intention of writing a story dealing with the immortality of man was still tenacious in his mind. The venerable doctor, whose life had been occupied with scientific investigations, through the service of a friend had procured some of the rejuvenating waters from a fabled fountain in Florida. Four of his ancient friends, having assembled at his invitation, he called their attention to the wonderful efficacy of the water by dropping a

dried rose into it. At once the rose was as fresh as when plucked. This aroused their curiosity to drink. After quaffing two or three goblets apiece of the water they felt their youthful energies returning, and were soon whirling round the room in a mirthful dance. But alas! much to their disappointment and chagrin, the potency of the water failed and they grew old again.

After the publication of "The Birthmark," "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," and numerous other stories written while he was an obscure man, Hawthorne turned his attention to longer works. The "House of the Seven Gables," "Scarlet Letter," and "Blithedale Romance," written at his prime, exhibit the high-water mark of his genius. During the years that intervened between his removal from the Salem custom house and his appointment to the consulship at Liverpool, these novels brought him a handsome income and awarded him the palm as king of American romancers.

In March, 1853, Hawthorne was chosen consul, and in the latter part of the summer assumed his official duties. While at Liverpool he made a visit to Smithell's Hall and heard the legend of the Bloody Footstep. Connecting this with a preconceived plot of his own, he began writing the various drafts of a tale afterwards entitled "The Ancestral Footstep." He wrote several outlines of this story in the form of a diary, and each day we find that he changed the plot or introduced new characters. But he could never quite mould it to suit his artistic sense. It seemed to elude his grasp. The result was that he never completed the romance. But it is interesting to note how he used it in a modified form in "Septimius Felton."

In reference to the "Ancestral Footstep," Julian Hawthorne says: "I am inclined to think that the legend was

more of a nuisance than a pleasure to him, after all. From a literary point of view, the idea is one of those which seem very alluring at first sight, but, when one comes to deal with them, prove strangely difficult and impracticable. Having once made up his mind to use the incident, in some form, in a romance, Hawthorne would not easily forego his purpose, and nothing can be more interesting and instructive to would-be romancers than the repeated efforts he made to lick the incident into shape and harmony."

"The Ancestral Footstep" seems to have been written in 1858, while in Italy, whither he had gone after resigning his consulship. The incomparable "Marble Faun" was also the product of his stay in Rome. After publishing this novel in England, Hawthorne hastened home. The seven years abroad had been among his busiest and certainly his happiest ones. But now his health had broken. The once robust man was becoming emaciated, his footsteps faltered, and the raven black hair had given place to a crown of snow. The cloud of Civil War was lowering over the country. But through all these years, and even now in the decline of health and life, when the impending struggle seemed most threatening, he did not forget his old theme of the "Elixir of Life."

Amid such environments it was that Hawthorne, in 1861 (?), set to work on "Septimius Felton." The germ of this story is to be found in the "Old Manse," a graphic picture of the home of his early married life. Again in his notes, dated several years before going to England, we find the following paragraph:

"The advantages of a longer life than is allotted to mortals; the many things that might then be accom-

plished, to which one lifetime is inadequate, and for which the time spent is therefore lost; a successor being unable to take up the task where we drop it."

This is essentially the purpose of Septimius in trying to discover a panacea for mortality. In the beginning of the story, in vivid contrast with Robert Hagburn and Rose Garfield, we find him bemoaning the brevity of human life. To him all is vanity. Since man so soon must leave what he has accomplished, he sees little for which to strive. And while pretending to study for the ministry—but really pondering his self-centred thoughts—he allows himself to drift into infidelity. Then fate, or as he deems it, fortune, chances to throw into his hands a mysterious paper, which he treasures almost as dearly as life itself. For as he stands above his fallen adversary the dying youth speaks of indefinite life and alludes to the paper's being a formula for making the life-giving essence.

After this event Septimius is the apostle of an idea—an idea that in the manuscript he possesses the means of prolonging life indefinitely. He becomes more secluded, scorns the vain pursuits of the world, and, with a dogged persistence characteristic of a bigot, settles down to the task of translating the meaningless words and unravelling the hieroglyphics of the paper. Neither Robert nor Rose can persuade him to give up the phantom he is pursuing; his pastor also consigns him to his satanic whim; and even the sneers of old Dr. Portsoaken and the ominous forebodings of future ills to which Sibyl Dacy alludes do not intimidate him. Down the vistas of coming centuries he sees himself master of the earth and defying old age and death.

But Septimius must not be too harshly judged. To an extent he was the child of circumstances. The traits

which he inherited from his Indian ancestry bred in him the natural tendency towards Stoicism and a melancholy temperament. And when all things—the romantic way in which he got possession of the paper, Aunt Kezzy's story of the great sagamore, from whom he was descended, the history of her own potent beverage, Sibyl's wild legend of the Bloody Footstep, and the flower growing from the grave of the young man—combined to make him feel that he was the chosen instrument to discover the boon for humanity, he did not hesitate to set about its execution.

After months of weary study, at Dr. Portsoaken's suggestion, he searches and finds Aunt Kezzy's iron-bound box. He applies the key, taken from the young man whom he killed, and opens the box. To his joy he discovers the clew to the secrets of the manuscript. He deduces a set of formulas which of themselves, if observed, would seem to extend the span of life. After a consultation with the old doctor, he brews and concocts a liquor which, to his mind, has all the attributes assigned by the paper. At last he has accomplished what scientific men for centuries have been striving to do. His joy is unbounded. And in his enthusiasm over the prospect of living forever he generally invites Sibyl to share the bliss, and he his companion throughout the cycles of untold centuries. But alas! his dream fades on that fatal night when Sibyl sips the subtle poison and then dashes the vase to fragments, wasting all the precious nectar.

Hawthorne never finished "Septimius Felton," yet it has a more nearly complete form than the "Ancestral Footstep." It appeals to the reader in a fanciful and allegorical way, and is interesting from the beginning to end. Mr. James says of it: "I differ widely from the author's biographer and son-in-law in thinking it a work

of the greatest weight and value, offering striking analogies with *Goethe's Faust*. * * * It is plain to the reader that *Septimius Felton*, as it stands, with its roughness, its gaps, its mere allusiveness and slightness of treatment, gives us but a very partial measure of Hawthorne's full intention; and it is easy to believe that this intention was much finer than anything we find in the book. Even if we possessed the novel in its complete form, however, I incline to think that we should regard it as much the weakest of Hawthorne's productions."

The verdict of Mr. James, competent as he is to judge, may be correct. Yet the reader can not but feel the charm and witchery of the story. Imperfect as it stands, yet it is not to be doubted that, had Hawthorne retained his vigor of mind and body, he would have added another masterpiece to American fiction.

The last of this series of incomplete stories dealing with the Elixir of Life was the "Dolliver Romance." This was begun in the latter part of 1863 as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Hawthorne's habit of taking notes as thoughts occurred to him served him well in many instances. Among these notes, which were jotted down a quarter of a century before the "Dolliver Romance" was written, may be found these lines: "A man arriving at the extreme point of old age grows young again at the same pace at which he had grown old,—returning upon his path throughout the whole of life, and thus taking the reverse view of matters. Methinks it would give rise to some odd concatenations."

The above quoted passage practically sums up the whole of the "Dolliver Romance." Old Dr. Dolliver, already beyond the seventieth milestone of life, finds that by taking a single drop of a bright colored liquid each night, he becomes younger. As he continues its use his

eyes become brighter, his mental perceptions clearer, and his step more elastic. This excites the enmity of a certain crabbed old Colonel Dabney, who goes to Dr. Dolliver and demands the elixir as his own by right of discovery. In his eagerness to grow young again he at once swallows monthfuls of the liquor. He has scarcely taken the bottle from his thirsty lips when, with a spasmodic convulsion, he leaps from his chair, dances with demoniac glee, and falls back into his seat dead. Dr. Dolliver rushes to him and finds, instead of old Colonel Dabney, a young man. An overdose of the powerful drug has brought on a reaction which his feeble body could not withstand, and during the transformation life expires.

The "Dolliver Romance" was Hawthorne's last work. A completed life with an incomplete work was about to close its career. It was a life of thought and profound insight into the human soul—its passions and aspirations; while from his own soul and works morality emanated as from no other American writer. His purpose of writing a novel on the Elixir of Life shows his patience and perseverance in pursuit of a cherished ideal. This noble effort in the realm of prose has its counterpart in the world of poetic thought, Milton, after twenty years of deferred hopes, in spite of obstacles, dictated "Paradise Lost."

Both Milton and Hawthorne are representatives of Puritanism. Milton, as the exponent of the older and more rigid form as it existed in England; Hawthorne, as the disciple of the milder form exhibited in America. Milton accomplished his purpose at the cost of total blindness. Hawthorne, as it were, pursued a phantom, but the search for the Elixir of Life was realized in the passing of the noble spirit to the better world.

FRIENDSHIP—TRUE AND FALSE

BY EDGAR H. STILLWELL

Everything which passes current under the title of friendship is not friendship. Every person who poses as your friend does not act the part of a friend. The history of the world—both sacred and political—affords many examples of bartered friendship. It has been said that every good thing in nature or art can be counterfeited, and friendship is no exception to the rule. The cruel blow of Brutus, as he stabs his best friend, Caesar, at the base of Pompey's statue, is but the bitter fruits of a relationship bearing on its exterior the brand of "Friendship," while just beneath the surface lay the vilest ingratitude and the bitterest enmity. Even Christ Himself, while on earth, did not escape the evil results of a betrayed and bartered friendship. The very words of Jesus, speaking to Judas in that calm, accusing voice, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" must have struck terror to that false and wretched heart, as with word, tone and gesture our Lord then and there put His stamp of disapproval, thenceforth and forever, on all forms of deceit and two-facedness.

But our Brutuses and Judases constitute only the dark side of this picture—the unfortunate side. There is another side—a brighter side. If there is deception in the world, there is also a vast deal greater amount of sincerity, and where you find one Brutus, you will find hundreds of true hearts, and for every Judas myriads of Jonathans will be. There are many noble examples of true friendship drawn from past history. Perhaps the most noted and illustrious example, and certainly the one most universally referred to, is the story of Jonathan

and David. Nothing except the most genuine type of friendship, springing from a heart which beat in unison with his friends, could ever have induced Jonathan to turn his back on the throne, *his* by right of inheritance, and play the part he played in that great drama.

No less beautiful and striking is the story of Ruth and Naomi, in which this noble girl, the pensive and sweet-natured Ruth, demonstrates that depth of love, gratitude and affection which is possible only to the great heart of a woman. As the story runs, Naomi, her husband, and her two sons moved from Bethlehem-Judah to the land of Moab to live. Here the two sons of Naomi married daughters of that land. The name of the one was Orpah and the name of the other was Ruth. In a short time the husband of Naomi died, and his death was soon followed by the deaths of the husbands of both Orpah and Ruth, leaving these three women widows—Naomi in a strange land. The latter determined to return to her native land. She told her two daughters-in-law to return each to her father's home. It is written that Orpah kissed Naomi; and bade her good-bye, "but Ruth clave unto her," saying, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." It is needless to say that of course Naomi could not find it in her heart to turn away from such a friendship. She permitted the noble and true-hearted Ruth to accompany her back to her native land. Here she performed a noble service, won great favor, married Boaz, and thus became the ancestor of David, and through David, the ancestor of Christ.

Again, we have the story of Damon and Pythias. So strong was their friendship and so truly was it demonstrated, that the very terms Damon and Pythias have become proverbial of that quality of friendship by which one person voluntarily lays down his life for his friend. And who has not read of Napoleon's grief—his great grief—when his best friend was slain in battle. Even Tennyson's "In Memoriam" most strongly exemplifies the great breadth and depth of true and genuine fellow-feeling.

In conclusion, friendship has its practical value. No good deed is ever quite fully lost. All friendly acts, done in the true spirit of friendship, react and bless the doer.

"The heart that feels the approval
That comes from a kindly deed,
Knows well there's no sweeter music
On which the spirit can feed.

In sweetening the life of another,
In relieving a brother's distress,
The soul finds its highest advancements,
And the noblest blessedness.

That life is alone worth living;
That lives for another's gain—
The life that comes from such living
Is the rainbow after the rain.

This spirit of human kindness
Is the angel the soul most needs;
It sings its most wonderful psalm,
While the heart does its noblest deeds."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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EUZELIAN SOCIETY.

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

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H. J. MASSEY.....Associate Editor | C. S. BARNETT.....Associate Editor

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

EDWARD L. CONN, Editor

A word to the Wise—More to the Otherwise Recent experiences beneath the academic shades, yet fresh in the recollection of the students, raised several questions of importance to the college, and suggest matters well worth considering by those who have an interest in them.

There appeared in many of the papers of the State articles despatched from Wake Forest detailing disturbances that were said to exist, telling of a condition that created widespread editorial comment. The editor-in-chief of one of the foremost papers in the State, appreciating the source of the reports, and knowing how prone an excited college youth is to exaggerate the facts, refused to publish the first glaring stories of the undue excitement among the student body, alleged to have been caused by two acts of the faculty: first, the refusal of the faculty to take the college teams (none has been organized) from under the rules of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, in accordance with which all teams are required to play, and it is so stated in the college catalogue; and, second, the temporary expulsion of five students for a violation of the college regulations relating to hazing.

In both instances the faculty was in the right, and as is usual when any species of conflict arises between the authorities and the students, the latter were in the wrong.

As regards baseball—it being well known that the college can have no games during the coming season because of the fact that its best material was engaged in summer ball and are ruled out under the S. I. A. A. rules—the responsibility rests upon the trustees to decide whether or not the game shall be continued as a college sport, and the matter will be deliberated upon by the trustees at their meeting in Wilmington in December. While the problem of intercollegiate sports is one that has long vexed the colleges of the land and is yet unsolved, and there are earnest and honest advocates of the abolition of them, yet to date the weight of authority is in favor of well regulated inter-collegiate athletics, and chief among them are inter-collegiate football and baseball, the former game not being allowed at Wake Forest. Under such restrictions as are prescribed by the Board of Trustees it is wise that the athletics be presided over by a committee composed of members of the faculty. The trouble is not, as is erroneously supposed by many of the boys, too much governing, but too little; for boys let their enthusiasm carry them beyond the boundaries of good reason, and were the administration of this phase of college life left to the boys the new *regime* would be resultant in a serious injury to their minds, their bodies and their morals. It is a mistaken idea the boys have that they should control absolutely the college athletics; this is a problem that has baffled all the colleges in the land. It would be better for the students and the college if the former would adjust themselves to this idea.

In maintaining order and good government in the college the authorities should receive the zealous co-operation and loyal support of the entire student body. Yet a few weeks ago a small number of the students forgot the nations and the noise of ages, and concerned themselves in the behalf of certain students who had been disciplined for an infraction of the college rules. Five students had been charged with hazing, and after an examination by the faculty were suspended for thirty days; but later these cases were placed into the hands of the Discipline Committee. We do not make the statement *ex cathedra*, but we believe that out of every one hundred cases in which there are matters to be adjusted between the faculty and the students, in ninety-nine cases the faculty is in the right. The troubles on the Hill were not bewilderingly complex—they were extremely simple.

Hazing should be driven out of the college by pursuing a relentless policy. It is an echo from the ancient ages when brute strength ruled. It is the germ of lawlessness and those who engage in and defend it are anarchists in the making. The practice has a strong hold on college life in general, for few things are more durable and more difficult to change than college customs; but this is a disease, and if heroic remedies need be applied they will the more quickly eradicate the trouble. It would be of benefit to every man to know that where another's nose begins his liberty ends. There is more sense than nonsense in the remark.

It may not be amiss to express in this connection the gratification of the old students at the absence of the clandestine secret societies. With them have passed into disuse the illegitimate elements that forced upon the students artificial conditions, produced factions and feuds, destroyed democracy and emphasized social distinctions.

With them, too, went the parasites, with their attendant vices and influences that caused a deterioration in manhood.

Let every man in college put himself upon his honor to do what is right and there will be no more clashes and rumors of clashes between the faculty and the students. Much is still to be desired in the athletic training of the youth, yet the youth should not forget that the primal purpose for which they are in college is to exercise and increase their psychical force and not the development of their physical strength. Take hold of those things and thoughts that point and lead forward and upward; be a constructive energy, not destructive, and be influenced by principle, not passion. Common sense is a good thing, and its dictates worthy to be followed. Let all the students join together with one accord to do those things that will be of material benefit and redound to the praise of the college, and all will be well with Wake Forest.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

By way of introduction permit us to say that with a feeling of responsibility we assume the duties of this department. And it is with some diffidence that we, as a novice in the work, undertake the task of properly conducting the department. With the conviction that only persons of experience are in a position to criticise a college magazine, we hesitate at the threshold for a few words of informal talk with our fellow editors.

The college magazine may be said to have a two-fold purpose: first, as a medium through which may be encouraged the art of free and easy expression in writing; second, to enable the colleges to keep in close touch with each other. Bearing in mind this double purpose, we shall offer such criticisms and suggestions as, in our opinion, seem in accordance with the best interests of each individual magazine.

With this word of introduction we close, wishing for each editor a genuine profit and pleasure in the perusal of the magazines which may come to his or her table.

CLIPPINGS

TOO BAD.

He—I only know that I love you.

She—Oh dear, I thought you knew all about an automobile too.

Anonymous.

THE SPEED LIMIT.

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were one day arguing
“Well,” said the Englishman, “I’ve been in one of our trains and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge.”

“I’ve seen the milestones appear like tombstones,” said the Scot.

“Be jabers,” said Pat, “I was one day in a train in my country and we passed a field of cabbage and parsley, also a field of turnips and a field of carrots, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was soup.”—L. T.

She said that I couldn't,
’Twas challenging too,
For she meant that I shouldn't
When she said that I couldn't,
So tell me who wouldn't
Show what he could do
When she said that he couldn't?
I would, wouldn't you?

—Lippincott's.

DISARMAMENT.

“John, what is this disarmament talk about?”

“It is a movement to prevent pretty girls wearing pins in their belts.”

—Houston Post.

DUE PROCESS OF LAW.

Two Irishmen standing on a street corner were overheard discussing a trial. One of them was trying to enlighten the other concerning the jury.

“Bedad,” he explained, “you’re arristed. Thin, if ye gits th’ smartest lawyer, ye’re innieint; but if th’ other man gits th’ best lawyer, ye’re guilty.”

HORSE ON THEM.

The Wooden Horse was standing before the beleagured city.

"That seems a heavy beast," remarked Paris to Hector, surveying it critically. "Of what weight would you say it was?"

"Troy weight, of course," answered Hector. Whereat envy turned Paris green.—*Harper's Weekly*.



LIE DEFINED.

The vicar was addressing the school on the subject of truth. He expounded at some length on the wickedness of lying, and before going on to the merits of speaking the truth he thought he would see if the children really understood him.

"Now," said he, "can any one tell me what a lie is?"

Immediately a number of hands shot up. The vicar selected a bright-looking youngster.

"Well, my little man?"

"Please, sir, a lie is an abomination unto everyone, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble."



DEEP SEA TRAGEDY.

Why is it that the ocean moans?

That's what I'd like to know;

It may be that the lobster

Has pinched its under-tow.—*Chicago Journal*.

And maybe it's just the pain

That thrills its bosom wide,

What time it shudders at the bar

And thinks of last night's tide.

—*Cleveland Leader*.

Perhaps you'd moan a bit yourself,

If now and then a whale,

Escaping from a swordfish,

Should lash you with his tail.

—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The fickle ocean wooed the moon,

They to a parson hied.

The sound you hear is only this:

The moaning of the tied.

—J. L. S.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

—'89-'92. J. W. Bailey, who last year resigned the editorship of the *Biblical Recorder* in order to take up the study of law, has returned to Wake Forest and entered the law department. Mr. Bailey is widely known as an able writer and eloquent and logical speaker. These qualities together with his strong personality have won for him a host of friends, especially among the Baptists of North Carolina, who regretted to see him sever his connection with the *Recorder*. However, their interest in him has not abated, and they will watch the progress which he makes in his new field of work with much concern.

—'66-'70. The following item is clipped from a recent issue of the *Biblical Recorder*:

"Brother Robert E. Royall, of Wake Forest, has for several years been a very liberal supporter of State Mission work. He told Brother Johnson the other day he was thinking of supporting a native missionary in China and before the conversation ended he decided to do this and said he would send his check the next day. While talking the matter over with his good wife, she not only cordially agreed to it, but said she would like to do something of the kind herself and so each of them has decided to support a native missionary and they have sent the money for the first year's salary. Brother Royall is a successful business man and is using his means for the glory of God. He and his consecrated wife belong to the Lord's royalty."

—'89-'92. W. L. Foushee is professor of Greek in Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

—'04. J. Abner Barker has returned to college and is pursuing studies leading to the B.L. degree.

—In a personal letter from Rev. A. M. Ross, now of Jackson, Mo., and formerly of North Carolina, we are assured that the Lord has been with him in his work in the far West. He is a Tar Heel in exile, a graduate of Wake Forest College and of the Louisville Seminary. Would that North Carolina might furnish opportunity for many such men to return to the good old State. We need them here.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'90-'92. A. T. Holleman is principal of the High School at Chapel Hill, N. C. The opening this year was the best that his school had experienced in several years.

—'89-'92. The many friends of Rev. R. W. Weaver in North Carolina will regret to learn of the tidings contained in the following clipping:

"It is reported that Rev. R. W. Weaver, Th.D., of Mt. Auburn, Ohio, has been sent by his physician into the wilds of Canada for two or three years on account of the discovery of a strong tendency to tuberculosis. Dr. Weaver is a North Carolinian, a graduate of Wake Forest College and the Louisville Seminary. His many friends will regret to know of his failing health."—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'04. D. H. Bland, who last year was principal of the Oxford Graded School, has returned to college to take up the study of law. Oxford is fortunate in having Wake Forest men connected with its graded school. Mr. R. H. Ferrell, of last year's graduating class, succeeds Mr. Bland as principal, and Mr. C. T. Goode, of the class of 1906, is superintendent.

—'00. W. A. Bradsher, who received his M. D. degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1903, is enjoying a lucrative practice in Roxboro, N. C.

—'05. T. B. Ashcraft has entered the post graduate department of Johns Hopkins University. He is making a specialty of literature and of mathematics.

—'00. R. H. Burns is principal of the graded school at Roxboro, N. C.

—'05. Cooper Hall is attending to a nice law practice at Graham, N. C.

—'06. F. T. Burke is superintendent of the Orphanage farm at Thomasville, N. C.

—'89-'92. The Shepherd Heart, by Rev. S. J. Porter, D. D., is a little volume of five chapters addressed apparently to young ministers. It is published by the American Baptist Publication Society. Dr. Porter is now one of the secretaries in the offices of the Foreign Mission Board at Richmond, Va.

—'87-'90. Rev. Hight C. Moore, for a number of years State Field Secretary for Sunday schools in North Carolina, has accepted appointment under the Sunday school Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. His headquarters in his larger field of work will be Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Moore is the author of valuable Sunday school manuals, one of which is "The Books of the Bible" in the Sunday school Board's series of Normal Studies for Sunday School Workers.

—'81-3. Mr. Reau E. Folk, Insurance Commissioner for the State of Tennessee, attended the late convention of Insurance Commissioners at Richmond, Va., and received the distinguished honor of being elected President of that body for the ensuing year.

—Mr. John Royall, late of New York, has accepted the North Carolina State agency for the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Philadelphia, and will make Wake Forest his headquarters.

—'83. "The Traitor," the latest of the novels by Tom Dixon, Jr., came from the press this summer. This is the last of the trio of novels by Mr. Dixon dealing with reconstruction days in the South, and like its predecessor, "The Clansman," its main theme is the Ku Klux Klan. This secret organization has had much severe criticism heaped upon it, and Mr. Dixon endeavors to prove that the "Klan" is undeserving of such criticism. He claims, and endeavors to show by means of his novels, that the Ku Klux Klan was born of necessity in time of need, and was of great benefit to the South in its days of disaster. In "The Clansman" Mr. Dixon pictures those terrible scenes of reconstruction days when the South lay bruised and bleeding from wounds of heroic battles—willing to take honorable defeat—but unwilling to receive and unable to resent the indignities thrust upon her by her victorious foes; when she was being despoiled by "scalawags" and "carpet-baggers" and her fair name besmirched by the grasping greed of petty politicians. Under such conditions as these Mr. Dixon claims that the Ku Klux Klan was organized with definite and righteous purposes in view, and that it carried out these purposes with beneficial results to those States in which its activities entered and to the entire South. In "The Clansman" the Klan is in full activity. In "The Traitor" it has performed its work, accomplished its purposes and disbanded with due and fitting ceremony. After it disbanded some few unprincipled men, who had been members of the Klan and are familiar with its workings, reorganized small bands of worthless characters and use them in accomplishing their own selfish ends. And here we see how these "re-organizations" bring disrepute and censure on the name of Ku Klux Klan. There is a love story interwoven in the plot which holds the reader's attention and forms the basis of much of the action of the story.

We do not think that "The Traitor" will be the subject of so much diverse criticism as was "The Clansman" because there are no such great social problems involved in its makeup. The time of "The Clansman" is in the very vortex of reconstruction days, when everything was at a white heat; when the South was suffering humiliation at the hands of certain domineering demagogues of the North, and when negro rule and social equality were trying to be enforced. In "The Traitor" these perplexing questions have been somewhat settled, and the South is fac-

ing the rising sun of a brighter day and is beginning to arise from her fall. On the whole, we think "The Traitor" very interesting reading. It has a plenty of activity, some pathos, and some humor, and holds the reader's attention to the last. We think it will find a favorable reception.

—Dr. Hubert A. Royster, Dean of the Medical College of the North Carolina University, has distributed a reprint of his paper in the *Mobile Medical and Surgical Journal*, Jan., 1907, on "Appendicitis in the Negro." His general conclusions are, that appendicitis is at present increasing in frequency among whites and negroes. "Isolated from the white man, the negro would be as he is now in Africa, free from the 'race problem and appendicitis.'"

—'97. Mr. S. E. Hall, who has been editor of the *Union Republican*, of Winston-Salem, for the past eight years, retired from that position the first week in May, in order to devote himself entirely to the practice of law.

—'01. Mr. Roswell E. Flack is private secretary to Congressman W. T. Crawford of the Tenth North Carolina District.

—Chas. A. Leonard, who was ordained minister of the Gospel in the First Baptist church of Statesville, N. C., on Sept. 29, has gone to Louisville, Ky., where he will complete his ministerial course in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

—Louis M. Powell has entered Columbia University.

—Mr. H. E. Flack, of Rutherfordton, after spending the day here with his brother, Mr. R. E. Flack, private secretary to Congressman Crawford, left yesterday afternoon for Baltimore, where he has been made the head of the State Department of Legislative Reference, which is the only bureau of the kind in America. It was established at the first of the present year.

Mr. Flack graduated from Wake Forest College in 1901. Afterwards he attended Johns Hopkins University, from which institution he graduated with the degree of Ph. D. He also won a fellowship in the institution. He was appointed to his present position of honor and responsibility without solicitation on his part, having been selected because of his thorough equipment for such work.—*The News and Observer*, Aug. 31, '07.

—Mr. Roger Lewis, after leaving Wake Forest, graduated from the State University with the degree of B. A., and later did some work in the University of Chicago. After a year's work for the American Tobacco Co. at Durham, Mr. Lewis has received appointment of the British and American Tobacco Co. (headquarters in London) as representative in China. He sailed Oct. 16 from San Francisco for Shanghai, where

he will be located for three years. Mr. Lewis won the Fiction Medal in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT competition while he was a student here, and has promised to send a communication from time to time for publication in this magazine.

—Our good friend, Lawyer O. P. Dickinson, one of Wilson's brainiest lawyers and most gifted speakers, has been making some big speeches of late at points in the neighboring country. The *Elm City Mirror* speaks in loud terms of a recent speech he made at Sandy Cross church in Nash County on the occasion of a big picnic dinner and a large gathering of people to hear Hon. W. W. Kitchin. It is rather hard to "pull Dickinson out," but when they do get him they are rewarded for all patient efforts. We predict for him a greater career of influence and power.—*Wilson Messenger*.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—A toast to the newish! May they never be fresher.

—Football! The campus is full of it.

—Wanted for exhibition! A freshman who didn't go to the fair.

—Dr. Poteat now meets his classes in his newly completed lecture room in the Alumni Building.

—The gymnasium classes were well under way before the passing of September. Never has work in this department begun so promptly.

—An increased water supply and better accommodations in the bath rooms! This, perhaps, will contribute not less to our moral well being than to our physical comfort.

—Dr. W. L. Poteat will lecture in the early part of November at Goldsboro, under the auspices of the Woman's Club of that city.

—Mr. E. L. Conn spent the early weeks of the session in Raleigh working with *The News and Observer*.

—Miss Edith Taylor is teaching at High Point.

—Prayer-meeting was conducted, on the evening of Wednesday, September 25th, by Rev. R. E. Peele, of Florence County, South Carolina.

—Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Virginia, will begin a series of meetings here on November 3d. Those who know Dr. Hatcher rejoice to hear this.

—Mr. D. B. Zollicoffer, of Halifax County, was with us for a little while in early September.

—Mr. W. R. Powell, of Savannah, Ga., who has been visiting his father here, returned home on September 25th.

—Mr. Herbert Weatherspoon, one of the speakers on the Mercer-Wake Forest debate last year, who is now practising law at Laurinburg, was on the Hill recently.

—Miss Neda Fender, of Valdosta, Ga., is visiting the Misses Powell.

—Mr. R. G. Parker, of Northampton County, was a recent visitor among the boys.

—Cupid must have been exceedingly busy during the summer. No less than three Wake Forest boys have returned this year bearing the gentle bonds of matrimony. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

—Mr. M. L. Davis, an alumnus of the college and a prominent citizen of Morehead City, was greeting the boys at the opening of the session.

—Mrs. Hugh Story was on the Hill in early October, visiting her mother, Mrs. Lankford.

—Mr. Wingate Johnson, who is now a student in the Jefferson College of Medicine at Philadelphia, spent a few days at Wake Forest before taking up his studies there for another year.

—Mr. Ben. Parham, who has just completed a law course at Harvard, was on the Hill at the opening of the college. He expects to continue the study of law here somewhat later in the session.

—Mr. J. W. Vernon is another Wake Forest alumnus who is a student at Jefferson Medical College. He spent a few days at Wake Forest during September.

—Mrs. C. E. Brewer, who has been seriously ill for some time, is improving slowly.

—Mr. V. F. Couch has been appointed laboratory assistant in chemistry.

—Miss Sophia Lanneau left the Hill on October 11th for China, where she will enter upon Foreign Mission work. It was her purpose to stop over for a few days among friends in Louisville.

—Mr. Thomas Caldwell, instructor in chemistry last year, who was married shortly after commencement, visited the Hill with his wife in September.

—THE STUDENT welcomes to the Hill again the family of Dr. Lynch. They spent the summer in Kentucky.

—Mr. D. A. Covington, of the class of '03, now Associate Professor of Greek at the University of Chicago, was on the Hill for a few days in September.

—Rev. J. R. Bateman, of Virginia, a former student here, conducted chapel exercises recently.

—During the summer months vesper services were held beneath the campus trees in front of the library building. On September 29th occurred the last of these services.

—The law class, as usual, was one of the first to organize this year. Oscar Sikes is President; Thos. N. Hayes, Vice-President; F. T. Collins, Historian; W. C. Brewer, Treasurer; L. W. Leggett, Secretary; D. H. Bland, Prophet. The moot court, too, has been organized, and several interesting cases have been discussed. The officers of the moot court are as follows: E. W. Timberlake, Judge; F. L. Brown, Associate; L. L. Tilley, Sheriff; J. A. Powers, Solicitor; T. N. Hayes, Clerk.

—During the latter part of September several of our professors attended the meeting of the Central Association at Midway church, near Raleigh. We missed them.

—In the absence of Dr. Taylor, Professor Highsmith met the Psychology class for the first week in October.

—On the 25th of September Miss Mary Taylor left Wake Forest for New York, where she will take a special course in art. Her father, Dr. Chas. E. Taylor, was with her.

—Prof. Darius Eatman and Louis Powell left for Columbia University on September 23d. Professor Eatman, who for several years occupied the Chair of Education in Wake Forest College, will continue his study of that science there.

—Rev. J. C. Owen, missionary to China and an alumnus of this college, spent a few days with us during this month, and while here addressed the student body and the citizens of the Hill on mission work in China, especially from the educational standpoint.

—There are at present over one hundred and fifty members of the Sunday school Baraca class, and the enrollment in Bible Band work is also reported unusually large. The former fact attests the popularity of our new teacher of Education, Prof. J. H. Highsmith, while the latter proves the wisdom of changing the time of meeting for the Bible Band classes from half-past eight to nine o'clock.

—Rev. A. A. Crater, formerly of Fuquay Springs, has moved with his family to Wake Forest, and has taken charge of the Public School here.

—T. B. Ray, Educational Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, delivered a lecture here on Foreign Missions recently.

—Senior Speaking, which was to have occurred on October 18th, has been postponed to November 1st.

—The sound of the hammer is heard in the land. In order that there may be seating room for the spectators of the basket-ball games a gallery is being constructed on one side of the gymnasium, which, when completed, will seat over one hundred and fifty people. This should add to the interest of our townspeople in the games to be played this season.

—Mr. Rufus Ford, of the class of '06, passed through Wake Forest recently on his way to Cornell University. He is an assistant in the department of chemistry there.

—During the summer and since the beginning of the session several of our boys have visited the Exposition at Jamestown. Ask Hayes if he ever got a meal at "Ye Old Time Tavern."

—Dr. Gaines and his family are with us again. They had been, for some time, in Atlanta.

—The senior class met in the Phi Hall on Tuesday, September 16th, and perfected its organization. Mr. H. H. McMillan, familiarly and affectionately known as "Hnd" by his many friends, was elected President. The other officers are as follows: John E. Ray, Jr., Vice-President; P. C. Stringfield, Secretary; W. J. Jones, Treasurer; V. F. Conch, Historian; Willie Furman, Prophet; P. Q. Bryan, Poet; Ashby Dunn, Orator.

The other college classes have also organized, and their officers are as follows: President of the Junior Class, Henry Dockery; Vice-President, Archie Bynum; Secretary, J. B. Willis; Treasurer, P. W. Gay; Poet, R. L. McMillan; Prophet, W. H. Hipps; Historian, J. S. Martin. President of the Sophomore Class, W. L. Duffy; Vice-President, B. L. Williams; Secretary, E. B. Howard; Treasurer, G. L. Williamson; Poet, Carl Ragland; Historian, C. M. Oliver; Prophet, W. C. Brewer. President

of the Freshman Class, L. W. Morton; Vice-President, A. J. Fletcher; Secretary, J. W. Blackwell; Treasurer, Edward Jenkins; Historian, H. P. Whitehurst; Prophet, N. H. Rodwell; Poet, J. C. Smith. The Freshmen, however, are somewhat distressed because their election, not having been held on the college grounds, has been ruled illegal by the Sophomores. How the matter is to be settled is a question.

—Basket-ball practice has already begun in earnest, and the prospects are good for a team equal to that of last year. Turner, Beverly and Elliot are, indeed, not with us, but we can count on Conch, Duff, Little, Gay and White to come up to, or surpass, their work of last year. But there is much promising new material besides, and "Dick" Crozier is sure to spot the right fellow every time. So here's to another year of unbroken victory, boys. We are bound to have it.

—Of all the student organizations which represent the college throughout the State there is none of which we are more proud than *The Wake Forest Glee Club*; nor is there, perhaps, any other such organization to the membership of which so many students aspire. However, from the great number of aspirants this year the fortunate few have been chosen, and these are now getting down to hard work. Even the timid freshman swallows his fear on practice night, and, hugging his precious instrument, stealthily steals across the shadowy campus to the friendly shelter of "Paradise." The following men will constitute the Glee Club during the coming year: First tenor, Earnshaw, Ed. White, Olive, J. E. Ray, Jr.; second tenor, J. H. Highsmith, Adams, Fletcher, Oliver; first bass, L. Hardy, C. Hardy, Pope, A. B. Ray; second bass, Potent, Kitchin, L. White, L. Highsmith, Cheek;

first violin, Poteat and Oliver; clarinet, Pope; first cornet, Walker; second cornet, Bowman; French horn, C. Hardy; trombone, L. Hardy; bass, J. E. Ray, Jr.; bass drum, Fletcher; snare drum, L. Highsmith; piano, Buchanan.

—Mr. J. B. Weatherspoon, now at the Seminary at Louisville, was a visitor among us last month.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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WINGS OF LOVE

W. R. MARSHALL, '10.

If I had the wings of a dove, dear,
And could fly o'er the ocean wide,
I'd fly far away to you, dear,
And be ever by your side.

But my heart has the wings of Love, dear,
And has done what I can't do—
It has left me far behind, dear,
And has flown away to you.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "TITUS ANDRONICUS"

W. H. VANN.

Among the earliest of Shakespeare's plays, mentioned by Dowden as belonging to the Pre-Shakesperian group, we find the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus." Of the merits of the play as a literary production we shall make no discussion; it is hardly classed among the poet's works that deserve commendation or invite critical study. But it is with the nature and origin of this bloody production, its authorship, and the parts, if any, assignable to Shakespeare, that we wish to deal. These are questions which have interested many of the more eminent critics, and in this brief paper we intend to summarize some of these views, with the arguments advanced, and to propose as the author of the greater portion of the play one of the pre-Shakespearian dramatists whose name has hitherto not been seriously considered.

The earliest known edition of "Titus Andronicus" is a quarto published in 1600, whose title page reads thus:

"The most Lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus."

A second quarto appeared in 1611, "printed for Edward White," varying from the first edition only in a few minor details. An entry in the Stationers' Register under April 19, 1602, speaks of a transference of copyright, but it probably refers to neither of the extant editions, both of which were published for Edward White. The Register also shows that in 1593 one John Danter entered "A Noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus," but it is extremely doubtful whether either of these refers to the play which has come down to us.

Of the sources of the plot we know very little. Theobald supposes that it is purely original, as neither Andronicus or Tamora are Roman names. The incidents of the story do not correspond with any period in Roman history. If the ballad is the one given in Percy's "Reliques," there is no more reason for supposing that the play was based upon the poem than that the opposite was the case. The story seems to have been a popular one, being mentioned in more than one work of that time.

Was the play written by Shakespeare? Concerning this there have been many and conflicting opinions. According to Dowden the date of the play is 1588-90, which fixes it at the same period in the poet's life as "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece." A reference in Ben Jonson, however, places the date of "Titus Andronicus" as previous to 1589, and we may suppose that he has reference to the same play. A strong argument in favor of its authenticity as a Shakespearian production is the fact that Meres, in 1598, mentioned it as being among other undoubted Shakespearian plays; and this is corroborated by the occurrence of the tragedy in the First Folio. In 1687, however, Ravenscroft declared that he had been told "by some anciently conversant with the play that it was not his" (Shakespeare's), but that he only gave "some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." Henslowe mentions a "Titus and Andronicus," a new play, acted Jan. 23, 1594, but it is very doubtful whether it was a Shakespearian play.

"Titus Andronicus" is, however, rejected by a majority of English critics as being in style and subject unlike his other plays.

"Shakespeare's tragedy is never bloodily sensual; . . . this play is a perfect slaughter-house," says Dowden, "and the blood makes appeal to all the senses. . . . It

reeks blood, it smells of blood, we almost feel that we have handled blood—it is so gross.”

Collier thinks, in accordance with his opinion upon Marlowe, that the play is genuine, and that as a poetical production it has not been accorded justice. Many of the German critics, among them Prof. Gervinus, regard “Titus Andronicus” as Shakespeare’s. According to their views, he had not the refinement of feeling which he acquired in his maturity. Was his moral and aesthetic nature early transformed by a powerful revolution? Yes, says Gervinus. In this first attempt at tragedy he was tempted to compete with Marlowe, and others of the day. This was his first example of tragedy, standing out with “Romeo and Juliet” and “Hamlet.”

Opposed to this view we have the testimony of such critics as Theobald, Jonson, Drake, Dyce, Hallam, Coleridge and Walker, who reject the play entirely. With these the metre and style decide against Shakespeare. The diction is for the most part devoid of imagery, and without his tendency to rare expressions, reflective sayings and sentences. The bombast of Aaron the Moor, is, according to Coleridge, out-heroding Herod, which the poet so abhors in “Hamlet.”

Mr. Richard Grant White takes the view that “Titus Andronicus” is the joint work of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, written by them together for the Earl of Pembroke’s company; but he is almost alone in this opinion.

Many of the critics, including Maloué, Ingleby, and Staunton, think it was touched up by Shakespeare. It belongs in matter as well as style to the older school which Shakespeare set aside. We do not feel at home in it. Perused with the works of the earlier dramatists, we find ourselves upon the same ground. With the excep-

tion of a few passages, the play is entirely un-Shakespearean.

A close examination of the text reveals the work of a hand other than Shakespeare's. In his earlier plays the proportion of unstopt to end-stopt lines is very small, ranging from one in ten to one in eighteen. If "Titus Andronicus" is Shakespeare's, we should find the proportion about the same; yet it is hardly over one in eight. The number of weak endings is much larger, as well as of double endings, than in other plays of the same date. In his earlier works there is a large number of rhymes, yet "Titus Andronicus" has only eighteen in all. All verse-tests tend to disprove its Shakespearean origin. Nowhere else has he used this regular blank verse. Another feature is the recurrence of Latin quotations, which are not found in other works. The use of the repeated line, or almost the same words in two lines near each other, is also unlike his verse.

But there are other things than verse tests to prove its alien authorship. Furnivall says: "To me the play cries out, 'I am not Shakespeare's; my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and never were, his.' It is tragedy only in the coarsest material relationship. His other writings lead us to believe that Shakespeare did not enter into this Sturm und Draug (storm and stress) movement, which urged Schiller to write his 'Robbers.' 'Titus Andronicus' is evidently the product of this movement."

Compare this with other plays. Nowhere has the poet created such a character as Aaron, who "cursed the day in which he did not some notorious ill." Even Iago in all his evil doings, Edmund, Shylock, or Richard did not attain unto such unparalleled wickedness. The whole impression which we receive speaks with almost overwhelm-

ing testimony against Shakespearian origin. The coarseness of its characterization, the lack of even ordinary probability of its actions, the unnatural motives assigned to them, are all utterly foreign to his works. A young writer's style may be perverted, his taste go astray; but "that which is deeper than all this—the estimate of man, the deduction of motives, the general contemplations of human nature"—is developed at an early stage. Shakespeare always knew how to devise the most natural motives for strangest actions. Nowhere else has he grounded his plot upon the most apparent improbability.

Notice the inconsistencies brought out in the plot. Titus murders Alarbus in cold blood, and then expects thanks of Tamora for her elevation.

Revengeful Tamora! Titus knows perfectly well her feelings, yet does not guess the author of the revengeful plot on Lavinia. His daughter is in full possession of all her faculties, save that of speech, and perfectly conscious of all going on; yet it is at length by mere accident that Lavinia reveals her secret. And later Tamora suffers herself to be allured by the same clumsy dissimulation by which Titus himself had been deceived.

Comparing "Titus Andronicus" with "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," it seems well-nigh impossible that they were written at so nearly the same date if by the same author. This is another evidence that Shakespeare did not write the former.

Crude and barbarous though the play is, we must agree with the critics that it contains some passages much above the rest. We give below some of those commonly assigned to Shakespeare.

The speech of Bassianus in the first scene, beginning "Romans, friends, followers," suggests the beginning of Mark Antony's oration. In Act II, Scene 2, the lines

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won,"

suggests passages in Richard III and Henry VI.

A beautiful simile is expressed in the first scene:

"Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronieus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome."

And again,

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge,"

reminds us of Portia's famous speech.

Other passages are as follows:

Act I—Scene 1.

"See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites."

Act II—Scene 2.

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride
And rouse the Prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise."

Act III—Scene 3.

"My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground."

Act IV—Scene 4.

These lines have the true Shakesperian ring:

"Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;
 Even so mays't thou the giddy men of Rome."

Act V—Scene 3.

"Come hither, boy; come, and learn of us
 To melt in showers; thy grandsire loved thee well;
 In that respect, then, like a loving child,
 Shed some small drops from thy tender spring.
 Because kind nature doth require it so."

These passages are strong evidence of the touch of a master-hand. Even Coleridge admits that they are probably Shakespearian. That he had some connection with a play upon the subject seems certain by the mention of *Meres*, and by its publication in the *First Folio*.

In summing up the evidence and drawing conclusions, we quote Prof. Rolfe:

"It may at first seem strange that his (Shakespeare's) name should have come to be associated with a work in which we find so few traces of his hand; but he may have improved the old play in other ways than by re-writing any considerable portion of it—by omissions, re-arrangement of scenes, and the like—and its great popularity in the revised form may have led to its being commonly known as 'Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*,' (in distinction from the earlier version, whos(œ)soever it may have been), until at length it came to be generally regarded as one of his original productions."

Still we have reached no conclusion as to the author of this earlier edition. A reference in Ben Jonson fixes its date as previous to 1589. That it was a play of that period, and was touched by Shakespeare, we may accept as the opinion best supported by internal evidence and

by the weight of critical authority. R. G. White suggests Marlowe or Peele as its probable author; Green's name has also been mentioned, while it is not impossible that others may have had a hand in it. It belongs to the Pre-Shakespearian group of bloody tragedies of which Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" is the most conspicuous example; and yet few of the important critics have seriously considered Kyd as its probable author.

Let us pause to notice "The Spanish Tragedy." The earliest extant edition is undated, but is printed for Edward White, the publisher of "Titus Andronicus." Jonson is said to have made additions to the play, but they are much unlike his other writings. It is typical of that species of which Kyd may be called the founder.

The author was evidently a well-educated man, making free use of classical mythology. It is not a bad piece of work, reminding us in some instances of "Hamlet." Frequent references to the same things and other features compel our notice of the similarity between "Titus Andronicus" and "The Spanish Tragedy." For example, take the versification.

The proportion of unstooped to end-stooped lines is about one in seven; in "Titus Andronicus" it is only one in eight or nine. There are twenty-seven examples of rhymes occurring in "The Spanish Tragedy," eighteen in "Titus Andronicus;" the proportion is almost identical. Other verse tests show marked similarity in construction. Another circumstance is the frequent use made by Kyd of Latin quotations. These occur in no other Shakespearian production than "Titus Andronicus," and many of the quotations in the two plays are from the same authors.

But for other reasons it seems not at all improbable that Kyd wrote the original tragedy of "Titus Androni-

cus." Let us enter into a more detailed comparison of this with his "Spanish Tragedy."

Their title pages are somewhat similar. We find in the chorus the impersonation of Revenge, recalling Tamora's attempted deception of Titus. "The Spanish Tragedy" furnishes five murders, two suicides, two judicial executions, and one death by duel. In the Roman play, twelve out of the fifteen most important characters are killed, while in the former Kyd eventually despatches ten out of thirteen. In both almost none survive to bury the dead. The deliberate act of Hieronimo in biting out his tongue suggests Titus's willing sacrifice of a hand.

The principal characters are also much alike. Compare the old gentleman, Hieronimo, craftily working out his plot, with Titus; Lorenzo, the consummate villain, with Aaron; Belt-imperia, the beautiful and injured lady, with Lavinia.

The two first-named characters warrant a more extended comparison. How similar are the dialogues of Hieronimo to the conversations of Titus! Both are old men, high officials and worthy servants of their country, mistreated and abused, yet eventually getting vengeance before their death. This vengeance is in each instance accomplished by scheming and deception.

In Act V, Scene 2, Titus says:

"Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines:
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I knew thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora."

With these lines compare the speech of Hieronimo in Act IV, Scene 3:

"Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end;
Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine; . . .
Forth from these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murdered me that made these fatall marks."

Note the pretended friendship of Hieronimo for Lorenzo and Balthazar, and Titus's skillful deception of Tamora in Act V, Scene 2. Also compare the following:

Act II, Scene 4—Hieronimo (over the dead body of Horatio),

"Alas! it is Horatio, my sweet sonne! . . .
 Oh speak, if any spark of life remaine!
 I am thy father. Who hath slain my sonne?
 What savadge monster, not of humane kinde,
 Hath here beene gluttet with thy harmless blood,
 And left thy bloudie corpse dishonoured heere, . . .
 For me amidst these dark and deathfull shades
 To drowne thee with an ocean of my tears!"

Act III, Scene 1—(Titus to Lavinia) :

"Dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul—
 . . . what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease."

These and other passages reveal a striking similarity in the style of the two plays.

Commenting upon the scene between Hieronimo and the painter, Symonds throws out the following suggestion:

"Had the author of 'Titus Andronicus' anything to do with these scenes? In the lunacies of Titus did he simply dilute the frenzy of Hieronimo?"

He thus hints at the fact which we are trying to establish, namely: that both plays are by the same author. These brief incidents show a similarity, but the most convincing proof is in the general construction of the productions. The plan, the method of development, the versification, all give signs of the same hand in both.

Summing up, we have the following evidence: Both

were published by the same man, Edward White, the author of each was a well-educated man, fond of Latin quotations; the verse-tests give nearly identical results; both are tragedies of the blood-and-thunder variety, products of the same movement; the leading characters are very similar; and more than all, the general make-up, style, and character of the two plays are much alike.

Taking these facts into consideration, we seem warranted in the inference that both are by the same author, Thomas Kyd. "The Spanish Tragedy" is the better piece of work of the two, and we may suppose that it is of later composition. Careful investigation gives rise to the theory that "Titus Andronicus" was one of the earlier works of Thomas Kyd, slightly altered and revised by Shakespeare and incorporated among his works, until it became known as one of his original productions.

A TROPHY OF WAR

BY C. D. CREASMAN.

"Son" was a little yellow darky with thin face and slender form. He was raised in a mountain village where race prejudice ran high and the frequent fights between white men and negroes were imitated among the boys of the two races, sometimes with serious results. His companion was a short, fat lad whose face was the blackest I ever saw. It literally glistened in the sun-light and reminded one of a polished piece of ebony or the side of a new coal-car. It was so shiny that it suggested the name, "Snow Ball," which name he was generally known by. But although he was unlike "Son" in form and features he was like him in essentials. They were both darkies.

They had hired themselves to the people of the community (as had a number of the white boys) to graze their cows, there being no fenced pasture for that purpose. This industry (if I ought to call it such) furnished fine opportunities for mischief-loving boys to give vent to their hatred of the negroes. The story which I shall relate shows something of the life of these boys.

One day "Son" and "Snow Ball" went to the common pasture grounds with their cows. There had already reached it two white boys, one about the age of the darkies, and the other quite small. Very little difficulty was met with in getting a quarrel started. The darkies seemed to have some doubt, however, as to its outcome and it was soon ended by their retiring to another place. But as they left "Son" turned to promise the white boys that he would be on hand that afternoon "fixed t' git eb'm."

He was as good as his word and appeared early after dinner before the other boys came. His opponent (the small boy took no part) was not long behind him, and when he appeared it was a signal for action. "Snow Ball" stood by a big tree with several smooth stones in his hand while "Son" advanced to open up the fight. He was artistically profane, and I never heard a boy get such a "cussin" as he delivered to his enemy. Walt Redmond stood perfectly still, with his stout arms folded and looking down under his heavy eye-brows, apparently in deep meditation. "Something is going to happen soon," I thought, as I watched the quarrel. "You see dis razor?" said "Son," brandishing an ugly looking instrument in his hand very near Walt's nose. "Dat's what I's gwine t' carve yo' liver wid right now d'rec'ly, you blame fir'd po' white trash what t'ink you's better'n a nigge'. Look me in de eye an' le' me tells you dat I's a dangus coon wid a razor. You done been foolin' wid me long 'nough. I's to' you time ag'in to lef' me 'lone an' you aint done it. Now I's gwine t' split you wide op'm right here, you low down scrapin's ef de car'f what done lick all de lasses off my co'n bread an' den call me nigge'. I can whup leb'm-teen thousand po' white fo'ks 'fo' daylight wid dis here instrument an' I's gwine t' cut dat froat ef yo's clean off 'fo' I gits frough wid you—

But suddenly Walt seemed to come to his senses. He made a quick "flank movement" and struck "Son" under the left jaw which sent him staggering to the ground. At the same instant he stooped to pick up a stone. It was well that he stooped, for as he struck "Son," "Snow Ball" aimed a whizzing missile at his head. As it passed over him he straightened up and threw with such force that the stone skinned a large place on the tree in front of which "Snow Ball" stood. It made such a profound

impression on him that he wasted no time in making himself scarce around that place. Walt turned to "Son" who was picking himself up and looking as though he had been kicked by both heels of a mule. "Whar's my razor?" he whined. Walt picked it up and said, "Here's mine, I guess you aint got none."

"Son" saw what had happened, and, realizing that he had lost, began begging. "Boss Walt, please gi'me dat razor back. You knows I's jes' a foolin'. I wouldn't a cut you fo' ha'f a dolla'. An' besides dat ain' my razor. It's dad's, an' he take an' beat de stuffin' out'n me ef I done los' it."

"Well," broke in Walt, "if you think he will I won't take the trouble to lick you any more. You ain't worth more than two lickin's a day nohow. But tell your dad if he don't put it across you right I'll finish up his job tomorrow. So far as this razor is concerned, it's mine. I ain't around whuppin' niggers for nothin' these days. To the victor belongs the spoils."

And no amount of pleading the negro could do availed anything.

Several years passed by and the boys grew to be young men. Walt went west and was not heard of for several years. When the late war broke out he joined the "Rough Riders" and went into service. At the battle around Santiago one of the bravest of our brave men fell. As a negro hospital corps was gathering up the dead, a tall, slender mulatto stooped to lift a shattered form gently into the ambulance. He hesitated a moment, stood surprised, and exclaimed, "Walt Redmond!" Then his mind ran rapidly back over the years and he recalled many instances in the life of his stern yet real friend. As he thought he remembered the day when Walt won his razor. Then he said to himself, "I want's dat

razor t' r'member him by, an' I's gwine t'aks fo' it." When the bodies of the dead were placed in a row for identification he stood by Walt and when the officer came by he told him his name and said:

"I want's to know ef I cin look frough his tent and see ef I cin fin' his razor."

"What do you want with his razor?" said the officer, and "Son" told the story.

"Well," said the officer, smiling sadly, "he was certainly a good fighter, and if he fought you that day as well as he did the Spaniards this, I guess he won the razor. But I think you've won it back and I know he would be willing for you to have it, so if you can find it, it's yours."

"Son" went straight to Walt's tent and entered. Several hours later he was seen sitting at the door of it holding an old razor in his hand, and the living hero had the trophy of the dead.

THE PASSING YEAR

—
H. K. W., '08
—

The year groweth old,
He is crowned now with gold,
But his glory must pass,
Like a tale that is told.

His strength faileth fast,
All his dreams are the past,
For his hopes have borne fruit,
And are fled on the blast.

Winter, weave him a shroud,
Wind, wail thou aloud,
And so grant him to die
The death of the proud.

The year is grown old,
He hath garnered his gold,
And his glory is past,
Like a tale that is told.

" JANET "

CHAS. M. OLIVER, '10.

The sun was just beginning to peep over the Eastern hills and to cast its sparkling beams through the frost laden air, when a young man, wearing a grey uniform came out of a clump of bushes leading a beautiful grey mare by the bridle. He led her around the woods to a camp that was situated at the foot of a heavily timbered hill, and throwing the reins over the horse's head he entered a tent. He remained for fifteen or twenty minutes and the mare growing impatient pawed the ground and whinnied slightly. "All right Sara," he said in a high baritone voice from the doorway. "I'm coming and we will soon be there." He threw a cavalry saddle on the mare's back and springing lightly in it rode swiftly down the road.

What a picture he made, tall and muscular, his stately carriage and horsemanship showed the Virginia gentleman, his square set jaw the fighter, and his merry blue eyes betrayed the lover. He was dressed in a new uniform with dark brown riding boots, and his hat sat just a little to one side displaying a high forehead, a rather large nose, and a mouth about which a smile continually played. Ah, he was handsome was this soldier boy of twenty-two!

"Think of it, Sara, just fifteen miles to the 'Oaks,' the home of the greatest little girl in all Dixie Land," he said as he bent forward and gently patted the neck of his horse. "Do I love her much? Did ever man love woman half so much?" he whispered passionately, and the mare seemed to understand for she pricked up her

ears and lengthened her strides. "When will this hellish war end? When will these days of agony and suffering, of struggle and death end? These days when brother meets brother at the cannon's mouth and neither has time to offer a prayer for the other's safety before both are blown into eternity. How I long for the peaceful days of my boy-hood to return when I can gather my little Janet in my arms and call her my own. She is suffering now for food, for the necessaries of life and I am unable to give them to her. O God, how it hurts! Hasten the close of this period of suffering I beseech of thee, O Lord." He rode on in silence, the handsome face showing the pain that his heart was enduring.

Having rested at a small house for some minutes, he resumed his journey and after another hour's ride he cantered up a small hill, on top of which stood a large white house. It was built on the old Colonial style with a wide veranda in front and four large columns standing like mighty sentinels, guarding the home of Major Hamilton.

As the rider approached a gate at the end of the avenue, a girlish figure came running down the walk to meet him. Her face was radiant as she opened the gate and cried, "I knew you would come, you dear old boy, you. I've been watching since sunrise this morning and I have not been disappointed." He looked down into the depths of her brown eyes and whispered, "I too have been looking forward to this moment when I could tell you once again of my regard for you. O my little sweetheart, little do you dream of the boundless and fathomless love that my heart holds for you." He encircled her small waist with his powerful arm and she trustingly looked up. He kissed her tenderly and they walked on in silence, for their happiness needed no expression.

Arriving at the door an elderly lady came forward to greet the visitor, and from her cordial tones and the delighted face of Uncle Ben, the family coachman, who came running around the house to tell "Marse Robbie, howdy," it would not take many minutes for an observer to see that Robert Gordon was welcome.

"Come in and let's have a little 'snack,' for I know that you are hungry after having ridden such a long distance," called Mrs. Norris from the dining-room. "There is not a great deal left for the Yankees have stripped us of everything that is of any use. It is not like the old times when all the servants and even the dogs had an abundance of food." A tear trickled down the wrinkled cheek, and Janet, glancing over at her aunt, said reprovingly, "Think how much worse off we might be Auntie. There are lots of people who haven't got even a crust of bread to eat. We should be thankful that we have a place to live and pillows on which to lay our heads." Robert looked up at her noble little face and worshipped her.

The meal was interrupted here by the hasty arrival of "Uncle Sam" from the front porch, who hastily announced, "De Yankees am comin' up de lane." Every one jumped to their feet in consternation, and Robert began to see where his arms were, preparatory to making a rush for his horse.

"Come with me," said Janet in a steady voice, "and jump into this closet quickly. Meet me in an hour and a half at the ferry." She hastily closed the oaken panel and started from the sitting room when she heard a voice calling in the front hall, "Where is the Rebel?" Janet came through the door with compressed lips and white little cheeks where the roses had lately been and asked, "What can I do for yon, sir?"

"Haven't you got a Confederate soldier concealed in this house?"

Without a moment's hesitation she answered, "Yes, sir."

"Where is he? Show him to me quick. I haven't got all day to stand here and wait your pleasure in this matter." These words seemed to have no effect whatever on Janet, for she walked over to the door and stood gazing far out into the hills beyond.

"Say, wake up there. Are you going to show me where your Rebel is?"

"No, sir."

"Why ain't you, ye little Rebel yourself? Yes, you are going to show me where he is too," and with an oath he started toward the girl threateningly.

"Stand back you coward," cried the girl, as with face aflame and eyes blazing with anger she threw a small pocket revolver in the face of the soldier. The officer somewhat abashed at this show of nerve, gave the order for the house to be searched, and following them up stairs she disappeared. Swiftly the girl ran into her father's closet and snatched from the hook an old gray suit that her uncle had worn before he was killed. Slipping it on and turning the collar up she ran through the hall catching up her lover's cap, to the horse that stood tied to the fence. Jumping into the saddle she started through the yard just as the soldiers came down from the garret. One of them happening to look through the window saw the grey figure riding down the avenue, and with a cry of surprise he sprang down the steps, giving the cry of alarm.

Soon four men were in hot pursuit, but Sara was in the lead and she knew that something was wrong for she ran harder than she had ever run before. Janet rode on for several miles and then doubled back to the river, for

in half an hour she would join Robert and tell him good-bye.

In the meantime, having escaped from the house, Robert Gordon stood waiting for Janet, wondering by what means she had withdrawn the soldiers from the house, giving him an opportunity to escape. He did not have to wait long for up the bank of the river he saw her galloping towards him with a little smile of triumph glowing on her face. "How beautiful she is," he thought, "and just as noble and true as she is lovely." She came up wearing the tattered old uniform, the sleeves of which came down over her hands, her whole figure being swallowed up in the large folds of the coat and trousers. Rob's cap sat jauntily on one side of her head and down over her neck, one or two truant locks had stolen from the golden mass above. The cheeks once more held their roses and between her lips a row of pearls gleamed.

She turned and looked at the sun and exclaimed, "You must go, Rob. It is late and you had best get back to camp before dark." She sprang lightly from the horse and looking bravely into the eyes of the man that she loved said falteringly, "I know it's hard for you to leave but your duty, your duty first." The sturdy frame of the man who never flinched in the face of battle, swayed slightly with emotion and the voice of the man who feared no danger, trembled as he told the woman that he loved, good-bye, whispering hoarsely, "God only knows."

* * * * * * *

The noise and conflict of a terrible battle had ceased and silence reigned supreme, save for an occasional groan from some dying fellow whom death, having reaped a rich harvest that day, had forgotten for the moment and left lying in pain. Above the tall pine trees the sad-faced moon rose, casting her silver rays over the battle-field and adding a more pallid tint to the faces of those

whom Death had touched and claimed as her own. Beyond the valley, the Susquehanna wound its way around the hills and as it flowed by the blood-soaked field it hushed its merry laughter and murmured softly, vainly trying to drown the hollow and ghostlike notes of an owl. A whippoorwill whistled once, then stopped, wondering why the breeze had grown silent, and unable to understand the strange stillness.

From the upper end of the opening the figure of a girl appeared, her clothing torn, her hands scratched by the cruel briars, and her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders. She stooped and peered eagerly into the face of each stiff and lifeless body. Her cheeks were as pale as the moon-beams and the eyes that were wont to be soft and tender stared tearlessly and wistfully about her over the field. "Rob, O Rob, where are you? Call me Robbie and I'll come. Your little Janet is looking for you," she called pathetically. She staggered on and the kindly moon looking down wept, and the merry stars grew dim for very pity. On she searched up and down the lines of slaughtered soldiers, and as the last ray of hope fluttered from her noble heart she saw the face of her lover lying in a pool of blood. She rushed forward and with low cry fell over his body.

Morning came and with it the ambulance corps, to bury their dead and to relieve the suffering of those who might be alive. Finding the couple they removed them to a near by house where medical attention was given them. After many days and weeks of lingering illness Janet recovered sufficiently to nurse Robert who for a long time hung in the balance between life and death. (Finally, however, he grew well and married Janet, and as the old stories end, "They lived happily ever afterwards.")

CICERO'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

H. K. W., '08.

Of all the men who, in the ancient days, contributed to make the "grandeur that was Rome," few are more familiar to the world today than Cicero. As an orator he stands without a peer in the annals of Rome, as a man of letters he is almost universally conceded to be the central figure in the history of Latin literature, while by his work in the field of philosophy he has "built a monument more enduring than bronze, more lofty than the regal elevation of the pyramids."

Born at Arpinium in the year 106 B. C., and educated under the direction of a wise and cultured parent, Cicero, from the first, showed himself an eager student. When he had exhausted the educational facilities of his native town he was taken to Rome, and there Philo, Phaedrus, and Diodotus, the Stoic, were among his teachers. After having completed his education at Rome, he decided, though he had already won no mean reputation in the forum, to visit Greece and Asia, for the sake of further study in rhetoric and philosophy. The greater part of his time, on this visit, was spent at Athens or at Rhodes, and at each of these cities Cicero was careful to place himself under the direction of the best and most famous teachers.

Cicero's zeal for knowledge did not abate but rather increased as he grew older. He continued a student to the end of his life. Finally, when a ripe old age had matured his judgment, mellowed his style, and deepened his thought, he gave to the literature of his nation those philosophical works which served not only to stay the

degeneracy of his own times, but which have been also fountains of inspiration to students of every succeeding generation.

However, Cicero was not, nor did he profess to be, the founder of any separate system or distinct school of philosophy. He simply made known to his countrymen what had already been wrought out by the Greeks; but there is little danger of over-estimating the service which he thus rendered his country. Among the educated classes of his day belief in the old Roman gods was gone, and faith in the fanciful religion of their fathers had passed away. Thus philosophy was for them the one rock of refuge from the fierce billows of immorality and vice which were sweeping over the decaying commonwealth.

In philosophy Cicero calls himself an eclectic, that is, one who refuses to confine himself to any single system and so remains free to accept whatever seems good, to reject whatever seems bad, in all. Nevertheless he is so nearly a Stoic that some have claimed him as a disciple of that school.

First, he holds the cardinal doctrine of the Stoics, namely, that virtue is the highest good and the supreme end of life. Without it, he believes, nothing, not even friendship is worth while; with it, he holds, all things are possible and happiness is sure, even to old age. Virtue, to Cicero, means a life conformel to and controlled by the laws of nature, and these laws, he maintains, find their fullest expression and most excellent manifestation in the action of God upon the world. Thus we see that Cicero believes that it is the duty of man to mix himself with action, not to selfishly withdraw from society. He teaches that the virtuous life is the life of action, and that the active life is the happy life.

As regards external misfortunes and blessings, however, Cicero can not so fully accept the stern doctrine of the Stoics. His nature, keenly sensitive alike to both pleasure and pain, is unable to make either a matter of indifference. Pleasure of itself, he thinks, will come uncalled for when virtue is followed, and is then not to be despised; while, on the other hand, he strenuously insists that it is never to be made the sole object of human endeavor. Grief and pain, he admits, may not always be regarded as matters of indifference, yet no wise man, he asserts, can allow these to interfere with his daily occupation or to interrupt his duties. In his life and in his writings there is confession that the loss of a dear one distresses him greatly, but nothing could be more emphatic than his statement that he is unable to conceive how any calamity which could befall a man should be sufficient cause for interrupting duties which he is physically able to perform.

In speculative philosophy Cicero holds, with the Socratic school, that a high degree of probability alone is attainable in human knowledge, and that absolute certainty is beyond the bounds of human reason, "there being no absolute criterion of truth and falsehood." From the charge of lack of conviction and settled principle of action he defends himself by declaring that he accepts and pursues the probable just as eagerly as others pursue and accept what they, with unsagelike rashness, call certain. Thus he contends that he cultivates all their virtues, while avoiding their errors.

It is in his spirit, then, that Cicero approaches the grave questions of the existence of a God, and of the immortality and future state of the soul. As regards the first of these, Cicero is persuaded that there is one God,

a Supreme Being, the Creator of the Universe, without whom there was not anything made which is made. As argument for the probability of this theory he calls attention to the order, the system, and the beauty of the universe, to the wisdom manifest in the workings of nature; to the absurdity of believing that order, law and beauty are the result of chance.

Cicero teaches also the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and of its separate existence after death. In support of this faith he cites the argument of Plato, that is, that the very hunger of the soul for immortality argues that it is immortal, while its nature indicates that it can not be destroyed. "Such," says Cicero, "is the activity of our souls, so tenacious is their memory of things past, such their sagacity in regard to things to come that surely the nature which comprises these qualities can but be immortal."

With respect to the future state it is Cicero's hope that when the soul departs from the body it returns to the heaven from which it came, to the God who is its home, and, furthermore, that the return is "speediest to the most virtuous and just." Life on earth he considers a state or a trial or a kind of school, which fits one for the life to come, while he looks upon the body as a prison house from which it will be a joy to escape. "I believe," he declares, "that the immortal gods have planted souls in human bodies in order that there may exist beings to tend the earth, and, by contemplating the order of the heavenly bodies, to imitate this order in the manner and regularity of their lives. From this life, then, I shall depart as from a mere temporary lodging, not as from a home."

This is, in brief, Cicero's philosophy of life. One can

hardly study it without being made better by it. Its bold optimism reminds us of Browning, the line of argument often calls to memory the writings of Paul, while in its groping faith we sometimes hear, it seems, the voice of the patriarchs of old, and we wonder whether Cicero, too, looking down the ages, saw not the vision of a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

A FROSTY MORNING

BY R. L. McMILLAN.

Bre'r Rabbit quits his cozy bed,
Aroused from sleep by barking Ned,
And leaves behind his heated burrow,
And scampers o'er the frosted furrow.

The squirrels leap from nest to limb,
The blackbirds chant their tuneless hymn;
The hawk soars 'round with watchful eye,
A speck against the clear, blue sky.

Walter and Ed. their fingers blow,
While to the cotton patch they go.
The frozen helve the axeman heats,
And from his boot the stiff mud beats.

The whistling schoolboy passes by,
With glowing cheek and sparkling eye.
His dog-wood bow he raises high,
And menaces the passer-by.

The bright sun melts the frozen dew.
The white robe passes from our view,
Like visions built in restful dreams,
On balmy eyes, by murm'ring streams.

EVER A SERVANT

BY LEE WEATHERS.

Around the big, blazing wood fire sat the family of Capt. Tom Wise. As is usually the case with poor people, many children graced the fireside, some reciting their lessons, some cracking nuts, and two of the smaller ones stretched on the floor wholly unconscious of the outer world and dreaming of their past day's sports and experiences. In the corner sat the old negro house-servant, Levi Long, with his massive jaws resting in the palms of his hands, listening to the various stories of the old Confederate as he related them to his children.

It was in the month of November and the weather was rather cool and damp. The wind was whistling through the cracks of the door and now and then a stiff breeze blew heavy drops of rain against the window panes. Only the blaze of the pine knots and one dim candle lighted the low room and silhouetted the eager faces on the blank walls. A stick of wood in the fireplace burned in two and fell with a heavy thud in the ashes. Levi braced up; this reminded him that no more wood was in the house and the fire needed replenishing. He rose from his seat and crept stealthily out of the door to the woodpile to return in a few seconds with the news of some one's approach. In this remote settlement hardly a passer-by escaped without some notice. But the noise to-night was unusually striking and sounded like a band of cavalymen crossing the bridge at the creek. Levi dropped his armful of pine knots on the hearth, caught his slouch hat from his head and with a mischievous swirl scattered raindrops in the faces of the several chil-

dren. While the bright little faces were laughing, the noise became closer; Levi hissed "Shee" and all became quiet.

"Dar's a hundred horses crossin' de bridge and comin' up by de house," warned Levi, rolling his big, white eyes toward the window.

Presently a voice rang out, "Captain, we give Nelse Crowder hell to-night." The old Confederate walked to the window, the startled children following, and looked out into the darkness, but only caught a glimpse of the white-robed horsemen as they vanished through the misty rain.

"Dem's de Ku Kluxes, ain't dey, Marse Tom?" whispered Levi, with his eyes still looking toward the window.

"Yes, and they've whipped old Nelse Crowder to-night, just as I expected," replied Captain Wise, as he resumed his seat before the replenished fire. "That's the usual fate of these mean niggers. I never favored the Ku Klux raids much, but sometimes I think it's the only way to keep these lawless niggers from taking our house and property."

"Well, Jim Perks tells me dese Ku Klux ain't nobody but poor white trash, nohow, and ef dey eber pester dis nigger I'se gwine ter kill me a man." At this Levi drew from his ragged clothing a hand-forged razor of extraordinary size. "See dis, Marse Tom, and dis," drawing from another part of his person an old, rusty pistol and brandishing them both above his head in utter defiance of any visit by the night marauders.

"Look here, Levi, where did you get those weapons?" asked the old Confederate in surprise at the negro's boldness.

"Gosh, Marse Tom, we bin hearin' 'bout dem fellers

whippin' de cullered gemmen ob de neighborhood, so Misser Rose sole me dis gun fer eight dollars, and I forged dis razoo down ter de shop, and I'se carrin' 'em fer protect'un." Mr. Rose, by the way, was a carpet-bagger in the settlement and candidate for sheriff of the county. He was arming the negroes and had succeeded in convincing Levi that his body was in danger of harm at the hands of the Ku Klux.

"Now, listen to me, Levi," began Captain Wise slowly, leaning forward in his chair and looking straight into the eyes of the old negro. "I've raised you practically, and you've been under the roof of my house for nigh thirty years. You were a slave once, but when the war was ended and freedom and the right to vote were given you at one single sweep, you were made my equal in the eyes of the law. I came home from the war and found you still here faithful as ever; when my other slaves had left the plantation. According to right, I gave you the choice of leaving too, or of staying under my protection. You chose the latter. And since then you've never wanted for anything and have had almost the same privileges as my own children. You were faithful, 'tis true, and we've given you credit and protection for all, but here at last some durned carpet-bagger, who seeks your vote, has stuffed your head full of rotten ideas, and you, like the other poor, ignorant niggers, have believed everything."

At this Levi slowly rose and cautiously laid the heavy weapons on the high mantle, then resumed his seat on the box. Not a word was spoken and the children looked eagerly into their father's stern face as he continued slowly:

"I've noticed this change in you since the Bureau man

talked to you two months ago, and it has at last come to a turning point. You've been associating with those rowdy niggers and don't stay with me half the time. I've heard several threats you made about the Ku Klux, and if they get news of it you may expect a visit from them any night. You know that nigger they whipped last night had been stealing meat all over the neighborhood. Loss Nelson, whom they beat last week, insulted little Miss Bettie Perkins by proposing marriage to her, and Bill Camp burned widow Crowder's barn, mules, cows,—everything. So the Ku Klux ain't going to trouble you unless you get mean, and I'll protect you from any harm as long as you behave yourself."

"But, Marse Tom, Misser Rose says I'se er good man and he wants me ter jine de Union League," replied Levi.

"D— that man Rose," broke in Captain Wise, emphasizing his remarks by pounding his clenched fist on the arm of his chair. "He'll tell you anything for your vote, and if you listen to what he says you'll be in trouble head over heels. You may join the League if you want to, but I advise you to stop carrying those weapons, stay at home, listen to nobody's advice but mine, and, above all, cease making threats about what you *will* do."

The hour was growing late, and the children one by one sought their beds in another room, while the two smaller ones were quietly undressed and laid in the little trundle bed. Levi repaired to his one-roomed shanty in the yard deeply troubled over the scoldings of his lenient master.

It was nearly morning when he awoke from his troubled dreams. The rain had ceased, the stars were shining, and through the window the full moon, lifting itself on

the solemn pines without, looked into his close apartment. He stirred from his shanty, and when the sun was full over the tree tops, the stock had been fed; he, too, had eaten a hearty breakfast and was off to the woods with the wagon to haul winter's wood into town.

Slowly and steadily he passed back and forth from the forest to the town, until the first trip after the noon hour found him in town with his empty wagon. Negroes were congregating at the different corners, some clad in brilliant uniforms, talking and laughing in loud guffaws, occasionally uttering bitter oaths.

He could not withstand the temptation to join the crowds. Hitching his team of mules to a tree in the public square, he was ushered down to the League's headquarters and issued a uniform and rifle. The negro officer tried to teach him the tactics, but with little result, for he was almost as ignorant as Levi himself. That afternoon the company of negroes paraded up and down the main streets of the little town, drilling in private yards, commanding the public highways and disregarding law and order in general. The blue uniforms, brass buttons, rifles and the music of a drum bewildered the poor old negro until he lost all sense of time. Sun was down before he realized what he was about. The company was dismissed, Levi changed into his work clothes, and being a little skeptical about his membership in the League the leader allowed him the special privilege of taking the uniform home with him, thinking that might strengthen his loyalty.

When the wagon pulled out it was loaded with negroes going back home. Now and then one would drop off at a cross-roads until Roland Hardy was the only companion Levi had.

"Levi, why don't yer leave dat ole cuss, no how? Ef

yer make o' faithful member ob de League yer might git a govermint job, what pays big money. Don't yer know yer ain't no longer got ter 'bey ole Marse Tom, but we is free and equal ez eny o' dem white bucks."

"I knows I'se a free man, but I didn't hab nowhere's ter go when de war wuz ober, and had ter stay wid Marse Tom. He shore treats me nice, but I'se gwine ter jine der League and git er job in town, I is. I don't stay wid ole Marse Tom lack I use ter, no how, and bimeby I's gwine ter turn up missin', 'fore long. I hates mighty bad ter leave der missus and her chillun, but I'se gwine ter jine der Union and be er gobermint man." As Levi spoke he looked proudly to his uniform and grinned.

When the team came within hearing distance of the house, his companion slipped from the wagon and disappeared. Levi drove into the yard, tucked his new uniform under his coat shamefully and hid it under the corner of the crib. Night had already fallen and "Marse Tom" had been rather uneasy about his team. He reproached Levi for his late arrival, hut the old negro was ready with his excuse, "Marse Tom, I'se so tired I can't hardly walk. De lass load o' wood turn ofen de waggen two times 'fore I git outer dat new road and I had ter load it ergin misself."

Three days later one of Levi's negro friends invited him over to a 'possum hunt. Accustomed to the privilege of going when and where he pleased, he accepted.

The afternoon was well gone when he went to the stables to bridle the old gray mule. At one vigorous leap he threw himself astride the mule's bare back, pulled the reins and was off. Over the hill he rode, anticipating the fun of the evening. Not a care weighed on his peaceful mind, and he whistled merrily. A molly-cotton-tail tripped limply across the road in front of

him, and the mule dropped its long ears forward in sudden surprise. The superstitious negro ceased whistling and began wondering what bad-luck was coming.

"'Taint no use ter hunt now. We ain't gwine ter ketch no 'possums dis night," thought Levi to himself.

Before going much further he heard the screaming of a screech-owl in the woods.

"Jes, lack I know's somethin' gwine ter drap dis very night. Dat rabbit didn't cross my paf fer fun, and dat owl ain't hollern' jes fer nothin'." He shuddered at the thought of the trouble they predicted. Wonder increased to fear, so he drew his reins tighter, dug his heavy heels into the sides of the mule, whereupon it fell into a trot. At the sight of the smoke winding its way from the top of a rock chimney he gave a sigh of relief and presently the full outline of the log cabin became visible.

Several other negroes, with a pack of howling hounds, awaited him. Soon they were off on the hunt and Levi forgot his presentiments in the fun of the evening. The hour was late when they returned home, but their game was four fat 'possums tied by their tails in split sticks. It was too late to go home, so Levi remained there and laid his head down to dream of "'possum and taters."

About an hour had passed when Mike Johnson heard a noise of some one coming up the narrow trail by the spring. He raised his head from his pillow and listened closer. No, it's a horse. No; yes, two horses. Ah, now a drove of cattle. What could it mean? He didn't speak a word, but listened breathlessly. A sudden stop of the hoof-beats. Mike's heart beat against his breast like a sledge.

"Mike Johnson, Mike Johnson, some to the door," sounded a strong voice from the outside.

"Oh, Lawd, hit's de Ku Kluxes. Gawd save dis pour

nigger! What kin I do?" He tried to think of some means of escape or a place to hide, but in vain; so he answered, "Mister, I'se comin'."

Reluctantly he eased out of the bed and set his big, naked feet softly on the cold floor. Tipping slowly to the door he pulled down the heavy bar and pushed his head carefully through the opening.

"Yassah! Yassah! Boss, fer Gawd's sake; Mister Ku Klux, don't whip me—I ain't done nothin'."

"Tell Levi Long to come out or we'll come after him. We want him right now," spoke the leader in a deep, disguised tone of voice.

"Yassah, Boss, Yassah. He's here," informed Mike, turning from the door.

When Levi heard his name he made sure his end had come. He threw aside the scanty bed-covering, leaped through the small back window at one bound and struck the ground in a running gallop. No time was taken for dressing or even for gathering his clothing in his hands, but down through the pathless cotton-patch he sped. Nothing but his scanty night clothes protected his body from the cotton bolls and weeds that whipped his half-dressed limbs. He didn't turn his head to see what pursued him. The night was just light enough to see objects several paces away. He imagined he could hear horses pursuing him, and, every step he seemed to get faster. Two hounds were at his heels. In a very few seconds he reached the big gulch, sixteen feet wide, but he leaped it with ease. Now Levi cut to the right and found it easy sailing for a half mile down a corn row. He passed a neighbor's house and the barking of the dogs at his heels aroused three more 'possum hounds to join in the chase. He was familiar with the lay of the land and did not go to the trouble to select a direct path

home. Around the woods he took his way, lengthening a two-mile distance to fully three miles. His speed was lessening and breath had almost left him. But a few more steps and he would be there. He could hardly run another yard, he thought, but the sight of his old master's house, dimly outlined in the moonlight of the trees, strengthened him. He bounded across the piazza, threw himself against the door and fell sprawling beside "Marse Tom's" bed, crying, "Oh, Lawd! Save me, Marse Tom; 'teck me. Help!"

Captain Wise awoke in a fit of terror. Was he dreaming? When he could collect himself he spoke to the distressed thing beside him.

"Levi—is this you? What in the world ails you? Wake up!"

"Fer Gawd's sake, Marse Tom, save me. Ku Kluxes; de Ku Kluxes is atter me and gwine t' kill me," explained the terrified negro on the floor.

Captain Wise finally quieted him and found out where he had been and why he was so frightened. It was with considerable difficulty and the assurance of his protection that the old slave owner persuaded Levi to retire in his private apartment.

Back up the road came the youthful Ku Klux Klan, talking and laughing over the old negro's run. The leader was a boy of eighteen. One of the boys carried his neglected clothing, while another led the old gray mule. Before daybreak Levi's apparel was dangling on a hitching post in his yard and the mule occupied its familiar stall at home.

The joke was the laugh of the neighborhood for years to come. Six days later Levi's hair turned white. He has been a faithful house servant until this day, and never again did he make a threat or don his uniform.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON—A SKETCH

P. Q. BRYAN, '08.

On the 11th day of January, in the year 1757, the wife of a Scotch merchant in the island of Nevis gave birth to a son, who received the name of Alexander Hamilton. Many varying elements were mingled in this boy. He was a British subject born in the tropics, Scotch on his father's side and of French Huguenot descent on his mother's. To this conjunction many of the qualities which Hamilton exhibited in after life may be traced. That which strikes us at the outset is his extraordinary precocity. Upon the childhood of Hamilton even the exhaustive and devoted labors of his son and biographer fail to throw any light. His mother, who apparently possessed an unusual degree of wit and beauty, died early. His father was unsuccessful in business, and Alexander, the only surviving child, fell to the care of maternal relations, among whom he picked up a rude, odd and desultory sort of education, and by whom he was placed in a counting room before he was twelve years old.

In the intervals of his office work Hamilton read and wrote much; Pope and Plutarch, we are told, were his favorite authors, and to his exercises in composition was due the publication of a vivid account of a severe hurricane which raged with devastating force in the West Indies. This literary effort attracted a good deal of attention among his relatives, funds were provided, and in 1772 he entered the grammar school at Elizabethtown. Later he entered King's College in New York, where, on the cool evenings, he would walk under the shadow of the

trees on Batteon street, plunged in thought and talking eagerly to himself. The passers-by would turn to look at this small, slight youth, still a mere boy in appearance, dark of skin, and with deep-set eyes; and those who knew "the young West Indian," as he was called, already speculated about him vaguely as people are wont to do about those who give or seem to give obvious promise of an illustrious future. But while Hamilton was leading the reflective life of a student, and meditating beneath the shadow of the trees, imbued, perhaps, with the "prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming of things to come," a great revolution was swiftly coming to its crisis about him.

The question was which side in the gathering conflict he would espouse. It seemed perhaps more difficult to Hamilton to decide then than it does to us to decide for him now; yet his choice was simple and his selection inevitable. He himself tells us that he had formed "strong prejudices on the ministerial side until he became convinced, by the superior force of the arguments, in favor of the colonial claims." This explanation is exceedingly characteristic and highly instructive. His masterful temper and innate love for government, order and strong rule dictated his prejudices. His clear, vigorous mind and his profound belief in reasoning and argument, which so prevailed with him always, showed him plainly that the colonies were in the right.

Soon after this a meeting was held in order to force New York, which was then in the possession of the Tories, in line with the other colonies. Hamilton was present listening to the orators. He was impressed by what was left unsaid far more than by all the rhetoric of the speakers. Filled with the belief that he could supply the omissions which he detected, he made his way

to the platform and his words flowed unchecked. He was never eloquent in the sense in which Chatham or Mirabeau or Henry were eloquent, for he had not the imaginative and poetical temperament. But he had the eloquence of sound reason and clear logic, combined with great power and lucidity of expression, and backed by a strong and passionate nature.

His next public appearance was in a pamphlet championing the cause of Congress and its measures. This pamphlet was attributed to the most eminent leaders, and when its authorship was known the young writer gained a wide and immediate reputation. To argue points of constitutional law and of political justice and expediency was, above all things, congenial to Hamilton, with his already well-stored mind, acute logic and capacity for discussion.

Meanwhile Hamilton continued his arguments against England in vigorous newspaper essays, took part in public meetings, and devoted his time to a study of military affairs, seeking also for practical experience by joining a volunteer corps commanded by Major Fleming. Besides showing nerve in the performance of some trying military duties, which were becoming very necessary in those troublous times, Hamilton appeared prominently on several occasions in efforts to repress, by argument and by fearless exposure of himself, outbreaks of mob-violence. These instances of self-restraint and cool bravery are all very remarkable in one so young and so enthusiastic as Hamilton. In the midst of the Revolutionary excitement he did not hesitate to come forward to check his own party, to oppose and censure their excesses, to take the side of the unpopular minority in behalf of mercy, justice, order, free speech and a free press. Early in 1776 the New York Convention ordered a

company of artillery to be raised. Hamilton applied for the command, and his examination quickly dispelled the doubts of his fitness in those who suspected mere youthful presumption. He recruited his company rapidly, and spent upon its equipment his second and last remittance from home. He had now burned his ships behind him.

The young captain, by the excellence of his troop, attracted the attention of Greene, who fell into conversation with him, was impressed by his talent, and introduced him to Washington, thus putting him at this early day in the line of advancement.

He won his spurs at the disastrous battle of Long Island, where with great coolness and courage he brought up the rear in the masterly retreat which saved the army, distinguished himself by the admirable manner in which he served his battery at White Plains, and shared in the brilliant campaign of Trenton and Princeton.

At the age of twenty he was appointed as one of Washington's aides with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Hamilton acted wisely in accepting this new position, for which he was particularly fitted. His principal occupation was in the conduct of Washington's immense correspondence. A large portion of the endless letters, reports and proclamations which issued from headquarters was the work of Hamilton. His greatest works as an aide to Washington were his mission to Gates to seek re-enforcements and his taking of Yorktown.

Soon after Washington rebuked Hamilton for his tardiness in obeying orders, and Hamilton immediately resigned his position as aide. Washington endeavored to heal the breach, although Hamilton repelled his advances. It was a tribute to Hamilton's abilities from one of the best judges of men who ever lived.

But whatever his talents for war may have been, the ruling passion was that of a statesman, and even in the midst of the hardships of the camp and field nothing could repress Hamilton's strong natural bent. In 1780, in the twenty-third year of his age, he addressed an anonymous letter to Robert Morris on the financial affairs of the confederacy, showing with careful consideration the condition of the nearly worthless currency and the causes of its depreciation. This paper showed clearly his genius for finance and, though written more than a century ago, it would do credit to the greatest authorities on political economy to-day. Hamilton proposed to meet the existing difficulties by gradual contraction, a tax in kind, and a foreign loan, which last was to form the basis of a national bank. The great purpose of the bank was to unite the interests of the moneyed class in the support of the government credit. The bank was to be a great trading and banking corporation in private hands, but backed and partly controlled by the government, to which it was to be under certain obligations. The details were carefully worked out, but the leading ideas suffice to show the grasp of Hamilton's mind and the germs of his future policy.

In the midst of the war Hamilton had found time to fall in love. On his mission to Gates he met at Albany Miss Elizabeth Schnyler. They were married in December, 1780. Love of money was never one of Hamilton's qualities, so at the close of the war starvation faced his family. He steadily refused General Schuyler's offers of assistance and betook himself to the study of law, by which he hoped to make his living.

In 1782 he was appointed Receiver of Taxes for New York. Vested with this office, Hamilton attended the State Legislature at Poughkeepsie, where he introduced

and successfully passed several important resolutions. At the same Legislature he was elected to Congress, and he immediately resigned the receivership for New York.

When Hamilton entered Congress it was a time of social and political chaos. The storms of war had at least filled the sails, but they had now ceased to blow, and the ship of state was lurching terribly in the heavy sea, and threatening at every moment to go to pieces. Finance was the great overwhelming trouble, which laid bare the fatal vices of our political system, and it was upon financial rocks that the rickety confederation was dashing itself to pieces. Hamilton's first object was to obtain consent to the grant of an impost on imports. Virginia and Rhode Island receded from the agreement, and the whole scheme fell through. His congressional service had been a complete failure, so far as results were concerned. The times were not yet ripe for the work he had to do. In 1783 his term expired and he withdrew to private life and to the practice of his profession.

Hamilton's withdrawal from public office was by no means equivalent to separation from public affairs. Both as a lawyer in successful practice and as a writer he was leader and mover of opinion in New York. His first great case was his defence of a poor widow against the Trespass Act. He gained his cause, the first and one of the greatest of the forensic triumphs which gave him so high a place at the American bar.

While Hamilton was thus engaged in the pursuit of his profession and in laboring for a national party, public affairs were rapidly growing from bad to worse. The finances of every State were utterly debauched. Fresh inflations of worthless currency were coupled with barbarous laws to enforce its circulation and compel its ac-

ceptance. In January, 1786, a convention was called at Annapolis to consider the establishment of a uniform commercial system.

It was at this point that Hamilton's share in the formation of the Constitution began. In the very teeth of a compact majority, Hamilton won a decided victory by forcing New York to be represented in the Convention. In a five-hour speech Hamilton delivered to the Convention his plans for government. His plan, then, like the others, was on the British model, and it did not differ essentially in details from that finally adopted. But it embodied two ideas, which were its cardinal features and which went to the very heart of the whole matter. The republic of Hamilton was to be an aristocratic as distinguished from a democratic republic, and the power of the separate States was to be effectually crippled by centralizing the national government. His message once delivered, he watched and waited, aiding his cause quietly and effectively whenever he could. It was in this last decisive struggle, in securing the acceptance of the work of the Convention, that Hamilton rendered his greatest services to the cause and the Constitution.

In his articles in the *Federalist* he rendered his cause a great service. This series of essays is still the best exposition of the Constitution apart from judicial interpretation. In the grand procession, by which the Federalists of New York celebrated their victory, the Federal frigate was named the "Hamilton" in gratitude for the services he rendered them by his forceful pamphlets in the *Federalist* and by his matchless oratory.

Although early spring saw the actual formation of the government, it was not until September 2d that the act passed establishing the Treasury Department. All eyes

were turned to Hamilton as the man to fill this great office. They knew Hamilton's reputation and his perfect familiarity with theories of finance and government, and they seem to have felt instinctively that he was a great minister of state with a well defined policy for every exigency. By one ingenious expedient or another Hamilton got together what was absolutely needful, and without a murmur conquered these petty troubles at the very time when he was elaborating and devising a far-reaching policy. Yet while Hamilton was engaged in all this bewildering work, he was evolving the great financial policy, at once broad, comprehensive and minute, and after the recess in January he laid his ground plan before Congress in his first report on public credit. This report was the beginning of a remarkable financial policy which later achieved a brilliant practical success. The two most essential points of his whole policy were to cement more closely the union of States and to establish public order on the basis of an upright and liberal policy. Hamilton further proposed a sinking fund, which was to be made up at the outset from a new loan of ten millions. He then divided the debt into three parts; the foreign debt, the domestic debt, and the debts of the States incurred in the cause of the Union during the war of the Revolution. Everybody was agreed about the foreign debt. They also agreed as to the domestic debt, but there were wide differences as to how and to whom the latter payment should be made. All these together amounted in round numbers to eighty millions, and Hamilton concluded his report with estimates of ways and means, a scheme for raising revenues by duties on teas, wines and spirits, and in the background a plan for an excise. His general theory was to have as little direct taxation as possible, and to raise as much revenue from

articles of luxury as was consistent with successful collection.

He next planned out a national bank. This bank was to have the support of the government, and the government was to have the use of the funds, and to a certain extent and in a last resort, the control of the bank. The policy of a national bank thus founded by Hamilton has never been permanently laid aside. Though the form has been wisely changed, the policy of national banking and the governing principles are still those laid down by Hamilton.

The opposition denied the right of the government to erect a national bank, and Hamilton evoked the implied powers of the Constitution to bring him victory. This argument on the constitutionality of the national bank, as a piece of legal reasoning, is the most important which Hamilton ever produced. The growth of nationality, and the conversion of the agreement of thirteen States into the charter of a nation, have been largely the development of the implied powers. This was the central point of Hamilton's whole policy.

Hamilton was a protectionist, and favored the protection of nascent industries. His report on manufactures still remains the best and most complete argument for a protective policy which we possess. Hamilton marked out clearly and fully a plan for the development of industry, trade and commerce. He turned the current of thought, he influenced the future, but the task was too mighty, the scheme was too vast to be carried out at once, or in fact otherwise than piecemeal, but it was a fit termination to the great work which he had accomplished.

Early in 1790 an assault was planned by Jefferson and Madison, in which they aimed at Hamilton's personal

ruin by intimating to Washington that Hamilton had used these loans corruptly to aid the bank. Hamilton defended himself strongly and won a decided victory for the Federalists. Hamilton was higher than ever in public esteem, stronger than ever in the estimation of his party, now rendered more aggressive and active than before.

Hamilton's financial policy was now on a firm basis as far as his theory was concerned. He now turned his undivided attention to foreign affairs. To treat all nations as they treated us and to bury the past, which should not be allowed to hamper the new government, was Hamilton's foreign policy. Although he admired the British constitution, he had no attachment to England. Toward France he felt both affection and gratitude, but toward Spain, with whom he had a chronic quarrel concerning the valley of the Mississippi, he felt a certain degree of hatred.

About this time the French Revolution was fast reaching a crisis. In order that the past might not be construed in such a way as to entangle us with the fortunes and conflicts of the revolution, Washington had Hamilton to issue a declaration of neutrality, and in no one respect did the individuality of Hamilton impress itself more directly on the future of the United States. France then threatened to draw on the United States for what money she needed, and Hamilton refused to honor her notes, thereby preventing a crisis in our finances. After his successful repression of the "Whiskey Rebellion," he laid down his office and retired from public life.

Hamilton had been in office for nearly six years, and his work was done, his opinions and his personality were indelibly impressed upon our frame of government and

upon our political development. It is extremely probable that there has never lived an American who, in an equal space of time, has produced such direct and lasting effects upon our institutions and history.

About this time Jay's treaty came home for ratification. Hamilton firmly denounced it in public speeches and in a carefully prepared series of papers signed "Camillus." Jefferson and Burr had been able to withstand Hamilton's eloquence, but, like the others, they keenly felt the truth of Burr's remarks, that any one who put himself on paper with Hamilton was lost. Whatever may be said of Hamilton in other respects, in political controversy, in the art of moulding, creating and controlling public opinion by discussion and debate in newspapers, he stood absolutely without a rival.

While Hamilton was occupying this important and influential position in his party, the presidential election came on. Adams was elected, although Pinckney was supported by Hamilton. After that Adams always looked upon Hamilton with suspicion and tried to ruin him, knowing full well that Hamilton was his strongest opponent.

The country was again on the verge of a war with France. Washington was ordered by Adams to reorganize his army, and Washington appointed Hamilton Major-General. Adams refused to accept Hamilton for the place and Washington threatened to resign. Adams came over and Hamilton was appointed Major-General of the first rank.

In this office, Hamilton immediately set to work. He was first called upon to draft a plan for the fortification of New York harbor. Soon after in a second paper, which was immediately accepted by Washington, he laid

out a plan for the organization of the army, in which he dealt with the questions of pay, uniforms, rations, rank, promotion, field exercise, regulation of barracks, the police of garrisons and camps and the issue of arms, clothing and fuel. The only lasting result of his military labors was the establishing of the West Point Military Academy.

In 1798 he wrote to Pickering, "I have been long in the habit of considering the acquisition of certain countries as essential to the Union," and in his last resolution before Congress, he declared "the navigation of the Mississippi to be a clear and necessary right and essential to the unity of the empire." Both from a political and a military point of view, Hamilton was right. The Mississippi and the great regions of the Southwest were essential to union and empire, and although the accomplishment of the work fell to other hands, the conception was Hamilton's.

Besides the control of the Mississippi and the conquest of the Southwest, there was in Hamilton's mind still another idea. He believed that we should be dominant in the Western Hemisphere. His ideas were essentially those of the Monroe Doctrine; that we were to exact neutrality from Europe in all affairs regarding our hemisphere and to crush out European influence and that we should extend our conquests to South America and liberate the separate states and establish republics in those regions.

The Federalists during this time were fast losing ground. In the bitterness and passion of defeat, Hamilton proposed to Governor Jay to call together the old legislature and give the choice of presidential electors to districts, thus dividing the vote of New York, which would otherwise be settled by the incoming legislature, who

would choose none but Democrats. Jay, very frankly, declined to consider the scheme, as one wholly improper. This is the one dark blot upon the public career of Hamilton.

Hamilton then published his attack upon Adams which precipitated the fall of the Federalists. The crisis was very grave and even threatened civil war. Once more the Federalists at Washington were running to perilous extremes, and once more Hamilton checked them. His intervention probably had a decisive effect. After the storm of election and the bitterness of party faction, it was a fit conclusion to Hamilton's career as a public man, which practically ended with the downfall of his party.

The defeat of the Federalists left Hamilton free to devote himself to the practice of the law. Much might be written of him as a lawyer. His professional success has been dimmed by the brilliancy of his career as a statesman; but there can be no doubt that he deserves a very high place among those Americans who have been most distinguished at the bar. As a constitutional lawyer it is not necessary to go beyond the argument on the national bank to show a capacity in this direction of the very first order. Hamilton's powers of statement and of clear, cogent reasoning to the courts on points of law and equity were inimitable, and in this field he shone from the outset. Fortunately, we have proof of his power before the court and also of his effectiveness with a jury, the most evanescent form of legal ability, in the *Croswell* and *Croucher* cases, in which he won a decided victory although the best lawyers and the best evidence were against him.

But while Hamilton was thus employed in winning fortune and in adding the fame of a great lawyer to that of the distinguished statesman, he still continued to take

an interest and an active part in public concerns. The Federalists broke up rapidly after their defeat, but he was still the trusted chief of all who held together. Whenever the responsibility of leadership forced him to act he never shrank from the duty, and it was on one of these occasions that he met his fate.

Aaron Burr had defeated Hamilton in the struggle for the control of New York, which cost his party the presidency, but he could not drive his great opponent from his path. Hamilton stood between him and a foreign mission by frustrating his intrigue for the presidency. Hamilton had also defeated Burr by electing Lewis, Burr's Democratic rival, governor of New York. Burr saw plainly that the doors of fame were forever closed against him unless he could overcome Hamilton's opposition, so he decided upon revenge.

With cool deliberation he set about forcing a quarrel. He selected a remark Hamilton had made denouncing his character, and challenged Hamilton for a duel. Hamilton had no desire to fight, but it was impossible to avoid it, if he admitted the force of the code of honor. There was an exchange of letters, and finally a meeting was arranged.

They met, at last, on a beautiful July morning by the banks of the Hudson. Hamilton fell at the first fire, mortally wounded, discharging his own pistol into the air. He was taken to his home, lingered a few hours in terrible pain, and died, surrounded by his agonized family.

Hamilton's suffering and death caused an outburst of bitter and indignant grief among men of all parties throughout the nation, which has been equalled only in our own time by the popular emotion at the murder of Lincoln and Garfield. The people knew that a great man had fallen. The senseless slaughter of a famous states-

man, the needless sacrifice of a man of brilliant abilities in the prime of life, was felt to be almost as much a disgrace as a misfortune.

Why Hamilton accepted Burr's challenge is a matter of conjecture still. If we follow the drift of Hamilton's thought at this period, we can see the effect of the French Revolution and of the working of political forces in this country upon his opinions. He believed the Constitution unequal to the burden imposed upon it, and he considered the government too weak. At any moment, as it seemed to him, there might be a general upheaval and then the elements which had desolated France and swept over Europe might here engage in a conflict for supremacy. Then would the country be menaced with anarchy and ruin; property would be confiscated, society broken up, religion trampled under foot, and everything that makes life worth having would be in jeopardy. Hamilton's mistake was neither unnatural nor uncommon; but, joined with his just belief of the duty which would devolve upon him in such a crisis as he anticipated, it made it imperative for him to accept the challenge of Burr. It is neither fanciful nor strained to regard Hamilton's death as a result of the opinions bred by the French Revolution.

In private life Hamilton was much beloved. He was open-hearted and hospitable, full of high spirits and geniality. The affection which he inspired in all who knew him was largely due to the perfect generosity of his nature. He had in truth a contempt for money and while he made a nation's fortune, he never made his own. At his death he left his family little except his name and fame. Like most men of great talents and strong will, Hamilton had a large measure of self-confidence. All this was thoroughly characteristic of the man. The greater the odds the more defiantly and the more confidently he faced opposition. Hamilton's defects sprang

not from weakness but from the strength of his passions.

There is no better evidence of Hamilton's greatness than is to be found in the letters and sayings of his bitterest enemies. Burr pronounced the man to be lost who put himself on paper with Hamilton. Jefferson called him the "Colossus of the Federalists." Ambrose Spencer, the distinguished judge, said of him, "In power of reasoning Hamilton was the equal of Webster; and more than this can be said of no man. In creative power Hamilton was infinitely Webster's superior. It was he, more than any man, who did the thinking of his time."

Hamilton was a leader and could not follow. He could mark out a path and walk in it, and if the people hesitated or held back, he would walk alone. This implies great force of character, but Hamilton had also a boldness of disposition which stamped itself on his foreign and financial policy and at times amounted to an almost reckless audacity.

John Marshall ranked Hamilton next to Washington and Talleyrand pronounced him the greatest man in the world, not excepting Napoleon. But wherever he is placed, as long as the people of the United States form one nation, the name of Alexander Hamilton will be held in high and lasting honor.

No more fitting tribute can be paid to his memory than those noble lines inscribed on his tomb:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
THE CORPORATION OF TRINITY HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR RESPECT
FOR

THE PATRIOT OF INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY
THE SOLDIER OF APPROVED VALOUR
THE STATESMAN OF CONSUMMATE WISDOM
WHOSE TALENTS AND VIRTUES WILL BE ADMIRIED BY GRATEFUL
POSTERITY LONG AFTER THIS MARBLE SHALL HAVE
MOULDERED TO DUST."

UNCLE JOE'S BOAR HUNT

BY R. L. McMILLAN.

About eight or ten of us had seated ourselves around the stove in Buics' store, at the little "stop" of Wagram, one leaky December night when someone called on old man, Joe McDonald, for a description of his wild-boar hunt. "Uncle Joe," for such he was called by all who knew him, knocked the ash from his clay pipe, refilled it with strong plug tobacco, which he had been chipping for the last few minutes, placed a live oak coal in his pipe and prepared to tell the story which he had so often repeated. I drew my goods-box up toward the stove and waited to listen to the tale of which I had heard so much. We all became as quiet as church mice as we knew well that Uncle Joe was not the one to be interrupted when once he had started.

"Well 'tus in this way," commenced the old man in his dry, squeaky voice. "Jim Sanders had been tellin' me dat dere was sumpum bodderin o' his corn down nex de river swamp, and he 'lowed 'tus a hog, fur he heard it tearin down stacks o' corn in de fiel' one night while he was coon huntin'. Well he sent word by his boy, Bill, one Sat'dy eben fur me ter go fuss spare chance I had, take Jack along, and we'd ketch dat varmint dead ur alive.

"Well, soon as I got my corn and peas in and got over de push, I greased up my ole rifle, put in de shot sack plenty o' balls and a horn full o' powder, tied Jack ter de road-cart axle and started fur Jim Sanders's, about two miles above Sandy Island.

"Time I got dere I foun' Jim and Bill stannin' out in de yard wid guns and dogs enough ter kill forty grizzlies. I axed Jim why he didn't wait till soon de nex' mornin so

de dogs could git on a fresh trail in de corn fiel', while de dew was on de groun', and run dat four-legged rascal till dey ketched him. Jim allus was notiony and 'lowed he was gwine dat ebenen', fur 'tus den 'bout two o'clock and I wid nary mouf-full ob dinner fur to wade dat mud on. But I never was a han' fur beggin ur backin' out so soon as I could hit de groun' and take out my mule I shouldered my gun and shot saek and told Jim ter let's hit de swamp.

"We struck de swamp at Jim's baek fiel' and turned tur de lef' toward Sandy Island, where de bramble-briers and gall-berry bushes was so thiek dat I'll be cussed ef dey wouldn't ride you fur a half ur mile widout yer foot tetching de groun'. Jim's cussed eurs and fiees chased rabbits roun' our feet till I told Jim de nex time I seed one o' his dogs thoo an opening' I was gwine ter pull trigger. About dat time I heard old Jaek gib one ob dem long howls o' his own make, like he had bayed sumpum. I knowed it was time fur us ter start dat way as Jaek never was a dog fur tearin' his hide off wid briers atter rabbits when dere wus bigger game to be smelt. As soon as we got to a clearin' in de swamp we stopped and waited fur de dogs ter run awhile ef dey raally was atter de hog. When we had listened ter de dogs eirele in de swamp about a half ur hour, it peered by de soun' o' deir barking dat dey wus coming right toward us. 'Bout den I heard somein' comin' thru' de swamp, boosh, boosh, boosh, arh, arh, arh, and tearin' down bushes wussun a hoss. Den I seed about seventy-five yards in front o' me a hog dat looked like he'd weigh about two hundred and fifty poun's. Jack wus close in behind him. De beast's eyes shined like fire coals, an' his long, sharp tushes looked lack dey could tear open a two-by-four. I eocked my

trusty gun, waited till de varmint got widin thirty feet and shot, hittin' him in de nose. De beast den only sneezed, shook his head a little and started fur me. Now wus de time I wus speekin' aid fum Jim or Bill, who when I turned aroun' spied up in a maple tree. 'Shoot 'im fool,' I yelled at Jim and jumped fur a tree. When I hit de gronn' near de root uf de tree I felt de jaws uf a strong steel trap smack down on my rubber boot. Just den Jim shot and I heard Jack holler and seed him drag hisself off ter de bushes. De hog wus in ten feet o' me. He gave a jump, hit in a yard o' my foot, rolled on his side and gib a reglar pig squeal dat you could had heard a mile. I looked and seed de hog had his foot in a trap too.

"If I ain't done and foun pa's ole bear traps whut been loss so long,' Jim said, climbin outin dat tree as slow as merlasses in de winter. But de wust was, he talkin' dat way while my leg wus well nigh broke and dat boar so close to me a squealin', pawin' and snackin' his jaws. Hit seemed ter me lack a hour 'fo' Jim could prop hisself ag'in a tree an shoot de hog. Den he took a terrible long time unloosin' dat trap while sharp pains wus shootin' slap thru' my head."

The old man paused here as if his tale was ended, while he rested his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands and puffed away contentedly. Some one at last ventured to ask, "And whatever became of the hog, Uncle Joe?"

"I took de hog home. Whut you reckon? Atter gibbin Jim Sanders a good beatin' right dere fur his sassy talk about fin'in' de traps while I wus ur hurtin'. Yes sir, I took de hog and poor Jack wid his broke leg home. But I gib Jim de head fur takin' me outen de trap."

THE IDEAL IN PRIMARY EDUCATION

BY BUNYAN Y. TYNER, '08.

In the school room of primitive man the primeval forest was shelter and the radiator was the golden sun. In this magnificent structure the father of the youth was master and instructor. The book of the child was a bow and arrow, and the lesson to be learned was skill and artifice in the chase and in warfare. In like manner the girl had for her teacher the mother, and the instruction given was how to provide shelter and clothing and prepare food for the family. Thus far and no further did the training in primitive life go. From generation to generation this sort of instruction was handed down, and the student was content to ask the questions "what?" and "how?" and never for once did the question "why?" present itself. Pure, simple, unquestioned imitation of father and of mother then was the extent of primitive education.

In course of time, however, the Oriental—the Chinese for example—carried the educational system a little further than the family and set up a system of teaching in private and in public schools. A step further, but to be sure a step further into the realm of slavish and unquestioned imitation. Years and years were required for the memorizing of the "Four Books" and "Five Classics"—nine in all—which were equal in volume to both the Old and the New Testaments. The memorizing of this amount of literature would seem an arduous task to the American youth, and yet the individuality of the Chinese is lost to that extent that he sometimes spends a lifetime in ancestral imitation—in a recapitulation. A

waste of time and energy we may term this, and surely from the standpoint of an enlightened educator it can be no other. Yet when we come to consider American, or Occidental education what shall we term it? The educator at once replies, "Why our system is inductive and deductive, or to use the broader term, is the 'Deductive Method,' which not only dispenses with this imitative process but encourages the student in individuality" Very good. Broad enough and well enough in theory, but how about in practice? The home holds an important place in the American educational system, as well as it did in primitive education, and indeed is destined to do so for many generations yet—especially in the South.

The education of the child begins in the home, whether the parents will or no. The infant begins at an early date to imitate the mother—when she smiles it smiles and when she frowns it cries. By this instinctive imitative power it soon learns to walk and then to talk. If father and mother say "git" the child says "git," and if they say "get" it says "get." Thus the imitative, and through this the educative process goes on in the home until the child is six or seven years of age. It has learned to walk, talk and act like father or mother when it is placed under the care and instruction of the primary teacher. The habit of imitation is fixed in its life. And a habit thus formed is not broken in a day, neither is the child transformed from an imitative being into an independent thinker suddenly upon entering the primary school. It is true that the child is in a new atmosphere. Instead of little brother and sister at home a new companion with a new disposition and strange ideas takes their place. Father and mother have given place to the teacher, and the child is confronted on every hand by new and strange environments. How is he to become

familiar with these new conditions? Not entirely by an inductive and deductive process, to be sure, but largely by the habit formed in the home—imitation. And just as father was the ideal man and mother the ideal woman in the home, so the teacher now becomes the child's ideal in the new world, and would it be saying too much to say that in seventy-five per cent of the cases the primary teacher becomes the child's "Ideal"? Then if this be true what kind of teachers should be employed in the secondary schools? Should they be men and women with high ideals and noble aspirations for themselves and for their students; Christian men and women who are teaching for the privilege of teaching—for the good they may accomplish; men and women who are prepared to teach and want to teach? Or should the child have for its "Ideal" the cigarette-smoker; the man without a job; or the fickle and light-hearted girl who knows and cares less about teaching than did the city boy about dairying, who thought that butter grew on trees? The writer knew a lady who explained to her pupils that clouds were formed by smoke, and had them laboring under this delusion until the succeeding teacher had a dispute with his geography class because of her instruction. This is not the class of teachers needed in the public schools of today. The time has come when the teacher should know more than the old method of teaching how to "read, 'rite and work 'rithmetic." Our academies and colleges have learned from experience the deficiency of the student coming from schools provided with poor teachers. Yea, the State has heard the call for better and more consecrated teachers, and is offering better salaries. The child in darkness and ignorance is looking for a light—an Ideal. The command is "Go and teach." Shall not more young college men and

women, who are prepared, hear the call for teachers and make some sacrifice that they may help in making ideal teachers and ideal schools for our State and Country? Who can count the good that one consecrated teacher can do by instilling right principles and high ideals into the minds and lives of even twenty-five boys and girls?

"The good that men do lives on forever."

THE LAST SCENE

BY J. M. ADAMS.

I.

"I wonder where Ralph will spend Thanksgiving?"

The question came from the lips of an old man. His companion turning her face toward him smiled sadly as if to say that she was on the point of asking the same question. Thus every day as the shadows of evening were falling, Mr. and Mrs. Benham would seat themselves by a comfortable fire and talk of the days they had spent so happily before the desertion of their son—a son who, like many other country boys, had grown weary of rural life and stealing from an humble home had made his way to a city far distant from the scenes of his childhood. On this night, the twenty-sixth day of November, it occurred to his parents that he had been absent for five years. It was true, and during all that time not one word had reached his father and mother relative to his condition. Without waiting for an answer to his question the old man proceeded in broken accents.

"Wife, I know you think I'm a foolish old man because I talk so much of our son, but I can not help it. Every day we talk of him, and sometimes it seems to me that our poor hearts will break. Many times I imagine I hear his merry laughter. It does me good to recall him as he used to be. He was manly and pure. That comforts me so much! I wonder if he is still that way. He never did anything that we did not want him to do, except to run away. Had he told us before he had gone that he was going to leave us, I believe he would be home now, for he always listened to us in whatever we said. When

I think of these things it makes me sad. Instead of having him here, to help and comfort us in our old age, he is away. Yet he is still loved as before. O, my wife, how could a boy treat his old mother and father so!"

The father's form was now bent low, a broken sob came from his companion. Thus were they lost in meditation. On the outside the night was calm, only disturbed by the muffled sound of falling snow flakes. The winter had made its appearance. Only once was the still silence of night broken by a passing pedestrian. At the sound of the traveller's footsteps the mother and father raised their heads as if by natural instinct, in expectation of their son's return. Then silently, in a disappointed hope, their white heads dropped as if to say, "It is not he."

They had meditated in this manner for some time. The fire was burning low. On the hearth the dying embers were throwing a soft red light into their faces. The large room was frightfully still. For some time not a sound was heard. Finally the old man again spoke out, this time his voice full of pathos.

"Do you recall, dear, the morning Ralph went away? I remember it as well as if it had been yesterday. I went down to the old oak beside the road where he used to play and wept all the morning. Then I bowed and prayed for his safety wherever he might go. I prayed that his steps might soon be turned toward the old plantation where we were waiting for him. The old gate is standing open, and his lamp burns in his room up stairs. So when he comes we will be ready for him. I would like to have said good-bye. I know he needed some loving words. If I could have said to him, 'Come home when the world is too hard on you,' I should be glad. But we have parted without a word. I hope he will soon come back home,

dear, for we need him so much." Once again they sighed, "O, that our boy were here!" and relapsed into silence. The night was still.

II.

The day had been exceedingly cold and comfortless. For over nine hours nature had sprinkled the city with a fine crisp snow, but when night came the clouds were clear. Above a quiet and sleeping world the moon and stars were vying with each other in shedding a radiant splendor. The traffic had been impeded by the heavy snowfall. The cold crisp wind nipped the faces of passing travellers. Occasionally, a sleigh sped swiftly by, filled with happy young people, faces ruddy with the glow of health. Suddenly, with numerous bells pealing forth their music into the night, a sleigh dashed around the corner. It was occupied by eight young men unconscious of anything but themselves. With nothing to mar their happiness they had completely abandoned themselves to the empty pleasures of a careless life. The team was suddenly brought to a stop in front of the Metropolitan Theatre. The party alighted, and the sound of the bells and muffled hoof-beats died away in the distance. Joined by other companions the party mingled with the crowd pressing its way into the spacious theatre.

"What is the play tonight, fellows?" asked one of the party of eight, a dark, handsome young man, as he lounged carelessly back in his seat.

"Down on the Farm," another replied.

At this the expression of the inquisitor's face might have been noticed to change slightly, as he picked up a programme and scanned it for a moment. For a brief space his features assumed an unaccustomed serious-

ness, then almost immediately they regained their former air of unconcern.

The theatre was packed. For two hours the audience was entertained by a superbly acted play. Now and then an exclamation of delight could be heard escaping from the lips of an interested observer. Not a moment was dull. At the conclusion of the second act the players were given a storm of applause and for ten minutes, during an intermission, words of praise were uttered on every side. When the curtain arose for the third and last scene, the audience, interested to the fullest extent, grew quiet.

A cry of surprise and admiration went over the whole theatre. On the stage there was represented in almost perfect similitude a country home. The gabled house with large chimneys adjacent to each end; the creeping vines over the low-thatched roof; the great oaks spreading their sinewy arms, while around their trunks the vines hung interspersed with varied blooms. The rose was growing in profusion over the yard, and the honeysuckle covered the fence on both sides of a well proportioned lawn. The arched front gate was wreathed with lilies, indicative of a hospitable welcome to any stranger, whose journey might be delayed by the advancing night. The old well was there, situated under two great hickories. The barn was in the rear. As a background, on the right, as far as the eye could reach, there were waving fields of wheat, and on the left, an abundant amount of corn and cotton covered the virgin soil.

As this scene was observed by the dark, handsome young man in the merry party, his features were more visibly affected than before. As he looked a scene of once cherished memories passed in sad review before

him. He saw nothing else. With bowed head he was pondering. In his heart there was being waged a battle.

The play finished, the party separated. Straight to his room the young man made his way. For the first time in five years he was seriously thinking. Often when one is absent from home some representation of childhood scenes brings a veil of loneliness and casts it over the thinker. What the young man saw that night was but a faint imitation of the farm-home in which he had passed nineteen years of happy existence. Just one glance at a place so true and tender produced feelings long submerged in the breast of a gallant youth. Who could tell of the thoughts that found lodgment in his mind that night? That night! Might not some father or mother in a dear old plantation home be thinking of a wandering son? If it were so, their thoughts had reached him though far distant. In the silence of his chamber he allowed his imagination to wander over fields and dales. At one time there is wafted to him on the wings of perfect love, the complaints and sighs of wounded hearts. At another, a hardened conscience accuses him of reckless deeds and utter disregard of sacred duty. To these voices of condemnation he submitted, and unable to restrain himself he indulged in a complete review of his life in the city. No comfort was obtained from that, nor was it possible that any pleasure could be derived from meditating on such a career as he had followed. With a sense of shame characteristic of those who dishonor their loved ones, he confessed that not one had been conveyed to his parents, either by letter or friend in regard to his condition in five years.

This ignoring of those who held him always in their minds brought upon the unfaithful son greater condem-

nation. It was impossible to sleep. To one passing that little room in the early hours of morning, there would have appeared a flickering light, but without disclosing anything of the dreadful storm raging in the heart of the one within.

III.

Early the following morning the dark, handsome young man was an altogether different man. The stern voices of accusation and reproof were calmed. In the battle during the preceding night, the demands of reason and right had been acquiesced in. Although sleep had not visited his heavy eyes, yet from the vision of home and friends he drew strength and inspiration for the course decided on. One could have observed him with quick steps going toward the station. He was going home.

Such a decision was not easily reached by that boy four hours before. In addition to the ambition that he possessed when the old plantation was lost to view, there was now a sense of absolute failure. In going home he was not at all dubious as to the course of explanation he must pursue in alleviating the shattered hopes of a fond and loving father. To intimate that he had to make a sad and humiliating confession to his parents, was enough to impede or rather destroy the good resolutions of any man less resolved than he.

The thought predominant in his mind that day was "How will father and mother treat me? Will they, can they, forgive me?" Like many wayward men he did not consider at such a crisis the unfaltering love and hope which father and mother have in their children. But in the face of all obstacles, he was convinced that there was a possibility of being welcomed home, and it loomed up

before him, growing brighter as he neared the home made desolate by his departure. In forty-eight hours the sight of loved ones would meet his anxious gaze, and in contemplation of that sacred reunion he abandoned himself.

Before a large, comfortable fire two parents were seated conversing in low tones. From their appearance one would infer that they were exceedingly interested in their subject. They were disheartened. They tried to comfort each other with words and hopes that each knew to be defective. It is said that by constant companionship two people will ultimately arrive at a stage at which all their desires seem to be mutual. For nearly half a century they had lived in the same sphere of life, and consequently knew each other perfectly. So in this, the evening of their lives, they delighted to talk of bygone days and recall the blissful moments of their happy and inimitable experiences.

With bowed heads the old people sat. The embers on the hearthstone were almost extinct. During the two preceding days, it had snowed heavily. The world of nature was still. From out the calmness of night there could be faintly heard the steps of a traveller.

The wanderer draws nearer, and nearer. How firm and manly his gait! With what rapidity the sound of his steps is echoed! The old lady at the first sound had slowly raised her head. As the advancing person drew nearer her face was illumined by a brightness resembling a heavenly radiance. With clasped hands the two old people left their seats, and without speaking a word approached the door.

Nearer the wanderer came revolving in his mind what he would say. Lifting his eyes to a little room over the

balcony he observed a light that threw its beams into the darkness. Over his head the lovely stars sparkled in the meadows of heaven. His heart beat faster. When he reached the front steps a feeling of intense joy came over him. Before he touched those sacred steps he raised his eyes to heaven and bade the stars good night. Then he ascended the steps with an exultant bound. As if by magic hands, the door was thrown wide open and with a cry of indescribable joy he was lost in the embraces of his parents.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Here's to pleasures we have missed,
Here's to girls we've never seen;
Here's to lips we've never kissed,
And here's to the things that might have been.—*Es.*

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The Resignation
of Mr. Conn

We all sincerely regret that on account of other duties Mr. Conn cannot be in college this year. For this reason, it has been necessary for him to resign the editorship of *The Student*. The work that he has already done plainly shows to what a high standard he wished to bring our magazine. We are sorry to lose him. A man with his reputation as a writer and as a journalist could not help but make it the leading college magazine. Although with us but two months, he has inspired us with the unalterable ambition to place and to keep *The Student* upon a plane of the highest order of college journalism. We thank Mr. Conn for his help, and *The Student* is to be congratulated for having him as a member of its staff. We wish him, wherever he goes and whatever he does, the greatest possible success, and with this the good-will of every member of the student body.

The present editor feels a little delicacy in assuming the duties of the former editor; but knowing to what a high standard *The Student* has attained, with the best that is in him and with the co-operation of the students and the alumni, he will keep that place inviolate.

Inter-Collegiate
Tennis

A college man cannot be called an educated man unless he has learned to live completely; and to live completely he must take interest in every form of college life. He must be as well informed in athletics as in debate; he must be versed in the handling of a baseball or a tennis racket as in refuting the argument of an opponent or the writing of a story.

The many phases of college athletics afford places for every man who desires to enter as a competitor. Athletics should take an important part in any college, and we are glad to say have taken high place in many colleges. They are such an important part in the life of a college that a man can hardly slight them without due injury to himself. Basketball, football, baseball, tennis and many other forms of college sports are open to him, and many other forms of college sports are open to him, who proves himself worthy of the place.

Tennis has taken, in the past few years, such an important part in college athletics that this branch cannot be slighted any longer. Every college has its team and interest in the game is high. This should be so, and we cannot but wonder why it has not been recognized before and received its own place among the leading sports. This being the case, it seems to us proper to suggest to the different colleges that there be organized in this State an inter-collegiate tennis association.

Since the Southern College championship series were held in Atlanta last spring, the demand is more urgent than ever for one to be organized. For this reason, the colleges of this State cannot hope to compete successfully with the teams from the other States unless they have tried their own strength among themselves. And, too, many of our colleges have not taken the proper interest in this sport that they should. It is to them we

especially appeal. The organization of such an association, we think, will call to notice this defect.

This state of affairs being the case, we suggest that a tournament of the different colleges be held next spring to determine the college championship of North Carolina, the representative teams of each college only to be eligible. This will cause much rivalry among the colleges and, we hope, will help to raise the standard of tennis. Skill in the game is not of such a high order that it may not be improved, and friendly rivalry will help to spur on those who wish to attain a high standard of playing.

Football—
A Need

In the early nineties the trustees saw fit to abolish football. They had reason to, for the game had become too rough and when a man entered a contest, he took his life in his own hands. Those years, and many previous ones, saw the death of many a noble fellow. The game had been converted into a slugging match and fit only for "ringers" to engage in—a real sportsman could not enter. This method of playing called forth many indignant protests. The presidents of many of the leading colleges and universities severely criticised it, with the result that football at once fell into much disfavor. The lovers of the sport and the leading exponents of the game could not but recognize the demand "for cleaner football." They did reorganize the game. They made sweeping changes in many of the rules, but left unchanged its essential good points. To be more concise, ten yards must be gained instead of five as in the old manner of play. This has called for more open play and has eliminated in a marked degree the mass play, which was the cause for so much roughness and merciless slugging. The forward

pass can be used, without restriction, for gains. This, more than anything else, made open play possible.

To our mind, the main point of all the new rules restricts the "big fellows" from the team, and gives the light, fleet athlete a chance. The open play calls for fast ball, and light or comparatively light men can be depended upon. The bulky, heavy team is put to a disadvantage. It can only move as a machine, plunging here and slugging there; while the light team, with its fast backs and ends, can take advantage of every opening.

Knowing these facts to be the case, our plea is for football. Not many of the athletes have suffered injury this year; and the total number of injuries sustained do not number any more than the number received in baseball or any other contest. Hurts and bruises come to the man who fights life's battles well—ofttimes with not much glory. And who regards a broken nose or shin to the glory of playing a good game of football? To-day, we all take pride in that we once had the champion football team of the State, and for that matter, the South. Who denies that?

Since the reorganization of football, all the colleges in the Southern states, with a few exceptions, have adopted football as played under the new rules. In Georgia, Emory College is the only institution that does not play inter-collegiate football. Yet, this college allows class games. In Florida and South Carolina, the majority of the colleges have the game; in our own State, this institution and Trinity do not play. The same general truth holds good for the other states. Besides, here the class games have excited no little interest.

We do not argue that because other colleges have football we wish to have it; but because we know that we have here men who are as good athletes as may be found

in any other institution. Wake Forest can not any longer stand outside. She has taken too important a place among the colleges of the South to disregard any longer this feature of college life. Wake Forest has turned out leading men; and for that reason, we are proud of our institution. But can she still stubbornly refuse to educate her men fully; will she continue to pour into their craniums all the learning of the times without helping to make sure the foundation whereon they may build?

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

'Tis with pleasure that we begin a survey of the magazines which have come to our table. After a careful reading of a number of them, we note that a large per cent of the articles are essays dealing with our Southern poets. The wisdom of this is evident. This fact bespeaks the increased interest in and study of Southern literary men and women by college students. As the study of the history of one's country and the biographies of her great men tends to produce patriots, so we believe that, to an extent, the study of our poets is conducive to a generation of poets. Evidences of such study are widespread, and a firm confidence in this belief leads us to hope for greater achievements in the field of poetry and literature of all kinds within the next quarter of a century. For years the harps and lyres of our greatest Southern singers have been hushed, with none to take their places except an occasional poet who failed to make a national reputation. For half a century no Poe has breathed his weird, passionate lyrics; within the last decade or two no one has chanted the symphonies of a Lanier, sung the pæns of a Timrod, or the soul-stirring melodies of a Hayne. Such as these are no more among us. We have passed through an age whose spirit was ungenial to poetry of the first rank. But now that age is gone. We are at the threshold of a new era in industrial progress; likewise an era, the glory of whose dawn is, we hope, but a foretaste of what is to come in the realm of poetry. Already the forerunners of such literary activity are among us.

The Vanderbilt Observer opens by giving Paul Hamilton Hayne's "Laocoon." This is fittingly followed by a well written tribute to Hayne, entitled "An Autumn Poet," by C. A. Bowen. "James Fennimore Cooper—His Recognition," is a creditable article and treats Cooper in a favorable light. "A Dream," by J. E. Berry, is among the best pieces of verse we have seen in our exchanges. "The Marrying Masqueraders" is a good short story uniquely designed and well told. "In the Light of the Aurora," by Allan F. Odell, is, in our opinion, a good story, but it hardly seems probable that a lady would expose herself to such a predicament as the writer places her in. Yet the story has good style and the dialogue shows ability. It is not of the sickening sentimental type and the last paragraph closes in harmony with the title. "The Inviolability of the Child," by J. Marvin Culbreth, offers some good practical suggestions for the solution of a problem which threatens to menace our civilization. The editorial department is good. We agree with the Exchange Editor in his views in regard to the exchange work.

Davidson College Magazine.—On the first page is a poem to Capt. John Smith. This magazine contains a number of articles on the Jamestown Exposition, most of which are good. But it seems that so much on one subject is a little out of proportion. Yet there are several excellent pieces of verse, viz. "The Traveller," "A Spring," and "Songs." "Manuel Martin's Recompense" is a story told almost entirely by the writer himself. Usually a story is better told by making the characters talk. However, the writer in this instance makes a fairly interesting story and shows narrative ability. "Destiny for Wainwright" is a story of the Exposition, and is good.

The University of Virginia Magazine is the best we have reviewed. The verse is good and the stories and essays show maturity and deliberate thought. "A Daughter of Erin" is especially good, contains fine description, a good plot, and shows ability in the writer. "Charleston, South Carolina," under the head of "Some Charming Southern Towns," is the best of its kind we have yet read. The writer's style is pleasing and easy. In the presentation of Charleston with its flowers, its aristocracy, and its large number of negroes we get a true picture of antebellum Southern life. "Even Our Friends in Adversity" is an excellent story and concretely illustrates ingratitude. "Will O' the Wisp," a farce, by Marc. Bradley, is exceptionally good and shows the devices of lovers. "The Friendly Ghosts" is a strong story. The writer makes use of Rip Van Winkle and his company of friendly spirits to dissuade the young artist from committing suicide.

The Baylor Literary.—"The Short Story in American Literature" shows study of the subject, which is the essential requisite to produce an essay. "Southern Poets" is a brief review of Timrod, Hayne and Lanier. The writer's style is good and the article is faithful to the poets. Most of the contents of the magazine are essays. Besides those mentioned above, "The American Writer as an Editor" and "Character Delineation in American Literature" are good. "Fidelity" is a fairly good story. More fiction would help the magazine.

The University of North Carolina Magazine.—"The Poetic Literature of North Carolina: A Bibliography," by Rev. Hight C. Moore, deserves special mention. It is a valuable contribution, and the repute of the writer alone commends it to the public. "The Complicity of Nero" would lead one to think of the Roman Emperor, but before one has read far one discovers it to be a love story. College magazines are noted for this class of literature. But love is common to mankind and the young college student is excusable. The writer, however, of the above-mentioned story makes it very interesting and has a fitting climax at the close. "The Mysterious Mr. Raffles" purports to be of the Sherlock Holmes Order, or of the analytic type introduced by Poe. We think that something of this kind would, in a measure, be more preferable

than so many love stories. "Why Abe Swore Off," the writer shows himself proficient in the reproduction of negro dialect. Our magazines should encourage more work of this kind. The editorials of this magazine are good. In our opinion the short story contest proposed and outlined would do much to raise the standard of college journalism.

The Trinity Archive.—This magazine opens with a good article on "The Government of North Carolina," by W. W. Stedman. The writer in a concise way gives a short history of the Constitution of our State and sums up the principles for which it stands. The presentation of the subject is short and more easily comprehended than an exhaustive history. "A Story Within a Story" is cleverly wrought and is a departure from the usual order of love stories. "Failure!" is an appropriate tribute to one of Trinity's sons. "Henry Clay's Visit to Raleigh," by Earl R. Franklin is especially good. The style is excellent and the scenes so vividly described that the reader is half conscious of being present. "The Bennett House" is an historical piece telling of the negotiations of peace which took place between General Sherman and General Johnston in said house. Such events and places should be given more attention, and we hope that more college students will contribute such articles to their magazines. "Higher Education," the second of the two pieces other than essays which this magazine contains, depicts a scene of "fruffles and frills" too common among one-year college girls—and boys, too. Most of the articles are essays. It has several good pieces of verse: more fiction would add. Nevertheless, it is a strong magazine.

In addition to the above-mentioned magazines, we have received the following: *Clemson College Chronicle*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The William Jewell Student*, *The Hendrix College Mirror*, *The Acorn*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Emory and Henry Era*, *Isaqueena*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Susquehanna*, *The Blue and Buff*, *The Eatonian*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, and *Brenau Journal*.

CLIPPINGS

Old Maid (purchasing music)—“Have you ‘Kissed Me in the Moonlight’?”

Clerk—“No. It was the other clerk, I guess.”—*Ex.*



WHO WOULDN'T BE A FOOTBALL HERO?

“Oh! Tom,” she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm,—
“They said that in the game to-day,
You'd broken your right arm.”

I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound,
Slipped it around her waist.

So, nestling close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face:

“That's great,” said she, “not broken,
Nor even out of place.”

—*The Punch Bowl.*



A TOAST.

Here's to the girl I love so well,
With eyes of softest blue;
Here's to the sweetest crimson lips
Of the fairest girl—that's you.—*Ex.*



His face was pale, his visage sad,
His look was hard and stony.
“Is grim death near?” said I to him.
“No, no; I've lost my pony.”—*Ex.*



He stood where the maiden stood beside
The beautiful, blushing rose,
And he lovingly bent his head and sighed,
And he buried his mouth and nose
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,
That the maiden's lips had pressed,
And a bumblebee that was resting there
Proceeded to do the rest.—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor,

- '88-'92. W. R. Powell is pastor of a church in Virginia.
- '04. B. A. Critcher is practicing law at Williamston, N. C.
- '90-'92. J. E. Dowd is Principal of Garner Graded School, Garner, N. C.
- '81-'83. J. B. H. Knight is one of the leading physicians of Williamston, N. C.
- '93. W. Harry Heck is Professor of the new Chair of Education in the University of Virginia.
- '05. M. L. Davis is one of the rising attorneys of Beaufort, N. C. He was a member of the last Legislature.
- '84-'89. G. T. Watkins is pastor of the Baptist church at Roxboro, N. C., where he is doing strong and earnest work.
- '81-'86. R. H. Whitehead is Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Virginia. Dr. Whitehead is widely recognized as an eminent medical authority. He was professor of the Medical Department of the University of North Carolina in 1889, but later went to the University of Virginia, where from '86-'7 he was a medical student.
- '69-'72. D. W. Bradsher is Clerk of the Superior Court of Person County. He has rendered most efficient service in this capacity, having held his present position for fourteen years without intermission, and from present prospects it seems that the people will continue to keep him there.
- '04. Phillips C. McDuffie, who graduated from the Wake Forest Law Department three years ago, and afterwards took the A.M. degree at George Washington University, and practiced law in New York City for one year, has gone now to Harvard to take a two or three-years' course in the Harvard Law School.—*Biblical Recorder*.
- '82-'86. By a unanimous vote of the congregation of the First Baptist Church, of Greensboro, Rev. J. L. White, D.D., of Beaumont, Texas, has been called to become its pastor, filling the place made vacant by the resignation some time ago of Rev. Dr. H. W. Battle, who is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Kinston. Dr. White has accepted the call extended him, and it is with much pleasure and gratification that North Carolina Baptists will welcome him back to his native State. Dr. White is a native of Salem, N. C., and is considered one of the ablest

ministers in the Southern Baptist Church. He served as pastor of the Baptist churches of Elizabeth City, Durham and Asheville before going to Macon, Ga., a number of years ago. From Macon he went to his present charge at Beaumont, Texas.

—'88-'92. William Royall, Jr., the son of Dr. Royall of the Chair of Greek, who holds a professorship in the State's Blind Institution at Raleigh, was married on October 22d, to Miss Nina Almirall, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The following clipping is taken from the *News and Observer* of that date: "The marriage of Mr. William Royall, of Raleigh, N. C., and Miss Nina Almirall, of Brooklyn, was celebrated this evening at the home of the bride, 408 Grand Avenue. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Marie Almirall, as maid of honor. The groom was attended by F. P. Haywood, of Raleigh, as best man, and by Lewis Powell, of Wake Forest, Arthur Vernay, of New York, Leon Almirall, and J. F. Almirall, as ushers. The house was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and smilax. The bride and groom stood under a floral bower in the front drawing-room and received the congratulations of several hundred reception guests after the ceremony. The officiating clergymen were Father Ferrell, of Hempstead, and Rev. A. J. Belford, pastor of the Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Royall left for a bridal trip before returning to Raleigh. Among the groom's out-of-town relatives present were his mother, Mrs. W. B. Royall, Mrs. John Royall, and the Misses Powell, of Wake Forest, and Miss Kilgour, of Newark."

—'79-'83. Dr. Edwin Sinclair Alderman, who came up from the Southland five years ago to become pastor of the Warburton Avenue Church, Yonkers, is to go back to his beloved Kentucky the middle of November as pastor of the Fourth Avenue (McFerran Memorial) Church, Louisville. He presented his resignation on October 13th, and the church, knowing that his decision was irrevocable, accepted it with profound regret. Dr. Alderman was born in North Carolina, educated at Wake Forest College and the Southern Theological Seminary, and held several pastorates and the presidency of Bethel College in Kentucky. He married his wife in Louisville, and her people still live in that city. It was from Bethel College that he came to Yonkers. His pastorate with the Warburton Avenue Church has been marked by solid and enduring work, and in the activities of the Association and the State Convention he has been an influential figure. His loss, therefore, will be keenly and widely felt. On accepting his resignation his church expressed appreciation of his work in fitting resolutions. Not every pastor who makes a change has Dr. Alderman's good fortune. He is returning to old friends and to the field where he worked for many years. On this point we congratulate him.—*The Examiner*.

—'93-'98. John Charles McNeill died at the home of his father in Scotland County on November 17. In the death of Mr. McNeill, Wake Forest College loses one of her most gifted sons, and North Carolina one of her sweetest and most admired singers. All the more sad is his death owing to the fact that he was just entering the prime of manhood, being in his thirty-third year. Mr. McNeill entered Wake Forest College in 1893. He received his B.A. degree in 1897, and his M.A. degree one year later. During his college career he won many honors in his literary society, and was at one time Editor-in-Chief of this magazine. From the very first he showed an ability and style in his compositions which bespoke genius, and called forth the praise of his English Professor—praise rarely bestowed except to the deserving, and always backed by wise and judicious judgment. The student McNeill was a great lover and reader of English literature, especially of poetry. He won the Dixon Essayist's Medal, was Instructor in English, and valedictorian of his class. For the year '99-'00 he was Acting Professor of English in Mercer University at Macon, Ga. He returned home and secured license to practice law and located at Lumberton, N. C., but later moved to Laurinburg, N. C. In 1903 he represented his native county of Scotland in the Legislature. But neither law nor politics seemed to have much of an attraction for Mr. McNeill. His was a nature not to be interested by these prosaic occupations. The poet soul was restless, and wanted opportunity that it might give itself wing and utterance. After some work on local journals and contributions to some of the leading magazines of the country, the *Charlotte Observer* succeeded in winning Mr. McNeill to its editorial staff, where he spent the last three years of his life. In 1905 he won the Patterson Cup, given for the production of the best piece of literature, during the year, by a North Carolinian. In 1906 Mr. McNeill collected his poems and had them published under the title, "Songs, Merry and Sad," and at the time of his death he was arranging for publication a volume of his dialect verse under the title "Possums and Persimmons, or, Under the Persimmon Tree." Mr. McNeill's poems have been widely read and have gained for him an enviable reputation. He is thought of as the forerunner of a new awakening in North Carolina literature. Had not death cut him down so early, who can predict to what heights he would have risen?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—Lights in the gymnasium!

—November,—and Thanksgiving! Are you going to see her?

—What's the matter with the tennis tournament? Can't we have it this year?

—Who would have dreamed it? There's a 'phone in the President's office!

—Miss Katherine Gwaltney, of the Baptist University for Women, spent Sunday, October 27th with her sister here.

—Miss Louise Peed was at home for a few days recently. She is attending school at Oxford Seminary.

—Where's the freshman who wanted to know why we can't have a basket ball game with B. U. W.?

—Forty-six delegates from Wake Forest attended the students Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Conference which was in session at the A. and M. College October 25th to the 27th. The delegates report an interesting and helpful meeting.

—Dr. Poteat spoke recently on Christian Education, before the Little River Association, at Dunn.

—Miss Katherine Futrell, of Scotland Neck, is visiting Miss Ruby Reid.

—Delegates from Wake Forest were present at the Baraca banquet at Raleigh on October 26th.

Professor Sledd is expected to lecture in Goldsboro soon on "Woman and Literature."

—On the evening of Wednesday, November 6th, Mr. Albert Sidney Brown, of Washington, D. C., and Miss May Lassiter, of Wake Forest, were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents. On the following afternoon they left for the Jamestown Exposition, where they were intending to spend several days. Their home will be in Washington city.

—Miss Agnes Taylor is visiting relatives in Richmond.

—The autumn Bulletin is off the press and is quite an interesting number. The leading article, half facetiously entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness," is by Professor L. R. Mills, and will be found more than well worth reading. The Bulletin may be had by the friends of the college for the asking.

—Mr. R. V. Taylor, Jr., assistant Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Southern States, addressed the association here on Monday, October 28th. As the result of a personal canvass among the students after this meeting, one hundred and fourteen new members were added to the Bible Study Band. This makes the total number now enrolled in this work over two hundred.

—Mr. W. Y. Pass, who was operated on for appendicitis in the latter part of October, is reported to be improving as rapidly as could be expected. He will probably be able to leave the hospital soon.

—Many students are expressing their delight that Professor J. B. Carlyle, who, for a time, was compelled to give up his connection with the Sunday school on account of frequent absences from the Hill in raising the endowment of the College, has now arranged to be here on Sunday, and again meets his old class in the small chapel. This is one of the largest classes in our Sunday school.

—The Christian spirit in the College was greatly refreshed and strengthened by the series of meetings, closing November 10th, which were conducted by Dr. William E. Hatcher, of Virginia. Dr. Hatcher is a man whose immense reserve power and earnest sincerity will make themselves felt; and immediate results are but feeble indications of the mighty influences for good set to work by his preaching.

—In the midst of our revival the College and the community were saddened by the illness and death from blood-poison of Joseph Brewer, the twelve-year-old son of Professor Charles E. Brewer. The hearts of the students go out in deepest sympathy to their beloved teacher in his bereavement and sorrow.

—On the evening of October 31st a novel and delightful Halloween entertainment was given in the college gymnasium under the supervision of Mr. J. Richard Crozier, director of athletics. With the help of an able corps of assistants Mr. Crozier had transformed the main floor of the gymnasium into an autumn forest, and in the heart of this forest, "nine miles from Pumpkinville," gathered a merry crowd of Pumpkinville picnickers. A program, which consisted of athletic feats and music was rendered; and this, as well as the refreshments which were afterwards served, was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. Indeed so successful was the entire entertainment that the proceeds very nearly met the cost of the gymnasium's new gallery.

—The interest in football has been unusually high here this season. Every class has its team and already there have been two sharp contests on the gridiron. The first of these, a close and hard-fought battle between the sophomores and the seniors, resulted in a score of 5 to 0

in favor of the sophomores. The second was a fight between the juniors and the freshmen, and this, perhaps, was the most exciting class game that has ever been played on our athletic field. At the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 5 in favor of the freshmen; but in the second half the heavier weight of the juniors began to tell, and the final score was 6 to 10 in favor of the upper class. There's evidently an abundance of good football material at Wake Forest, and it's a shame that we can't put it into a college team.

—At the senior speaking on Friday evening, November 1st, the class of 1908 made its initial bow to the public. The first speaker was Mr. H. H. McMillan, of Scotland county, who discussed forcibly and clearly "The Defects of Civilization." He was followed by Mr. F. D. King, who spoke, with remarkable ease and grace, on "The Trend of American Life," treating the subject especially from the moral standpoint. Mr. J. Foy Justice, of Buncombe county, was the third speaker, and his subject was "Centralization, the Problem of the American Democracy." He spoke with unusual clearness and force, commanding the attention of his audience throughout. The last address of the evening was made by Mr. W. D. Little, of Union county, who spoke on "The Race Problem of the North," urging in a convincing manner that the horde of undesirable immigrants pouring into our great cities is a more serious menace to American civilization than the presence of the negro. All the addresses were well received and many expressed the opinion that this was the best Senior Speaking that they had ever attended. An informal reception in the society halls followed the orations, and there many found opportunity to make addresses of a more private nature. We trust that these, too, were well received.

—Littleton was the first victim to fall into the hands of the Wake Forest basket-ball team this season, and what our boys did for the high school kids was a plenty. To say that the visitors were outclassed doesn't express it,—indeed there's only one thing which will, and that's the score—63 to 0, seven times nine to a goose egg, in favor of Wake Forest. Couch did the star playing, but Gay and Hipps were also applauded again and again, and every man that played did himself and the old college honor. We'll have a winning team when the difficult question as to who shall compose it has been settled,—that's sure. Mr. Crozier was never so confident,—and Trinity's next.

—The first of the series of College lectures for the session was delivered on Tuesday evening, October 29th, by Dr. E. W. Sikes, of the chair of Political Science. The subject was "Francis Bacon," and Dr. Sikes spoke in his usual easy and entertaining style. Bacon's character, with its singular strength and weakness, was clearly delineated, the brilliant promise of his youth was noted, and his checkered career briefly sketched. Concluding, Dr. Sikes declared Bacon an intellectual giant, a huge Titan, who frittered away many years of his life in pursuit of objects unworthy of his great powers, and finally passed from the stage of life with the glorious promise of his early manhood unfulfilled. Dr. Sikes is one of our most popular lecturers and to hear him on an occasion like this, a rare delight.

—A very touching and impressive memorial service in honor of John Charles McNeill, the most gifted, perhaps, of all Wake Forest's sons, followed the regular chapel exercises on Saturday, November 2nd. The leading address was made by Professor Sledd, who spoke first, very

touchingly of his personal relation with Mr. McNeill, and then discussed the young singer's place in American Literature. The address was followed by two memorial poems, one composed and read by Mr. Page, assistant in the Department of English, the other composed by Mr. James Larkin Pearson and read by Dr. Potcat. This concluded the exercises.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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DECEMBER, 1907

No. 4

IN MEMORIAM TO JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

BY JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

THE RIVALS.

Rose-crowned, with lifted veil and soft glad eyes,
She met him at the portals when he came;
For she was Life and he, full lover-wise,
Did kiss her hand and fervent love proclaim.

And they were boon companions, Life and he,
And fitly joined in every mood and thought;
They plighted love beneath the forest tree,
In Nature's school together they were taught.

His poet-heart was wakened into song;
Nor ever sang the nightingale so well;
Great thoughts that to Eternity belong
From his ripe lips in perfect numbers fell.

But gaunt-eyed Death sat envious and alone,
Perceiving how the happy pair were blest;
And she into a jealous rage was thrown,—
With fleshless palm she smote her hollow breast.

And in that mood Death made an awful vow
To lie in wait where Life and Poet strolled,
That she might plant her kiss upon his brow,
Touch his warm, singing heart and leave it cold.

And even so befell the tragic deed:
From Death's assault there was no arm to save;
And many hearts shall long in silence bleed,
While Life stands weeping by her Poet's grave.

THE STUDENT LIFE OF JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

BY DR. CHAS. E. TAYLOR.

I have no definite recollection of my first meeting, in the fall of 1894, with Mr. McNeill. It was probably on the day of his matriculation as a freshman,—one of those days when one receives only a blurred impression of many unfamiliar faces. The ability to differentiate comes later. In the case of Mr. McNeill this could not have been very long delayed. From the first there was something exceptional about him which gave him a place apart.

The tall, slender youth with raven locks began on the threshold of his student life to show that he was of an unusual type, both as a student and as a man.

The record shows that during his first session at Wake Forest he made in Latin, Mathematics, and English the grades, respectively, of 98, 99, and 98. These results indicated that he was a first rate student and placed him, so to speak, upon the pedestal where stand the men who are leaders of their classes.

In order to have achieved these high averages in daily recitations and on examinations the young man must have been, and, indeed, he was, an assiduous worker. But I do not think that he knew the drudgery, the wearing grind of study. His mind was quick to discern and receive; his memory was tenacious in retaining.

Because he mastered rapidly and with comparative ease his allotted tasks, the casual observer would have judged of the excellence of his work by the results rather than by the process of acquisition. For he entered with zest into all the varied interests and activities of student life. He was ready to be welcomed into the social circles

of the little college town. With insatiable appetite he availed himself of the treasures of Library and Reading-room. It may be doubted whether, during the five years of his sojourn at Wake Forest, any other student read more widely or to better purpose than he. Though not an athlete himself, he took a genuine interest in the men of muscle and nerve among his friends and rejoiced with enthusiasm in every victory of "our men."

It not infrequently happens that young students become weary in well doing and that the hopes inspired by the freshman prove delusive before he becomes a senior.

So far was this from being the case with Mr. McNeill that he not only kept up the pace which he had set for himself, but actually improved upon it. The Rolls of the college show that during his senior year he made in Physics the grade of 100; in Chemistry, 99; in Moral Philosophy, 98; in English, 100; and in Biology, 99.

After taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, Mr. McNeill returned to Wake Forest to do the work for the Master's degree and, incidentally, to render assistance as Instructor in English.

It was during this last session (1898-9) that I was brought into closer contact and more intimate personal relations with him than had been possible before. He was one of the four men who that year pursued with me the study of Philosophy in the Senior Class of the course. In this all the great problems of metaphysics and, incidentally, many of the doctrines of the Christian and other religions were discussed.

Again and again, after the bell had rung and the others had left, Mr. McNeill would remain, propounding questions, some of which no man could answer, or advancing theories which, even when they were not plausible, at least gave evidence of an eager love of truth and an alert

understanding. And though he was often daring in speculation, he was never flippant nor casuistic, but was at all times earnest and reverent.

Every young man who reads widely and thinks for himself almost inevitably passes, sooner or later, through a period of unrest. Hitherto he has accepted opinions and beliefs on the authority, in great part, of others. Now he begins to question all things. It is, perhaps, well that this should be the case. The struggle through a period of doubt may be painful, but it is sure, when unbiased by prejudice or passion and poisoned by no malign external influences, to settle and open sounder foundations and impart more decided convictions.

I believe that while he was at the college Mr. McNeill passed through such a crisis in his intellectual and spiritual life, and that he emerged from it still anchored to all that was fundamental and essential in the beliefs of his earlier youth.

Mr. McNeill was a popular man in college, and those who knew him best liked him most. For he was charitable in his judgments, courteous in his bearing, and kind in his actions. This does not imply that he showed a weak complaisance. His nature was rich in essential manliness and I well remember occasions when his strong sense of justice put him in opposition to prevailing public opinion. Indeed, one of the most marked characteristics of the man was his sturdy Scotch independence and his indifference to adverse opinion or criticism. To this spirit, perhaps, is due the fact that he was less careful than many young men as to dress and personal appearance. This was not that he took pride in being peculiar, but simply that he considered such matters as trivial and to be brushed aside as not meriting great attention.

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To follow the career of Mr. McNeill as lawyer, professor and journalist would be to go beyond the scope of this article. All who knew him well at Wake Forest and had had opportunities for estimating his abilities believed that a successful and brilliant future lay before him. It was after only a brief experience at the bar that he became convinced that the profession was not congenial to his tastes or suited to his talents. Then for a year he filled a professor's chair in a Southern university before at last gravitating naturally into the work for which he was best fitted.

A wise Roman poet once wrote that what the gods want a man to do they make him want to do. This is only saying that in deciding upon one's lifework he is apt to recognize that his desires harmonize with his aptitudes. And Mr. McNeill's friends were happy in their belief that, in entering the field of journalism and in cultivating literature, he had found his best environment and true vocation. And the work already done by him while still a young man warrants their belief now that, had his life been spared, his pen would have won for him world-wide renown.

MCNEILL THE POET

BY PROFESSOR B. F. SLEDD.

It was in the autumn of 1895, if I remember aright, that John Charles McNeill matriculated in my Freshman-English class. I recall how I opened my eyes in wonder over his first composition. There was that indescribable something which we call style—real, genuine, style; the writing of one who handles his pen as to the manner born. Now, style in a Freshman's composition is almost as rare as speech among the birds; so I thought it well to ask Mr. McNeill whence he had derived his inspiration. But when the tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed boy came up to my desk, the question was never asked him. His very presence had spoken for him; the man and the style were one. Men of genius have ever possessed striking personalities, and Mr. McNeill certainly bore outwardly the marks of a genius. An assistant was needed at the time in the English department, and, Freshman though he was, McNeill was at once chosen for the place. And this was the beginning of a friendship that will ever be among the treasured memories of my life. Many a night the piles of compositions were forgotten as we talked the hours away over the poets. Even then McNeill was writing verses, some of which may be found in the numbers of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT*. The least mature of them will be found to possess a certain nameless charm which distinguishes them from the mere verse of college magazines.

Last night I went over McNeill's little volume once more—for the third time. On finishing it, I felt that the poet had rightly named it "Songs." Like his own favor-

ite poet, Burns, McNeill was the born singer. Nowhere did he attempt the lofty theme or the lofty utterance. His poems are always brief swallow-flights of song that dip their wings in the mingled shadow and sunshine of every-day life and skim away. The Scotch poets, from the old balladists down to Stevenson, have ever been a race of singers, and McNeill was Scotch to his finger tips.

On opening the little volume, one is at once struck with the absolute flawlesseness of the workmanship. The severest critic would search in vain for ill-digested thoughts, extravagant figures, far-fetched conceits, halting metres, and bad rhymes. Even the least successful of the verses contain what Matthew Arnold calls the poet's fluidity of utterance. Let me quote a single short poem:

SUNDOWN.

"Hills wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

Perhaps we rather regret the absence of those very extravagances and youthful imperfections that constitute the chief charm of a poet's first volume. If we take the early works of the great masters of song,—of Keats, of Shelley, of Tennyson,—we stand bewildered as in a jungle, but the very jungle proclaims the fertility of the soil. I have always feared that McNeill attained his first success too easily, too readily; that he found his way too quickly into the magazines and newspapers. If there is

anything that can put the leaden cape on the poet's fancy, it is to be compelled to write to the dead, uniform level of the American magazines.

2 Another excellence of McNeill's poetry—and it is his chief claim to greatness—is its haunting quality. There are phrases, lines, and measures that stick in the memory, recurring to us over and over again. Take the following:

DAWN.

"The hills again reach skyward with a smile.
Again, with waking life along its way,
The landscape marches westward mile on mile,
And Time throbs white into another day.

Though eager life must wait on livelihood,
And all our hopes be tethered to the mart,
Lacking the eagle's wild, high freedom, would
That our's might be this day the eagle's heart."

The lines illustrate, too, another quality of Mr. McNeill's poetry: Like all Scotchmen he never fails to preach a little, wherever possible,—quickly, unobtrusively, but a sermon nevertheless. And our hearts are always the better for the preaching.

And, most of all, in these sweet songs I catch the beating of a strong, manly heart; I hear the voice of one who loves home and mother and all the good old things of youth. Let me quote McNeill's one really successful sonnet:

HOME SONG.

"The little loves and sorrows are my song:
The leafy lanes and birthsteds of my sires,
Where memory broods by winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys and ghosts of ancient wrongs;
The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair, and strong.

If words of mine might lull the bairn to sleep,
And tell the meaning in a mother's eyes;
Might counsel love, and teach their eyes to weep
Who, o'er their dead, question unanswering skies,—
More worth than legions in the dust of strife,
Time, looking back at last, should count my life."

Here, as is nearly always true, the poet is his own best judge and critic.

Did time permit, I might speak of Mr. McNeill's keenness and sureness of eye and ear. Never a sight or a sound of the woods and the fields escapes him, and his nature-poetry has the happy inspiration of the born nature-lover.

* * * "an old gray stone
That humps its back up through the mold."
"Distant pastures send the bleat
Of hungry lambs at break of day."

Now, in conclusion, I must be pardoned if I refuse to attempt any estimate of Mr. McNeill's genius. It is enough that we hail him poet. Posterity will assign his rank. In the kingdom of the poets, as in the kingdom of the just, there is no first and last. Let us remember that McNeill was cut down in the flower of his manhood. It is not so much what he fulfilled as what he promised. Let us hope, too, and devoutly believe that John Charles McNeill is the morning star to the new day which is surely dawning in the Old North State.

IN MEMORIAM J. C. M.

By H. F. PAGE.

The silver chord falls snapped in twain,
The golden bowl lies broken.
In this sad hour of bitter pain
How shall our grief be spoken?

No more his rare-attuned lyre
Will thrill to Sapphic measure;
No more his chalice bathed in fire
Will pour to us its treasure.

Ye fates that clip the mortal thread,
Your work is done untimely—
We gather here about our dead—
Would he had died sublimely!

But at this hour shall every blame
Be sunk in soul-deep sorrow;
The Art he loved shall shrieve his name
And keep his fame to-morrow.

“We know so little what is best,
Wingless, we move so lowly,”
In Thy all-pity grant him rest,
O God, most holy, holy!

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

BY JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY.

Spring Hill is the name of a community in the heart of the original Scotch settlement of North Carolina, and generations of that substantial stock have come and gone without loss of the blood or the spirit which is everywhere their glory.

In this community John Charles McNeill, the poet, was born July 26, 1874, and there he was reared.

Of the contribution of locality, of blood and of moral and intellectual atmosphere to genius we can make no proper measure. But I regard it important to the purpose of this sketch that the reader first obtain a conception of the Spring Hill region and people.

The land lies low, and the far horizon makes its moving appeal wherever the eye may fall. The fields present vistas of corn and cotton and grass, with the woods of cypress and pine and gum in the back-ground. The houses are the headquarters of wide-sweeping and well-kept farms, and the vine and fig-tree flourish near by. Throughout the settlement winds the Lumber River, wine-colored, steady, deep and swift or slow according to the season; a darksome stream, where the red-throat, the pickerel and the large-mouth bass find homes all to their liking, save for the fisher-boy who overtakes them with bob and bait. To spend a sunset hour beneath the cypress gloom hard-by; to catch the note of the far-circling fields in the stilly hour; to respond to the color of the land and heaven and horizon and the sombre quiet all around—is to realize that this is the poet's clime.

"The poet in a poet's clime was born."

The center of this community is an ancient church, school, and temperance hall, the three being within speaking distance of one another. Of the civilization of this settlement I need say no more: these are their witnesses. The church was presided over throughout three generations by two really great ministers—Daniel White, the patron-saint—if the Scotch will tolerate that term—and John Monroe, the patriarch, of the people. It is impossible to measure the impress of these men; they ministered according to the best traditions of their callings. They were the wisest, the most eloquent, and the best men their people have ever known; their chosen leaders, their spiritual fathers and daily examples. Not only did they dominate the church, the school and the lodge; their lives prevailed over all, and do prevail to this day, though they have long been gathered to their fathers.

The temperance lodge was no insignificant member of this trinity of social, intellectual, moral and spiritual springs. Here the young people were accustomed to assemble to exercise their gifts in entertainments and debates. That there was sufficient interest to sustain the institution speaks abundantly of the moral fibre of the community, and I could produce an array of facts that would convince every other community in North Carolina that such an institution is worthy of all that it may require. I could name leaders now serving North Carolina who received here their strongest impressions and found play for their best gifts. So much for the locality.

John Charles McNeill is a lineal descendant of Daniel White and John Monroe; his grandfathers, John McNeill and Charles Livingston, emigrated from Argyleshire, Scotland, about the beginning of the nineteenth century. His grand mothers were born in America. His

father, Duncan McNeill, now enjoying a hale old age, and his mother, Euphemia Livingston, who has lived to read the poet's exquisite lines to her, are most excellent people. Their home is the typical home of a Scotch farmer and *leader*—leading man—full of light, rich in books, and periodicals and music, given to hospitality and generous of comfort, a fireside of sweet living and high thinking. Captain McNeill is himself a stalwart citizen, fond of public speaking, in which he is accomplished; devoted to the young, one time an editor and lecturer, a writer of verse, an earnest supporter of his church and party, an insatiable reader, and, personally, a most delightful companion. His wife is likewise a woman of gifts and graces worthy of her line; gentle, all-womanly, her face a delight of sweetness and her ways the ways of a mother-heart. Their godly lives adorn their confession of Jesus Christ.

John Charles, born of such parents and reared in such a community, spent his youth in the occupations of the farmer's boy. His chief taste was to "mind the cows," and he knew also the plow and the hoe; but I have heard it said that he lost many a furrow because he would read and plow at the same time. To bring the cows home at evening; to do the chores of the household; to attend school in the hours; to fish and hunt and roam the woods and swim the river and explore the swamps whenever he could—these were the other elements of his making. He is to this day a woodsman of parts, the trees and flowers and birds and beasts, their habits and wants, are known to him as by second nature, and likewise, the homely features of farm-life, the negro songs and customs, the local ne'er-do-wells, the original characters—one would infer upon a brief acquaintance with him that

they, no less than the more innocent children of nature, were his peculiar friends.

He entered school in early youth and proved an apt student. His preparation being completed in the Spring Hill and Whiteville Academies, he entered Wake Forest College, graduating therefrom in 1898 at the head of his class, in recognition of which honor he was awarded the privilege of making the Valectory address. His poetic gifts were manifested early in his college career, and Prof. B. F. Sledd was prompt and diligent to encourage and direct him. In the college magazine his verses often appeared, and they were from the first of an order to command attention. In fact, while his poetry has gained in range, finish and abundance in the years since, the strain of his first productions may yet be traced in all his verse.

He was chosen to assist Professor Sledd as tutor in the department of English while he was taking his Bachelor's degree, and he improved the opportunity that was thus afforded to remain another year and win from Wake Forest the master's degree—the highest that the college awards—in 1899.

In 1900 he was elected Assistant Professor of English in Mercer University, of Georgia; but after a year he relinquished this post for the practice of law, having prepared for that profession at Wake Forest in 1896-1897, and received from the Supreme Court of North Carolina license to practice in 1897. He opened an office in Laurinburg—within a few miles of Spring Hill. It was my fortune to spend a day with him during this period. We were together in his office; there were clients, but their causes were obviously foreign to the genius of Mr. McNeill. The while he would be discussing some poem or reading at my request one of his own,

in would come some troubled spirit seeking his assistance in getting back a mule that had been swapped in a none too sober moment.

Nevertheless this was a fruitful period in Mr. McNeill's career—both as a poet and a lawyer. *The Century Magazine* readily accepted his verses, printed them with illustrations, and encouraged him to send others. On the other hand, clients increased, and, moreover, Mr. McNeill's fellow citizens sent him to the General Assembly of North Carolina—a member of the House. In this relation he acquitted himself well, bringing to his tasks a homely knowledge of his people and a sound common sense.

But there was no suppressing the higher call. With that fine appreciation which has made *The Charlotte Observer* notable for its young men—as well as its “Old Man”—editor J. P. Caldwell offered Mr. McNeill a place on his staff, with the freedom of the paper and the world. I have the editorial announcement to support me in the statement that Mr. McNeill was assigned to no especial post nor required to perform any particular work. His task was to write whatsoever he might be pleased to write.

We owe it to *The Charlotte Observer* that Mr. McNeill has had such freedom to exercise his gifts. His poems have come in perilous abundance; and at the same time he has done work as a reporter of public occasions that alone would have commanded for him a place on his paper. He has also produced no little prose of original character and great worth—paragraphs portraying life, humorous incidents, observations; and now and then a series of excellent fables as native to the soil and as apropos as those of *Æsop*.

Mr. McNeill's column of verses promptly commanded the enthusiastic praise of readers throughout the State and of the press in other States. He was hailed as a poet indeed, and at the first year's end he was unanimously awarded the Patterson Cup, in recognition of the fact that he had made the best contribution to literature in North Carolina. This cup was presented to Mr. McNeill by President Roosevelt. Within the year following he published his one volume, entitled "Songs Merry and Sad," and the first edition was promptly exhausted.

- ✓ Mr. McNeill's poetic gift bears these marks: it is lyric; it is genuine; it is of the sun rather than the lamp; it is close to nature—the earth, the seasons, man and beast, home and the daily round of experiences. It is suggestive rather than descriptive, and spontaneous rather than labored. There is pathos and humor; but above either the strain of tenderness in dominant, tenderness of phrase and of feeling. One feels that he has yet to strike the greater chords, and at the same time he is convinced as he reads that he has all but done that, so nearly having attained it, that at any moment the larger gift may be ours.

Such songs as "Oh, Ask Me Not," "A Christmas Hymn," "When I Go Home," "Harvest," and "Vision," are tokens of a rich vein of the genuine gold; while the poems, "October," "Sundown," "If I Could Glimpse Him," "Alcesteis," "The Bride," "Oblivion," "The Caged Mockingbird," "Dawn," "Paul Jones," as I have intimated, though they have not yet elevated Mr. McNeill above the rank of the minor poets, they carry a charm, they work upon the imagination with a power, they afford a subtle joy that bespeaks the noblest promise.

Since writing the foregoing sketch, *The South Atlantic Quarterly* has appeared containing a critical ap-

preciation of the poems of Mr. McNeill, by Edward K. Graham, Professor of English Literature in the University of North Carolina. He declares that Mr. McNeill is the first "North Carolina poet to win the ear of the whole State"; and speaks of his volume as "The most poetic collection by a North Carolinian that has yet appeared." He adds, "At a time when poetry has lost the appeal of passion, it is peculiarly grateful to come into the warm confidence of emotion always gentle, intimate, and manly, and in its best moments, infinitely tender." Professor Graham's conclusion, on the whole, is implied in his final sentence: "Conviction of great poetic power we seldom feel in reading the volume, but the presence of the divine gift of poetry we are always sensible of—the gift to minister to some need of the spirit—as when a simple heart-song speaks the heart of all mankind."

Thus the scholar's critical insight confirms the public taste which had already chosen Mr. McNeill as the favorite writer of all this region.

While the copy of this sketch was still in the hands of the printer the death of Mr. McNeill occurred, after a lingering illness, at his home near Riverton, Scotland County, N. C., October 17, 1907.

NORTH CAROLINA MOURNS THE DEATH OF A POET

BY EDWARD L. CONN.

John Charles McNeill is dead, and North Carolina mourns the death of a true poet. But no sarcophagus can hold captive the spirit of an immortal, and the soul of McNeill with its golden lute-notes will sing to many generations to come. His sensitive spirit was super-refined in the crucible of human suffering; his gentle heart was purified by the fire of experience, kindling within him a glow of sympathy that was reflected in all his singings, and a flame of human kindness that was both light and warmth to sorrow-shadowed and adverse-stricken hearts. When McNeill was moved to give expression to his emotions in verse, that expression was as sweet, as tender, as beautiful as the soft-stirring music of hope and comfort harped by celestial minstrel. He walked uneven paths, or no paths. Imagination's prodigal son, a dreamer, stirred by the wander-lust, moving restlessly from the lowlands close to the heaving bosom of the Atlantic, through the countless mingling glories of the interior to the everlasting mountains, where innumerable, awful forms lift their mighty heads toward heaven. He built on his heart an altar of love, and upon it offered to the Nature which gave him life the unblemished offspring of his genius.

Time will impartially place a just estimate upon the worth of his work, and critics will search and weigh the treasury of his mind. I knew John Charles McNeill as a man and loved him with the passionate fondness of a friend. Many years ago the infinite charm of his manner and the attraction of that personality, whose inherent goodness and grace and glory were the delight and inspiration of those who knew him well, drew me to him. His voice was music and thrilled; sad are those

friends who had made of his friendship a part of their own life, and who will hear his voice no more. But in his verses are comfort and good cheer, and he would not have them troubled.

Three months ago I saw McNeill last. We had met in the mountains that he loved so well and knew so intimately. They were decked in their midsummer splendors, and the exhilarating air, clear, sparkling water, flowers, birds, beasts and people, and the freedom and abandon of all did McNeill's heart good. To him it was a place of Edenic loveliness and completeness.

The press dispatches said his health was improved, and he returned east. But as he descended the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge the gales that swept down upon him told him an eternal farewell; for Death was dropping a shadowy veil across his fine features; the lute-like voice was more nearly attuned to those which form the choirs invisible; and the lambent gleam in his shining eyes was a reflex of things that mortal eyes see not. McNeill was leaving the passes of the world and he realized it. He uttered no words of complaint, scarcely did he confess regret, nor found he fault with fate, or destiny, or God. Autumn transformed the hills and the vales and the lowlands and spread an indescribable beauty over the myriad places that were loved by McNeill, so that his ascending soul might view them in their utmost glory as he entered the avenues of the Unknown. But Winter will learn that he is gone, and will shroud the earth in mourning raiment.

An alumnus of Wake Forest, this college had a peculiar pride in McNeill's achievements. Lawyer, journalist, scholar, poet, gentleman: he was human and was not without flaw; but he was a man without an enemy. He was born to be loved, and he had the joy to know, years before his lamented and untimely death, that he had won the affections of the people of his native State.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

BY DR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The loss to the State of North Carolina in the recent death of John Charles McNeill is incalculable. Had I never met or known McNeill I should say the same thing. The South will feel his loss more keenly as time goes on. I believe that the verse of John Charles McNeill, aside from its notable merits as genuine poetry, has been unrivalled as an inspiring influence in the remarkable resurgence of literature which promises to give North Carolina in the near future a prominence of national moment. It would be incorrect to speak of the present era as the renaissance of literature in North Carolina. It is not a rebirth, but more properly a new, a virgin birth. Young men and women, informed with the spirit of scholarship, touched with passion for the beautiful, endowed with the divine fire itself, have risen up in our midst. The extent and value of their achieving is not yet either told or foretold. Almost at the same time throughout the State, many voices have found utterance. The younger generation is beginning to feel the magic pulse of the *Zeitgeist*, to shake off the stifling incubus of materialism, and to give voice at last to the sentiment and passion that is in their hearts.

Were I to symbolize North Carolina in a piece of splendid sculpture, I should image no Rip Van Winkle, musty with traditions and prejudices of the past, awaking from an ante-bellum dream. It should be represented by no man of middle age, fatigued with the heat and labor of the day, struggling up a steep acclivity to the precarious pinnacle of materialistic success. It

should be symbolized as a youth, just stretching his limbs in readiness for the part he is so soon to play in the spiritual life of the nation. The head should not be hung in shame for imputed backwardness or rebelliousness in the past, but held high; the eyes uplifted, the face transfigured by the light of the ideal, and wearing an expression which gladly says Yea to all the Universe. And the face of this statue should be the face of John Charles McNeill.

I could not, even though my heart bade, nor would I wholly, even though language might not fail me, express all that I feel and have felt over the death of John Charles McNeill. Liking, friendship, love are all so strange, so unique, so different from one another that the world has fallen into the slovenly habit of confusing the terms. I can not say that I "liked" McNeill or that he had my "friendship"; the world is already too full of people who never get beyond mere "liking," and who never mention "friends" save to boast of their number and importance in the world. But I can say that McNeill had my love, and that I was drawn towards him as to few men of my own age that I have ever known. There was about him the simplicity and the charm, if not of innocence, certainly of native gentleness. He had something of the primal, I might almost say the primeval, joy of life in his make-up. Here was a genius without the Weltschmerz, a poet lacking that devitalizing note of poignant melancholy which sounds throughout the poetry of the modern era, from Burns to Maeterlinck, from Heine to George Meredith. There was no tear engraved upon his armorial bearings. His was not that baffling and artificial simplicity, which in our day is the last refuge of complexity. He loved simple things—the pine-rosin which a tiny girl gathered and sent him

all the way to Charlotte to chew, a homely and human story about some old darkey, a superstition about planting something or other in the dark of the moon, a bit of folk-lore lost to the tumultuous world of street cars, but still very vital in the life of people who live close to the heart of Nature. McNeill, in all he said and did, was racy of the soil. The modern world had not robbed him: of his primitive glanour, and his native wood-notes wild poured forth in a stream of wonderful richness, in total disregard of the noise and blatant clamor of modern populations.

The old tag, "Human nature, is the same the world over," expresses one of the greatest errors ever compressed in a phrase. Human nature is different everywhere, by reason of the mere inequality of its distribution. Our phrase, "He's just like folks," is a high compliment; it means that the subject has a great deal of human nature in his composition. McNeill was charged to overflowing with human nature. His humor was un-failing. The things that stuck in his mind were not clever epigrams or brilliant bits of repartee. He loved to remember stories of large and genial humor, exhibiting some comical betrayal of human nature, illuminating some fine phase of human feeling. His spirit was sweet and gentle—beyond words. Harshness or bitterness seemed never to have touched him. Incidents that might well have grated harshly upon the sensibilities of any man left him unmarked and unprejudiced. He turned unpleasantness away with an easy and genial smile.

The conceit of men of talent, and of genius—artists, musicians, litterateurs—is proverbial. I have observed traces of it even in the greatest men of genius I have ever met. McNeill was utterly lacking, as much as I can con-

ceive it possible for any one to be, in all conceit or false pride. Coventry Patmore has said that true genius is never aware of itself. McNeill discussed his own poetry with perfect detachment. If there was any quality which he utterly lacked, it was self-consciousness. He discussed his own poetry as though it were the work of some one else. "Here's a little thing of mine," he would say, "that was copied from Maine to Florida. There's absolutely nothing in it. Why any one should have thought it funny is simply more than I can understand." And with equal lack of the faintest trace of embarrassment, vanity or *mauvaise honte*, he could say, "Here's another little poem of mine I am very fond of. I think it is one of the best I have done." And with a note of genuine pride, he would say, "Let me read you this one. The old man likes it"; and then, in that rich, mellow voice, he would give music and color to the beauty of his lines. I shall never forget the pleasure he once gave a New England woman—a person of fine sensibilities and herself a writer of verse. She was rapturously enthusiastic over his recital of his simple dialect poems, "Wire Grass," "Po' Baby," and "Spring."

As a lover of nature, McNeill was without an equal in sincerity and faith. As a student of nature, he was in no sense remarkable in the academic signification. He neither knew nor cared to know the sesquipedalian Latin name of some favorite little flower; he did not pretend to the chemical secrets of the soil survey; technical obfuscations of any sort were not for him. He knew nature not as a botanist but as a poet, not as a scientific naturalist but as a nature lover. Like Walt Whitman, rather than like John Burroughs, he was skilled, through close acquaintance and interested observation, in many curious and half-forgotten secrets of nature and her creatures

which do not find their way into the text-book. I never saw him without thinking of Whitman's poem about the student in astronomy who fled from the lecturer out into the night, there to lie down and look up at the stars in worshipful wonder and adoration.

I shall never forget a reading McNeill once gave us here at Chapel Hill—a running fire of dialect verse, humorous commentary, negro anecdotes, and folk-lore tales. It was, without exception, the most successful so-called “reading”—story-telling in prose and poetry were a fitter term of description—that I have ever known. With curious interest I glanced around for a moment to observe the utter absorption in McNeill's personality and its expression. There was not one person in that audience not wholly oblivious of surroundings, of self, of all else save McNeill, whose fine face lit up with a humorous glow, and his mellow, resonant voice with its subtle note of appeal, held them bound as by some mystic spell of sorcery. And McNeill often told me afterwards that the audience that night, for inspiration and perfect sympathy, was without a parallel in his experience.

I have never been able to rid myself of the feeling that John Charles McNeill has not been accurately or discriminatingly praised for some certain things he did supremely well. “Songs Merry and Sad” threatened to suppress the fact that McNeill was pre-eminently a poet of the common life, a singer of the farm, the field, the home. Many things which I believed to be fundamentally characteristic of McNeill as poet found no place in this collection. Things which I had learned to love and to expect from him—the negro, and Scotch dialect poems, certain fancies about Spring, half-remembered, even poetically divined sketches of early home and beloved countryside—of these there were only traces. Indeed,

in spite of the versatility displayed and wide range covered, I could not but feel the minimization, if not actual suppression, of that phase of McNeill's art which most appealed to me. Those who know McNeill's poetry only as revealed in "Songs, Merry and Sad," may be betrayed into ranging him alongside Mifflin, Moody, Arthur, Stringer, John Vance Cheney and Charles Hanson Towne, for comparison. Wider acquaintance with his poetry, I am inclined to think, would reveal that he is far more akin to Maurice Thompson, Frank L. Stanton, and James Whitcomb Riley. Dozens of poems not included in "Songs, Merry and Sad"—and, of those included, "When I Go Home," "Barefooted" and "Before Bedtime"—at once call to mind the specific features of Riley as revealed in such poems as "Thinkin' Back" and "Wet Weather Talk." There is the same large sense of lazy, rural ease, the chuckling air of boyish freedom, the vivid pictures of the simple pleasures, occupations, and discussions of farm life. I have often felt, in reading many of McNeill's fugitive lines in *The Charlotte Observer* that he had a humorous, quaint, backwoods sense of homely values not unlike the same qualities in the short poems of Frank L. Stanton. I do not mean that the mode of expression was necessarily the same; the feelings played upon, the sentiments evoked were identical. There was at times, in McNeill's verse, the careless or carefree instinct of truantry as we find it on occasions in the prose of writers so diverse as Robert Louis Stevenson, Owen Wister, and Harry Stillwell Edwards. McNeill expressed for me the individual and significant note of the rural South, much as Joel Chandler Harris may be said to express it in his own fashion. The natural feeling, the simple ideals of McNeill—frankness, loyalty, love, honor, courage—were irresistibly appealing in their

mere numerical limitation. Lacking any trace of the sectional, McNeill had a fine sense for local color and the genius of place. And yet there was no hint in his poetry of that strained and artificial idealism which mars much that has been written in the South.

In his brief and homely realism, his fancy so quaint and simple, McNeill was a master. Though it is not, I feel, the most apt illustration that might be found, the little poem, "Before Bedtime," suits my purpose for the moment in expressing that fine fidelity to fact, that pedestrian realism which is given only to spirits nursed on reality to achieve.

"The cat sleeps in a chimney jamb
With ashes in her fur,
An' Tige, from the yuther side,
He keeps his eye on her.

The jar o' curds is on the hearth,
An' I'm the one to turn it.
I'll crawl in bed an' go to sleep
When maw begins to churn it.

Paw bends to read his almanax
An' study out the weather,
An' bud has got a gourd o' grease
To ile his harness leather.

Sis looks an' looks into the fire,
Half-squintin' through her lashes,
An' I jis watch my tater where
It shoots smoke through the ashes."

For imaginative power of evocation of a familiar scene utterly simple and without any glamour of interest save that of fond association, this poem is illustrative of one of the things McNeill could do supremely well.

In his poems of nature, McNeill carries me back, less to Burns with his spirits cry of poignant pain, than to Wordsworth with his brooding quiet. There is even a

faint note of æstheticism now and then, notably in the Carmanesque *Protest*; like a true modern poet, McNeill is fired to revolt against this materialistic age, this twilight of the gods of poetry. McNeill's admiration for the *Marpessa* of Stephen Phillips was immense; and I have felt at times that he would have liked to owe something to Swinburne. The philosophic didacticism of Bryant, the almost scientific moodiness of Poe find no answering note in the poetry of McNeill. Indeed, he is content to observe with rare accuracy, letting Nature speak its message to you in its own most potent of tongues. McNeill was essentially an observer, not an intrepeter of Nature's moods. Instead of explaining, he re-created Nature, and was strong enough to hold his tongue and let Nature speak for herself. What need for words, either of interpretation, inspiration or regret, in face of the mute eloquence of such a picture:

"A soaking sedge,
A faded field, a leafless hill and hedge.

Low clouds and rain,
And loneliness and languor worse than pain.

Mottled with moss,
Each gravestone holds to heaven a patient cross.

Shrill streaks of light
Two sycamores' clean-limbed, funeral white,

And low between,
The sombre cedar and the ivy green.

Upon the stone
Of each in turn who called this land his own

The gray rain beats
And wraps the wet world in its flying sheets,

And at my eaves
A slow wind, ghostlike, comes and grieves and grieves.

And how worshipful in its submissive calm and adorative contemplation is that brief poem, *Sundown*, which always calls up for me the most exquisite æsthetic moment of my life—a post-sunset creation of God in sky, crescent moon, earth and mountain I once saw, or rather lived, in the Appalachians—a recollection that moves me profoundly even as I write:

"Hills wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
 Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
 The star of peace at watch above the crest—
 Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
 Wingless, we move so lowly;
 But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
 Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

If McNeill had lived, and had regained his health, I am convinced that his poetry would have shown a finish, a dexterity of workmanship, a refinement of poetic craftsmanship of which he was fully capable on occasion. How often he delighted with a happy line, a transient imaging of a fanciful concept, or a crystallization in one fine phrase of the spiritual content of his thought! He has told me many times that his future aim was towards greater perfection of phrase, clearer delineation of motive. In introducing him before our Modern Literature Club I pronounced him the most authentic poet North Carolina has yet produced. It is my definite conviction that McNeill is not fully known through "Songs, Merry and Sad" for those traits which are most signally characteristic of his temperament, for those qualities in which he was most individual. But by this I do not mean the faintest detraction from the many and varied merits of "Songs, Merry and Sad." In fact, I was glad to learn from McNeill himself that the poem in this vol-

ume which I rated highest was also his own preference, the one in which he felt his purpose and art best expressed. This poem, judged by Richard Watson Gilder to be worthy of Byron himself, is *Oh, Ask Me Not*. We feel ourselves in the presence of the abandon of youth, the genuine heart's cry of "The world well lost for love."

"Love, should I set my heart upon a crown,
Squander my years, and gain it,
What recompense of pleasure could I own?
For youth's red drops would stain it.

Much have I thought on what our lives may mean,
And what their best endeavor,
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
But, losing, lose forever.

Seeing how zealots, making choice of pain,
From home and country parted,
Have thought it life to leave their fellows slain,
Their women broken-hearted.

How teasing truth a thousand faces claims
As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And, soon or late, their sails be lost along
The all-surrounding ocean.

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
And love you, love you, love you!

McNeill once told me that while he regarded the central situation of "The Bride" the most potently significant, the most fraught with meaning that can be conceived, he always felt that he had not fully measured up to the opportunity and the situation. Perhaps it may

be true that our reserves are often more eloquent than our confidences. The office of poetry is not to exhaust possibilities. The selection of that moment of inexpressible meaning in life was in itself a stroke of genius.

"The little white bride is left alone
 With him, her lord; the guests have gone;
 The festal hall is dim.
 No jesting now, nor answering mirth.
 The hush of sleep falls on the earth
 And leaves her here with him.

Why should there be, O little white bride,
 When the world has left you by his side,
 A tear to brim your eyes?
 Some old love-face that comes again,
 Some old love-moment, sweet with pain
 Of passionate memories?

Does your heart yearn back with last regret
 For the fairy meads of mignonette
 And the fairy-haunted wood,
 That you had not withheld from love,
 A little while, the freedom of
 Your happy maidenhood?

Or is it but a nameless fear,
 A wordless joy, that calls the tear
 In dumb appeal to rise,
 When, looking on him where he stands,
 You yield up all into his hands,
 Pleading into his eyes?

For days that laugh or nights that weep
 You two strike oars across the deep
 With life's tide at the brim;
 And all time's beauty, all love's grace,
 Beams, little bride, upon your face
 Here, looking up at him."

If there is any one poem which best expresses the real sweetness, the high seriousness of McNeill's character, and the finer nature of his poetic muse, I should say that

it was "To Melvin Gardner: Suicide." It is instinct with the quintessential traits of McNeill both as poet and man. To dilate the imagination and to move the heart is ample *raison d'etre* for any poem.

"A flight of doves, with wanton wings,
Flash white against the sky.
In the leafy copse an oriole sings,
And a robin sings hard by.
Sun and shadow are out on the hills;
The swallow has followed the daffodils;
In leaf and blade, life throbs and thrills
Through the wild, warm heart of May.

To have seen the sun come baek, to have seen
Children again at play,
To have heard the thrush where the woods are green,
Welcome the new-born day,
To have felt the soft grass cool to the feet,
To have smelt earth's incense, heavenly sweet,
To have shared the laughter along the street,
And, then, to have died in May!

A thousand roses will blossom red,
A thousand hearts be gay,
For the summer lingers just ahead
And June is on her way;
The bee must bestir him to fill his cells,
The moon and the stars will weave new spells
Of love and the music of marriage bells—
And, oh, to be dead in May!

In Avery and McNeill the State has sustained losses not to be filled perhaps in a generation. Avery's hold upon the public was truly astounding; his audience was almost incredibly large; and I have often wondered how many people there were in the world who always turned first of all to the column marked Idle Comments in *The Charlotte Observer*. Avery expressed in prose of simple pathos and universal sentiment the piquancy, poetry, and romance of every-day life, the humour and the glam-

our of *tous les jours*. He dwelt lovingly upon the little touching incidents daily entering into the life of man-in-the-street. His views of quiet and delicate humour finds its analogue in Owen Wister. Avery always impressed me as an American Charles Lamb of journalism, with a tremendous infusion of sentiment. His appeal to the popular heart seemed to arise from his power of expressing those sentiments of tender and romantic content which this garish twentieth century has not yet quite succeeded in destroying here in the South.

In his own way, individual, unique, McNeill likewise expressed sentiment—strong, manly, sincere. His instrument was the finer of the two, and his triumph lay in his reserve. Strength and sweetness are the most fundamental note in the symphony of his art. His heart was genuine and true. His mood was never distorted by hopeless regret, futile despair, or catch-penny pessimism. His sentiment rang out clear and true—free from all taint of modern morbidity. Sentimentality had no place in his make-up. Gentleness not softness, real feeling and not imaginative emotionalism, informed his verse. And his ideal of art was fine and noble. Such a phrase as "his widowed sea" in *Paul Jones* is worth a dozen poems of the minor singers of to-day, and left the impression of potential greatness. I earnestly hope that the manuscript of the volume of poems McNeill read to me last spring will soon find its way to publication. Then we shall have even more convincing evidence that there has passed from our midst—and left us profoundly sorrowing, yet not before we have learned to admire and to love him, a fine and gentle spirit who was not only a talent *in esse* but a genius *in futuro*—John Charles McNeill.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

By J. P. CALDWELL, EDITOR OF THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER.

John Charles McNeill has embarked upon that unknown sea that rolls round all the world. We pretend to no shock of surprise. For long the mark of death has been written in his face and those who loved him most have not mis-read it. But reflect as we may upon the fact, seek as we may to accustom ourselves to the thought of his absence, it is new and cruel and the philosophy of life is invoked in vain for alleviation of the pain of it all. The public knew him through the exquisite verse he gave it and through which ran his soul, and admired him; but to those who were in intimate personal contact with him he attached himself with the tenderest ties of affection, suggested by something else than his mere intellectual qualities. There was never a sweeter spirit. His presence meant sunshine. He was uniform of mood, the mood ever delightful, and one who knew him to-day knew him yesterday, to-morrow, always. This was the man in person. Plain, simple, natural. He could not have pretended if he had wanted to; the beauty of his character was its perfect naturalness. He was amiable almost to a fault, and under this roof, where men are judged by each other, where friendships are cemented and characteristics discerned, no harsh words of his, no unkindly criticism by him of any human being can be recalled. It was a golden heart. He compelled affection; without trying to find his way into the hearts of people, he won irresistibly whoever came within the circle of his acquaintanceship. He was so near the heart of the writer that it is difficult at this moment to write of him conservatively, and it is not singular that

the proper words do not come when one stands in the presence of a great grief. It is the opprobrium of life that now as ever, while friends fall around us, the inexorable demand of duty compels us and we must go our usual ways, employ our common words and meet the great world with smiling faces, though our hearts be as heavy as lead.

North Carolina was good to this young man; it weighed him at his worth; he was conscious of this and was grateful for it—saying always that he was over-estimated and appraised for more than he was. Such was his modesty. The intelligent, discriminating public knew him better than he knew himself. We think it is not an exaggeration to say that he was the greatest genius our State has yet produced; that no one of our people has written such poetry as he. He would have combatted quickly the expression of this judgment, yet it is submitted in confidence to the deliberate consideration of those who have followed him, and there is the added test that he had ready access to the columns of the first magazines of the country.

He died before his time. He died when his genius had budded and was just coming into flower. There is no guessing what he might have accomplished. Nothing could apply better than the words written of another:

"Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
 Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
 Beside the stream
 Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
 And heather, where his footsteps pass,
 The brighter seem.
 And then to die so young and leave
 Unfinished what he might achieve!
 Yet better sure
 Is this, than wandering up and down
 An old man in a country town,
 Infirm and poor."

"To die so young!" That seems to be the tragedy of the case.

Forever while those who knew and loved him—and we are many—live, he will be mourned and missed. Dear fellow! He lacked in his last nights the blessed boon of sleep, and there could be no more appropriate conclusion of this lame and impotent tribute than in the reproduction of his invocation to that elusive goddess, one of the latest as it was one of the sweetest things he ever wrote:

TO SLEEP.

"Wherein have I displeased thee, fickle Sleep,
 O sweetheart Sleep, that thou so far away
 Hast wandered and hast made so long thy stay?
 I perish for some spell to call and keep
 Thee near me, that thy gentle arts may steep
 My brain with calm, from dusk till dawn of day!
 The night's long hours are blind and love delay,
 But, with thee, I would bless them that they creep.

Once, night by night, as love's own self wast thou;
 Over my boyhood's couch didst loose the powers
 Born of the opiate breath of autumn flowers,
 And with thine own cool hand assuaged my brow:
 Wherefore, I pray thee, keep not from me now,
 For I am summer, and thou art her showers."

UNUTTERABLE

BY H. F. PAGE.

The twilight of a second Sabbath eve
Dies slowly from thy tomb.
Dim pines that moan, dusk-shapes that grieve
Bend spectral in the gloom.

Heaven lowers dark above without a star.
The chill October rain
Sobs ceaselessly 'mid gusts that jar
The night with throes of pain.

Spray-beatings these from off the sunless shore
Of sorrow's troubled deep,
O'er whose far silence, evermore
Grief broods, but can not weep!

NOTE.—Written the second Sunday after the death of Mr. McNeill.—
EDITOR.

AN INARTICULATE OBITUARY

BY R. L. GRAY, IN RALEIGH NEWS AND OBSERVER.

The man who writes these lines knew John Charles McNeill. He not only knew what he wrote but he saw him write. He has even written about the same things McNeill did—and wondered afterwards why he did not write them as he did. Yet the quality that baffled perception, that astonished with its simplicity and amazed with its insight, was so near akin to genius as to leave to his friends no door to envy. McNeill, who was so generous in praise—and so fond of it—commanded affection as well as admiration because he was in a class to himself in what he did and because, in what he was, he was in the great class that puts on no airs, that is easily made glad, and is not ashamed to laugh.

Knowing the man, the fact that he is dead makes one want to throw up his hands and surrender with a shrug. Some one asked me to write something about him. I replied that I should not write a line, in the face of the fact. Yet the line has been written, obscure as it is, and from the heart.

If you would know the heart of McNeill—and it is worth knowing—read his songs. In them you will find much that is commonplace. In them you will find—occasionally—the record of a man who was driving a talent. But among them, you will find, also, much that is golden, much that is fixed with the transient quality of genius, much to make the heart to beat and to cause the soul to wonder. When McNeill wrote things at his best, they were so exquisite, so well fashioned in the mould of perfection, that those who know the instilled fatalism of the East were more than half prepared for

the catastrophe. The gods are jealous of their own. One felt that, in the expression of himself, McNeill was endangering the life that he so well loved, and the life that so instinctively loved him.

All that does not matter much to the people who did not know McNeill—long, bluff, hearty Scotchman, perpetuating in his openness and merriment some tragic Irish strain. By the people at large it was as a poet that he must be judged and not as the man who lived poetry even when he did not write it. I remember his going to a circus and being lost in the contemplation of a man and the gnu! I remember him again, the details of a political speaking in his head, traveling with a politician along a dusty September road and falling into silence as we rode and livened the way with jests. And I remember so vividly reading afterwards what we had seen without knowing it:

"And in deserted churchyard places
Dwarf apples smile with sunburnt faces."

I remember again, on one of the hills that look out towards the infinity of other hills, pausing with him a moment or so before we struck the trail back to the train and the writing of a "story" on the back of a seat, and to have seen later:

"Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west:
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly.
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!
We know, O Lord, so little what is best:
Wingless, we move so lowly:
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

He, living, knew that "names and knowledge, idle breed of breath, and cant and creed, the progeny of strife:

"Shrink trembling from the cold, clear eye of death,
And learn too late why dying lips can smile:
That goodness is the only creed worth while."

We know, also, how:

"The Sun swings farther toward his love, the South,
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steals among thy purpling bowers,
Is deeply hid in flowers."

We know, also, that "beneath thy queen's attire, woven
of blood and fire, beneath the golden glory of thy
charm—

"Thy mother heart beats warm,
And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward from his dreamer's quest
To sob upon thy breast,

Thine arm would fold him tenderly, to prove,
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care,
Would rest upon his hair."

Nor would one forget, "down on the Lumber River"
where * * * "all the swamp lies hushed about, you sun-
burnt boys"; that never did he cease to share—

"Your hardships and your joys,
Robust, rough-spoken, gentle-hearted,
Sunburnt boys!"

We might explain it all by saying that McNeill was a poet and that poets die young. That does not compensate, for he was so much more than a poet. He had the love of the naturalist for nature—and for men. He was of no cult, no creed, no class. There was that in his great, simple heart, in his magnificent impertinence, in his out-spoken love that was all-compelling. Women he adored, with a frankness that was the ultimate of reverence. To men he was not ashamed to express affection.

For life he was not afraid to admit his passion. In him was the mixture of joy and sadness that seems to mark the resentment of the poet against the passing of life. In him, too, was the true poet's contempt of all except feeling. He could come without a coat to town and borrow one to cover his dress garments when he gave away the Patterson Cup—from a keeper of a haberdashery whom he had never seen before. He was the first to hear the birds in the springtime, and there was no bird he could not imitate. With men he was wholesome and clean and robust; with women he was romantic and tender and obeisant. To his work he bowed as before a Goddess—who could not be appeased.

I remember how for a moment he thought he had gained her favor when he gave to me the words of that exquisite lyric, "Love, should I set my heart upon a crown," and I have thought since that there he wrote most truly of himself—gay, loving and sad, stirred with ambition, seeking truth and dazzled away from the search with the joy and beauty that he distilled impartially from the smoke of a city or the early dews of country life:

"How teasing truth a thousand faces claims,
As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And soon or late their sails be lost along
The all-surrounding ocean:

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
And love you, love you, love you!"

I quote from memory and McNeill wrote better poems. He gave more promise in three years of work than the literature of the State has evidenced in three generations. What he sang, sang itself; and when he tried to sing otherwise he played a broken lute. In his untimely death—in his irritating death—the State loses one who was beginning to show that the song of its cotton mills was the outer expression of the song in the hearts of a people who loved truth and were drunk, if inarticulate, with beauty. He was the spokesman for the silent rhymes of rough lives and soft hearts. There was a touch of Burns about him, and just a hint of Byron. Those in the State who have a brief for a literature that is mostly made out of hope have in his death a quarrel with fate.

But those who knew the poetry of his character, as distinguished from the melody of his lines have,—in the moment of pity and of sorrow for the passing of a man who had wooed and won the favor of life like a precocious lover—a grief that is forced to embrace hope in lieu of understanding.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL—SOME REMINISCENCES

BY H. F. PAGE.

When I entered college in 1897, Mr. McNeill was in his senior year, and was also serving as Instructor in the Department of English. While a freshman, therefore, it was my privilege to come in touch with him both as fellow student and also as teacher. This twofold acquaintance I shall always remember as one of the rare privileges of my life.

At the opening of the session I first met him in the old dormitory. Here our associations began. His room was second door opposite mine on the fourth floor. Naturally we were thrown very much together during the year, and an opportunity was thus afforded me for catching glimpses of his personality from a standpoint especially interesting, as every old student of the college who is acquainted with life in the dormitory is aware.

That he was a favorite among his fellow students I, at once, recognized. His congeniality and fine sense of humor attracted every one. Unassuming, modest, magnetic in manner, he moved among us with that rare personal bearing, in the presence of which every one feels at perfect ease. His fellow students knew and recognized his genius, but, if I mistake not, they appreciated the charms of his personality more. His most wonderful capacity for association completely ignored the ordinary lines of separation in college life. To put it in colloquial phrase he was, in the truest sense, "one of all the boys."

These elements, found so happily blended in the character of Mr. McNeill, are nevertheless associated oft-times with peculiar susceptibility to danger, and sometimes it

is the case, and most pathetically so, that the very free-heartedness of a noble nature, unsuspectingly at first, yields up the strategic point to its own security. This some of us who were with Mr. McNeill in college saw, but not as we see it now, ten years after.

Before his class Mr. McNeill lost nothing of his magnetic manner. It was rather intensified; especially so when presenting one of his favorite authors. He was naturally more sympathetic than critical in his discussions. He felt the inner beauty and soul of poetry and endeavored to imbue the mind of the student with something of the same appreciation. Most vividly I recall his interpretations of Poe, whose ideals in poetic form enter so largely into his own work. Poe was his model in form, Burns his ideal in sentiment. Since *Songs, Merry and Sad* have been given to us, I have come to look upon this little volume of lyric gems as a natural sequel to those class room lectures to which it was my delightful privilege to listen.

His manner as a teacher was simple, direct, forceful. His vein of quaint, elusive humor appeared here at greatest advantage. Tactfully and yet without the least indication of studied effort he held the attention of his class. His low, rich voice—marvelously musical—possessed a holding power such as is rarely met. To me this was the most remarkable of his personal charms. It was a voice wonderfully deep, luringly mellow, with soft minor modulations—such a voice as we naturally associate with the poet. And many times since his death to others, doubtless, as well as to myself, has recurred the lament of Tennyson—

"O, for * * * the sound of a voice that is still!"

To members of his class Mr. McNeill was always ready to give help. And he gave it with such freedom and

ease of manner that it seemed more a pleasure than a task. I remember how, one evening after I had handed in a composition, he came into my room to go over it with me and offer most helpful criticisms and suggestions. This is only one of the many instances of assistance for which I am indebted to him as a student. And doubtless many others, who were members of his classes that year and the year following, oft-times since his death, have in like manner recalled his gentle, painstaking attitude toward their blundering efforts, and have blessed his memory as teacher.

After he left Wake Forest, we met but two or three times. During our last talk together, incidentally our conversation turned on the unaccomplished in Southern literature. He said that the life of our people is a sincere life, remarkable not so much for the grandeur of its themes as for their variety and richness, especially in the lyrical vein.

This was his first vision of his kingdom as a poet. That he was true to the vision the work he has left with us is sufficient indication. What other visions might have been his to glimpse and to bring ultimately into realization, had he remained with us, we can only vaguely conjecture. If it be true that the songs he has given us are only the prelude to a richer depth of melody and harmony which fate has so untimely shut away from us, how great is our loss! Other singers will arise to sing, but however sweet the melody of their music, still over all will forever brood the melancholy of this unfinished symphony. Yet we will hope that somewhere in a realm where mortal frailties are forgiven—forgot—ten, his poet-soul, glory-rapt, stands in the presence of

"A beauty that ne'er was on land or sea."

and that we, too, ere long shall behold—with him.

SUNBURNT BOYS

By J. C. M.

[Published by the kind permission of the printers, Stoue & Barringer.]

Down on the Lumber River,
Where the eddies ripple cool,
Your boat, I know, glides stealthily
About some shady pool.
The summer's heats have lulled asleep
The fish-hawk's chattering noise,
And all the swamp lies hushed about
You sunburnt boys.

You see the minnow's waves that rock
The cradled lily leaves.
From a far field some farmer's song,
Singing among his sheaves,
Comes mellow to you where you sit,
Each man with boatman's poise,
There, in the shimmering water-lights,
You sunburnt boys.

I know your haunts: each quarly bole
That guards the water-side,
Each tuft of flags and rushes where
The river reptiles hide,
Each dimpling nook wherein the bass
His eager life employs
Until he dies—the captive of
You sunburnt boys.

You will not—will you?—soon forget
When I was one of you,
Nor love me less that time has borne
My craft to currents new;
Nor shall I ever cease to share
Your hardships and your joys,
Robust, rough-spoken, gentle-hearted
Sunburnt boys!

THE SUNBURNT BOYS

BY ONE OF THE SUNBURNT BOYS.

O, Lumbree River, haunts of nature and sunburnt boys, come and mourn with us! Our companion has departed. Not our scholar, not our poet, but our robust, rough spoken, gentle-hearted Sunburnt Boy,—the boy who was reared with us in the neighborhood of Riverton, in his much-loved home, which looks out towards the lands of the rising sun and now sheds its tears among the tranquil waters of the Lumbree River. Our friend, our loved one, our brother, has gone to the blessed lands of the hereafter. Is it so? Is it possible that a Christmas has passed without his presence and his voice?

Oh! but summer is drawing near. The birds will soon be heard as they sing in the trees that shade his country home as though they make the music for his pen. The lazy Lawrence will soon be seen on the house tops and across the furrowed land. The trout will begin to make their beds among the roots of the old cypress tree that juts out over deep water at Cypress Bend. The white spot on the minnow's head will soon be seen as he glides lazily amid the bonnets. Here is the fishing pole, and here is the bait-gourd, here is the broken handled hoe that digs the earth-worms, but can it be true that the owner has resigned his place among us boys for a happier home on high? Oh! that memory might fail us and his name might be heard no more, but joy is mingled with our sorrows and what pleasure it gives to know that although he has departed, yet he lives in his songs, merry to some but sad to us. In his poem, "Sunburnt Boys," he asks us not to forget him. How can he be forgotten?

His place has been established, never to be taken away. Lumbee River, you will not forget your son. The pines of the forest will ever grieve for the absent one, and sunburnt boys, who will be our leader?

But what of this? Wherein does this concern others than the sunburnt boys and neighborhood in which we were reared? Let us draw our thoughts from the sad present and the blighted pleasures of the future and glance backward to some of the incidents of his merry youth, and see if we were not indeed a group of jolly sunburnt boys.

As the spring would draw near and the frost would give way to a cold and chilling dew, we would shed our shoes and stockings as a snake deserts his skin. The first warm days in March was the time set to take our first plunge in the Lumbee. From that time on until the last of September the old paths along the banks were made fresh, after the winter's snow, by the sunburnt boys. The budding of the hickory and the nightly shrieks of the whippoorwill reminded us that the time had come to set our hooks at night for the "horny tribe," as we called the cat-fish. We were not considered tough each spring until we had taken a barefoot race across the broom straw stubble, where it had been burnt and had just begun to sprout up again. But most of the summer, while we were not "holding off the calf," fixing up the pig pen, or plowing a mule, was spent in our boats on the surface of the old Lumbee's waters. The best boat we had was *The Wild Irishman*, made by Charles himself. In the water we were a group of ambitious youths, each one trying to out-do his fellows in running, jumping, diving, swimming, "ducking," and rowing. In each of these contests we had to give way to the long strides of Charles, the nimble leap of Charles's

limbs, the long, deep plunges of Charles's diving, the rapid strokes of Charles's swimming and rowing.

But wherein did the poet differ from the rest of us sunburnt boys? He expressed in words what we, too, saw and felt but could not tell. When he went to the field to plow he always carried a little pocket edition of Shakespeare or some other favorite writer with him, and in this way did he take advantage of the shade of the persimmon trees at the farther end of the field. He had a quiet disposition and sometimes, while we realized his presence, yet to him he was all alone. In the woods he always kept his eyes open to the beauties of nature and taught us boys to be students of nature. But we can understand this more fully by reading his songs.

On his return from college after his first year we felt a little distant when we saw his fair face; he was the first of us to go to college, and had won the gold medal, which he wore. We felt that he would not be the same Charles after he had been made assistant in English his first year; but our clouded brows soon became wreathed in smiles when we saw him go to the closet under the staircase and pull out his old last summer's trousers and sunshade hat. His first question was, "How's the river, boys? How's the river?"

His greatest pleasure was to see the fair complexion made by the dense shade of the campus at old Wake Forest College turn to the tan of his sunburnt companions.

Thus he was the same Charles throughout his short life.

With all honors possible bestowed upon him at Wake Forest, and during his brilliant career of literary achievement, he was always one of us; even last summer he was just a grown-up, blue-eyed, curly-headed, sunburnt boy.

And oh, the consolation in knowing that he came back to us to die in his own little room next to the roof. Five or six of the boys had the sad pleasure of being with him during his last illness, and as they sat by his bed he would say, "Pull back the curtains, boys, so that I may see the wind in the trees and glimpse the last rays of the autumn sundown."

Charles, your presence will ever be with us, even when we are old men you will be young, for you did not live to be old.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL AS THE COLLEGE JOURNALIST

For one to fully realize what interest Mr. McNeill took in college journalism, let him search the pages of *THE STUDENT*, published during the time he was in college. As editor of *THE STUDENT* for two years, he displayed wonderful talent as an editorial writer. His editorials are written well and concisely—many of them on current events. These show truly the man's independent spirit and his well taken and sane view-points.

Below we give extracts from three of his editorials and two of his poems, which were published in *THE STUDENT*:

LEGENDARY LORE IN NORTH CAROLINA

[Published in November, 1898.]

Cherished tradition is the cradle of patriotism; it is more inspiring even than a glorious history, because it is more alive. We love the decaying old homestead with its memories of childhood more than a glaring, newly-painted residence. So we love the country where our fathers lived and hugged their foolish superstitions and met with their wonderful adventures more than the country where they stood up stiff and lifeless, covered with dates and statistics, as they do in history. Tradition gives us the inner life of the people.

North Carolina is by no means poor in legendary lore. In the east there is a nest of stories about Virginia Dare, and about Bluebeard and his fellows; in the west the doings of the remarkable schoolmaster Ney, his fellows; in the west the doings of the remarkable schoolmaster Ney, of the far-famed moonshiners, and of certain cave-dwellers are familiar in every household. The tour of Lafayette through the State is well known in a historical way, but every year we are losing the little incidents which would make that tour live forever at our firesides. We have legends of the Indians, of the Croatans, of the heterogeneous immigrants who first settled North Carolina, of the Regular period, of the Revolution, of the ways of slavery, and of the Civil War.

EXTRACT FROM EDITORIAL PUBLISHED IN THE STUDENT,
JUNE, 1898

[In answering the taunts of Dr. Broughton against base-ball, Mr. McNeill replied in an editorial, an extract of which is given.]

Speaking of college base-ball: * * * The ball-player is no more responsible for the gambling than is the farmer who makes corn responsible for the drunkard.

* * * Some kind of physical exercise is needed in college. Pale-faced, haggard students, with sunken chests and knock-knees, whose hollow voices remind one of the well-known hymn, "Hark from the tomb the doleful sound," are not the men to hand on to posterity the sturdy manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race. Their brains like their bodies will soon be infected with the dry rot; and after this dry rot is allowed to proceed for four years, it is unlikely that the refreshing showers of active life will ever be able to moisten and restore it to fertility. But unpleasant exercise is impossible: men will not indulge in it, and if they would, the laws of hygiene pronounce it not conducive to health. On the other hand, brutal exercise should be allowed to sleep with the dark ages. The golden mean, a game both pleasant and gentlemanly, is base-ball. And so the Faculty of Wake Forest College, as well as those of nine-tenths of other American colleges, in the light of their thorough knowledge of the situation, not only permit ball playing, but encourage it in every way they can.

Why, then, are there so many self-constituted dictators on a subject which most of them imperfectly understand? There are two answers: First, it is a peculiarity of human nature that men talk more loudly about things of which they have only a smattering knowledge than about those which they have thoroughly investigated. The great Sunday school speaker is he who goes to Sunday school only when he is to speak; the eloquent adviser of farmers is the city-bred man. The second answer is better given by illustration. Some still night, for example, kick your dog and make him yelp. Every cur in the community will at once respond, the alarm will spread, and during the remainder of the night the baying of watchdogs will come and go like the ebb and flow of a tide. Or if Smith's rooster happens to crow, each neighboring rooster will pass it on, until there is crowing from Greenland to Cape Horn. So everything is quiet on this base-ball question, when Dr. Broughton, eagerly seeking for something to say, wanders far from his subject in order to attack athletics, and by so doing gives rise to phenomena similar to those above described. Do not understand this as a reflection upon the opponents of base-ball. They are sincere gentlemen. It is merely a little observation that may be of interest to the evolutionist.

In one case, at least, physical activity and Christian character dwell together—in our present ball team.

DULL AND HYPOCRITICAL PREACHERS

[Published in the October Number, 1898.]

Preachers enjoy many privileges which are denied to laymen, and rightly so. They fill in a measure the position of both prophet and priest—God's representative to us and our representative to God—the highest position attainable by man. And for that reason they should

as far as possible be men of tact and talent, and always profoundly religious. Our colleges furnish them free tuition, and our boards of education lend them money in order to have an educated clergy. But this, in common with most other charities, suffers abuse. While many seemingly dull students turn out useful and able men, still it is sometimes true that hopeless dullards place themselves upon the hands of the colleges to be dragged along for a year or two, and are then turned out as leaders among men. The name given them by the shrewd small boy, "softies," indicates the amount of their influence on the world. But there is a far greater abuse than this, where hypocrites sail under the colors of the church merely for the financial and other advantages they get from such a course. You find the names of ministerial students on our college registers who are now teachers, lawyers, dentists, and the like. "Will a man rob God?" Indeed, it seems so.

But what is the remedy for this evil? To destroy the tares is to destroy more or less of the full-grained wheat. It would be unwise, unbenevolent, and unchristian to refuse aid to sincere ministerial students on account of the hypocrites for whom they are in no wise responsible. The churches must look out for themselves, and not attribute perfection to all who wear "preacher coats." They must be careful in calling pastors; get only consecrated, reasonably gifted men, and so force all others out of the ministry. When a congregation can say of their pastor that he is a good man but a poor preacher, or a fine preacher but a hypocrite, that congregation is in a bad way. Every pastor ought to be both a thoroughly good man and a reasonably good preacher. A dullard is repulsive to intelligent men; and a hypocrite is, as Bacon says, "a coward toward men, but brave toward God." Deliver us from both!

YOUTH FAREWELL

[Published in December Student, 1897.]

Farewell, my boyhood days!
 Sadly we part.
 Time bears to unknown ways
 My trembling heart;
 And as we swiftly fly,
 I strain with dimming eye
 In vain to trace
 The fading features of thy face.
 Sadly we part.

Full many a joyous time
 Had we together,
 In autumn's dreamy clime,
 In summer's sultry weather.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

How often hoped, how often built in air,
 And climbed to fame upon a golden stair!
 But now 'tis o'er,
 Thou com'st no more; no more
 We'll be together.

Would we might meet again,
 Thou youth once mine!
 To follow in the ways of men,
 To roam in open field or fen,
 Thy hand in mine,
 Far better than alone to soar
 From height to height forevermore,
 O youth once mine!

But could we ever stay
 Here side by side,
 Romping like birds in May
 Far, far and wide,
 No smiling heaven could draw my heart
 With thee and thy glad self to part.
 Therefore, dead youth, calmly to-day,
 But sadly, we part.

SPIRITS OF YULE

[Published in the January Student, 1898.]

Druid of the mystic days,
 I see thee in the light
 That shimmers from the Yule-tide blaze
 This holy night!

A thousand years reach out to thee
 Their white and glossy hands,
 And bind a thousand realms to thee
 With golden bands.

Far over the silent, frost-white fields,
 And forest wild and bare,
 From where the sounding ocean yields
 Its secrets rare,

Through earth and air and steel-gray sky,
 Thine unheard voice hath spread,—
 A voice comes from lands unknown,—
 Voice of the dead.

O Spirit of the Beautiful,
Dwell with mankind!
Let us be once undutiful,
Let us be blind!

In all this cold and naked life
Grant us, we pray, one night
To see again the young world wrapt
In dreamland light!

Bring us the childhood of the past!
Bring us its mystery!
Dethrone proud Science, crush his crown
Of harsh reality!

Winds from the wide, still northern plains,
Sing wild, wild and strong!
Flame from the dying hearth, sing thou
A quiet song!

Druid of the sacred oak and mystic mistletoe,
Come near at Christmastide,
And while the world is clothed in snow,
With us abide.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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LEE M. WHITE.....Editor
H. J. MASSEY.....Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

H. E. PEELE.....Editor
C. S. BARNETT.....Associate Editor

LEE B. WEATHERS, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEE M. WHITE, Editor

John Charles
McNeill

In the death of Mr. McNeill, North Carolina and the South has lost one of her most brilliant men of letters. The "Robert Burns of the Old North State" is with us no more. Wake Forest weeps for her son whom she is justly proud to claim. Every lover of the beautiful, of poetry, of nature, feels his loss keenly, for his pen

"Singing the songs of the field and the fen
As sang the lark; as sang the wren,
Dreaming of songs still yet unsung
Lo! The silence falls on heart and tongue."

Mr. McNeill, as year by year passed away, commanded a larger band of followers, and then to have been taken at the time when he was coming into his own. But yet we have, if not his presence, his own words to comfort us. As expressed so beautifully by one of our North Carolina poets:

"As leaf by leaf I sadly turn
These pages o'er,
A sweeter thought than e'er I've caught
From them before
Rises to comfort me.

Are these not broken lisplings of
A richer theme
Toward which thy soul, frail-bound,
Didst yearn and dream
Till one should set it free?"

Mr. McNeill's genius is remarkable for its versatility. Herein he surpasses his contemporaries. His dialect poems, his serious, and quaint humorous stanzas and couplets have each to themselves a distinct charm. Throughout all his poems there runs that native grace and freedom of expression, that "something" which only the born poet possesses. Even the most casual reader can but notice what a completeness of workmanship his poems are. His was a natural perfection and grace of expression which even our Poe would have praised.

His favorite poet, Burns, seemed to be his ideal as regards his less serious stanzas. As regards his other verses, there is in them that seriousness which probably his love for Poe had engendered, and yet, there are some of his poems which only his master hand could have fashioned.

Strongly embodied in his poetry is the love of life, its many beauties, its sorrows. These show more truly than anything else the man's heart attuned to the very clearest note of accord with Nature and her God. His soul was full to overflowing with life.

"To have seen the sun come back, to have
 Seen children again at play—
 To have heard the thrush when the woods are green
 Welcome the new-born day,
 To have felt the soft grass cool to the feet,
 To have smelt earth's incense, heavenly sweet,
 To have shared the laughter along the street."

Yet, in the short time in which he lived he seems to have drunk deep of the well of life. But somewhere, with all these blessings, there lurked in him that premonition, that intangible fancy that it would not be long.

"Green moss will creep
 Along the shady graves where we shall sleep.
 Each year will bring
 Another brood of birds to nest and sing.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

At dawn will go
 New ploughmen to the fields we used to know.
 Night will call home
 The hunter from the hills we loved to roam.
 She will not ask,
 The milkmaid, singing softly at her task,
 Nor will she care
 To know if I were brave or you were fair.
 No one will think
 What chalice life had offered us to drink,
 When from our clay
 The sun comes back to kiss the snow away."

Would that he had lived so that he could have more
 fully realized his own high ambition!

"Would that I might live a thousand careless years,
 To drink each cup of pleasure thou canst give,
 And learn some time within far-distant days
 To sing in thy great name a worthy song."

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

BY THE FACULTY EDITOR.

I have been requested by the Editors to add a word to what has already been written in praise of the talented young poet to whom this issue of THE STUDENT is dedicated. What I write must be in the form of personal reminiscence; to others has been accorded the privilege of critical judgment.

Mr. McNeill entered the Modern Language Department at the beginning of the third year of his college course and remained in this work for three years, completing the advanced courses in French and German. His work in the first year classes was characterized by thorough conscientiousness and scholarly care and exactness. Without difficulty he won and retained throughout the first place.

The testing-time, however, for all students of language is in the advanced classes, where mastery of detail must be combined with true literary appreciation in order to gain the highest success. It is just at this point that most students fail, and again it is just at this point that the faithful teacher experiences either the humiliation of wasted energy or the unspeakable pleasure of seeing his labors adequately rewarded.

I can never think of Mr. McNeill's participation in advanced Modern Language work without being reminded of the fine words put by Moliere in the mouth of one of his characters: "There is pleasure, you must grant, in working for persons who are capable of appreciating the delicacies of an art, who are fully conscious of the beauties of a work, and by intelligent approbations reward you for your toil. Yes, the most delightful reward possible to receive for what you have done is to see your work adequately recognized and fostered by praise that does you honor. There is nothing, in my opinion, which pays you better than that for all your trouble, and intelligent applause is truly the most exquisite joy."

Two instances are sufficient to illustrate what I wish to say in this connection. During the year that Mr. McNeill was a member of my Advanced French Class, I made bold to introduce a play that had just appeared with great eclat upon the stage of Paris,—I mean Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It was with some degree of trepidation that I awaited the result of this innovation. But it was not long in declaring itself. McNeill, with the instinct of genius, was immediately filled with enthusiasm for the beauties and the splendid theatrical effects of the piece; to this enlightened leader the whole class responded in ready sympathy, and the study of the modern French drama was during that year (pardon the alliteration) a succession of successes.

Encouraged by such results, I ventured an experiment (a thing I rarely do) in my advanced German the next year. I introduced for trial a little prose idyll—Rosegger's *Waldschulmeister*, a pretty, but, I thought, somewhat overrated story. The result was as I had expected. As far as McNeill was concerned the piece fell flat. He could hardly summon up enough interest to fittingly prepare the daily reading-lesson. Sincerely thankful when this book was finished, I introduced the class at once into the study of Heine's poems. McNeill became a transformed man; not satisfied with the volume of extracts, he bought a copy of Heine's Complete Poems, and for two months the volume was scarcely out of his hand. His whole heart went out into the sweet and tender lyrics of the great German writer, and poet with poet it was love at first sight.

This is not the occasion for me to speak of the close bonds of friendship that drew me to John Charles McNeill—of his genial smile, his helpful sympathy, his abundant store of the most delicious humor, fresh, sparkling, and inexhaustible as an ever bubbling fountain. It is fitting to state, in conclusion, that no man ever loved his Alma Mater more than he, and it is a question whether it was the college or *THE STUDENT* that was uppermost in his thoughts. Throughout his college course he was a constant contributor to its pages, and during his editorship (a position with which he was honored for two years) he gave to the magazine the best that was in him—the magnificent outflow of youthful genius.

At the time when the Editors contemplated the Lee Memorial Issue last session, Mr. McNeill was requested to contribute a poem. To this request he readily com-

plied and wrote the little poem which appeared at the beginning of that number—a poem full of devotion to Lee and yet mentioning with praise that other great American, Lincoln, whom the South honors as well as the North. Accompanying this poem was the following characteristic letter, which I transcribe almost in full:

Dec. 7, 1906.

This replies to your request received to-day. I am a poor judge of my stuff, and I rely on you to "kill" these verses if they will not hold their own with the other material in *THE STUDENT*. I am pleased to know of your enthusiasm and that you are all trying to give the magazine a new toe-hold. When I write in it I should like to do respectable work, for I take pride in the fact (I think it is a fact) that I am the only boy who was ever an editor of *THE STUDENT* two years in succession.

Believe me,

Cordially yours,

JOHN C. McNEILL.

We, the editors of *THE STUDENT*, wish to thank our contributors for the articles which they have so kindly written for us. For the words of encouragement and interest, we are indebted to many.

We hope that this memorial of our poet will be a fitting tribute to his memory for those who loved and admired him, for those who will yet come to love him.

NOTICE.—*THE STUDENT* was unavoidably delayed on account of the impossibility of securing the contributions by the date we usually go to press. Knowing that the work of this memorial can be done but once, we have waited.

We wish to say that an article from Mr. R. C. Lawrence, in the course of preparation now, will be published in the next number. Mr. Lawrence has been delayed in the completion of his article.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

Prompted by the suggestion of a friend, we wish to call attention to the dearth of stories dealing with phases of college life. This is not confined to a few magazines alone, but we may say to the majority. While most of the college publications show a high standard in the material they put out, still it seems that the contributors might submit stories of real college life; stories which exhibit the spirit and trend of the institutions which they represent, instead of so many love stories and dry essays. We ourselves plead guilty to this charge, and offer no apology. But we hope to see more work permeated with college spirit and enthusiasm.

The first of the November magazines that we notice is *The Clemson College Chronicle*. It opens with a fairly good poem, followed by "The Cigarette," a first-class story. The plot is good and well arranged; the characters are portrayed in a life-like manner, and the writer makes them talk, which adds considerably to a story. It is a detective story—a form which is hard to handle. "The Development of Electrical Power in the Piedmont" is an article showing the development of future possibilities in this favored section of North and South Carolina. "Cupid Conquers" is a love story. This is the second and last installment of the story, the first part having come out in the October issue. It is an excellent piece of work. Enough of adventure and excitement are put in to make it interesting. The writer, by using the well-known tact of many story-tellers, closes the first part at a point where the reader is anxious to get the rest of the story. We think it better to have the whole story in one number, unless exceedingly long. "The New South" is an old subject and one often used, but 'tis well "to harp on such a moulder'd string," for the South is rapidly coming to her own again, and we should speak and write of it. "A Freak of Nature" seems incredible until the physicist explains it. The editorial columns are of medium length and fairly well conducted.

The Wesleyan.—This greets our eyes with pictures of the editors. The magazine is well proportioned, but a number of the pieces are too short. We find some good verse and two good stories. "The Princess and the Fool" shows ability, but from the beginning one suspects that the Fool will turn out to be the Prince. And so it happens. 'Tis made too evident at the start. "Why She Changed Her Mind" tells how a brother converted his sister from her "stuck-up" ways.

The Concept comes as a welcome visitor. Some one has remarked that girls are more apt at writing verse than boys. After reading two excellent poems in *The Concept* by Kate Drayton Simons, we have about reached the same conclusion. In our opinion, they are the best we have yet seen in our exchanges. The music and easy flow of language claims the attention. Rarely we see such productions from a student's pen. Some other good verse is thrown in at intervals. "Converse Commencement Debate" is very good, but we think it not appropriate in a magazine. Yet in this instance it adds something to the publication. "A Thanksgiving Blessing" and "In Case o' Sickness" are stories worthy of some mention. "The Wit of a Page" is the best in the magazine. As a whole, *The Concept* is good.

Randolph-Macon Monthly next claims our attention. "The Turning Point" is a good story, but the author seems to have an indefinite idea as to how it will turn out. In fact, one fails to catch the purpose. "The Railroad Rate Case in North Carolina" shows some study of the question. "The Iron Maiden" is told from the viewpoint of the first person. It is rare that a story can be interestingly presented in this form, and should not often be attempted unless one is a master in the craft. But in this case the writer succeeds well. Narrative ability is displayed. The style is good, and the hideousness and terror remind one of Poe's sanguinary productions. "Renunciation" is a pleasing poem. We have seen the same theme treated under the title of "Mother." But the poem betrays no lack of originality. "Letter from a Self-Made College Man to His Son" is short, and the writer takes the right view of the situation. The editorials are strong, clear, and cogent. The magazine is one of the best.

The William Jewell Student.—We read this with pleasure and pronounce it among the best on our table. It seems that the editor wants short stories, etc., for the magazine. If we may offer a suggestion, our criticism would be lack of long articles. The quality of the contributions is exceptionally good, and quantity would place it in the front ranks. "De Superlative Dinnah," written in negro dialect, makes one's mouth water for "possum and taters." More such productions should be encouraged. "The 'Crescent City': Its Historical Importance" gives a short sketch of New Orleans which is entertaining. "Things Are Not Always What They Seem" is an amusing short story and presents the young man in a ludicrous predicament. "Fifty Years' Getherin's" is typical of the "Wild and Woolly West," and has a flavor of cowboy life. "The Strong Men Believe in Cause and Effect" is better than the usual articles of its kind.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines, a large number of which are excellent: *The Mercerian*, *The Eatonian*, *The Hendrix*

College Mirror, The Central Collegian, Wofford College Journal, The Palmetto, The Newberry Stylus, Isaqueena, Davidson College Magazine, The Trinity Archive, The Guilford Collegian, State Normal Magazine, The Red and White, The Howard Collegian, Southwestern University Magazine, The Winthrop College Journal, The College Message, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Black and Gold, The Susquehanna, The Acorn, Pine and Thistle, Vanderbilt Observer, Brenau Journal, The University Magazine, The Cosmos, Ouachita Rifles, The Philomathean Monthly, The Index, The St. Mary's Muse, Chimes, The X-Ray, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era, and The Furman Echo.

CLIPPINGS

"A fluff, a frill,
A smile, a thrill,
A ring, a look,
She's now a cook."—*Ex.*



?

Sweetest thing in all the world,
Just the dearest little girl,
Is she?

Sweetest thing in all the land,
Just the dearest little man,
Is he?

Sweetest couple would they make,
If the man she'll only take,
Will she? —*E. K. A., in The Concept.*



"'Non paratus,' freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look,
'Omne rectum,' Prof. respondit,
'Nihil,' scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*



Don't let her little brother see
You kiss your dear farewell,
For all philosophers agree
'Tis the little things that tell.—*Ex.*



TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I can not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching far.

I had rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Be is a Hasn't Been,
But a Has was once an Are.

Also an Are is Is and Am;
A Was was all of these;
So I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Hasn't, if you please.—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

—Rev. Caleb A. Ridley, of Live Oak, Fla., who is a Western North Carolina man and a Wake Forest man, has been called to the First Baptist Church, Beaumont, Texas, to succeed Dr. J. L. White, who comes to our First Church at Greensboro. Mr. Ridley is only thirty-four years old and has been greatly blessed of God in his work. At Live Oak, where he has been for three years, he has built an elegant house of worship, added four hundred to the membership, and otherwise strengthened and built up the work. A great opportunity is opened to him in Beaumont.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'89-'91. Zeb. B. Sanders is practicing law at Albemarle, N. C., and is meeting with much success.

—H. W. Brickhouse is at LaFayette, Colorado, and likes the place.

—E. Delke Pierce is at Anderson, S. C., in the graded school.

—'79-'84. W. B. Pope, of McMinnville, Ore., Corresponding Secretary of the Oregon Baptist State Convention, has a glad and thankful heart. Soon after he left the State Secretaryship in Colorado for a similar work in Oregon, he was seriously injured in a railroad wreck. The recent session of the Colorado Convention sent to him a love token which amounted to \$200. He renews his subscription to *The Word and Way* and says: "The subscribers get a great deal more than their money's worth in direct returns." His Oregon brethren have delighted his heart. Dependent upon crutch and cane indoors, and a wheel-chair outdoors, he has done his best. The first time in the history of the organized work in Oregon the Convention closed the year with a balance instead of a deficit. The campaign was conducted from Pope's sick room. but it was successful. His brethren honor him. He is gaining in strength, but he needs rest and special treatment. God is blessing him and his Oregon brethren.—*The Word and Way*.

—'89-'92. The Accredited Press Gallery Correspondents of Washington, D. C., at their meeting on November 30th, elected Thos. J. Pence to the Standing Committee of Correspondents which shall serve during the 60th Congress as the body to manage the galleries in conjunction with Speaker of the House and the Committee on Rules of the Senate. This is the first time a Southern man has been so honored. Mr. Pence represents the *Raleigh News and Observer* in Washington, and is an able newspaper correspondent.

—'50-'55. Prof. A. J. Emerson, D.D., famous at William Jewell College, an alumnus of Wake Forest College, and Mrs. Bettie A. Calhoun, formerly of Liberty, N. C., were united in marriage in Denver, Col., November 6, 1907. We congratulate these two excellent people. Their present address is 3631 West ——— Avenue, Denver, Col.

—In the November issue of *Modern Language Notes*, Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, of the Department of English in Cornell University, corrects an error repeated by one authority on English from another. The error is the attribution of a poem, "What Thing is Love?" by Robert Greene, to the Earl of Oxford.

—'88-'91. Mr. John A. Oates announces in the *North Carolina Baptist* for November 27 that he has sold that paper to the Biblical Recorder Publishing Co. He has been editor of *The Baptist* for fifteen years, and turns over to *The Recorder* a constituency of 7,400 subscribers. He is Chairman of the Anti-Saloon League of the State, and will give much of his time to the further promotion of the cause of temperance, which the already owes so much to his unselfish labors. He will continue the general printing business of the N. C. Baptist Publishing Co. in Fayetteville. He was lately elected President of the Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce.

—'07. Mr. Herbert L. Wiggs of Atlanta and Miss Torrey of Philadelphia were married at the home of the bride's father, Rev. R. A. Torrey, on the 18th of December, 1907.

—'86-'89. Dr. John E. White, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Atlanta, on the invitation of the University of Virginia, preached three sermons there the last of October. His address on the occasion of the farewell banquet in honor of John Temple Graves in Atlanta seems to have been the chief address, and was printed in full in one of the Atlanta papers. Dr. White speaks of two Wake Foresters in the University of Virginia: "Our two Wake Forest men are in strong evidence by President Alderman's side. Dr. R. H. Whitehead, known around Wake Forest as 'Dick Whitehead,' is dean of the Medical Faculty. Prof. Harry Heck is full Professor of the new chair of Education. He not only teaches his classes, but does educational extension work by lectures over the country. Of him I heard the highest praise." He adds, "The University authorities treated me with distinguished courtesy."

—Postmaster Willis G. Briggs of Raleigh attended the recent Convention of the Postmasters of Georgia at Macon, and made an address on the "Relation of the Postmaster to the Community." Mr. Briggs was the moving spirit in the notable Raleigh convention of October last.

—'83-'87. Prof. J. B. Carlyle, of the Chair of Latin, was unanimously elected President of the Baptist State Convention at its meeting in Wilmington this month to succeed Mr. W. N. Jones ('75-'79), the

retiring President. Prof. Carlyle justly deserves this mark of recognition from the Baptists of the State for the noble service which he has rendered *Wake Forest College* and Baptist education in the State during the past twelve months. In that time, alone and unaided, he has raised \$112,500 to be added to the present endowment of Wake Forest College. This was a great undertaking, and one requiring unceasing labor in its accomplishment. But Professor Carlyle undertook it with his characteristic zeal and vigor, raising \$112,500 in the time specified by the Carnegie Education Board upon which condition it will donate \$37,500 to the endowment, making Wake Forest College \$150,000 better off to-day than it was twelve months ago.

—In the Cambridge correspondence to *The News and Observer*, dated November 16, 1907, we notice the names of three Wake Forest men who were admitted to the Carolina Club at its last meeting. They are B. W. Parham ('00), P. C. McDuffie ('04), and G. R. Edwards ('07). In speaking of the meeting of the club the correspondence goes on to say: "A more hearty, enthusiastic patriotic gathering of sons loyal to their mother State than that which met in No. 304 Carnegie Hall on November 2d would be hard to find. It was the first meeting of the year. Hundreds of miles from home, these young fellows met on a common ground; they were all Carolinians. A stranger dropping among them would not have realized that he was in staid old New England, for their minds and hearts and tongues were all intent on things "down home." Nearly all of them graduates of Southern colleges, they naturally turned to those good old days of college life—of ball games between rival colleges and especially of some great Thanksgiving game in which Carolina had walloped Virginia. Another striking illustration of the spirit that prevails among the Carolinians at Harvard which is forcibly brought out at their meetings is the interest in the future of the South, especially the Carolinas. These fellows are talking about what they intend to do when they go back home, for they are all going back. In a few more years there will not only be a Carolina Club at Harvard, but there will also be a Harvard Club in Carolina. The Carolina Club has never been so large, nor has such a hearty, fraternal spirit prevailed among its members as at present. It may and does justly claim to be one of the strongest State clubs at Harvard."

—74-77. The following tribute to the judicial ability of Judge Erastus B. Jones is taken from *The Fayetteville Observer*, and is headed "Judicial Philosopher":

"Judge E. B. Jones, who has been holding the fall terms of Cumberland Superior Court, closed his final term for this county on his present round yesterday, and left on the noon train for his home in Winston for a few days rest before going to Columbus and Robeson counties to hold his final courts in the district.

"There is no gainsaying the fact that Judge Jones is an original and interesting character, and withal a gentleman of engaging and delightful qualities of mind and heart. He is a man of marked individuality; a good natured man and kind-hearted judge, who administers justice tempered with mercy.

"Tall and stalwart of form, broad shouldered, with strong, rugged and clear-cut features, a large and massive head, crowned with a full shock of hair once black, but now silvered with grey, in the meridian splendor of a vigorous and healthy manhood, Judge Jones, both in person and bearing suggests the rugged hills and mountains among which he was born and reared and has lived. His manner and presence are suggestive of the pure and invigorating breezes which fan the hilltops and mountains of his native home, and there is combined in his unique personality at once the acumen of the able lawyer, the poise of a sound jurist, the ripe wisdom of a true philosopher, and the ready wit of a native-born humorist.

"Without sacrificing the judicial dignity, his Honor is always quick to see the humor that is apt to characterize the most solemn judicial proceeding, and is himself sometimes the unconscious author of humorous incidents connected with the trial of a case. There is nothing dull about a term of criminal court when Judge Jones presides. His charge to the grand jury is full without tedium, and delivered with a force and emphasis that leaves nothing to doubt. One admirer who heard his charge for the first time pronounced it "a fine judicial sermon," and later assured his Honor of his firm conviction that any judge who could talk to a grand jury like that stood a good chance of heaven when he died.

"Speaking of his Honor's wit: In the trial of a white man charged with whipping his wife, at a recent term of court in another county, the man came into court with his wife, an attractive and modest-looking little woman, and informed the Court that he and his wife had "made it up" and that he wished to "draw" the case, as they call a *nolle prosequi* in this particular county. Now, if the gallant Judge may be said to have a pet aversion, it is the man who maltreats the gentler sex, especially the wife-beater. Rightly suspecting the whipping was not the mild affair represented by the defendant, a big strapping fellow, the wife, with evident reluctance, was required to go on the stand and testify to a most cruel and brutal whipping at the hands of the husband. Whereupon his Honor remarked to the defendant, 'My friend, you have "drawed" just twelve months on the public roads.'

"In the rush of business at this week's court in Fayetteville, two regular juries were constantly in requisition to dispatch the business of the court. At one time both juries were out, one on a hog-stealing case and the other on a fighting and shooting scrape at Hope Mills, which proved to be quite a bloody affair. Another case was called, and no jury

in the box. The Sheriff enquired of his Honor if he should call another jury. 'Where is the other jury?' asked the Court, with rising irritation, forgetting for the moment that both juries were busy with cases. 'Considering the Hope Mills case, your Honor,' responded the Sheriff. 'O,' called back the Judge, with returning good humor, 'I had forgotten the hattle of Hope Mills.'

"It is such flashes of wit and choice hits of humor as these that constantly brighten and cheer the pathway of those who have to do with courts of justice presided over by Judge Erastus B. Jones. And who shall say that even the guiltiest convict does not go to his punishment with a lighter heart and perchance a fixed purpose of future amendment, in the soothing reflection that the sentence of the law was imposed upon him by a just Judge whose heart was too full of sunshine and good nature to hold aught in malice against any man, most of all a poor unfortunate who is 'down and out.'"

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—December!

—Snow!!

—Examinations!!!

—Here's to the holidays!

—Mr. Edward Conn is now associate editor of *The News and Observer*.

—Mr. J. B. Farmer, of *The Biblical Recorder*, conducted chapel exercises on November 27th.

—Miss Minnie Gwaltney, the head nurse in our College Hospital, was called home during the early part of the month by the death of her father, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney.

—Mr. Livingston Johnson, Secretary of the State Mission Board, paid us his annual visit on the first Sunday in December.

—The following Y. M. C. A. officers have been elected for the ensuing year: C. J. Jackson, President; N. A. Melton, Vice-President; R. L. McMillan, Recording Secretary; J. D. Carroll, Corresponding Secretary; J. M. Adams, Treasurer.

—Rev. R. P. Walker, of Lenoir, an alumnus of this college, visited his home here recently and was greeting his old friends among the boys. He led the prayer services in chapel on Friday morning, December 13th.

—The second of the series of college lectures was delivered by Dr. Raper, of the University of North Carolina, in the early part of December. His subject was

The Schoolmaster's Doctrine of Economics, and his lecture, both interesting and instructive.

—The one hundred and fifty thousand dollar increase in the endowment of Wake Forest College is a fact, the raising of it is history, and Prof. J. B. Carlyle, who was unanimously elected President of the Baptist State Convention at Wilmington, and who has been styled, in the happy phrase of *The Biblical Recorder*, the Prince of endowment agents, is the man of the hour. Thunderous applause greeted his first appearance in chapel after his return from the Convention, and for many days he was kept busy answering the questions of eager enquirers who wanted to know how the thing was done. Often disappointed but never discouraged, Professor Carlyle gave himself heart and soul to this endowment movement, and, as usual, he has brought things to pass. Now that victory has crowned his efforts all the difficulties encountered and the obstacles overcome but add to the weight of the glory of his triumph. Let those who love Wake Forest and rejoice in the promise that the future holds for the old college never, in days to come, forget to give honor to him to whom highest honor is due.

—Nowhere was the news of success in raising the endowment fund received with greater and more genuine enthusiasm than among the students of the college itself. Eagerly and impatiently the boys waited to hear from the Convention, and when at last the telegram announcing victory was read before the student body in Memorial Hall, cheer after cheer rang through the building. It was cheering that meant something, too,—cheering which sprang from the same enthusiasm and love for the college that had already expressed itself in dollars.

—The most delightful entertainment afforded us in many months was that presented by Mr. Albert Arm-

strong, who appeared, on November 26th, before an appreciative audience in Memorial Hall in his illustrated lecture, or rather, picture-play, *Lorna Doone*. As each picture was thrown upon the screen the lecturer, standing in the shadow, so effectively impersonated the characters represented that one continually found himself forgetting that it was the lecturer and not the pictured characters who spoke. Should Mr. Armstrong visit us again we think that he would be given a larger audience.

—On the evening of the 7th Mrs. Sledd delightfully entertained a number of friends in her home. Several musical selections were rendered, Mr. Hubert Poteat, Miss Ruby Reid, Miss Bessie Dunn and Mrs. Sledd each contributing one or more selections to the program. After the music delicious refreshments were served and then followed games without number and fun without measure. Indeed the entire evening was one of unalloyed pleasure to all who were present. The guests were Misses Hallie Powers, Lulie Dickson, Ruby Reid, Bessie Dunn, Lula Dunn, Ada Lee Timberlake, Mattie Gill, Mrs. J. L. Allen, Mrs. J. R. Crozier, Mrs. John Brewer; and Messrs. Hubert Poteat, W. H. Vann, George Marshall, John Brewer, Will Furman, Leslie Hardy, C. M. Oliver, Lee Weathers, Lee White.

—The class contests in football are over and the laurels rest with the team of the junior class. It is safe to say, however, that there has been played on our athletic field no such exciting series of games for a class championship in several years. The final struggle was between the juniors and the sophomores, and these two teams met one another when each had a brilliant victory to its credit. In the first game between these teams there was no score. At one time, indeed, the juniors were within a bare inch of a touch-down, but just at the

critical moment the sophomore line grew as rigid as rock and would not be moved. The second game looked, in the beginning, as though it would be a repetition of the first; but somehow, before the first half was over, "Buck" McMillan got around the sophomores' end, and close by his side was Leggett. The goal was hardly less than forty yards distant, however, and no one dreamed of a touch-down yet. There were two or three sophomores in the way. But none of these sophomores ever got hold of Buck for a fair tackle. Leggett's splendid interference put every one of them out of the way, and the juniors scored. The sophs fought hard in the second half, but their confidence was gone. Again and again Collins was hurled against their line for a gain, and at the end the score stood 18 to 0 in favor of the juniors.

—On November 27th, at the old Purefoy Hotel, the junior team celebrated their football victory with a banquet, to which several young ladies of the Hill were invited. The company were received by Mrs. Crozier and Mrs. Sledd, and the evening was spent in feasting and merry-making. Toasts were proposed, responses were made, and speeches were called for. Indeed, overflowing good humor and sparkling wit characterized the entire occasion. A few weeks later the sophomore team was given a smoker by Mr. Will Duffy, the President of their class, and here, too, we are informed, the fun was fast and furious.

—So far as basket-ball is concerned, Wake Forest is certainly far and away beyond anything in the State. Having seen our boys pile up 63 to 0 on Littleton and watched them do Trinity Park to the tune of 57 to 8, we were anxious for them to get hold of a real team. So we sent them to Trinity, and in due season came the message bearing the news of Trinity's downfall. She was

beaten by a score of 20 to 11. Then came Guilford's turn, and once more the welcome news of victory came to us, the score, this time, being 18 to 15. Then, at last, to our delight, Trinity paid us a visit. It was a glorious game. Trinity had the evident advantage in weight and height, but Wake Forest outplayed her. That's all there is to it. Once more the score stood 20 to 11 in Wake Forest's favor. Guilford, however, gave us the snappiest, fastest game that has ever been played on the floor of the Wake Forest Gymnasium, when she came to try her fortune here. But despite fast and spectacular playing, Guilford suffered the common fate, and left us with another victory to add to our list—29 to 10 was the score. Thus during the fall Wake Forest has played six games and won them all! "Here's to Wake Forest!" May she find other worlds to conquer in the coming year.

—Following the game with Trinity the visiting team were invited to a smoker, which was given in their honor by Mr. J. W. Bailey. Our own team and a few outside fellows were present to help in making the occasion pleasant for the visitors, and pleasant indeed, we trust, did it prove. When refreshments had been served and when all were seated and comfortably smoking, Mr. Bailey, the host, took full charge of the proceedings. After a few kindly words of greeting and welcome to his Trinity friends and guests, he called on Dr. Poteat for a patriotic,—a call to which Dr. Poteat responded with his usual dignity and felicity of expression. There then followed speeches from the coach and from the captain of the visiting team, and to these Captain Couch, of our team, responded. With toasts and speeches the evening passed all too quickly, and our boys bade their Trinity friends good-bye with sincere regret.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 5

IN SLUMBER LAND

BY WILL E. MARSHALL, '10.

The printed words grow dim before my eyes;
Down slips the book and undisturb'd lies;
The fire, erstwhile so bright, now slowly dies
And leaves me wandering in Slumber Land.

King Sand Man rules, and with a gentle hand
He sways the golden scepter o'er the land,
But every night he fills with magic sand
The eyes of mortal man, from Slumber Land.

I see a shady park and enter there,
And by a fountain sits a maiden fair,
With dimpled cheeks and waving golden hair—
So fair she is!—that lass in Slumber Land.

Now, sweetheart, will you make a guess or two
At who the maiden is I see? Please do!—
Well, then, I'll have to tell you—it is *you*,
And only you, this lass of Slumber Land.

WHY UNCLE HENRY WAS LATE

BY R. L. McMILLAN, '09.

The sun was well up above the tree tops. All the hands had gone to the field and the trace-chains could hardly be heard dangling against the hames as the hindmost ones turned their mules from the road, backed them up to the plows and, leaping to the ground, prepared for another's day work of "bedding up" cotton land. Even wall-eyed Jacob, the slowest darkey "unhung," had finished currying "Gray Bob" and slowly headed him toward the black bottom; still nothing was to be seen of Uncle Henry. Uncle Henry was tending only twenty acres with club-footed Mike, but he was usually in the field by sun-up, and had a round or two plowed before the other hands had even "caught out." In a few minutes, however, I saw him turn the corner of Walter's garden and start down the road in his usual "'possum rack." I thought I would see what was the matter with the old darkey, not that I was afraid he would get behind with his work, as he was far ahead of any one in the neighborhood, but to find out the reason for Uncle Henry's getting to the lot after sun-up.

As he walked toward the buggy shelter where I was standing, he looked a little more grum than usual and I heard him "mumbling" something to himself about going to work without any breakfast.

"Good morning, Uncle Henry, you're a little late about getting out to work. What's the matter?" I said to the old man.

"Lawd! Mr. Archie, if you'd er seed whut I'se seed and er heard whut I'se heard, you'd think eberthing 'us de madder!"

"There must be something wrong sure enough. Has an owl got your other dominee rooster, or did the red pig die, or what?"

"Taint nuffin 'bout pigs ur roosters, but I seed some strange sights and nebber slep' nary wink las' night."

"Well, tell me about it."

"You knows Joe and Sam Purcel, whut works fur Mr. Ed. McNair, de ole man Steben's boys? Dey hab been atter me ter go huntin' wid um some ub deze nights, 'case dey knows Tip can't be beat fur 'possums. Well, dey come ober ter my house las' night and 'lowed I knowed de woods and mus' go wid um. I tole de boys dat tus no time ter hunt, here in de fus' o' March; but dey persisted, and so I drewed out my ole shoes, put um on and started, dough I wus mighty stiff fum plowing in dat new groun'."

"It wus ur fine night and we cetched two mis'able fat 'possums back o' Mr. Bill McGirt's new groun'. 'Bout 12 o'clock it started to rainin', so we went in dat ole house back o' Mr. Smithie's fiel', side de 'long bay,' and 'lowed dat we'd wait fur Tip ter tree, fur he struck ur hot coon trail under one o' dem 'simmon trees. One de boys started ur fire in de ole fire-place and den we stretched out on de floor and 'fo' I knowed anything I wus fas' asleep."

"I don't know zactly, but I spose I wus 'sleep 'bout ur hour when I wus woke up by de fire ur fryin and ur frizin lack ur pan o' water wus throwed on it. When I looked up de room was dark and I seed Joe and Sam make ur leap clean out de door and slam it berhin' um. Den I seed ur man jump fum de lof', walk ter de door wid-out makin' no noise and fasten it. But while he wus walkin' ter de door I run back ter de end o' de house and got berhind some boxes and barrels, 'case I knowed dere wus no way ter git out, bein' dere wus jist one door. Den

I seed dat man walk ter de fireplace where I wus lyin', and when he seed I won't dere he took ur fit. He rolled over, he twisted 'roun', he kicked de wall, wussin ur man hittin' it wid ur axe. Den I couldn't see nuffin. I thought den dat he wus gone, and it made me feel good. I squat still in de corner fur 'bout ur hour and den thought I'd git up, look 'roun ur leetle and see ef I couldn't git out. But Lawd, Mr. Archie"—at this Uncle Henry shivered violently and looked around in every direction—"when I riz to my knees I felt ur han' colder'n ice press on my bres' and mash me down flat o' my back. I looked up an' I seed dat man, and he had no head on his shoulders. I spose I fainted. I dunno dough, fur dey says a man gits white when dey faints, an' I couldn't look nowheres but where dat man's head ought'er been. I lay plum still, hopin' dat he wud fergit I wus dere er think I wus ur pile ur ole clothes, but ebber time I riz up ur leetle he would shove me back down wid dat cole han' o' hissun. Mr. Archie, I wus tryin' ter pray, fur I knowed 't'us some sort o' spirit had me.

"I dunno how long he held me dere wid bofe o' us sayin' nuffin, but adder ur pow'ful long time I heard Mr. Jack McGirt's bell ring fur 5 o'clock. Mr. Archie, you needun be ur laughin', fur its de Lawd's truth an', more un dat, hants don't take no foolery, an' one nll sho git you yit."

"I wus only laughin', Uncle Henry," said I, "because you only had a bad dream. If it had been a 'hant' it would have said why it was holding you."

"I h'een't said yit dat it didn't say nuffin. Jis' atter I heard dat bell ring I axed it, 'Please, Mr. Hant, I h'een't dun you no harm and I will take back dem taters I got fum Mr. Archie's tater hill.' Den de hant said, sorter half-way singin' and in ur mournful voice:

"You hunts me on Monday night, you hunts me on Tuesday night, you hunts me on ebber night in de week and Saddy till after 12 o'clock. Dese poor ole coons and 'possums don' hab no rest."

"Den I axed it es solemeholly es possible, 'Is I been huntin' you ebber night?' 'ease I knowed 't'us ur spirit takin' up fur coons and 'possums. Den hit tole me dat it wus de ghost o' Ike McLean, ur nigger who 'us shot one Saddy night 'bout 2 o'clock atter comin' in fum coon huntin'—yon know Ike dat got killed las' Jinnywar 'us three yer ago. It tole me dat it would spend ur hundred yeers wawuin' folks 'bout killin' all de coons and 'possums and den—'t'ood go ter hell. Den it let me up ('tus good sun-up) and tole me ter go, not eat no breckus and ter be shore not nebber ag'in hunt out o' season er on Saddy night."

At this, Uncle Henry, with a deep sigh, took his bridle off the wooden stob and, with his head bowed, walked toward the lot as in deep meditation. In a few minutes he came from the lot leading his mule and I actually saw tears trickling down the old man's cheeks. My feelings were touched at this sight, as I had never before seen Uncle Henry shed tears. I knew there was no use to offer the old darkey any breakfast, but yet I didn't think that he could hold out till noon without something to eat after being up all night, besides being frightened almost to death. He was the first to speak:

"Mr. Archie, der you reekin' Mr. Alexander wants ter buy Tip yit?" At this he broke down in sobs.

"Uncle Henry," I said, "there's no use in your selling Tip. That thing don't gare if you hunt in the fall and winter when everybody else hunts."

He finally decided to keep his old dog, which he loved as one of his children, but the last words I heard him say as he led his mule off were, "I shore ain't ur gwine ter hunt on Saddy night ur out o' season."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS

BY H. W. BALDWIN, '09.

The life of a truly great man, though his visible form has departed from the earth, is an inspiration forever to those that live. Such a man was Alexander H. Stephens. While I may not be warranted in saying that he was the greatest of Georgia statesmen, the popular verdict will sustain me in the assertion that to no one of her sons is that State more indebted for her glory at home and abroad.

Mr. Stephens's father was a poor man and owned only a small farm which, upon his death, was sold, and the proceeds were invested as a patrimony for his children. Of the estate Mr. Stephens's share amounted to four hundred dollars, but, despite his financial embarrassments, he succeeded in graduating with honor at the University of Georgia. He entered college with the intention of becoming a minister, but at the end of his sophomore year he changed his mind and chose the law as his profession. Several years afterwards, when he had achieved eminence at the bar and had gained money enough to be independent, he returned to the scene of his birth and purchased the old homestead, of which he was the proud possessor until his death. He named his home Liberty Hall—and appropriately, too, for all who frequented it were at perfect liberty to use its many luxuries and conveniences. Shaded by a large grove of grand oaks it was for many years the Mecca toward which all, the rich and poor, the high and low, bent their steps; some to learn wisdom at his feet, and others to get needed rest and food. He always kept a tramp's room, and at his hospitable board, on the same day, could often be seen

the proud, aristocratic Toombs, and the poor, despised wanderer, both, in for different ways, enjoying their sojourn at "little Aleck's."

Mr. Stephens's services to his country, his abilities as a lawyer, a historian, and the wonderful influence he exerted all during his life in political circles, have already been recorded in the Hall of Fame and are known to all hero-worshippers. But perhaps it might be interesting to mention some of the common-place events of his life which give us an insight into his noble character.

Mr. Stephens was a sincere sympathizer with the human family, his hands at all times being full of objects of charity and his means taxed to their utmost to keep up with them. Boys and girls at schools and colleges were paying their tuition or board or both with monthly checks he sent them. People of nearly every class, white and colored, the sick, the poor, the indebted, and frequently the unworthy were drawing from his treasury all he could possibly spare without himself going into debt, and indeed, he sometimes borrowed money to avoid disappointing his expectant beneficiaries.

Mr. Stephens always desired to do what others wanted him to do, and it was one of his strict rules to answer all his correspondents. This rule proceeded from no selfish policy, but from an unselfish desire to comply with the wishes of others. This disposition, widely known, filled his mail with letters from all kinds of people and on all kinds of subjects. No matter how pressed he was with work, no correspondent, however humble, however inquisitive, however cheeky, however idle and trifling his subject, was ever intentionally ignored, but, sooner or later, was very sure to get not merely a formal but a substantial answer to his letter.

A crank in Texas, who verily believed he had invented or discovered perpetual motion, wrote him at great length, giving confidentially the details of the secret and asking a loan of \$60 to have it patented. The fellow was educated and his grammar and diction faultless, but he was evidently crazy. No one else would have acknowledged such a letter, but Mr. Stephens went into a laborious reply, seriously attempting to convince him that his scheme was impossible and that any money thus spent would be a loss to them both. The letter was taken up verbatim and answered specifically, for which he was doubtless pronounced a fool, if not roundly cursed, by the demented Texan.

It was one of Mr. Stephens's peculiarities that he was willing to try almost any sort of medicine or remedy, no matter by whom suggested. When he fell, in May, 1882, on the steps of the capitol at Washington, and after nine weeks of suffering in bed, he began, under the skillful hand of Dr. Walsh, to recover, an old Irish woman who had called to get some help for her son, advised him to use St. Jacob's oil on his lame ankle. He sent out at once for a bottle and had his servant, Aleck, to apply the fluid freely. When the Doctor called again and learned what had been done he said there was danger of erysipelas resulting from the application, and advised its discontinuance, but Mr. Stephens never seemed to realize that he had acted improperly in taking the old woman's advice. It is probable that if she had called again that day she would have reversed Dr. Walsh, for Mr. Stephens himself was prone to review and often changed or discarded his doctor's prescriptions.

A rubber of whist two or three times daily was one of his highest sources of pleasure—one of the essentials, almost, of his existence. He had mastered the science

of the game, and in the title of "Whist," written by him in Johnson's Encyclopedia, many of the finest players say the subject is ably and completely treated. His reputation as a player attracted many votaries of the game from all classes of people to his rooms in Washington to try their hand with him. If good players, they were never released until they promised to call and play again; and this was true regardless of their personality in other respects. An old postal detective, for instance, often dropped in to play and was as often re-invited solely because of the smart game he could play, for he was very rude, and, as he had spent much of his life watching swindlers and thieves, he had forgotten there were any honest people in the world and seemed to think that an honest game at cards, even where there was no money at stake, was an impossibility. His insinuations of cheating were frequent and would have been taken as insulting but for his gray hairs and knowledge of his mode of life, which not only freed his remarks from any sting but made them laughable.

Mr. Stephens's estimate of the refining possibilities of whist was exalted. Two sisters of charity called on him and asked for a contribution to some hospital. He gave them money and some other things they designated as useful, and when they rose to leave the room, it occurred to him that he had several decks of cards to spare, which he found and offered them. They silently hesitated, whereupon he pronounced a disquisition on whist—as if cards were made for no other game—which not only put to flight their doubts but also induced them to accept the donation with an expression of thanks.

One of the finest traits in the character of Mr. Stephens was the extreme pride he took in the good standing and rugged honesty of his family. He was ever sympa-

thetic and affectionate to the humblest member, however distantly related to him. He greatly loved his half-brother, Linton Stephens, whose senior he was by eleven years. Mr. Stephens had become quite prominent and was making considerable money when Linton was large enough to attend school. He took great pains in having him properly prepared for college, and while Linton was at the University of Georgia, it was Mr. Stephens's custom to write him almost daily letters for the purpose of encouraging him in the pursuit of knowledge and aiding him in his more difficult studies. After his graduation, when he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia and had won an enviable reputation on the bench, no one looked upon his advancement with as much pride as did his brother Aleck.

After the death of Judge Linton Stephens, the friend whom Mr. Stephens leaned on and loved most was Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson. Although he often quoted approvingly—

" But still keep something to yourself,
Ye scarcely tell to any,"

yet his periods of depression and the cause of them, concealed from all the rest of the world, were freely unbosomed to "Dick," the name he always gave to the Colonel. Often did he pause, suddenly, in the midst of important work, as if in despair, lay it aside and dictate and mail a letter to the Colonel, always beginning it with "My Dear Dick" and summoning him to come at once to see him. And when the glorious old Colonel would come his presence was a panacea for all of Mr. Stephens's woes. Never was one of these visits permitted to come to an end without the Colonel's having first been prevailed upon to read one or more of his "Dukesborough Tales" and take a hand in as many games of whist as possible.

Mr. Stephens was always very tender-hearted and was fond of pets. He had a blind dog, named Pluck, from his readiness to fight any and all other canines. He would often tell the poor blind brute, "Be sorry for poor, sick master," and old Pluck would put up a most dismal howl, which the great statesman loved to hear. This would cause him to laugh and make him remark upon the sagacity of his "wonderful dog." When Mr. Stephens dined, Pluck would sit by his chair and take bits of ham, chicken, and even cake from the hands of his master. This old dog also had a very sore and bad-smelling back, caused by an infection of the mange. The kind-hearted master daily washed the offensive back and applied to it any remedy suggested as a cure by his countless visitors.

Mr. Stephens was very fond of literature and read every new novel, all of which were sent to him by admiring friends. It required only three or four hours for him to peruse one of these and then he could tell more about it than the average person who had taken a week to read such a book. He would often read after retiring at night, which he always did at midnight, though he did not always go to sleep. Often sick and racked with pain, he never slept more than three to five hours.

On being asked what he regarded the highest encomium ever paid him, Mr. Stephens replied: "About six months ago a friend of mine from the East paid me a visit of a week's duration. He and I had served together in Congress before the war. While at my home he would make daily trips to our little town for exercise and to talk to our people. Upon each return he had to relate some compliment he had heard some of my kind friends pass upon me. Once when he returned he informed me that he had been talking to a very old, gray-haired negro. He had asked the old darkey if he knew

Mr. Stephens. The old fellow made this reply: 'Know who? Marse Aleck? Yas, sar, dat I does know Marse Aleck.' 'Well,' said the Northerner, 'what do you think of him?' 'What does I think of him. Of course I thinks well of him.' 'I do not mean it that way, my good man,' said the visitor. 'I wish to know what kind of a man my friend Stephens is.' 'Oh!' said the humble darkey, 'I understand you now. It is dess dis way about Marse Aleck: he shore is the best man in the world.' After a brief pause, the old man continued thus: 'I will tell you how he is: Marse Aleck is just naturally better to dogs than other people is to folks.'" That was what the man, praised and flattered at home and abroad, regarded as the highest compliment ever paid him.

By some who never knew him aright and by others of the class who find spots on the sun, Mr. Stephens has sometimes been rated as a demagogue—meaning one "who controls the multitude by deceitful arts, a panderer to public prejudices." Applied to him in this sense the epithet is a slander. It is true he mingled with the poor and lowly on equal terms socially to a greater extent than any other of our public men; and, to the falsely proud, might seem, in so doing, to be acting a part. And it might be that he did, in a literal but harmless sense, act a part in so doing. In the same manner, it may, without irreverence, be said that the Saviour, when, having applied His hands to the blind man's eyes, He asked him if he could see aught, acted a part. Omniscient, He knew before asking the question and better than the blind man knew, how much he could see. But the question was asked anyhow to show the unfortunate creature that his case was of interest to the Divine Questioner, and to impart a hope he had never known before. As already intimated, it is certainly true that in this

association with the common people, "the groveling herd," Mr. Stephens was not only sincere and at home, but also derived enjoyment from it. This enjoyment was not stimulated or lessened according as it was indulged before or after an election wherein he was a candidate nor according as it was within or beyond the territory of his constituents. At all times, at all places, among all classes, he was one and the same affable, kindly, sympathetic gentlemen. He thus drank in human nature, and no doubt by this knowledge was enabled the better to lead the people. It may be even that, for the people's good, he, knowing the popular current so well, conformed to it for awhile until the opportune moment arrived and then diverted it from the wrong to the right channel. Henry Grady, who ardently admired him, said, in substance, that this was a species of pardonable, even enviable, finesse, peculiar only to Aleck Stephens. There were times, however, as in 1860, for instance, when it became necessary, for duty's sake, for him to face the popular current point blank. On one of these occasions he said: "I fear nothing upon the earth, nothing above the earth, and nothing under the earth, except to do wrong."

His religious belief was a subject he seldom discussed and seldomer himself introduced. In reply to a letter received in 1882 from a lady friend asking him for an expression of his religious faith, he said that he still clung to the "faith of his fathers" and tried to live every day with reference to both God and man as though he knew it would be the last day of his life. To a preacher who told him when he was extremely sick that he would ask his church to pray for his recovery, he responded: "You may tell them to pray that God's will be done, and that I am neither hopeful nor despondent."

This sketch will be appropriately closed by a quotation from one of his most ardent friends: "As a statesman his image will repose in future ages in Fame's temple in the same niche with that of Calhoun and of Clay; as a philanthropist, his life long devotedness to the true interests and glory of the people of Georgia and of the whole Union, and his countless deeds for suffering humanity, have justly won him the appellation of the Great Commoner; as a historian, his constitutional views of the War between the States will rank him as the Thucydides of the South; as a philosopher and as a scholar his name will ever be honored in Georgia and throughout the common country."

LOVE'S ROSARY

BY R. E. WALKER, '09.

I.

The lowing kine stood huddled at the gate,
And bleating sheep were ambling down the lane,

While questing swallows darted near the earth,
And weary farmers hastened, homeward-bound.

For darkness falling from the skyward peaks
Was hiding all the valley-land away.

Lonely and sad, in a village of strangers I stood,
Disheartened and spiritless, tired of the struggle and
strain,

A man neither loving nor loved, I hated my life.
Anon I heard the sound of revelry,

And madly, blindly hastened to its source
To spend the hours in feigned happiness.

II.

"In maiden meditation fancy free"
I saw her move,—the goddess of my dreams,

Then all night long I nursed my restless heart,
And sleepless eyes beheld her heavenly face,

Till on his wing the lark my folly mocked,
And Morning called me from my pleasure-pain.

Now under the shade of the murmuring elm we sit,
Forgetting in silence the beauties of riotous May.

A whisper of love—a vow of devotion and trust—
A blush on her cheek,—and the elm kept murmuring on.

Never a word, but only a woman's tear,—
Her eyes, those depthless wells of innocent trust,

Modestly spoke of her trusting love. In joy
I seized her lily-white hand: I kissed it once—

I kissed it twice—and yet another time:
Her rosy lips no mortal might profane.

Love was blind, I thought her all divine;
But only a maid with a maiden's heart she was.

Teasing, testing, misunderstood, her sway
She lost; and I my confidence and hope.

“Going away? it really can not be,”
She says and stands so close,—so very close,

I hear the laboring of her tender heart;
Her sad brown eyes with tearful lids look up,

And pleading seem to say, “Don't leave me so.”
Alas! O cursed day! O haughty heart!

III.

In vain regret my summerless years go by,
And pensive moods have settled o'er my soul.

When shadows hasten toward the Morning-land,
And on the air some plaintive song is borne,

I love to think her angel spirit near,—
I hear, “Unwillingly I left you so.”

PATRICK'S RUSE

BY RUDOLPH SHAD, '10.

There had been a serious wreck up the road which had delayed my train eighteen hours, and all hope of reaching Moultriville in time of catching the weekly steamer was abandoned. However, from a drummer I learned that a little schooner left Moultriville every second Saturday for Marvin's Point, a little village down the sound about seventy-five miles, so after all I might be able to keep my engagement with several friends from New York and take the fishing trip.

Immediately upon reaching Moultriville I hastened with my fishing tackle and suit-case to the dock, where a citizen told me the *Molly O* was accustomed to "tie up" while in port. I finally arrived at the river and came all out of breath to the right pier, but to my consternation nothing in the way of a sailing craft was in sight. Over at the end of the pier I saw several men sitting around in the sun. I approached them and enquired as to the length of time I would have to wait before the next boat.

"Well, ye'll have to drop yer anchor till day after tomorrow, friend, unless you can get Fred Wiggins's cat-boat," said an old grizzly looking "tar" as he raised up on one arm and took his plug of tobacco out. "You say you want to go to Marvin's Point. Well, I'll guarantee that if you try to make the trip in that cat-boat ye'll be a month in gitting thar. Have a seat and take a chew."

Seeing that my fishing trip was knocked "sky high," and that I would have to wait several hours before a train left for Savannah, I decided that talking to these old sailors, the habitual loafers on the water-front of a

seaport town, would be more interesting than walking around the narrow and dirty streets. So I put my suitcase down, found a seat on an empty snuff box and lighted my pipe. "How large a boat is the *Molly O*," I asked, more to start up the conversation than for information.

"She is a two-masted schooner. Pretty rickerty and wornout now, but in her day she was the fastest craft that ever carried a yard of canvas. Did you ever hear of Patrick Teel and the trick he played on the Government Inspector?"

I told him that I had not and expressed my desire to hear the story, whereupon he puckered up his mouth in the shape of an "O" and with very little exertion sent his quid several yards on the bay.

"Twas along in the seventies that Caleb over thar and me shipped in the *Molly O* with Skipper Patrick Teel for a trip down to the West Indies. We was loaded with furniture and with a stiff south breeze made the trip in six weeks."

"Coming back we brought a cargo of timber as far as Yankton, and thar we swapped it fer a hundred and fifty barrels of booze, which we was to deliver to a firm up the river above here at Parkton. The bargain was a good one fer us providin' that we dodged the custom house officers here, and this was what Pat, our skipper, dreaded most. 'Niver you mind,' says he, '*The Molly O* has an Oirish name and a Oirish skipper and the devil may take me if Saint Patrick let's his namesake get caught by that soft-shelled crab Pearson.'

"We had fine weather up the coast till we got to the mouth of the bay, when a gale come up and we had to anchor 'inshore' fer a whole day. Now, when Pat saw this he swore and he cussed, fer instead of comin' up the

bay and passin' Moultriville in the night time, as he had planned, he would have to take chances in the broad day light. But Pat was an Irishman from head to foot, and he said that he was going to land that booze in Parkton or bust, so we put out the sails and started up the bay at a merry clip. All went well till we got opposite of this very pier. A row boat put out from shore with Pearson on board. We dropped anchor and all hands went to cussin' except Pat, who with a face all grins, stated serenely that all would come out right.

"When the row boat was about half way out to ours, Pat went over to the cabin and got a ten gallon can of kerosene oil, which he poured into the hold of the boat over the barrels. Then he gave a low whistle, and from a coil of rope came 'Miss Mame,' Pat's big, pet, black snake, champion rat catcher on the coast. He picked the snake up, put her in the hole on the top barrel and fastened the hatch down. Then he went back to the cabin and waited fer Pearson, who was comin' up the gang-plank. But before he went into the cabin he told us to run and yell like the Philistines did when Sampson was beatin' their brains out with a cow horn, just as soon as he whistled.

"Then Pearson come struttin' up the deck and asked what cargo we had. Pat told him that he had a hundred and fifty barrels of kerosene on board fer Parkton. 'Haul up some of your kerosene,' says the little cuss. 'I'll bet you've got liquor on this boat, and if you have you might as well open up your pocket-books.'

"'All right,' says Pat, very polite, 'You kin search this ship from one end to the other, and if you find anything stronger than kerosene I'll eat my hat. Haul out a barrel for inspection, Caleb.'

"I started for the hatch and opened it. Pearson come

right behind me to see the thing well done, and just as he got to the mouth of the hole, Pat whistled. Up came the head of 'Miss Mame' with mouth wide open, tryin' to git out kerosene fumes and get in more fresh air all at the same time. Pearson's hat raised up some three inches and fell off as he fetched a yell and started asprintin' down the deck, with 'Miss Mame' right behind him, mistakin' him fer Pat. Me and the German cook went up the mast quicker'n monkies, squallin' like somethin' was tearin' out our innards, and Pat he jumped up on the rail and bellowed like a Jersey bull as Pearson shot by. The Governint's officer never looked back but once, and when he saw that five-foot of snake flesh was gainin' on him he dove clean over the rail into his boat, and the last time we saw him he was hittin' it up the wharf fer his office.

"Pat, when he saw Pearson make his high dive, could not keep the laugh back, but busted out, lost his balance and fell into fifty foot of water. He came up a blowin' and laughin,' and when we hauled him up the side of the boat, he called to the cook and told him to fish out a barrel of that Parkton booze and celebrate, fer 'Oirland and Saint Patrick could not be beat.'"

THE BURIED TREASURE OF THE SHENANDOAH

By ARTHUR D. GORR.

One pleasant morning when people were crowding into town to buy the toys and fancy goods for Christmas, a poor little, old gray-haired man among them attracted my attention, and I ceased my bundle-wrapping and string-breaking, and stood gazing at him as if he had been the pole-star and my eyes compasses.

His garments were a ragged overcoat, an old hat with part of the crown torn out, a pair of blue Denims trousers, whose legs lacked about six inches or more of reaching his wornout brogans, and a collarless shirt, resembling in texture that of his trousers.

It was an awfully cold morning and the north wind howled around the corners,—I mean the corners of his overcoat,—and presumably the poor old gentleman had suffered greatly from the cold, as his hands were partly benumbed and his face was as red as a duck's foot.

What little sympathy I had climbed up into my throat and lodged there, while to keep the light from hurting my eyes, I squinted them and peeped through my brows. Shortly I gained courage to step forward, and as was my business, to say, "May I sell you something this morning?" He looked up at me and said, "Let me see some of your tobacco."

"Good," I replied, "follow me, and we will soon see how much I may wrap for you."

And soon we did, and in addition to the tobacco was an equal amount of coffee and morphine. Now what was I to do, cut the price to one-half, because he looked so needy, or retain the regular selling price because he exercised such poor judgment in purchasing? Is he an

opium fiend and tobacco user and a coffee drinker too? Who is to blame if he is? Besides, what is it to me even though these should constitute his food? All these questions presented themselves.

The amount purchased was one and a half dollars. When his tottering hand fumbled after his purse, and I saw this amount emptied it—"oh, I made a mistake in the price! I intended telling you the price was half this amount—it's Christmas now!" I said. With a half-delighted look and quick glance of the eye, he said, "None of these things are for me, and thank God they do not belong to me. I would rather be penniless (and so I am) than be addicted to all these habits; although, when I tell you that I served four *long* years in the Civil War and am conscious of killing several poor fellows. You may say you prefer being a cigarette fog, opium fiend, tobacco user, and under the relentless power of other innumerable evils, than be conscious you had ever slain your fellow-man, and think me out of my wits because I don't say so too.

"I say I am penniless—well really I am, yet I have ten thousand dollars in gold and silver at home now—"

"How is that Uncle—pardon me, what is your name?—how is that; I don't understand you?" I broke in before he could finish his sentence.

"Gats McGee is my name," he replied.

"Well, Uncle Gats, tell me what the trouble is." With no hesitation, he said, "Son, you've read in your history all about how the 'Feds' tried to pen General 'Stonewall,' haven't you?"

"O, yes, sir! Yes, sir!" I replied.

"And about how old Phil Sheridan patterned after Sherman, and how he burnt and destroyed everything in the Shenandoah Valley?"

"O, yes, Uncle Gats, all about it!" I said, "and you were in the Confederate ranks all through the Civil War, were you?"

"Yes, son, right there! and in that Valley is where I found that gold too," he said, looking up at me shyly, "and here is how it was:

"You know when old Phil began his 'rat-killin',' the poor folks 'scatted' and the rich folks buried their money or forgot it when they left. 'Twas just before Early surprised Sheridan at Cedar Creek, sometime in October—October weather was rough then too—when Early sent me and two other men out from camp, ten miles ahead, to act as spies, one cold night.

"We were about two miles apart, and accidentally I came to a beautiful, deserted residence, and being very cold, I stopped and hitched my horse there, plundered around awhile, and decided I would go a little farther on to warm myself a little while the horse was resting. Before going far I saw a bright light in a thicket not far ahead. My hair stood on end! I cautiously approached! No noise was heard! No person was seen anywhere around it! I decided it was a scheme to catch spies, therefore, without venturing nearer, I turned back; before going far, though, I decided I would see what it was any way. This time I went up real close, and there lay by the fire the largest, blackest dog I have ever seen. He seemed to be soundly sleeping, and do you guess I woke him? No, sir!

"I returned to the building, mounted my horse and galloped away. Two days afterwards we were ordered to act as spies again, and with this experience in mind I pursued the same trail and halted at this same residence, plundered the old building and barns, and then rambled out to the brush-heaps where I had seen the dog. 'Twas

getting late, and I decided to camp in the yard and sleep in one of the barns that night, and through curiosity I went out in search of the fire and dog again, and there it was precisely as I had seen it before! I tell you my heart did do some fluttering!—and my heels hit the ground at intervals of about ten feet till I lay panting under my horse's feet like a 'double-header' climbing the Rocky Mountains.

"Next day I returned to the camp and just swelled for a chance to tell it. The following night, while we were all arranged in rows by a log-heap fire, some of them playing cards, some telling jokes, and others writing, I began my brief experience. An old sailor named Ben listened very attentively while I was relating my mysterious experience. When I had finished, he waited a chance, touched me on the elbow, and said, 'See here, Gats, that black dog was guarding hidden money. If you say so, and if you can locate the place again, we will slip there, and I am quite sure we will find it.'

"I agreed, but next day was our success at Cedar Creek, and oh, poor old Ben was killed! However, I got a chance and went there one evening by myself. I found an old spade in the tool-room at the old residence, and hastened to the guarded spot. It was between two tall pines, surrounded by low bushes and grass. I knelt down, but I could not kneel so low but that it seemed as if I were being looked at, and besides, my heart felt as if it were in my old hat. But carefully removing the pine-straw and dead leaves, and uprooting little flowers, which seemed to laugh in secret at my folly, I began digging away.

"Not many spadefulls had I taken out before I discovered that the ground had been previously disturbed. This thought and this fact made the dirt fly.

"Not many more strokes before, 'tink,' and I had struck an old pot; another, and its lid was upset; another, and out came the old thing, brimful of Confederate notes and the ten thousand I mentioned in the beginning.

"I hurried away with it to the old barn and there, underneath some shucks, I hid it till we left those parts.

"That money I have until this day, and if ever I can find its owner, he shall certainly have it, for my conscience will not let me use it. It has been forty years since and I have never been able yet to find the owner."

"Well, Uncle Gats," I said, "an old Virginia gentleman told me not longer than a week ago that he left some money in that same valley, and when the war ended he went to get it and it was gone; what then if you got it?"

"Oh, I'll see him! I'll see him! where is he?" Uncle Gats exclaimed.

"He was in here a minute ago—yonder he goes now!" I said.

"Say there! wait a minute, I want to speak to you!" yelled Uncle Gats, and out of doors he scrambled with all his might. His first words to his new man were, "I have been told you came from Virginia and once were a very wealthy citizen there, but through fear of Phil Sheridan and his men you fled, leaving everything behind; if you are the man, I hope I have good news for you."

The reply was, "Yes, I left ten thousand dollars, with other valuable bills and notes buried between two tall pines about a quarter of a mile from my home; I went back after the war was over and it was not where I left it, and to save me, I can't conceive any plan by which any one could have gotten it; did you ever hear of any one finding it?"

"Yes, I found it! and to-day you shall have it all back again—every cent!" replied Uncle Gats.

I overheard this conversation between them, and saw Uncle Gats leave with the Virginia gentleman. Two weeks later, Uncle Gats returned, with new and better clothes on. This time he came to thank me for reducing the price of those goods he bought, and as he tremblingly took my hand, he shed tears, and in his hesitating speech said, "While my hands once held ten thousand dollars, and my heart a conscience which condemned it, now they hold thrice that amount, and my heart is free from its burden." Clenching my hand for a moment harder than before, then suddenly letting it go, he snatched from his pocket a small roll and threw it down at my feet, and immediately disappeared in the crowded streets. On the inside of this little bundle was fifty—well you can guess—and on the outside was written—

"Farewell son, farewell!"

THE SINGER AND THE SONG

BY M. J. H.

A vagrant youth without a star
To guide me o'er the barren waste—
No rose its petals sweet to ope',
No joys of life my lips might taste—

A flight of song, a little air,
A ballad soft and low,
Then sang a maiden wondrous fair
On a morning long ago.

On zephyrs wafted swift along,
Through verdant ways resounding,
Came echoes of the little song
That set my heart rebounding.

Diverging paths before me lay—
Their devious course to cover—
No father, mother there to stay
My erring feet—no lover—

Then hope came back, a vision new,
The singer, sweetly, lowly,
Passed on before my 'tranced view
With features pure and holy.

Transient minds may soon forget
Kind deeds, and even wrong;
But fresh in memory lingers yet
The singer and the song.

A TYPICAL TEXAN

By C. D. CREASMAN.

I.

Sam Laredo, better known as "Comanche Sam" because of his high cheek bones and black hair, which gave him somewhat the appearance of an Indian, was a typical Texan. He had grown up as a rancher among the hills near Waco; and though hardly more than grown he had already become famous as a rough-rider and a "crack shot."

But like many other young men of the "Lone Star State," he was lured to Galveston by the disaster which befell that unhappy city in 1900 and by the hope of advancing his fortune in the rush of the reconstruction of the town. He knew no trade, and about the only employment for such as he was that of a day laborer at the wages of one dollar per day. Accordingly he soon found himself in the employment of Egan & Smith, a large contracting company with headquarters at New York, at the above named wages. In such circumstances his dream of wealth and ease soon vanished, and his longing to return to his native hills was equalled only by his determination not to go back to them a failure. So he plodded on for several months, though with little hope of advancement.

The work on the city administration building, where he had been employed for some time, was almost finished and he knew that there would be a change soon. It was not long in coming. One Saturday night the General Superintendent, who had become attached to Sam because he was a faithful worker, called him into his office and said:

"Well, Sam, work is getting slim, you know. The rush is over and we must drop a hundred men to-night. Smith has your name on the discharged list and of course you're out of a job. I hate to fire you, but I must obey orders."

Sam looked vacantly at him a minute and said:

"Well, I hate to leave you too, and if you've got anything anywhere in town I can do I'll take it as a great favor if you will let me do it. Hunting a job is poor business the way things are closing down."

"Yes, this is the wrong town for working men," said the Superintendent, meditatively. "Mr. Cottery had the biggest business here except Egan & Smith, and I heard yesterday that he had been closed out. You see everybody made a rush for this place after the flood and everything has been overdone. But, by the way, Sam, if you have a pretty good nerve I might put you down on the Durkee job as night watchman. We had a good man down there, but he had a fight last night with those Spanish seoundrels who run the Bank Saloon and came so near getting killed that he notified me this morning that his place was vacant."

Sam jumped at the chance of employment and replied:

"Good. Night-watching around a Spanish settlement isn't as safe as being at home, but if you'll give me the job I'll try to manage it."

"Be there to-night at six o'clock, then," said the Superintendent. "You'd better be well armed, too."

Sam left the office in good spirits. He had a venturesome nature and his fancy pictured something exciting in guarding the big Durkee docks. Still, when he reflected a little he knew that he was up against something which might require head work. He went to his room, put two six-shooters in his pockets, put on a large overcoat and started for the Bank Saloon.

This bar-room was a wooden shack, built on the water's edge and run by three desperate Spaniards who kept a grocery store and pawn-shop in the same room. Already it had a bad record. Its keepers, a father and two sons, were suspected of foul play by the authorities in several recent murders and mysterious disappearances of men, but as yet no clue had been discovered which would lead to their prosecution. Their den was next to one of the Durkee docks and just behind the office of Egan & Smith, and was visited regularly by a number of the company's men. Sam had been there more than once with friends (though he refused to drink with them), and was well acquainted with the Spaniards; so he thought that the wise thing to do would be to go down and tell them that he had taken the night watchman's place for the company. A frown passed over the old man's face as he broke the news to him.

"Pretty dangerous work for a kid like you," he said. "Some of these men around here will put your light out if you aren't careful."

Sam knew who "these men" would be, but he determined to have peace if possible, so he said:

"That's just why I wanted to tell you about it. I want you to use your influence to keep things quiet."

"O, I don't suppose I have any influence," said the bar-keeper, and turned away, pretending to be busy. Sam knew by his manner that he certainly wouldn't use it for him if he had any. He walked across to the cigar stand and talked a few minutes with the old man's daughter. She was a beautiful little black-eyed brunette about fifteen. With her quick Spanish intuition she had marked Sam and rather liked him.

"Yes, the company has shifted me to night work on the docks," he said.

"Don't you stay there a single night," replied the girl with meaning in her voice.

"Why?" asked Sam.

"Just let 'why' alone, and let me warn you not to go on duty at the docks to-night," she replied. "You know what happened there last night and I know some folks that are mighty mad because that night watchman put up a fight and foiled their purpose. There'll be something doing there before day-light and the farther you are away the better it will be for you."

Sam saw her father looking savagely at them and thought he had better go. It was about time for him to go to work, so he went to the docks and looked the situation over. Then he sat down on an old box just above the upper dock and ate supper. While he was eating the whistle blew and soon the workmen had all disappeared and he was left alone.

II.

Darkness soon came. The moon was inclining toward the west and would be down by twelve o'clock. A strong wind was blowing from the Gulf and high, scattered clouds were flying before it. Sam kindled a fire and was ready for the night's work. For an hour or two he walked leisurely around and through the docks. Then the chillness of the night wind drove him to his fire. He sat down and began gazing intently into the fire, little heeding the time or thinking of his situation; he thought musingly on scenes of his boyhood, youthful visions, etc. So oblivious was he to his surroundings that a small stick, breaking under pressure of a foot, started him and he sprang to his feet. The moon was down, the clouds hung black and heavy overhead and the darkness was as that

"Night in which the bounds of Heaven and earth were lost."

"Hello," said a friendly voice in the dark.

"Who are you?" asked Sam.

Don Pezendro stepped into the light of the fire, followed by his brother Carl.

"It's a good thing I'm not your boss, for I should fire you for sleeping on duty," said Don, jokingly.

Sam flashed his eyes up at the window of Egan & Smith's office, but seeing that the light was out and no one had been watching him, he felt easy and said,

"I wasn't asleep if I did jump like it, but—"

"Have a drink," interrupted Don, extending a bottle.

Sam's habit of abstinence stood him in good stead and furnished an excuse for refusal. Don put the bottle back into his pocket, untouched, and began a friendly chat, while Carl sauntered over toward one of the tool houses. Soon Sam overheard a rattling at a lock. He walked over toward the tool house followed closely by Don, still talking as fast as he could. When they were within ten paces of Carl a sudden flash leaped from one of Sam's pistols and Carl Pezendro was minus a mustache. In an instant the Spaniards were facing dangerous weapons.

"I understand you," said Sam coolly, "and you better understand me when I tell you to disappear as quickly as you can and don't come about these docks again before daylight."

Without a word they turned and were gone. If Sam had listened carefully he might have heard something muttered about "later on." He went to his fire and sat down.

"Let's see, what was I thinking about?" he thought; and his mind was soon roaming again. Not long, however, for he was called back to reality by a girlish voice speaking his name.

"What is it?" he answered.

"Come here," said the voice.

Sam knew it was Maria, and went to her in the darkness.

"For Heaven's sake, man," she pleaded, "don't sit by that fire. If you do you won't be alive in ten minutes."

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" asked Sam. "It must be two o'clock."

"Never mind that," replied the girl. "I saw what happened just now, and if you count your life worth anything don't sit there by that fire and furnish a target for riflemen. I must be gone"—and she disappeared.

Sam saw what a fool he had been and smiled as he thought of the girl who had saved his life.

"I'll leave the fire just because she asked me to," he said, and turning, he went to the box where he had eaten his supper. The wind was chilly, and in spite of his big overcoat he soon felt uncomfortable. He was soon to have something to do, however, which would make it warm enough for him. Two rifle shots, fired in quick succession just behind the saloon attracted his attention. He started toward the saloon, but a second thought warned him not to go. He waited, and soon three men came cautiously into the light of the fire. He knew that the battle was on, and as soon as they were well in sight he fired. The old man groaned and fell, and at the same instant two rifle balls whizzed passed Sam. He dropped to the ground and a dozen or more other shots passed over him in quick succession. Then there was a pause; and quick as a flash Sam was on his feet. He fired, and jumped quickly to one side. Don Pezendo fell and Carl sent a bullet in the direction of the flash of Sam's pistol. At the next instant he staggered and fell. Sam waited till all the men were still and then ap-

proached them. The old man and Don were past help. Carl had a hole in his breast but was conscious. He begged for mercy. Sam took off his overcoat and, placing it by the fire, he put the dying man on it, made him as comfortable as possible and started to the police station.

"Bring the wagon as soon as possible," he told the officer who talked with him, and hurried back to the scene of the tragedy.

Carl was sinking, but Sam gave him some whiskey which he found in the old man's pocket. He looked at the bottle and said,

"Where did you get it?"

"From your father," Sam replied.

"It's all right then, but I didn't want to drink any of that which Don offered you awhile ago—but I guess it doesn't make any difference now." As he drank the whiskey Sam guessed why he didn't want Don's. Soon revived he looked at Sam and said:

"I guess I may as well tell you some things," and he revealed a series of crimes which he and his father and brother had committed that made even the stout heart of the Texan shudder. When he was through he closed his eyes for a moment and Sam thought he was gone; but he opened them again and said:

"I know I have no right to ask a favor of you, Sam, but I don't believe you will deny me though you know I am your enemy. Won't you promise me that you will take care of Maria? She's just a child and she's an orphan. She's better than—"

But he couldn't finish the sentence. In a minute he was dead. The patrol wagon arrived just here and the three men were taken to the station. Sam stood alone in the glow of his fire, and as the sound of the wagon

died away there came a stillness which seemed to petrify the darkness around him, and as he realized that he was alone, for the first time in his life dread seized him and he was afraid. But a footfall startled him and in an instant he pointed both of his pistols toward it.

"Don't," cried a girlish voice.

He lowered, and Maria ran toward him. She looked into his eyes like one helpless and dependent.

"Sam, you won't let them hurt me, will you? I know dad and the boys were bad, but I wasn't to blame for that. What am I to do?"—and she burst into tears. Sam drew her to him and held her in his strong arms till her tears were passed.

III.

The "Bank Saloon" was searched next day, and Sam was able, by the confession of Carl (which he carefully kept secret), to direct the officers, who wondered at his skill in revealing some of the darkest deeds in the history of Galveston. Egan & Smith's General Superintendent sent for Sam that afternoon.

"Sam," he said, "I've got good news for you. I've been talking to Smith about you and he has authorized me to give you regular work at three dollars a day for at least a year."

"I don't know how to express my gratitude," said Sam, falteringly. "You have been my friend in need, and if I could I'd take you up. But I've just been sworn in as a captain of the city police force and can't well resign."

"Accept my congratulations," said the Superintendent, rising and taking him warmly by the hand. "One hundred dollars a month beats anything the company can do for you."

THE DAY OF LIFE

BY JOHN H. NANNEY.

Fair breaks the day of mortal life,
No mist nor clouds appear;
There is no trouble and no strife,
No conflict and no fear.

Ere long the sun shows clear and bright,
The storm-cloud rises high;
The pilgrim rushes on with might,
Aware that danger's nigh.

And now I hear the vesper bell,
The darkness gathers fast;
The traveler speaks his last farewell,
And finds his rest at last.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

BY EDGAR H. STILLWELL.

"Mamma, what makes you look so sad to-day?"

Little Miriam was leaning against the chair in which her mother was sitting. She had just come in from playing with her five-year-old playmate, Lylie Carr, and, noticing that her mother's face wore a look of marked sadness—even bitterness—had run up to where Mrs. Ray sat, mending some threadbare garments, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, asked her why she looked so sad.

Mrs. Ray laid down her sewing, a vest which she had been "patching" for Wallace, her husband. It was of him and his wretched condition she had been thinking when her four-year-old daughter interrupted her with the above question. If Wallace would only give up drinking, how happy she would be once more! She thought of how happy they had been before he began going to the saloon. But now how different it all was! How changed was Wallace! How unlike his former self! He had once been a temperate man, a devoted husband and a loving father.

Nellie Elsworth—for this was Mrs. Ray's maiden name—and Wallace Ray had married while both were quite young—he being nineteen and she only sixteen. Nellie had not dreamed of his becoming a drunkard. True, a few years before they were married, it was said that Wallace had once been guilty of "taking on a little too much," but he had long since quit, and, on the day of their engagement, had promised Nellie never to touch strong drink again. But he had not been married two years before the temptation became too strong for him.

The saloon was only a short distance from his place of business and some of his old friends would beg him to take a "social glass" with them. At first he had steadily refused, but they as steadily insisted right on from day to day, every time occasion would offer. Finally, he saw so much drinking going on in that part of the town where he resided that the evil lost part of its horror, from real contact. It became an old thing. People drank as a matter of course. "Every business man," he was told by his saloon friends, "took a dram occasionally. There was no harm in that. He would not get drunk; no one would ever know. He would be more social, more popular, a more influential business man." Wallace had at last consented to take a "dram." This, as usual, led to a second drink. Soon he drank more freely, and ere long found himself within the cruel clutches—the relentless grasp—of the hell-born Demon, Alcohol. Had not "evil associations corrupted good morals"? Had not *contact* brought about *contamination*? Had not the words of Pope come true?

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Nellie saw his downward course and noted the change. She begged him to stop. He promised time and again, but as often broke his promise. He was beginning to lose self-confidence. Each time after it was all over and reaction from the effects of the stimulant set in, he would resolve that never again so long as he lived would he touch another drop of whiskey. But alas! when the *spell* came again—the thirst for drink—he could not summon up enough will-power to resist the mighty craving within and consequently would succumb to the temptation.

The saloon was on the street which he traveled in going to and coming from his work. Sometimes he remained at the saloon till late at night. Nellie always sat up and awaited his coming. She always greeted him at the door with a fondness he could not help noting. He always found, no matter how late the hour, that she had kept his supper warm.

For the past month Wallace had spent all of his income—which had grown small of late—for drink. He was losing influence as a man of business. Nellie saw him plunging deeper and deeper into the mire. His property was all going for drink. He became an unsafe man to deal with. He could no longer keep a promise. He was most of his time in a state of intoxication. Nellie observed all these things and shuddered to think of what must be the result. Moreover, the meal in the barrel was almost gone, the last stick of wood was on the hearth, the merchant had sent in his bill for the last month and Wallace was unable to pay. What was to be done? Mrs. Ray saw that, unless Wallace should stop spending everything for drink, they would be compelled soon to sell house and home in order to pay off their indebtedness and “keep the wolf from the door.” This last thought brought tears to her eyes. How *could* she bear to give up *home*?

Last night Wallace had returned late—later than usual. His step on the porch was unsteady, and, as he entered, Nellie knew he had been to the saloon. She greeted him as usual, but he said very little. Indeed he rarely ever spoke when he was drinking. Once or twice he had scolded Nellie, but she always answered him with kind and sympathetic words. Wallace loved his wife dearly and his little daughter, Miriam, he almost worshipped, but with all of their pleadings, he could not resist the inclination to drink.

Next morning, without tasting his breakfast, Wallace had gone to his place of business. Nellie had been thinking all day of their wretched condition. How long would it be until the sheriff would come and sell all they had to satisfy their debts? Then what would become of her and Miriam?

Thoughts like these had been running through Nellie's mind when Miriam came and looked up into her face and inquired in tender, sympathizing words:

"Mamma, why are you so sad?"

Mrs. Ray looked down on the sweet little up-turned face, glowing with all the health and beauty of childhood, and saw there the sum total of all her future hopes and joys. She answered Miriam in a sort of evasive way, not wishing to bring a cloud of sorrow into her little girl's happy, care-free life.

"Oh, nothing, darling. I was only thinking."

"Thinking of *what*?"—This in a rather anxious voice, for the little girl was becoming much concerned.

"Of papa"—tenderly.

"Oh!—But, mamma," persisted little Miriam, "won't you tell me why you have been crying?"

The trial had come. She had expected it. Mrs. Ray dreaded to tell her cheerful little daughter, into whose life had never come any sorrow or sadness, as yet, of her secret trouble and of how her husband was killing himself drinking, but she concluded that one time was as good as another, since Miriam must of necessity know it before long anyhow. So she began slowly, her voice trembling slightly under the pain of disclosure:

"I was just thinking, dear, of what will become of us if we have to sell our home. The saloon man gets all of papa's money and we are not only out of food, but we are heavily in debt. Your papa has no money to pay

the merchant for our last month's living. We are in debt for food, clothing, and fuel—perhaps even for whiskey! Your papa is not making any money now, because—because (her courage was almost failing her) he is drunk most of the time and people do not trust him. Oh, Miriam, if papa would only stop going to the saloon! I do so wish they would destroy the saloon and then maybe Wallace would not be tempted to drink."

Although little Miriam was only four years old, still these words from her mother carried a world of meaning to her, and she left the room, her tender young heart almost broken, determined to go see papa and beg him not to drink any more. It was late, now, in the evening. She often went out to the gate to meet her papa as he returned, but this time she failed to see him coming. She opened the gate leading into the street and started off in the direction of the saloon, in the hope that she would meet him in a little while. On she went until her little legs were tired. She had wandered into the middle of the street. While standing there, she saw a runaway team coming down the road at full speed. She turned to flee home, but had barely started back when the horses dashed her to the ground and continued on their mad course. Several men saw her and ran to the spot. On picking her up, they found that her head was badly bruised and was bleeding freely. She was unconscious. They quickly carried her home, and, at the same time, called a physician to her side. A messenger was quickly dispatched to her father, telling him of the accident.

The messenger found Miriam's father at the saloon and told him of the occurrence. Wallace at first looked at the man in a sort of wild, half-incredulous way. Then when the man told him to hurry home, that his little

daughter was dying, or perhaps *dead*, he came to himself and rushed out of the saloon and down the street as fast as a half-drunken, terror-stricken man could go. When he entered the room where Miriam was lying on the bed, he saw Nellie on her knees by the side of her daughter and the doctor bending over her. The child's eyes were closed. She was barely breathing. There was the feeblest sign of pulsation. The first question that Wallace Ray asked was,

"Oh, Nellie! Nellie! is she dead? Speak to me, Miriam! Speak to papa once more!"

The doctor quieted him by telling him that his little daughter was not dead, and that there was a slight chance for recovery; but told him she must be kept very quiet. This partially relieved him and then he began to inquire why Miriam was so far from home when the horses and wagon ran over her. Nellie told him all. How Miriam had started to meet him at the gate, but not seeing him, had, she supposed, wandered off up the street, hoping to see him. Wallace remembered how his little girl would often stand at the gate and watch for his coming, and he remembered with what gladness she would greet him each time. Then the thought came to him, "Had I not stopped at the saloon this evening my little darling would not have been hurt!" Oh! the anguish of that moment! What noble resolves were being made in the mind of that grief-stricken father! What earnest, pitiful, and pathetic prayers were going up from the bosom of that loving mother!

It was with difficulty that the father and mother were induced to leave the bedside of their daughter. The physician said that the room must be kept very quiet. All night little Miriam was unconscious, lingering between life and death. Once or twice she had moved in a rest-

less way, partly opening her eyes, then she had relapsed into her former state. The suspense was almost killing father and mother. Towards daylight Miriam showed signs of life and consciousness. She opened her eyes and moved her lips as if to speak. The doctor leaned over and heard the faint sound, "Papa." Just then her father came in and she recognized him as he bent over her couch. A marked change came over her face and her eyes brightened as she looked up into her papa's tear-stained countenance. He bent lower to catch her words:

"You—won't—go to the sa—oon any more—will you, pa—pa? I do—don't want you to. An' you won't—drunk no more? Mam—a says it is a bad place. She told me all—'bout the s'oon man gettin—you' mon—ey and—'bout the sher—iff coming to sell our—home—and—"

This was more than Wallace Ray could bear and, bursting into tears, he sank down upon his knees beside the bed and, taking Miriam's hand, began:

"No, darling! never, *never*, will I go to that wretched place again! I will *never* drink another drop of whiskey!"

The doctor interfered here, saying that it was not safe to allow the patient to talk. It would not do for her to get excited. So father and mother were again induced to leave the sick room. The physician remained. Soon Miriam dropped off to sleep and when, at last, the sunlight came streaming in at the open window and the doctor was taking his leave for a little while, she was still sleeping.

Several days went by and little Miriam still lingered. However, at the end of two weeks, there were marked signs of improvement. At the end of the third week, she

was considerably better and soon was able to sit in her small rocker for a few hours at a time.

As for Wallace Ray, he was steadily keeping his promise, only too glad to know that the life of his little daughter had been spared. He had firmly resolved that nothing could ever induce him to go to the saloon again. He would "fight it out till the last," before he would touch another drop of whiskey.

Years have gone by and little Miriam has grown to be a beautiful and accomplished young woman, the joy and pride of her parents. Wallace Ray has steadily kept his vow and has prospered, until now he is one of the most successful and prominent business men in his county. Nellie is no longer sad, but father, mother, and daughter are happy and their little home is almost a paradise. Wallace often thinks of the time when he frequented the liquor shop and of his downward course. He thinks, too, of his little Miriam wandering off alone in search of him and of her accident, and each time he thanks God for His dear wife and loving daughter, through whose influence he was rescued from a terrible fate. Surely Miriam's accident was a "blessing in disguise."

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

By EDGAR H. STILLWELL.

Alone to-night in silence still—
No one to comfort, soothe;
I think of a cottage under the hill,
Close by a streamlet smooth.

Within its walls—O happy days!—
My Love's sweet childhood run;
But ne'er again thou'lt call us there
To merry Christmas fun.

"Memories of childhood! stay! O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!"
And oft' I wish—vain wish, I know—
Once more to— be a child!

My heart knew not bereavement then,
My soul was *ever* glad;
Into my childish life ne'er came
One moment dark or sad.

Childhood hours are happy hours,
And youthful days are sweet;
But e'er we've *inland* journeyed far,
Some sorrow *must* we meet.

O my heart's Flower! thou art withered!
O my Angel!—"mine no more—
O the dreary, dreary" Yuletide!
How the winds do sigh and roar!

Sighing—Oh! so sadly sighing!
While my heart, within me dying,
Answers ever to the echo
With a sad but sweet refrain.

Yet no *night* was e'er so gloomy,
And no darkness e'er so drear,
But the glorious sun could change it,
Bringing comfort, hope, and cheer.

Soon these dreary days will vanish,
Soon this *Old Year* steal away—
Then my Angel Love will meet me
At the door of—*New Year's Day!*

Then grim Sorrow—Night of Sighing—
Will have changed to Peace and Love,
While deathless Day his love-light sheds
On *her* and *me* above!

THE STRANDS OF FATE

BY A. W. BYNUM, '09.

"Mamie, I do object to your going with Tim Bloomington, and I ask as a favor that you drop him. I ask you this not because he is an enemy of mine, for it is far from me to have you entangle yourself in any of my personal disagreements, but because I feel that he is not a companion worthy of your association. I have asked you to do this before, but it seems as though it has only been to make you accept his companionship more frequently. Now this is final; you must choose between us, and the one you choose, the other must be struck from your life, no more to call you friend, or to seek your companionship."

"Dick, why be so disagreeable? You leave to-morrow to take up your duties as a man; why not let our last afternoon be a pleasant one? I can't make you any such promise as that, for Blanche Bloomington is my best friend, and you know what the result of such a step would be; and besides, Dick, I have no desire to have you select my friends for me, and I do say that I will go with Tim whenever I wish."

The sun had long since kissed the golden tree-tops, and was now rubbing its nose against mother earth. The world seemed wrapped in solitude, and all nature was taking its rest. Even the wind went whispering through the tree-tops, lest it should disturb nature's dream. Only the occasional dip of Dick's oars could be heard.

"Dick, will you take me home? It is nearly time for tea"! exclaimed Mamie.

Slowly the boat swung around, and with it turned the fates of its occupants. Dick bent to the oars with that tireless stroke that helped "Old Eli" win her victories, backed by those muscles of steel that ripped Harvard's line so often, and caused gridiron champions to quaver. The boat sprang as though with life, nestling in the crest of a wave only to embrace another.

The landing was soon reached. They walked slowly home in silence. Both were in deep meditation: she thinking if she had not made a mistake; he planning his future and vowing that he would make her feel the wrong that she had done him. That wealth should not be his ambition, but fame. When at the gate he hardly touched her fingers, she dared to look once more into his face. There she saw no more the carelessness of youth, but the stern and resolute countenance of a man.

* * * * *

Frequently there came messages to Mucksville of the success that Dick was winning. He was now recognized as the leading young attorney of New York. But Dick had been home but once; then Mamie was away.

* * * * *

Tim Bloomington alighted from the train. It had been years since he had gone, and he did look as though dame fortune had smiled kindly on him. Of course the little town of Mucksville was glad to see him, but some shook their heads, remembering him as a youth.

Of course Tim and Mamie resumed their rides and strolls, but whenever she went out sailing, she would go alone. This she seemed to hold sacred.

One afternoon, while strolling by the water's side, Mamie noticed the troubled expression on Tim's face, and believed she knew its cause. Neither had spoken frequently, hence the conversation had lagged into si-

lence. At last Tim broke the silence. "Mamie, I have a serious subject to talk to you about. You know, undoubtedly, that I love you better than life itself. I have added an immense fortune to the one my father left me; these without you lose all their comfort. I ask you, Mamie, to help me enjoy it; to fill my life with sunshine, and my heart with happiness."

"Six years have now passed, and I have waited for his return. I shall wait, for he is mine. I know he loved me, and I love him, but I realized its depth too late; as the years have unfolded its joys and its sorrows, the roots of love have gone deeper, until now in my heart there is love but for one, and that one, is Dick. Tim, I hope I haven't hurt you, for I assure you that it is a grief to me, but I could not be happy with you, for without Dick my life is miserable; therefore the net of fate that has bound me so tightly would only entangle you, and make two lives miserable. Tim, you must realize the circumstances; hence I know you can not but admit that I am acting wisely."

* * * * *

"I have won renown, and fortune is now extending its hand to me, but the victories that I win give me no joy, but a passion to achieve greater. I find no pleasure in society; life itself is but an empty cup in which I look for solitude. There is a vacant place which I can not fill; in it I would have Mamie. God, how many long nights have I tossed on my bed thinking of her! How often in the court-room a vision of her has come to inspire me with more eloquence and a greater ambition! These, all I have won for her, but she knows it not. I wonder if she still cares for me. I will go to her, and lay my heart at her feet; offer her my life, my all, and

only ask her love in return. She shall share my sorrows and my joys alike."

* * * * *

From eight-forty-one there alighted a man heavily cloaked; none recognized him; hence the curiosity of Mucksville was greatly aroused. His actions showed that he was no stranger to the place, for as soon as he handed his checks to one of the negro porters he hurried away. If the bystanders could have seen behind the large muff that the stranger wore, and his hat had been removed, they would have seen a look of recognition as he glanced into each of their faces. But his face was one of determination, and his look was one of joy. In the massive locks that crowned his brow could be seen strands of sorrow, but these only made his countenance seem more placid. As he approached the Dwiston Mansion his steps quickened, as he spied the two silvery heads nestling on each other behind the huge columns of the veranda; he, springing up the steps, enfolded the two in his arms, while they covered him with caresses. The citizens of Mucksville now knew that no stranger was in their midst, but their own "Dick."

Early next morning Dick walked down to the sound, there being but few sails as yet in sight. While standing gazing upon the waters, as they hurled the little crafts about, there came a longing to once more feel the lunge of the boat and hear the creak of the sail. The impulse was so great that he sprang into one of the boats that was handy, pulled her around into the wind and ran up his sail. A brisk wind caught it, and the little boat danced over the water as though with glee. Dick's nerves tingled, and his last sail seemed as yesterday.

Slowly he was overtaking a boat. Why he steered to-

ward her he himself did not know. As he drew nearer he observed its occupant to be a woman, and soon made out the features of Mamie. She had not yet seen him, for the wind now had her busy with her boat. He drew closer, and then as close as he dared for the safety of the boats. Suddenly she looked up; recognizing him, sprang up and cried, "Oh, Dick"! But that moment was fatal. The stiff wind that was blowing now caught the unsteered boat and hurled it over. Dick, who was now close, sprang from his boat and caught her hand as she started down the second time; turning only to see that his boat was also claimed by the winds.

Ages seemed to pass as Dick battled with the waves for his loved one and a place of safety for her. The shore seemed to move farther as he swam toward it. Onward he battled, she realizing the effort that he was putting forth to save their lives, and felt his great muscles quiver as he made each stroke. Nearer he carried her toward the shore, until only a few more hundred yards and they would be safe. She now saw his eyes bulging and his strokes, that had been growing weaker, now ceased, and slowly they sank. But Dick hadn't given up yet. With almost superhuman strength he now struck out afresh. Reaching the shallows, he took her in his arms and walked ashore, putting her down gently, and stepping back, cried, "Mamie, my love!" and fell. The strain of the double burden had been too much for him. Even his Herculean heart could not stand the strain, and with a smile and a gasp, he was no more.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

STAFF EDITORS :

DR. J. H. GORRELL, Faculty Editor.

KUZELIAN SOCIETY.

LEE M. WHITE.....Editor
H. J. MASSEY.....Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

H. E. PEELE.....Editor
C. B. BARNETT.....Associate Editor

LEE B. WEATHERS, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEE M. WHITE, Editor

The American
Teacher

In a recent address at Harvard University Mr. Owen Wister, the novelist, made the startling statement that "no American University possesses a single teacher of the first rank." On account of this rather unexpected view, and too, on account of Mr. Wister's being a good citizen of the United States, we are surprised. Surprised? Mr. Wister in his lecture must have forgotten—it is evident that he was too modest to admit it—that to make such a statement, he necessarily must be recognized as an authority "of the first rank" on this subject, which seems to be *his* specialty. Doubtless some famous University of either Germany or England will be glad to confer on him an honorable degree—of some sort—in appreciation of his most able services of reform among this country's seats of learning.

It can not be denied that there are men who compose the faculties of the different Universities and Colleges who are finished scholars in their several branches, but who are poor teachers. It is an obvious fact that too many of these have been after a degree more than anything else—whether his specialty be doodle-bugs or butterflies. Among this class of men it is more the fashion to lecture than to teach, and thereby little is learned.

Yet, there are men who are teachers "of the first rank"; men who have put aside all selfish ambition and who have given their lives to the sole purpose of instruction. These men have the highest respect of their pupils, because they have imparted to them many of the gleanings from their laboratories of knowledge. Such men as these are first-rate teachers.

But the painful fact can not be put aside that there is no American who is an authority of the first rank, except in this one instance: Professor Henry James, of the Chair of Moral Philosophy of Harvard University is recognized as an authority. Herein is Mr. Wister correct. Nevertheless, for authorities on the different branches of learning, we have to go to foreign countries. Take such men as Professor Munsterburg, Bernard Shaw, the great English critic, and the late Lord Kelvin, and many others who could be mentioned. As far as authorities on subjects of learning, Mr. Wister is undisputedly right; but as regards "no teachers of the first rank," he is unquestionably wrong in his views.

Society Work If one should happen in the library on any afternoon, he would not find ten students at work on debates or matters pertaining to the literary societies. All last fall there was less work in the societies than there has been since any of us first matriculated. It is deplorable. The societies furnish a man with an education outside of the regular drill in text-books. Many a one has come here and paid more attention to his duties in them than he did to his college work, and wherever he is or whatever he is doing, there is a good report of his success. Well and good. But it must not be misunderstood that this editorial is meant to discourage the work which our professors as-

sign—far from that. Let it be understood, though, that it is our desire to point out to our instructors that the work is rather heavy. The majority of the men are weighted down every week with quizzes, which makes the work tiresome and straining.

We must not be understood as writing in a spirit of criticism of college work. Yet may it not be that, in the very natural desire to cover as much ground as is possible in the various departments of the college, some of our professors are demanding more of the students than can be done without neglecting society work—thus involuntarily injuring in no slight degree the Literary Societies? Yet we know that they are all at heart thoroughly interested in the societies, for when the college wins an inter-collegiate debate, they are eager to make the most of the societies and the champions. For the men in the societies to continue to uphold the records made by their predecessors, they must be given time in which to develop in that line of work as well. The contests which the men, who have represented the societies, have won, have given to the college a reputation for scholarship and have also put a feather, so to speak, in the cap of the societies. If the college wishes the societies to continue their good work, will not the faculty make the regular work accord?

There is another matter to which we wish to call attention. The librarians have made complaint, and justly too, that the fellows have been taking the magazines from the library. This should not be the case. The periodicals are common property—every one has a right to them and no one of us should make it his business to take them away. We deem these words enough warning to those men who have taken, without realizing the wrong they do the others, the magazines from the reading-room.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

A retrospect almost invariably brings to light defects and blunders in the life of each individual. This is more or less true of every phase of life. Assuming this as an hypothesis, we venture to assert that the rule will apply to college magazines. But "let the dead past bury its dead," and let each magazine come out with new life. But is this possible? Not without the cooperation of the individual efforts of the students who are contributors. After a careful investigation during the past four months we are led to say that the majority of the magazines which have reached our table are not what they could have been. Our magazine is not what it ought to be. Not in a pessimistic mood do we say this, but we are simply giving vent to our convictions. Who is responsible for this? It may be that the editors are somewhat at fault, but you—the one who ought to write something—do you not feel a part of the responsibility? Give this matter some consideration and then go to work and help the editors get out a magazine worthy of your institution.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* for December comes out in a neat little volume. It contains some good light verse. "The Fault, Dear Brutus, Is Not in Our Stars, But in Ourselves, That We are Underlings," has some good thought, but we think such essays more appropriate for a religious newspaper. "Benjamin Franklin" gives the leading events and facts in the life of that great man. The article, however, is too short. "The Wizard of Menlo Park" is an interesting sketch of Thos. A. Edison. More such pieces would be entertaining.

The *Mercerian* opens with a memoir of John Charles McNeill, whose recent death was a great loss to Southern literature. The spirit of the article shows how deeply enshrined Mr. McNeill was in the hearts of Mercerians who knew him. "A Midsummer Tragedy" is written with the purport of being humorous, but the humor to an extent is spoiled by the way the writer makes his characters talk. In places it is like a negro, yet the dialect for the most part is not strictly representative of the average negro: the reader is aware of an artificial effort on the part of the writer. After the loss of Mr. Johnsing's melon we are abundantly compensated by

turning to "A Tour of the Yosemite," and being conducted through forests of big trees, over peaks, and by finally standing in a valley where we can see the wonderful Yosemite Falls. The writer has evidently seen the places which he so vividly describes. 'Tis rare that such articles grace the pages of college publications. "The Uninvited Guest" is short but good. "Mercer Songs" show college spirit among the students. "A Poetic Freshman" expresses a sentiment prevalent with a large number of first-year college men. The editorial, exchange, athletic and other departments show excellent work. However, these departments consume most of the space. More contributions would add to the magazine.

The *Red and White* makes its appearance as a special foot-ball number. We like the spirit which prompted this. "History of Foot-ball at A. and M." is of more than local interest from the fact that the team of the college holds the championship of the South. As a frontispiece the picture of the team of 1907 is given. Another commendable feature is that the pictures of the winners are thrown in at intervals. "Breeding Disease-Resistant Varieties of Plants" is a good article and well worth perusal. "And All Was Well" deserves mention as a story. On the whole the December issue of *The Red and White* is better than usual.

The *College Message*.—This magazine has some readable contributions. As historical matter, "The Founders of Salem" is interesting and valuable. The writer has good style and presents the facts in a racy manner. The admirable traits and eccentricities of the Moravians are portrayed. "Quaint Christmas Customs" is an account of the various ways in which Christmas is celebrated in different countries. "A Romance in the Revolutionary War" is among the best love stories for the month. It is told in a natural way and reads like a true story. "Summertime in December" and "Sleigh Song" are fairly good pieces of verse.

The *University of Virginia Magazine*.—This magazine sustains its usual high standard. The bird's-eye view of the campus adds to the attractiveness. But the material inside is what claims our attention. "A Song in Winter," "Vignettes in Ebony," and "A Winter Roundelay" are above the average poems of their type. "The Gift of Fear" shows originality and versatility. "St. Augustine, Florida," is another fine descriptive and historical article from the pen of Mr. Jas. C. Bardin. "Brink o' Dawn" and "The Reckoning," which is typical of rough Western life, are excellent. Marc Bradley shows himself to be a prolific writer. His series of one-act dramas reach the high-water mark of college journalism. "The Blind Cupid," "The Crime of the Year" and "The Christmas Gift of a Vagabond," are exquisite little pieces.

The *Trinity Archive* is another of our best exchanges. On the cover of the Christmas number the beautiful little poem, "The Child," by John Charles McNeill, is appropriately placed. "The Old-time Christmas Story" takes us back to England with Irving, and also introduces us to Dickens. The Christmas stories by Dickens are truly entertaining, and the writer of the article presents him and his work in good style. In imagination we sit by the Yule fire and enjoy the good things of Christmas celebrations of long ago. "Christmas Leave-taking" is true to the nature of a college man. "Fifty Years of an American Magazine" reviews the history of the *Atlantic Monthly* and gives short sketches of its editors, to whom the phenomenal success of the publication is due. "Story of a Young Virginian" is pathetic and romantic. Narrative ability is displayed in the workmanship of the story. It is well told. "The Perverseness of Ethel" is a love story above the general run. It ends with the inevitable. "The Old Brick House" relates an account of a visit to Black Beard's castle in Eastern Carolina. The writer indulges in imagination and succeeds in describing some horrible pictures. The *Archive* contains some good verse.

We acknowledge receipt of the usual exchanges and deem it not necessary to mention them by name.

CLIPPINGS

HER WORD FOR IT.

John was standing up in the spelling class of the Bodine school. The teacher said to him:

"John, spell the word 'fall.'"

"I can't."

"What! you can't spell as simple a word as that?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?"

"'Cause you told me there was no such word as 'fall.'"



ONLY A TRIFLE.

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I'm indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—*Christian Advocate.*



UPS AND DOWNS.

When Tommie's sweetheart treats him well,
The other fellow throws a fit:
But Tommie's head is in a swell,

IT!

surely

he's

thinks

he

Because

The other fellow wins, and Tom
Declares in manner fierce and stout,
He'll never love another girl.

Poor Tom,

he

knows

he's

down

and

OUT!

—F. T. Long in *Mercerian.*

BASHFUL BOY.

"Sam, suppose the house afire,
And had 'bout fallen through;
Suppose that all rush out in haste:
Tell me what you would do?"

"Why, Mary dear, the first of all,
I'd take you safely out;
Deliver you from scorching flames,
And ash that fall about."

" 'Twould be so nice to think of me
In such a time of need;
But don't you think you'd lose much time
So far from me you are indeed?"

—H. K. S. in C. C. C.



WHY?

Why is a woman afraid of a mouse?
Is a mystery to me, I declare.
Why is a woman afraid of a mouse,
When she wears a rat in her hair?

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat,
And pensively turned to mutter:
"I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute!"
But the animal turned to butt 'er.—Ex.



If there's anything worles a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But, you bet, she'll find it out anyhow,
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now, we'll wager ten cents or a farthing
This poem she's already read—
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.—Ex.

"FOR MEN ONLY."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

—'88. Rev. J. J. Douglass, of South Carolina, has recently published a book, "The Girdle of the Great." It is on the Tom Dixon order.

—'85. Mr. E. P. Ellington, who for fifteen years was superintendent of the schools of Rockingham County, is now teaching at Forestville.

—'95. Mr. John A. Oates has been appointed president of the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. Oates is greatly interested in the temperance movement which is now stirring North Carolina.

—'93. Mr. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., of Greensboro, and Mr. J. P. Alderman are holding prominent offices in the Grand Lodge of Masons.

—'05. Mr. W. H. Pace, of Raleigh, has been appointed trustee of the Sherwood Higgs Co. Mr. Pace is to be congratulated, and his many friends wish him success.

—Mr. D. A. Humphrey, the famous "Doc" Humphrey of the later '90's, is now completing a course of medicine at the North Carolina Medical College. He has a host of friends who will wish him the greatest success in his chosen profession.

—'90. Rev. Geo. T. Watkins, who for the past several years has been pastor of the Baptist church at Roxboro, has been called to the First Baptist Church of Goldsboro, and has accepted the call. His many friends at Roxboro regret very much to see him leave, but their good wishes go with him into his new field.

—'91. Mr. J. L. Kesler, Professor of Biology in Baylor University, Waco, Texas, is now recognized as one of the leading educators of that great State. We hear from authentic sources that his department is one of the most popular in all the college, and that his classes are enthusiastic in their work. In other lines of work, especially in religion and social affairs, Professor Kesler has established a reputation as a thinker and student, and his services as a speaker and lecturer are often in requisition.

—'92. Mr. W. B. Daniel is also a teacher in Baylor. His department is Latin. It was found that he was also talented beyond his specialty, and for several years he has been dean in that great institution. We regret to hear that owing to a severe attack of typhoid fever he has been obliged to give up his work for a period.

—'97. The church at Hawkinsville, Ga., has just closed a very satisfactory year. There was uninterrupted concord among its members, and their ranks were increased by seventy additions; \$1,900 were contributed to missions, education and charity; \$2,200 were expended for current expenses, and a debt of \$1,700 practically wiped out. Charles L. Greaves, formerly well known in North Carolina, is pastor at that point.

—'04. We congratulate Mr. Hartwell V. Scarborough on his marriage to Miss Bessie Camille Haggard, of Aulander. They are among our most prominent Baptist families, and have many friends who will join us in best wishes.

—'96. Rev. J. M. Page has resigned the Clinton Baptist Church, but we are not informed what his plans are for the future. This splendid preacher should not be allowed to escape from the State.

—1900. The people of Hertford say that T. S. Crutchfield is as much loved as any man that ever struck the town. They regard his departure as a distinct loss to the town. The Baptists were very devoted to him. His work will abide and bring forth fruit in all years to come. Thomasville and the Orphanage are fortunate.

—'98. The Edenton Church is ready for a forward movement. Pastor Mashburn is well and strong again, and ready for greater things. He has had a great drawback since going to Edenton, having had typhoid fever, and was not able to work for three months. His health is good, he has fine ability, and some of the best people in the State. We shall hear great things from Edenton.

—'92. Rev. W. R. Bradshaw has been called to succeed the late W. R. Gwaltney as pastor of the Hickory Baptist Church. He is appointee of the Board of Missions as evangelist for the western part of the State, and we are not informed whether he will leave his work to return to the pastorate.

—'81-'86. We extend to Dr. J. L. White the hand of hearty welcome to North Carolina. He is a native of Winston-Salem; was converted at ten years of age, began preaching at seventeen, graduated from Wake Forest with the Master's degree, having been debater, orator, and valedictorian; served in his State as pastor of the First churches at Raleigh, Elizabeth City, Durham, and Asheville; in 1895 he accepted the care of the First Baptist Church of Macon, Ga., where he remained ten years; and for the past year he has been pastor of the First Church in Beaumont, Texas. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by both Mercer University and Wake Forest College. He has entered upon his ministry at our

First Church in Greensboro, under flattering auspices, and we hope and anticipate that his labors will be greatly blessed in Greensboro and throughout the State.—Biblical Recorder.

—'98. It is often the case that a pastor becomes too engrossed in his work to have time to give out the news to his brethren. Rev. J. B. Jackson, of Fairmont, N. C., is one of that type. When he went to Fairmont a few years ago the church was in debt for the parsonage almost to the full value of the property. The building has been completed, painted, and paid for. The church building has undergone repairs and additions, with no debts. When he began pastoral charge the church had preaching two Sundays, now three Sundays in the month. Then it paid about \$200 to beneficence, now more than \$600 per annum. Every department of the church is in fine working order and symmetrical in its work. Bro. Jackson's field last year greatly increased in membership. His church paid \$1,100 for missions, which was not exceeded by more than a dozen churches in the entire State. This is a fine showing.—Biblical Recorder.

—1900. Rev. G. W. May, principal of Castalla Academy, Castalla, N. C., enrolled over one hundred students last fall, making an increase of 50 per cent above the enrollment of any previous session.

—'94-'97. Rev. R. H. Herring has resigned his pastorate at Siler City to become evangelist for the Neuse-Atlantic Association. It is expected that he will enter his new work at an early date. He was a visitor to the College January 21st.

—'93. Rev. John A. Wray, of Plant City, Fla., has accepted the call to Live Oak in that State, and will begin work about the middle of February. The Plant City church offered him \$500 increase in salary, but he felt that the call to Live Oak was imperative. He had planned a trip to the Orient, to sail from New York February 6th, but has postponed it a year in order to take up his new work at once.

—'88. Rev. J. N. Booth takes up a new pastorate in Nashville, Tenn., with the Lockland Baptist Church, corner 16th street and Chadwell Avenue. The church received him in a handsome new building and in elaborate installation services.

—'01. Since 1895 Mr. Robert H. Royall has been assistant cashier of the Atlantic National Bank of Jacksonville, Fla.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—A nightmare.—Examinations!

—A memory.—Christmas!!

—A dream.—Anniversary!!!

—The baseball players are beginning to practice when the weather permits.

—There's the stuff at Wake Forest that track teams are made of. Can't we have one this year?

—Mr. O. Vernon, of the class of '06, was on the Hill recently.

—Considerably more interest than usual is being taken in tennis even thus early in the season. Would not just after Anniversary be a good time for the tournament this year? There's a whisper that we are going to get another chance at the University before the passing of February, and a tournament before the match would insure us a better-practiced team.

—Upon the invitation of the Wake Forest Scientific Society, Dr. Charles Stiles spoke in the lecture-room of Lea Laboratory, during the early part of the session, on the subject, *Child Labor From a Medical Standpoint*. The lecture was intensely interesting and excited no little comment here. It is safe to say that the publication of the result of Dr. Stiles's investigations will strongly tend to check child labor in the South.

—Wake Forest is undoubtedly on a boom. R. W. Wilkinson has but just moved into his large brick building, and now no less than three residences are under process of construction. At this rate few vacant lots will long be left on Faculty Avenue.

—Mr. Lee White spent a few days at his home in Greensboro recently.

—Mr. Wayland Cooke, of Greensboro, was seen on the Hill in the latter part of January.

—The Seniors have declared themselves heartily in favor of caps and gowns for the Commencement of 1908. Arrangements are also being made for a class banquet, to occur in the near future. We suggest immediately after the Logic examination would be a most fitting time and occasion for this festive celebration.

—After a most exciting campaign the officers for the moot court have been elected and are as follows: Judge, E. W. Timberlake; Associate Judge, O. W. Clayton; Solicitor, E. M. Blackmore; Clerk, John A. Watson; Sheriff, T. M. Daniel.

—During the present month the Anniversary speakers, and also those who are expecting to enter the contest preliminary to the Mercer debate, have been hard at work. Soon the old dormitory will resound, in the still hours of night, with words of thundering eloquence, and often will the Sabbath stillness of the surrounding woods be broken by countless echoes of majestic periods. Let the freshman who hungers after eloquence seek the wood and listen to its voices for the next three weeks. His diligence will not go unrewarded.

—On Wednesday evening, June 15th, a very delightful entertainment was given in the small chapel under the direction of Mrs. W. M. Dickson, assisted by the young ladies of the Hill, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. A Christmas play, originally presented before the Sunday School during the holidays, was reproduced, while, in addition, selections were rendered by the Glee Club and by little Miss Rogers, of Raleigh.

Every moment of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by those present, but Miss Rogers received the largest measure of their praise, her "taking-off" of the B. U. W. vocal graduate being received by the students with most enthusiastic applause. It is our regret that entertainments like this one are offered us so rarely.

—Perhaps the most exciting, certainly the closest, basket-ball game ever played on the floor of our gymnasium was that between the sophomores and the freshmen, which took place on the evening of the 22d of January. The sophs scored the first goal on a foul, but after that the freshmen had things their way for a while, the half ending with the score 5 to 2 in their favor. In the second half the freshmen again took the lead and held it until the very last of the game. During the latter part of the second half, however, the sophomores got together and began to push their score up, slowly but surely. There was at last but one minute to play and the score was 10 to 9 in favor of the freshmen. Both sides played desperately, but before the whistle sounded the sophomores threw another goal, making the score 11 to 10 against the freshmen. The freshmen claim, however, that a mistake, in the sophomore's favor was made in taking of time, and, as their point seems to be sustained, it is probable that the game will be played over. Each class has a good team and we may expect a battle-royal when the next contest comes off. Willis, White H., and White R. did excellent work for the freshmen, while Carrick and Allen were the star players among the sophomores. The sophomores seem to have a slight advantage over their rivals in weight, but this does not more than counterbalance the fact that the freshmen work together the better, clearly outclassing the other team in passing the ball. These class games will serve

not only to increase class spirit and interest in basketball, but will give training to the men who must take the place of those who drop out of the college team with every passing year. Let us then, men, support these class games, and see that they are held every year.

The line-up was as follows:

Sophomores: Carrick, C.; Williamson, R. G.; McCullers, Freeman, L. G.; Allen, Capt., R. F.; Daniels, L. F.

Freshmen: Willis, C.; Sawyer, R. G.; Highsmith, L. G.; White, W. Capt., R. F.; White, H., L. F.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 6

THE WATER ROSE

H. F. PAGE.

Translated from the German of Geibal.

A water rose silently rises
From the lake's blue depths below.
Its petals glisten and sparkle,
Its chalice is white as snow.

The moon pours down from heaven
A sheen of golden light—
Pours all her dreamy splendor
Into its bosom white.

In the water around the flower
A white swan circling goes.
She sings so soft, so tender,
And looks at the water rose.

She sings so soft, so tender—
She's singing her life away—
O tell me, fair white flower,
What does the swan-song say?

McFADGEN'S INN

H. H. McMILLAN, '08.

The horse was jaded and the rider was weary as he rode in a slow pace along the old stage road from Rockingham toward Fayetteville, while the August sun shone down upon his rounded shoulders. He had been riding since the first appearance of the rising sun, and now the shadows were growing longer and longer and the sweat on his little bay horse was forming itself in long white streaks around the saddle and band of the bridle. Having changed his position often during his long, sultry journey, the rider was now leaning gently forward and brushing the flies from his horse's head with a sweetgum bush. Everything was silent except the creaking of the saddle and the crushing sound of dry sand under the horse's feet. Now and then the silence was broken by the sudden cry of a partridge as she collected her young into some secluded spot to spend the night. As he crossed a branch and through the woods, quite often his attention would be drawn to a rabbit as he would hop into the road, take a good sniff of the forest odors, gallop slowly ahead for a short distance, then back into the woods and out of sight.

Our old gray-headed friend, Billy McQueen, for over twenty years had been accustomed to saddle his best horse and take a trip to Fayetteville to get on his annual spree, and as August furnished the best weather, he chose this month. He spent very little of his time in visiting, but was very fond of "gassing" with his friends, so he used this trip to speak a friendly word or two with his many friends along this road. It was never a surprise but a source of much pleasure for one of his far-

mer friends to hear his rough, Scotch voice in front of the gate, and it was generally answered by a glass of fresh buttermilk or "hard" cider.

It was about half-past five o'clock and he had one more post to pass before reaching Jesse Johnson's, so he urged his weary horse a little, that he might chat him a while and then reach the Inn, three miles distant, before good dark. After turning the last bend in the road and entering the straight, shady lane our traveler gave a broad smile as he saw his friend cross the road from the barn to his house. After the annual handshake and cordial reception the two Scotch friends took their seats beside the moss-covered cider barrel in the back yard.

"Well, how's de weather been servin' you since I seen you last?" said Jesse, as the flowing cider foamed in the old gourd dipper.

"Jist common only," replied Billie, as he threw the tobacco from his mouth. "I spose you'll soon be through pullin' fodder by de looks of all those hands comin' yonder?"

"Yes, they jist come yesterday after they stripped out bow-legged Jim over the branch."

"My sakes alive! This cider is strong enough to float iron wedges, and good; don't say a word. It would do fur old Noah," said Billy as he drained the third glass.

"I likes dat makin' right well myself," replied the farmer, laying his hat aside and running his fingers through his sweaty hair.

After a few minutes talk with the family, Billy was again on his horse and moving slowly on. The shadows had now blended together and the earth was wrapped in the golden robe of sunset. All nature was quiet, even quieter than before. The cries of the crickets and the songs of the birds had died away and the laughter of an

owl in a distant swamp, joined with the nightly cry of a whippoorwill to furnish amusement for the weary traveler.

It was full dark when Billy drew up his horse in front of an old dilapidated two-story house, surrounded by huge oaks of the primeval forests, which added to the dreariness of the place and sheltered the moss-covered roof with their mighty boughs.

During the age of the stage-coach this old Southern mansion served as a stopping place where horses were changed and mail delivered. There is where all the neighbors gathered together to discuss the changing events. This mansion, McFadgen's Inn, was surrounded by a large plantation of furrowed land. The lane between two zig-zag rail fences was spotted with grazing cows, sheep and noisy geese. These, with over one hundred gay and singing negroes, owned by the cultured and refined family, McFadgen, all blended to form the unity of an ideal country home.

But this was not to last. The old stage-coach was placed aside by the rapid train that swept across its path, causing the old order to give way for the new. In the series of battles where brother fought against brother, two of the noble sons were taken from this family, leaving one son, a daughter and mother all alone. From that time on the place was in a process of decay. The many acres of fertile land became less and less until only a small patch in the center was cultivated, leaving the rest to grow up in weeds and nut-grass. The many stables once occupied by strong and spirited stage-horses became vacant until now one was used by a braying mule, which kept his head out of a hole to welcome the passer-by. The huge barn was broken in its back which only time could accomplish. The yard fence, which was

once a line of beauty, was now a hedgerow of rubbish. The old well-sweep had broken in the middle and only the post and mossy curb were left in the mass of poke weeds. The blinds were hanging by one hinge and the broken panes were supplied by dingy pillows. Bats and screech owls darkened the air and all contributed to a scene of desolation and ruin.

Such was the view that Billy saw as he wavered to and fro trying to decide the most comfortable way to dismount his horse. As his head was growing heavy he made a bound from his horse and went stumbling in, while his horse made for a fodder stack. Billy knew well which was Jack's room, so he went toward it, being tired, sleepy, and somewhat "tight." There was no light in it but a dim one burning in one of the back rooms. The Scotchman paid little attention to the lights, but was soon beside his bed-companion and dozing off to sleep. Soon he was waked by the light of the moon peeping through the window and falling full in his face. Somehow he could not sleep, but rolled and tumbled as he watched the pictures appear and vanish by the shadows on the wall. He felt strange and out of place. Then the house began to tremble and the leaves began to rustle as of wind and distant thunder, but all was calm and fair. He leaned over to his bed-fellow and said, "My sakes, Jack, you look mighty pale in the moonlight. Wake up and speak to your old friend." All was quiet. "My Lord, your hands are cold. Wake up! O Jack."

Then came a shock that brought the pictures from the wall and covered the bed with plaster. As a woman's form entered the room, Billy made a bound for the door, sheet and all, crying out, "My God, judgment day is here." As the ghastly form rushed by, the woman sank to the floor. Other boys and girls, men and women

rushed to the side of the aged mother, who had fainted. When she came to her senses somewhat, all she could say was, "Jack! gone! judgment day!" On hearing this, some one rushed to the bed and found the corpse lying still, but the sheet was gone. Every one was frightened by the severe shocks and their effect upon the mother.

Thus the night was spent in wonder and astonishment, but when the light came faint from the east the birds sang free as usual. All was bright and natural without, but strange and marvelous within.

Jack McFadgen had died the day before and the community were assembled at his "sitting up." But it was not until Jesse Johnson came up and told of Billy's trip and the cider that they could account for the strange horse and the lost sheet. News came out in the papers a few days later telling how the earth trembled under the shocks of the well-known earthquake of 1886, which caused Billy to give the shrieks of judgment day. Any one of these events coming alone would have been a reasonable occurrence, but all coming at once gave a frightful scene of horror.

The mother and daughter have moved away, and now the deserted house stands alone as a safe harbor for bats, owls and stray cats.

A SOPHOMORE'S MISTAKE

X. Y. Z.

I am now a senior. I was once a sophomore, but I could not help it any more than a boy can help having the goslings when the time comes. At the time, I must confess the truth, I thought it a very fine thing to be a sophomore. Of course that was because I did not know any better. What a wise provision of Nature that we should all think our lot endurable! The freshman endures the superciliousness of his fellow-students because he hopes before long to be a sophomore; the junior toils faithfully along his uneventful course cheered by the thought that next year he will be the most important man in college; the senior has already tired of being a disciple and yearns to see the day when he can fill a man's part in the world. The sophomore differs from all the others in that he is perfectly satisfied to be a sophomore and imagines that he individually is the flower and pink of his genus. At least it was so with me. In dress I was a Beau Brummel, in deportment I was a Turveydrop. I very much doubt if Richard Harding Davis could have excelled me in the airs that I gave myself. There are two kinds of fops. Both are immaculate in dress, but one looks at his shoes when he walks, the other holds his head up. The first simply disregards the rest of the world, the second assumes to be lord of it. Just get on your best, step out on the campus, and tilt your nose slightly above the perpendicular. Hold your breath a second or two and see how big you feel. I belonged to this latter class. I have told all this as an introduction to the story of an incident of my sophomore-life, which brought me from the

Mountain of Pride to the Valley of Humiliation. Fortunately for me at the time none of my fellow students ever knew it. Even now I am taking precautions that no one shall detect my identity, for though I have gone from class to class I am still the same person as I was two years ago.

One Wednesday in the month of January, 1906, I was in the city of Raleigh. I have no idea what business I had there. I am not even so very certain that I got permission to be absent from the college. I found it very difficult in those days to manufacture plausible reasons for the President, who always questioned me very closely about my absences and made me ashamed of the flimsy stuff I brought him. So though I had good and sufficient reasons for being in Raleigh, I knew that they would look so wretched on paper, that for this one time only I was in Raleigh without permission. I now know that I was there for no better reason than that I wanted an excuse to idle away my time. I should have been at college at work. I had spent the day hanging around the Yarborough House and the Capital Club, where I had a friend. On leaving the latter place for the Union Station, about five o'clock in the afternoon, my foot struck something that rattled on the pavement. I limbered up enough to look down. It was a lady's hand-bag of the fashion of that year. I picked it up and held it a minute, not knowing what to do with it, for I would have felt mighty foolish and would still feel foolish walking down street with such a thing in my hand. I had about as soon be seen with a band-box. After a little profound consideration I hid it snugly in my overcoat pocket.

When I was at home and was certain of being alone I took it out and proceeded to open it, which was no sim-

ple matter. There were two little knobs on top, but why they were there was more than I could discover, for turn them ever so much the bag still remained closed. I worked at it patiently for five minutes. Still no result. Confound it! I began to lose patience. I am sure that I never swore aloud in my life, but I am equally sure that in my mind I used some very abusive language about that particular hand-bag, and about women's things in general. At last I grew desperate, and taking the leather on both sides into my hands I gave a snatch and succeeded in opening it. The mystery was explained. The knobs had nothing to do with fastening the bag, but I can not undertake to say what their use was.

The interesting thing to me was the contents of that bag. First, there was a handkerchief, a dainty little thing, sweetly scented with an uncommon and yet somehow strangely familiar perfume. Mark the sequel and see how anything feminine robs us men of our common sense. In the corner I saw the pretty little initials "M. B." The other contents of the bag were these: Two samples of dress goods, a receipt for whitening the complexion, a receipt for curling the hair, a cloak button, a dress button or two, a ticket for a drink at a soda fountain, a dozen little wrappers of candy kisses with verses—very amorous verses—printed on them, a package recently purchased, containing a collar which might have cost any amount from ten cents to ten dollars, two pieces of lead-pencil with the characteristic woman's sharpening, and a little round ball, which I had to admit was very much like chewing-gum. Then there was a pocket-book with one dollar and eighty-five cents in it. No clue to the owner except those initials—"M. B." Who could that be? I ran over the list of my acquaintances, but to

no purpose. I was about to give it up and was putting the treasures back one by one into their places when I observed that the wonderful bag had another compartment. I hastily rifled this and brought out a letter, which was addressed, "Miss Maycie Blunte, Lightfoot University, Raleigh, N. C."

There the mystery was solved. It was some sweet school girl. Bless her heart! And she had been trudging along behind some sour teacher, and doubtless because of her abuse had dropped her hand-bag. Bless her sweet little heart! And her heart was fixed on love. Yes, the verses proved that. And she had a proper regard for her looks, especially for her complexion and hair. How nice-looking hair does set off a girl! True she used chewing-gum. I had heard that most school girls did that. It is objectionable but pardonable. A weakness rather than a fault. And then such an aristocratic name. Blunte, oh yes. One of the very best families in the State. Why, there was Governor Blunte and Congressman Blunte, of Bridgeport. Let me see. Well, bless my life! this letter is postmarked "Bridgeport." Some of that very family as sure as fate. Why, I am interested. I must return this hand-bag in person. Who knows what will come of it? Lightfoot University? Why, yes, the name has a familiar sound, but I was never there. Well, there are so many schools for girls in Raleigh. I have never been to but one of them. I will keep this to myself. Next Monday is the girl's holiday and reception day. I will go down and work my face. Such were the reflections in which I became so much interested that I forgot books and everything else until midnight.

The next Monday morning I was in the President's office. I had a good reason this time. I wanted to call

on a young lady that afternoon. The President allowed my claim after a smile and a little banter, which only made me feel the better. Ah, that President could appreciate a fellow's wishes!

If ever I left Wake Forest dressed "to kill," it was on the shoo-fly that morning. I had on a Prince Albert which Walters had just finished, and had my cranium surmounted with a silk hat. Two or three small boys hailed me as I was passing along the street, and that abominable crowd of loafers that forever hovers around the drug-store came out, sprinted across the railroad as the train was pulling in, risking life and limb, and whistled at me as I was getting on the train. That crowd is one thing that my opinion has changed very little about since I was a sophomore.

In Raleigh I went to Cross & Linehan's and got a new pair of gloves, since those I had had just the slightest soil on them, and to Rosengarten's and got a dainty little cane. Then I repaired to my Capital Club friend's room, where I spent an hour on my dress. I do believe that the old bachelor in "The Gay Mr. Goldstein" would have found it difficult to have detected a piece of pluff anywhere on my clothes. I felt that for once in my life I had succeeded in dressing, as I walked up the street toward Lightfoot University, with my spotless wing collar, my frock coat buttoned up down the front and showing beneath my unbuttoned overcoat, my beautifully creased trousers, which hung so elegantly around my shapely shoes. Then my hands were encased in those gloves and were carrying that cane! But Miss Blunne was "the daughter of a hundred earls" and deserved it. Besides, I felt that she had the taste and culture to appreciate good dress. She would observe how well groomed I was. How delighted she would be to receive

her pocket-book again. What kind of speech must I make to her? Must I tell her that I have thought and dreamed of almost nothing else for the past five days except the pleasure of seeing her and of delivering into her own dainty hands her lost property? That would have been the literal truth. And then I would devise means to keep up the conversation for some time. She would have to tell me how she came to lose it. Her teacher would have something to do with it. We would discuss teachers, and I would show that I managed to get along without making myself a grind. And then—well, it would be all right. That would be the first of many visits. I only hoped that the college parlor would be light enough for her to see me well.

Amid these reflections I had reached the University and was already mounting some steps without observing very particularly where I was. But I was in the right place. My ring was answered by a colored maid, to whom I handed my card, in the corner of which was printed "Wake Forest College," and I asked to see Miss Blunte. I was left in a little parlor not quite so light as I had hoped. Humph! this atmosphere is disagreeable. I believe that the negro maid spends all her time here. After some time not the maid but another colored woman returned, holding my card in her hand.

"Is this Mr. ***?" she said. It was. Was there any message that she could deliver for me. No, I wanted to see Miss Blunte. That was forbidden by the laws of the institution. But I had important business that concerned her very closely, and it was necessary that I see her. I would thank her if she would let me see the President. She would see about it, and moved away. Confound that impudent maid. What could she mean? As if it was any of her business whether I saw the lady

or not. I had my dander up now. But it did not stay up long. Pretty soon the President appeared. He was tall and dark and terrible. I shall never forget his look. It was one of mastery. I felt all my courage wilt before him. Before ever a word was spoken I was a convicted culprit in his eyes.

"Ah, this is Mr. ***, I believe."

"Yes."

"And pray tell me," said he, "why you want to see Miss Blunte?"

"Well, sir, I have found the lady's hand-bag, and I trusted that I might have the pleasure of returning it into her own hands, and I had hoped that, as this is reception day, that it would not be amiss for me to have a half hour's conversation with her in a social way; that is, if she is willing."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Exactly what I say, sir."

"What, you, a Wake Forest student, desire to meet in a social way a student of this University!"

"What is there preposterous in that?"

"What? You are not a New Englander, are you?"

"No, sir; I am a North Carolinian."

He looked at me with irrepressible amusement, and continued, "Do you know what kind of a school this is?"

"It is not a convent, is it, sir?"

"Not exactly. It is a school for colored youth."

Then I collapsed. A school for colored youth! O, my blindness! my conceit! my ignorance! Now I saw it all. The odor of that handkerchief should have been enough. It was barbarous ignorance in me not to know what Lightfoot University really was. All these thoughts chased one another like lightning through my mind, and I came to myself with the reflection that no

one knew what I had done; no one but the man before me. Somehow or other I got rid of the hand-bag and left there. I was so much dejected that the amusement on the President's face had given place to pity. I got home on the midnight train. I do not know how I looked, but I felt like a horse that has been turned out to die.

CONSTANCY

H. K. W., '08.

How long have I loved thee?
Go ask of the sea
How long have his billows
Foamed over the lea.

How deep have I loved thee?
Oh, as deep as the blue
Of the heaven above me,—
So deep, and so true.

Yet in vain have I loved thee?
Well, let it be so;
But thine answer can change not
My loving, I know.

ROUSSEAU, THE PROPHET IN EDUCATION

J. G. C., '08.

Few men in history have exerted a greater influence upon education than the celebrated French author, Jean Jacques Rousseau. In his day the mode of instruction was making a desperate struggle for advancement. He, with an unerring prophetic eye, blazed the path that education was to pursue in the coming generations. He understood the romantic life of French civilization. The Jesuits had preached self-seeking virtue; the Jansenists had taught a true but hopeless and unattainable morality; the philosophers had dissected virtue; and the common people were the only ones that were struggling in the right road. And to the aid of the plebians, Rousseau enlisted his efforts.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born in Geneva June 28, 1712, and died near Paris July 2, 1778. His early childhood was one of hardships. His mother died at his birth, and it was his lot to live with a weak father and an indulgent aunt. Singular waywardness characterized his boyhood days. His natural defects were cultivated by his training. Thus leading the life common among wayward boys, he approached manhood.

In preference to a struggle against odds he claimed the Bohemian privilege of flight. He was fond of reading, and of gaining knowledge from the merciless school of experience. He detested the duties of society, the duties of a citizen and those of a parent. The idea of seclusion was instilled into his very soul. With hardly any excuse he turned his back upon the gates of Geneva, and did not return until after fourteen years. After crossing the Swiss border into Savoy he preferred to be re-

ceived by the church as a Protestant vagabond rather than to suffer starvation. From here he was sent to Madame de Warem, a vivacious woman, for instruction. She permitted him to visit Italy, France, and other parts of Europe. Thus his wandering instinct was cultivated.

At the age of thirty he decided to go to Paris to enter public life. At the beginning of this career came one of the serious mistakes of his life; that is, he married Therese Le Vasseur, a stupid wench, and assumed in a measure the detested social burdens. At this time the curse of weakness manifested itself. Having shirked neighborly duties thus far, now, even, against the motherly pleadings of ignorant Therese, he fled from parental obligations by sending his five children to the foundling hospital. He regretted this step, and afterwards sought in vain for his children. From this standpoint no wonder he could write so tenderly for children. Rousseau, harassed by physical pain, scorned by the priests for his heresy, as they chose to call it, living with the wretched Therese, banished from Switzerland, haunted by the spirits of his lost children; yet, under these conditions, his imagination towered above the base ideas of this life, and produced the four great books, which stand as a monument to his labors, and as a guide to educators that followed him. The books were as follows: "The Discourse of Inequality," published in 1753; "The New Heloise," in 1761; "The Social Contract" and "Emile," in the spring of 1762. With these as a criterion one would think that Rousseau never shirked a duty. These books stood upon the foundation of three far-reaching principles:

First. "Go directly contrary to custom, and you will nearly always be right."

Second. "Nature is to be studied and followed."

Third. "Education is an unbroken unity, extending from early childhood to maturity."

It may be that some of Rousseau's predecessors advocated these principles, but this man was the first one to show in a practical way how they could be attained. The reforms which he urged are common-place in the education of to-day. They place his name on a level with that of Herbart, Pestalozzi, Locke, and others.

Now let us look at his great masterpiece, *Emile*, in which he outlines a system for the complete education of a child. He divides the training of "Emile" into five periods. The first covers infancy. He claims the child is born good, that his instruction should be negative, and that it should come direct from nature. He strikes a keynote when he says, "The attractions of home-life are the best antidote to bad morals."

The second period extends to the twelfth year. Here he is to learn to suffer, and to gain knowledge for himself. It would be fatal to neglect outdoor exercise at this age. He says, "If you want to make a child miserable give him everything he asks for." Teach him as his age demands. Assign him his true place, and keep him there; but do not absolutely command him to do a thing, whatever it may be.

The third book includes the years from twelve to fifteen. This is the time for the pupil to acquire most of his knowledge, working it out mainly for himself. Allow only correct ideas to enter the child's mind, rather than so many. He is not to be hurried over subjects without fully mastering them. If he does he at last returns empty handed. The child must have books, and the one book that Rousseau recommends is "Robinson Crusoe," a book fascinating to all ages. Thus the youth up to his fifteenth year is to live a quiet, contented life, as free as nature will allow.

The fourth book explains how the youth is to be treated at the most critical period of his life. Bring before him scenes that will restrain and not excite his senses. He is to be kept from the great cities, where immodest women will hasten and anticipate the dangerous lessons of nature. If possible keep him in the quiet rural districts. Society claims him now, and he is to be taught its ways. He must know how to deal with men. Religion is to be introduced here, and moral law instilled into his very soul. In this book Rousseau points out the snares that entangle so many of our brightest young men.

The fifth book discusses his married life, and the relations that exist between men and women. Woman is to be educated solely to fulfil the duties she owes to man.

In order to fully appreciate this great work we must consider it as a whole. One hundred and fifty years ago men knew little of methods of instruction. As Ptolemy's view of the universe was accurate for his age, so are Rousseau's principles accurate for all ages. However strongly we may question the means, we can not doubt the perfection of the end of Emile's education. Rousseau was the forerunner of a new era in education. Civilization has followed the course he mapped out. The goal of modern educators was the goal of Rousseau. This man in his wild way forced men to see in the dark outlines of prophecy what the future of instruction was to be.

SNOW

EDGAR HERMAN STILLWELL.

Clothed is the world
In garment white—
Earth's sweetest robe—
Oh, holy sight!

The barren hills
No longer bare;
While forests deep
The richness share.

Undecked, no scenes,
No spot unclad;
None dark, none poor,
None dreary, sad.

Too, covered o'er
In softest down—
Whitest of white—
Each country town.

Hushed is the sound
Of noisy feet,
And silence reigns
Out in the street.

As bride, adorned
In fair array,
Her lord to meet,
Seems earth to-day.

E'en night itself
Grows half-way bright:
Earth's wrapped in snow—
Oh, holy sight!

A NARROW ESCAPE

EDGAR WRENN.

In that region of Western North Carolina where countless coves nestle in the mighty arms of the Blue Ridge Mountains and where dwell a simple yet kindly and industrious people, Thomas Benson, better known among his friends as "Big Tom," had spent the entire nineteen years of his life. A quiet, obedient boy and the eldest of a family of eleven children, Thomas had always been accustomed to the hard work of the farm, and to doing all within his power to lighten the heavy burden that rested upon his father's shoulders. Six feet in height, strong and tireless, he had already won the reputation of being the best wood-cutter in all the country round, and was, besides, well versed in the farm lore of his section. Everybody liked "Big Tom" too, for despite his big limbs he was good-natured and, some thought, a little timid.

It is not strange, then, that, when it was decided that it would be better for the whole family for Tom to find work elsewhere, he found little difficulty in obtaining a position with a kind-hearted, wealthy old farmer, whose home was located on the outskirts of a small but prosperous mountain village. Here Tom was assigned to a cabin just back of his new master's log mansion. This was to be his room, but his meals were to be taken, with the other "hands," in the kitchen of the "Big House."

Tom was soon at home in his new quarters and growing speedily tired of his first day's leisure. Unable at last to longer endure the unaccustomed luxury of thinking, he decided that he would walk out and look over the stables, which he knew to be but a short distance to the

rear of his own cabin. Leaving his hut at a brisk walk, he was just rounding its rear corner when he stumbled suddenly over a big, brown bear lying snugly against the house and taking an afternoon nap in the sun.

Now this bear was a domesticated creature that had been caught when a cub, and was as harmless as a New Foundland dog. He was kept chained to the corner of this cabin, with liberty to spend his time in the sunshine when the weather was good and to escape wind and rain by crawling under the house. But Tom did not know this. He only knew that bears had descended from the mountains upon his father's cattle and destroyed a yoke of his finest oxen. He remembered looking through the crack of a barn and seeing one of these creatures strike to the ground a large mule with one stroke of his powerful paw. To express it very mildly, Tom was frightened, and so was the bear. The latter, however, was more nearly equal to the emergency. He darted under the cabin to the full length of his chain, but Tom, owing to a weakness in his knees, was unable to dart anywhere. For a moment he stood trembling, hesitating; then making sure that in some miraculous manner he had escaped unhurt, he crept back in the direction of the house to give the alarm. On his way, however, he met a negro laborer by the name of Sam and related the adventure to him. Sam, secretly amused but outwardly respectful and sympathetic, explained the situation, and Tom's fears were in a measure quieted. He was, however, by no means thoroughly convinced that the bear was securely fastened.

Immediately, then, upon returning to his cabin, he directed his attention to the large opening serving as a window, which was situated in the wall directly over the spot where the bear was fastened. This opening, he felt,

must not remain. Yet, should he close the heavy shutter, he would miss the evening breeze. He decided, therefore, to fasten some heavy strips across the opening, and having obtained three large oaken ones, he nailed them in place with *twenty-penny* spikes.

On the next night, when Thomas had finished supper, he retired immediately to his room, for a hard day's work, coupled with the excitement of the previous day, had made him very sleepy.

Now Sam's fertile brain had been busy since the adventure of the day before, and no sooner had he assured himself that Tom was abed than he darted to the stable and secured a heavy trace chain. Hiding this under his shirt Sam gave a peculiar whistle, which brought several of his companions into sight, and together they approached "Big Tom's" cabin.

After waiting a little longer to make sure that the boy was asleep, Sam took his chain, crept softly up to the open door, and stopped to listen. He could hear distinctly the clear, regular breathing of the sleeping occupant.

Fastening the chain to his collar, Tom crept into the shack upon his hands and knees. Sniffing distinctly, he crawled forward, allowing the chain to drag upon the board floor and stopping occasionally to sniff louder and then to move forward again; but no sound broke the stillness of the room save his own movements.

Thinking perhaps the boy was not awakened by his motion, Sam reached over, sniffing louder than before, and gave the bed a sudden jerk.

But Big Tom had been awake. He heard the "bear" as it came into the cabin, but thought perhaps he would not be seen if he would only remain quiet and allow it to leave.

In breathless agony he waited, not daring to move in the slightest, for fear of attracting the attention of the advancing beast.

Slowly it crept forward, sniffing the air and jerking its dragging chain angrily.

Nearer and nearer it came until in his imagination he could feel its hot breath. His every nerve was taut!

Crash! his bed seemed to leap half across the room toward the bear.

He could stand it no longer. The bear was between him and the door, so his only escape was through the window. He leaped from the bed. Springing to the opening, he found the three heavy, oaken strips barred his exit.

He was desperate! Catching near the end of the strips, he pulled with the delirious strength of a madman. The nails gave way as readily as tooth-picks! Ripping them off, he pulled himself up into the window and jumped. The rush of cool air half-sustained him as he descended, and he lit gracefully, feet first, upon the cool, green grass—astride the bear!

Again the bear was taken completely by surprise and darted under the cabin so hurriedly as to almost carry Tom also, as he rested horseback fashion upon it.

Being entangled within the sweeping folds of his night-shirt, he lost his balance in time to allow his head to come sharply in contact with a corner of the cabin as he fell.

The merry workmen came upon the scene in time to see Big Tom sit up, from his more prostrate position and scratch his head perplexedly. As they approached he asked stupidly: "Say, how many is there of that blame bear?"

A VALENTINE

L. S. P., '10.

My fairy maid, my fairest maid,
Thine eyes are bright as stars
That in the night,
With softest light,
Do peep through murky bars.

My dainty maid, my dearest maid,
Thy lips are rose-leaf red,
And sweet as they
At day's first ray,
With the dews of morn unshed.

My sunny maid, my sweetest maid,
Thyself art pure and true,
My own heart thrills,—
With reverence fills,
But to sit and think of you.

Now little maid, so sweetly staid,
Be not, I pray, so sore afraid;
I love thee so,—
Thou cans't but know—
Come, then, and let me be your beau.

ELECTRICITY AS A MOTIVE POWER

R. G. ANDERS, '08.

Within the last quarter of a century, electricity has made rapid strides to reach its destined position as the greatest agent and comforter of man. In all large cities and even in the small towns, electricity has almost entirely replaced the coal oil light, the gas jet, and other forms of artificial lighting, with arc-light and incandescent lamp. It is also proving itself to be as superior over the steam engine as a motive power as it is over the gas jet as a lighting power.

Among the many advantages of the electric motor over the stationary steam engine, may be mentioned, its economical advantages, its cleanliness, and the ease with which it is controlled.

"Economy and concentration of effort are the lessons of the twentieth century." Experiments have been made in France, England, America, and in other manufacturing countries, by which it has been satisfactorily proved that electrical energy is by far cheaper than motive power produced by steam and gas. The results of these experiments have eliminated steam in many of the large factories, where electricity can be had, and electricity is substituted in its stead, with satisfactory results.

Again, the cleanliness of electrical machines is by no means a weak argument in behalf of the use of electricity as a motive power. Any one who has been in the manufacturing parts of our cities knows full well the unpleasantness caused by the smoke of the many engines which pollutes the atmosphere. The presence of this smoke is a source of a heavy expense to the citizens of the cities. The damage wrought by its presence upon

the architectural embellishment of the cities, upon the fixtures and furnishings of the homes, and upon the apparel of the people; the extensive use of artificial light which the presence of smoke enforces, the effect of shutting out the sunlight and other impairments are among the prominent nuisances. The only solution of the smoke problem is the substitution of electric motors for the steam engines. The power plants are usually situated near a water-fall or, if run by steam, they can be placed far enough from the cities to prevent the smoke from entering them. This will then give us clean cities so far as smoke is concerned, and as we have already seen this will be cheaper for both manufacturers and citizens.

We might also briefly notice the ease with which motors are controlled. In large machine shops and manufacturing establishments where engines are used, firemen and engineers must be on duty day and night. This is no light expense to the employers, neither is it pay for the employees. Such is not the case with electric motors, but they can be controlled by simply connecting and breaking the circuit by means of a switch.

Some of the advantages of electricity over the steam engine as a means of locomotion are, the efficiency of the electric motor is far greater than that of the steam locomotive, passenger cars can be made comfortable by the same electric current that propels them, and greater speed can be obtained by the motor than by the engine without racking the machinery.

It has been calculated that the efficiency of a locomotive engine is about five per cent. Experiments show that the efficiency of an electric motor is many times greater than that of the engine. Railway companies are realizing this advantage more and more, and investigations are being made in regard to substituting motors for engines. Electric roads are being equipped which

parallel the steam roads and in many cases excel them. Another form of traction in which electricity excels all other forms of motive power is that of the elevator. Elevators are referred to a traction system on an inclined plane of ninety degrees.

In all large cities where real estate is very costly and where buildings are necessarily high, the vertical railways are as essential as horizontal railways. In New York, most of the large buildings are electrically equipped to furnish this elevator service. In New York alone, more than two thousand elevators are operated, using more than 15,000 horse-power.

Passenger cars on an electrical railway are made more comfortable than those of the steam railway at a less expense. The cars are heated, cooled, lighted, and propelled by the same current. Also the moving cars can be kept in telegraphic communication with the outer world.

The speed with which cars can be drawn by an electric motor is no small advantage over the steam engine. The greatest speed with which a locomotive engine can run without racking the machinery of the engine is about sixty miles per hour. Tests have been made which show that the motor will safely pull cars at the rate of ninety miles per hour.

While these are some of the advantages of electricity over steam as a motive power, still there are some few obstacles that it must overcome before it will finally eliminate the steam engine. It is true that millions of dollars are invested in our steam lines, but Brady thinks that the motor, with its superiority over the engine, will eventually take its place.

When we think of our almost innumerable water-falls with their capacity for producing electrical energy, we can not but believe that it is but a matter of time when electricity will be the greatest agent of man as a motive

power. The application of our water power to the production of electrical energy is the most economical application possible. Generally our water-falls are so geographically located that they can not be used advantageously unless their power be applied to produce electricity. But with this application, our falls would furnish us more power than we could possibly use. At the falls, their power is converted into an electric current which is conducted over a wire for many miles and then made to do useful work.

As an illustration of the power that can be derived from our falls in the form of electricity, we refer to the Niagara Falls Power Company. The tunnels and canals are so constructed that the water which passes through them will deliver 125,000 horse-power to the water-wheels. The power represented by this is as much as one-tenth of the power which can be developed by all the water-wheels in the United States. If all the power represented by the water of the falls were utilized it is estimated that it would make about 7,000,000 horse-power, or, perhaps three times as much as the power of all the water-wheels of this country.

Thus seeing the power which our water-falls represent, the advantages of electricity over steam, and also seeing the great advancements that are being made in the electrical world, we are forced to believe that electricity will eventually become our greatest means as a motive power. And if in some future day, all our machine shops, manufacturing establishments, and our locomotives are controlled by the electric current, we will not be as much surprised as those were who first saw the steam engine pulling cars. Such will be no greater improvement over our present conditions than the improvements of our present street car systems are over the street cars that were drawn by horses ten years ago.

BLANCHE

—
JOE RICHARD COX.
—

I.

Ah! do I dream? What is it in my fancy all confused
That makes my joy so full, my heart so light?
This is not day: no day was e'er so much joy infused;
No spring-time ever brought me such delight.

II.

A deeper transport fills my dream (or whate'er else
it be);
I drink a measure which the gods would prize.
I stand transfixed with more than all that nurtures
ecstasy,—
I'm conquered by your soul through your bright
eyes.

THE LOST LETTER

—
JOHN H. NANNEY, '08.
—

At the time of the American Revolution there were only a few settlements beyond the Blue Ridge, the largest of which was in the beautiful valley of the French Broad River. In this place so favored by nature, there was ample opportunity for the development of that spirit of fearless adventure which is always imbibed from the mountains.

Thomas Rolfe was one of the first who took their families and ventured to seek new homes on this wild and dangerous frontier. The little band, which was few in number, found the situation very pleasant except for the danger from savage beasts and still more savage Cherokees that roamed through all the forests. But, notwithstanding all the difficulties which they had to face, the settlement prospered, and there soon grew up a generation who knew how to meet the problems of the mountains. They learned to love freedom by being free; and when England took up arms against her colonial possessions, the spirit of patriotism was nowhere more keenly felt than among these primitive mountaineers. They patiently awaited the call to the front, each sturdy arm anxious to strike down the invaders.

When Colonel Ferguson arrived in the vicinity of Gilberttown in the summer of 1780 and began to recruit his forces by enlisting the native Royalists, the long expected call came to these stalwart sons of the hills. Colonel McDowell, John Sevier, and the leaders associated with them, set out to collect an army in this section for the purpose of stopping the advance of the British; and

Colonel McDowell, choosing for his territory the French Broad locality, sent a messenger to announce his coming. On the 15th of September a large crowd of people had gathered where the city of Asheville now stands, and many patriotic hearts beat strong with the love of liberty as Colonel McDowell, whose presence was the cause of the gathering, spoke to the people of the appalling cloud of oppression which hung over their native land.

When the white haired leader had finished his appeal, the first to come forward and offer his services was a young man with sturdy appearance. He was a specimen of perfect manhood, his face reflecting the firmness of the craggy mountain sides upon which he had gazed from early childhood, and his eyes sparkling like the crystal springs which gush from the rocks. But beneath all this there could be seen in his countenance an expression of disappointment, and some unknown burden seemed to be pressing upon his mind. However, his heart overflowed with patriotism, and this in a measure obscured the secret weight with which he seemed to be encumbered. When the young man came forward, the Colonel felt that the cause of freedom would be sustained if he could only secure the services of a few with such powerful physique and fiery determination. He was so favorably impressed with the young man that he took advantage of the first opportunity for a personal interview. The Colonel asked him concerning his family, and he replied, "My name is Nelson Rolfe. My father settled in the eastern foot hills of the Blue Ridge when the tide of emmigration was flowing southward from Virginia, but afterwards came across the mountains to seek a new home. He settled here in this valley, but was killed in a battle with the Indians when I was only a lad.

My mother also died and I was left alone to take care of myself. I have lived with a neighbor family since the death of my mother. They have been very kind to me, but—"

Here he hesitated, and the Colonel saw a deeper gloom settle over his countenance.

"There seems to be some great burden on your mind," said the Colonel. "Why do you hesitate and look so sad?"

"Ay, Colonel," he replied, "I have a burden on my heart of which few human minds are aware."

"It must be the old story of disappointed love," said the Colonel, and from the assenting glance of Nelson's eyes he was fully convinced that his inference had been rightly drawn. Nelson now stood for a few seconds with his eyes fixed upon the ground, after which he looked up and said, "Colonel, you have rightly judged, and I shall tell you how the disappointment came. It has been more than a year since I sent a letter across the Blue Ridge to Elizabeth, the one I had hoped to call my own, but have received no reply. The letter was sent in the care of a trusted friend who was traveling east, and I know he delivered it promptly unless he met with some accident before reaching his destination."

The Colonel saw that Nelson was almost heart broken, so he began to talk of the war and the bright prospects of American victory. This interested Nelson, for he was a great adventurer among his native mountains, and he was anxious to try his fortune in battle.

In a few days Colonel McDowell was ready to lead his little band across the Ridge to join the other leaders. When they met they organized their forces into an army, and found that in all there were over a thousand men. They needed little training for these mountaineers knew

how to ply their muskets with deadly effect. Everything was at last ready and the army set out to look for the enemy. Colonel McDowell was feeble with age, so he gave the army over to others who were more able to endure the hard marching necessary to overtake the foe. Nelson was very sorry to part with the one who had been so kind to him, but he bade the Colonel farewell and set out with his comrades. For thirty-six hours the men marched at full speed, and at last on the 7th of October, they found the "Redcoats" strongly fortified on the summit of Kings Mountain. A desperate battle ensued in which the mountain boys won a great victory; but, not being accustomed to the horrors of war, they were filled with sadness at the sight of several of their comrades lying dead on the battle-field.

After the battle was over the soldiers began to pick up the dead bodies, but soon their attention was turned to a woman who was coming up the mountain side. The horse she was riding seemed to be almost exhausted and she herself showed signs of much fatigue. One of the officers stepped forward to meet her, thinking she had some important message to deliver. He saluted her, but before he had time to ask her mission she said, "Sir, do you know a man in this army named Nelson Rolfe?"

"I know him," said a rough voice from the army. "I carried him from the field mortally wounded while the battle was on." If you will follow me I will lead you to the place where he is." The woman followed, and soon she came to Nelson's side. He had been pierced in the breast by a bullet, and his life blood was fast oozing away. He raised his death-stricken eyes, and looked into the face of the woman who was kneeling by his side. A look of fright flashed over his pale face, but it was soon changed into a smile as he said in a feeble voice, "Oh,

Elizabeth! Is it truly my Elizabeth, or do I fancy I see her?"

"I am Elizabeth," said the woman, "and have ridden many miles through dangerous forests to find you. I received your letter hardly a week ago, and learning that you were in the army, I set out to find you. The clothes of a man who had been murdered have recently been found on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, and your letter was in the pocket."

The wounded man was growing very weak, and with husky voice he said, "Elizabeth, I had hoped to make your life happy, but I die contented to know that you are true to me." Here he tried to speak the name of Colonel McDowell, but death had seized upon him. In a few moments he was still in death, and the tears ran down the sunburnt cheeks of the mountaineers as they gathered around and gazed upon the pathetic scene. The letter was found, but it was too late; the answer came, but it was too late.

O'HOOLICAN'S DREAM

A. D. G.

Pat O'Hooligan was a very well-bred Irishman, but not unlike all of us, he had his shortcomings. He was always very good at speaking English plainly though he was never deserving of much praise for the manner in which he used his words or in what order they came.

His appearance was not very commanding—at a distance one would think Pat was a moving well-curb with a tub for a head, and although people told him so he never became offended, but always wore a broad smile. In fact no soul seemed to be happier, and abler to appreciate the beautiful in "nature, man or beast," as Pat aptly put it, than he. No son of Ireland more loyal, no Catholic more reverent to St. Mary, nor more attentive to Miss Mary, than was this same Pat.

This *handsome* young Irishman and the writer became acquainted while working in a copper mine near the southern shores of Lake Superior, but he left for his dear old home-land to be present at the celebration of his and his grandfather's birthday, and hence, at Pat's request, the writer quotes part of his first letter, which is as follows:

"Dear Copper-mine Chum.

"In the outset let me tell you that in December, after I left you in October, my grandfather was a hundred years old and I was twenty-five, and therefore you see that makes a hundred and twenty-five. That night my bride-elect was there, and since she was not alert to all the worldly ways of man, I took on too much Madeira and sherry, and consequently fell short of reason, so much

so that it was not only proper, but necessary that I should start home.

"It was about midnight when I left, and although it was ten miles home, I felt like walking forty.

"After I had gotten two or three miles away I stopped and took on another pint of sherry, and sat down upon a large rock near the road to rest and behold the beauties of nature, man and beast; for the moon with its pale face was bashfully hiding behind the hills, and in its fading light I was holding in my hand a pocket mirror and beholding *Pat's* semblance which seemed to actually reflect honor upon itself, while the jangling and clanking bells of the pastured sheep seemed to sound as harmonious as the celestial melodies. About this time I toppled over and my head struck a snag—I remember that all right—but my fanciful mind told me it was an eagle, and that it had seized me by the hair of my head and was making an alarming upward flight to the much admired moon which I was a moment before beholding.

"On I went at this frightful rate until I reached my pilot's goal! Whollop! and I was dumped over my carrier's head (and over my head too as for that) right astride of a peak on the moon. The first one I met there, was a little old dried-up sour looking fellow who strutted around as one having supervision of affairs in those parts. I didn't like his looks—and he did not like mine, for he looked at *me* with one eye, and down at the earth at the same time with the other.

"He introduced himself as 'The Man in the Moon,' and at the same time began pushing me until he had me right on the edge. I saw that wouldn't do, and I began to shove and scuffle too. But he looked so sour and upset till I got sorry for him and—fell off.

"Down! down! I went, but fortunately I fell on a wild goose's back, and to arouse no unnecessary suspicions I immediately made apologies for mounting so suddenly, by informing the goose that I was on a flying trip from the moon and had special orders to be on the earth by sunrise.

"The goose said, 'Well then, if that be the case, you are taking it easy by halting here when you have got only half an hour to get there.' 'If it suits me it ought to suit you, hadn't it?' I replied. Evidently I had forgotten myself and that my safety lay in the kindness of my friend goose, and I soon paid for it, for no sooner had the words left my lips than down I went like a poplar leaf in a whirlwind; and worst of all, it was right over the ocean where the goose dropped me! Down! down! again I went, but about this time I struck a whale's back, and without any salutatory remarks or explanations I seized a fin and held on for dear life, for I knew that lodging on a whale's back was no assurance that my descent had ended. A moment passed and,—Glugger! under we went like a bullet to—well, I don't know precisely where.

"Evidently not more than a second had passed,—it seemed like a year and a half—before the frightened monster had a collision with a shark. Heels-over-head I went! and down once more this poor Irishman found himself going.

"Around and around and around I went, sinking all the time, when 'all at once I found myself settling down upon a huge turtle's back. 'Where'd you come from?' said the turtle. 'Oh, I am pearl-fishing, sir; pearl-fishing sir!' I replied, and was attacked by a whale a few minutes ago, narrowly escaping with my life, and I would appreciate your protection back to the surface again.'

"Here we go! all aboard!" cried the turtle, and up we went.

"Two minutes had not been lost in the struggle under water, but my breath was nigh spent when the turtle butted against a sand-bar off the coast of South America.

"I crawled out upon the sand and snorted like a zebra, and *then* I could taste salt water, in fact I never have gotten rid of those queer feelings.

"I staggered on towards the mainland in a sort o' feeble way, caring little about where or how, just so I got there—that was the thing.

"Before I had gone fifty yards into the wilderness, right up against a boa constrictor I walked!

"And I'll ride you,' I said, bounding forward. By the time I mounted I was gliding like a train, over logs, roots, and thro' bushes, briars and limbs. But not many minutes of such riding as this was considered as an accommodation, so I rolled off with little or no expression of gratitude, for by this time my little store of politeness was about exhausted any way.

"Now, here I was, in a strange forest, forsaken by the eagle, goose, whale, turtle and boa constrictor, and without food or friends.

"I fumbled around a few minutes and was just in the act of giving up all hope and stretching out to die, when I was surprisingly met by the most beautiful woman I ever had seen—she reminded me of Miss Mary—and on her forehead was in large golden letters the word 'Virtue.'

"I stood bewildered. I listened for my heart—I felt for it—but it must have stopped.

"I looked down and tried to sink into the earth like I had been sinking thro' the air and water. I looked up again, and there stood—not the moving figure, but a form of rigid stone; and again I looked away and wept.

"Some time elapsed before I lifted my eyes again, but when I did, there before me stood, not the stone statue, but a faint and fading shadow.

"Gradually, gradually, it passed away and left me in utter despair and darkness, and as my anxiety grew, and as my past deeds loomed up before me, all hope vanished, and no effort seemed worth while.

"While thus meditating, I was surprised, yea, beyond expression, to find myself lying flat of my back not two feet from the rock upon which I had previously seated myself, and moreover, that it was past noon, and had been raining—well, long enough to float ships and bird's nests up around my head and ears.

"Since then, my friend, I've learned that it didn't cure colds or win hearts to leave good company and make a hog of yourself by drinking too much Madeira and sherry."

THRO' SORROW'S GATE

ARTHUR RANES, '08.

I.

Many things and Sorrow's self
Come thro' Sorrow's gate;
Gentleness, tact, sympathy, strength,
Character's loving trait.

II.

A heart that has ached from bleedings wounds
And felt the touch of languish
Is in tenderness complete,
Blessed by the conquered anguish.

III.

Eyes that have ached from ushered tears—
From soft'ning, hallowing grief,
Can fathom the depths of another sorrow,
Can smile of a blest relief.

IV.

The soul grows strong thro' strife and storm
Let clouds hang low the while;
Gloomy hours are sure to wane,
Tomorrow's joys will smile.

V.

Then sorrowing heart be not cast down
Nor murmur: "Cruel Fate!"
Be patient, calm, there are some good things
That come thro' Sorrow's gate.

TO THE THIRD GENERATION

G. O. P.

I was young and he was old, more than eighty, his hair was white, and the beard on his kindly big English face had lost the red tinge it once had and was becoming white also. We had "talked with open heart and tongue, affectionate and true" for more than twenty-five years. He told me the first tales I ever heard. Great tales! He took me to the big creek a-fishing when I was eight years old, me and my brother. He loved that sport; he loves it still. We used to go with hook and line, but the fish do not bite as they once did. Now we take a seine and spend a day on the creek. One evening we were returning after a delightful day of seining and cooking and eating and drinking and story-telling. Our mule was pulling freely, as anxious to be at her stall, as we on the restful porches of our homes, and had just brought us to the top of a little rise from which we could see the old Black plantation, once the most magnificent in our neighborhood, spread out up and down a little valley, while just in front were the now dilapidated buildings of the old homestead. At this sight my old friend—I will call him Mr. C,—became pensive, then raised his head and told me the following story. It is true in everything except the names. The scoundrel in this story left a numerous family. Some of my best friends are among his grandchildren, and their feelings must be respected.

"Well, George," began Mr. C, "I never see this place but I think how much it has changed from what it once was. Old Josiah Black spent all his life trying to get money. He was mean to his black-uns, he gambled, and cheated, and was overbearing. He tried to make this the

greatest place in the country. He has long been dead and in purgatory, and now look at this place."

"It don't pay, George, to be mean and do wrong. I have seen too many men try it and nearly every man of them come to some bad end, and lost the property they had made by it. Or if they did not lose it, their children never got any good from it. Now I will tell you a story about old Josiah Black that is the *truth*.

"Old Johnny Black, Josiah's father, used to live twelve miles from here and was a neighbor of my father. By his first wife he had two children, Josiah and Polly who married Williams. When they were already grown and married their mother died. Old man Johnny had living on his place a family of white people by the name of Jones. They had a girl named Melissa, a timid kind of a girl but mighty good-looking. After his wife's death the old man used to get Melissa to come over every morning and clean up the house for him. The upshot of it was that for all he was an old man he fell in love with her and in spite of everything that Josiah and Polly could do he married her. He had two children by her, and after a few years he died.

"Josiah administered upon the estate. He was terribly put out. Instead of having a half interest in his father's property as he had expected a few years before he had only one-fifth. Mrs. Black, you know, and all the children had share and share. There was the law, and, more than that, old man Johnny's will, and Josiah could not help himself.

"In those days, before anything else was done, the widow and children had to be provided with a year's rations—so much wheat and corn and bacon, so much sugar, so much coffee, so much whiskey, five gallons I think it was. Before Mrs. Black got her things—sugar

and coffee and such as that had to come from Fayette (Fayetteville)—her sugar gave out and she sent over to my mother to borrow some. It was a month or two before she got hers, but at last Josiah brought it. One Saturday evening she sent the sugar to pay mother back. The next morning, being it was Sunday, we had coffee for breakfast. When I was a boy we had coffee only twice a week, Wednesday morning and Sunday morning. And we did not have sugar with it either. But on that Sunday morning being mother had got back her sugar she said that we could all have some for our coffee, and we all had a great time drinking, all except Brother Brooks. He said that he had rather eat his with bread and butter, and mother let him eat it that way. We had hardly got through eating before we all were taken sick and such throwing-up you never did see. Some of us came pretty near dying and Brother Brooks was the worst of any of us. But up in the morning we got over it.

“We thought that the sugar was the cause of it. We did not know exactly how. That afternoon Esseck, one of Mrs. Black’s black-uns, was over and we told him of it, and told him that we believed that the sugar was the cause of it. He hooted at it. He knew that the sugar had not a thing to do with it. He wished that *he* could get some of it, *he* would not be afraid to eat it. He took it so much to heart that he went home and told Mrs. Black about it, and went over again what he told us that he wished that *he* could get some of that sugar, he knew that nothing was the matter with it, that *he* would eat all he could get. The old fellow was so eager that Mrs. Black did give him some and he ate it. It was not long before he was sick and in spite of everything they could do they thought that he would die.

"After all that Mrs. Black would not touch any of the things that Josiah had bought her, but she got the doctors to examine them. They said that the whiskey, coffee, and sugar were all full of poison, and that the only reason that it did not kill us all was that there was so much poison in the sugar that it made us throw it up.

"People had begun to talk a good deal, and Josiah heard of it. So one day he came and got the things he had brought. He hooted at anything's being the matter with them. Give them to him. He was not afraid to use them. The sugar was all right. And so he took everything off and, folks thought, emptied them in the nearest branch.

"But what good did all that do Josiah? Now he is dead and maybe in torment, and this plantation that he once thought so much of, has passed altogether out of the hands of his family."

"Mrs. Black? Melissa lived to be an old woman and died only four or five years ago. Her children married well and she lived with her daughter at C. When I was down there a few years ago I went to see her. We sat and talked an hour about old man Johnny. All the time the tears were running out of her eyes. After all these years she loved him so."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

HERBERT PEELE, Editor

"The Student" and the Alumni The lack of support given to THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT by the alumni of the college has been a subject for complaint on the part of the editors of the magazine from the time whereof the memory of the present STUDENT staff runneth not to the contrary. And yet, despite the volume of editorial comment on the subject, the fact remains that the great body of Wake Forest alumni hold aloof and, with no ill-will and all good wishes, leave the magazine which represents their Alma Mater to take care of itself. Even the names of former editors who were most vigorous in their plea for outside support of the publication have either long since disappeared from our subscription list, or else are overshadowed by that saddest of all sad words in the Business Manager's vocabulary, *Discontinued*.

Wearied with much speaking to no avail, but with the hope, still, of making a stronger and more successful appeal to our alumni, THE STUDENT decided, now nearly three years ago, to devote one issue each year to the history of Baptists in North Carolina. The Baptist State Convention endorsed the movement, and that, it was

hoped, implied the endorsement of the alumni also. Now, however, three issues of this Baptist Historical Number have been published, and we are forced to make the humiliating admission that these special issues have not, so far as we know, added the name of one alumnus to our list of subscribers.

Now, the question comes, what next? The circulation of the magazine is not half what it should be, but can the editors do more? Nay verily. If help is to come, it must come from the student body. Permit a suggestion. Let every member of the class of nineteen-eight who carries away with him a vestige of the old college spirit see to it that his address is left with the Business Manager this spring; and let every man, whatever his class, who boasts his love for Wake Forest say a good word for THE STUDENT, during the summer, among the alumni with whom he is acquainted. Then let him give their names to the Business Manager upon his return to college. If this were done for four years what would it mean? "Who is going to put himself to so much trouble?" you ask. Nobody, perhaps. But what are *you* going to do about it? That is the question.

The College
Library

Wake Forest, we are told,—and we believe it—is entering upon a new era. With us now change and growth are watchwords.

During the past few years the College has advanced by great strides, and still the future is big with promise. The Wake Forest man, whether student or alumnus, is pointing with pride to his Alma Mater's progress, and praying with faith for the speedy coming of her already dawning day. We must admit, however, that this spirit of growth and change seems not to have reached our

College library. This, save for the fact that a few more pages are missing from some of the volumes, and that a number of new books have been added from year to year—perhaps a little more than counterbalancing the number that annually disappear, is much the same that it was eight years ago. Indeed, in some respects, there has been positive retrogression. Take, for instance, the shelves of bound volumes of periodicals. Many years of use, often coupled with abuse, have made some of these volumes almost worthless, and new ones are not added in sufficient number to take their places. Consequently this corner of the reading-room, once the favorite haunt of the debater and orator of the literary societies, is now almost deserted.

One of the things that we have long asked for, and longer needed, in our library is a permanent Librarian. More is required to keep in order a seventeen thousand volume library than a force consisting of men who relieve one another from hour to hour and from day to day. The advantage which one man, able to devote his entire time to his duties as librarian, would have over a number of students, each pressed by college duties and spending two or three periods a day in the library, is evident. The appointment of a permanent Librarian would, we believe, mean better service and pave the way for the introduction of methods and improvements which would result in the elimination of many of the abuses now so prevalent,—and so well known as not to require enumeration. Yet, though the need of such an appointment has been long seen and the matter often discussed, another college year is passing away without the accomplishment of anything definite. How long?

Another complaint. Last year, through our Literary Societies we asked the faculty for better heating facili-

ties in the Library building. Consideration was promised, the matter was pigeon-holed, and that was the last of it. Another winter is drawing to a close, and the entire library and reading-room are still heated by one stove! How long?

We do not wish to be misunderstood. This protest intends no criticism or complaint of the present corps of library officers. We have had no better library force, and do not doubt that the gentlemen composing it are making their very best of the circumstances under which they work. But with all due respect to the powers that be, certainly with no wish to publish our grievances in the streets of Ascalon, we ask if the Library is not *unduly* hampered by lack of friends and funds. There was once such a thing as a Literary fee; and this we understand to be *included* now in the matriculation fee. Does it ever come out of it? Everybody is shouting for electric lights and a new Dormitory. Let's not forget the Library. These other things are desirable; but an up-to-date library is a necessity.

College Spirit It has long been the custom to bewail the
at Wake Forest lack of college spirit at Wake Forest and
 to lay this lack at the door of the student
body. This is both unjust and unwise. In the first
place college spirit is born, not made, and can not be
pumped into men by complainings. In the second, its
absence here is not due to lack of love for the College on
the part of the individual student. It is brought into
life by great occasions and can not thrive without oppor-
tunity to manifest itself. Until the College wins a great
victory the Freshman never awakes to the realization of
what a glorious privilege it is to be a Wake Forest man.

Now it has been the case at Wake Forest that an entire year would pass with nothing to arouse enthusiasm for the College except our annual debate and a few ball games. Is it just then, we ask, when there is no debate until Easter and no ball game until the latter part of March, to complain because everything is not bubbling over with college spirit throughout the year? Is not rather the surprising thing the fact that despite this long period of undisturbed repose, that notwithstanding the wearisome, life-stealing monotony of a great part of the college session, we are able to call into vigorous life upon great occasions a young giant who, though somewhat awkward in gesture and uncouth in expression, has limbs of steel, lungs of brass, and a heart of gold? We need to realize, and perhaps we are already beginning to do so, that college spirit at Wake Forest, were it but kept alive, would speedily become as promptly responsive as it is already mightily great.

We say that perhaps this truth is already beginning to force itself upon us because at last steps are being taken in the right direction, and results are approving them. Basketball and class games between carefully selected teams have worked wonders. Recall, for instance, the record-breaking enthusiasm of the first meeting of the Athletic Association in nineteen-eight. But basketball games are too infrequent, and class games can never make the student body a unit. Give us two debates a year, one on Thanksgiving and the other at Easter, give us football and a track team, in other words *give us a fair chance* and in four years Wake Forest and college spirit will be synonymous terms!

A Word of Appreciation Anniversary is gone. When comes such another? The crowd was large, the orations were great, the debate was good. Indeed, except for the trifling detail of the weather, this was a perfect Anniversary. Among the things which contributed no small share to the increase of the crowd and to the enjoyment of the occasion was the special train from Raleigh, which furnished ample room for everybody and a special car for college girls. The Seaboard officials, especially the Traveling Passenger Agent, Mr. Gattis, deserve our thanks for making such a train possible, and we take this opportunity of expressing the genuine appreciation of the student body.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

—'70. Mr. S. W. Brewer, who bears the name of the first President of the College, is a prominent and successful merchant of Raleigh.

—'87. Dr. E. H. Bowling is one of the leading physicians of Durham. He is a member of the city council and is also actively identified with a number of large business enterprises.

—'86. Mr. J. D. Boushall, of Raleigh, who for a number of years was manager of the *Ætna Life Insurance Co.* for North Carolina, has recently been appointed State Agent of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Mr. Boushall's large experience insures success.

—'91. Rev. C. W. Blanchard has severed his connection with *The Biblical Recorder*, and has entered the Seminary at Louisville, Ky., for special study. Later he will begin his work as an active pastor. His short career as editor of *The Recorder* was successful.

—'92. Mr. Geo. W. Blanton is cashier of a prominent bank at Shelby.

—'92. Rev. Jos. G. Blalock has resigned the pastorate of Whiteville Church and has removed to his old home in Granville County, where he has charge of several leading country churches.

—'83-'84. It is remarkable that Wake Forest men usually hold strategic and responsible positions. C. H. Beckham is an engineer on the Seaboard and has charge of its fastest trains. Another engineer and a Wake Forest man is E. C. Robertson, who is often detailed to run special trains—as an example, President Roosevelt's special train.

—'92. E. T. Barnes is now cashier of one of the largest banks of Wilson.

—'88-'89. J. W. Bailey, who made an excellent record as a student, is now a leading business man of Kenly.

—'90. Rev. J. O. Atkinson, editor of *The Christian Sun* and one of the leading ministers of the Christian denomination in the State, will deliver the Alumni Address at Commencement.

—W. A. Hildebrand is making a success of *The Industrial News* of Greensboro, the leading Republican paper of the State.

—'04. Rev. W. H. Whitehead has resigned the pastorate of the Laurinburg church. His plans are not made known, but it is hoped he will not leave the State.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'02. C. M. Beach is principal of Dell High School, Sampson County. His brother, W. L. Beach, is business manager and teacher of history and languages at the same school.

—'99. Rev. W. N. Johnson is Corresponding Secretary Baptist State Convention of Louisiana, and also associate editor of *The Baptist Chronicle*.

—'02. It is regretted by his numerous friends to learn of the illness of State Senator Guy Carter, of Surry County. It is hoped that his recovery will be speedy.

—'05. Rev. M. D. Austin, who for two years had a field in Virginia, is now at Orangeburg Collegiate Institute, S. C., teaching Latin.

—'01. J. L. Jackson is cashier of the bank at Winterville.

—'04. S. C. Howard is farming in Granville County.

—'98. J. Clyde Turner is pastor of Tatnall Baptist Church, Mercer University. Rumor has it that he is to be married soon.

—'03-'05. We learn that Beatty D. McDaniel and Miss Josephine Plummer, of Newport News, Va., were married on Wednesday evening, February the 19th.

—Rev. J. E. Ayscue is pastor of the church at Greenville.

—'03-'05. J. L. Tunstall, who after leaving Wake Forest pursued the study of medicine at Richmond Medical College and secured his M.D., is now at Highsmith Hospital, Fayetteville.

—'01. Mr. R. B. White, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Franklin County, was on the Hill a few days ago. Mr. White is known throughout the State as an earnest and zealous worker in behalf of education.

—Among the many visitors at Anniversary exercises were W. O. Johnson and O. R. Mangum of the class of 1907, C. T. Goode, 1905, and Archibald Johnson. Mr. Johnson made a practical and appreciated address before the ministerial class on Saturday morning following Anniversary. Numerous other alumni and former students were present. We should be glad to mention them personally, but owing to a conglomeration of thoughts resulting from the above-named occasion, we refrain from further mention lest we forget.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

As we pick up, one by one, the magazines which are piled upon our table and peruse their contents, we consider ourselves to be the most fortunate member of the editorial staff. Did you ever stand in a secluded place near the main thoroughfare of some large city and watch the ever-changing stream of humanity as it flows by, becoming, yourself so intensely interested in observation that you are ignorant of the flight of time? Justly analogous is our case. From our position we are enabled to observe the wonderful workings of multitudinous intellects, as they gaze upon the dimly visible land of literature and endeavor to cross into its pleasant borders. We see them pass before us in a long and unending line, each intent upon his own course and carrying the manuscript with which he hopes to gain admittance. Possessed of a natural curiosity, we endeavor to read the titles. On some we detect the word "Essay"; on a few we perceive the title to read "Stories of Adventure"; on others we discern the word "Comedy"; then there passes one whose hieroglyphical title we are not able to make out. We keep our gaze fastened on it till it passes from view, but we can not understand those mystic characters. We become disappointed and disheartened in our endeavor, but immediately are conscious of others in the line hearing the same inscription and perceive that the majority display the same mystic words whose meaning we long and tediously strive to comprehend; we strain our eyes, but in vain. No other members of the procession have any interest for us; our whole attention is fixed on those mysterious characters, which possess a peculiar fascination for us and seem to mock us in their incomprehensibility. But we determine that we will gain their meaning. Now one approaches whose inscription stands out more prominently than the others, but it gradually fades and vanishes as the rest have done—uninterrupted. We acknowledge ourselves defeated and turn to leave, when we see a woman approaching us. Fair in feature, and perfect in form, she seems a living representation of the artist's ideal dream of beauty. When she reaches our side she halts. In one hand there glitters a golden wand, and in the other—oh! what is it?—a folded manuscript bearing the same mysterious words which we have endeavored so long to read. But even now we can not read them. They seem covered with a thin film,—too dim and faded to read. The woman holds the manuscript before our eyes, and we sadly shake our head in answer to her interrogative look. Then she slowly passes the golden wand over the mysterious characters,

and immediately they begin to assume the form of words and, like the invisible picture on the photographer's "negative" at the magic touch of chemicals, gradually grow in distinctness, and we discover their long-hidden meaning. We turn and again watch the almost forgotten line filing past us, and on nearly every manuscript we now clearly distinguish the two words—"Love Story." The beautiful interpreter gently touches our arm and we turn and gaze into her wonderfully blue eyes; but only for a moment do we look. Smiling she raises her wand, holds it poised for a moment, then gently taps our forehead with it, and vanishes, and—we awake to find our room-mate with an up-drawn pencil ready to come down on our head a second time and the college magazine which we had been reading lying before us opened at a love story.

We lay it aside and pick up another. The only stories which it contains—three in number—are love stories. This is true with the majority of the college magazines which we receive. The greater number of their contributions are in the nature of love stories. Now, we do not condemn a story simply because it is a love story, for we enjoy reading one of this kind as well as any when it is well written; but the trouble lies in the well-known fact that a love story is the most difficult for a person to write, especially an amateur. All of the plots seem to have been "cut and dried" and made to order. They are as old as love itself and just about as inconsistent. Why do not college students go to other sources for their material? Let them draw upon their vivid imaginations—for they have such—and translate their products into language (*written* language, I mean). No matter if the story does seem a little out of tune with things of the present, and too fanciful in conception, if it is properly and interestingly written it deserves a place in the magazine and will generally find one. Let the students learn that the college magazines do not require an adherence to rigidly fixed rules of artistic excellence as more mature journals do, and they will begin to hand in more contributions with a wider and more varied range of thought. Life is full of little experiences and adventures which, in themselves, are of trivial importance, yet by aid of the imagination they may be turned into interesting reading. Of all the reading matter in our magazines the fiction, perhaps, is most widely read. Therefore, it should be of as high an order as is possible to obtain, and the responsibility of this excellence rests with the students more than with the editors, for they must have material even if they have to accept contributions of low merit. All this, however, is by way of general remarks, and we now turn our mind to our exchanges.

We turn to a review of *The Acorn* with pleasure, judging from its attractive appearance that we shall not be disappointed in viewing its contents. Nor are we disappointed after a careful perusal. Although

this magazine is yet in its first volume, there are many, much older, that would do well to imitate it. Its cover is neat and well in harmony with its title. The present issue is full of good stories, essays and sketches, though somewhat deficient in poetry, containing only one poem. Poetry adds much to the attractiveness of a college magazine, and we would suggest to the editors that they encourage the students to write more of it. "A Revolutionary Heroine," by Minnie Claire Middleton, is a well-written story of a war-time adventure. The essay on "The Life of the Younger Pliny," by Annie J. Crisp, is a good sketch of the life and character of this famous Roman author and reveals a close study of, and familiarity with, his works. "The Coming of Night," by E. P., is a charming little piece of description picturing a scene from a society hall window "as the lingering streams of sunlight filter through the interlaced boughs" and "long shadows creep over the ground." The immediate surroundings and distant objects are pictured in interesting detail as darkness hovers over them; and their fading distinctness is picturesquely described as "gradually the floating mist grows denser; shadows deepen" and—"it is night." All the departments are competently conducted, and we are glad to note in one of the editorials a censure of sentimental love stories and a plea for more articles dealing with everyday college life. The present issue contains not a single story of the above-mentioned type, be it said to its credit.

The exchange editor of *The Chatterbox* in a poem (if such it might be called) laments the fact that other college magazines do not make notice, in their exchange departments, of this publication. Now, we do not mean to neglect any of our exchanges, but sometimes such is the case. The fact is, we have not space to devote to critical notices of all the magazines that come to our table each month, so that we are forced to select only a few for consideration each time, consequently it requires a good while to go around. *The Chatterbox* for January is an interesting number, and deserves commendation. It is only in its second volume, yet it has a good quality as well as quantity of material,—with the exception of poetry, and here it is deficient. "What's a Twin Without the Other" is a well-written story told in an interesting way. "The Character of Macbeth" is an essay that shows study and preparation.

The contents of *The Wesleyan* are well balanced between poetry and fiction, and the poetry of this number is very good, above the average, we think. "Thoughts of Home" shows a poetical appreciation of old home scenes and a natural longing for their enjoyment again. "Aftermath" is also good. "The Shadow of Dishonor," a story, shows good style, and bespeaks for the author ability in character depicting. The story is "to be continued," though, judging from the first installment, we think the whole of it could have been published, and would advise

against the "continuing" of stories in college magazines when it can be avoided. "When the Right One Appeared" is a love story, though it is above the average of that class, and the author deserves credit.

The Eatonian contains right many contributions, though they all are very short, in fact too short to hold one's interest. We would suggest that the editors endeavor to get the students of Union University more interested in their magazine—especially the literary department of it. "Life's Anchor" is a very flowery oration written by an alumnus of the college, in his sophomore year—we should judge. We think college magazines should publish live matter written by the students rather than old compositions of an alumnus—even if he is "taking a course at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary." The editorial department is well conducted, and we are glad to note that the editors are striving to arouse more interest, on the part of the students, in the magazine.

The Philomathean Monthly, though small in size, contains some very interesting reading matter. "For the Sake of Fame," by Sylvia Burns, is a love story and has a very simple plot, though it is interestingly told. "Melrose," by Crissie M. Heddings, is a good piece of description and shows ability in this kind of composition. This magazine contains only two poems and they are not very good. A few good poems mixed in with the prose greatly helps a magazine and gives it a good flavor.

We acknowledge receipt of the following: *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Susquehanna*, *Hampton-Sidney Magazine*, *The Guilford Collegian*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The X-Ray*, *The William Jewell Student*, *Southwestern University Magazine*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The University Magazine*, *The Concept*, *The Red and White*, *The Mercerian*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Central Collegian*, *The Kingfisher*, *The Index*, *Isoquecna*, *The Aurora*, *The Newberry Stylus*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *Chimes*, *William and Mary Magazine*, *The Athenka*, *The Criterion*, *The Winthrop College Journal*, *The Clemson College Chronicle*.

CLIPPINGS

Pat had been picked up on the street in an unconscious condition, had been hurried off to the hospital and operated upon for appendicitis. A few days later the doctor was telling him what had happened.

"You see," he exclaimed, "we took your appendix out."

"Where is ut now?" inquired Pat.

"It's over there in the window."

"Oi would loike to see ut."

"No, you must be very quiet for a few days yet."

Pat curbed his curiosity for the time, but the next day, when no one was around to prevent, he raised up cautiously on his elbow and looked over toward the window. It happened that a monkey belonging to the hospital was sitting in the window, and it began making faces at him.

"Nivver moind, son," admonished Pat, plaintively, "don't do thot; yure mither is a moighty sick mon."—*Ex.*



Freshman—"Professor Pegues, I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Professor Pegues—"Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give."—*Ex.*



Said a bearded "Med." to a fair Co-Ed.,

"I'm like a ship at sea;

Exams. are here, and I do fear

That I will 'busted' be."

"Oh, no!" she said; "I'll be a shore;

Come rest, your journey o'er."

Darkness fell and all was well,

For the ship had hugged the shore.—*Ex.*



"Non paratus," freshie dixit,

Cum a sad and doleful look,

"Omne rectum," Prof. respondit,

"Nihil," scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*



Y. M. C. A. Secretary—"I would like for you to do some canvassing for me to-night."

"Bird" Eagle (five minutes later)—"Hey, you ugly sinner, let's go to Y. M. C. A.; we are going to have a devil of a time up there to-night."—*Exchange.*

THE FIRST-YEAR MAN.

When I see a youth with his pants turned up and his beautiful socks on
view,
And over one eye perched a little round hat, with a ribbon of mauve or
blue,
And the fourteen rings and the seven pins that he got at his dear prep-
school,
Why, it strikes a chord—I say: "O Lord! was I ever that big a fool!"

When I see a youth with his gloves turned down and a cigarette stuck
in his face,
And a loud check coat and a horse-cloth vest and a half-an-inch shoelace,
And a bunch of hair that hides his ears and a line of senseless drool,
Then I paw the sward as I say: "O Lord! was I ever that big a fool!"
—*Ex.*



Mary had a little lamb
Just thirty years ago;
The chops we had for lunch to-day
Were from that lamb, I know.—*Ex.*



Man is like unto a kerosene lamp:
He isn't especially bright;
He's often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.—*Ex.*



When you court a girl to wed her,
Never let the question stop;
First you have to pop the question,
Then you have to question pop.—*Ex.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

W. H. VANN, Editor pro tem

—Anniversary!

—Did *she* come?

—Mumps! Have you had them?

—Remember the Howler, boys. Editor-in-Chief McMillan and Business Manager Melton are hard at work on it, and will be glad of any help you can give them. The annual for this year has been dedicated to Hon. W. W. Kitchin.

—Miss Louise Williams visited Miss Ruby Reid during anniversary.

—Miss Hallie Powers had as her guests Miss Anna Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, and Miss Mary Willie Miller, of Leaksville.

—Mr. M. W. Tyree, of Raleigh, was at his studio for a few days during January making photographs for the Howler.

—We were glad to welcome on the Hill for Anniversary Miss Louie Poteat, who brought with her Misses Jeannette Daniel, Myra Vann, Rena Camp, and Lila Keith, all of the Baptist University in Raleigh.

—Among the many alumni who were present for the celebration, we noted the faces of Messrs. R. T. Daniel and D. B. Zollicoffer, Jr., of Weldon, R. H. Ferrell and C. T. Goode, of Oxford, O. R. Mangum, of Selma, K. R. Curtis, of Severn, T. A. Lyon, of Elizabethtown, C. R. Smith, of Timmons ville, S. C., S. W. Brewer, V. O. Weathers, J. W. Bunn and R. N. Simms, of Raleigh, W. O. Johnson, Clyde Jenkins, and C. N. Dunn.

—Miss Helen Briggs, of Raleigh, is visiting Miss Bessie Dunn.

—Wake Forest has been the scene of two pretty weddings lately. On the afternoon of February 5, Miss Norma Martin was married to Mr. John W. Hartsfield, Dr. Lynch performing the ceremony in a beautiful manner. They left on the afternoon train for an extended bridal trip.

—At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Isaac Fort, Miss Minnie Holding, of Sanford and Mr. St. Clair, of the same place, were united in marriage. On the preceding afternoon a delightful shower party was given in honor of the bride by Miss Mattie Gill.

—Miss Jessie Powell, of Petersburg, Va., has been visiting Miss Ada Lee Timberlake.

—Mr. Archibald Johnson, editor of *Charity and Children*, spoke to the ministerial students on the minister's part in the laymen's movement. His address proved interesting and instructive.

—We were glad to have with us Rev. Hight C. Moore, the newly elected editor of *The Biblical Recorder*.

—Rev. Livingston Johnson, the beloved corresponding secretary of our State convention, was here for the first anniversary in many years.

—Mrs. J. Richard Crozier spent a week in Greensboro with Mrs. W. O. Riddick, while the basketball team was away.

—The mid-winter number of *The Bulletin* is out, and contains much of interest. Professor Mills concludes his article, "Forty Years in the Wilderness;" Dr. Sikes writes about the gymnasium, and Professor Carlyle tells of "How it Was Done"—referring to the endowment.

—We regret to record the death of Mrs. Walker. She was known and beloved by many friends in the community. THE STUDENT extends sympathies to her son and relatives.

—On January 27th Doctor Poteat gave the annual lecture before the Contemporary Club of Henderson. As usual he delighted the audience with his address.

—Prof. J. H. Highsmith was in Raleigh on January 25th, where he gave an address before the Philoretian Society of the Baptist University. His subject was, "Aesthetic Education."

—The Mercer Debate this year will be held in Atlanta on Easter Monday. Wake Forest proposed the query, "Resolved, That the tendency toward the centralization of power in the Federal Government is for the best interest of the Republic," and Mercer has selected the negative. The preliminary will be held early in March.

—On the evening of February 10th Mr. and Mrs. Crozier gave a delightful reception in honor of the Sophomore basketball team, winners of the series. Prof. H. M. Poteat acted as toast-master, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Those present were Messrs. D. B. Carrick, W. C. Allen, Jr., E. V. Freeman, V. L. McCullers, W. B. Daniel, G. F. Williamson, E. B. Howard and R. H. Shauks.

—Arrangements for commencement have been completed. Departing from the usual custom, Dr. Lynch will preach the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning, May 17th, and the Glee Club concert will occur Wednesday evening. Senator Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, is to deliver the literary address, and Prof. J. O. Atkinson, of Elon College, speaks before the Alumni. The graduating exercises will be held Friday morning, as usual, and the reception Friday evening.

—Twenty members of the law class stood the examination for licenses the first of February, and as a result twenty new shingles will be soon swinging in the breeze. Truly a remarkable record, but in keeping with Professor Gulley's past achievements. On the night after all had successfully demonstrated their knowledge of the law, they were tendered a sumptuous banquet by Mr. J. W. Bailey, a member of the class. Besides the members of the class there were present Profs. N. Y. Gulley and E. W. Timberlake.

—Much interest was developed during January in the class basketball games. The Sophomores, after tying with the Freshmen in their first contest, put in some hard practice, and after starting off with a rush, managed to win an exciting game by the score of 15 to 10. White H. played well for the Freshmen, and Allen and Freeman for the Sophs. The Seniors found the Juniors rather easy, defeating them by the score of 20 to 11. Prevetie did the scoring for the Juniors, while Creech and Griffin played star ball for the Seniors.

The deciding game of the series proved the most interesting. The first half was fast and furious, and when time was called the upper classmen led by 9 to 7. But in the second half the Sophs put on their fighting clothes and ran away with things, rolling up nine points to naught for the Seniors. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the spectators. The playing of Freeman and Allen, of the Sophs, and Stewart, of the Seniors, were features.

At the conclusion of the game an oyster supper was given in honor of the winners by Mrs. W. M. Dixon.

Those playing on the various class teams were as follows:

Freshmen.—White, R., captain, and White, H., forwards; Willis, centre, and Highsmith and Sawyer, guards.

Sophomores.—Allen, captain, and Daniel, forwards; Carrick, centre; McCullers and Freeman, guards.

Juniors.—Prevette and Adams, forwards; Knott, centre; Leggett, captain, and Coggin, guards.

Seniors.—Creech and Bryan, forwards; Griffin, captain, centre; and McMillan and Stewart, guards.

Among the best players of the series were Freeman, Griffin, Carrick, Prevette, Creech, Allen and White. These games will do much for basketball, for besides fostering class spirit they develop material for the college team. We hope they will become a permanent feature.

—It is a pleasure to note the reorganization of the Athletic Association, and this time, we believe, on a permanent and substantial basis. The Association has over two hundred members, and what is more important, nearly a hundred and fifty dollars has been already pledged. This will give the ball team a good start. The following officers and committees have been selected: President, F. F. Brown; Vice-President, L. B. Weathers; Secretary, R. L. McMillan. Advisory and Finance Committee, F. F. Brown, Mr. J. R. Crozier, Prof. E. W. Timberlake. Cheer Leader, J. E. Ray, Jr. The athletic spirit is on the boom at Wake Forest now, and the movement should appeal to all alumni and friends of the College for their loyal and enthusiastic support. There is nothing which will help Wake Forest so much as a good athletic spirit, which is bound to result in turning out winning teams.

—The basketball team has just started on its southern trip as we go to press. News of only one game—with

the Asheville School has reached us so far, the result being in our favor. Other teams will be the Asheville Y. M. C. A., Atlanta Y. M. C. A., Columbus Y. M. C. A., and Alabama A. and M. at Auburn. These are all strong teams, but we believe Crozier's proteges will win a majority of the games played.

—An enjoyable feature of anniversary was a concert given on Thursday evening, February 13, by the Alkalest Ladies Quartette, which came here through Mr. B. L. Powers. The program consisted of quartettes, vocal solos, violin solos, and recitations. The violin and soprano numbers were especially good, while the reader was several times encored.

—With the return of balmy days, Coach Crozier has called out the baseball candidates, and whenever the weather permits they are out practicing. Captain Hamrick, Couch, Freeman, Benton and White of last year's team are back, and there are several others who will give a good account of themselves, prominent among them being Temple, last year of A. and M., and Hammond, of Oak Ridge. With the loyal support of faculty, students and citizens of the Hill, Wake Forest should have the best team we have put out in several years.

—Again has come and gone that event of the college year to which we all look forward with the keenest anticipation, and upon which we all look back with fondest recollections—Anniversary. For the seventy-third time the societies have celebrated their birth, and in many ways it was the best celebration held here in many years. It would take many a volume to tell of all that was said and done, but we must needs content ourselves with merely a brief resumé of events.

On Friday afternoon a large audience gathered to hear a most interesting debate on the query, "Resolved, That

the present tendency toward centralization in the National Government is detrimental to the Republic." The first speaker was Hubert A. Jones, Eu. He held that centralization was contrary to the principles laid down in the Constitution, taking away too much liberty from the individual States. His speech was clear and well expressed. George O. Marshall, Phi., upheld the negative, declaring that to oppose centralization was not to keep abreast of the times. He laid down his points logically and in order, in well chosen words.

Fred. T. Collins, breezy and original in style, spoke in his usual way, sometimes wandering slightly from the subject, but thrusting home his arguments in an original manner. He carried weight with what he said.

The last speech was by Edgar E. White, Eu. He spoke smoothly and fluently, occasionally going into flights of oratory. His manner compelled the attention of the audience, and his argument had much influence with the judges.

The replies were short and to the point, emphasizing a former argument or belittling that of an opponent.

The judges were Chief Justice Walter Clark, Dr. R. T. Vann, and Mr. R. N. Simms. Judge Clark announced the decision, which was two to one in favor of the negative.

At night came the orations. These were of unusual excellence, and commanded the interest and attention of their listeners. Fred. F. Brown, Eu., spoke on "The Builders of the South," praising in eloquent terms and impassioned oratory the men and women who played the lesser but more important part in the South's development. Aurenus T. Howard, Phi., had for his subject "The New Internationalism." He handled it clearly and forcefully, bringing out the relation between different

nations and different individuals as affected by different conditions.

Then followed the reception in the ever-beautiful society halls, where lovely maidens and gallant youths enacted once more the scenes so familiar to all who have attended Anniversary, yet indescribable to those who have not. We will pass over this—suffice it to say that it was like all other similar occasions, lest perhaps the crowd was larger, the boys more attentive, the girls were prettier, and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the Third Regiment Orchestra of Raleigh, and contributed much to the enjoyment of all present. But at last the train whistled, the guests slowly left the hall, the lights went out, one by one, and another Anniversary had passed into history.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII.

MARCH, 1908

No. 7

THE LULL

H. F. PAGE.

Frayed shreds of cloud, becalmed,
Hang low about the west,
The blast-scourged air let free
Sinks wearily to rest.

Off there among the trees
A late wind-whisper calls.
Upon the drooping woods
A troubled twilight falls.

Where skies unflush, wan stars
Come quivering to their birth,
And Silence, dark-veiled, bends
To kiss the swooning Earth!

A GAMBLE FOR LOVE

BY LEBLANC.

The story which I am about to tell will seem passingly strange to those who read it; nevertheless it is true. To me, as I now think of those times, it appears like a dream of only yesterday. How quickly the days do pass! The scene and events of its history will be questioned as beyond all fact, I know; but the passing events of everyday life are wonderfully more romantic than even some of those weird fancies of a Poe or a Munchausen. Mark them, and while marking them, listen to this story of mine.

I am rather what you might term a man of the world, although I haven't indulged in many extravagancies—except that I one time bought a two thousand poodle dog for a charming lady friend of mine. I love excitement and have some nerve. This can be proved; for one time in my short life of thirty-five years I served as chief attendant upon his majesty, the King of Turkey. As I had to taste his food before it was served to him, I think that probably I could be placed among the category under which brave men, if not heroes, come. Just such an affair in which I was to be one of the principals had lent some excitement to my otherwise care-free life. But to my story.

Cragon and I were enemies, for there had existed a feud between his and our families since the close of the war. He and father had gone to the war together. They were inseparable—each had spilt his lifeblood for his cause. Both, before they left, were in love with the same young lady. After their return, the same friendly rivalry continued until one morning my father found it

necessary for him to leave town on account of a scandalous rumor which involved the good name of another. He knew at once that Cragon had played the part of a Judas. Thereupon he went West to Kansas. He prospered and became tolerably wealthy. There I was born.

He taught me the treachery of this friend and engraved on my heart the revenge for which he so often wished. It is needless to say that Cragon married the girl—the girl who might have been my mother!

As time went on, my father died and then my mother. Thus I was left free with a neat sum tucked away in the vaults of my bank.

I forgot the injunctions and the last words of my father: "See that you make him pay," in my eagerness to see the world. The world I have seen, and not until some weeks ago had my careless life been turned from its course.

It was in this way: I was spending a week at the springs watching the races, and in the meanwhile recuperating some of the health and vigor which I had lost during the summer while in the tropics.

Not having much else to do, I made the acquaintance of a few men, whom I learned were from the South—the State of Georgia. These men, like myself, were happy, indulgent fellows, and they being from the South, too, made me feel better disposed toward them.

Early one afternoon, about the time for the races to begin, we fellows—who had obtained seats just opposite the judges' stand—were choosing our preferences and making our bets, when a fine-looking old gentleman, evidently from the South, and a young lady passed in front of us.

"Geewhilikins," I exclaimed, "who in the name of Venus is that young lady yonder?"

"Shut up, you fool, they'll hear you. That's Judge Cragon and his daughter. No, you haven't heard of him? Why, he's one of the big dogs about here. You see that fine racer, yonder? That horse belongs to him. Keeps a big stable, I understand, and plays pretty heavily on them."

I hadn't paid much attention to what my friend had been saying. The name Cragon stuck in my head and wouldn't get out. "Cragon, Cragon, Cragon," I kept mumbling, and then like a flash I remembered.

"What in the deuce is the matter with you, Welton? The races have begun and here you are gone off into rhapsodies over a pretty woman whom you never saw before."

This ejaculation recalled me from my reverie, but the races didn't prove interesting at all. Funny, I won every wager I made—a good sign from Fate, I thought.

That night in my rooms, I mapped out my course of procedure. Here within my grasp was the man who had insulted my father; the man on whom was my father's curse; the man on whom I was to wreak vengeance; the man whom "I should make pay." I had not kept my promise to my father; I had not given his words more than a single thought. But I was up against Fate now—everything of the past beckoned me to do his bidding and command. I tried to sleep—but no sleep would come to my eyes. How am I to do it? how am I to do it? kept surging through my fevered head. At last, as dawn was breaking, the early light seemed to pierce even my dull brain. *Make her love you and throw her aside; ruin the old man!*

I never thought for a moment what would be the consequences if I were ruined in the bargain. It seemed to me as if the hand of chance scared, or probably the

devil it was, who seared those words on my brain. To this day I can not say which. But I can say this: I felt what Faust must have felt when he bartered his soul to the devil. Any way there was no way out of the dilemma. I was determined—and win, I would.

I learned that day where Cragon and his daughter were stopping, and procured rooms in the same hotel. None of my acquaintances knew them, and it was several days before the opportunity of an introduction presented itself. I had registered under an assumed name, telling my friends that I just felt a little romantic and didn't want the young lady to know who I really was. No other questions were asked.

One day at the golf-links—I joined every worthy organization I could to make myself as conspicuous as possible—I met an old college chum. Learning that he knew Miss Cragon, I asked for an introduction. He gladly assented, but with the warning that if I didn't mind out that she would loosen the strings of my love-forsaken heart.

That very night I met her. Indeed, I believe she was the most charming woman I had ever had the pleasure of meeting—the Continent not even excepted.

"What a pity," I murmured, "what a pity. Suppose I were the cause whereby her father was ruined?"

I put such thoughts aside. Having met Cragon, all ideas other than that of revenge left me. I was like a blood-hound on the trail, my one thought was "to make him pay."

Knowing that he was very much interested in racing, and seeing that he prided himself on being such a heavy better and such a fine judge of horse-flesh, I took occasion to interest myself more in these fads. The races were on in full tilt, and to get on the good side of the old

fellow, I began to show his daughter every attention possible. This seemed to please him very much. Yet, all the while, I was laughing in my sleeve at him. Before the week was ended, Cragon and I had begun to make small wagers with each other. I saw that he did not relish losing with very much taste, because he prided himself particularly on his ability to judge the winners.

By making the acquaintances of several of the jockeys, I picked up here and there bits of information that were useful to me.

At the end of another week, Cragon and I were pretty thick with each other. I had won considerably more from him than I had lost to him. Nevertheless, he kept up his good humor. This friendship lasted until the day of the Derby. For some reason he appeared very distant—he was hardly courteous in his greeting. I searched for reason after reason and none seemed plausible, except that he might have learned who I really was. Well, if he had, I would make him pay, if it took the last cent of my fortune.

It was about time for the first race to begin. We, Miss Cragon, he, and I had just found our seats when the whistle blew for the horses to get into line.

"Cragon," I said, and the devil must have been in me, "I'll stake this roll of bills against half the amount of your money that Troelus wins?"

"How much?" he asked eagerly, for Troelus was booked among the improbables.

"Ten thousand, against your five."

"The bet's good. I take you. Here's my money. Violet, you hold stakes."

I handed her my money and as I did, I caught an inquiring look from her clear blue eyes, which seemed to mock me.

"And your name is Violet," I questioned.

She only answered with a disdainful bow of her head.

Our whole attention was thereafter directed upon the racers. To my astonishment Troelus won by two lengths. Cragon was beside himself with anger. His daughter handed me the money with a haughty look in her azure eyes.

"Never mind," hissed Cragon, "my time next."

But his time that day never came. I won every bet that I made with him. Chance must have favored me. I was twenty-five thousand to the good!

As I left them to go to my rooms, Cragon didn't speak to me. I turned to his daughter to say good-bye. She turned away as if she had never seen me, and, with a proud shrug of her shoulders, walked by me. As she did so, I mockingly bowed and walked up stairs to my rooms.

I was finishing my toilet for dinner when a bell-boy brought me a note from Cragon.

"Meet me," he wrote, "at the Albemarle Club at eight. Have some important business to transact with you."

There had been rumors of late concerning Cragon's losses in Wall Street; but certainly the loss of twenty-five thousand dollars would not affect such a wealthy man as Cragon was reputed to be.

I met him at the Club at the stated time. He was there waiting for me. He motioned me into a private room; told the porter to let no one disturb us; coolly beckoned me to be seated, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

I looked at him in surprise, watching his every action. I noticed he seemed paler and older, but otherwise he appeared as calm and distant as usual.

He seated himself opposite me, and then all of a sudden his whole being seemed to collapse. I was at my wit's end to know the meaning of all this when I heard Cragon address me:

"Orton," I breathed a little more easily, for he called me by my assumed name, "I am a ruined man. My losses in Wall Street and my betting this afternoon have bankrupted me. I am a criminal before God and the law. I have gambled with the money that the poor people of my town placed in the vaults of my bank. I've lost, lost—yes, lost everything—my name, my money, and—oh, gracious God help me!"

He stopped and began sobbing softly like a broken-hearted woman.

I felt no sense of pity for him. My every fiber was bent on getting this man within my grasp. When I spoke, even I did not recognize my own voice, and Cragon looked up fearful.

"Cragon, what can I do to help you?"

"Do, my God; what can you do! You can do everything! Lend me seventy-five thousand for ten days and I'll give you any securities you ask."

"Lend *you* seventy-five thousand dollars for ten days? Oh, is that all you want?"

"Yes, seventy-five thousand. With that much money," he spoke hurriedly, "I can make a million the way stocks are now. Let me have that amount and, I repeat, you can have what securities you wish."

"You want seventy-five thousand? Well, I'll—let—you—have—this—money — and—if—you—lose—I—am—at—liberty—to—make—you—pay — any—way—that—I—wish?"

"Yes."

I drew out a roll of bank notes.

"Here is the amount, to be paid back within ten days at this hour, at this place. And if you lose, remember our contract, will you?"

"Yes."

Cragon got up, unlocked the door and walked out.

* * * * *

The night was dark and gloomy. The lowering clouds, which shut out the stars, seemed to be just on the point of unloading their burdens. The atmosphere had a wet and dampy feeling—just such a night when one would like to be seated before a good, roaring fire with the companionship of a favorite book. I buttoned my overcoat tighter around me. This was the night that Cragon was to meet me, either to pay back the money or suffer whatever penalty I should inflict. As I walked into the club room, I did not see him. I went into the room where I was to meet him. He was not there. It lacked about five minutes of the time appointed, so I waited. The hour struck and still Cragon had not come. I waited a minute longer. As I was going out the door, I almost ran into him.

"Ha! good evening."

"What, you here a' ready?" he exclaimed.

We walked in together. This time it was I who locked the door. He looked around nervously. We both sat down, silent. I waited for him to speak.

"Orton," at length he said, "I lost, and may God pity me."

"Pity you! May the devils in Hades consume you," I shouted.

"Cragon, do you know who I am? I am not Orton—I am Claude D. Welton, Esq., at your service, sir!"

"My God!" he jumped like a man shot.

"Yes, Claude Welton, the son of your most honored friend, Claude Welton—dead now, let me see, five years this coming March."

"I thought I had seen you before; I told Violet so. You, Claude Welton's son? I can't believe it; I can't believe it!"

"Yes, and you had just as well believe it. I am. That settles that. Now to business. You played my father false, and I am here to-night to make you pay for that treachery. You shall pay! You sold yourself to me—you lost, and I won. You shall pay me in the terms which I shall in a moment stipulate."

"Have mercy on me, Welton. What wrong have I done *you* that you will have no mercy on me?"

"Hold your tongue, you brute. I have enough cause, you know full well. Listen to what I am about to say: While you were in New York, I fell in love with your daughter"—he looked up quickly, hope gleaming in his watery eyes—"I believe she loves me. You owe me seventy-five thousand dollars. I do not want you to give me your daughter—I wouldn't have her from you as a gracious gift. But I'll take her in this way:

"Here is a deck of cards and poker chips—you shall play for the money you owe me and I shall stake that money against the hand of your daughter. You hear? Chance or as you will the devil shall decide who shall be the winner. It was the devil's bargain from the beginning. Be seated at this table."

As I uttered these words, he straightened up and every muscle seemed taut with new hope.

He won the deal. He shuffled the cards with jaunty casiness that was provoking. He won hand after hand. Then I seemed to awake as from a dream.

"Play, man, play," something seemed to whisper, "play for the woman you love and d—the old man."

After that I won hand after hand, deal after deal. Hot beads of perspiration hung thickly on Cragon's brow; his breath came in gasps. The next hand was dealt. Cragon had only ten chips left.

"Bet you ten," I cried.

"Call you," he roared back.

* * * * *

I placed a royal straight on the table. Cragon looked at the cards stupidly as if in a trance. Suddenly he leaped up and with an oath struck me. I felt a sharp pain in my chest as if a hot iron had seared my flesh. Before I could recover myself Cragon ran out of the door.

I must have lost consciousness, for the lights seemed all of a sudden to go out. When I awoke—it must have been a good while—I was lying on the floor, I was conscious for a moment of a hurting and throbbing in my chest. I looked up and there was Violet bending over me.

"Don't move," she whispered, "I was at the door when it happened. He is gone but I have remained"—

"Yes," I interrupted hoarsely, "I love you—have loved you all the while. I staked all, everything because I loved you. Violet, would you have gone with me?"

"Yes," she murmured.

The lights seemed to vanish again and I thought I was being wafted away to fairy lands where only violets bloomed.

MEMORIAL STANZAS—IN MEMORY OF W. R. W.

By R. E. WALKER.

The wind-swept sky was keen and cold.
The gentle Pleiades in fright
Fled onward through melodious space;
And pale, majestic Cytherea
Climed the heaven's studded slope
And strangely mingled light and shade
To aid poor ghosts, the living-dead,
Returning from their graves to right
Some grievous wrong received in life.
And Boreas, wandering from his zone
Of ice and snow, with piteous wail,
Complaining, lingered near the door,
Besieging cheer and comfort hard.

Alone in pensive thought we sat
Before that loved, old foot-worn hearth.
Between us was a vacant chair,
And when I looked, methought I saw
A once familiar form. Then as
I mused with heavy, aching eyes,
The gentle god of slumber led
Me far away in spirit-land
And smote me with his dreamy-wand.

I saw a manly, fallen form
Which crushed and mangled, bleeding lay;
And wondered if some angered god
Had hurled him down in jealous hate.
He only breathed, but life was there:
I hoped, I prayed that he might live.
His mother came in silent woe
And stood beside her darling boy,

While quietly her brimming eyes
O'erflowed; and from her quivering lips
Methought I heard the voice of prayer.
In calm, majestic mien she stood
And watched the losing struggle in
The heaving bosom of her son.
Then in a shadowy corner of
The gloomy chamber, near the couch
Of pain, methought I saw a group
Of three—the fateful sisters born
Of Jove's high counselor, the stern
Old Themis. Solemnly they spoke.
The meaning of their voiceless words
I knew, as if another sense
Were mine; and while I looked, alas!
The dreaded Atropos drew forth
Her spiteful shears and snapped in twain
The silver thread, Lachesis marked.
In deep despair I turned away,
The lingering vision drove me mad,
My swelling heart it seemed would break
Unless the load of growing grief
Were taken from my heated brain.
Crazed, anon I hastened from
The scene, and glided through the tombs
To stumble o'er a new-made grave
And dream an angel called to me.
Then mother's voice in gentle tones
Aroused me from my fitful dream.
Ah me! I vainly dared to hope.
The winter's snows have melted o'er
His grave, and sobbing rains have beat
His tomb through many a dreary night.
Poor boy, alas he died so young,

And left it seems his work undone;
Yet who will say he died too soon?
Whene'er God sees his child should come,
We love to think he takes him home,
Where by the brooks of Asphodel,
On bright Elysium's meadows green,
He meets with those he loved on earth
And sees his dear Redeemer's face
And joins the countless throng who serve
For aye around the throne of God
Arrayed in garments white. And as
They serve, beholding their dear Lord,
From glory on to glory change
Becoming liker to their King.

To careless eyes his life was blank:
He was not base Ambition's tool,
Nor yet exacting Learning's slave,
Nor devotee of gold, but one
Who ever found life's chiefest joy
Around the loved, old foot-worn hearth
And in his mother's tender care.
Let not the thoughtless crowd now scorn
His humble life, nor deem it lost
Because he crushed not others' hearts
Nor lucre wrung from toilers' hands
To build himself a famous name;
But rather, moved with love for men.
Helped all their burdens bear. Alas!
The hearts of men are sore, because
Some thoughtless, selfish, heartless man
Drunken with desire of fame,
Aspires to reach the glorious height
By wrong, inglorious means.

O Muse, that was an idle strain,
Return, and trifles drive away.
We think him dead, we hope he lives—
Man "thinks he was not made to die,"
And in that yet all-glorious hope
We rest and wait and serve until
That hidden Day when from the clouds
Of glory Heaven's trump shall blow
To call the righteous dead with those
On earth who Jesus love and serve,
"To be forever with the Lord."
Then slumber on beneath the sod.
Favonius comes with gentle breath,
And violets riot with hyacinths
Of sorrow born, upon thy grave,
The shrine of all our grief and woe.
But now we check our useless tears,
And leaving thee with Heaven, Christ,
And God, would strike a cheerier strain.

THE SAFEGUARD OF THE REPUBLIC

BY CHAS. S. BARNETTE, '08.

Two recent occurrences in our nation's history have resulted in concentrating the mind of the public, for a short time, upon two elements in our national organization; and these two elements have been viewed in their wide relation to the welfare and prosperity of the country. One of these events was the sailing some time ago of the great Atlantic fleet upon its long western cruise. The other occurrence was the recent disturbance in the financial institutions of the country which at one time threatened a panic. Consequently much intellectual energy has been expended in efforts to show the weak points in our banking institutions and in our navy, and many theories and plans have been proposed for the strengthening of these. This interesting attitude has been taken on the assumption that the safety of the United States rests in the perfection of its monetary system or the completeness of its navy. Without either of these the nation would be terribly crippled and imperiled, but the one vital element, and the basis upon which our future greatness will rest, lies elsewhere.

Of course banks perform important services in our industrial and economic relations, but having been created in response to a demand for convenience in the industrial and commercial world, they are, in a manner, dependent upon these as conditions for their existence; and while their usefulness and importance are clearly apparent, they do not compose the one fundamental factor in our government. The navy exists for the purpose of protection from external foes. But today, owing to certain unavoidable conditions, there are liable to arise internal

complications more serious and destructive in their advance than would be the invasion of an armed host, and some of these threatened complications are slowly but gradually crystalizing into reality.

The social life of the country is being entangled in a network of problems, of which the most serious—the race question—is assuming such proportions that its climactic certainty is frightening in its seriousness. There are dark and threatening clouds rising on the political horizon. Nor is there harmony in the industrial world: capital and labor are striving against each other. Such problems as these are not necessarily signs of national decay. The components of a progressive civilization are necessarily various and complex, and it is unavoidable that they should occasionally ruffle the surface waters. But as long as their progress can be checked the welfare of the country is safe. The United States is today experiencing the most prosperous age in its social and economic development, and serious internal complications threaten, not in one, but in every element of its organization—social, political and economic.

What is the remedy for this state of affairs? In what direction may we look for a balm for our ills, and a safeguard for the future? To public education. Education, in one form or another, has existed since the beginning of the human race. Our common ancestors in the Garden of Eden were subjects of divine instruction; but it is a historical fact that no two nations, either in theory or practice, ever held the same conception of education. Consequently in a study of the civilizations of ancient countries we find the individual one-sided and defective in his development. In the Grecian we find the æsthetic sense developed to neglect of the others. The practical side of Roman nature was emphasized. But education,

like the other great and lasting institutions, has undergone reform until to-day we seem to have arrived at last at a true definition of it. The educative process should not be carried on in a manner to leave the individual one-sided, but all of his powers should be equally trained and brought into harmonious relationship. Educators have at last come to realize this comprehensive end of education, and while we have many definitions of education they all embody practically the same conception. "Education," says Professor James, "is the organization of acquired habits of action such as will fit the individual to his physical and social environment." Or in the words of Mr. White: "The one comprehensive end of education is to prepare man to fulfill the purposes of human existence, i. e., *to live completely*. These purposes include the perfection of man's nature for his highest well-being and happiness, and his preparation for the right discharge of all the obligations and duties which spring from his relation to his fellows, to society, to the State and to God."

Viewing education from an individualistic standpoint its importance to the individual as such—minus his social relations—is indeed great. It raises his life from the rut of sordid materiality, broadens his mental horizon and brings him into the "spiritual possessions of the race," as President Butler puts it. Education assists the individual in forming ideals, and the man who strives after the attainment of an ideal is a man of character. Continually comparing his accomplishments with the attributes of the ideal he comes to realize his own inferiority and a selfish and egotistic nature is thereby held in check.

But no man liveth to himself, and just here is where we take a broader view of education and viewing it

through its sociological aspect, emphasize its national importance. The significance of education in its relation to the welfare and prosperity of the nation was recognized by Washington. In his message to Congress in 1790 he wrote: "Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measures of government receive their impression so immediately as in ours, from the sense of the community, it is proportionately essential." And Thomas Jefferson in a letter to Washington in 1786 said: "It is an axiom in my mind that our liberty can never be safe but in the hands of the people themselves, and that, too, of the people with a certain degree of instruction." The conception of education even in the time of Washington and Jefferson was as a safeguard of democracy. Such also was the view held by James Madison. He wrote: "A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both."

The conception of education, held by these statesmen, in its importance to national safety is more apparent in its application to our present national life than in was at the time of utterance; and the need of a democratic educated citizenship was never more in evidence than it is today. Not that illiteracy in the United States is increasing; it is decreasing, and intelligence has made a remarkable advance during the last generation. The trouble lies in the fact that our national life is in danger of growing faster than our educational life, and great problems are facing us that can only be solved through an educated citizenship.

National prosperity depends upon the unification of the different elements composing the government. Each element must work in harmony with each other element,

and all blend in the formation of a perfect unit, like the cell in the animal life. Each cell, or group of cells, has its particular function to perform and carries on its labors irrespective of those of its neighbor, each working for the general welfare of the community yet in the end all collaborating in the formation of the unit—the organism. The various elements in our government are becoming so sharply differentiated in their activities that the necessary relations for the unity of government are in danger of being obliterated. One phase of our industrial life works in antagonistic relations to the other: labor strives with capital. The social side is split by the race question, and some of the other elements bear conspicuously distinct relations one to another. The one thing that will bring these elements to conform to harmonious relations; that will transform heterogeneity into homogeneity is public diffusion of knowledge.

The correct solution of any great problem depends upon the selection of the correct viewpoint from which to view it. Education broadens the mind and enables an individual to view things in their true relations. It creates what may be designated as open-mindedness: that is, it destroys narrowness and prejudice, thereby enabling men to hold tentative attitudes towards all questions. On the other hand ignorance narrows and warps the mental faculties, and when an ignorant man has grasped one side of a question he retains his position with a pertinacity that precludes all other phases. Is not public education then the one thing that can clarify our political and social life and raise it upon a higher plane? It is an obvious fact that this phase of American life needs uplifting, and the most careless and indifferent observer can not fail to see the threatening clouds that

are gathering in the distance. Present disturbances predict a future climax. The thing to counteract this with is a democratic educated citizenship. This phase of education may seem theoretical in conception though it will be found practical in application.

However, there is another view which may be held of education,—its vital relation to our industrial life—and for proof of the national importance of industrial and economic advancement we need only to glance at the history of the world since the beginning of the eighteenth century and follow it to the present time. We find that all wars, formerly produced by religious or political complications now arise from purely economic causes. Most treaties and international relations are determined by, and based on economic conditions. The recent complications which threatened between Japan and the United States were brought about by economic causes. The great need for national expansion is caused by economic conditions. "The power, the stability, the influence of a nation," says Professor Monroe, "depends upon its economic status." How then does education affect a nation's industrial life?

It increases man's productive capacity. This important fact has been recognized by the States and as a result we have industrial schools scattered throughout the country. Nor has the national government been slow in apprehending this important educational development, and yearly spends enormous sums of money in carrying on experiments and in distributing the results of these investigations throughout the country. It has been conclusively proved and practical applications are being daily made that an acre of land can be made to yield through intelligent treatment, double or quadruple the amount that its yield would be under ordinary con-

ditions. The value of textile and other industrial forms of education is too well known to make mention of. The educated industrial man is far ahead of his uninformed brother in productive capacity.

Education, then, affects every phase of national life, and it naturally follows that in a democratic government the educational system should be as democratic as possible. In the United States it is very much so, but nevertheless there are defects in its system. Education is left, for the most part, to individuals and the national government is only indirectly concerned in public education. However, "Rome was not built in a day," and let us hope that public education in the United States will gradually rise to its just importance. If its history be viewed we find that it has already made great strides in its advancement. Convenient and comfortable school houses are being built to replace the old log cabins; interest in popular education is becoming more general; consequently more money is being obtained to carry on public education, though there is yet a great need of more, especially in some sections of the South. This is one of the weak points in the public school system in the South. Public school money is too scarce to employ the best grade of teachers. However, let us dream of the coming of that day, which has been predicted, when all the nations of the world will disarm themselves, and our nation shall convert the millions of dollars expended annually in keeping prepared its army and navy into a great public education fund that will flow into every corner of the country, thereby performing a greater service than it could possibly do otherwise.

IN FRONTIER STYLE

BY WILLIAM RASSENDYL, '09.

Things were in a high state of excitement in Baskinton, especially among the baseball fans. It was nearing the close of the season and Baskinton held second place in the Bronco League. It had always held first place in former years, but this year they had met with bad luck on every side, had yielded first place to the Algonquins, from Cheyenne, and now, just nine days before the final game of the season, Hugh Yarmon, the star pitcher of the Cowboys, as the Baskinton team called themselves, had typhoid fever. Hugh had been the force that had held the team together. They had never feared the result when he was in the box, but now, with no hope for his recovery by the time of the decisive game where would the pennant go?

Frank Parkton, manager of the Cowboys, sat on the balcony of the Archeton Hotel pondering over the ill-luck of his team and trying to think of some of the pitchers he had known at his home in far off Massachusetts. Then he reverted to his college days and thought of the men who had worked in the box when he had played first base on the Harvard team. There was Jim Cushmann, and "Legs" Teddards, and that master twirler of the sphere, Arthur Gordon. He grew homesick as the thoughts of those days rushed through his brain. But why think of them when he knew it was utterly impossible for them to help him in this emergency? It had been three years since he had left Harvard and the first two of his team mates had married and settled down to business and he had just read in the paper that lay across his lap the announcement of Gordon's marriage on the

23rd to Miss Gertrude Yarmouth, of Sheridan, whom he remembered having met at Commencement in his senior year.

Frank was aroused from his reverie by the sound of some one approaching, and looking up he was surprised to see Beauford Mobley coming hastily toward him, his face a gleam, and in his hands an open letter. Besides being his constant chum, Beauford was his partner in the Monckton, the richest mine on Copper Creek.

"Cheer up, old boy, here's good news for you," said Beauford exultantly, as he tossed the letter into Parkton's lap and dropped into a chair. "And when you've read that I've a scheme I'd like to propose."

Parkton eagerly devoured the letter and then reread it to make sure he was not in a dream. It was from Arthur Gordon. He was to pass through Baskinton on the afternoon of the 20th en route to Sheridan, and he insisted that Frank and Beauford accompany him there if possible; if it were impossible for them to go, to be at the train anyway so that he might catch a glimpse of his old classmates. When he had finished reading, Frank's mind was a confused muddle, but as soon as it began to clear up he readily surmised Beauford's scheme—in part, at least. Beauford began to outline his idea but he saw by the look of recognition in his partner's face that he had already guessed it. So together they planned and in an hour the whole thing was settled. If they were successful it meant that the Cowboys would at least have a fair chance at victory; if they failed, they might as well give up all hopes of the pennant. At any rate they intended to try it.

The two partners were laboring under a great strain for the next few days after the arrival of Arthur's letter, but they went about their work as usual, and everybody

thought it was the same thing that lay heavily upon the minds of the rest of Baskinton.

It seemed that time flew by and the 21st approached with incredible speed, until finally the distance was measured by the span of only one day. On the afternoon of that day those around the depot saw Frank and Beauford talking to a stalwart stranger. The train had just departed and the young man was using quite plain language to his companions, seemingly on the subject of the fleeing monster. They took his threats good-naturedly and did not heed his outbursts of anger, for somehow they seemed to know that by and by the storm would blow over. Frank told him there would be no other train until the next morning, and they then proceeded to the hotel, where Gordon soon recovered his spirits and resolved to make the best of his misfortune.

After supper they talked until eleven o'clock about the good old college days, and also of the varied experiences that had come since. They indulged in reminiscences of their fraternity, of the girls they had liked, of the honors they had had in college, and of their sorrow in parting at that long-to-be-remembered Commencement. Frank, having foremost in his mind the work that was ahead of Gordon on the morrow, and knowing that a good night's rest would do lots toward putting him in the proper form, suggested that perhaps Arthur was tired from traveling and also that the conversation might be more interesting if they resumed it after having paid their respects to Morpheus.

After he had retired to his room Frank quietly slipped out and went down to police headquarters, from which place, however, he shortly emerged and returned to the hotel.

At seven the next morning Frank knocked at Gordon's door. Gordon responded and, going in, Frank hurried

him into his clothes that they might take a spin in his new touring car before breakfast. He had 'phoned for the car, and going down fifteen minutes later they found it waiting for them in front of the hotel. They piled in and were off, Frank chaffeuring. They went out to the Club and the machine ran smoothly enough, for the roads were in good condition and well graded. On their way back Frank seemed to be running just a little carelessly for he came within an inch of colliding with two or three wagons, actually struck one telegraph pole, knocked down the posts that supported the awnings of two fruit stands on the street, and had just turned on more gasoline preparatory to making a final spurt down the main street of the town when he was hailed by a mounted officer who proved to be the Chief of Police.

"I am sorry, young man, but I shall have to place you and the other occupants of the car under arrest for exceeding the speed limit. You will follow me this way," and he without further ado turned his horse in the direction of the town jail.

"I had nothing at all to do with running this car, and I am compelled to leave this place on the 11:39 train," shouted Gordon, angrily shaking his fist in the face of the Chief. "If we have committed an offense, name the fine and I'll pay right here, but understand this, I must leave here on the morning train." And he made such pronounced remonstrance that Frank was beginning to fear that there would be trouble. So he talked to Arthur, telling him that he would get him through all right, that he was very sorry the thing had occurred, that he had overlooked the speed limit thoughtlessly, but that he would endeavor to have the Chief use his influence for them and it might still be possible to get him off on the 11:39. Arthur was furious, however, and unreasonable,

and Frank decided it would be better to say nothing further to him.

At the jail the Chief made apology to Arthur for detaining him, but hoped he would understand that it was necessary for him to do so in the faithful discharge of his duty. He explained that he would endeavor to have the matter taken up before time for his train, but he hardly saw then how it would be possible, as there were two other cases to come up before this one. Arthur muttered something to himself and with Frank entered the jail.

In the meantime Beauford had wired to Miss Yarmouth as follows:

GETRUEDE YARMOUTH,
1211 17th St., W., Sheridan, Montana.

Arthur sick here. Come on first train, prepared to nurse him.

(Signed) BEAUFORD MOBLEY.

He then hurried around and acting in Frank's place made the incidental arrangements for the game that afternoon, met the rival team at the depot, and managed to keep himself busy until time for the morning train. When he was sure that that had passed he rushed to the jail and inquired for Frank and Gordon, apparently having just heard of their trouble. In one breath he expressed his sympathy and surprise and demanded explanation, but without waiting to hear what they had to say, he arranged bond for the culprits and after a little red tape Frank and Arthur were again allowed to breathe in the open, although the latter did so with a sigh.

It was a hard task for Frank to explain to Arthur that he had been purposely careless about running the machine, nevertheless he realized that it must be done before he could expect to have him pitch against Cheyenne for him that afternoon, and too, he must be honest with

him. So when he reached their room he manfully made a clean breast of the whole thing, explaining why he had done so, and asking forgiveness. At first Arthur was highly indignant. After a little reflection, however, he saw that he would lose no fortune by the deal into which he had been forced, and that after all it would mean a difference of only a couple of days in reaching Sheridan. Finally he grew more civil, and reluctantly acquiesced.

The morning passed in a flurry and the afternoon grew rapidly older. With the declining sun approached the time when one of the teams must sing its swan song. Which would it be?

The one arrayed in modest uniforms of white, the other in dazzling red, the two teams had had their preliminary practice and were now resting, and looking anxiously forward to the time when the umpire should cry "play ball." Gordon seemed to be all out of spirits and was lying sullenly on the grass a short distance from the rest of the team. Nobody had noticed him.

The grandstand and bleachers were crowded to their utmost capacity and presented a varied front of white and red with here and there a banner afloat in the gentle breeze. The tension was high and the vast throng, which had gathered hours before the appointed time that they might secure seats, had grown restless. There began to be cries of "play ball," and "start 'em up," until finally above the noise of the crowd was heard the voice of the umpire and then the players filed swiftly into position, the locals taking the field.

As the great battle was about to begin a death-like silence fell upon the crowd for they saw a stranger step into the box for the Cowboys. To the eager onlookers the stranger did not seem to care which side won, and a sigh of disgust escaped them as the first ball he shot

across the plate was squarely swatted beyond center field for a home run.

The Cheyenne fans went wild. Victory was sure. They felt it. Their enthusiasm reached an even higher degree as the next man up singled and his successor pelted the leather for two bags. And thus amid jeers and shouts of derision from the Baskinton fans, and cries of victory and triumphant shouts from the Algonquins, passed the first inning.

The second and third were hardly better and the disheartened Cowboys were fast going to pieces, while the local fans were hissing in no uncertain key and intermixing it with shouts of "robbery," "take him out," and "back to the woods with the amateur." The score stood 5 to 6 in favor of the Algonquins. At the end of the third Frank called Arthur aside and implored him by all that was good and holy to "quit that fooling and play ball." Nothing Frank said, however, seemed to have much effect, for Arthur's mind was unmistakably set on something far away. As a last resort Frank took Arthur by the shoulder and pointed him to the lovely owner of a pair of blue eyes that were shadowing him from the grandstand. Arthur looked in the direction Frank had pointed and saw there Beauford Mobley, and by his side—

"My God," he cried, and swooned as if in a trance. Then, as he steadied himself, a new look came into his face, a new light shone in his eyes, and there was moisture upon his hitherto parched lips. When he went into the box again those blue eyes from the grandstand seemed to be burning into his very soul. The batter noted his look of determination, but ridiculed it. One of the Cheyenne rooters sarcastically shouted, "five dollars to strike out a man."

Up to this time Arthur had paid not the slightest attention to the jeers that had been flaunted in his face, but he could not stand for this, so turning he sternly said to his challenger "if you want to bet, here's fifty that not another man gets a hit," but, strange to say, everybody seemed deaf.

Arthur then drew himself together and settled down to work. The first three men that came to the bat went down before his withering fire in rapid succession. Seeing that luck had changed, the nerve of the Cowboys gradually returned and the fifth and sixth passed with Arthur unmercifully slaying the batters with clocklike regularity. It was now time for Cheyenne to get sick, for the score-board showed 7 to 6 in favor of the locals and they seemed to be just coming to themselves.

Urged on by the knowledge that there was one pair of eyes somewhere in that vast multitude that were watching him with a peculiar interest Arthur played with magnificent form and pitched with unerring aim. Never in the annals of baseball had the spectators seen such playing. It was simply marvelous. Even Frank, himself, was mystified by his former mate's excellent work, and he felt as if he were once again playing first on Harvard instead of holding down the initial sack for the Cowboys. They had gained steadily from the fourth inning and it was now the ending of the ninth and there were two men out and one on third. As the last batter of the Algonquins came to the bat every nerve was tense. A hit meant a tied score! But the suspense was short, for he wildly fanned the wind before the now invincible twirler. The umpire called "strike three," and the tale was told. Terrific shouts rent the air, hats were tossed on high, men embraced each other, and pandemonium broke loose in general. A glance at the score board, 7 to 6 in favor of the Cowboys, and that in the last six innings Gordon

had struck out exactly fourteen men and had not allowed a single hit.

Seeing the impulsive rush of the victory-maddened mob in his direction Gordon cleverly dodged aside, found Frank, and together they made a rush for his car and glided away to the hotel.

As Arthur emerged from his room half an hour later he found Beauford awaiting him at the end of the corridor. Arthur began at once to ply that gentleman with questions, but he doggedly refused to answer, and slowly led the way to the parlor, motioning Arthur to follow. Throwing open the door Beauford gracefully ushered in his follower, and very solemnly introduced him to the only occupant of the room: "Mr. Gordon, Miss Yarmouth." Then he thoughtfully retired for a few minutes.

When he found Frank they returned together to the parlor and duly delivered explanations and apologies,—needlessly, however, for now things were all right, and Arthur had never a scolding to give. As he sat by the lovely girl who was soon to be his bride both seemed perfectly contented.

At the supper table Arthur announced that they would proceed to Sheridan on the following morning, provided they had no further interruptions, and Frank and Beauford were easily persuaded to accompany them.

When then returned to Baskinton they told Arthur's newly made friends of how they had seen him win the greatest game of his life, and how he had shown up even better than in the game he had won for them.

Arthur Gordon now lives at Baskinton and is one of the wealthiest men in Middlesex County. He has a beautiful mansion, and delights to tell his grandchildren who visit him there of the many thrilling experiences of his younger days, especially how he won the game for the Cowboys.

A VANISHED VISION

By C. D. CREASMAN.

Far away into the sunset
 Stretched the aisle of my desire,—
All day long I'd sought a vision
 My dull spirits to inspire.

For my heart was sick with longing,
 Weary of the strife and roar;
And like one by hope forsaken
 I could only gaze before.

As I wandered toward the sunset
 Faint, methought, a form appeared:
Touched my weary thoughts with courage,
 Faintly moved my hopes deferred.

Nearer came this child of sunset;
 Stronger grew my wearied heart:
For around it seemed arising
 Visions bidding doubt depart.

Rushing forth into the sunset
 Straightway to the form I came,—
Sweet companionship seemed waiting
 At the sunset's dying flame.

Deeper glowed the reddening sunset,
 Happier my reviving heart,
And each joyous moment seemed to
 Bid my vision ne'er depart.

But beyond the hills the sunset,
Swift retreating from the night,
Left its track all void and formless,
Hid my vision from my sight.

Vanished with the passing sunset
My all dream-like vision's light,
And around my frightened fancy
Settled endless, rayless night.

THE QUEEN OF THE GAMBLERS

By W. D. LITTLE, '08.

"Hello, youngster," growled a rough voice and some one slapped me on the shoulder as I was standing in a hotel lobby in a small town of Southern Nebraska. "Seems that you have nothing to be doing. What is your name?"

I turned and confronted two large-built, rough-looking fellows and replied: "My name is Jack Dawson, Sir, and truly I have no job."

"Where is your home?" one asked.

"In North Carolina," I replied.

"How in the devil did you get 'way out here?"

"I begged the money out of 'the old man' and came out here."

"How long have you been here?"

"About three days. I left home about a month ago and have been bumming around ever since."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty years old."

"Have you got any dough?"

"I have fifty cents."

"Wouldn't you like to make some more without any trouble much?"

"I would not object to getting in a little," I replied very quickly.

"Well, Kid, you look like a fellow that will do to depend on, so we will give you a chance to make a man of yourself. We are going down here about fifty miles to make a haul on a small village tonight and will take you along with us if you want to go. You will get a pocket-full of dough by going."

"Is there no danger of getting caught up with?" I asked.

"Not a bit. The people live a good distance apart and a whole heap of them are Indians, so there will be no danger of getting into the stripes," was their reply.

"All right, I will go," I said after a few minutes deliberation, for I realized that I had to do something and that before long. I had applied at several places for a job but had been unable to find one."

After eating supper and getting everything in order, we boarded the train and sailed out. The village was not on the railroad, so we got off the train at Yuma, Colorado, ten miles away. Here we were met by two men with fine horses. Each of us mounted a horse and set out at breakneck speed. It took only forty minutes to cover the distance. We hitched our horses in a dark place and began forming our plans.

Our victim was a rich miner who kept his money concealed somewhere about his house.

"Say, Jack," said one of the men, "We know where the money is and will go in after it, you remain out here and if you see any danger let us know and that devilish quick, too."

So I took my position near the entrance to the house and began watching. Just as I thought it was about time for my comrades to return, suddenly I was seized, blindfolded, and bound so securely I could scarcely move. I was then thrown into a carriage and the carriage began to move. All night I was rushed along at breakneck speed and when the carriage stopped, I knew nothing about where I had been carried. I was then taken into a house and the blindfold was removed from my eyes. I looked around and saw myself in a large, well-furnished apartment and surrounded by three men and

one woman. At first, I was almost frightened to death. The men were armed with large pistols and the woman had two ponderous revolvers swinging at her side. She advanced towards me and began in a rough, haughty voice.

"Youngster, what is your name?"

"Jack Dawson," I replied as politely as possible.

"Well, Jack, I know not what you think of such treatment as you have received at the hands of my comrades. I am the noted 'Queen of Gamblers,' and this is my abode. You have been deceived and brought here because we needed another man and now I want to ask you a few questions.

"Did you ever gamble?"

"No," I replied.

"Did you ever play cards?"

"Yes, some."

"Did you ever rob a man?"

"No."

"You seem to have been a pretty good fellow, but now I want you to choose between two things. You must either swear that you will stay here and be faithful to me and the others—rob, gamble, and do other things to bring in money, or you will have to find your way back to the towns and cities without any guide or anything to eat. It is fifty miles to the nearest town as we are now in one of the deep recesses of the Rocky Mountains. Many wild and dangerous animals also inhabit these parts and you will have to look out for your head. Now which will you choose? Will you stay or not?"

I certainly was up against a tough proposition. While I was rather a bad fellow, I did not like the idea of swearing allegiance to a band of robbers and gamblers, and it also looked gloomy to have to travel across those

mountains and run many chances of getting killed. So after thinking over the matter for a few minutes, I decided to stay and make the best I could of it.

For the first three weeks I had a glorious, easy time. It was during the month of January and we had no special work to be doing. But then my work began in earnest. There was a mountain pass about three miles from the mansion and I was told to guard this pass till some one should come along and then to persuade the traveler to go to our abode for rest and refreshment. So I set out and reached the pass about three o'clock in the afternoon. I built me up a large fire near by and lay down the road. Just before dark I saw two well-dressed, but ignorant looking fellows approaching me.

"Hello there, Cap, like ter ax yer a question if yer don't object," exclaimed one of the men when they were in a few yards of me.

"All right, fire loose," said I. "I will answer it if I can."

"Is this the right road to California?" one asked.

"Yes," I replied. "What in the devil are you going to California for?"

"Going out there ter get rich."

"Haven't you got any money now?"

"O, yes, got some, but we want some more."

"What do you do at night? You don't travel then do you?"

"No, we gen'ally sleep in der woods at night."

"Wouldn't you rather sleep in a house?"

"Yes, but how in der devil are you going ter sleep in a house where there ain't no house?"

"I just thought I would tell you that there is a house about three miles from here where you could stay tonight if you wish to."

Their faces began to brighten up and one asked :

"How can we get there?"

"I am going over there pretty soon and I will show you the way."

"All right," they said, "show us the way."

When we reached the mansion, I called one of the servants and had their horses cared for in the best manner possible. After supper we all assembled around the fireside and began to discuss some of the leading novels, but the two travelers knew very little about them. Finally some one mentioned card-playing and, these men being great players, the game started. The two strangers played on one side and the Queen and myself on the other. We let them win the first two games, but when they put up all the money they had, we won and rolled in the "dough."

I went on in such business for quite awhile and began to like it. I steadily grew in favor with the Queen and she seemed to have a higher regard for me than for any one else. I also became such a fine player that they began to call me the "King of Gamblers." I did not like the name but had to take it any way. One day while all, except the Queen and I were out, we began a conversation which, in a short time, drifted to the life of the Queen herself.

"How long have you been living here?" I asked.

"About sixteen years," was her reply.

"Why did you ever decide to come out here and live such a life as this?"

"That is something I do not like to talk about," she said after looking me straight in the eyes for a few minutes. "If you desire to know, though, I will give you the whole history of my early life."

I assured her that I should be pleased to know about her life and she related this story:

"I was born and reared in one of the wealthiest homes in Stanford, Texas. I went through a high school and college and was acknowledged by all to be a beautiful and intelligent girl. When a child, however, I played with a small boy by the name of Richard Growford. Richard was just one year my senior. His parents were very poor and he had a hard time. As most children do, who play together, we fell deeply in love when very young. When I became older, my mother stopped me from playing with Richard and would not let me have anything to do with him. She said he was not a "rich man's son." Our playing together ceased, but our love for each other steadily grew stronger. I used to steal away from home and meet him in some secluded spot where we would plan for the future with great hopes.

"Richard could not go to college but obtained a good position in a bank. I completed my college course when I was twenty, and during the next year, we were married without the knowledge or consent of my parents. We settled down and lived as happily as two people could for about two years. But at the end of that time Richard was seized with a violent disease and died, leaving me helpless in the world with one little daughter, Effie, a child only three months old. I hardly knew which way to go then. I was afraid to ask my people to take me back and I was all alone.

"A few days after Richard's death I left little Effie in the house for a few minutes to do some shopping. When I returned my child was gone and I could find her nowhere. I gave the alarm, but no one had seen or heard one thing of her. I was completely overcome. So, giving up all hope of ever finding her again, I left that place

wrecked in fortune; wrecked in health, and wrecked in soul. I swore that, as long as I lived, I would never do one solitary thing that would be a benefit to ungrateful humanity. I met up with these fellows who wanted me to come out here with them, so I came, thinking this would be as good way as any to spend the remainder of my life. I cared no longer for name; for character, or for soul. These men thought they would make a slave of me, but they soon found that I was a match for any of them and now they all do just as I say. Some people think a woman is a little, weak kind of a creature, but when one determines to do a thing, men had better stand aside. I expect to remain here as long as I live."

"Do you have no idea whether your child is alive now or not?" I asked when she had finished her story.

"Not the slightest idea," was her reply. I can not think of any one who would have been so mean as to take her away from me."

"Do you suppose you would know her if you were to see her now?"

"I don't suppose I would recognize her, but she has a birthmark on her right arm by which I could distinguish her."

Here we were interrupted and we never again had occasion to refer to the affair.

Days and weeks passed and I had been in the gambling business for seven years. I had become so expert that I only played at times, when there was a great amount at stake or merely as a pastime. The Queen and I no longer worked together, but she lived in one part of the building and kept her crowd and I lived in the other part and kept my crowd. We often played against each other, she winning part of the time and I part.

One dark and dreary evening as I was returning from

a chase, I saw an old man and a young lady enter the domains of the Queen. I also went in, and in a short while began a conversation with the lady. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, had dark-brown eyes, black hair, and was the very image of innocence. After supper was served, as usual, the Queen and her comrades started a game of poker. The old man sat gazing at them and I could see that he wanted to play. Finally he rose to his feet and started towards the table. The girl stopped him and, with tears streaming down her face, implored him not to play.

"You will lose," she said, "and we do not have another cent in the world. Uncle, please do not play."

The old man roughly thrust her aside, saying:

"I know my business. I have played cards before."

The girl fell into her chair and, covering her face in her hands, cried like a two-year-old child. I thought all my tender sentiments had left me, but when I saw that poor girl sitting there weeping because her ungrateful uncle was gambling away their only means of livelihood, my whole heart went out to her. At first sight, I was greatly charmed by her, and now I believe I was really in love with her.

The game with the old man was played and, of course, he lost, as he put up every cent of his money. Miriam—for that was the name of the girl—now gave way more than ever to her emotions and almost fainted. I could bear it no longer. I knew the old man had been cheated out of his money, and I determined to get it back. So advancing towards the table, I said:

"I believe I'll try my hand tonight."

"I am having fine luck tonight, Jack Dawson. You had better mind your business," replied the Queen.

"I believe I'll try my hand tonight," I repeated.

So the game started between the King and the Queen of Gamblers.

"I'll go one hundred dollars," said I, as soon as I picked up my cards.

"One hundred more," she replied.

"Five hundred more," cried I like a flash of lightning.

"Seven hundred and fifty more," was her response.

"Raise it one thousand."

"One thousand more."

"Make it one thousand more," I said in a calm voice. I could see she could not better that much.

"Two hundred more and called," she said in a voice of thunder. "I have four kings. Jack Dawson you are a fool."

"Well, my Queen," I said very sarcastically, "I can not help it but you are beaten, I have a full hand, four aces."

She threw the cards down and rushed out of the room. I picked up the money, walked over to Miriam, handed her the hundred dollars which her uncle had lost, and told her to keep it as a gift from a friend. She thanked me and her face brightened up immediately.

I then went out of the room and was gone for about one hour. On returning, I saw there was no one in the room except the old man and Miriam. The old man was talking fast and earnestly. I stopped at the door and listened. He was pleading with Miriam for the money which I had given her, saying:

"I know I can win next time. Give it to me quick."

"It is my money now," she replied, and I expect to keep it. You know we shall need it later. You would lose again if you were to play."

At this the old man became greatly enraged and rushed at her with the fierceness of a lion. He seized her and was in the act of striking her when I jumped before him,

and, with my revolver leveled on him, demanded in a rough voice:

"Hands off for your life. As long as she remains in this house I will act as her protector."

The old fellow's eyes flashed fire, and releasing the girl, he made for me with a large knife. Seeing that I had to do something or be killed, I shot, and he fell at my feet. Miriam glanced at the wounded man on the floor and then at me.

"Is he dead?" she said and began crying. "Oh! what will I do now? He is the only friend or relative I have and now he is dead and I am left here among a crowd of gamblers. Oh! what will become of me?"

"Don't cry, Miriam," I said in as consoling a tone as I could command. "As long as I live you shall have a true friend and one that will protect you from all insults and abuses. He is not dead now, but is likely to be before morning."

The man's wound was dressed and he was put to bed. We gave him whiskey and morphine and he was soon asleep. About three o'clock next morning, I was awakened by a slight tapping on my room door. It was the Queen herself.

"Jack," she said, "the wounded man is dying and wants to speak to us all before he passes away."

I dressed as soon as possible and hurried into the chamber where the wounded man lay. The Queen, Miriam, and one or two others were there also. "Are all here?" the man asked as I entered the door. On being informed that we were all present, he began thus:

"People, I am a dying man, and I want to make a confession before I meet my God. I am not afraid to tell it now as I will soon be from under the sway of human law. What I have to say may not interest you people

here much, but it will Miriam. Miriam," motioning for her to approach him, "Miriam, I am not your uncle. I have deceived you. You are no relative of mine."

"What?" interrupted Miriam. "You are not my uncle? I thought you were the only relative I have."

"I know I told you so but it is not true. You have relatives, but I am not one of them. When I started to leave Stanford, Texas, to live in South Dakota, I saw you lying on a bed in a house where no one was at home. You were a very small baby then and"—

"Where was that? How long has that been? Pray tell me quick," interrupted the Queen. She was trembling so she could hardly stand.

"Just keep quiet and I will tell it all," continued the old man. "As I said before, I was leaving Stranford and saw Miriam all alone, and, thinking that she would soon grow up and be a great help to me, I went in the house, placed her in my bundle so she would be comfortable, and went on my way. I heard afterwards that her father had died only a few days before that time. I reared her as well as I possibly could, giving her the advantage of a good education. It has been just twenty years since I carried her away."

The old man had hardly finished his story when the Queen rushed up to Miriam, and tearing off her right sleeve and seeing a small birth-mark on her arm, exclaimed:

"She is my child! She is my child!"

The old man looked up and seeing them together, said in a feeble voice:

"Yes, that is true, Miriam. She is your real mother. I knew it all the time and came here just to see you and her together. I had not dreamed of this being the result

though. I now leave you in the hands of your mother."

He then fell back dead.

* * * * *

Three years have passed since the last scene occurred. There is no longer a gamblers' den in that mountain defile, but instead stands one of the prettiest and most enjoyable health resorts in the Rocky Mountains. We have thousands of visitors every summer and many during the winter months. The Queen is no longer known by that name, but by her old name, Mrs. Richard Growford. I am now called Jack Dawson and not "King of Gamblers." Miriam has also given up her name and taken instead that of her husband, Jack Dawson. So the passing away of that old man and the recovery of Mrs. Growford's lost child marked the end of the work of the King and Queen of Gamblers.

THE BUILDERS OF THE SOUTH

[Oration delivered in Memorial Hall on seventy-second Anniversary celebration of the Literary Societies.]

By F. F. BROWN.

Mr. Edmonds, of Baltimore, in his story of The South's "Amazing Progress," has given a brief, comprehensive outline of achievement that is second to none that has ever been accomplished by any people in any age. This carefully prepared article, by the best living authority on industrial development, flashes before our eyes, as in a moving picture, the rise of a people from poverty to independence; the growth from weakness to strength; the struggle through darkness to light; the toiling up from obscurity to prominence; the stride from insignificance to dominance. Statistics, while very convincing, convey little meaning except by comparison, so as a mere indication of this development with which you are all familiar, we give these words from Mr. Edmonds himself: "If," said he, "from Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains, a bird's eye view of the South could be had, there would be seen a mighty, resistless, onward movement of a people who, having struggled through the darkness of the wilderness, with no pillar of fire to guide them, strengthened in mind by the hard but victorious fight, have at last come in sight of the promised land. No longer moving westward, as heretofore, the tide of population would be seen to be turning Southward. The hardened veterans of the South's struggle for industrial independence are seen to be drawing heavy reinforcements from this incoming tide. Capital, the greatest coward on earth, joins the procession, and the South, beggar no longer, invites the world's surplus money seeking the most profitable field on earth for in-

vestment—invites it, with no beggar's plea, but with the right to say: We are independent, we can stand alone, we have accumulated enough money and experience to assure a great and steady advance; but so vast is the field, so sure are the returns, that we bid the world a welcome, that all may share in the utilization of our resources and in the consequent wealth to be created."

The South bids her own Timrod to "tell the world that since the world began no fairer land hath found a poet's lays or given a home to man."

As students of truth we know that these words are not the exaggerated superlatives of the orator or the idle dreams of the poet. Our next interest then is in the men who accomplished this marvelous work. Looking upon a richly colored painting we naturally ask, "who is the artist?" observing the perfect work of the complex machine, "who is the inventor?" even before reading the book, "who is the author?" just as standing before the magnificent building, "who is the architect?" So tonight as we look back upon the amazing progress of our section, and contemplate the work that has been wrought, we ask, "who are the builders of the South?" Great movements, whether military or civil, call forth great leaders. The pages of southern history are star-studded with the names of those who in war and peace exercised such wisdom, courage, and foresight that they are rightly placed in the galaxy of heroes. And so long as we are hero worshipers they will occupy a place in our history and in our hearts that no others can hold. But tonight we ask you to shift the emphasis for a moment—to turn your gaze from those before the footlights to look upon those behind the scenes. Those whose names, many of them, are not known outside their own immediate neighborhood; those who have patiently,

quietly, wrought out the South of to-day. They, we claim, are the real builders of the South.

At the surrender, when that poorly equipped band of men, worn to leanness by hunger and hardship, yet superb in their prowess and their pride, were stacking arms and folding forever the colors they loved, it is said that out of the silence like a benediction came the voice of Lee, saying in substance: "Men, we've fought through the war together. I've done the best I could for you. Return to your homes, go to work, and be good citizens. God bless you. My heart is too full to say more." In obedience to his advice and example they returned to their homes and volunteered in the armies of enterprise and industry. The campaign in which they now enlisted was to be a test to the souls of men. There was no trumpet sound, no bugle call, no taunting enemy, no enthusiasm that comes from numbers associated together. It was the supreme test of patriotism; and never did a people meet the test more heroically. It required more courage, strength of character and determination to return to their homes and begin work—cold, practical, prosaic work—than it did to charge up the heights of Gettysburg in the face of shot and shell. Looking about them, they saw absolutely nothing but land—land covered with ashes and desolation. A few indeed could see no hope and went West. But the great majority of them used the simple philosophy of Lamar, of Mississippi. This man, already past the prime of life, stands before the dilapidated home and sees, what was once a farm, now a wilderness of weeds and shrubbery—on every hand the unmistakable signs of devastating war. Then we hear the following soliloquy: "Shall I go West, or shall I stay here? I can make money by going West—there is no hope here. But I love the South and will not leave her." Oh, the heroism blended with the pathos!

Yet they went not about their tasks in a spirit of bitterness and resentment. Henry Grady tells us that cheerfulness and frankness everywhere prevailed and that "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work."

So the industrial South of to-day, with its mills and factories, supplying the world with essential products, was not created by the financiers who came with their money and aided in the development of our resources. There was no "frenzied finance" in this development, but the sane, sound, business management of our own business men who have successfully met the competition of the financial giants of the day. And always, back of our business men, stand those determined men who created white, waving fields of cotton from the Rio Grande to the Roanoke. The real value and far-reaching results of their work were illustrated only recently. When the lack of confidence on the part of the people caused the money to be withdrawn from our banks, and the people throughout the country were terrified at the approach of a grim panic, it was Southern cotton that drew the ships of gold from Europe to relieve the situation.

But there was other work to do. Not only must they live, but these men who had been nurtured in freedom must have well-ordered communities. So along with the industrial progress came the political development. The builders faced a stupendous task—more stupendous than we of to-day can know. But their hearts did not falter.

In speaking of this, let us not forget that the political outlook in 1865 was even darker than the industrial prospect. They had land, and by ceaseless toil, wise management, and undaunted determination, it was possible to crawl, climb, and at last burst the chains of

poverty with which they were fettered. But what statesman looking upon the disorder—yes, more than disorder, the chaos—could see the possibility of ordered communities in our own section, much less the possibility of national influence? Absolutely drained of resources, having no credit anywhere, those who had formerly given their time to the study of public questions now forced to work. Slavery, the cornerstone of their economic and social system for four hundred years gone—not even the hope of a successful compact with their former foes, but the torturing vision of long years, during which their land was to be the prey of the spoiler. More than this, they were forced to work out their destiny, not as members of the same race, “heirs to the same civic privileges,” but ever and at all times faced by millions of their former bondsmen—those dark, vague, uncertain masses, forever free from their former masters, yet never free from the black man’s barbaric past.

Facing such difficulties, the builders of the South began the political development that was to give ordered and happy communities. An investigation will reveal the startling fact that the political administration within the Southern States themselves surpasses in many respects that of any other section of the country. To be sure, there have been numerous conflicts, but were they not local and usually settled without military interference?

In no other commonwealths have State finances been so well managed as in the Southern States since the white people recovered control of their local governments.” The robbery, speculation, corrupt methods of bosses and political machines that have characterized other sections have not flourished in the South. Our officials expended public funds with the strict economy

that was so necessary for years, but with increased development their policies have been more liberal, but always attended with such splendid judgment and sterling honesty that the credit of the States has steadily risen. Each department of the local government has been administered with such practical judgment and wisdom as to command the respect of the nation.

It is true that in national affairs the South has not regained her lost prestige. During the period since 1860 she has not furnished the presidents for the nation as she did before 1860. Our statesmen have not had and do not have the influence in the Senate chamber that they once had. But who will deny that, though slowly, yet surely, we are regaining our lost influence? Winning more and more the confidence of other sections, because of our industrial supremacy commanding the respect of the world, ourselves becoming more liberal and enlightened, is there not every reason to believe that at no distant day the South will again come into her own? Hear these words from Massachusetts, from a man whose voice is now silent, a voice that in life spoke from the heart of one of America's greatest statesmen. Senator Hoar said, in substance: "You men have come up here from the South year after year and stood on principle. I opposed you, yet I respect you. You could have gained favor and position by becoming the balance of power between the Democratic and Republican parties of the North, but you refused to sell your birthright and remained true to principle. If every man of the North were to die, the South with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning, of love of home and love of State and love of freedom, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its destiny."

Indeed, do not recent occurrences indicate very strikingly the respect in which our States are held? Only a

missionary which this country has sent to the foreign fields, Matthew T. Yates, was born and reared. His life, which has been opened to all, is an example of the true worth and modesty which is in the eyes of these people the highest virtue attainable by man. It was about the time of this great missionary's going to China that the church was founded and we find on the records of the church that it gave much of its means to the support of Mr. Yates and his wife in their foreign home. The church has always been a liberal contributor to missions, and especially in the last few years has it given in large measure to both foreign and home missions. For the last few years it has been contributing to almost all the objects of religious work. Some of those objects to which the church now contributes are association missions, foreign missions, home missions, ministerial education, old ministers' relief and the orphanage. In the year of 1902 this church gave something over one hundred and fifty dollars toward such purposes and paid their pastor a salary of three hundred dollars. The amount of contributions since that time has been in a remarkably rapid increase. At present almost all the energies of the church are turned toward the movement of missions.

The present enrollment of the church membership is about 350, the most of whom are enthusiastic church workers. The creed of the church has been none other than the whole of the New Testament. There has never been any special church creed adopted and the New Testament has served in that capacity very adequately.

The church holds a series of revival meetings every year about the last of the month of July—when the crops of the farmers are laid by and all can attend. These meetings have always proved of the greatest benefit to the community. Those who are not Christians are here

given an exceedingly enticing opportunity to give up their sinful ways and join themselves to the church of God. All who attend are exalted to a better, a higher and a more ideal Christian life.

The first interruption in the life of the church was brought on by the Civil War, when a great number of its members were called to the ranks of the Confederate army to fight in a war in which the courage manifested by the Southern patriots has but one parallel in history. The women of Carthage, it is said, once platted their hair into bowstrings which was what our women did. The members were all democrats and were true to their convictions and to their country. The struggle was hard for the people during this period and such a time had its effect upon the church. Although such hard and gloomy times were in the land the church services were held during the time of the war as before, and a collection was often taken at the church from all those who felt disposed to give for the men in the Southern ranks. The church kept in touch with its members who were in the army and always sent words of cheer and comfort to them and let them know that the people were praying for them and their cause. Two of these members fell in battle on May 20, 1864: John H. Johnson and John L. Johnson, cousins. Another who fell later, on June 18th, was Thomas I. Johnson. The hardships of war were felt here very heavily, but since that time the community has been on a steady rise and is as richly blessed to-day as any country community with which I am acquainted.

The church recognizes as its oldest member today "Aunt" Mary Williams, an old colored woman who was born in slavery on the plantation of Robin Williams in the year 1796. She is at present one hundred and ten years old and in good health.

The slaves were encouraged to join the church and were given the same course in religious instruction as the white people had. In most instances the slaves were required to get the permission of their masters to join the church and were not charged with any church fee, but were held under the strict discipline of the church as other members were. After the war when the slaves were set free some of the slave members withdrew their membership and joined churches organized for the negroes. Some, however, did not do this and remained members of this church as long as they lived.

From the membership of this church has gone out two preachers, ministers of the gospel, Rev. W. S. Olive and Rev. Titus Mills. Rev. W. S. Olive has been pastor of the church for the past twelve years, and is an ideal country pastor. Though a graduate of W. F. C. and Louisville Theological Seminary he has never forgotten that he is a fisher of men. He studies both men and books, but he studies the former more. The deacons of the church are S. G. Wilson, J. H. Mills, A. T. Olive, H. C. Parker and W. F. Upchurch. This church is a member of the Mt. Zion Association, which has convened with this church three times.

The following are the names of the pastors and clerks in the order in which they served: Pastors, J. C. Wilson, Jesse Howell, Johnson Olive, O. Upchurch and W. S. Olive. Clerks, W. J. Goodwin, T. R. Lawrence, J. C. Ragan, C. L. Jenks, J. C. Ragan, C. L. Jenks, D. T. Johnson, J. H. Barker, H. C. Barker, T. L. Booth and J. M. Luther.

About the year 1890, when prosperity smiled upon this people, they resolved to build a handsome church to replace the old one built forty years before. They erected an elegant church costing about three thousand dollars,

and in 1902 were forced to add to this two wings in order to accommodate the large numbers that came to church.

The Sunday School in this rural district is a model for those of towns and cities. Out of a church membership of three hundred and fifty there are over two hundred children in Sunday School. It has an infant class of over sixty, not a few of whom come four and five miles regularly. The Sunday School has an interesting history. It was established before the war by Mr. Henry Cotton, of Cotton Cross-roads, who was the father of Dr. A. T. Cotton, of Raleigh. It has been conducted regularly ever since with increasing usefulness. Mr. A. T. Olive is teacher of the male class, and Mrs. J. H. Olive is teacher of the woman's class, and more devoted or efficient teachers can not be found.

The good that this church and Sunday School have done and are doing to-day can not be estimated. If you should wish to see some of the immediate results of their work go to Olive Chapel, spend a day with its studious, industrious and guileless pastor, who is too busy and too deeply absorbed in his work to think whether his life is simple or complex, and then visit the good homes of these substantial and unpretentious people and mark the pure ambition and noble faith that lifts up the humblest task. Do these things and you will find some of the good results which the church is accomplishing at home. And any church which is doing well at home is prepared to do untold good in other realms.

"The chief need of the community to-day," writes its pastor, "is more pure religion." With such a noble and uplifting motto as this we can but hope for a great future for this church.

THE FRENCH BROAD BAPTIST ASSOCIATION FROM
1807 to 1861

BY C. D. CREASMAN.

One of the first institutions which the early settlers of Western North Carolina founded was the church. The two great denominations of the mountain people were the Baptists and the Methodists. The Baptists seem to have been stronger and as early as 1796 they began the work of organizing the churches. This work continued slowly but steadily until in 1807 there were six well organized churches. The brethren began to feel the need of cooperation, so in that year a general meeting was held at the French Broad church in Henderson County and an organization effected, which was given the name of the French Broad Association. It included, of course, the six churches by name, Little Ivy, Locust Old Field, Cane River, New Found, French Broad and Cane Creek. This was the first organization for the promotion of denominational work in Western North Carolina. Prior to this time Little Ivy, Locust Old Field and New Found churches had belonged to the Holston Association in Tennessee, and the other three to the Broad River Association in South Carolina.

The first pastors of the association were Thomas Snellson, Thomas Justice, Scion Blythe, Benjamin King, Humphrey Posey and Stephen Morgan. From these six preachers and their churches grew the denominational work in the west till the association covered practically all of Buncombe and Burke counties, which then comprised the entire Alleghany plateau. It also embraced a number of churches in Tennessee. From this association sprang all the other western associations, and the

work started by it made possible the work since done in the mountains.

Most of the associations that grew from the French Broad were organized from necessity, but in 1827 an association was organized for a different reason. Questions of doctrine and discipline arose and a continued debate, carried on by some of the ministers concerning Calvinism and Arminianism, led to church disputes and finally to a separation. A number of the churches drew out of the old association and organized the Big Ivy Association. The two men who were largely responsible for this division were Garrett Deweese and Stephen Morgan. The division, with its contentious and bitter feelings, lasted for twenty years, and no doubt was injurious to the cause of Baptists in the west in many ways. However there were many men who desired reunion and worked and prayed to this end. Among them was Daniel Carter, a prominent member of Middle Fork Church, Big Ivy Association. He had worked for reconciliation ever since the disunion, and often prayed that God would let him live to see the brethren united in fellowship. In September, 1849, his prayers were answered. The two associations sent delegates to the Flat Creek to reunite all the churches. Brother Carter rode ten miles to cast his vote as a delegate of the Big Ivy Association in favor of the reunion. There was rejoicing when the vote was cast and the factions reconciled, and Brother Carter rode back home happy. That night he died.

The old association made great progress during the twenty years of division in spite of continued controversies. The six original churches had grown to twenty and two new associations, the Tuckaseegee, in Haywood County, and the Salem, in South Buncombe and Hen-

derson counties, had been formed. A new impetus was given to the work, however, by the reunion, and it was followed by a series of revivals which greatly strengthened the churches and other associations. The first of these was held at Little Ivy by William Keith, who was the pastor of the church at that place and a leader in the French Broad faction, and James Blythe, a leader in the Big Ivy faction. At the close of the meeting, which lasted ten days, there were sixty-five additions to the church by baptism. From this meeting spread the greatest religious awakening the country had ever known. In a few years the number of churches in the association increased from twenty to thirty-seven and hundreds of members were added to the churches, making a total membership in 1848 of 1,892. Necessity again declared for a division, and in 1849 eleven churches were dismissed from the French Broad to form the Roan Mountain Association. This association became strong and influential and contained some able ministers and strong laymen.

Among their ministers, however, were two who were destined to create a disturbance which affected the entire west. These were John Wheeler and Moses Peterson. They conceived the idea of open communion and introduced the practice into several churches. This called for correction on the part of other churches. The association met and after discussion adopted the following resolution: Resolved, "That this association do, in the spirit of meekness, advise those churches which have been practicing open communion to desist from the practice, as we think it involves inconsistency to retain such church or churches, a member or members, who practice the same." The admonition was evidently rejected for at the next meeting of the association in 1851 these

churches, Ramsey Town, Jack's Creek, New Liberty, Pine Grove and Crooked Creek were excluded, having organized themselves into Tow River Freewill Christian Communion Baptist. They were never considered orthodox, and the great body of Baptists was never seriously injured by them; but their doctrine caused considerable disturbance for a while and threatened strife, which was averted, however, by careful leadership. The historian expresses the following derogatory opinion of them: "Wheeler and Peterson were unwise leaders, and the Freewill Church, of which Wheeler was the head, was conceived in heresy and brought forth in schism and faction. It seems to have always shunned the light, and is to be found in corners and dark places. There has never been a leader of superior intelligence among them, they are only distinguished by their low views of the doctrines of Sovereign Grace, their instability of Christian character and the Christian profession and their advocacy of open communion."

One of the great advantages gained by the reunion of the French Broad and Big Ivy Associations was the birth of the missionary spirit which seemed to have taken place at or soon after that time. This phase of work the churches opposed generally because they did not understand it. It was advocated strongly, nevertheless, by a few ministers who had learned its nature and by degrees the people were won over to its support. Perhaps another thing which aided wonderfully in the advancement of the missionary spirit was the organization of the Western Baptist Convention, which was done in 1846. Men were sent to all the associations to preach missions, and after encountering many difficulties—fewer in the French Broad Association than in any other perhaps, because of the general good will prevalent there at that

time—they finally succeeded in winning the great majority of the churches to the cause of missions. The cause of temperance also received its first open support in the association about this time. Just here Sunday School work began in the association, the first school being established at Gabriel's Creek in 1853.

At first this work was not crystallized into anything definite, but was considered a convenient method of gathering children together for amusement and instruction. School books were often brought out and various kinds of teaching given. Soon, however, the school began to be regarded as strictly a religious gathering. It is not strange that denominationalism was carefully excluded from these schools, although they were generally held in Baptist churches; for the idea was introduced by the Sunday School Union, and this organization sought the support of all denominations. But a union Sunday School was soon found to be not the best thing for the Baptist churches, and there soon arose a man who saw the effects of it on the churches and had the courage to launch a movement against it. This was John Ammons, who is now one of the oldest preachers in the west and whose life has been crowned with fruitful labors for the denomination, of which that in behalf of denominational Sunday Schools is one of the greatest. He saw that a union Sunday School was no better than a union church, and so in 1869 he started a movement against it. He was at once involved in a fierce controversy with the advocates of the union Sunday School theory, and was surprised to find the majority of the preachers of the association against him. But he went boldly to work and in 1871 met his opponents in a final struggle at a meeting of the association at Big Ivy Church. In spite of the facts that odds were against him he presented his cause

so effectually that the association voted to do away with union schools. This was the completion of a movement which began in 1853, and though it did not reach fruition till after the date of our sketch it could not be well left out.

The association continued to grow steadily till 1861. Several churches were organized, among them Mars Hill, which has played an important part in the history of the association. The organization of this church perhaps made possible the maintenance of that strong high school now located at that place.

ROBERT FRANKLIN ARMFIELD*

BY SANTFORD MARTIN.

Robert Franklin Armfield, son of Robert Armfield and his wife, Margaret Bland, was born upon his father's farm, near Greensboro, Guilford County, on July 29, 1839. Greensboro was then a struggling village in the woods, and the farm of Robert Armfield, near the place now called Pomona, yielded a scanty support for the large family of children. It required the labor of all, early and late, to produce enough to satisfy their simple wants. The young Franklin Armfield's chances were worse than scores of neighbor boys who, with their children after them, have continued to dig and delve in mother earth for a scanty living.

This Guilford County ploughboy, without money, without influential friends, handicapped by bitter poverty, was by the mere force of his intellectual and moral powers, and by his ambition, raised from his lowly estate until he became a leader among men, a soldier, a statesman, a great judge, and a citizen of whom the whole State was proud.

Shakespeare puts it in the mouth of Wolsey, while addressing Caldwell, to say, "I charge thee to fling away ambition." Yet all thinking people know that if ambition be taken from humanity the world would become a howling wilderness, and man, made in the image of God, would be as the beasts of the field. Macaulay tells us that the chief ills that afflict humanity come from men with high intelligence but with low desires. But we know that an ambition to excel in good works,

*NOTE.—I am much indebted to Mr. Charles H. Armfield for valuable help given me in attempting this sketch of his distinguished father's life.

S. M.

to win fame and honor, to better one's condition in life, has led the human race from the cave man, armed with a club, to its present exalted place in development and honor.

This farmer boy felt that within him which demanded a betterment of conditions. He felt that thirst for knowledge which demands it for its own sake, and his brave soul spoke out and said, "I will." When he looked at the environments at home his common sense taught him that he could get no help there. Neither did he want it, for he lived in a land of freedom, where no such thing as caste existed, and where the poorest and the humblest had a right to aspire to the highest, provided he was willing to pay the price. He sometimes spoke to his friends of his early struggles, and while they had in them the elements of tragedy, still the lapse of years had dulled the jagged mountain peaks he had climbed and crossed with so much labor and pains, and his sense of humor often called a smile to his face in remembrance of "those good old times."

For instance, after he had made up his mind at the ripe age of nearly sixteen years to have a college education, the first stepping-stone in that direction was to obtain employment as a teacher in the public schools of the State. He addressed his application to the "Skule Committee" of a certain district, and as these gentlemen were not very strong on spelling "skule" passed muster, and he became a teacher in the public school. Judge Armfield was never very strong on spelling, and humorously argued that it showed a lack of scholarship not to be able to spell a word more than one way. By teaching school and strict economy young Armfield managed to keep himself in school part of the time.

About this time he met Braxton Craven, who had educated himself in the same manner. The influence of Craven upon him was wholly for good. From him he learned that he was traveling upon the right road, and that ambition with enthusiasm of youth joined together meant success. The first dollar he ever earned he spent for a book. While he learned the value of money it was only valuable in his eyes as a helpful means to knowledge and fitting himself for a better and higher life.

After many struggles and privations Robert Armfield graduated at Trinity College, then called Normal Institute. While teaching school he studied law with John A. Gilmer, of Greensboro. He obtained his license and "hung out his shingle" to begin the long but requisite wait for clients. He settled in Yadkinville, and soon numbered his friends by his acquaintances. His abilities were shown in the court-house, and his free democratic spirit and his friendliness won the good will and friendship of all those with whom he came in contact. He was not a self-seeker for political or other honors, but the people gladly gave them to him because they recognized in him those qualities of leadership, bravery, honesty and intelligence.

About this time the political sky was obscured and darkened by the clouds of war. He loved the union and its starry flag because the blood of his kindred had helped to make it. Their bones had whitened under its folds from the Revolution to the day at Buena Vista, and his soul rebelled at the thought of fighting against it. Hence we find him in Raleigh with union members of the convention from Yadkin County. There were many like him in that body, but when the first gun was fired the union was ended and he knew that he had to take his choice to fight either with his own people or against them. The

Confederate army was composed of such men. He said to his friends in Yadkin: "I don't ask you to go alone, I ask you to follow me, for I will go where I ask you to go." It was then that he dropped his books and took up the sword.

In an army composed of so many brave men where deeds of heroism and daring were so common as not to excite comment, he measured up to the high standard required, and so continued until disabled by wounds and disease he could no longer keep up with the Yadkin boys. The Legislature then elected him Solicitor of his district.

It was then that he began his true career—the one for which he was best fitted by nature and by education—the career of a trial lawyer. It is difficult to sketch the career of a great trial lawyer. He knows that the printed word will survive and be read by thousands yet unborn. There is every incentive on his part to labor and to polish, for his work is not simply for the hour but also for posterity. "The fame of a great trial lawyer," says another, "is necessarily ephemeral: he speaks to living men of the present and moves the hearts and minds and wills of those upon whom he has cast his spell."

Robert Armfield became the bar's leader of Western North Carolina, where he practiced. His contemporaries, Folk, Linney, Clement, Ruffin and others, recognized him as their equal, and the people affirmed the judgment. He served in the State Senate, was its president and ex officio Lieutenant-Governor of the State. His friends sent him to Congress for four years, and here it looked like he filled the place. He was not a little man made great by public office, but in every place, in every position, public or otherwise in the halls of Congress, upon the hustings, on the bench and at the bar, he measured up to the full requirement of the place

and occasion. He was made a judge by Governor Scales in 1889, without the asking, and the people ratified the choice. He made an ideal judge—learned, patient, impartial and just. Even a beaten litigant felt that he had received justice at his hands, and many a poor soul convicted of crime had reason to bless his memory, because he believed in the words of Christ, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." He was judge for only six years, but it was long enough for the people of the whole State to love and appreciate him.

His services in the army, in Congress and upon the bench were but interludes in his true career—that of a great trial lawyer. He was "King of the court-house." Though he knew not a note of music, and it is said he could not tell one tune from another, his voice was music itself. It could be as gentle as the evening breeze, but when roused by feeling it was the organ notes of a great storm, which swept all obstacles from its way. He was simple in his tastes and his manner of living, but he could read men like an open book. Woe to the lying witness who had to meet his cross-examination. When he was aroused in defense of truth and justice, and especially in resisting the aggression of the strong against the weak, he stood "armed justice in defense of beleagured truth," and one lash of his tongue has made the recipient infamous for life. He was a great lawyer, a great forensic orator—a great man, whose heart and mind were filled with love and charity for his fellow-man.

When he retired from the bench he resumed the practice of his profession at his old home in Statesville, where he lived until his death in 1898. Clients flocked to him like "doves to the window." The first case he tried was before Judge Brown, now a member of the Supreme Court. His speech was one of his old-time ef-

forts, and the judge, the jury, the bar and the audience sat with bated breath during the two hours of its duration. Judge Brown said of him that day that his return to the bar was like the return of the mighty Ulysses to the Greeks, who, when they saw him his arm bend the ponderous bow which no other human arm could bend, and send the deadly arrow speeding on its unerring way, shouted in joy with one accord, "Ulysses has come! Ulysses has come!"

The bow of Ulysses is still here, but its master is gone. Who can bend its strings?

The man is gone, but his fame, like the greatest and best of his profession, is not "writ in water," for it rests upon the memory of men, and as time rolls on in its ceaseless march there are fewer every year who have heard the music of his voice and who have been moved to laughter or to tears as he willed it. Soon all of those who have heard him will have passed away, and their children's children will tell what their grandsires said of him. The man who lives but in the memory of his fellows is buried in a shallow grave.

Though his life was full of brilliant achievements he led to the end the simple life, and remained a brave, kind and candid man, who found "books in running brooks, and sermons in stones and good in everything."

HISTORY OF MOUNT PISGAH BAPTIST CHURCH

BY HERBERT WAYLAND BAUCOM.

In Chatham County, N. C., about twenty miles west of Raleigh, is a section that is known as the Mt. Pisgah community. This neighborhood is not celebrated for its wealth, refinement or educational facilities, but it is celebrated for something much better, and that is the strong Christian gentlemen whom it has sent out to bless the world.

In the year 1814 the Baptists of this section, realizing the need and opportunity of a church in their midst, organized what was then called Yates's Meeting House, in honor of Uncle Billie Yates, as he was called, the father of the missionary M. T. Yates. The charter members were as follows: William Yates, deacon; George Williams, deacon; Hirison Trice, deacon; Elizabeth Barbee, Rebecca Council, Sarah Ellis, Lucretia Vinson, Rebecca Williams, Mary Upchurch, Mary Horton, Nancy Yates, Elizabeth Moore, Delphia Williams, Tempy Kelly, Gilley Trice, Rhoda Harward, Miley Harward, Polly Williams, Elizabeth Perry, Masca Upchurch, Easter Byrd, Nancy Hetley and Charity Rogers.

These people chose for their first pastor Rev. Robert T. Daniel, who served them for about ten years. Soon after the church was organized some of the men who had served in the War of 1812 were called out in the State militia, but were away from the church and community only a short while. The church grew rapidly under the leadership of Mr. Daniel, and when he left it the membership had reached two hundred and forty-eight, including thirteen negroes who belonged to the whites. It was about this time that the name of the

church was changed from Yates's Meeting House to Mt. Pisgah.

In December, 1824, the church called as pastor Rev. Thomas Freeman, who served them for five years. We have one account when this church practiced foot washing, and that was in the year 1829. After Freeman, Rev. Thos. Armstrong served the church for five years, then Rev. P. C. Conley served them one year. During this period things seemed to move smoothly with them, but no marked growth until 1835, when Rev. Patrick W. Dowd was chosen as pastor. Sunday Schools were practically a new thing in this section of the country, but after much discussion on the subject the church decided to begin one, and elected Bro. William Yates as its first superintendent. The church held the old camp meetings which generally lasted for about ten days or two weeks, and it was in one of these meetings that the great missionary, Matthew T. Yates, was converted along with fifteen others. Young Yates soon felt that he wanted to do something for his country and his God, and realizing the need of an education he went to work with that end in view. He taught school at the church in 1829 to enable him to pursue his studies further.

It was in the year 1840 that Rev. James Dennis was called to the pastorate of the church, and he served them for eight years. In the sixth year of his pastorate M. T. Yates, who was soon to go as a missionary to China, was set apart to the full work of the gospel ministry. This did not only quicken a missionary spirit in this church, or even in the State, but his zeal quickened people of other States to go forward and to do more for foreign missions than they had done before.

The church was served from 1847 to 1850 by Rev. Johnson Olive, after which the church sent a committee

to see Rev. Patrick W. Dowd for the purpose of securing his service for the ensuing year. He accepted the call and served them for nineteen years, making in all a service of twenty-one years for this church. In the year 1855 they had the greatest revival, looked at from many standpoints, ever held in the church. At the close of the meeting sixty-nine joined the church for baptism, and during the year there were seventy-six additions to the church. The pastor was loved so much by the church and community that a call was extended to him for life. The church had prospered until it had a membership of two hundred and ninety-seven in 1857, and the salary of the pastor was raised to two hundred dollars per year, and in addition to which the church contributed over two hundred dollars to the seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. But in 1866 the church suffered some heavy losses because of several of its strong members securing letters to join a new church by the name of Bethany, near Morrisville, N. C. It also lost by death its beloved pastor, Rev. P. W. Dowd, and a faithful deacon, William Yates.

The members of the church realized a great loss in Brethren Dowd and Yates, but they were submissive to the Lord's will and called Rev. J. C. Wilson to the pastoral care of the church, and he served them until 1890. They had lost much, but in 1869, the church had another great revival and thirty-nine were received into the church, among whom were John and Sire Scott, who were both over seventy years of age. In this meeting the pastor was aided by Rev. M. S. Ferrell, whom the church ordained and publicly set apart to the full work of the gospel ministry. It was about this time that the church secured a letter of dismissal from the Raleigh Association to help form what is now Mt. Zion Association. In the latter part of this year the church lost by

letter twenty more of its strong members to organize Green Level Church, which is to-day stronger than Mt. Pisgah.

In 1880 Rev. J. M. Hilliard, who had been at Wake Forest College for some time, was ordained and sent out as another messenger of Christ. The following year the pastor, aided by Rev. C. Durham, held a great meeting in this church, and as a result thirty-two were baptized. The church at this time was erecting a new house of worship which was completed and dedicated in August, 1882, Rev. C. Durham preaching the dedicatory sermon. And now since they had a new house of worship and things seemed to be in a flourishing condition the majority of the church were in favor of having preaching two Sundays a month instead of one, and of giving the preacher three hundred and fifty dollars. But on account of many of its strong members having withdrawn to unite with other churches, and as they had the opportunity of attending services at near-by churches, this was not kept up very long.

Under the influence of Yates this church paid one hundred dollars to foreign missions in 1870. After twenty-four years of faithful service Brother Wilson was getting old and feeble, so he resigned and in 1890 they called a young man, Rev. W. S. Olive, who was just from the seminary. He served them for twelve years, and during his ministry the church sent out Rev. J. E. Yates, who is chaplain in the United States Army in the Philippine Islands, and Rev. C. A. Upchurch, who is pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Danville, Va.

In 1902 Olive resigned and the church called Rev. C. V. Brooks, who served them for four years, and then Rev. L. M. Hobbs was called to take the leadership of the church and served them until January, 1909.

During his ministry the church was in good condition and George Harward and Earl Byrd decided to preach the gospel. They are now in Cary High School preparing to enter Wake Forest College.

Rev. W. R. Beach had just taken charge of the old church, and with the noble record to look back upon both pastor and people should be inspired to do even greater things for the Master.

This church has sent out into the various walks of life some strong men. Ten of her sons have become the sons of Wake Forest College, and many have gone to other institutions of learning.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PAUL PHIFER

BY CHARLES MCKNIGHT PHIFER.

Paul Phifer was of German descent, his grandfather having come from Germany about the year 1771. His grandmother died during the voyage over and her body was consigned to the sea. Paul Phifer's father was two years old when his father arrived in the United States, he (Matthias) being the only child. Some time after Matthias Phifer's father arrived in the United States, having lost his wife in the ocean, he married again and perhaps had other children. There seems to have been a brother to Matthias's father already in the United States who was to some extent instrumental in bringing Matthias's father to this country.

The Phifer brothers settled first in South Carolina, but subsequently Matthias Phifer, Paul Phifer's father, moved to Cabarrus County, in North Carolina, where Paul Phifer and other children were born.

Matthias Phifer was married in his twentieth year to Leah Wiley, a beautiful young lady. By this union there were born nine children, six boys and three girls. Paul was the third child. When Paul was about three years old his father moved to Rowan County, N. C., and settled at Fourth Creek, about five miles from Cleveland on the Western Railroad, about the year 1800, over fifty years before the railroad was built. Paul seems to have acquired his literary education in private subscription schools under a man by the name of Linster who taught school in the neighborhood. While his education was somewhat limited it was considered fair for that time.

He taught school some and studied theology under one Kilpatrick, who was pastor at Third Creek Presby-

terian Church, about one and a half miles from Cleveland.

Paul Phifer married Nancy Webb, daughter of John and Lydia Webb, who lived about three miles from Third Creek Church. He was now almost twenty-seven years old. After his marriage he settled about two miles north of Third Creek Church and raised a family of six children—four boys and two girls.

Some time after he married he entered the Missionary Baptist ministry, and was considered a great preacher for that day. He was prominent in Rowan County and was employed by the Baptist State Convention in 1834 to do missionary work in Mecklenburg, Rowan, Cabarrus and Montgomery counties. He had two charges, Society Hill and New Hope churches, in Iredell County, N. C. Sometimes he preached at New Union, now known as Gay's Chapel, and perhaps at other places.

He seems to have been a man of impulsive and sympathetic nature. He was an indulgent father, slow to correct his children by chastisement, and was not disposed to render evil for evil, and was greatly loved as a neighbor. He was zealous in the cause of the Master and manifested his love for Him in his daily walk and conversation.

He was lenient to those over whom he had control and authority; slow to anger, and seemed to have the noble trait of self-control.

It might be stated that his mother was a Baptist and that might have influenced him to unite with the Baptist denomination. His father never united with any church.

Whether Paul Phifer ever went to a theological school or not the writer of this sketch does not know, but circumstantial evidence indicated that he did as it is said his father paid a good sum toward his education.

Paul Phifer was a charter trustee of Wake Forest Institute in 1833. As has been intimated, he was considered a great preacher of his time. One of his older children says, "He was a man of great ability as a preacher and had a great voice and commanded attention wherever he went or spoke." Paul preached long and loud so that he was often completely exhausted. He attended the sessions of the convention, but no record now remains that he attended the meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Paul Phifer was wealthy, possessed valuable property and a number of slaves, all of whom he treated kindly, and a number of slaves, all of whom he treated kindly, very seldom having to correct them. His slaves were well cared for and they honored their owner, doing anything they could to please him. He had two large tracts of land on which his slaves bestowed their labor with good results, and required only little control from their beloved master—as he was away from home most of the time. In short he was well situated as to worldly affairs and lived happy and contented. His wife, Nancy, died August 18, 1844, aged 34 years. He died November 14, 1848, aged 51 years.

They both lived and died on his place two miles from Third Creek Church and four miles north of Cleveland, and were buried at Third Creek Church.

Paul Phifer preached regularly until a short while before his death. He was seldom sick and seemed to be happy, having a pleasant word for every one.

EXTRACT FROM THESIS ON BALLARD'S BRIDGE
BAPTIST CHURCH

BY J. T. BYRUM.

Ballard's Bridge Baptist church was first built in 1770 through the untiring efforts of Rev. Lemuel Burkitt. The land on which the church now stands was donated by William Bond, of Edenton. The first building was of logs, but in the course of time a frame building was erected.

But this, too, finally became inadequate on account of the growing congregation, and in 1847 a larger building was contracted for and built at the cost of \$1,400. Three hundred and fifty dollars of this sum was given by four men who had never professed religion; three of them, Dr. Richard Dillard, William J. Holley and William H. Elliot (who was the contractor), giving \$100 each, and John G. Small giving \$50. The new house was dedicated in May, 1848, the sermon being preached by Quinton H. Trotman. In the following August a revival was held which continued only a week, the result of which was the addition by baptism of 149 members to the church, including William H. Elliot. Mr. Elliot was a man of wealth and continued faithful to his church and liberal toward the cause of Christ till his death.

In 1883 the building underwent repairs costing \$570. John M. Forehand did the work. He is still alive and a member of the old church. He is a man of prominence and of wealth and one of the most liberal members of his church.

Rev. David Welch was the first pastor of Ballard's Bridge Church, and served the church till his death without salary, believing with many others that it was wrong to accept money for preaching. After his death the

church was without a pastor for several years. Finally Rev. John M. Cale took charge of the church and served as pastor till 1804. Elder John Nowel succeeded him and preached for the church till his death without financial remuneration. He was followed by Elder Nathaniel Pruden who also served the church till his death. He was an able preacher and the church went forward under his ministry. After his death the church was again pastorless for a while. But about the year 1812 a revival was held and many were added to the church. Among these were Miles Welch and John Jordan, who decided to enter the ministry. They both became very useful men in their calling. Mr. Welch was ordained about the year 1818 by Rev. Jesse Reid and Rev. Thomas Gardner. In 1826 he became pastor of the Ballard's Bridge Baptist Church and continued as such until 1837. He received no pay for his services. The church offered to pay him but he refused to be paid, and at the close of his pastorate said that he had never charged anything for his work because he didn't think it was right to do so.

Rev. William White was the next pastor of the church. He was raised in a Quaker family and was thirty-two years old when he confessed Christ. Three years later, in 1837, the church called him and he took charge. His pastorate continued through twelve years.

In 1848 the Chowan Association met with the Ramoth Gilead Church and adopted religious principles with which Ballard's Bridge Church did not agree. So just before the meeting of the next association the church met and had the clerk, Mr. Thomas Satterfield, to prepare a letter insisting that the church was opposed to the said religious principles and stating that they were going to take the New Testament as a guide for their faith and practice.

At the close of pastor White's ministry the church selected one of its own members, Daniel V. Etheridge, to take his place, and Etheridge was ordained August 9, 1849, by Rev. Quinton H. Trotman, Rev. Aaron Jones and Rev. Thomas Waff. Mr. Etheridge served the church the first year of his ministry without financial aid. In January, 1851, the church agreed to pay him \$150 a year, which money was to be raised by taxation. But at the next meeting it was decided to place the raising of the salary in the hands of the deacons. They agreed to pay him \$127 instead of \$150. This salary varied until the pastor died in December, 1869.

His pastorate was very successful till the war broke out and then division came. Many members of the church were slaveholders and their slaves belonged to the church. They succeeded in getting the church to adopt the following resolutions in 1862 and 1863:

"Resolved, That if any colored member leaves home for the purpose of getting with the Yankees, he or she shall be expelled from the church.

"Resolved, That all white members that have taken up arms and aided the enemy of our country, and all colored members that have run off from their owners to gain Yankee freedom be, and they are, hereby expelled from the church."

Elder Etheridge was a Unionist. Part of the members of the church stood with him and part of them sided with the Confederacy. Charges of visiting the camps of the enemy and preaching doctrines detrimental to the Confederacy were brought against him. A committee was appointed to investigate the charges, and after two months they reported that no proof could be found. The church forgave the pastor, but his ministry was greatly crippled. Isaac Byrum was appointed moderator for

the year 1863, but Elder Etheridge was reelected the following year and continued his work till 1869. In this year the "great split" occurred. In January the clerk, Richard D. Simpson, read a petition from about fifty members asking letters of dismission to organize another church in the same house. The petition was voted down. Then a part of the members withdrew and organized a new church. At the close of the year Elder Etheridge resigned, went to Roanoke Island and joined the Disciple Baptists and finally left the ministry.

Rev. West Leary was the next pastor. He served the church only three years. Then Daniel J. Roberts was pastor for two years. Leary was again called and preached for four years, ending 1878. Rev. T. T. Speight followed him. He served the church nine years with much success. There were 208 additions to the church during his pastorate, and it is said that the missionary spirit increased fourfold. The next pastor was A. W. Burfoot, who also strengthened the church greatly. He was pastor six years and baptized 94 persons and received many others by letter and restoration. He was succeeded by Rev. C. J. Woodson, who served the church one year. He was a good preacher and baptized 23 persons into the fellowship of the church.

Rev. W. B. Waff took charge of the church in 1896 and served faithfully for ten years. There were 200 additions to the church during his ministry. The church greatly increased its contributions to all objects, and Mr. Waff left a good missionary society connected with the church.

Rev. J. N. Booth was the next pastor, but he served the church only one month, when he resigned to go to South Carolina. Rev. J. O. Alderman followed him as pastor of the church, taking charge in February, 1906.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF BROWN'S BAPTIST CHURCH,
WARREN COUNTY, N. C.

BY JOHN EDWARD ALLEN, WARRENTON, N. C.

That there was a Baptist church at Brown's Meeting House long before 1830, when the present record begins, is evident from a number of facts. In the first place, a number of persons who lived long before that date say they attended services here as children. Mrs. Samuel Allen, who was born in 1809, is known to have said that she "went to church here in childhood." William Bowden, born some time before 1809, said that in his childhood the church was known as "Old Brown's," and was old and weatherbeaten.

John Rooker, who came to Bute County from Richmond, Va., before the Revolutionary War as a school teacher, settled in the neighborhood and married a Miss Anne Hawkins, who lived near the church, and was evidently a member of this church prior to 1792, when both moved to York District, S. C. Here they constituted, in 1792, Flint Hill Church, evidently on the plan of the church of which they had been members in their old home.

The first churches in Warren County were for the most part unorganized bodies of Baptist believers. This was the condition of Reedy Creek, as the records show. Gardner's Church had an unorganized history for fifty years before the records show its organization to have been effected. The early history of Brown's, we have every reason to believe, was similar to that of these.

A study of the case shows that there were four of these unorganized Baptist bodies in that part of old Bute County which has since become Warren, and in

Warren itself, acting together under one pastorate, namely: Tanner's, Gardner's, and Brown's Meeting Houses, and "The Mill-pond" (now Sharon, near Wise, N. C.).

That there was some kind of relation existing between these is indicated by the fact that they were uniformly served by the same pastor, and also by the fact that at a conference meeting held at Tanner's after that church had become an organized body, a resolution was passed appointing a committee to secure titles to the lands on which were situated Gardner's, "The Mill-pond," and Brown's meeting houses. This indicates that these were under the control, in some way, of the Tanner's congregation.

It is probable that the constituents of these various congregations held their membership at Tanner's, but worshiped at their respective meeting houses. This opinion is strengthened by the fact that James Rooker, who was one of the members at Brown's when he moved to South Carolina, established on precisely the same plan a church which he named Sugar Creek. He made the Flint Hill Church the central meeting place, and at various distances around it were Chalk Level, Sardis, and others, all of whose members held their membership at Flint Hill.

This condition of things existed at Brown's from its beginning to the date (1830) when it was regularly constituted. During this time we know definitely of two of its pastors: Elder Thomas Gardner, who served from some unknown time to about 1825-6; and after him Elder Willoughby Hudgins, who was its pastor at the time it became a regularly constituted church, which, according to the church record, was the fourth Saturday in December in 1830. It seems that the church was

before 1840 called indiscriminately Brown's or Allen's Meeting House, the latter name gradually dropping into disuse. The principal builder of the meeting house was a rail maker, Mr. Charles Allen, and the land on which he built it was given by Mr. Vincent Allen. Archibald Brown, near whose home the meeting house was located, had much to do with the erection of the building for the church, and this may help to explain the other and now common name.

In the year 1831 the church was represented in the first session of the Tar River Association as Allen's Meeting House. The representation continued until, for reasons which we shall discuss later, about 1835 the name disappears from the records. In 1840 the name "Brown's" Meeting House" appears for the first time in the minutes, and it has remained in the records until the present time. Dr. Thos. J. Pichford, of Warren County, for twenty years Moderator of the Tar River Association, in writing a sketch of that body, and mentioning Allen's Meeting House, says: "Now Brown's, Daniel Wester, who was present at the first session of the Tar River Association and a regular attendant as long as he lived, and was also better posted in all matters pertaining to the Association than any other man, wrote Dr. J. D. Hufham as follows: "Brown's was at first Allen's Meeting House." Mr. Vincent Allen, in having recorded the deed for the site, calls the church by the same double title, "Brown's or Allen's Meeting House," this being about the last of the year 1829.

As to the name "Brown's," Dr. Hufham says: "I find these notes about the Browns: The first of the name came from South Carolina during the Revolution. The Palmetto State, all through the Revolution, was not pleasant for a man who was peaceably disposed and not

inclined to take sides with either party in the struggle. [Brown was a Tory]. He was looking for a quiet country and found it in Warren County. His name was Archibald Brown, and on August 4th, 1778, he married Tabitha Beckham, John Watson being security. [Dr. Hufham here means probably William Watson.] I take it for granted that the sons of Archibald Brown were the brethren who led in building on the new site and in honor of whom the name of the church was changed."

As to the exact date of the beginning of Brown's Church nothing definite can be obtained. Without recapitulating the facts stated in discussing the state of the church prior to 1830, we may certainly say that some of the most eminent authorities on the early Baptist history of this section express very decidedly their belief that the church was in existence as a body several years prior to the Revolutionary War; and the allusions to it before 1810 as "Old Brown's" or "Old Allen's" point, it would seem, very strongly toward this early date. As nearly as we can place it, drawing conclusions from the facts that Elder Thomas Gordon had served in 1823 for some time as its pastor; that in all probability there were others before him; that a study of the dates of the lives of some of the influential members point to it; and that the minutes of the early Flat River and Kehukee Associations, which might have proved it, are not to be found, we may safely say that the beginning of this church may be placed about the year 1790 at the latest.

The authentic records of the church begin with its constitution as a regularly organized church, which as has already been made clear, occurred on the fourth Saturday in December, 1830, when we find that there

were eleven charter members. At that time Elder Wiloughby Hudgins was chosen, or more properly continued as its pastor; James Smithwick and John Daniel were ordained deacons, and James Southerland was made clerk. In the following year the church joined the Tar River Association. During the first year of its history it seems to have grown very rapidly, for in 1833 there were 19 baptized, making the total number of members 47, which in 1834 was increased to sixty-six. The descendants of these earliest members are still prominently connected with the church, and the descendants of John Daniel, among others, are among the most prominent members of Baptist churches of this and other States.

About 1834 there arose a controversy between Clerk Southerland and "a member of the Tar River Association," as the historian-clerk who succeeded, says, about the reception into the Association of the church at Tarboro, in consequence of which dispute, and in hopes of pacification, the church at Brown's withdrew from the Association.

This seems to have healed, for the time being, the breach in the membership, but soon after there came that same dissension about this time that rent almost every one of its fellow churches in the whole country: namely, the separation between the Missionary Baptists and those of the Old School, or "Primitives." For three or four years the condition of things grew worse and worse, until, in 1838, there was offered to a church conference through the clerk, Mr. Southerland, a resolution as follows:

"That we will not ask into our pulpit to preach any person in favor of the institutions of the day, and that our pastor shall preach at his own appointments here;

and that it is not expedient for him to ask into the pulpit any person without the consent of the church."

The majority of the members, however, were either Missionary Baptists or unwilling to adopt such a drastic resolution as this, and so the measure was tabled. The minority, however, were unappeasable, and complained bitterly to the pastor, who, after conferring with some of the more level-headed members, entertained, at the next meeting of the church in conference, the motion that the malcontents, to settle matters once for all, present any resolution they might see fit.

Then it was moved:

"That we do not have any fellowship for missionaries, nor for them that have fellowship for them; that we will not commune with missionaries, nor with them that do commune with them."

The majority overruled this, and of the non-missionary members, twelve immediately severed their connection with the church. The clerk, who was one of these, took away with him all the church papers, including the deed to the property, and all the records, and, claiming that his faction were the rightful owners, refused to give them up when they were repeatedly asked for. It is supposed that they were destroyed in the burning of his home several years later.

To succeed Mr. Southerland, the clerk withdrawn, the church at its next conference meeting elected Mr. John W. Daniel, who was retained in the position until 1845. The church being once more harmonious and united, we find in the report of a conference in August, 1839, this note: "The church once more agreed to represent themselves in the Tar River Association, and chose Brethren James Smithwick and Richard Duke to represent them."

Not long after this we find another interesting item

in the minutes, as follows: "Conference at Brown's Meeting House the Saturday before the second Sunday in September, 1840. A door opened for the reception of members. Came forward Rev. John Watson and handed in a letter of dismission from the Wake Forest Church in Wake County, N. C., and was received as a member at Brown's Meeting House. * * * Follows a copy of Bro. Watson's letter." Mr. Watson had entered college in 1839, and joined the church while a student. The letter, signed by Dr. Samuel Wait, testified in high terms of the regard of the Wake Forest Church for Mr. Watson; and certainly never were such terms more deserved, for in his forty-five years' membership he did as much as any other member, or more, for the upbuilding of the church. In the year 1845 Mr. Daniel, the clerk, who was a most thoroughly good man, gave up, on account of advancing age and infirmities, his work in the church, and Mr. Watson was made clerk in his place. He held the same position for over forty years, until he, too, was too infirm to attend to its duties.

Just before Mr. Watson's return from college, there was received into the church another man who was destined to be one of its mainstays in the future, this being Mr. Turner Allen, who in 1849 was made a deacon and served his church faithfully, until, after over forty years' service, he, too, was called to his reward in 1889.

In 1851 Elder Hudgins, who was far advanced in years, resigned, and in his place the church selected Rev. N. A. Purefoy, who ministered faithfully and well for twenty-nine years, until he, too, felt that he must give up his active labors.

From this time on it is worthy of note, we find the word "meeting house" dropped from the records; the minister is no longer alluded to as "Elder"; and no more

do we find the sentence in the reports of proceedings, "The fellowship of the church was inquired into." These customs all seem to have become extinct, in this church at least, in the decades just preceding the Civil War.

In 1854 the church resolved to build a new house of worship, and appointed brethren John Watson, W. P. Rodwell, Turner Allen, A. J. Jones, and Simeon Southerland as a committee, who built the house now occupied by the church, changing its site entirely, at a cost of about \$1,150.

One of the committee, Mr. Rodwell, whatever his occupation, must have been guilty at some time of selling spirituous liquors, for Mr. Purefoy about this time preached a sermon on the sinfulness of this, it seems, at which Mr. Rodwell took offense, and, having pledged fifty dollars toward the building of the new church, refused to pay this pledge, whereupon the church promptly excommunicated him. This is merely one of the many instances where the church in these early days exercised its disciplinary powers. Almost at every conference charges were preferred against some member, lying, stealing, nonattendance at services, and various other things of like nature being the offenses.

We find no interruption of the work of the church by the Civil War. Services seem to have been held as regularly as at other times, while it was in progress, and, indeed, the only reference to it is in the minutes of a conference on the Saturday before the second Sunday in March, 1863, as follows: "Conference at Brown's * * * The church, by a unanimous vote, elected Bro. Joseph Perdue (who is now in the army) to be ordained a deacon at some future day." The real interruption, however, came, as it did to everything else in the South, in the loss of many of its best men, who went out as sol-

diers and never returned. It is probable that Joseph Perdue, referred to above, lost his life in this way.

Before the Civil War the church had on its roll over two hundred and fifty negro members—over twice as many as there were of whites—and the pleasant nature of the relations existing between the races is shown by the fact that, in spite of the encouragement given by the whites to the darkies after the war to separate and form a church of their own—which was done in the belief that it would result in good to all—not more than eighty left the church, the others remaining connected with it until they have now all died out.

In 1879 the beloved pastor, "Uncle Addison" Purefoy, as he was known to his many friends, resigned to go to live with his relatives in Wake Forest, after a long and fruitful ministry, and the committee appointed to fill the vacancy selected Rev. D. A. Glenn, who ministered to the congregation until 1885, when Rev. T. J. Taylor accepted the charge, and the latter has continued his work here until the present day, making a pastorate of more than twenty-three years.

In one respect the history of this church is almost unique: in its organized history of nearly seventy-eight years there have been in charge of it only four pastors, namely: Elder Willoughby Hudgins, for twenty-one years; Rev. N. A. Purefoy, for twenty-nine years; Rev. D. A. Glenn, for five years; and Rev. T. J. Taylor, for twenty-three years. Let us ask ourselves the question: Is not this a significant fact? These people, although their neighborhood is not very populous and their church not a phenomenally large one, have literally

"Dwelt in the love of God and of man."

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THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE RECORD

It has been the custom of the last three years for the September number of the STUDENT to be devoted to Baptist history, but owing to the fact that sufficient material had not been collected to make a full issue for September it was decided to postpone the publication of the historical edition till the spring term. Hence this, the fourth number of its kind, has taken the place of the March issue of the STUDENT. It was also decided to print no local matter and give the entire issue to papers on our denominational history in the State.

It has been said, and not without truth, that Baptists are good makers but poor preservers of history. However true this has been in the past, it will not be true of the future that our records shall be poorly kept. And in order that these records might be better known in the future, and to that end better chronicled, Dr. Sikes has for some time been encouraging the students to make their home churches or Associations the subjects of their junior and senior theses. As a result there are now in the library a large number of church and Association

records which will furnish valuable information to the historian who shall some day undertake the task of compiling our achievements into a history that shall be a living light.

To these records we have gone for the material of this Baptist historical number, and while the articles are representative of student labor with its limitations, we believe that they contain as true a record of the events under consideration as is usually made of past events, and certainly as true a record as is likely to be had of the events in connection with the churches and Associations dealt with. But we hope that we shall not be dependent entirely upon the efforts of students for material of this kind. The STUDENT will gladly welcome any article of a historical nature from older and wiser writers for publication in the September historical number.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 7

A WOOD GROT

BY H. F. PAGE.

I must not trespass here:
 Beneath this fern-set arch
A fairy train alone
 Was meant to march.

That narrow alley-way,
 Soft-carpeted with moss,
Shows where their skirts were wont
 To glide across.

And there I think I spy
 Wee prints of dewy feet—
Vanishings whence float musk
 Whiffs cool and sweet.

Hist, hist!—do there not come
 Low trills from some far lute
Mingled with notes of viol
 And silver flute?

It may have been the wind
 Up there among the pines:
I mark the nearest one
 Gently inclines.

But then, did there not run
A quaver through these ferns
That softly ebbed and flowed
In rhythmic turns,

As if the mystic charms
Of elf-harps held in thrall
Their trembling fronds, the grot,
The air and all?

Behind those curtains woven
Of moss, and heart-leaf spray,
I thought forms passed robed in
Rainbow array.

Dip-moths it may have been
Fast-wheeling here and there—
But, list! lute-notes again
Thrill on the air!

SEEING THE MARATHON RACE

BY LEE B. WEATHERS, '08.

The last Olympic Games have passed several months, but still they are the subject of comment and discussion in all the athletic circles of the world. Many a victor deservedly wears the honor that he won for himself and his nation, and many an American college boasts of some successful representative it had at the last Olympiad. The recent international meet held in London was without doubt the greatest athletic contest the world has ever seen, and when in progress the eyes of the civilized nations were turned to watch the records of their respective representatives.

These games are a revival of the old Olympic games held in Greece, and have been renewed for the purpose of advancing athletics and for bringing about international concord. In ancient Greece they were held at intervals of four years and continued for something like twelve centuries. They disappeared in the fourth century A. D. to be revived in Athens twelve years ago. Their second modern celebration was in Paris in 1900, and in 1904 St. Louis was the scene, and the last were witnessed in London last summer. In their ancient practice they were a national game of the Greek races; the unit was the town or city. In their modern form the unit is the nation and the gathering that of the world.

And again it must be remembered that no competitor is allowed to enter the modern Olympic games unless chosen by his fatherland. Consequently this makes the contest much more interesting, for the contestant is not only doing battle for his own selfish honor, but also for the honor of his flag.

Last summer I had the pleasure of being in London about ten days before making a trip on the continent with a couple of friends. We had previously arranged to be in London during the last part of these games, and I consider the sight of them one of the most interesting of my life. Since my first year in college I have had a keen interest in athletics, and when I watched these games I thought how proud I would have been had Wake Forest been represented in the arena. It is possible for some Wake Forest man to so train himself between now and the next Olympiad that he might be chosen a representative of the nation and thereby achieve fame for his college, himself and his flag.

And the Olympiad of 1908 was undoubtedly the greatest athletic contest in the history of the world. Two thousand competitors, the flower of twenty-one nations, met to do battle in this great common contest. So being deeply impressed with the immensity of it and of the fact that it was an athletic contest, not of professionals but of amateurs, principally college students, I desire to give a brief description of the magnificent stadium and the famous Marathon race.

The stadium is located at Shepherd's Bush in the suburbs of London, and was erected expressly for these games at a cost of fifty thousand pounds. It has the shape of an ellipse with ranged banks of concrete seats supported on steel stanchions, and is spacious enough to accommodate ninety thousand spectators, sixty-eight thousand reserved and twenty-two thousand unreserved. A full view of the entire stadium could be had from any seat. The arena was carpeted with beautiful green grass and measured seven hundred feet long by three hundred feet wide. Just around the outer edge of this grass plat was a cinder running track, two and three-

fourth laps to the mile. Along beside this extended the concrete cycle track, banked up at the curves to a height of ten feet and thirty-five feet wide in the home straight. So vast was the arena the cyclists looked almost like flies on a wall as they swung round the tilted track at the other end. In front of the Royal Box was the swimming pool three hundred and twenty-seven feet long by forty-eight feet wide. The grass plat was equipped with full gymnastic apparatus, with platforms for wrestlers and boxers, with hurdles, high jumps, hammers, discs, and the paraphernalia of the better part of the world.

The part I wish most to tell about is the climax of these games, which culminated in the Marathon race over a twenty-six mile course from Windsor Castle to the stadium on July 24th. History tells the story of how and when this sport originated. In 490 B. C. Miltiades defeated the Persians at Marathon, about twenty-five miles northeast of Athens. A Greek ran all the way to the capital with the news and the contest was instituted in his honor. Since its revival the race has been pulled off four times.

There were sixty-three entries from perhaps twenty-one nations. Before the gate of the famous old castle these three score set themselves in position and at the signal from the Princess of Wales off they dashed. Thousands of spectators gathered along this beautiful old English road and cheered them as they ran the gauntlet. The judges and attendants were following on cycles and in automobiles. Telegraph stations were arranged along the route to send reports in to the stadium to show the progress of the runners.

It was nearly two o'clock on the 24th of July when I left Charing Cross with my friends bound for the sta-

dium. When we got within several minutes walk of the ground we found we could hardly push through the congested streets. Omnibuses, trams, taximeters, carriages, a moving mass of pedestrians, newsboys crying the sale of the latest newspapers and programs of the race, big policemen, blocking and unblocking the traffic, all these impeded our progress to the entrance. Two shillings spent for a reserved seat ticket, I then passed through a turnstile and found myself in full view of the entire arena and all the spectators.

The regular games in the form of wrestling and high diving were in progress, but promptly at two o'clock a salute was fired notifying the spectators that the Princess of Wales had started the runners at Windsor, twenty-six miles away. A great shout arose and the games proceeded, but the interest of the people shifted. Erected in full view of all was an immense revolving bulletin board which revealed the names of the two leading runners, and at each report the admirers of that particular runner who happened to lead raised another shout. Report after report was received; shout after shout resounded on the banked seats; eager spectators swarmed in through the gates; the Prince and Princess of Wales and their escorts reached the stadium in automobiles and occupied the royal box near the goal; the weary games in the arena jogged on, but the ninety thousand people watched the bulletin for new reports. Presently an automobile dashed into the stadium bearing one of Great Britain's most hopeful competitors. He had given up.

As they came in sight of the city a salute was fired just on the edge of the city and all internal games ceased. The gates were thrown open and thousands of anxious eyes watched the entrance to catch the first

glimpse of the modern Mercury. The policemen cleared back the numerous newspaper reporters, photographers and other athletes and in came a runner in a white suit with a turban around his head and bearing No. 19 across his chest. By reference to my program I found No. 19 to be "Dorando of Italy." He didn't come dashing briskly into the arena as one might naturally expect, but staggered along as if imitating the efforts of a drunken man at running. I saw him sway from side to side as he trotted along and raising my field glass I saw more clearly the expression of pain mingled with determination on his pale face. He knew that just behind him came others just as anxious as he to become the hero and how could he yield when the goal was in sight! As he passed each section of seats the spectators cheered him on, but after covering about one hundred and fifty yards within the stadium he could not endure it another step. He tottered and fell exhausted to the ground. His attendants caught him as he fell. They rubbed his muscles a few seconds and helped him to his feet, and off he moved not in a run but in a walk. Never has an athletic competitor shown such pluck and perseverance. It was a brutal sight to see the exhausted runner stagger onward. Not even strong enough to walk the remaining distance Dorando collapsed again and measured his length upon the cinder track. "Save him" shouted a woman to my right, crying in deepest sympathy for the half-dead man. Two physicians administered their assistance, and in a few moments raised him the second time, this time supporting him under the arms until he could walk to the tape about fifty yards from where he had last fallen. Ninety thousand throats cheered, hats flew into the air and flags of different nations waved in praise as Dorando's breast struck the tape. The

Princess of Wales in admiration for his wonderful display of grit and perseverance presented to him a handsome bronze trophy of the swift-footed Mercury. The Italian flag climbed up the flagstaff in front of the royal box, heralding the news of Italy's triumphant victory.

Hardly had the cheering died away when in dashed the second runner in fresh shape. Who could it be? The naked eye was too weak to recognize his number, but field glasses revealed the figures "26" with a shield of the stars and stripes on his breast. It was none other than "Hayes, of America," as the news spread through the crowd. He trotted along freshly, briskly and in excellent trim as if the twenty-six mile course had been only half the distance. I had a seat among hundreds of Americans and one continuous shout greeted the wearer of the stars and stripes from the time he entered the stadium until he crossed the tape. Not a cheerful sound or word was heard from the jealous Britishers. In fact, during the whole series of games the English looked upon the American competitors with the green eye of jealousy. We were the most dreaded nation of them all. Every spectator was surprised to see the stars and stripes come second, for never had an American been reported as first or even second as the runners passed the different stations along the route. But the handful of Americans (and those few hundreds were a mere handful compared with the ninety thousand) cheered wildly to the bearer of the stars and stripes. A crowd of American college students banded in a circle and gave a beautiful swinging college yell, ending by spelling the names of Hayes and America. Such tactics were unfamiliar to Englishmen, even to English college students, and the ringing yell attracted attention. I overheard one English woman ask her friend beside her what the yell signi-

fied: "Oh, it's only them cowboys from the States a yelling," was the reply.

So "Hayes, of America," as he was called by all crossed the tape in fine trim and Old Glory was run up the flag-staff under the Italian flag. His official time was 2 hours 56 minutes 18 2-5 seconds. The question that the spectators began to discuss now was "Who was the real winner?" Dorando had collapsed on the track and his adherents had assisted him twice. Furthermore, the adherents had come upon the track after he had entered the stadium, and this was expressly against the published rules of the race. The Americans everywhere had come to believe that they had been treated unfairly by the English judges in former games, and much dissension prevailed. It was an odious sight to the Americans present to see the Italian flag above Old Glory when Dorando and his attendants had plainly violated the rules. However, the judges made no change in the decision and the Americans grew furious. It seemed for a while that the games had gone contrary to the purpose for which they were revived, and instead of stimulating international concord had brought about international discord. Throughout the crowd, wherever an American was, could be heard a rumor of disapproval and now and then a shout for Hayes.

The rest of the afternoon was spent watching the belated runners come in. For an hour or more from the time Dorando came in a score of others made their appearance at slight intervals. Each runner was met at the entrance by the eyes of thousands eager to see his number and to identify him by means of the program. Each time the English spectators sank back in dismay for their favorite competitor, Longboat, had not yet come. Following Hayes came a South African, next an

Australian and again a Canadian, so when finally one representing the British kingdom did come an American college student in his true wit leaned over the rail with a megaphone and yelled to him, "Welcome to our fair city."

As I left the stadium and pushed my way through that mass of people I glanced back over my shoulder and saw the Italian flag still waving over Old Glory. The decision had not been favorable yet.

That night as I entered Piccadilly Cabin to lunch an American student (University of Michigan) grasped me by the hand and shaking it vigorously said, "Why don't you smile? Look!" He pushed an eight o'clock edition of a newspaper before me, and in that jealous journal I found this glad news to all Americans crunched in about one small inch space:

"After a conference of the judges this afternoon Hayes, of America, was declared victor of the Marathon race. Dorando, of Italy, was disqualified because his adherents assisted him, and it was adjudged that without assistance he never would have reached the tape first."

SPEECHES DELIVERED AT ANNIVERSARY
DEBATE, FEBRUARY 14, 1909

[QUERY: Resolved, that Congress should enact a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the United States—constitutionality conceded.]

AFFIRMATIVE:

OSCAR W. HENDERSON.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the beginning of this debate we of the affirmative wish to lay down our platform:

First. We believe in the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors on every inch of American soil.

Second. We want a national law because it is the only law that will reach every liquor manufacturer and seller.

Allow me to restate the query: "*Resolved*, that Congress should enact a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the United States—constitutionality conceded.

Now, what does that phrase "constitutionality conceded" mean? It means the negative have conceded:

1. That it is within the absolute jurisdiction of Congress to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in every State and territory of these United States.

2. They have conceded that according to Art. 1, sec. 8 of the United States Constitution all the power of a free government could be used in its enforcement.

3. They have conceded all obstacles removed, that is, the individual States can not complain of Federal usurpation of power or of the centralization of power in the

Federal government, for the power has always been there according to their statement of the query.

The negative having conceded these points the question naturally hinges on the word "should." Should Congress enact such a law?

It now remains for me to prove (1) that the liquor traffic is a national question; (2) the feasibility of a national prohibition law.

Let us examine the first point, is it a national (question)?

It has been true and will continue to remain so, that when an evil becomes so prevalent that its effects are the same for each and every part of our fair land the Federal government is obliged to assume the role of protector for the whole nation.

When the disease among cattle began to be alarming to our people Uncle Sam was caused to step in and to have enacted a cattle quarantine law. Did not the individual States have laws? They did, but their laws were not uniform. Yet the disease was the same and had precisely the selfsame effects in every State. Its ravages and its perils were not mitigated in the sunny vales and on the vine-clad slopes of balmy California or among the forested crags and rock-ribbed hills of frosty Maine. It respected not the heights of our Rockies nor the broad expanse of our prairies. It knew no bounds. It defied geographical limitations and became the common foe and peril of the whole people. Still, when the Federal government interfered and substituted in the place of the heterogeneous and substituted of the States one law that was enforced, we saw the minds of a dismayed people set at ease and their safety insured.

The effectiveness of this law was recently seen in Maryland. There was a mouth disease among the cat-

tle. The government was obliged by its quarantine law to prohibit the shipping of cattle in or out of the State. The people of that region knew that all was well because the Federal government was protecting them with *one law, uniform in its effects*. What a contrast between this present condition of safety under the national government and the frightful conditions under State laws. *You are* obliged to acknowledge that this was the proper thing for Congress to do. Yet when a parallel case comes before us you *beg to disagree*. Which are of more value, cattle or men? You will admit that it is the moral duty of Congress to protect the people and healthful cattle against diseased cattle, and still refuse to acknowledge the moral obligation of Congress to enact a law that will exterminate the drink disease.

When the States adopted our Federal Constitution, *according to the concession in the query*, they acknowledged the right of Congress to enact such a law should it be proper and expedient; and now, when twenty and more of our States have tried at various times to rid themselves *of this disease* and have failed, why should our opponents set back against this salutary measure sought and refuse the relief the States have provided for themselves in the Constitution of the Federal government?

Look at the pure food law. Some States had pure food laws yet they were not uniform, and even the States among themselves could not agree on any uniformity. So the people of one State remained unprotected from the impure foods of other States until it became absolutely necessary for a law to be enacted, *uniform in its effects*. And there was not another power able to give that long sought for law other than the national government.

If Congress stopped the spread of the cattle disease and eased the minds of our citizenship; if Congress prohibited the manufacture and sale of impure foods, *and it is conceded* that Congress can stop the spread of the disease of drunkenness, which causes over 100,000 deaths per year, I ask the gentlemen of the negative should not Congress do so? That's the question. Like many other diseases it has a germ. It is not hidden in any delicate part of the body politic nor do you need the microscope for finding it. It stares you in your very face; it defies you; it mocks you; its boldness startles you, and it tells you it is legalized by the national government. Now should our government legalize this germ, the American saloon? Should our central government legalize evil, especially this parasite, "this fiend" that, as Ingersoll said, "wipes out national honor, then curses the nation and laughs at its ruin"?

So we see that it is simply a question of quarantining against disease, of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of a poisonous beverage, of destroying an unrighteous Samson who is trying to hurl to infamous shame the pillars in the temple of our national existence.

It is a national question because it is a great moral question. Ethics says moral obligations are universal; therefore moral obligations are national. The negative realize that the liquor problem is a moral problem. In fact, the liquor men of America say it is a question of morals. Now "what concerns the welfare and morality of the people in one section concerns all." The liquor traffic may be compared with polygamy. "It was at first a local evil, then a State issue, and lastly a national problem." The States like unarmed knights stood helpless before the armed giant polygamy. But Uncle Sam unsheathed the saber of the national law and with one

stroke of the mighty arm of free government beheaded the cyclopean fiend. Polygamy was an evil which concerned the morals of our nation and endangered the whole social fabric, and if wrong for one section was wrong everywhere.

Squatter sovereignty was local option on the slavery question. Chains on any man, whatever his color, was wrong in all sections. It was a moral question and hence a national question. But when such a far-reaching question as the liquor evil presses for solution it behooves us to cry out, "Is this not also a moral question, and are not morals national?" But the negative will say the individual States can settle some moral questions and the liquor traffic is one of them. Did the States solve the evil of polygamy, of lottery tickets, of impure foods, or did they quarantine successfully against yellow fever and diseased cattle? No; not that they were unwilling, but they could not reach the heart of the evil like the central government.

It is a national question or it would never have been put under the absolute jurisdiction of Congress. Nothing is ever placed under the absolute jurisdiction of Congress unless it is a question that confronts the whole nation. Yes, the liquor forces of America say that the liquor traffic is one that confronts the whole nation; and I say it will continue to be a national evil so long as it annually sends to untimely graves 100,000 of our citizens, encourages vice and threatens the stability of our whole social fabric. (And the negative say that Congress can stop the evil; that is, make it unlawful).

Who will deny that it is an evil? It being a national evil it is therefore a governmental obligation, and I ask the gentlemen of the negative on whose shoulders do national obligations fall? They must answer "On Con-

gress." They having conceded the constitutionality of the law, I ask them the question at issue, "Should Congress not enact a law that will meet our governmental obligation?"

I ask the gentlemen of the negative if they can solve this vast problem without asking the Federal government for some aid? You must answer me in the negative. If every State would pass a prohibition law there would still exist the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in all the territories, District of Columbia and the government reservations, and also the internal revenue tax and the interstate traffic in liquors, all of which are under exclusive control of Congress, and would largely nullify the effects of the laws of the States.

But I ask the negative if the national government can give us one law that will solve the evil and at the same time not be infringing upon the rights of the States? They *must* answer me in the affirmative. According to query the Federal government can give us a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors on every inch of American soil and has the powers requisite to enforce such a law, which task the States are manifestly incapable of performing.

That is our platform and that is our solution. I now pass to my second point, "If enacted could such a law be practicable?" (1) Can it be enforced? Yes, just like any other national law. In fact, the gentlemen of the negative have conceded that according to Art. I, sec. 8 of the nation's Constitution Congress shall have the power to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution this national prohibition law. I can ask for no more than what the negative concede to me. When the nation fails then the sufficiency of our government has been weighed and found

wanting. But they say the government itself can't enforce a law that is not backed up by sentiment. When the States reluctantly surrendered their control over tariff for revenue to the national government the same worn-out cry was raised. The individual States said it can't be enforced because *sentiment* was not behind it. But what did we see? We saw the national government little by little build up a fabric of public opinion, until to-day we hear not a dissenting voice among the States. The States did not build such a fabric of public opinion. They disagreed among themselves on the tariff for revenue and reached no uniformity. And so long as the States refused to surrender the power of collecting revenue so long was there great sentiment in favor of State collection. But once the tariff in the hands of the national government that soon the sentiment against the nation died. So in the case of this national prohibition law. But this law would have sentiment behind it. When you think of the great prohibition agitation, the forty-five millions of people living in dry territory and the sworn allegiance of every American first to his nation, you can not help but say that a national law would clinch sentiment in its favor. You have seen but few national laws enacted without sentiment against them. But that is one purpose which our Federal government subserves—to build up public opinion for necessary national laws.

Again, the people have declared that they would stand by a national prohibition law if enacted. Each State that came into the union swore directly to accept every article in the United States Constitution, and also swore allegiance first to the national government and since this law is provided for in the Constitution. So every State in becoming a member of this union swore to stand

by it should Congress see proper to enact it. On such sworn allegiance can any State refuse to support a law which they gave permission to be enacted?

But I shall never say the people would refuse to do what they promised. If they refuse to support such a law then we are obliged to confess the inefficiency of free government. But it is not my intention to argue against even the supposition of failure on the part of the individual States to abide by their sworn allegiance to support all national legislation. I leave that to men more pessimistic than I. I only wanted to show the moral obligation resting upon Congress and the feasibility of a national prohibition law.

Again let me say, this national law will supplement all State legislation and provide a way of enforcement which the State is incapable of providing. Allow me to illustrate: North Carolina has recently enacted a prohibition law and there is no one in this audience who is not desirous of seeing it enforced. But who will enforce that law in strong liquor communities? We must say, "The people of those communities." But who would enforce this national law I advocate? The people in these strong liquor communities? No; the direct representatives of our national government. Irrespective of sentiment that law must be enforced. So we see how a national law would supplement North Carolina's prohibition law. Not only so with this State but with every other inch of dry territory in these United States.

The national law which we advocate is far-reaching. But look at the imperial edict against opium issued from the Chinese throne. There we have a land of 400,000,000 semi-civilized people, submitting peacefully to this imperial edict. If the half-barbarous and autocratic Empire of China can throttle their great national evil I

ask, why should not the Congress of these United States exterminate our national evil? Yes, even when the people themselves have granted Congress the right to do so.

Look how much good it will do. This great evil once exterminated by Congress will make this glorious nation of ours the beacon light of the world. Then we can truthfully claim leadership and be the home largely of a purified people. Then the hearth-stones of the homes will become the gathering places for united families; the church and its associated organizations will become greater agencies for good; education will cease to make an uphill fight, and the great pillars of our national existence will have been freed from danger. Yes, it will be a memorable day when king alcohol is obliged to abdicate his soft-cushioned throne of Federal protection and is made to surrender his scepter of greed, despotism and death.

NEGATIVE:

SANTFORD MARTIN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I believe in national prohibition. The liquor traffic is the greatest evil of modern times. And, in the words of the immortal Carmack, "I hope the time has come when men not now young will live to see the day when there will not be a saloon in any land where men go to church and children go to school."

But national prohibition and a congressional prohibition law are distinctly separate and vastly different matters. Prohibition is the end unanimously desired and devoutly hoped for. The question which we are discussing is one of *means* and not a question of *end*. Prohibition is the *moral* end and the congressional law is the *political* means. We agree as to the end but take issue

on the means; and the question is, "Should Congress Enact a Law?" This question is wholly political; therefore morality can not be dragged into this discussion.

The prohibition question is as old as time, but this is new. No such law has ever been advocated by any statesman of the first order. That such an enactment at present is either possible or probable is undreamed of by even the most radical dreamer. The liquor traffic ought to be suppressed, but the method of dealing with it has puzzled the minds of statesmen since the Roman Senate uselessly forbade the making of wine in the Gallic provinces. There are three methods which the American people might take: (1) Congressional statutory prohibition; (2) prohibition by amendment to the Federal Constitution; and (3) State control. We would prefer either of the last two methods named to the first method. But my opponents have disregarded the two most feasible methods and advocate a congressional statutory prohibition law. We object to such a law for the following reasons:

1. Public sentiment does not justify Congress in making prohibition a national question.
2. Such a law would be an unwise centralization of power, ineffectual, and prove fatal to the present prohibition movement.
3. The preferred method of obtaining national prohibition is through State prohibition, grounded on local opinion backed by public sentiment, and protected by a national anti-jug law.

1. Let us consider our first objection: Sentiment of the American people does not justify making prohibition a national question. Under our dual system of government all political questions fall either to the national or State governments for settlement. If prohibition were

considered a national question is it not strange that neither of the two great national political organizations has ever advocated it? Is it not singular that none of the great statesmen have ever discussed it? When the conventions of the two great political parties met last summer the officers of the National Anti-Saloon League presented to each a prohibition plank for its platform. But they were not heard at Chicago and were turned away at Denver, neither party considering prohibition as a question of national scope. In speaking of the question Mr. Taft said: "You must always consider that we must deal with men as we find them, not as they should be. The ideal State is prohibition, but under present conditions it is inevitable that men should drink. When the majority is willing I thoroughly believe in local option." Mr. Bryan was more pronounced when he said: "I do not regard the prohibition question as a national question and have called attention to the fact that State laws should be made to meet the conditions existing in the State."

Opposing this view there has been a national prohibition party in existence for nearly a half-century. But what has it accomplished? Out of the nearly 14,000,000 votes cast for President this year it received about 250,000. The party has had a presidential ticket in the field in every campaign since 1872. During all these years its platform has advocated, just as you advocate to-day, the suppression of the liquor traffic by Federal control; but search your statistics and you can not find where the national prohibition party, the party in whose principles you concur and must concur, has ever obtained an electoral vote or elected or helped to elect a member of Congress. That is the verdict your party has received at the hands of the American people, the

sentiment of whom has been and will ever be the statesman's safest guide.

2. Now let us turn to our second objection: Such a law would be unwise centralization, ineffectual and fatal to the present prohibition movement. Local self-government is the foundation of all our political and social institutions. The national government can not compel the development of a community, neither can Congress regulate the affairs of a locality. To quote from Mr. Woodrow Wilson, "We are too apt to think that our American political system is distinguished by its central structure. As a matter of fact it is distinguished by its local structure, by the extreme vitality of its parts. It would be an impossibility without its division of powers. The nation has come to maturity by the stimulation of no central force or guidance, but by the abounding, self-helping, self-sufficient energy of its parts. Our commonwealths have not come into existence by invitation like plants in a tended garden; they have sprung up of themselves. For if communities live they must develop not by external but by internal forces." Ours is not a government of centralized powers; the power is distributed and wherever the population is sufficiently organized to govern there the powers of government in matters pertaining to that locality are deposited.

According to the report of the committee of fifty, appointed to investigate the liquor problem, and considered the highest authority in the land, the question of prohibition is fundamentally a local question, because conditions are so varied that the Federal government could not frame a law so universal in its nature that it would apply to all localities. A law suited to conditions in rural North Carolina would be a poor remedy in the

slums of New York City. A law that would meet the requirements in the plains of Texas would be quite inadequate for Chicago. The liquor problem can not be dealt with by general enactment or government at long range. The responsibility must be left upon the shoulders of the people.

Some one has said, "that law is best which is best enforced." No law can be enforced unless it be sustained by public sentiment. Where there is a will the people will find a way to evade a law which they do not want. The Fifteenth Amendment has worked no miracle in the Southern States. The Federal government declared that all men should vote, *but the negroes are not voting*. The proposed prohibition law might be reasonably well executed in States which have prohibition already. But in these States it is not needed and would only serve to create new offices and fill the country with a horde of Federal officers. But what are you going to do with a national prohibition law in New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania? How are you going to enforce the law in the large cities where absolutely no sentiment sustains it? Take New York City, where there are more saloons than there are members of the Baptist church. Congress would have to put a Federal officer on every policeman's beat, for it must be remembered that the officers of the city have no right to execute a Federal law. An army would be required to enforce the law in New York alone. The system would amount to a practical constabulary occupation of the country. It would take more men to execute the statute than are now allowed in the United States Army.

When Congress assumes this enormous responsibility there will be a general relaxation in the present prohibition States. The result will be a paralyzation of the

present growing sentiment in favor of State prohibition measures. This would make the repeal of the national law inevitable, for "A law to be effective," says Montesquieu, "must bear a harmonious relation to the times and be in keeping with the habits, thoughts and desires of men."

There are in the United States 277,000 liquor dealers, one to every 300 of the population and one to every 50 voters, or 20,000 more liquor dealers than there were votes received by the national prohibition party. These liquor dealers control business valued at \$3,300,000,000. With the Federal government in control of their business this enormous number would turn its unlimited resources upon Congress. *And Congress might go wet.* With Congress in control and Congress *wet* where would your prohibition be? "Even that which ye have would be taken away." For the Constitution that gives Congress the power to force liquor *out* of New York would allow the same Congress the same authority to force liquor *into* North Carolina. The Congress that could enact a law to-day making the nation dry, could enact a law to-morrow making the nation wet. Whiskey would be made and sold by order of Congress and our people would drink a national brand. Thus such a law would let down the gap for the progress of a century to be torn away, and the temperance forces would have to begin anew and fight the battle all over again.

3. But now let us turn from this delusion of the congressional prohibitionist to the only method by which this question can ever be solved, namely, by State control, protected by an interstate commerce law. Sociology teaches us that no public evil can be dealt with abstractly, dug up by the roots and exterminated in a single swoop of virtue. If there is one thing which the

annals of all time unite to affirm it is that there is but one method of victory in social progress, and that is "one step at a time." And it is upon this fundamental principle that State control of the liquor traffic is based. The spirit of the time favors the application of the home rule principle to questions of this sort. It is the prohibitionists who are working for local option and State prohibition as the ideal solution of the problem. To quote from the committee of fifty, "The main advantage of local control is that the same public opinion which determines the question of license or no license is at the back of all the local officials who administer the system decided on. The governing power is direct; the voice of the sovereign is obtained, and there is the strongest incentive to the majority to make good their choice if prohibition is chosen. Besides the campaigns for local option and State prohibition are educational; they arouse the people and place upon the people the responsibility which is truly theirs.

Experience is the best of all schools. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory. We submit that the system which we propose has "made good." Under it during the four years from 1904 to 1908 the prohibition territory has been doubled, as the result of which to-day 40,000,000 people are living in saloon-free districts. Eight States have adopted prohibition laws and in twelve others effective campaigns are being waged. With such a record why should we seek to abandon a system which has proved so effective for one the results of which may be fatal to the cause we advocate? What wisdom is there in 40,000,000 people risking the loss of all they have gained, through years of agitation and conflict, in a futile attempt by congressional prohibition to force their ideas upon the remaining 50,000,000 people of the

nation? Rather, it would be wiser to continue the system of State control and appeal to Congress for a national anti-jug law, making the place of delivery the place of sale, which would prevent the shipping of liquor from a wet State to a dry State, and thus make State prohibition thoroughly effective. This, Congress has the right to do by the power given it to control interstate commerce. Congress would thus be supplementing the power of the States by doing for them that which they could not do for themselves; which is the chief and only function of the Federal government.

This system, with continued agitation, is the only method by which we can ever hope to obtain national prohibition. It will take time—it may take a century; but everything worth while takes time. No great reform has ever been accomplished in a day or in a year, but only through generation after generation of agitation and conflict. For, in the words of Lyman Abbott, "The progress in prohibition is far more a result of changes in men than of changes in legislation." The battle must be fought and the nation won according to the teachings of the Nazarene, by influence and persuasion rather than by power and compulsion. Let the conflict go on from State to State and raise the glad song, "The Nation's Going Dry," not at the point of the bayonet, by order of Congress, but by the sovereign ballot of American freemen. For "It is not by might nor power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

DAVID ANDERSON COVINGTON

IN MEMORIAM—PROFESSOR E. B. FOWLER.

SKETCH—G. W. PASCHAL.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS AT CHICAGO—PROFESSOR PAUL SHOREY.

FUNERAL ADDRESS—DR. W. B. ROYALL.

IN MEMORIAM.

E. B. F.

They sadly err who say he died,
Despite our foolish doubts and fears;
For when through mists of blinding tears
The message flashed, my soul replied:
He lives.

In every flower that lifts its head
To meet the incense-breathing morn;
In every bird-note sung in scorn
Of blank despair or senseless dread—
He lives.

In every star that gleams above,
In every smile that's pure and bright;
In every blow that's struck for right,
In every thought or deed of love—
He lives.

In God he lives, and so in man,
In all that stirs at God's behest;
Much more in those who knew him best,
A part of one eternal plan—
He lives, he lives!

DAVID ANDERSON COVINGTON.

G. W. PASCHAL.

David A. Covington, whose seemingly untimely death occurred on February 15, 1909, was born at Monroe, N. C., on April 1, 1884. On both his father's and mother's side he was descended from families long distinguished for their strong mental qualities and social culture. His father, whose name the son bore, was one of the ablest men in the legal profession in the State, and his mother was the daughter of Prof. W. G. Simmons, LL.D., long and honorably connected with the faculty of Wake Forest College. Of such parentage David early in life showed the qualities of the future scholar. From childhood he was quick and eager to learn. At the age of fifteen he entered Wake Forest College well prepared for its classes, and from it received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in May 1903. His classroom work was uniformly excellent and as high perfect as it is perhaps possible to be done. Nor was the high stand in his classes maintained at the sacrifice of any other legitimate interest of student life. In the work of his literary society he was faithful and developed into a strong speaker, having a pleasing address and a lucid manner of presentation of his thought. In the athletic, social and religious activities of the students he took more than ordinary interest. But all these were side currents sought only in the intervals of cessation from his regular work. Covington rejoiced to return to the main stream. What unbounded pleasure he took in learning! What conscientious care! In reading the Greek tragedians, I well remember, he would know the interpretation not only of the adopted text but also that of any important varia-

tion from it. His teacher of Greek has often remarked that the having of one such scholar was enough to repay him for a whole decade of struggle with stupidity and indifference.

As the time of Covington's graduation drew near the matter of choosing his life-work was brought home to him. All his friends expected him to be a lawyer. From his childhood until his father's death he had spent the time when not in school in his father's office, and when a boy of twelve had already acquired a considerable knowledge of law. His mother was saving his father's excellent law library for him. Besides he had undoubted qualifications for the profession. It was no little struggle that he had in turning away from such a promising field of labor. But his tastes and aptitudes were those of a scholar and he had to heed the call of his nature. The year after his graduation he returned to Wake Forest to fit himself for the University as a student of Greek. During this year he also occupied the position of tutor and taught a class in Latin with marked success.

In the autumn of 1904 he entered the University of Chicago, where the record of his attainments had won for him a fellowship with Prof. Paul Shorey of the Greek department. No relationship could have been more fortunate. The student found in the teacher a master whose like seldom comes, the greatest Platonic scholar in the world, thoroughly conversant with the literatures not only of Greece and Rome but also with those of his native tongue and modern nations, and himself a writer whose pure style and clear thought has gained the recognition of the world. But no less fortunate for Covington was his teacher's unsurpassed ability to stimulate young students and to appraise men according to their true worth. For his estimate of Covington the reader is referred to

the memorial address printed below. In his second year at the University he was made instructor, the duties of which place he performed in connection with his regular classroom and seminary work. In the summer of 1907 he was put in charge of the department and entrusted by Professor Shorey with the reading and explanation of his lectures. His appointment on the regular teaching staff of the university had already been determined upon. But with death there is no reckoning. He was taken with typhoid fever on January 11th and died on February 15, 1909. The immediate cause of his death, however, was his weak heart with which he had had to battle from childhood. Thus ended a life that had been singularly pure and upright as is attested by all who came to know him intimately. Dead ere his prime he has hardly left a peer among those of like age, but we will leave to his beloved teachers to tell of his excellent traits of mind and heart.

His remains were brought to his mother's home at Monroe and laid in the cemetery there. Though the burial was quiet many friends had gathered around his grave. His beloved Dr. W. B. Royall, who had taught him to love the Greek language, spoke the last few words of love and consolation, "a wonderful tribute to his pupil," according to one who was present. Memorial services were also held at the University of Chicago, at which his other beloved teacher, Prof. Paul Shorey, spoke before the assembled members of the classical departments words fit to crown the memory of a beloved young scholar. His former roommate at Chicago, Prof. Earle B. Fowler, has written a poem on his friend. We are giving all of these tributes, hoping that the reader will catch along with their sweet notes of sorrow that other triumphant note which declares that even in death with our young friend all is well.

DAVID A. COVINGTON.

PROFESSOR PAUL SHOREY.

The formal religious ceremonies will be conducted by those who have a closer claim at Covington's home in North Carolina. But we could not let our friend go without some word in expression of our admiration, our love, and our sorrow. Covington was only 24 years of age, and never was a fairer hope extinguished by unseasonable death. Descended from a family of teachers, he was himself a born student. His mother told me that his favorite childish cry was "Teach me something, mother!" and one of his earliest griefs was the recalcitrance of his old colored mammy to his own first experiments in teaching her what he had learned. And from the first day of his coming to us we all recognized in him the old poet's ideal of the scholar who would gladly learn and gladly teach. His own service to the University as a teacher, and his modest waiting upon the development and maturity of his powers, prevented him from completing any work for formal publication. But there was no colleague or fellow-student in the University whose opinion upon a nice point of scholarship I valued more, none the concurrence of whose judgment gave me more confidence in my own. His reports as student and later as assistant were models of lucidity, accuracy, and conscientious completeness. I vividly remember the surprise and the delight of Professor Hendrickson at a paper on the quaint old Stoic doctrine of the *apokatastasis*, or The Return of All Things in a Cycle, which he wrote for my seminar and afterwards read, enlarged and revised, to the Classical Club. In the remote and difficult specialties which he had chosen,

the history of Platonism and the lexicography of the Greek language, he had already laid broad and deep the foundations of a competence which within a few years would have won him recognition in the world of scholars. It is not pedantic, it is merely natural and human, that we, his fellow-students, should think and speak first of him as a student; but at such an hour as this how insignificant do all merely intellectual accomplishments seem except when viewed as the flowering of the deeper qualities of the character and the heart. It was something that Covington was quick to detect the errors of his fellow-students and teachers. But how much more that he never made them feel their mistakes, never exulted or triumphed in his own cleverness. What we remember now is not so much his familiarity with all the resources of our library as the fact that he was always ready to drop his own task to aid another's. What counts now is not that he could expound, as he could so well, the Platonic idea of truth and modesty, but that he himself was so modest and true; not his acquaintance with the Aristotelian theory of bravery, but the smiling courage with which he bore the knowledge that he was weighted in the race of life by a fatal weakness of the heart. And the memory of my pupil that will abide with me in all the years to come is not the thought of his unfinished dissertation, but the faint, brave smile of recognition and regard which he gave me from his bed of weakness and suffering. We hardly realize that he is gone; it seems that he is only temporarily and accidentally absent from this gathering of his friends. But in the long months to come how poignantly shall we miss the stores of knowledge, the sure judgment, the gentle courtesy, the unfailing helpfulness that we have known. It is not for us to challenge the justice or the beneficence of the decree that takes our friend away and

blights his rich expectancy in the bud. We can only submit, and find such consolation as we must in memory and hope—in the memory of his life and conversation among us, in the hope that whatever tasks his spirit finds to do somewhere beyond our ken they will be accomplished with equal loyalty and faith. May this loss be in some sense sanctified to us; may it draw us nearer together in the bond of fellow-studentship which we shared with him. May our memories of him make us not only more faithful to the daily tasks, but kinder, more considerate of one another in our brief sojourn here. Deeper sources of consolation must comfort her whose loss is infinitely greater than ours can be. But in calmer hours it may be some assuagement of her pain to know, as we know, that there was no page of her son's life among us which either she or we would wish blotted from the record, and that these thoughts of love and honor which our faltering tongues can not rightly utter to-night are the beginning of his second life of influence for good in the memories of us all.

DAVID A. COVINGTON.

W. B. ROYALL, D D.

On February 15, 1909, the spirit of this peerless young scholar passed from earthly halls of learning into the presence of the Great Teacher. He died at the University of Chicago, where as student and instructor he had won from those with whom he was associated golden opinions of his abilities and virtues.

These, in fact, had become so clearly recognized that he had been recommended to the Trustees of the University for a permanent place in the faculty of the Greek Department. As his record at Wake Forest was an

earnest of what he was to achieve at the University, may we not confidently believe that his beautiful life on earth was, on a far more glorious scale, an earnest of the life upon which he has now entered?

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven."

Not until April 1st would he have reached the age of twenty-five years; but

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

In the book of Ecclesiastes we have this priceless saying: "A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth."

Given the good name, the space between birth and death can not affect the truth of the assertion that the day of death is better than the day of birth. In short, a noble character is of priceless worth, and it is infinitely better for the possessor of it to die young than never to have lived.

Of several words meaning good in the beautiful language that David Covington loved, that one whose primary meaning is beautiful, is the one oftenest occurring in the Greek New Testament. It is the one the beloved disciple represents our Lord as using when He speaks of Himself as the Good Shepherd. The Greek ruled out of the sphere of beauty everything that lacked symmetry. The beautiful character is the symmetrically developed character. Such it appears to me was the character of David Covington. What were the materials out of which this character was built? I think we shall find them in that sublime inventory of the Apostle Paul in the epistle to the Philippians: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good

report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

David thought on the things that are true until there came that inward state of heart that made truth credible and that made him know the truth by being true. He would have blushed to think a falsehood. For one year it was my privilege to have him alone under my instruction, and for another year to have him with but one classmate, and never in a single instance did he seem to me to yield to the temptation to do his work in a superficial way. My colleague, Dr. Paschal, who had much to do in giving definite shape to his work preparatory to his course in the University, was impressed in like manner with this phase of his character.

He thought on the things that are honorable until reverence was enshrined in his soul.

He thought on the things that are just until there was established in his conscience a high court of appeal whose decisions were to him authoritative and final.

He thought on the things that are pure until with the vision of the pure in heart he saw God.

He thought on the things that are lovely until his own soul partook of their nature and became fragrant with their sweetness.

He thought on the things that are of good report until that grace that believeth all things, that hopeth all things, and that thinketh no evil, was enthroned in his heart.

If he saw virtue anywhere he thought on it until within his own bosom dwelt the spirit of true manliness.

If there were things to praise he thought on them until praise of him was on men's lips and in men's hearts.

Now what began and directed and carried on in David this process of thinking that wrought a character so fair? Under what eye and hand was the task accom-

plished? It is true that by nature he was richly endowed. His father, after whom he was named, was a man of brilliant intellect and large hearted. Through his mother, a daughter of Dr. W. G. Simmons, we think of him as heir to intellectual and moral wealth. But how were the loins of his mind girded for the battle which should decide whether these princely powers should be those of a David or of a Saul, whether they were to be glorified or debased? The answer to this question can be found alone in the fact that in tender youth he received Christ the Lord into his heart. Of the exalted fellowship then begun faithfulness became the mutual bond. The young believer sought as best he could to make wise use of his talents and opportunities. We who loved and admired him had hoped that a long and useful career in this world was before him. It is now manifest that amid the vaster ministries of the better world the Master had a larger work for His servant. Had He not said: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also?" May it not be that the ministry upon which he has entered has yet to do with those whose lives his life touched while he was with us in the flesh? I seem myself to be a beneficiary of that ministry. I think of him as nearer to me in a sense than while he tarried in the earthly house.

With the noble Christian mother, whose dedication from his birth of her son to God reminds one of the mother of Samuel, with the devoted sisters bereft of such a brother, and with all those who loved him I mourn, because as sojourners here we shall not again look upon his face; but with them I rejoice as I think of the rich legacy he bequeathed us in the undying influence of his pure, strong life.

ANNIE BELL

BY H. B.

At midnight's lone and solemn hour
We sat beside her bed.
The thread of life was snapped in twain,
Her spirit now had fled.

Three years the darling infant grew,
Beloved by all was she.
Spotless and pure as fallen snow
Untrodden on the lea.

The idol of her mother's heart,
Her father's angel child,
Taken so young from life's dark stream
Where storms are raging wild.

But death must come to young and old.
A silent, peaceful sleep,
'Tis safer in God's home above
Than on life's stormy deep.

Grief-sticken are our hearts and sad
To part with one so dear.
In Heaven we'll meet sweet Annie Bell,
There'll be no parting there.

AN INDIVIDUAL LITERATURE

BY CARL A. MURCHISON.

George Bernard Shaw is not worshiped by this stagnant old globe over whose grass he has danced with such inward satisfaction. He may continue to shake hands with himself, and the critics may continue to be graciously cognizant of his existence, but Bernard Shaw has sounded a new note, to which the literature of the future must respond. Failing in this, literature, as we know it, is doomed, and the bookstores of several years from now will consist of disconnected samples of idealism, mixed with cheap and popular treatises on science. This new conception is radical, to be sure. Everything new is radical, and everything great has passed through a radical stage. This new order of things is expressed in Mr. Shaw's own terse and direct manner: "*Nothing called art must have a definite object. If you wish to draw conclusions, that is your affair.*" Never before has the true scientific spirit been expressed more fairly by any literary man. It is the spirit which takes one to the bottom rock of the whole matter. Away with the idea that humanity can be gathered together through conventionalities, formalities, and strait-jackets, and have all its arteries supplied from the same heart! Because society and government serve their purpose as well as they can, is no proof that they are not artificial fakes. When society has reached that point where each man can draw from it solutions to his own individual problems, then society will cease to be a fake. And if it does not reach this point, humanity will turn it over, even though it knows it means self-destruction. And when literature has reached that point where dry skulls

will cease to burden the world with the intended didactic moral, then literature will cease to be the fake which it is, and will become something alive. Deny an individual God, and you deny any natural God. Whatever is not individual is artificial. No one will deny this. A man's mind is, therefore, artificial. The apparent differentiation of men's minds is only physical effect. Mind is universal. We are conscious of this in every act of thought. Therefore, all the personal part of man is physical. The sum of all this physical man holds up with its mighty strength all good, all things great, all truth. The stars in their lonely courses breathe the wedding march, as mind and matter march to the altar. From this marriage springs all holy inspiration. But we are only acquainted with mind through the medium of matter. It is with matter then that we have to deal.

Now, just what process is followed to reach this conclusion? The answer embraces the history of a man's intellect. There is first the superstitious, impressionable child. The priest, with his black robes, and scowling face, and long, bony finger, is but a faint shadow of something more awful beyond. A figure of putty, it is in daily danger of being cast into some flaring furnace. The earth is a great mass of combustible matter, which he must keep from springing into instant flames by never thinking a bad thought. The cold eye of an angry Judge is watching him from the icy stars, from the rumbling clouds, from the dark corners.

But physical growth pushes back the encroaching darkness, just as a hill rears itself above the clouds, where it catches a glimpse of the first faint flush from the center of light yet beneath the world. Flinging off superstition and swearing allegiance to the Holy Grail of Truth, the growing mind journeys into a far country.

There it is perceived how man toils and dies; how children play, and yet do no less than man. It is perceived how the infant rushes from the mother's coffin to the tin rattle, the shadow of the coming race. It is perceived how empires, like bubbles on the waters, rise to brilliance and sink to nothing. Old and wasted with travel, there is a return to the halls of youth, and from the festal board of Time goes the proclamation: *On the rock-ribbed shore man builds his little home of sand. A moment, and the sea rolls over it. With uplifted brow man builds his home anew. A moment, and the wave rules alone. All else passes away, but the rock and the wave reign forever.*

But this is not the end. In the dark ages of the past, while the ashes from a burning world were raining upon the sea, humanity saw a vision and called it *The City of God*. Later, the vision was lost, and the universe became a part of a great, breathing Being. But this is in the same direction as the former vision. The problem might go on thus forever, and the final possible step would always be the same. The fault is that the solution is always looked for from without instead of from within. The solution must be from within, and therefore the final step must be within. What is the wave and the rock? It is the physical man beating upon the artificial rock of mind. Magnetism regulates the wave, but not the rock, while the wave shapes the rock. Let literature be the magnetism, only let it follow the figure.

And now comes the vital discussion. Just what would such a literature be like? Has it yet begun? The great future stream started from its tiny source among the hills of Greece twenty-five hundred years ago. Æschylus swept away the first barrier with his *Eumenides*. But

here the conception is only faintly perceptible. It is addressed too much to the mind, because of the superstition with which it is loaded. The object of the play is too evident. But the groping toward the ideal drama is plainly discerned,—that is, the sin, purely physical, and the result, purely psychical. The fault is the physical sin so glaringly set forth. It should be kept more in the background, so that the conclusions can be drawn at will instead of being so definitely stated. But stronger than this the South has never offered. Their philosophy is too idealistic, their literature too passionate. We must go to the North! Ah, your true prophet is the dark and true and tender North! During those long, silent nights men think real thoughts. No surface sensations and cheap sentiments there. The real supporters of the Rock of Ages are they who sit in the Northern darkness and think out the mystery of things. Shakespeare with his *Hamlet*, and Ibsen with his *Gengangere* touched the ideal conception, but not as they are variously interpreted.

This conception of the relation of mind and matter has its principles explained through science. Philosophy was the first to recognize it. Descartes was the frontiersman, and Leibnitz the great apostle. Take down the *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Humain*. In this we find a paragraph exactly suitable for illustration. "Let us make use of the simile of a block of marble which has veins, rather than of one wholly uniform, or of blank tablets; for if the mind resembled these blank tablets, truth would be in us as the figure of Hercules is in a piece of marble when the marble is altogether indifferent to the reception of this figure, or of any other. But if we suppose that there are veins in the stone which would mark out the figure of Hercules by

preference to other figures, the stone would be more determined thereunto, and Hercules would exist there inately, in a certain sort; although it would require labor to discover the veins and to clear them by polishing, and the removal of all that prevents their manifestation. It is thus that ideas and truths are innate in us, like our inclinations, dispositions, natural habitudes and virtualities, and not as actions."

In Biology this phenomena is known as *Heredity*. The pioneer was Francis Galton. Collecting a vast mass of *data*, he attempted to prove the transmission of disposition. Of course his work was only pioneer, but it has been greatly strengthened by Weisman in his *Germ Plasm*, and De Vries in his *Species and Varieties*. The most modern work on the subject, a summing up of all important researches, is Thompson's *Heredity*. Indeed the theory has become almost a science in itself. It proves more and more the dependence of mind on matter. There is no other way to explain the transmission of disposition through the medium of chromosomes. This proves mind an offspring of matter. The great, dead substance of things is our father, and he claims his children. The sand of deeds and actions is swept from the rocks of memory by the immeasurable sea of physical forces. This conception leaves the mind dark and gloomy, but it is justified. *We can not get away from our inheritance; the yoke which we receive from our father we must carry to the finish.*

The word *Gengangere* has no exact English equivalent, but by common consent it is translated *Ghosts*. It means literally *again-walkers*, and refers to the theory that two minds, being the offspring of the same matter, will have the same tendencies, even though it may be in two generations. In other words, the sin of the father

will be the sin of the son. One is bound with chains of iron to his past, and it is impossible to break away from it. The pain, the anguish, the despair, are awful to think of. At the first moment of knowledge call not on God! He is as powerless as you to change the laws of the universe. Rather curse the day on which you were born, and save not your curses from those who gave you the yoke. When one has come under the yoke of a heritage of hell, God Himself can not damn him more completely.

Ibsen weaves out the plots with the deadly accuracy of destiny. Oswald Alving is the son of a drunken and dissolute father. His father dying early, his mother sends him into a foreign country, that he may grow up under different environments. In her ignorance of the fundamental laws of nature, she believes that she can save him from his heritage, and that he can acquire a character from without. She covers up every trace of her husband's career, and goes so far as to think that she has buried his evil with him. Her son becomes an artist in a great city. His name is whispered with admiration throughout Europe. At the height of his young fame, he returns home to visit his mother. One day Pastor Manders calls to see Mrs. Alving. While they are conversing, Oswald comes through the room, smoking a large meerschaum. As he stands there at the entrance something about his carriage, manner, expression, the way he holds the pipe, reminds Pastor Manders of the father. After Oswald has gone he mentions this, and begins a conversation with Mrs. Alving concerning her former husband.

Mrs. Alving. Well, then, Mr. Manders—I will tell you the truth. I have sworn to myself that one day you should know it—you alone!

Manders. And what is the truth, then?

Mrs. Alving. The truth is that my husband died just as profligate as he had lived all his days.

Manders [*feeling after a chair*]. What do you say!

Mrs. Alving. After nineteen years of marriage, as profligate—in his desires at any rate—as he was before you married us.

Manders. And those—those wild oats, those irregularities, those excesses if you like, you call “a profligate life?”

Mrs. Alving. Our doctor used the expression.

Manders. I don't understand you.

Mrs. Alving. Nor need you.

Manders. It almost makes me dizzy. All your married life, the seeming union of all these years, was nothing more than a hidden abyss!

Mrs. Alving. Nothing more. Now you know.

Manders. That. It will take me long to accustom myself to the thought. I can't grasp it. I can't realize it. But how was it possible? How could such a state of things be kept dark?

Mrs. Alving. That has been my ceaseless struggle, day after day. After Oswald's birth, I thought Alving seemed to be a little better. But it did not last long. And then I had to struggle twice as hard, fighting for life or death, so that nobody should know what sort of a man my child's father was. And you know what power Alving had of winning people's hearts. Nobody seemed able to believe anything but good of him. He was one of those people whose life does not bite upon their reputation. But at last, Mr. Manders—for you must know the whole story—the most repulsive thing of all happened.

Manders. More repulsive than the rest?

Mrs. Alving. I had gone on bearing with him, al-

though I knew very well the secrets of his life out of doors. But when he brought the scandal within our own walls—

Manders. Impossible! Here!

Mrs. Alving. Yes; here in our own home. It was in there [*pointing toward the first door on the right*], in the dining room, that I first got to know of it. I was busy with something in there, and the door was standing ajar. I heard our house maid come up from the garden with water for yonder flowers.

Manders. Well—?

Mrs. Alving. Soon after I heard Alving come too. I heard him say something softly to her. And then I heard—[*with a short laugh*] oh! it still sounds in my ears so hatefully and yet so laughably—I heard my own servant maid whisper, "Let me go, Mr. Alving! Let me be!"

Oswald now comes in. The maid brings in a parcel. Mrs. Alving orders her to serve the wine.

Oswald. I may as well help uncork it. [*He also goes into the dining room, the door of which swings half open behind him. From within the dining room comes the noise of a chair overturned, and at the same moment is heard:*]

Maid [*sharply, but whispering*]. Oswald! take care! are you mad? Let me go!

Mrs. Alving [*starts in terror*]. Ah!

Manders. What it is, Mrs. Alving?

Mrs. Alving [*hoarsely*]. Ghosts! The couple from the conservatory has risen again!

The woman has now received the first hint of the terrible truth. When she has recovered from the shock, she turns again to Manders. "Ghosts! When I heard Oswald and the maid in there it was as though I saw

ghosts before me. But I almost think we are all of us ghosts, Pastor Manders. It is not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It is all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so-forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same, and we can't get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sand of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light."

Manders has gone. Mrs. Alving is motionless, deep in meditation. Darkness is falling. Oswald comes into the room.

Oswald. Mother, may I sit down on the sofa by you?

Mrs. Alving. Yes; do, my dear boy.

Oswald [*looking fixedly before him*]. I could never bring myself to write to you about it; and since I've come home—

Mrs. Alving [*seizing him by the arm, with a nameless fear*]. Oswald, what is the matter?

Oswald [*draws her down*]. Mother, my mind is broken down—ruined—I shall never be able to work again. [*With his hands before his face, he buries his head in her lap, and breaks into bitter sobbing*].

Mrs. Alving [*in despair*]. Oswald! Son! Look at me!

Oswald [*starting up*]. Get me something to drink, mother.

Mrs. Alving. Drink!

Oswald. Yes, I must have something to wash down these gnawing thoughts. And then—it is so dark here! And this ceaseless rain!

Mrs. Alving. What do you mean by that, my darling boy? Is there any help in the world that I wouldn't give you?

Oswald. When I got over my attack in Paris, the doctor told me that when it came again—and it will come again—there would be no more hope. [*He takes a little box from his inner breast pocket and opens it*].

Mrs. Alving. What is that?

Oswald. Morphia powder. [*He hides the box again in his pocket*].

He now, after a terrible scene, forces his mother to swear that she will give him the powder, when he falls into his next frenzy. He then falls into an armchair. Day begins to break. Mrs. Alving extinguishes the light. Out of the window the glaciers and snow peaks are gleaming.

Oswald [*sitting with his back to the landscape, without moving. Suddenly he says*]: Mother, give me the sun.

Mrs. Alving [*starts*]. What do you say?

Oswald [*in a toneless voice*]. The sun. The sun.

Mrs. Alving [*goes to him*]. Oswald, what is the matter with you? [*He seems to shrink together in the chair; all his muscles relax; his face is expressionless, his eyes have a glassy stare. Mrs. Alving is quivering with terror*]. What is this? [*Shrieks*]. Oswald, what is the matter with you? [*Falls on her knees beside him and shakes him*]. Oswald, Oswald! look at me! Don't you know me?

Oswald [*tonelessly as before*]. The sun. The sun.

Mrs. Alving [*springs up in despair, entwines her hands in her hair and shrieks*]. I can't bear it, [*whispers as though petrified*] I can't bear it! Never! [*Suddenly*]. Where has he got them? [*Fumbles hastily in his breast*]. Here! [*Shrinks back a few steps and screams*]. No, no, no! Yes! No, no!

[*She stands a few steps from him with her hands twisted in her hair, and stares at him in speechless terror*].

Oswald [*sits motionless as before and soys*]: The sun.
The sun.

But the light had been extinguished long ago. All the dreams, all the ambitions, all the fond hopes ended thus! What was his mind when its foundation had become decayed? It was nothing. No need to talk to him of high thinking, and soul-dreaming, and ideals, and golden streets, and similar rubbish. He is but a twig, floating on the stream, easy to fling in, but impossible to save.

A more perfect drama has never been written. It fulfills all the dramatic requirements: the causes are all physical; the results are all mental; it has no general interpretation. When one reads it or sees it on the stage no notice is taken of the settings, or of the actors, or of even the stage itself. The drama is all within. If it is a tragedy, it is tragic there; if it is a comedy, it is comical there; if it is a trifle, so is it only a trifle within. Its interpretation is thus entirely individual. Ibsen did not write it with any object in view. He only wanted to make people think. If he was a heretic the world needs more such.

Hamlet was written with this same object in view. The lines are not drawn so harshly, but they can be followed by those who seek. But who seeks? Why, no one. Everything is taken for granted. *Hamlet*; oh yes, that is one of Shakespeare's plays. A tragedy, I believe, they call it. It is so entertaining, I have read nearly all of it twice. Do you think the poor man was really crazy? The popular interpretation is just about that. And with those who are called scholars the goal is not much further. Take up a volume of criticism. You find essays

written by such men as Hazlitt, Ritson, Coleridge, Richardson, Hallam, Weiss and Strachey. Read them all. Now how much further is the conception? *Of thinking too precisely on the event, held back by material obstacles.* What is there in that to think about? Take up another volume, and there is a series of medical men airing their opinions as to whether he is insane or not. You read papers by Dr. Ray, Dr. Bucknill, Dr. Cowally, Dr. Kellogg and Dr. Ross. But what does it all amount to? A man dies because his breath leaves him, but is that the explanation of his death? Anybody can see that he is held back by circumstances. There could be no holding back if there were no circumstances. But why does he not overcome the circumstances? One man will answer: "Because he thinks too precisely." But why does he think so precisely? He will at once answer: "Because he can not overcome the circumstances." That sounds ridiculous enough, but it is all that is possible on conventional lines of criticism. It is machinelike, and takes for granted that the material with which it is dealing is machine-made. It is catalogued in Schiller's *Tell*:

Sie setzen in der blinden Wut des Spiels

Das Haupt des Kindes und das Herz der Mutter!

[They stake, in the blind fury of the play, the head of the child and the heart of the mother.]

But we must get away from this. There are physical forces working in Hamlet, just as in Oswald. As has been said, the lines are not so harsh, but they are plain. In the first act we find this:

QUEEN. Thou knowest 'tis common; all that lives must die:

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET. Ay, madam, it is common.

Hamlet was bound to inherit some of his father's nobleness. Does he mean by this remark that his father's spirit, in him, has been overcome by the spirits of darkness, which he, blameless, received from his mother? If he does, how pathetic are those five words! Yet, in ordinary criticism, they mean nothing. Why should so much stress be placed on outward appearances when he himself says: "I have that within which passeth show?" Can not a man's heart understand? Laertes, all unknowingly, expressed the secret when he said of Hamlet: "For he himself is subject to his birth."

Hamlet loved his weak mother fully as much as he did his noble father. She loved him as she did no other person. But the forces which kept them apart—ah, it was this which broke Hamlet's heart! Perhaps it broke both of their hearts. Who has a right to say otherwise? The pity of his speech to his mother is greater than mere grief. There is in it all the sorrow of humanity, all the tears of despair, all the love of a human being.

"Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skim and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen."

As the shadows begin to envelop him others think that he is jesting. Perhaps this is a jest: "thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart." He could feel the props slipping from under him. As the unknown tightened its hold he could see all that was noble stealing away. It is no fancy, but the most terrible reality, when he cries:

"On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!"

The current now seizes him, bearing him off his feet. A last cry of anguish to the spirit of his father—"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings"—and the spirits of darkness have triumphed.

Now what of the conception? Is it heretical? Perhaps. Is it selfish? If it is, then Rabelais was right after all. But it is none of these. In such things there can be no definite object.

For Destiny never swerves
Nor yields to men the helm.

THE GENERAL ASPECT OF COMBINATIONS

BY C. D. CREASMAN.

Mr. F. B. Thurber, President of the U. S. Export Association, began his report to the Industrial Commission on "Trusts and Industrial Combinations" in 1899 by saying that trusts were a natural economic development, arising from the development of the great forces—steam, electricity and machinery. In his report he argued that ours is a day of industrial centralization. This movement seems not to be confined to our own shores; but is as general as progress. The French ministers at Berlin and Glasgow have called attention to this tendency in Germany and Scotland, while in England combinations have made great progress. Mr. Thurber says that the tendency is universal and perhaps necessary. The great object of the formation of combinations, however, seems to be to destroy competition. Investigation of both sides of the question reveals many arguments pro and con.

In the case of many of our great combinations the results have been decidedly in favor of the people. The first of these beneficial combinations was the consolidation of numerous railroads into trunk lines. Contrary to general belief this seemed to work wonders in the way of reducing rates. The general freight rate over thirteen of the leading railroads of the country in 1865 was 3.08 cents for carrying one ton one mile. That rate gradually decreased till in 1895 it was 0.72 cents. Since that time the tendency has been downward. Mr. Thurber shows that if the rates in 1894 had been the same as in 1882 these roads would have collected (owing to the immense increase of traffic, made possible by the combi-

nation of these very roads) \$2,629,043,459 more than they actually did collect. This great saving must have benefited the people and not the railroads.

Another great beneficial combination is the Standard Oil Company. The United States government has compiled statistics showing the wholesale export price of oil from 1871 to 1898. This table of statistics shows a beginning in 1871 at 25.7 cents per gallon, and a gradual decrease in the price till in 1898 oil was exported at 5.7 cents per gallon. This reduction is doubtless attributable partly to the increase in the production of oil, but it is due chiefly to the great improvement in the methods and cost of refining, which were made possible only by the aggregation of the great capital of the company.

Our authority also shows how the sugar trust reduced the price of sugar more rapidly for nine years after its formation than it had been decreasing for the nine years before. In 1879 the price of raw sugar was 7.423 cents per pound, and refined sugar sold at 8.785 cents. The price fell slowly till in 1887, when raw sugar brought 5.245 cents and refined sugar 6.013. The trust was formed in that year and under its operations the prices fell till in 1896 raw sugar was going at 3.631 cents and refined at 4.539 cents. Thus the average price for nine years prior to the trust formation was, for raw sugar, 6.807 cents and for refined sugar 7.905 cents; the average price for the nine years after the combination of the refineries was, for raw sugar, 4.291 cents, and for refined sugar 5.272 cents. This again shows that combined capital can produce commodities cheaper than small concerns. The American Sugar Refining Company, according to Mr. Thurber, has not only bought its raw material cheaper than other refineries could, and thus forced smaller factories and cheaper but inferior

processes out of business, but it has given the public the benefit of this great economic saving, reserving for its profits only about one-third of a cent per pound. It also employs more men and pays higher wages than were employed and paid before its organization.

One of the evils of combinations is the practice of over-capitalization. Mr. Thurber admits the evil, but thinks it will regulate itself, because it often hurts its authors as much as it does investors. Its worst result comes from the opportunity it affords for speculation; and bankers and investors are becoming more and more cautious in regard to such practices. On the future of over-capitalization Watson and Gibson, leading New York bankers and brokers, say: "The industrial stocks will have a checkered career. Some will be admitted to the inner circle of credit among bankers, some will stay outside in the cold, many will appeal sooner or later to speculative favor, and finally the test of time will separate the sheep from the goats. It will be difficult to find skilled managers who can successfully conduct the new combinations, and great crashes will come within a year or two that will wreck the whole market."

But Mr. Thurber does not think that trusts destroy competition, and he shows that those that have attempted it have failed. He names the strawberry trust, the starch trust, the wire nail trust and the old steel trust that have been destroyed by failure in attempts to control competition. Neither does he think that trusts have an undesirable effect on legislation. While they always employ the best talent to present their interests in matters of tax and tariff legislation, yet they are never active in trying to obtain favorable legislation. It is doubtful, in the light of Mr. Thurber's report, if they exert any really injurious effect, although they lobby a great deal and pay well for it.

The influence of these organizations on labor has not been altogether bad. They have forced labor to organize, and organization has worked a revolution in behalf of American labor. Wherein trusts have been educative, they have been highly beneficial, and they claim that labor has looked to them and learned. It is no doubt true that they have raised the general wages of their employees, and that there is general good feeling among them toward their employers. This is proven by the fact that strikes do not as a rule start with the employees of big concerns.

Turning to the report of Mr. P. E. Dowe, President of the Commercial Travelers' National League, we see the opposite side of the trust situation. It appears readily from his report that the great number of traveling men are opposed to trusts as dangerous to their interests, selfish, forgetful of Americanism, ignorant of all sentiments of patriotism, etc. The traveling men have drawn up resolutions in opposition to all trusts and combinations. These men have been the first to suffer at the hands of the trusts, and their opposition to them arises from a sense of self-preservation. Mr. Dowe shows that up to 1899 35,000 salesmen were thrown out of employment by the organization of trusts, and about 25,000 were compelled to work at greatly reduced salaries. Thus 60,000 had suffered loss to benefit these giant organizations, their actual loss being \$60,000,000 annually. The trusts manage by organization to save \$114,000,000 a year, \$27,000,000 of which is railroad fare and \$28,000,000 hotel bills. Thus the railroads and hotels share greatly the loss of the traveling men. This can not but affect the whole people. The consequence of throwing half the 300,000 traveling men out of employment, even gradually, as trust organization will inevit-

ably do, can not be estimated. It would entail a general loss annually to traveling men and business generally equal to the entire dividends of all the railroads in the country for the year 1898, which was \$7,500,000. This amount deducted annually, even from a commerce as extensive as ours, must work great mischief soon.

But not only have these corporations greatly reduced expenses by cutting off a large number of employees—of which number the traveling men are only a part—and thus taken a vast amount of capital out of circulation, but they have greatly increased the prices of the articles which they control, and thus forced another unfair drain on the money in circulation. In 1899 they had made, among other unreasonable advances, the following: iron pipe, over 100 per cent; tin and enameled ware, 33 per cent; brass ware, 60 per cent; chairs, 30 per cent; rubber overshoes, 14 per cent; newspaper, 1-4 to 1-2 cent per pound; book paper, 5 to 10 per cent; common soap, 25 to 50 cents the box; flint glass bottles, 10 per cent; window glass 100 per cent. The only instances where prices have been reduced were where corporations fought each other for mastery. The Havemeyers and Woolson Spice Co. fought Arbuckle Bros. and temporarily reduced the price of coffee and sugar, and even while this was going on the sugar trust was paying in 1893 annual dividends of 21 per cent, and in 1894-99 12 per cent on common stock and 7 per cent on preferred stock, although they claimed to be selling below cost. It is well known that the by-products in the refining of petroleum are more valuable than the petroleum itself, and bring the Standard Oil Co. greater revenue. Thus, while reducing the price of oil, a very small advance in the price of the by-products would more than make up for the loss by the reduction.

Opposition to monopolies has assumed a somewhat grave aspect. It is now the general belief that they are the enemies of the people and that the two leading political parties are either afraid or unable to do anything to check them. There seems to be no doubt that the trusts are against fairness, opposed to competition, have no respect for individual rights and are determined to crush everything which stands in the way of their controlling as much of the country's wealth as possible. The extent of their success is indicated by the fact that at present, after about twenty years of operation, they are said to control 90 per cent of the nation's wealth. No wonder that opposition to them has become somewhat rastic. Mr. Thurber thinks that "in all the annals of combination there are no greater illustrations of tyranny than the attitude of some of the labor organizations." It is certain that socialism has been born out of the dissatisfaction of the laboring people. Mr. Thurber admits that combinations are a step toward socialism, but thinks there can be no danger of advancing very far in that direction. But whether reasonable or not; whether necessary or not, socialism is the warning of the people against the injustice of corporations; and the great progress of that party indicates the growing discontent which may culminate, sooner or later, in strife, unless prevented by wisdom and fairness. One of the most conservative of our business men says that the trusts are making socialists by the thousands, and the time will soon come when all classes of business men, laborers and mechanics, regardless of former party affiliations, will vote with the party that is against trusts.

TO THE DOGWOOD

BY W.

O herald of the coming spring, defier of the snow,
Thou bringer of glad tidings to a world all cold and
drear,
Captain of the summer's vanguard, coming now to let
earth know
That the sun is swinging slowly North—that May is al-
most here.
Hail, all hail thou sturdy soldier, scarred with many a
wintry war;
Hail, apostle of the sunshine, hail, dispenser of the
gloom;
In our hearts the wild joy rises that your face is war-
rant for,
Since we know the happy portent of the dogwoods all in
bloom.

SPEECHES DELIVERED AT THE FIFTH FRIDAY
NIGHT DEBATE JANUARY 29, 1909

QUERY: Resolved, that a Postal Savings Bank System is Preferable to the Guaranty of Bank Deposits, State or National.

NEGATIVE:

JOHN J. BEST.

The Federal, State, county and municipal governments demand security for all deposits made by them, and even the banks themselves demand security on making loans to depositors. For demonstration, a bank in Iowa failed, having on deposit about \$200,000, of which \$7,000 belonged to the county. The county had security, and as soon as the failure was known the county compelled the bondsmen to make good the deposit; but the individual depositors, not having any protection, lost a considerable part of their deposits. Such conditions and the panics of 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893 and 1907, together with the gambling in the stock market, have caused the people to lose confidence in the banks, and two systems have been proposed, with the purpose of obtaining security for depositors; some advocating postal savings banks, while others advocate a guaranty of bank deposits.

In the first place advocates of the postal savings bank claim that such a system has been successful in foreign countries, especially in the European countries; therefore we should adopt it in the United States. Listen, these foreign countries were forced to adopt the postal savings banks because their entire banking system, composed of national banks and branch banks, is concentrated under the power of the national government.

On the other hand, ours is an independent banking

system, separate and distinct from government control and from each other. They are not branch banks as existing in other countries, especially in Europe. An independent banking system, with all its imperfections, offers the fullest and widest advantages to its people, and because of these advantages it has wrought the mightiest development and progress that ever marked the rise of any nation in the world. Our nation is little over a century old, yet it has a banking power of \$17,000,000,000, as against \$28,000,000,000 for all the rest of the world, and such rapid progress is due to a great degree to our independent banking system, because it distributes the currency to be used by the entire country. So when you hear an American criticizing our banking system and suggesting its destruction, in order to set up some old world system, such as asset currency or branch banking, you may know that something is radically wrong.

Listen to what Dr. P. L. Hill, president of the Central National Bank, Lincoln Neb., says: "I believe the time is near at hand when, without some provision for a guaranty of bank deposits, the country will adopt the European plan of postal savings banks. This can not mean anything else than ultimate disaster to the small individual banks, especially of interior points, by taking deposits from all points touched by the postal service, and aggregating such deposits in favored central banks much after the manner that government deposits are now distributed and always have been."

We have had independent State banks from the beginning, and national banks independent from each other for forty years. The one chartered by the State, the other by the nation. They have been the means of driving civilization through our forests, across our

plains and over our mountains from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Then let's not plead for their destruction in order to set up a European system, but for a guaranty of bank deposits, that which will give security to every depositor.

In the second place I shall endeavor to show that the establishment of postal savings banks will tend toward centralization of currency. It pretends to reach out its finger tips, in order that the extreme rural districts might have justice and get a taste of protection, by establishing about 38,000 places of deposit. True it will authorize every little post-office that issues money orders to receive deposits, but these offices will in turn dump the deposits into the little national stream which courses its way toward the great congested money centers, and the inevitable result will be the aggregation of the deposits, of the rural communities, under government charge, in the banks of Wall Street, thus hindering the circulating medium of the producing regions and unjustly favoring the speculative market. Already the country has been so linked to Wall Street that the sins of the speculators are visited upon the whole people.

Once in the history of the nation we feared a king, a monarch, and his tyranny, but that fear has been blotted from the minds of the American people. To-day there is in America a tendency toward centralizing currency even more dangerous and more to be feared than a king. Already the bulk of the money is congested in banks of the large cities located in the New England and North-eastern States. Nearly one-fifth of the aggregate volume of loans of all the national banks were made by thirty-seven associations located in the city of New York. Of all such loans made in the United States the aggregate volume of loans of the country banks was about 2 2-5 bil-

lions. The rest is in the clutches of the great banking centers. Yet despite these dangerous conditions some people are striving to gather these 2 2-5 billions from the rural districts and place them in the clutches of the money kings, by establishing postal savings banks, which say deposit your money in the post-office and redeposit it in the nearest national bank, established in a city of a certain population. The question is, how many such banks would be authorized to receive deposits in our own State? Probably not one. How many in all the Southern and Western States? Would it not mean a transferring of the money of these States into the banks of the New England and Northeastern States, and finally in Wall Street, thus giving a mighty impulse to centralization and a blow to independent State banks?

On the contrary a guaranty of bank deposits would encourage a wider distribution of money in rural communities by establishing more banks on increase of deposits. The system provides that every bank in the United States at present and all that may be established guarantee all deposits. It provides further that a guaranty fund be created by levying a tax of one per cent upon banks, both national and State, for all deposits, until a sufficient fund be created.

The advocates of postal savings banks claim that such a tax upon the banks is unfair to the bankers, but we deny that assertion and will prove that it is not unfair. For the past ten years the rate of loss of banks from insolvency, etc., has been about one-tenth of one per cent of deposits made. Now say the banks would be forced to pay one per cent on all deposits. In five years they would have created a fund to defray all losses for the next fifty years, even were the losses as great as they have been for the past ten years, and it is evident that

they would be less. Of course the banks would be out that amount, but would not the increase in deposits more than compensate the banks for their trifling contribution to the annual cost of deposit insurance, since millions of dollars would be placed in circulation? It would not be unfair to the banks, neither would it be a loss, but it would give the depositor the security he needs and yet leave the banking business in the hands of the banker. Then the depositor could withdraw or borrow money from the banks at any urgent need. Could he do this at the post-office? Would not the Postmaster-General have to be notified that a withdrawal was desired, and he in turn authorize the national bank to send it to the post-office before the depositor could recover his money? Yes, but you say the postmaster would give him a certificate that he could present to the independent bank and draw the money, but how would he present a certificate to a local bank when it is conceded by bank officials everywhere that if a State contains two classes of banks, one of which has its deposits safely insured and the other has not, the latter can not long successfully compete for business. This would mean the crippling or destroying of nearly every commercial and industrial institution in the country, because these institutions are carried on and encouraged by local banking and loans obtained from such banks. Then if they are put out of business where would such loans be obtained? The national banks and present savings banks will not make loans upon real estate or personal property. Also Postmaster-General Meyer declares "That no business accommodations of any kind or description would be obtained at a postal savings bank; not even payments by check." Then such loans could only be obtained from a guaranty system, and unless they are obtained from some source it would mean a check on national progress.

Again the affirmative argues that the postal savings banks would prevent money from being sent to foreign treasuries for security, and encourage all hoarded and hidden money to be placed in circulation; but we affirm that a guaranty of bank deposits would more fully accomplish the measure.

Under the law of postal savings banks an individual is allowed to deposit only \$500 in any postal savings bank under late amendment, and on making a deposit he is forced to give proof, by sworn testimony, that he has made no deposit in any other postal savings bank, and is allowed a maximum deposit of \$100 per month until the \$500 limit is reached. Furthermore, he is allowed two per cent interest on the \$500. Now suppose he has \$25,000 to deposit. Suppose there are five members in the family; they could deposit \$2,500 providing each is ten years of age. It would draw \$50 interest, while it would draw \$100 interest in a guaranty bank. Then what would he do with the \$22,500 left undeposited? Would he deposit it in an unsecured bank, if he had no confidence in its safety, or would he still hoard it as he had done? If a foreigner, would he not send it to his native country for security? It is not security for the small deposits alone for which the postal savings banks cry that the American people are demanding, but security for all deposits made; and such security can be had only under a guaranty system. It has been estimated that of all deposits that could be received by postal savings banks the amount would not exceed \$700,000,000; consequently several billions would be left without security. Then such a system would not prevent hoarding, sending money to foreign treasuries, of financial panics, because whenever a financial stringency occurs public confidence falters, bad financial weather

threatens, and the people are filled with fear. They draw their money from the banks and a panic results. Then if there are billions in the United States without security what is to prevent a run on money by the people? Mr. Nettleton says: "If no system of guaranty bank deposits is to be adopted, which will insure every dollar deposited and prevent runs upon currency, nothing can prevent a continuance of the endless chain of American panics, with their infallible sequel of commercial prostration and distress."

It has been argued in the fourth place that a guaranty of bank deposits would tend to lower the general character of bank officials. On the contrary Mr. Nettleton says: "No better means could be devised for creating and maintaining a high standard of banking honor and solvency than would be furnished by a guaranty system. The officials are not relieved from pecuniary obligations, nor are they relieved from criminal liability. Whenever all banks become liable for the deposits of each the stockholders will insist upon the enactment of a law making it a criminal offense for a bank official to loan more than the prescribed amount to individuals or corporations. At present the law provides that not more than one-tenth of the capital and surplus of national banks be loaned to individuals or corporations. As to the State, there is no law of limitation. Also the guaranty law provides a number of novel safeguards for the banking business of the State and nation. For example, whenever the State or national commission obtains satisfactory proof that any bank official or employee is dishonest, reckless or incompetent he may require and compel his resignation or his removal by the directors.

The character of the bank official has been criticized, and who will claim that the average postmaster's integ-

rity is above that of the average bank official? Who will say that that negro woman whom Roosevelt appointed postmistress is of a more profound character than the average bank official? The postmaster would be simply an instrument through whose hands deposits would be sent to national banks. He would, under the law, only make a memorandum of the deposits in the depositor's passbook, and would not be responsible for any deposit except by proof. The post-office department would be directly responsible for security, and it takes about four days to receipt the depositor.

In the fifth and last place I will enumerate some things that have been accomplished by the guaranty system. First, in the States of Georgia and Florida, a group of about one hundred State banks have a mutual depositors' guaranty fund. Also, the chartered banks of Mexico have long maintained a voluntary league among themselves, aiding each other in time of peril. The result is that no such bank has failed, and hence no depositor has suffered loss.

Second. A law of guaranty deposits was inaugurated in the State of Oklahoma February 16, 1908. By the 14th of May 555 banks had come under the provisions of the law, leaving 225 unsecured banks (all national). During this interval of time the secured banks gained in deposits over \$4,000,000, while the unsecured banks decreased in deposits a little over \$1,000,000. A large part of this increase was brought from hiding or from without the State, but the decrease in the unsecured banks was the result of a large number of deposits being drawn from the unsecured banks and redeposited in the secured banks; and to make it certain that the difference was caused by the guaranty law, the secured national banks gained while the unsecured national banks lost.

AFFIRMATIVE:

H. B. JONES.

Making the interests of the people the supreme test in the establishment of a postal savings bank system:

1. There must be a demand for it—a demand not only by the popular voice, but also by the conditions.
2. Its success must be reasonably sure.
3. Its value must be commensurate with the cost.

The system was strongly advocated in 1871 by Postmaster-General Creswell. In 1889 Postmaster-General Wanamaker said that, as evidenced by letters and petitions to the department and by newspapers throughout the country, the cry for it from the plain people was almost universal. Since 1872 seventy-three bills providing for it have been introduced in Congress.

The fight in Congress is now stronger than ever before. The Senate postal committee has reported favorably. Among the strong advocates of the system are Postmaster-General Meyer, Taft and President Roosevelt. One of the political parties is pledged to its support, and the other conditionally advocates it.

When there are whole States without a savings bank, when 90 per cent of the savings banks are in one-fourth of the States, with a large per cent of the money out of circulation and millions of dollars being sent to the postal savings banks of foreign countries every year for safe keeping, surely there is a demand for some system which will accomplish the things for which the postal savings bank is intended.

There is the greatest economic demand among the farmers and small wage-earners for better advantages in investing small savings. This county (Wake) has three savings banks, all in Raleigh. Many of the people do

not know of their existence. Many of those who do know do not visit Raleigh except at long intervals. They know nothing about investments so well known to the city man.

The establishment of savings banks to accommodate the people is too gigantic a task for the remotest consideration. The establishment of a postal savings bank system, every money order office being a depository, and carriers who receive deposits traversing every section, is the only method which can meet the demand.

The success of the system depends upon the patronage of the people and the ability of the postal employees to handle the deposits.

The class of people whom this would reach are not seeking enticing investments. In the Citizens National Bank of Raleigh there are deposits amounting to \$1,000,000, on which not one cent of interest is paid. Thousands of people are purchasing money orders payable to themselves, not only depositing their money with the government without interest, but a fee for a safe place of deposit. Edward M. Crane, in the *American Postmaster*, states that in five Western States, in which there are few savings banks, in one year \$100,000 in money orders thus deposited became invalid because the holders failed to have them cashed within one year of purchase.

For many years none but those who know least about the post-office department have doubted its ability to conduct a postal savings bank system. This class bitterly opposed the extension of the department to embrace the money order system, to register letters and carry commerce. It ought to be sufficient to know that without a single failure the postal savings bank has been conducted by postal systems which no one would think of comparing with that of the United States in efficiency.

The value of the system in encouraging the people to provide for misfortune and old age, in giving them greater loyalty to the government with which their hard-earned savings are entrusted, in strengthening the financial system and in bringing up a people from childhood as free as possible from temptations to waste, can not be measured in terms of money.

Leaving out of consideration any indirect gain which may come to the nation, there need be absolutely no expense. Postmasters and clerks transact the business with ease, safety and satisfaction to all concerned. In England in 1870, before the system was fully developed, after paying $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest and all expenses of operation, there was in the treasury, besides that due to depositors, \$800,000.

These three positive requirements discussed are absolutely essential in the establishment of either of the systems proposed. Can you apply them to the bank guaranty?

There are three negative requirements for the postal savings bank, which, being fulfilled, leave little ground for objection:

First. It must not interfere with the present banking system, except so far as it replaces it by better and more efficient service.

Second. It must not weaken the financial system by keeping money out of circulation.

Third. It must not cause the money to drift to the financial centers.

Banks stand on the same basis as other institutions, and, as other institutions, they exist for the people, not the people for the institution. The people have a right to patronize those institutions which give the most efficient service. If paying 2 per cent interest on deposits

limited to \$1,000, as a rule averaging \$50, and offering none of the inducements of banking except safety, puts a bank out of business there is something dangerously wrong with that bank and it ought to be out of the way. A system which does not accommodate the people has no right to stand in the way of a system which in the remotest regions will be more efficient for accomplishing the things for which it is intended than are savings banks in the favored regions, such as this county.

Granting that the present system, which is a synonym for "the worst banking system in the world," is worthy to live, dismiss once for all your concern about its fate. There is not the slightest conflict between the present system and the postal savings bank. You have not to choose between two systems for accomplishing the same thing. It is a choice between the postal savings bank for accomplishing that which can not otherwise be accomplished, and the bank guarantee in a vain attempt to improve that which already exists.

The Hungarian Postmaster-General, who ought to know from experience, says: "The private savings bank can never see a competitor in the postal savings banks, because their organization is different and because they serve a different class of people."

Before the system was established in England men boasted that the nation had the greatest banking system in the world, one which other nations had imitated. They feared the name of postal savings bank. The two systems have grown side by side, the number of deposits and banks constantly increasing. The same is true in other countries.

The commercial banks can not be affected, because the business interests demand their service. The private savings banks, offering greater inducements, can be in-

jured only to the extent that they are unworthy of confidence. In 1895, in the postal savings bank of Austria, 30 per cent of the deposits was for 20 cents, being largely by school children and laboring children; in France 36 per cent was for \$4. In Japan in 1906 there was to 6,650,000 depositors an average credit of \$5.06. Not 10 per cent of such deposits would ever find their way into savings banks. Bringing these small sums, which amount to millions of dollars, into circulation strengthens the financial system and is a great advantage to banks.

Besides, it is the small depositor who easily becomes excited and starts a run on a bank. It is a favor, not an injury, to the banks to relieve them of their danger.

Notwithstanding the fact that the bill distinctly provides that the money shall be deposited in the national bank nearest the locality where received, the objection is urged that the money will go to the financial centers. By what authority could the Postmaster-General deposit the money in any place except as provided by Congress? By what authority could he refuse to deposit it as provided? Going further still, some say the money will inevitably leave our State. If it will thus leave the place of deposit, why does the money in National and State banks not leave the State to-day?

My colleague has shown you that the bank guarantee can not prevent panics. It is estimated that the money hidden away was during the recent panic increased from \$350,000,000 to \$700,000,000. With the postal savings bank, the greater part of these sums would have been deposited with the government; the government, in turn, would have deposited them with the national banks. Thus a great part of the money withdrawn would have immediately found its way into circulation

again. This added to the \$19,000,000 sent to the postal savings banks of Italy by Italian laborers, and the millions sent to other countries, would have relieved the financial crisis which caused the panic.

My colleague has discussed the working of the bank guarantee, showing wherein it must fail. Besides, it is lacking in the fundamental requirement for every American institution, justice to all concerned. Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, says: "The ethical justification of taxing sound banks to cover the lapses of unsound banks has no existence whatever." You will readily see that it is a tax on honesty. The more conservative a bank is and the longer it exists the greater is its burden.

Considered as a unit banks may be expected to bear any loss to depositors. They are chartered as individuals, and are dealt with as individuals. They bear the same relation to one another that one business man bears to another business man. Considered as individuals it is the grossest injustice to force the conservative country bank to bear the burden of the frenzied finance of the city bank, or the old city bank, having stood the storms of panic and financial disturbances for half a century without one cent's loss to its depositors, whose depositors need no guarantee and ask none, to bear a burden proportionate to its greatness in the loss through a new institution in a distant State.

Let us lay the history of the two systems side by side. As history speaks for or against them let them stand or fall. This is reasonable. Although theory may raise it to the stars all the theory in the world can not establish that which experiments condemn.

For half a century the battle for postal savings banks was fought in England, the principal storm of opposi-

tion, as in this country at present, being from the financial centers. There were eleven principal objections—all that are now urged, and more—to its establishment. In 1861, through the efforts of William E. Gladstone, the system was established. A few years showed the absurdity of the objections. In a little more than a decade eleven of the leading nations had adopted it. It has constantly grown in favor. To-day there are only two important nations which have not adopted it, the United States and Germany, and Germany has a centralized banking system under government control. Wherein has it failed? Forty-eight years ought to develop any possible weakness. In every instance, in every region, from the tropics to the frozen north, in the monarchy and in the republics, in the nation that excels in commerce, standing in the same rank in power as our own, and in the nation that boasts no fame,—wherever tried it has succeeded. In all the opposition to the system I have not found a line that condemned it for failing to accomplish its purpose.

In 1829, the guarantee of bank deposits, as now advocated, was established in New York. The first trouble occurred in 1837. From 1840 to 1842 eleven banks failed. The fund was immediately made a deficit, and the debt was paid by future contributions to the fund for many years. The public, for whose protection it was intended, demanded the repeal of the law, and it was made to apply only to bank notes. The only comment its supporters can make is, "Had it started in the perfected form to which it was developed by subsequent legislation it would have succeeded." Certainly it would! Bank notes, which must have something to give them universal acceptance, have been and are successfully guaranteed. No nation and no other State,

except the experimental State of Oklahoma, has dared attempt to guarantee deposits.

The fact that one bank has failed in Oklahoma and other banks have paid the depositors proves absolutely nothing. It was eight years before there was any trouble in New York, and thirteen years before it was evident that the guarantee defeated its own purpose by developing a system which no fund could guarantee, and proved a miserable failure.

In the name of the middle class man, whose interests are too often overlooked in the financial world, I appeal for the establishment of the system which is tried and safe, a system which is sound in theory and extremely practical in application, a business proposition carrying with it the effect of benevolence, a system universal in effect, yet so limited as to injure no one.

Acting on the suggestion of Dr. Sikes the literary societies decided to have a public debate between four speakers, two from each society, every fifth Friday night. The first debate of this kind was held Friday night, January 29, 1909, in the Wingate Memorial Hall. The above speeches were used in this debate.

EDITOR.

THE WALLET

BY J. C. B.

It would have been a temptation to many, but it certainly did not appear that way to John Ives. He had walked all day till the pitiful old shoes bade fair to come to pieces at last, and everywhere he met with the same answer, "No work for you."

Then one of the old shoes struck on something soft; John Ives bent down and picked up a wallet, a wallet well filled with money, fallen from the heavens.

Food, comfort and the best doctor for his little daughter Mary's sprained ankle, that did not seem to be getting well very fast. He turned down a quiet street and opened it where no one was likely to see him. He was trembling when he opened the wallet and saw that it was money, and a large amount too.

He almost knew how everything would be before he reached the little narrow street leading up to the place he called home. Likely his little son Walter would jump from behind some wall to meet him. He was really a great boy, a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes for him. And he would shout, "Hurrah, here's father! Old father's come home." Almost before he scrambled down John, Jr., would come toddling out. The wife, she wouldn't reach the door as soon as the boy; she had walked a little slower of late, or he just imagined it.

"I don't know what she's a-going to say to-day," he thought, as he reached the turning point towards home. She'll go jest wild. I must break der news mighty careful. I'm feeling kinder queer myself."

The home-coming came about just as he had expected. "Hurrah," came from behind a wall and there was Wal-

ter. His suit of clothes had more patches than the father had ever thought of.

"Had the doctor to-day," Walter soon announced.

"Who for?" asked the father.

"For de kid. She's all right now."

His wife was waiting for him at the head of the stairs with a smile.

"How's the little one?" the father asked.

"She's all right. The doctor says she'll do well now, but I had to pay him that dollar we was saving for de rent."

"Well, well," he said, "I guess dat ain't the only dollar in the world."

"'Twas the only one of ours."

"There, little mother, I got ye this time. Ye're losin' faith. Tain't the first time de last dollar has been spent."

"No," she said, with a half-smile, "It taint. And John, I believe you've got good news; your eyes is a-shinin' like you got something. Has Uncle Bob sent you something?"

"No he ain't. He ain't the sendin' kind, but he is a good man."

"Then what's happened?"

"Yes there's somethin' er happened ter you and the children an' me," he said in an excited tone. "Well, jest come inter the other room an' I'll tell you."

They were gathered in the only other room they possessed. It was a rather small room, but seemed larger from the lack of furniture. The father cleared his throat once or twice and began:

"To-day I was walkin' along feeling as if there wasn't no work in dis big city fur John Ives. I thought if some of them chaps as sent me away had knowed jest how things stood they mebbly have took me. But I got a old

shoe that has been with me a long time. Plump, that bare old foot struck somethin' soft. I reached down an' picked up de wallet. It must hav' come from heaven."

John Ives unbuttoned his coat and took the wallet out and began taking the bills out and counting them as he lay them on the floor. He stopped after a while and the amount which he had counted on his fingers amounted to over five hundred.

Walter spoke for an "air rifle," Mary wanted a "book," and John, Jr., suggested two or three times "somfin to play wif."

After Walter had searched the front of the wallet to his surprise he found a card in the back. "Here's a book an' a letter."

The father took the bank book and saw the name Frank G. Clark.

"I'm goin' to have to disappoint you children about these things. I found it. I never stopped to think that twasn't ours."

"But it is," protested Walter, thinking of the air rifle.

"I thought of it son when we wus talkin' of buyin' things. But we ain't no poorer than before. There is likely a reward," said the mother.

"How much do you think he'll give you father," asked Walter.

"I don't know, son."

The sound of music and dancing came from the home of Mr. Frank G. Clark as John Ives bent his footsteps toward the place. A dog came trotting up to him as he entered the yard. The dog looked at him as if he thought that he was frightened. As he reached the door it was opened by a pretty young woman, who stood looking at him.

"I'd like to see your husband, ma'am, if you please."

The maid said, laughing, "La you don't say so. Well, I ain't got none."

"Does Mr. Frank G. Clark live here?"

"Yes, but what you want to see der master dis time o' night for?"

"I'd like to see him."

"Well you can't; he don't give to beggars."

"But I've found somethin' of his'n."

"His wallet?"

"Yes."

"Give it to me," she said.

He shook his head.

After a little she came back and said, "Mr. Clark said give it to me."

So he handed it over to her and she took it in the house and shut the door in his face.

He sat down on the steps and waited; he waited a long time. After a little he mustered up enough courage and pushed the door bell. The little maid appeared in the door. "Well, have you found another wallet?"

"No, miss, I have been waitin' for Mr. Clark to get through countin'."

"Well, what business of yours is it if he has. What are you waitin' on, you stupid?"

"I was a-thinkin' mebbe he'd give me a reward. I ain't so well fixed."

"What business is that of his?"

"I could have kept it all," he said slowly.

"An' a peck of trouble for you, too. He's lots of judges fur friends."

"Well, I didn't keep it not a cent. Ask him if there is any reward?"

"I'll try," said the maid, and then she disappeared within the house.

He was trembling a little from the cold air when she returned. She held out a green bill to him.

"I wish it was more," she said as she gave it to him.

"Thank you, miss. Good night."

He stopped under the first light-post to read it again once more before his blurred eyes were certain that he held a one dollar bill.

SOME OBVIOUS FACTS: SECONDARY EDUCATION

BY LEE WHITE

The *peace cry* of North Carolina is education. The "Old North State" is making rapid strides in that direction.

For a nation to attain the highest mark of prosperity the people must have the foundation upon which to build their prosperity; for a nation to rank as one of the foremost countries of the world its government must be sound and conservative. Our government being a republic and that republic being made up of many States and several territories, the laws are made, the law-makers are elected through the people—in every case the majority rules. For every State to stand upon an equal footing with every other State its people must be educated. No man, other than an educated man, can hope to attain prominence in any sphere of life, no matter how humble his calling may be. To cope with the problems and to be able to overcome any difficulty which may confront, the man must have competent training whereby these things can be accomplished and success, in the fullest sense of the word, may be reached.

This paper is not one of criticism—far from that—but one of praise to those who *have* labored for the upbuilding of our commonwealth. All honor be to them who have preached the gospel of education—Christian education.

To remedy an evil it must be found out; to cure a disease the source must be discovered. For North Carolina to rank high in the educational world every one, let him be ever so humble, must help to root out this evil which

is the inadequate education of the masses. Not until every person realizes the importance of these facts can the State make the great strides in education that it should. The disease is ignorance and the remedy is education.

In the majority of counties in this State schools do not run but four months! Yet, and these are facts, some localities do not have even that long a school term. But let us take the average school term, four months, and use that as a basis for our calculations. Say a boy enters school as soon as he reaches the age of six years. The first year he has only four month's training; the second year four months; the third year four months, and so on until he has reached the age of seventeen. During all these years he has had only forty-eight months training! Think of it! At that rate he would not be able to enter college until he has reached the age of twenty-three. Let him spend four years in college. When he has been graduated he is twenty-seven. He chooses to follow a profession—from two to three years more—thirty years old.

This is an age of young men, and what prospect has the man of obtaining the best out of life if that man has to face the world at thirty years of age with the foundation only completed?

What person wishes to enter the teaching profession, when the average salary paid to teachers in North Carolina is thirty dollars? How can any sane person say that is a fair business proposition? No person should be permitted to teach in any school in the State unless that person could show, by diploma or otherwise, that he or she is the graduate of some recognized institution. This theory is ideal, is it? If he who criticises will only take time to study the system of schools in Germany he will find this theory is *not* so ideal.

Young men and young women, progressive and competent, are not going to give their time to the schoolroom when hardly enough salary is allowed to meet running expenses. It is the half-way educated, incompetent persons who can hope to exist on such a paltry sum. Employing such men and women to teach in the public schools of North Carolina is but giving the arch enemy, ignorance, a cause, and it must be admitted, a just cause, for criticism. The fault lies not with the system of public schools, but with the widespread, deep-rooted opinions of the uneducated masses.

Civilization has only reached the present stage of perfection through slow and consistent growth. The process, if such it may be called, of education must likewise be slow and consistent. As man has become aware of his wants he has striven to supply the need. This hypothesis will hold true in every case. In the supplying of the need man has turned and looked about him. To use a metaphor, the need is felt, and as soon as the mind's eye sees the opportunity, the need is supplied. Thus civilization is but a growth through education.

The cry comes that not enough young men are entering the professions; that the young men of the times should sacrifice themselves upon the altar and devote themselves and the best in them to a profession. Excuses are given; the old men shake their heads and deplore the modern state of affairs; people are cringing before the lowering state of pessimism; but nothing is being done to remedy the fault. The dearth in the sphere of professionalism is admitted and we can not but be just to ourselves if we do not admit it.

The need is more men in the professions; the need is for men to look toward the high callings; to devote themselves to the noble work of upbuilding mankind. Yet

we admit that the age is one of gross materialism, a rut where the *blasé* and the Bohemian wallow and stick fast in the mud; that the goal is wrapped in the superficial garments of earthly glory and attainment. Every being has the latent feeling—shall it be called that?—of something to be done, whether this feeling is given expression or not. The people, the “vulgar rabble,” will always follow a leader, and do not be mistaken, always the *strongest* leader. Therefore a better cause for this training of young men. Nevertheless excuses for this deficiency are given. Men pride themselves for looking upon the bright side and console themselves that they are living only on “the sunny side of life.” Correct; but look on the other side for a moment or two. Man must always adapt himself to his environments—to live.

Matthew Arnold lived in an age of materialism and labored consistently to lift his fellow-man from this rut. His influence is felt. But as long as the people lay the fault to the uneducated masses and as long as the masses are given the striking and uplifting epithet, *uneducated*, just so long will the cry reverberate until the noise itself will deafen our ears.

Again, the average young man will *not* spend twenty-four years of his life in laying the foundation. In this day life is considered as being too short. And this is the reason, this is the chief cause that the professions are not filled to overflowing. The average young man is looking for the path which *he* thinks is nearest to the goal. For that very reason the profession of law is so attractive. That profession is overcrowded; but the old saying is still true, there's always room at the top of the ladder.

If all men would think as Bernard Shaw does our want would not be lack of men in the professions. This learned

and wise teacher looks at life from this standpoint. He says:

"I want to be thoroughly used up when I die; for the harder I work the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to the future generation."

The majority of the children of the commonwealth—this holds true in regard to other States—are so situated that they can not obtain more than a high school education. The colleges reach a great many, but these are so few in comparison with the total! Therefore it is the duty of every man and every woman who is interested in education to wake up to the fact that the importance of secondary education is paramount.

Every day the old idea of teaching Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics in the high schools is giving way to the saner view of putting such studies in the secondary schools that will help those who can not obtain a college training to live better, to live cleaner, to live more fully. The State of New York has long since recognized the importance of this view. In the graded schools of the towns and cities and the public schools of the county districts of that State such studies as botany, cooking, agriculture, manual training is taught. Other States are seeing the importance of giving instruction in these branches. The college of to-day is fully capable to teach those who may desire to take up such studies as Latin and Greek.

The importance of secondary education is assuming such proportions that ere long the cry will be heard. It would be well for North Carolina to recognize the importance.

CAT SENSE

BY C. D. CREASMAN.

Several years ago a band of robbers came to my town and were so bold in their work that the community was soon terrorized. They not only broke into stores and dwelling houses, but almost every night one, two or three men were knocked down and robbed on their way home from business. The excitement had been kept up for about three weeks, and every man who had to be out at night went armed.

One night I had been at the Y. M. C. A. practicing for a game of basketball. My way home was down an uncomfortably dark street and it is needless to say that as I went I took the middle of the street with both eyes and ears open and heels ready to fly if need be. After a fright or two at nothing I reached the lane which leads from the street to my home. This lane is some two hundred yards long and has a row of trees on both sides. At the end of it is an electric light.

When I reached this lane I felt at ease and proceeded at leisure to the house and then to my room, which is upstairs on the front side of the house. My window opens out on the upper veranda, and from it is a full view of the lane when the leaves are off the trees. At this time, however, they had not fallen, though it was late autumn.

I went to my room, as I said, and retired. It was a rainy, windy, bad night and I was soon asleep. But, as is my custom, I left my window up with the blinds closed. My bed sits cornerwise across my room and at an angle to the window, so that I can look out in the direction of the lane. I don't know how long I had been asleep, but

I was suddenly aroused by a heavy rattling at my window. If I had been lying in any other position than that which I was in I should have taken it for the effect of a heavy gust of wind and should have gone back to sleep without further noticing it. But I happened to be lying with my face to the window, and when I opened my eyes they were almost blinded by the glare of a light. Instantly I was thoroughly awake, and though I somehow had the presence of mind not to move, still no words can express my horrible feelings when I looked out and saw the burly figure of a man with a dark lantern in one hand, which he had thrown full in my face, and his other hand thrust through the shutters of the blinds trying to unhook them from the windowsill. No one, without having faced such a situation, can imagine how fast the mind works. Without moving I began planning my escape.

I knew that the man must be after me, for no burglar is likely to go upstairs after plunder. True I had some money in my trunk, but he couldn't have known that for I kept my business to myself and no one else knew of the money. But there stood the man; quietly working away at a simple latch which might yield to him at any moment. He had doubtless tried to enter at my door, but finding it locked had come to the window. This thought strengthened my belief that the man was after me, and then suddenly I thought of Joe Moore, a young drunkard, who lived just down the street from my home. I had had some words with him that day and he had threatened to hurt me when he got a chance. Yes, this was probably he, and the thought that I should have to face him under such circumstances was not comforting. But again I thought that Joe would never think to attack me in such a way as that even if he were bold enough.

So I was forced to the conclusion that it must be one of the desperadoes who were pillaging the town. At any rate there stood the man; and he held that lantern steadily in my face as if to see that I didn't move. How I did long for my revolver which I usually kept under my pillow at night, but which for some reason I had placed in my trunk upon entering the room. The trunk was on the opposite side of the room and I knew that if I attempted to reach it I might stumble over a chair and fall. Besides, there was the lantern blazing in my face, and I knew that if I moved I might be shot.

But there was the man's hand within three feet of me, quietly working at the latch, and when once it was unhooked I might expect closer contact with this grim, determined man. What must I do? I thought of leaping out of bed and making a desperate effort to gain my revolver, but I saw that if the man wished to prevent it that was impossible. I thought of slipping out at the opposite side of my bed and going out at a side door and downstairs the back way and giving the alarm; but there was that lantern ever watching me. I thought of speaking to the man and ordering him to leave, but what effect would that have on a burglar so bold as he was? There was no escape; I must face that man. Then in one awful fit of desperation I resolved what to do. It was my only hope. I would leap out of bed, throw myself against the blinds, break them open and grapple with my foe for life. This was a bold act, but I would do it, not because I was not afraid to, but because I was afraid not to. Just then there was a heavy shaking at the blinds and before my enemy could go further I was out of bed. I stepped back a little way and made a dash for the window. The blinds flew open at my heavy weight and I made a desperate thrust for my antagonist's throat. But instead of

seizing him I embraced my arms full of darkness and fell forward on the veranda. Just then I heard a thump on the ground and a fierce "me-ow!" and I knew that Tabby had leaped to the ground. She was the old house cat that had entered my room more than one stormy night and made her bed with me; but I never knew before that she had sense enough to try to open the blinds with her paw. I stood shivering in the cold for a moment, the cold sweat standing on my forehead and my fingers bruised and full of splinters. Then I crawled back into my room and sat down on the side of my bed to work out the situation. Down the lane the electric light was burning brightly and the shadow of a maple bough was on my window through a rift in which the rays of the street light fell on my pillow.

I have always been credited with having a good imagination. I do not deny the charge; and I was glad that night that my burglar was only imaginary.

STRATEGY OF BEDFORD FORREST

BY A. R. WILLIAMS.

The career of Nathan Bedford Forrest, the greatest strategist of the Civil War, will stand a chapter apart in the annals of our country. Few men are to be found who surpass him as a strategist. It is to be doubted whether there was another general of the Civil War on either side who could more successfully mystify, mislead or surprise his enemies than could N. B. Forrest.

Forrest's ability as a strategist was very plainly exhibited at the battle of Sacramento, his first important engagement. The Federal troops were commanded by Major Murray and they numbered about one hundred and seventy men. When Forrest, with about two hundred of his men, came up with them he found them lined up across and on either side of a highway, protected by a heavy grove. The Federals opened fire as soon as Forrest's troops came in view. Recognizing the danger of moving directly upon them in column Forrest put into execution the maneuver which he afterwards practiced so frequently and with such signal success in nearly all of his encounters. He posted his men on horseback in a position of least exposure and then threw forward a certain number, dismounted as skirmishers, with orders to keep the attention of the enemy in their front actively engaged. He then sent a force under Captain Starnes to threaten the left flank, also a small force under Major Kelley to threaten the right flank, both forces starting from a point that could not be observed by the enemy. Forrest, with sabre in hand, waited till the enemy showed signs of confusion, resulting from the combined attacks of the forces sent against them, and then, shouting in a

manner which evinced intense excitement, "Charge! charge!" was off at full speed in the direction of the enemy. It was but a short contest. Threatened on both flanks and assailed in such a desperate fashion from the front the Federal cavalry turned and fled.

Forrest's loss in this battle was only two men, while the Federals lost nine men killed and forty missing. General Crittenden, in making a report to the Federal authorities, says: "I regret to inform you that a command of 168 men, under Major Murray of Jackson's regiment, was surprised and pursued by rebel cavalry at Sacramento." That the Federals were surprised is not to be doubted, and the complete record of the battle would show no doubt that they were also deceived as to Forrest's real strength, because he generally made the impression on his enemies that he commanded a larger force than he really did.

The stratagem that Forrest practiced in this engagement—the movement on the flank and rear—was one of his favorite maneuvers, and he made use of it in most of his battles.

One of the most remarkable achievements of Forrest's whole life, and one in which he again displayed his rare ability as a general, was made on his forty-first birthday in the capture of Murfreesborough. In this battle his command consisted of between twelve and fifteen hundred men, while the Federals numbered almost as many. Forrest learned from scouts that had been sent into the section about Murfreesborough that there was a strong force of Federals stationed there. He immediately set out for that place, and on the 12th of June, 1862, he encamped a few miles from the Union forces. Early the next morning he resumed his march and soon came upon the Federal outposts. By a clever trick he succeeded in

capturing them without firing a single gun. From them he learned to his great satisfaction that there had been no concentration of the different Federal commands in Murfreesborough, also the location of each command. Quickly forming his plans Forrest divided his command into three sections. One section, under Col. John A. Wharton, was to take the advance and assail one of the Federal camps that had been pointed out to him. Colonel Wharton had orders to either capture this camp at once or keep the enemy engaged until the second division could do its work. The second section of the command, under Forrest's personal leadership, was to advance immediately to the center of the town, divided into three squadrons, one of which was to assail the courthouse, another the jail, while the third detachment was to surround the hotel in which the commanding officer was known to be sleeping, and capture him. The third section, under Colonel Lawton, was to charge immediately through the village and throw itself between the Federal battery and the village to prevent their junction with the Federals that were being attacked in Murfreesborough.

With these preparations the whole command marched cautiously down the road toward the village. They came in sight of the Federal camps just at dawn, and Forrest immediately ordered a charge. Wharton, at the head of his men, dashed forward and before the enemy could realize what had happened his men were upon them. But the Federals were not to be taken without a fight. They quickly organized and took up a position where they succeeded in forcing the Confederates back about two hundred yards. Wharton was wounded and, being unable to take further part in the fight, was succeeded in command by Lieutenant-Colonel Walker. Walker, recog-

nizing the loss of life that would follow an attempt to take the enemy by storm, contented himself by keeping them in their position until Forrest could come to his aid.

While this was happening Forrest, with his command, was doing more successful work. He succeeded in capturing the general and his staff, also in taking quite a number of prisoners. He then went to the aid of Colonel Walker, and upon arrival sent a flag of truce to the Federal commander, stating that he had succeeded in capturing all the other troops and had concentrated his whole force upon their position, and to avoid further loss of blood he demanded their immediate surrender. The Federals, thinking Forrest had stated things as they were, surrendered. Of course all the other Union troops had not surrendered, but Forrest saved his men by making them believe that they had. Forrest practiced successfully the same ruse on the other commanders as he had on the first one, each commander thinking he was the last to surrender.

Forrest's success in this engagement was due largely to his being able to prevent the various divisions of the enemy from uniting against him, thus enabling him to practice his ruse upon the various encampments. By dividing his command into three sections and attacking the enemy at different points at the same time he also gave them the impression that his forces were a great deal larger than they were. In making his report the Federal general said that "At daybreak Forrest, with 2,500 cavalry, surrounded and captured the pickets without firing a gun; rushed at full speed into the camp of the Seventh Pennsylvania, into the court-house square and into the streets of the town."

Forrest's loss in this battle was about twenty-five men, while the Federals lost hardly as many. He captured

the whole Federal force, which amounted to about twelve hundred men. He also captured a battery of four guns, provisions and several wagons and horses.

General Wolseley, commander of the British army, says of Forrest in connection with this battle: "His operations that day showed a rare mixture of military skill and what is known by our American cousins as '*bluff*,' and led to the surrender of the various camps attacked. It was a brilliant success, and as it was Forrest's first great foray it at once established his reputation as a daring cavalry leader, to be dreaded by all Federal commanders of posts and stations within his sphere of action."

In all of his battles Forrest displayed the same reckless courage and cunningness of action that he had at the battle of Murfreesborough.

But Forrest's greatest victory was won, no doubt, at the battle of Brice's Cross Roads, June 10, 1864. The Federals, under General Sturgis, numbered eight thousand men, while Forrest, from first to last, had only forty-five hundred. At the opening of the battle Forrest had only nine hundred men, while the Federals numbered thirty-two hundred. General Grierson, commander of this division of Federals, had taken up a position on both sides of the road along which Forrest was advancing, and was protected by a fence and a dense thicket. When Forrest realized how strong the enemy in his immediate front was he had the troops under Colonel Lyon dismounted and thrown into line and their position strengthened by a fence and some logs. To make the impression on the enemy that his forces were larger than what they were Forrest ordered Lyon to make a demonstration by advancing from the edge of the wood into the open field. Lyon, with a double line

of skirmishers, marched boldly toward the enemy. The Federals opened fire upon the Confederates, who held their ground for about an hour and then retired, without confusion, to their original position. Forrest, having received some reinforcements, sent forward another division for the purpose of bluffing the enemy. After some sharp fighting this division also fell back. Two more divisions were sent out, one to threaten the right flank and the other the left flank. After a few minutes skirmishing these divisions also retired.

About this time Forrest received greater reinforcements and he decided to attack the enemy in earnest. The bugle was sounded and the dismounted men, with a wild yell, rushed forward to meet the Union line of battle. The Federals seemed as anxious for the fray as the Confederates, and with their repeating rifles were a match for the Confederates for a time, but they were finally forced to fall back. A Confederate participant in this part of the battle says: "It was very hot and sultry when the command was given, and as we approached the fence seemed ablaze with crackling breechloaders. * * * So close was this struggle that guns once fired were not reloaded, but used as clubs, and pistols were brought into play, while the two lines struggled with the ferocity of wild beasts."

In one hour and thirty minutes Forrest had carried out the first part of his program, namely, to have the Federal cavalry defeated by the time the infantry could come up.

About this time Sturgis, with thirty-six hundred infantry who as yet had not fired a gun, came upon the scene. To face the whole command Forrest had only two thousand men at hand, most of whom had taken part in the first battle. Fortunately for Forrest Colonel

Morton with fresh troops and artillery came up just as the Federals were forming in line of battle. As Morton advanced his batteries were brought into action and opened with telling effect. Forrest sent Captain Tyler with a force to a position where he could swoop down on the Federal left flank and rear, while he took command of the main body. With these preparations the Confederates opened fire and the whole line moved forward to meet the enemy. The battle was long and fierce and it seemed for a time that superior numbers would compel the Confederates to fall back, but finally, by a desperate charge on the part of Colonel Rucker, the Federals were driven back. About this time a fresh company of reinforcements, under Barteau, came up and attacked the Federal flank and rear. The Federals were then engaged on at least three sides. The crisis of the day had now come and Forrest knew it. He rode among his men encouraging them and giving orders. His famous tactics were now to be demonstrated, namely, the fierce onslaught from the front, with a charge upon both flanks and the rear. Colonel Morton with his artillery attacked the right of the Union line, Rucker led the charge against the center, and Colonel Bell charged the left flank. This combined attack did the work, and the Federal line wavered and fell back in disorder. Sturgis and his officers tried in vain to rally their men. The onrushing Confederates, following up their advantage, captured the enemy's artillery and turned it upon their fleeing, disordered ranks. The Federals were beaten and Forrest was left in full possession of the field.

With an army a little more than half as large Forrest had defeated an army of eight thousand men, capturing and killing twenty-six hundred of them, together with most of their provisions, wagons and artillery. The re-

ports show that after the battle there were only two hundred and sixty-seven of the Union soldiers who had not thrown their guns away. General Sturgis, in making his report, said that Forrest attacked him with a force of between fifteen and twenty thousand men.

In connection with this battle Wyeth says of Forrest: "On this field General Forrest displayed not only that bull-dog tenacity of purpose, which characterized his aggressive method of warfare, but his remarkable ability as a strategist and those original methods of fighting which then won success and have since attracted the closest attention of students of military science."

The career of Forrest is the more glorious and his victories the more brilliant when we take into consideration the fact that he had no military training and that his mode of fighting was absolutely original.

WHAT CAN NORTH CAROLINA DO TO PRESERVE ITS FORESTS?

BY BRENTON.

One of the greatest questions before the American nation to-day is that of the preservation of its forests.

A careful study of this question will reveal to the minds of the people of North Carolina the importance of creating public sentiment which will further the enactment of laws, making possible a thorough study of local conditions and the compiling of data by an expert forestry commission which will arouse the public sentiment of the whole nation in the interest of the Appalachian Forest Reserve.

This is a question of paramount importance to the farming interest of the several States whose precipitation is influenced by the forests along this range.

The time to act is now, before this timber has been bought up for manufacturing purposes by people who have devastated the northwest and are now swooping down upon the Southern States contracting for and cutting out our forests irrespective of the great damage to the farm lands which is sure to follow.

The recent fires in the timbered sections of our country have aroused a great deal of interest in the work now being carried on by the National Forestry Commission.

In Wisconsin on a recent date the State Timber Land Owners Association held a meeting and endorsed the efforts of State Forester Griffith in trying to get a national laboratory located in Madison, Wisconsin, and asked the Regents of the State University to provide \$25,000 to be used in the erection of a building in which to house the proposed laboratory.

This laboratory is to be used in study of the economical side of this question, which is in itself a question of equal importance to that of the forest reserve.

The supply of timber now known to be suitable for the manufacture of paper is limited. The same is true, though not in so limited an extent, of wood suitable for railroad purposes, and the question of finding other woods which may be utilized is of extreme importance.

Forest fires are due to the burning of slash—the tops and limbs of trees. If a method of making turpentine, alcohol, etc., of this slash could be discovered it would solve the problem of our destructive forest fires and increase the value of the land.

There is a great field open before our commission in North Carolina, that of teaching economy, and in securing an appropriation from Congress to buy up a large area of timbered land in the mountain section of our State.

It has been said by people who are considered an authority on forestry that if such a thing could be computed, it would reveal the fact that the States tributary to the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean are now paying more in annual contribution to the Gulf and to the ocean than does the total tax budget of the United States amount to for the same period of time.

This is problematical, yet we know by comparison that where the forests have been destroyed the lands have been washed into gulleys, resulting in great damage to the farming interests.

A bill providing for the purchase of a large area of timber land in the western part of North Carolina was taken before Congress a few years ago and attracted such wide attention that that Congress has been severely criticised for the defeat of this bill.

The part taken by Speaker Cannon, Mr. Jenkins and others in the defeat of this bill has been recorded in the minds of the people as one of the greatest atrocities ever perpetrated upon the people during the reign of the Republican party.

Mr. Cannon will doubtless go back to Washington as Speaker of the House, yet Mr. Cannon does not reappear the despot that has been dictator in the past.

A thoroughly organized effort on the part of the several States which would be benefited by this reserve will be met by the cooperation of the National Commission and that of those States now working along this line.

North Carolina has an unlimited water-power in its many streams, and by pursuing scientific and economic lines in the preservation of its timber there is no reason why she should not forge to the front as a paper manufacturing State. We have cheap labor, cheap power, transportation, raw material and accessible markets.

But, first of all, let us secure the reserve and save our farms from the damage that is sure to come with the destruction of our forests. A study of conditions in China alone will convince any one of the extreme importance of this question.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. D. CREASMAN, Editor

The *Howler* The best known publication in connection with the college is the *Howler*. It is now in the seventh year of its history and has well established its claim to a permanent position in our college life. But, however well it has served its purpose in the past, it has not been without its serious defects. If we might venture to criticise, we would say that the *Howler* has often been too light and undignified for the position it has held in the life of the college. Any one who had no other means of information might conclude from the reading of previous editions of the *Howler* that life at Wake Forest College from beginning to end was a huge joke, and that graduation was the superlative of fun. And not only has the element of fun been carried to an extreme unbecoming to a college annual, but in one issue the editors went so far as to show their personal dislike for certain seniors in a way that was not only mean but cowardly. And instead of giving a true record of work done by men who have struggled heroically to the finish the editors have often attempted only to be funny and succeeded in being only silly.

Now the *Howler* is the only publication of the college

which represents the life and fun of the course; and it is perhaps fitting that its pages should be interspersed with jokes and drags; but toward the men who have labored four years for the greatest event in their lives—graduation—the *Howler*, it seems to us, should assume a serious attitude. Graduation is indeed a day of rejoicing, but it is no joke. The *Howler* is supposed to contain the graduate's picture and certain information relevant to the occasion, and it is difficult to see how the practice of fun-making ever attached itself to this record. We are not judging our annual by the standard set by other institutions. We do not know what their standard is. We are judging our annual by the standard which we think should be adopted by Wake Forest. What parent wants to see a lot of nonsense under the picture of his son, and what student should desire such in the publication which honors him by printing his picture?

But in regard to the forthcoming *Howler* we wish to say that judging from the information given us by the editors it is to be as near as possible what it should be. These editors are entirely competent to do their work, and when they say that the "write-ups" are as sane and fitting as they can make them we know there is bound to be great improvement over previous "write-ups." We have heard former editions of the *Howler* criticized severely and perhaps justly for their defects in general composition and even grammar. We feel safe in saying that no such criticism can justly be made against the *Howler* of '09. Altogether, considering the changes that have been made and the amount of careful thought and faithful work which the editors have given to their task, we anticipate the best *Howler* that has yet been published, and we recommend that every man in college supply himself with a copy. It would no doubt be wise if the editors should print an extra large edition.

College
Courtesy

It is perhaps timely to say a few words about college courtesy. First, in regard to the visitors who shall be with us from time to time during the baseball season. Some criticism has been made as to our treatment of representatives in athletics from other institutions.

It is hard to believe that Wake Forest treats such men with less courtesy than our own teams meet with at other institutions; but whether other institutions are ever discourteous to their visitors or not, it is our bounden duty to treat visiting representatives of any institution with the utmost courtesy. Now do we always do this? Yes, and probably no. We do not believe that Wake Forest men ever intentionally treat our visiting combatants disrespectfully; but in the fine enthusiasm which has always characterized the student body, whether in the exhilaration of triumph or in the gloom of defeat, we have sometimes forgotten ourselves, and things have been done which should not have been allowed by our sense of courtesy, or even through other and less important considerations. For instance, last spring, after a ball game between Wake Forest and a Northern team, one of the visitors was overheard to say in the bathroom that he had found everything down South except gentlemen. This narrow-minded, aristocratic New Yorker had apparently forgotten that a number of men, including some members of the baseball team, had taken up their valuable time in showing him and his friends all over the buildings and campus, explaining everything of possible interest to visitors from his section, answering all questions and in every way making it as pleasant as possible for him and his companions. The sting of several defeats, the worst of which his squad had just received at the hands of our team, no doubt influenced this remark to a

great extent. But that man had more than once during the game complained of the conduct and remarks of the rooters on the side-line. The personal character which the rooting had assumed ought never to have been introduced, and it certainly ought to have been stopped when it was seen that the man was insulted. It is against such occurrences as this and any other possible form of thoughtless conduct that this article is directed. Let every man remember that it is his duty to show all possible courtesy to every visitor to the college, and to the athletic field in particular, and that our reputation as entertainers *must not be sullied* even if to tinge it in the least would guarantee victory in every coming contest.

And next, a few remarks on our treatment of ourselves. Much might be said in regard to this side of the subject and our sins along its pathway. We will mention, however, as perhaps the foulest of these, a practice which does not confine itself to any particular class of men in college, but includes the high and the low, the good and the otherwise alike in the roll of its devotees. We refer to the practice of rushing out of church on Sunday morning and lining up on both sides of the walkway to inspect the ladies as they come out from the service. This is an invariable occurrence, and although those who are guilty doubtless have no intention whatever to be rude, yet to say that this is rudeness is to tell the plain unvarnished truth. This practice is positively inexcusable. We do not know what the ladies think about it, but it is undoubtedly embarrassing to them to have to pass out through a large part of the student body while every eye is fixed upon them.

The pastor has spoken against this ungentlemanly practice in unmistakable terms. Different members of the faculty have denounced it and every student in col-

lege knows that it is wrong and ought to be stopped. Now let us stop it. Let the men who have a right to be called leaders lead a crusade against it, and let us see the lines of transgressors melt away till not a trace of them shall be left.

We do not wish to leave the impression that the present student body is especially careless in their behavior, or that there is an unusual amount of discourtesy and a lack of those finer qualities among them which are the shield and armor of character. On the contrary we believe that the men of to-day have the highest ideals and have set the highest standards known here in many years, and that one should have to travel far to find a more select student body. One of the oldest conductors on the Seaboard, a man who has been running on our division for many years, said recently that we were the best behaved lot of students he had ever dealt with. But we are not perfect, and it is against our imperfections that these words are intended.

**The Word
"Newish"**

It is not our intention to assume the role of general critic for the college, but there is another thing which should be mentioned while we are speaking after this manner. It is not in behalf of any class but for the consideration of all classes that we take this opportunity to condemn a word which ought never to have been admitted into the college vocabulary, and which, we are glad to observe, is rapidly being dropped out of it.

The word "Newish" is objectionable from every point of view. In the days of hazing it was hissed out with a sneer at offending freshmen; and there were few words in the language that could carry more of the idea of in-

sult than this misnomer. Now, since hazing is no more—and we hope that it shall never have cause to be revived—the word has no force whatever; and if either it or the word “freshman” were used with the intended idea of inferiority, the latter would best serve the purpose.

But again this objectionable word is entirely local. It is not an academic term. It is nothing more than a vulgar bit of slang which is in no way expressive of anything in connection with college life. It is not used in any other institution in the land so far as we know. Moreover it is the object of ridicule by men from other institutions. Some student had a suit-case with this word printed on it as we were returning from the holiday vacation. It was seen by some men from another college and immediately they identified it with Wake Forest and began to ridicule it and the “high school,” which was its parent. Now Wake Forest is not different from other institutions to the extent that it is necessary that we should have a special word for designating our *tirones in collegio*, and if it were so the word “Newish” is a poor word for the purpose.

This word, we have said, is rapidly being dropped out of the college vocabulary. It has never been recognized by any of the college publications. It has been printed occasionally by the *STUDENT*, the *Weekly* and the *Howler*, but usually in quotation marks as though to say “we beg everybody’s pardon.” It is heard less and less frequently on the campus and elsewhere, and it is to be hoped that by the opening of the fall term it will be numbered among the dead, buried and forgotten iniquities of the past.

CURRENT COMMENT

E. W. S.

The *Outgoing of Mr. Roosevelt* Mr. Roosevelt has retired from the Presidency and has now become a private citizen. For several years he has played leading man in the political drama. No President has ever managed to keep himself so conspicuously in the lime-light. The *Outlook* realized this quality in him and has secured him for the journalistic field. His views as a citizen will not receive the plaudits of the public as did his views as President. The last days of his public life were not sweet and pleasant. The roar of the dying lion no longer brought fear to the hearts of those valiant Senators who had trembled while he lived. Each one who had his vial of wrath opened it and poured it on him. The scene was a disgrace to our public life and can only breed disrespect for those in high places. It was all right for Senator Tillman to fire a parting shot. It was not his first. He had not loved the man nor admired him, and had not hesitated to say so. Congress gave itself much worry about the Secret Service men. The country cared very little about it. The Secret Service men had found the trail of some members and had tracked them to forbidden lairs. No one thinks all our Congressmen are corrupt; no one thinks that they are all upright, and the country does not object to Secret Service men "opening" on their trail when they find it.

Mr. Roosevelt has made a strong President. He has undertaken some strong tasks. He is far greater in his undertakings than in his performances. He is not a great administrator. For this he is too partisan, too

much of a fighter. He wished to prosecute trusts, but he chose a weak attorney-general to do the work. There has been much talk and but little performance.

*The Incoming
of Mr. Taft*

Mr. Taft has been inaugurated and "in all kinds of weather." He comes to this high office with the good wishes of every part of the country. He brings to the position a fine record. He has done things. He reconstructed the Philippines and Cuba. He has made good in every undertaking.

Mr. Taft is the first Republican President who had asked for the votes of the South, who journeyed through the South during the campaign, and who has made his residences in the South since the election in November. During these days the South has extended to him the old-time Southern hospitality. The South has met him half-way. Mr. Taft had led Southern men to believe that under him the South would be encouraged to take her proper position of influence in our national councils. He has made a beginning by recognizing the South in the formation of his cabinet. The South is willing to aid Mr. Taft in the difficulties that lie before him. It is up to him now to make good the implied promises to the South. Mr. Taft has made a good start, by requesting his attorney-general to select the best men, regardless of party or influence to assist him in the work of his office. This permits this official to summon to his side the best legal talent in America. This will result in prosecutions more successful than that of the famous Landis fine on the Standard Oil Company, which has ended as was expected in a fiasco.

Mr. Taft is genial and wears a perpetual smile, but he has the strength of dignity and sanity. No one expects

him to do rash or foolish things. His most important task at present is the revision of the Dingley Tariff Bill. He recognizes the urgent demand for this and has called Congress together in an extra session. No one expects the tariff to be abolished, but it is expected that certain iniquities will be eliminated. Probably the chief hindrance to his reforms will be "Uncle Joe" Cannon, whose plain frankness and homely ways stands firm against the attacks of all "insurrectionists." Here are our good wishes to Mr. Taft.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

NORMAN R. WEBB, Editor

College
Journalism

At the beginning of the scholastic year a number of editors expressed their views concerning what constitutes good journalism. Others, more specific, centered their attention upon the college magazine, explaining what they deemed to be the work and duty of its editors. These views were doubtless helpful to many of us, although our views may have been like theirs in many particulars. We failed to read any article on this subject which held that harsh, unjust criticism is essential to good journalism. It was rather the reverse; all declared for conscientious, just, wholesome work pervaded by friendliness. And yet we have known several exchange editors to fly in the very face of these helpful suggestions and views by their work of sarcasm, spite and selfishness. Under no circumstances is this justifiable or excusable. Adverse criticisms should cause no more offense than ought the favorable. Even if the criticism is unmerited allowances should be made on the ground that we editors are never infallible in our work. None of us believe ourselves such and only hope that our suggestions and criticisms might be in some slight degree helpful to the editors of our contributors to those magazines and articles reviewed. So let's quit "hitting back at" those journals whose editors deem it necessary to mete out to us our share of the "bitter portion." Let us take it, digest it and be benefited. It doesn't pay to do otherwise.

The Vanderbilt
Observer

Comprehensive and direct criticism is a thing rarely met in the average student essay. Usually we are given a mere sketch of a writer's life and a very light superficial study of his production. But the author of the article "Robert Louis Stevenson" wields the pen of the critic very ably. The essay also furnishes us with an example of the short sentence style skilfully varied in structure, the only noticeable fault being the too frequent use of the pronoun "he" at the beginning of sentences.

In the story, "A Voice of the Night," there is an unnatural straining after effect, which is however very appropriate to a situation so full of the ludicrous. In the fourth paragraph the writer makes use of one or two words which makes it very trite.

The poem, "Life," is a pleasing example of didactic verse worthy to be called poetry, a thing too rarely found in our college magazines.

Although "My First" is an interesting story of a boy's first turkey hunt, the rule of proportion is violated: there is too much tedious description of commonplaces for the action it contains.

The title of the article, "The Road to Valhalla," is not well chosen. Knowing what Valhalla is and that it is the sole duty of Odin's daughters—not "pages"—to guide the spirits of the fallen soldiers to this place, the reader is led to believe that he is about to read a paper concerning this abode of the gods—a thing he soon finds to be untrue. The figure in the second paragraph is inconsistent with the part assigned to the Valkyrie elsewhere in the plot, and also inconsistent with the figure as known in Norse mythology. Editorially the *Observer* is one of the strongest journals to come to our table this month.

The Red and
White

Ordinarily those magazines published by schools whose curriculum is like that of A. and M. College (N. C.) are not supposed to be on the same standard as those published by literary colleges in the same class. They do not lay so much stress upon their English departments, hence they are not so thorough as those of the literary colleges. However, in spite of this great drawback, some of these agricultural and mechanical schools publish at times a very creditable magazine.

The February issue of the *Red and White* hardly sustains its usual standard of excellence. Although a number of the articles show some indication of work and skill, yet the hand of the novice is noticeable through the many faults in plot, expression and grammar, which intersperse the different contributions.

The author of the brief essay, "Voltaire," should have been more specific in the treatment of his subject. Some one phase of Voltaire's life should have been developed; for instance, that as a revolutionist or that as a literary character. There are two adverse criticisms to be made to the sixth paragraph: First, the writer makes a mere statement of a topic, but makes no definite development of it; secondly, he puts two nearly independent trains of thought in one paragraph that might have been put with more effect in separate ones. However, for a brief general discussion, the article is a very good one.

At the very beginning of the article, "A Few Thoughts on Francis Bacon," there is grammatical obscurity which confuses the reader, leaving him in doubt as to the correct interpretation he is to put upon the passage. The second paragraph of the discussion could have been better placed after the fourth with certain modifications.

The article, "My Idea of Socialism," promises to be a

discussion only to disappoint. The treatment is too brief for so broad a subject. However the knowledge that many of us have of socialism could be very easily limited to a few short paragraphs.

The story, "The Town Lad's Sunday Night," contains one or two clumsy grammatical constructions and the same number of words of slang which are permissible only in the mouths of certain defined classes of characters. The plot and setting of article are not compatible with the poetical tone of language employed, and especially is there a marked inconsistency in the closing scene: for two young people to extend a Sunday evening conversation under the shade (?) of a peach tree until "a mocking bird woke up * * * and began singing * * * the stars grew fainter low in the east * * * and a farm bell spoke far away in the distance," is too great a violation of the sane regulations in the country home to be at all poetical.

This magazine is to be commended for its number and arrangement of departments, but in some of them there is a lack of material.

Southwestern University Magazine The article, "The Most Typical American," is well written but it follows the much discussed points about Lincoln, without adding anything to our general conception of the man and his work. Strikingly different is the general tone of the essay, "Napoleon Bonaparte." Here the writer has very effectively brought forth a much neglected aspect of the great conqueror's career. However the two similes in the sixth paragraph are rather imperfectly worked out.

In the poem, "To a Wild Rose," we note among other things indicating a lack of artistic judgment, the use of such quotations as "ebbs out life's little day," and "virtue

is its own reward," which produce a perceptible jar in the movement of the thought.

Notwithstanding a few grammatical errors are made in the story "For Honor's Sake" it presents, in a striking manner, the evils of faction in literary societies. The article is fairly well written.

Although the beginning of the article "Who Was She" promises very poorly, is rather insipid and is characterized by a straining after effect, the author has a good background for an interesting story. Of course the writer is aware that there are arguments both for and against the continued story in a college magazine. This knowledge ought to be a strong incentive to force him to write the best story of which he is capable.

In the bit of verse, "The Beauty Divine," fine rythm and poetic thought are well united.

Among other stories in this issue portraying various phases of college experience we note "Arithmetical Progression" for the naturalness and ease with which it presents girlish pranks incident to dormitory life.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine

Upon opening this magazine we first make the acquaintance of the poem, "A Stream." This is an example of a good poem marred by one serious flaw in the closing stanza, which is confused in meaning. The writer seems to have let the stanza form ruin his thought. Save for this criticism it is a right pretty piece of verse.

"Shakespeare's Gems" is a fine subject to work up. It would be intensely interesting as well as instructive for one to dive into the great work of the greatest English poet and look for the nuggets of pure gold that are to be found there in the form of sentences and clauses. And to notice in whose mouth the poet puts these gems would

be an added interest. However the author of the article above has only a superficial conception of it. He should have extended his study to the other plays. The explanation of the reason why the poet distributed these gems among his minor characters lies deeper than the writer's criticism, that it was "because Shakespeare had so much eloquence to spare." Every grade of character has its own peculiar eloquence which Shakespeare artfully discovered and expressed.

"Number Sixteen" is a good story graphically and interestingly narrated. Its action and expression are fine. The article contains several lessons that are of vital importance to each of us.

The staff are doing commendable work.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine One of the most noticeable and commendable things about the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is the varied subject-matter of its contributions. The reader finds himself one moment at Hampden-Sidney with Sherlock Holmes, at another in the midst of romance and love within an Indian camp, and at yet another moment he discovers himself a witness of the turmoil and strife that characterized the time of Charles I and Cromwell. This lack of sameness and monotony in thought appeals to the exchange editor and makes his work more pleasant and interesting.

In our review of this journal we shall begin with "Kathatha," an Indian story whose plot is finely developed. In this paper the rules of proportion and coherence are so aptly applied that the new elements enter it smoothly, retaining and increasing the interest of the reader to the end. We would suggest that the author continue to write themes of this nature.

The article, "Catholicism—A Menace," is excellent in

its paragraphing and coherence. The third paragraph is especially well developed by the method of elimination. However, in the close the writer shows a lack of skill in the use of figurative language which detracts from the general excellence of the article.

In the poem, "A Mighty Power," one of the fixed rules of rhetoric is violated, in that "its" is used when the writer intends vivid personification.

The Central
Collegian

It is not in a mood of sarcasm or censure, but rather as a brother editor, that we suggest to the editors of and contributors to

the *Central Collegian* that they draw a lesson from their motto, "Vita Sine Literis Mortua Est," and apply it to this magazine. No college journal can hope to be a success which has in its list of contents only three contributions, no one of which is either verse or fiction. We know that the students of Central College could publish a more representative magazine if they would only feel their responsibility and duty and endeavor to meet them in the right spirit. Let's wake them up, editors, and make this next issue of the *Collegian* a more creditable one.

In the article, "Touchstone and the Fool," the comparison is very well brought out. The work shows here and there the true critical insight necessary to the successful discussion of such a theme. The essay though brief is strong.

In "Ulysses" we have the basis for the development of a good essay. The writer should have devoted at least twice the space that he did to such a theme, and thereby have developed more specifically the modern application of the spirit of the Grecian hero as presented in Tennyson's poem.

Departmentally the *Collegian* is fairly strong.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. W. BALDWIN, Jr., Editor

—'07. THOMAS NORMAN HAYES, one of the Representatives from Wilkes County, died at his home at Purlear, North Carolina, on February 5, 1909. Had he lived scarcely two months longer, he would have attained the age of twenty-five years.

He left home to attend school at Summerfield, N. C., in his sixteenth year, and remained there until he was prepared to enter college. His circumstances would not permit him to enter college when he was prepared, so he taught school. His ambition for a college education quickly ushered him out of the daily drudgery of a most remarkably successful teacher into the reality of his youthful desires to become a college student.

He entered Wake Forest in the fall of 1903. His first year had not thrown him in connection with the majority of the boys, for he was never seen in the throngs of jolly good fellows, and we may truly say that he "kept the noiseless tenor of his way" as long as life remained in him. His unusual ability to learn became known to the faculty from the first. His average for the whole four years was 98.

He became very popular with all the students during his long course at Wake Forest, and won many honors while here. The President said in Chapel that no man graduated from Wake Forest had been so universally admired by faculty and students.

He received a B.A. degree at Commencement in 1907; returned the following year and took the M.A. and LL.B. degrees. He was called to Wilkesboro to deliver the literary address at their commencement. His speech was well prepared, his delivery smooth and easy, and it won for him an enviable reputation throughout the county. The good citizens of his county readily recognized his splendid ability and showed their hearty appreciation of his talent by electing him to the Legislature while he was then too sick to take part either in the Convention or in the campaign.

While attending the Summer Law School he was taken sick with typhoid fever, but was able to go before the court and obtain his license to practice law. He then went home. He had a relapse and was taken to the hospital at Wilkesboro. It was eight weeks before he was able to walk again. Another attack came on him and he longed to be carried to his home to die. During this protracted sickness, he kept his energy to the last. While he knew at times that life would soon ebb away, his unconquerable ambition to live and be a man, as he expressed it, was

unwilling to yield as long as there was any hope. The last words his dying lips uttered were, "I'm through. My energy is spent."

This young man was not only an upright and moral gentleman, but he was a faithful Christian. No man can bring any charge against him. Let us trust that he has received a Christian's reward. As the end drew near, he talked with his mother and pastor and asked them to help him pray that he might hold out faithful unto the end. "With clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! And his soul was not shaken. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unflinching tenderness he took leave of life. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree."

—'69. After graduation in 1869, Dr. John C. Scarborough taught as tutor in the College for two years. He then established the academy at Selma, N. C., which he conducted until he was elected to be State Superintendent of Public Instruction on the ticket with Z. B. Vance in 1876, serving in this office for eight years. In 1889 he became Labor Commissioner, and at the expiration of his term in this office he was elected again to serve as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, retiring in 1897. In June of that year he was chosen by the Board of Trustees as President of Chowan Baptist Female Institute at Murfreesboro, N. C., and in this position his noble efforts to educate the young women of the State have been crowned with remarkable success. The unselfish devotion of Dr. Scarborough's life to the cause of education and to the cause of Christ merits the pride and love of his Alma Mater as well as of the whole of North Carolina.

—'80. Upon Col. H. Montague, of Winston-Salem, Governor W. W. Kitchin has conferred the unsolicited distinction of aide on his staff, with the rank of colonel. We extend heartiest congratulations to both the honored gentlemen.

—'80.—'07. "Mr. J. N. Holding and Mr. J. W. Bunn, of the legal firm of Holding & Bunn, of this city, have been retained by the legal department of the Southern Railway to be the local legal representatives of that road. Mr. Holding is an attorney of ability, energy, and experience. He has been practicing since 1882, and stands deservedly high as a counsel and as a jury advocate. The Southern Railway will be ably represented in its legal affairs by Mr. Holding and Mr. Bunn, who in his practice for the past two years with Mr. Holding has shown his ability. It is to be congratulated upon securing the services of these two gentlemen."—*News and Observer*.

—'85. Professor A. T. Robertson, D.D., of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has added another book to his already important list of publications. It is "A Short Grammar of the New Testament," 270 pages, price \$1.50, published by A. C. Armstrong & Son. It has been welcomed with the highest satisfaction by specialists in Europe as well as in America. Other works by Dr. Robertson are: "Critical Notes to Broadus's Harmony of the Gospels"; "Life and Letters of John A. Broadus"; "Teaching of Jesus Concerning God the Father"; "The Student's Chronological New Testament"; "Keywords in the Teaching of Jesus"; "Syllabus for New Testament Study"; "Epochs in the Life of Jesus"; "Epochs in the Life of Paul."

—'02. Rev. W. B. Creasman has recovered from a severe nervous attack of several weeks duration and expects to resume his work at Sylva, N. C., at an early date. He has filled the Baptist pulpit at Sylva for the past year and has made an excellent pastor. He began a series of meetings early in January which lasted during seven weeks, and which resulted in a general revival in the community. A handsome new church is now in process of construction by his congregation, and the building when completed will cost about three thousand dollars.

—'99. Rev. W. H. Davis is now pastor of the Baptist church at Holland, Va., having begun his work there last May. He has won for himself many friends and his work has prospered exceedingly well. In December he was married to Miss Daisy Baines and is now happily situated in his pleasant home among some of the best people in the Old Dominion.

—'07. Mr. J. B. Hipps is Professor of Latin and English at Lee Baptist Institute, one of the leading preparatory schools of Virginia. This institution has an enrollment of 312 students and is enjoying one of the most prosperous years in its history. We congratulate Mr. Hipps on the success of his work.

—'08. "The work at Roanoke Rapids is progressing finely under the temporary leadership and preaching of Rev. F. F. Brown, who is now completing his course at Wake Forest, and who expects to attend the Seminary next year. He says: 'There is a great opportunity for Baptists in this rapidly growing town, and they need a pastor.'"—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'53. It is with deep sorrow and regret that we report the death of Maj. Jas. H. Foote, which occurred on February 27 last. Major Foote registered as a student at Wake Forest in 1849, and ever since his graduation has taken a most hearty interest in the welfare of the institution, always tendering, when it was requested and often when it was unsolicited, his personal aid in every movement initiated. We recently learned that it was due to his successful efforts that the College buildings were saved from being burned by Union soldiers on the occasion of

Sherman's march through North Carolina. Major Foote and Professor Simmons, displaying a white handkerchief as a flag of truce, walked seventeen miles to Raleigh and obtained a guard of soldiers to protect the Library and other buildings. The College was unmolested. In the "Alumni" issue of the *STUDENT* appeared an article of much interest from the pen of Major Foote, in which he related some of his personal recollections of Wake Forest. His Alma Mater extends heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved relatives and to his numerous friends throughout North Carolina.

CLIPPINGS

MOTHER.

At twilight here I sit alone,
Yet not alone; for thoughts of thee—
Pale images of pleasure flown—
Like homing birds, return to me.

Again the shining chestnut braids
Arc soft enwreathed about thy brow,
And light—a light that never fades—
Beams from thine eyes upon me even now.

As, all undimmed by death and night,
Remembrance out of distance brings
Thy youthful loveliness, alight
With ardent hopes and high imaginings.

Ah, mortal dreams, how fair, how fleet!
Thy yearnings scant fulfillment found;
Dark Lethe long hath laved thy feet,
And on thy slumber breaks no troubling sound;

Yet distance parts thee not from me,
For beauty—or of twilight or of morn—
Binds me, still closer binds, to thee,
Whose heart sang to my heart ere I was born.



TRAGIC.—The country parson was condoling with the bereft widow. "Alas!" he continued earnestly, "I can not tell you how pained I was to learn that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but we shall never meet again."



THE THREE AGES.—The report by a young English schoolgirl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and Age": "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."

HOPELESS.—A friend was once talking with a crazy woman, when a stingy man passed by.

"Do you see that man?" said she, with a cunning smile. "You could blow his soul through a humming-bird's bill, into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink."



A PRECAUTION.—"Dicky," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."



THE DIPLOMATIST.—Condeseending Chappie: "I weally can't we-member your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before."

Nervous Host: "O, yes, very likely. It's my house."



THE LAST STRAW.—Arthur: "They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike."

Kate: "Then you must consider my refusal as final."



OPTIMISM.—Solemn Man: "Do you hear the clock slowly ticking? Do you know what day it is ever bringing nearer?"

Cheerful Man: "Yes, pay-day."



HEIRLOOMS.—"My grandfather was a captain of industry."

"Well?"

"He left no sword, but we still treasure the stubs of his check-books."



IT SURELY DO.—"Speakin' of de law of compensation," said Uncle Eben, "an automobile goes faster dan a mule, but at de same time it hits harder and balks longer."



NOTHING.—"Nature plans well for mankind's needs."

"I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"



AT BRIDGE.—Miss Bridge Fiend: "You ought to be able to write fine comedies, Mr. Post."

Young Author: "You flatter me, Miss Beatrix. Why ought I to?"

Miss Bridge Fiend: "Because you make such amusing plays."



A WESTERNIZED PROVERB.—Out in Nevada it is said that they echange the old adage "Death loves a shining mark" to "Death loves a mining shark."

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.—Briggs: "Is there such a thing as a scientific kiss?"

Griggs: "Surely. One in which you succeed in breaking away from the girl without becoming engaged to her."



IMPRUDENT.—Marks: "Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?"

Parks: "S-s-h-h! No man should speak that way about his wife!"



THE HEIRESS ABROAD.—"On your trip abroad, did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, archly, "and guess what?"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."



WHAT HE MEANT.—Mr. Tellitt: "A woman can dress well on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby."

Mr. Doitt: "That's right. The sum my wife dresses on keeps me shabby all the year 'round."



AND CUSTOM DIES HARD.—She: "I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you?"

He: "Ah—that has been my custom!"



NO DANGER.—"I hope, driver, you will not run away with me."

"Bless yer, nò, mum! I've got a wife and six kids at home already!"



NOT HIS FAULT.—Magistrate (sternly): "Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."



JEWELER'S LAST CHANCE.—Bride (soon after marriage): "That jeweler who sold you the wedding-ring sadly overcharged you."

Groom: "The rogue! And I have bought four engagement rings from him!"



GOING BACK AGAIN.—Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy and made his way to the village barber-shop, not only because he needed a haircut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. L. McMILLAN, Editor

[Owing to the fact that the *Weekly* has been started many of the merely local happenings will be omitted from the STUDENT.]

Baseball!!

Track!!

Spring fever!!

—Lazy Lawrence has begun to tremble over the shingled roofs.

Anniversary has come and gone but since an account of that celebrated occasion was not given in the March issue, *Baptist Historical Papers*, we think that some mention of it should be given in this number.

The ceremonies celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the college on February 11 were most impressive. A few minutes before twelve saw Chief Marshal Timberlake bustling here and there arranging the student body in a double line that extended from the chapel door out across the college plaza around the front of the administration building to a point opposite the president's office. At twelve sharp "hats off" came the order down the line and the faculty and Board of Trustees came marching, two abreast, along the lane between the two lines of students. The students, in order of classes, fell in behind and the procession moved into the chapel which throbbed with the music of the great pipe organ and fifty voices. The features of the day were historical addresses by Drs. Chas. E. Taylor and E. W. Sikes. It is impossible to give here a synopsis either of

the address of our great ex-president on "The Times and the Men," or of that of our versatile Professor of History on "Wake Forest Institute." They were both full of information and inspiration and the heart of every one who heard these addresses beat stronger with love and pride for the great old institution. These addresses will appear in full in the college *Bulletin*, the circulation of which is the same as that of the *STUDENT*.

At eight o'clock p. m. President Faunce, of Brown University, delivered an educational address which was the most powerful many of us ever had the pleasure of listening to, after which all of the audience left for their homes, feeling that an education was worth striving for and life was worth living.

The forenoon of the 12th was spent at the depot watching the large throngs pour out from the cars to participate in the greatest anniversary the literary societies have ever celebrated.

At 2:30 p. m. the old college bell began to toll; boys dusted their coats and snatched on gloves and hurried away to find their ladies, and in a short while the memorial hall was filled with old and young, pretty girls and ugly boys, all entranced by the sublime music of the Raleigh Band. Mr. E. E. White, President of the Debate, then delivered his cordial and able address of welcome, after which he called upon Mr. J. E. Lanier, secretary, for the minutes of the preceding debate. The president then announced the following men as judges: Dr. R. T. Vann, Hon. Archibald Johnson and Hon. J. H. Quinn. The secretary then read the query, "Resolved, that Congress should enact a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the United States (constitutionality conceded)."

It has been the custom to print in the *STUDENT* briefs

of the different speeches and rejoinders, but as the speeches of the two first debaters appear in this issue and since those of the second debaters will be printed in a subsequent issue we deem it unnecessary to place the briefs in this number. The speakers were: Oscar W. Henderson, Phi., first debater affirmative; Santford Martin, Eu., first debater negative; John R. Jones, Eu., second debater affirmative; Jas. L. Jenkins, Phi., second debater negative.

The great throng was wrapped in silence and eager expectancy when, after the judges had returned, Mr. White arose, with three slips of paper in his hand and spoke, as he placed the votes on the table: "Affirmative, negative, affirmative."

Cheering burst forth, loud and prolonged, while men and women scrambled to the rostrum to grasp the hands of the speakers. It is generally conceded that this was the greatest debate ever held at Wake Forest, and suffice it to say that each speaker crowned himself with glory.

At 8 o'clock p. m. the crowd began to gather again in the Memorial Hall, and when all had arrived there was not even standing room. This was the occasion for the orations. The orators of the evening were Messrs. Elias Dodson Poe, Phi, whose subject was "Our Moral Awakening," and W. Handy Hipps, Eu., who spoke on "The Unfinished Task of American Democracy." We shall not attempt a synopsis of these speeches as both will later appear in full. The large audience was highly entertained by these charming and instructive addresses and by them thorough proof was given that Wake Forest College furnishes to the world orators as well as debaters.

Then the happy time came. Every one who cared to went to the society halls and library to participate in an

informal reception, and a jolly crowd it was. Pushing, scrounging, laughing, talking, shoving and making eyes were the chief features of the reception. About twelve o'clock the jovial crowd melted away and left the old portraits and dusty books in gloom and solitude where lately there had been mirth and laughter.

May we have other such anniversaries to celebrate.

—On Friday night, March 19, the preliminary for the Davidson-Wake Forest debate, to be held in Greensboro on Easter Monday night, will take place. The contestants are: Messrs. W. H. Hipps, F. T. Collins, E. E. White, O. W. Henderson, N. A. Melton, C. T. Bell and F. T. Bennett. Any two of these men are fully able to make the fur fly from Davidson's back. They have been hard at work on the query, "Resolved, that the United States government should subsidize our merchant marine," since the question was chosen, and the outcome of this preliminary no one can tell; although after Easter Monday the entire nation will fully realize that it is utter foolishness to subsidize our merchant marine. We are expecting the most exciting and entertaining preliminary ever held at Wake Forest for the participants have gone after the subject with "mud on their hoofs and business in their eyes." No doubt the audience will imagine themselves lifted into the land through which Perseus passed on his way to slay Medusa, the Gorgon—"a land where everything was out of place, all things were upside down, nothing had a name and the air was filled with feathers."

—A valuable gift has been presented to the college by Dr. Paschal in the form of Sunset Park. This park, to the southwest of Dr. Paschal's beautiful new residence, is covered with cedar, pine and a variety of beautiful

trees. On the edge of the park, overlooking a natural amphitheater at the other side of which winds a rollicking brook, is Tom Dixon's rock, where the great orator and author, amidst the inspiring influences of nature, took his first lessons in oratory. This is now college property, and there is no reason why it should ever pass into the hands of an unappreciative owner. The contests in the two societies will soon be here, boys, and this is the place to practice your speeches. Many thanks do the students, faculty and friends of the college extend to Dr. Paschal for this valuable gift.

—The Raleigh Baseball Club is to be congratulated on securing as manager for the coming season Mr. J. R. Crozier. We all know well the enviable record that Mr. Crozier has made on the diamond and the inestimable services he has performed here at Wake Forest in advancing gymnastics and athletics.

—At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following staff of the *Wake Forest Weekly* was duly elected: Santford Martin, Editor-in-Chief; Dr. Watson S. Rankin, Faculty Editor; J. M. Broughton, Jr., Athletic Editor; R. L. McMillan, Y. M. C. A. Editor; Will E. Marshall and J. J. Best, Associate Editors; J. D. Carroll, Business Manager. Two issues of the *Weekly* have appeared and with the able editor-in-chief and his associates we expect even a better paper than last year's.

—Prof. Highsmith spent last Friday night in Winterville, and from there he went on Saturday to Greenville, where he delivered an address before the County Teachers' Association.

—Dr. Lynch, the beloved of all who know him, and especially the student body, will leave us in April to take up the work of the First Baptist Church in Dur-

ham. To describe the place which Dr. Lynch has held in the Christian work at Wake Forest and in the hearts of his people we shall quote a few words from the mid-winter *Bulletin*: "Dr. James W. Lynch, who has been chaplain of the college and pastor of the Wake Forest church for ten years, presented his resignation Sunday morning, February 14th. On that occasion he preached his last sermon. Dr. Lynch has rendered a notable service to the college and to the community. It is doubted whether his work in the pulpit has been surpassed by that in any other pulpit in the country. His interpretation of Christianity and his appeals have been on the highest plane, and his loss we can hardly hope to repair."

—At the last Baptist State Convention Professor J. B. Carlyle was reelected president of the convention. Dr. Chas. E. Brewer was elected one of the secretaries of the convention.

—The registration for this session numbers 388, 17 in advance to the highest previous number. Of this number 181 are new men, 23 coming in since Christmas.

—The Wake Forest Law School is truly the leading law school of the State, having more men to pass the Supreme Court examination, both in August and February, than any other institution in the State.

—On the evening of March 1st, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Dr. E. E. Stewart, of the medical department, delivered to the student body an interesting and exceedingly helpful address on "Social Purity."

—At chapel exercises on the morning of February 22 Dr. Charles E. Taylor delivered an enjoyable and instructive address on George Washington.

—The town commissioners, who had intended last fall to issue bonds to the amount of \$10,000 for the installation of an electric plant, found a knot in the wording of the charter which delayed this movement until the Legislature granted a new charter. This charter has been granted and we hope that now the town and college may work in conjunction in throwing a little light on the subject. For though we praise in deserving terms our college and societies, outsiders may still thrust into our faces that we are forty years behind and groping our way in darkness.

—In the near future we hope to listen to a lecture by Mr. Joseph Warren, A.B., LL.B., Secretary of Harvard University.

—Concerning the college seal we quote from the mid-winter *Bulletin*: "The new College Seal, which appears for the first time on the cover of this issue of the *Bulletin*, was recommended to the Board of Trustees by Dr. Charles E. Taylor and President Poteat, committee, on December 11th, and was adopted. It was drawn by Miss Ida B. Poteat, Professor of Art in the Baptist University for Women, and engraved by E. A. Wright, of Philadelphia. A word may be added about the symbolism of the seal. On the shield in the center are a monogram of the first two letters (XP—Chi and Rho—it is possible to make out all the letters) of *Christos*, the Greek form of Christ, and the Greek Alpha and Omega. The rays of the light issuing from the monogram suggest that Christ is the light of the world, and that Wake Forest College is an agent of its dissemination, "Pro Humanitate," "for the benefit of mankind."

—We were delighted to listen to an able sermon by Dr. H. W. Battle, of Kinston, on Sunday morning, March 7th.

—We are glad to state that Mr. Luther Buchanan, who lately underwent a severe operation, is fast improving and will soon be out again.

—The season is over, but just one word about basketball. First, the team is invincible. We have never lost a game on our floor and this year's team is better than any we can boast of in the history of basketball at Wake Forest. Gay, center; Carrick, left forward; W. C. Allen, right forward; Duffy, left guard, and D. A. Brown, right guard, make up the body of Trinitycides, while T. D. Collins, Whitaker and Pope are always ready to enter the fray. The following record for this season speaks in more convincing terms of the merit of the team than any words that we may use:

At Wake Forest: Central Academy, 6; Wake Forest, 87.

At Trinity: Trinity, 23; Wake Forest, 14.

At Wake Forest: Trinity, 5; Wake Forest, 30.

At Wake Forest: Warrenton, 3; Wake Forest, 110.

At Wake Forest: Davidson, 17; Wake Forest, 38.

At Wake Forest: Richmond Y. M. C. A., 27; Wake Forest, 38.

At Wake Forest: Portsmouth Y. M. C. A., 9; Wake Forest, 19.

—The baseball prospects are brighter than ever before. Although two games have been played the team has not been finally selected. The men are making a hard fight for the places. It seems that Harris and Taylor will squat behind the bat alternately. Either of these men is able to halt the speedy curves of Pope and Atkinson, who will do the twirling of the season with Beam as substitute. The first base issue has come down to H. S. Edwards and Robert Josey. Although the scuffle is close the tide will possibly turn in favor of Edwards. Ben-

ton, the best man in the State for the place, holds down the second sack, while Hubert White plays about between second and third scooping in the bouncers. "Nobby," and there is no other like him, will play third. Right field is uncertain. Probably this position will be played by one of the pitchers or catchers. "Kid" Dawson takes all that go toward center field. Left field lies between Leggett, L. and Couch.

Only two games have been played so far. The first on Friday, March 12, between the college team and the town team. The score was 3 to 2 in favor of the college. The second game was on Tuesday, March 16, between Wake Forest and Bingham School (Mebane). This game was, no doubt, as good as any we shall see on the diamond this spring. The score stood 1 to 0 for Bingham at the end of the ninth inning with Wake Forest at the bat, Benton on third, and two men down and two strikes on Edwards. Things looked dreary for Wake Forest. Edwards knocked a pop fly to first, the man muffed the ball, Benton scored and Edwards made first. Well, of all the yelling! The game continued until the latter half of the eleventh inning when Harris scored, leaving the ratio 2 to 1 for Wake Forest.

There was no bad playing in the game for Wake Forest, and Howard pitched a wonderful game for Bingham. He is the strongest pitcher our men will go up against this season. Pope did fine work in the box for Wake Forest.

We are expecting the State championship this season and "all signs are pointing in that direction."

—We are expecting to put out the best track team in the State this year. In the preliminary on Wednesday afternoon, 17th, the boys "showed up" exceedingly well.

The following is an account of the various entries and the winners:

100-yard dash, Coughenour, Highsmith and Gardner. Pole vault, Settle and Carrick. One-fourth mile run, Murchison, A., Coughenour and McCutcheon. Shot put, Gay and Gardner. High jump, Highsmith, F., Gay and Olive, E. I. Hammer throw, Gardner and O'Brian. Broad jump, Olive, E. I., Coughenour and Gardner. One hundred and twenty yard hurdle, Gardner, Highsmith, F., and Olive, E. I. One-half mile run, Murchison, T., McCutcheon and Davis. Two hundred and twenty yard run, Coughenour and Gardner. One mile run, Murchison, A., H. B. Jones and J. D. Highsmith. Two hundred and twenty yard hurdle, Highsmith, F., Woodall.

With this team we hope to make a record at the inter-collegiate meet at Greensboro to be held in April.

On Friday night, March 5, the seniors gave a dime party in the gymnasium, the proceeds of which shall assist in the erection of a granite arch to be placed at the campus gate near the railroad station. This arch will cost near \$1,000, and the senior class, though seventy-five in number, gave this party to help pay expenses. The arch is now being made by Cooper Bros., of Raleigh. On it will be engraved the name of each senior, and it will stand as a memorial to the largest senior class, by twenty-one, that the college has sent out.

But the success of this party was due largely to the efforts of the ladies of the Hill. They furnished the cakes, made the punch, sandwiches, and decorated the gymnasium as only "women folks" can. On entering the gymnasium one could easily imagine one's self attending a carnival or the State Fair. In one direction a man bellowed at you about the greatest portraits of the world, only ten cents admission; in another part was a

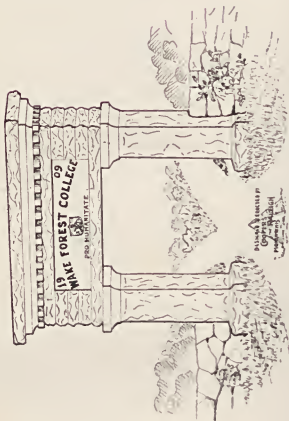
place to throw bean bags. There were punch stands, ice cream stands, and a place to get your coffee and sandwich. The Gypsy fortune-teller also played a conspicuous part and foretold the future of many a star-crossed pair.

There was also a ballot box, overseen by two of the prettiest girls of the town, where the most popular man in the senior class was voted on. Mr. T. C. White came out ahead, with Mr. Benton second, and as rewards for their popularity each received a large cake.

Space will not permit us to give a full account of this party, but suffice it to say that over \$140 was cleared, and the success was to a great extent due to the ladies of the Hill.

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ERECTED BY SENIOR CLASS, 1909, WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

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TO THE SEA

(Translated from the Spanish of Baralt by Arthur D. Gore.)

If thou dost kiss the drifting sands, O sea!
Which lie in placid hills along thy shore;
Or when rough tempests rise, if thou dost roar
And shake the land, I marvel still at thee.

When calm what beauty more canst earth proclaim!
But when disturbed by battle's awful sounds
Thou art as fervid surging 'gainst thy bounds
As is the fettered slave to break his chain!

Alike the sky thou hast thy tempests too;
Of hidden worlds and tracts of golden sand
An endless number which thy waves confine;
Thy depths and vast expanse of limpid blue
Alike the face of God, indeed most grand,
Alike His handiwork, art most sublime.

MR. CARNEGIE AND THE STEEL TRUST

BY R. A. SULLIVAN.

There were eight large steel companies in the United States in the year 1900. Of this number the Carnegie Steel Company, the Federal Steel Company, and the National Steel Company were manufacturers of primary steel products such as plates, bars, billets, etc. The other five—the American Steel Hoop Company, the American Sheet Steel, the American Tin Plate Company, the American Steel and Wire Company and the National Tube Company were buyers of primary steel products—and converters of them into structural material.

Now under the circumstances it was evident that there would be harmony among the several companies so long as a satisfactory market was afforded by the five furnishing companies to each of the three primary producers, no one of the latter being favored at the expense of the other two; and so long as the producing companies were content to turn out primary products and not encroach upon the market of the steel finishers.

But during the year 1900 and the early months of 1901 competition between these companies began to spring up.

Some of the finishing companies fearing that they could not withstand a financial depression and desiring to become somewhat more independent bought up iron ore mines for their own production. This action on their part placed the primary producers in a dangerous position. So something had to be done. The Carnegie Company declared that it would build an independent railway of its own from Pittsburgh, the great steel center, to the seaboard, start finishing mills of its own and sell them at prices which would endanger the welfare of the other companies. It was believed by all that the Carnegie Company could make its threats effective,

for it actually had a steel hoop plant built and plans for a large tube mill. The estimated cost to carry out the plans of Mr. Carnegie for the purpose of allaying competition was from \$150,000,000 to \$250,000,000.

When the other steel companies saw the movement of Mr. Carnegie and the superiority and efficiency of the Carnegie Company, they realized that if something was not done they would be forced out of business.

Plans were at once made for the consolidation of the eight companies into what is known as the United States Steel Corporation.

J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. were called upon at this critical juncture to assist in the consolidation of the eight companies, named in a previous place, and two other companies, namely: the American Bridge Company, which controlled about 90 per cent of the steel bridge business of the country, and the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines Company, a possession of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. The Morgan Company were chosen as syndicate managers for the consolidation and gave stocks to all these companies except the Carnegie Company, preferred and common, of the new corporation in exchange for the stock of the companies to be combined. The ratio of exchange is given below and by this ratio it will be seen that in nearly every instance the United States Steel Corporation issued far more stocks par value than it received.

	Amount and kind of U. S. Steel Stock to be delivered in exchange for every \$100 of Preferred Stock		Amount and kind of U. S. Steel Stock to be delivered in exchange for every \$100 of Common Stock	
	Preferred	Common	Preferred	Common
Federal Steel Co.	\$110.00	-----	\$4.00	\$107.80
American Tin Plate Co.	110.00	-----	20.00	125.00
American Steel and Wire Co.	117.50	-----	-----	102.50
National Steel Co.	125.00	-----	-----	125.00
American Steel Hoop Co.	100.00	-----	-----	100.00
National Tube Co.	125.00	-----	8.80	125.00
American Sheet Steel Co.	100.00	-----	-----	100.00
American Bridge Co.	110.00	-----	-----	105.00
Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines Co.	-----	-----	155.00	155.00

The total capitalization of the first seven companies named above was \$217,085,900 in preferred stock and \$239,984,300 in common stock; in exchange for these stocks the United States Steel Company gave as per the published rate of exchange \$261,452,612 of preferred stock and \$269,720,623 of common stock at a net increase of \$74,103,035.

The last two named above were capitalized respectively at \$61,055,600, equally divided between preferred and common stocks, and at \$28,722,000. For these the trust paid in stock: for the Bridge Company \$65,634,770, and for the Lake Superior Company \$77,549,400. Thus the corporation bought exclusive of the Carnegie Company nine corporations with an aggregate capital of \$546,847,800 in stock and by giving his own stock to the extent \$674,357,405. But the total amount that the Steel Corporation had authorized itself to issue was \$1,100,000,000, divided between common and preferred—\$550,000,000 of common stock and \$550,000,000 of cumulative 7 per cent preferred stock.

If the *actual* over-capitalization of the steel trust (that is, the actual amount paid for the properties acquired be left out of account, there remained a further *potential* over-capitalization representing the difference between the total capitalization and the amount of that capitalization remaining after the properties acquired had been paid for; that is the difference between \$1,100,000,000 and \$674,357,405 or \$425,642,595. It was asserted that a small sum would be used to acquire further property; and a considerable sum would go to commissions of promoters, underwriters, and bankers.

Now as Mr. Carnegie appeared to be the least eager, of those concerned, for the consolidation, special favors were granted him to induce him to enter. As a first lien and mortgage upon all the assets of the trust was placed an issue in addition to all stock issues of \$301,000,000 in bonds. These bonds were issued (1) dollar for dollar in exchange

for the bonds of the Carnegie Company amounting to \$160,000,000 and (2) dollar for dollar for 60 per cent of the stock of the Carnegie Company, which aggregated also to \$160,000,000. For the remaining \$54,000,000 of stock of the Carnegie Company covered by the bond issue was paid, presumably, stock of the steel trust or stock and cash, but to what amount and in what ratio was not made public. The interest was fixed at 5 per cent and only so long as this interest was paid would the steel corporation be entitled to vote upon its stock issue which had been mortgaged in its entirety, that is, a fixed sum of \$15,200,000 annually was created and the penalty for its nonpayment would be to throw the control of the corporation and the interests of its stockholders back to Mr. Carnegie. Therefore it is plain that Mr. Carnegie was on the safe side.

In the years 1901 and 1902 the United States Steel Corporation controlled about 70 per cent of the steel business in the United States. Its growth was so marked, having expanded from the meager capitalization of \$3,000 on the day of its incorporation, February 25, 1901, to \$1,404,000,000 within a few months, as to give rise to much discussion as to the factors by which its financial stability should be judged. But several things stand as proofs of its solid financial basis.

First. Its President, Chas. M. Schwab, was an experienced man in the steel industry. His mastership of the practical, executive and administrative sides of the business placed him easily among the foremost.

Secondly. It was backed by J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., who not only possessed large financial resources themselves, but who commanded more than any other banking house in the United States the confidence and purses of the large financial interests.

Third. It was connected in a very close way with some of the leading railways of the country, thereby receiving special

favors from them in the way of discrimination in freight rates, this playing a very prominent part in cutting down the necessary expenses of transportation.

Therefore the main factors which tended to reassure investors of the financial worth of the stocks of the largest industrial combination in the world were based principally upon the honesty, ability, and financial backing of its organizers, managers and promoters.

On April 25, 1902, the United States Steel Company was reorganized and the plan of the directors was made public for the conversion into bonds of \$220,000,000 or approximately 40 per cent of its preferred stock and for the issue in addition of bonds to the amount of \$50,000,000. The purpose of the plan was to effect economies through additional capital, and to reduce annual charges by a lower rate of interest. The annual interest saved in paying 5 per cent upon \$250,000,000 of bonds instead of 7 per cent upon \$200,000,000 of stock would be \$1,500,000; but from this sum should be deducted \$1,010,000, set aside as a sinking fund to redeem the bonds within sixty years, thus leaving an initial annual saving of \$490,000, a handsome salary for almost any ordinary man.

This plan entitled every stockholder to exchange 40 per cent of his holdings for bonds, and at his option to subscribe for bond for cash to an amount equal to 10 per cent of his holdings.

The corporation met with remarkable success during the years 1901 and 1902. About \$50,000,000 or 200 per cent on money they were called upon to advance was divided among its members, after all the employees and head officials had been well paid for their services, rendered in production and management.

OUR MORAL AWAKENING

BY E. D. POE.

It is conceded by all thoughtful people that the most remarkable epoch in the history of the human race is that through which we passed in the last half century.

But we are standing upon the brink of still mightier things. The past fifty years have been characterized by the most wonderful industrial revolution of the ages. Applied science has transformed the world. The ends of the earth have been drawn together by vast systems of railways, steamships, telegraph wires and cables. Vast masses of population have been moved in this great upheaval and ancient landmarks have been moved away. Whole classes have been swept away and new classes arisen. All this mighty upheaval has produced problems in our western civilization altogether new and so all-engrossing and perplexing that many of our profoundest thinkers have stood dumb before them, and in not a few cases the fatalist's cry has been heard. Speaking for a vast class of thinkers Professor Huxley in a tone not of absolute despair but in a mood deeply tinged with such a feeling has said: "I do not hesitate to express the opinion that if there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family; if it is true that the increase of knowledge, the winning of greater dominion over nature which is its consequence, and the wealth which follows upon that dominion are to make no difference in the extent and intensity of want with its concomitant physical and moral degradation among the masses of the people, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away as a desirable consummation."

This condition of society is easy to account for. The material progress has outstripped the mental, moral and spirit-

ual, and when once the unprecedented progress along certain lines had outrun our progress in adjusting ourselves to the new condition it was only natural for pathological conditions to arise with all manner of inordinate desires resulting in greed, graft and all kinds of corruption.

But in America I think the optimistically disposed can detect that there is a movement among the people which indicates that in their souls there is a desire to help men to higher and better things, to a fuller enjoyment of the fruits of our civilization—in short, to a more abundant life. This movement is called variously Reform, the New Idea, the Square Deal, the Moral Awakening.

This movement is manifesting itself in three ways of universal interest: First, in the purification of politics; secondly, in the national cleansing of the prohibition movement; and thirdly, in the ever increasing spirit of Christian altruism.

I. Those who have observed the political life of the nation know that some years ago the Constitution of the U. S., the greatest uninspired document ever produced by the hand of man, the document upon which every Constitution that has been written in Europe, Asia, or Australia since 1789 has been based—was so to speak, captured by the "Robber Knights" of capital, the unclean brigand aristocracy of the stock exchange" and the "Federal Lords of Industry" and that a predatory oligarchy was established over the real government in which to a degrading degree the people became serfs, and in many instances, mayor's office boys, government hirelings and legislators' puppets. It seemed that the glimmer of gold possessed all in public trust. It will ever be spoken in shame that the money of transcontinental railways delayed the construction of the Panama Canal a number of years and but for U. S. congressmen and senators having been bought

and sold this very day the Atlantic would be kissing the Pacific across the Isthmus and "Old Glory" would be waving through the greatest and grandest artificial waterway on the globe. And against it will stand to the eternal shame of the senator who "made" \$30,000,000 in railroads and coal lands by steering legislation in directions desired. Every man of reason knows that such vast fortunes spring not from pure sources. And legislatures and congress are not the only places where corruption has bred and flourished. There has been enough here but the cities and especially the larger ones, have been the strongholds of sin. The extent of corruption is simply appalling. It belongs not to one city, nor to one nationality or class. Wherever the chance has been presented—and the chances have been many—a ring, band or set of corruptionists, have sprung up. All stand shoulder to shoulder in corruption. The rich bribe and poor are bribed; the corporations buy and the aldermen sell; business men lead, politicians follow. Politics, race, religion, social standing—make no difference in this respect. In every city there is to be found the corrupt rings and bosses who collect their revenues from all quarters—the railroad and street car president, the manufacturers, the peddler, the saloon-keeper, the proprietors and inmates of disreputable houses and even school-teachers. Whoever wants to do business or make a living becomes the victim of corruptionists: Moreover no object has been sacred to the corruptionists: votes, street franchises, city waterworks, gas works, the right to steal, gamble, and anything else that would bring money to the boodlers. Vanderbilt's "the public be damned" expresses the spirit of bosses and boodlers.

But "the old order changeth" for the people whom Lincoln said you could always trust have aroused themselves—they at last have learned that they are to blame largely for the reign of corruption since the civil war and they now through-

out the length and breadth of the Union are working wonders in purifying the political life of the nation. Mr. Falls said: "Ninety-nine per cent of the people are honest and only one per cent are dishonest. But the one per cent is perniciously active." The folks have learned this and they have also learned that the responsibility of the country rests upon them. They have been awakened, and now, under the impulse of their awakening as they look back upon the days when Mark Hanna handed over the government to the trusts and corporations—when the highest legislative powers of the Commonwealth were orgies of corruption and public trust was sold in the shambles, it seems like a horrid dream. For several years Reform has been the watchword and the battle has been waged till the corrupt oligarchy with its clans and classes and its rings—the "Robber Knights" and "Federal Lords," have been put on the defensive and are destined to realize that they are subject to the laws of the land and not the land subject to their depredations. By popular demand all political parties claiming the support of the people are pledged to purity, and no saner or more forcible words have been uttered in regard to the chief predatory powers in our nation than those by our Governor in his inaugural address. He said: "Corporations being without soul, conscience or physical body, exempt from remorse, from fear of future punishment, and jails, more easily yield to temptations to violate the laws than individuals; but being creatures of the law, they owe obedience to its mandates stricter, if possible, than individuals who created the law," and he voiced the sentiments of our great democracy. So with the beating limelight of publicity falling upon the affairs of our nation and with the determined spirit throbbing in the hearts of the great masses of our people that all shall be governed by the same laws—that there shall be special privileges to none and that "Reform shall reform" the optimist is neither

alarmed by "thunders moaning in the distance" nor "specters moving in the darkness" but see the east laced with light and the darkness dawning into new day, a day of purity in politics, a day of tall men, sun crowned, "whom the lust of office will not kill, whom the spoils of office can not buy"—a day in which men's ideals will be so high and natures so refined that they will admire the passing cloud for more than its silver lining and the rainbow for its gleam of gold—a day when the honest man of toil who shoves the plow or follows the plow, who digs and delves in the mines or labors in the mills, will have an equal part with any other man in ruling the Commonwealth, and every citizen shall unswervingly stand by the high principles of the Constitution "which launched by the founders of the Republic and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion will ever, if adhered to, bear the hopes and aspirations of our people through prosperity and peace and through the shock of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and vicissitudes."

Simultaneously with this purific lightening in the political world is the cleansing spread,—spread of the great prohibition wave. Under God the U. S. will be the first nation on the globe to celebrate her victory over the demon of strong drink! You have heard this matter ably discussed this afternoon and the judges—wise and honest men—after hearing it argued from every conceivable standpoint have been convinced that the preponderance of argument demand a national prohibition law.

This happens to be the one hundredth anniversary of the natal night of Abraham Lincoln, that mighty and rugged soul in the cause of civil liberty and, though silent, still mighty in the cause of moral reform, whose name we mention in silent awe, in noted, deathless splendor. His words should lend a thrill to every heart. He said: "The one vic-

tory we can ever call complete will be that which proclaims that there is not one slave or drunkard on the face of God's green earth."

He himself lived to hit the blow that struck the shackles from 3,000,000 slaves in the U. S. so making one victory absolute and complete. But the most far-reaching victory for which he hoped is yet to come—the liberation of our nation from the slavery of strong drink—a slavery, to paraphrase Henry W. Grady that to-night strikes the roses from a woman's cheek and to-morrow challenges the Republic in the halls of Congress—a slavery that to-day strikes the crust from the lips of a starving child and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself—a slavery that is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and the terror of women, that misleads, human souls and crushes human hearts, that brings gray haired mothers down in sorrow to their graves, changes the wife's love into despair, her pride into shame—that stifles all the music of home and fills it with silence and desolation. To free our nation from this curse is the supreme task of this generation, and it is a hopeful task for as our forefathers "gave the last full measure of devotion," to the Commonwealth, in freeing it from tyrants of military and civil prowess so to-day we are standing masterfully in the struggle against the demon that degrades and devours. Under the impulse of our great moral awakening almost every honest and unprejudiced man has come to recognize the liquor traffic as a great social enemy, a stupendous public evil and a moral iniquity. All arguments in its favor have been swept away and the status of the prohibition movement is altogether encouraging. The fact that business is bettered by the removal of whiskey has been established and the fear of injury by its removal has been dispersed; the fact that less money is required to sup-

port the courts, almshouses and asylums—the fact that the savings thus made possible more than counterbalance the revenues from the sale of intoxicants has removed the dread of increased taxes; and one fact proves beyond dispute that less liquor is being consumed in the United States—a proof no man can deny without writing himself down a fool. It is that the internal revenue tax on intoxicants is decreasing. The latest internal revenue report shows the following facts—hear them: For the year ending June 1908, the receipts decreased \$17,998,072.81—in round numbers the government did not collect 18 millions of dollars liquor tax, because there was a corresponding decrease in the amount of intoxicants sold and consequently consumed. This proof that prohibition prohibits is irrefutable. No liquor can be dispensed till the tax is paid. The tax must be paid before it can be sold or given away. Prohibition made a still bigger cut in the revenue during the first three months of the current fiscal year beginning July 1, 1908. The internal revenue receipts were \$7,262,232.27 less than for the corresponding period last year. At this rate the reduction by the end of the year in June next will be nearly \$30,000,000. This fact then shows that the sale of liquor is on the decline and that millions of dollars are going into legitimate trade which have been going into intoxicating liquors.

Moreover, harking back to our purpose, namely, to show the moral awakening by the spread of the great prohibition wave, it will be helpful to notice the dimensions of this movement at this time. The prohibition map of the United States reveals facts that positively astound. It shows that the movement is going on all over the Union.

“From Maine's dark pines and crags of snow
To where the magnolia breezes blow,”

and from where the rising sun first kisses stormy Hat
terras on the east to where the purple evening rays fall

beyond the Golden Gate. We quote from the Anti-Saloon League Year Book: "The temperance movement has made such rapid progress that to-day 59,324,767 people are living in local option territory, and 7,319,516 under State prohibition while 7,659,170 are living in license States. This means that more than 66,000,000 people in the United States are living where there are no saloons. The total population in the United States living in "dry" territory at the beginning of 1909 is more than all of Germany, four times the population of Spain, and nearly twice the population of South America, France and Italy."

As we think of these facts and realize the tidal character of the movement, that everything is being borne irresistibly forward, that the liquor traffic is now resting upon an ever-thinning crust of popular toleration, we are face to face with a phenomenon of the prohibition movement explainable only and completely in the fact that "its roots are deep thrust, that it has a life history behind it and vital and permanent progress in it.

The next few years bids fair to register one of the greatest moral victories of the invincible Anglo-Saxon race—that of mastering the liquor traffic in the United States of America.

And still another harbinger of our national daybreak is seen in the ever-increasing spirit of Christian altruism. The moral forces of our nation have become so confident and aggressive that they have passed into the higher realms of religion. The spirit of Christ has taken hold upon us as a people and no public evil will long be tolerated but more and more everything possible for the betterment of man will be immediately done. In our new civilization society has become one vast highly organized and interdependent whole, and the great spirit of our new awakening works by lightning flash. The cry of unfortunate men and women whose

faces are furrowed with suffering and whose eyes are no longer bright because hope is dead; the cry of children robbed of their birthright, toiling through tender years, befouled and crushed by perditional environment; the cry of men who have become bestial and women who have been stripped of their divinity, and mothers seeking to still into slumber babes that are hungry and cold, now falls on sympathetic ears. The great heart of the better part of the world is learning at last that those who live "down in the cellars where the streams run slow," and life is a struggle for bread, where the "gaunt hollow-eyed specter" of poverty is always present and disease and exposure unmolested dig untimely graves, have hearts that can bleed, souls that can soar and intellects that can sparkle, and the millionaire is giving his gold, the sociologist his profoundest thoughts, the teacher his time and talent, and the church her light and love all for the uplifting and betterment of these.

To-day the millionaire builds a hospital and to-morrow he endows an almshouse; to-day the State builds an insane asylum and to-morrow makes a reformatory for her wayward youth; to-day the cry of ignorance is heard in a community, to-morrow a schoolhouse stands on the hill; to-day the church meets in conference and to-morrow a mission is opened in the slums; it meets again and a ward is provided for the poor, and still again it meets and a home is made for the orphan child. This altruistic spirit like the springtime is pouring new currents of life into the world, is coming to be wrought into the very life fiber of our nation and into the mental convictions and spiritual ideals of our race, and all the wonders of our new civilization and all the wealth of our amazing industrial progress are destined more and more to be enlisted in the construction works of the kingdom of God. For this moral awakening anticipates some mighty aggregation of

power that shall make the combined forces of evil impotent and afraid. The purified lips of an awakened nation emerging from the night are getting ready to sing with little Pippa of Browning song:

"Day!

Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where sputtering and suppressed it lay;
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, the overflowed world!"

(The following poem was read in the Senate Chamber during the recent meeting of the Legislature, and spread upon the Senate Journal, this being the first case of the kind on record in the history of the State:)

Carolina

I love thee, Carolina!
 Broad thy rivers, bright and clear;
 Majestic are thy mountains;
 Dense thy forests, dark and drear;
 Grows the pine tree, tall and stately,
 Weeps the willow, drooping low,
 Bloom the eglantine and jasmine;
 Nods the daisy, white as snow.

CHORUS.

Let me live in Carolina,
 Till life's toil and strife are past!
 Let me sleep in Carolina
 When my sun shall set at last.
 Where the mocking bird is singing—
 Where my heart is fondly clinging,
 I would sleep when life is o'er
 Sweetly on the old home shore.

I love thee, Carolina!
 Peace and plenty there abide;
 How bountiful thy harvest,
 Gather'd in at autumn tide.
 Fair thy fields, where grows the cotton
 Light and fleecy, soft and white,
 And the golden wheat doth ripple
 Like a sea of amber light.

I love thee, Carolina!
 Land of story and of song;
 Of patriot and hero—
 How their deeds to mem'ry throng!
 Great in peace and great in battle;
 Heart of fire to love or hate;
 Brightest star of all the Union
 Is the glorious Old North State.

THE UNFINISHED TASK OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

BY W. HANDY HIPPS.

The dream of a triumphant Democracy has been the dream of all the ages. The Hebrew felt it when he marched from the bondage of Egypt; the Teuton felt it amid the forests of Germany. It was the compelling power of this still unrealized dream that inspired Martin Luther to defy the power of an absolute church that had for centuries enslaved Europe. It was not personal ambition, but obedience to the stern voice of Democracy which caused Oliver Cromwell to lift his mighty arm and strike down the tyranny of the Stuarts. It was the same voice crying in the American wilderness which prompted Patrick Henry to arouse a nation to arms to do battle for the rights of mankind—rights that were later embodied for nations and for all ages in Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. The world beheld with wondering eyes this new-risen star of Democracy in the wilderness of America. What a task! Thirteen colonies struggling in the weakness of infancy, stretched out along the Atlantic coast, a distance of three thousand miles, were fighting for a realization of those dreams of a triumphant Democracy which had led them to forsake the mother land and brave the perils of an unknown world—a struggle of Englishmen against Englishmen for rights which were cherished alike in the hearts of the Puritan and the Cavalier. Twelve years of struggle, of war, of disappointment, of experiment brought a new nation into existence. But the crowning work of it all was left to Washington, Madison and John Marshall—the moulding, the combined wisdom of all the colonies into that matchless instrument, the Constitution, a document which has not only filled the Western Hemisphere with re-

publics, but has even been borne back across the Atlantic to plant democratic forms of government where monarchies had stood tranquil for centuries. The struggles of our forefathers at Valley Forge were terrible, but the victory which they won there for world-wide Democracy is worth a thousand Valley Forges. Then thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers that prompted them to follow the wisdom of Jefferson, and nerved them to follow the sword of Washington.

These struggles of Washington were battles for human freedom; they sowed the seed of a mighty harvest of which as yet has been gathered only the first-fruits. In the political revolutions of 1800, Jefferson restored to his countrymen his immortal story of Democracy. In 1829, the plain people broke down the old Federal Aristocracy and took control of American Democracy in the person of Andrew Jackson. The triumph of Abraham Lincoln was the triumph of a Democracy that made a union one and inseparable, and established forever the principle that we are one people with one flag instead of many peoples with many flags. This movement grew out of conditions prompted by honest, patriotic motives. Both the North and the South fought as they voted. Both sides had a right to leave those fields of blood unashamed and unafraid. And it seems that the hand of fate had decreed that nothing but the throes of a mighty Civil War could have ever preserved the Union and destroyed the curse of Slavery. These are some of the battles which Democracy has fought and won. They have bestowed upon mankind religious and political freedom, but the strife is never ending. Each age has its own battles to fight and win. And we shall be traitors to "our sides" if we respond not to the call of this age as gladly as our fathers did to the call of theirs. "The legendary virtue earned upon our fathers graves," to use

Lowell's words will not suffice for the present task of Democracy, for

"Freedom's battle once begun
Is bequeathed from bleeding sire to son."

The tremendous industrial development of the nineteenth century has not only thrust great benefits upon us of the twentieth, but it has exposed us to grave dangers. The militant note against these perils has already been sounded. The crusade for reform so vigorously begun by the Chief Executive of the nation should be carried on until politics is purified, and the upright citizen rescued from the greed and the graft of swollen fortunes. This unfinished task of American Democracy before us has its plain and simple meaning—the organization of honesty, or shall I name it the moral regeneration of American business and politics.

Three decades ago industry was in such a state that no one man in that field had a power that was especially dangerous. But within the last quarter of a century characterized as the "age of steel" financial concerns owned and controlled by one man and responsible to him alone determine the interests involving the lives and happiness of thousands. From such a state of affairs came the mutterings, and the unrest of the people. The conflict is now on. It is essentially the old battle of privilege and arbitrary rights versus Democracy. There is a prevailing opinion throughout the country that our Republican institutions are being debauched, that our legislative halls are dominated more or less by the dollar, and even there is a feeling that a few industrial autocrats are becoming the master of the people's destinies, do you doubt the sincerity of the American people? Listen to the words of Lyman Abbott, one of America's most conservative and sane editors: "Under the philosophy of individualism there has grown up in America the most powerful plutocracy the world has ever known." In fact, the fountain from which

flows life's whole support has been made private as corporate property and snugly walled in. There is need for alarm when the oil interests, the coal interests, the railroad interests from ocean to ocean, the iron and steel interests, the great banking interests—all are virtually in the hands of a few dozen men and closely allied under one control. There is need for grave alarm when 10 per cent of the American people own and control 90 per cent of all the wealth, and when the dominating power of this wealth is vested in less than a hundred men. These men largely control the policies of our free government; for no one doubts that wealth and political power go hand in hand. No truer words of warning were ever uttered in the Senate than these from the eminent Senator from Tennessee. "Where wealth is distributed, political power is always diffused; where wealth is concentrated political power is always centralized; and where wealth is concentrated and political power is centralized liberty has always taken its flight and free government has perished among its worshippers."

History affords numerous examples of the present conditions, and they speak in thunder tones of the crisis that faces the American republic. In one form or another wealth has been the rock upon which preceding civilizations have been wrecked. We are to a certain extent repeating the history of nations. Nations have gone to sleep with their wealth distributed and have awakened to find it controlled by a few men. But far different was the ancient citizen of the Italian and Grecian republic from the citizen of our own republic. No people on earth, no people of history has been so great, so moral, so high-purposed as the Anglo-Saxon of America. The American people do not resent the claims of wealth merely because it is wealth, but they do resent the arrogance of predatory wealth, and herein lies the guarantee of victory. It is the intelligence of eighty millions of

people that are demanding the power to crush and prevent swollen fortunes from monopolizing the avenues of trade and controlling the functions of government. What course the people shall pursue in destroying plutocracy and establishing an industrial Democracy remains for the future to reveal. But all honor must be paid to the great architects of our material prosperity, to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads, who have toiled with brain and hand for wealth. Great is the debt of the nation to these men. Not the regulation but the overthrow of monopoly is the popular demand of the somewhat radical element. But the conservative asks if this can be accomplished without an industrial revolution which will whelm consumer and capitalist alike in a common ruin. For we must remember there is danger in destroying wealth, but at the same time there is no liberty except in regulating it by law. These are the conditions and momentous problems which wealth has lifted into a position of constant danger and menace to our republican institutions.

Out of the many grave perils which the concentration of wealth presents, none is half so momentous as the interlacing and interweaving of its power with the warp and woof of Democracy. Politics does not determine prosperity, but in this day of concentration, politics does determine the distribution of prosperity. The numerous evidences that in recent years have been cropping out would be sufficient to prove that the spirit of commercialism is so entrenched in politics that however we may explain and deny, the fact remains that when individuals or corporate interests seek the favor or protection of the government their desires are seldom thwarted. This era of industrial organization and concentration in government dates with the close of the Civil War. The sound of the guns of the Civil War had hardly died away



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before this foe of civil purity, corrupt commercialism, began to threaten the liberty of the country. When the war closed the industrial class had paid 33 1-3 cents on the dollar for the bonded debt of the country \$2,400,000,000, and they had purchased these bonds for the most part in depreciated currency, but in later years these same financial interests induced Congress to make them redeemable in gold. Ever since this time the man of the dollar has assumed the leadership in politics and government, which had until then been held by the man of the righteous pen and the man of the sword. And to-day few men enter politics for honor and fame. In fact, statesmanship in too many cases has been subordinated to personal interests, and in many instances the halls of legislation have become marts of trade so that the renown of serving one's country has been supplanted by the reward of the dollar. The whole body politic is smitten by the blighting hand of corrupt commercialism. It has not only paralyzed the Constitution, but it has brought a moral degradation to official life that has set up a reign of dishonesty in certain departments of government. So great is the power of wealth enthroned in the people's government that Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court said: "Senators and representatives have owed their places to corporate influence and that influence has been exerted under an expectation, if not an understanding, that as lawmakers the corporate interests shall be subserved." No one denies there are not a few Senators and some Congressmen, though they would repel with indignation an offer of a bribe would give certain corporations special legislation, because they owe their official position to this corporate power. But we believe the House of Representatives still remains the forum of the people. Its members are the chosen servants of the people and would do the bidding of the people if the Senate had not absorbed the lion's share of governmental

power at Washington. This is contrary to the framers of the Constitution. They intended the lower House to be the stronger force in legislation. That is the case in England and France, and in all other constitutional countries where there are two legislative houses. It is generally believed that the cause of this change of power contrary to the fathers, is that Wall Street picked out the Senate as easier to handle than the House. The great commoner in the recent campaign declared "that for some years the Senate has been the bulwark of predatory wealth." We need no better proof that wealth has an insidious power in the Senate than the fact that some Senators became multimillionaires in the service of their country, but no man can grow rich on the salary of any public office in this country. The lives of our illustrious Senators in the past establish it. Shades of that immortal trio—Webster, Clay and Calhoun—whose memory will remain as long as the old Senate Chamber stands, are looking down upon the Senate to-day and declaring, "Alas! it is too true; it has become the House of Dollars." The story is told by the lives of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, whose long public careers stand out for unbroken records of faithful and upright public services, yet they died not millionaires, but poor. And we can do no better in the solution of this problem than take the advice of one of these uncrowned heroes. George Frisbee Hoar, when late in life he said: "We must judge the Senate by the experience of a century and not by its recent failures. Whatever there may be of evil may be corrected by the intelligence and good sense of the people, as other evils quite as great have been corrected in the past."

A continuation of the spirit that money is all-powerful means the destruction of our free institutions, but the reactionary spirit has taken deep root. The American people

will have no masters either in business or in politics. The plain people who are the bone and sinew of our Republic, and upon whom its safety and fortunes rest began to fear that political power was being reft from their hands and put into the possession of the money-holders. So the great body of the American people—neither very rich nor poor, the honest, hard-working men and women, who have no base envy of wealth, whether individual or corporate, began the popular battle-cry, honesty in business and politics. Certain agencies enlightened and quickened the conscience of the people. Public opinion took the form as all-powerful. As a result, city governments were purified, insurance investigations convicted syndicates and corrupt politicians were exposed; it swept to the capitol at Washington, and senators and representatives were turned away from the dome. So in turn the people began to tread in the footsteps which the fathers intended, and the great problem before the people is to strive mightily through practical methods to realize the ideal of the fathers—a government in which the sovereignty is not in the executive, nor in the judiciary, nor in the legislative, it is higher, it is the sum of all the ideals of law and justice. In such a government the high court of last resort to which all citizens and all interests must appeal is the people. So then the citizen of this Republic needs most of all to look to himself to see that his conscience as an individual may respond to every appeal for high, lofty, righteous voting. To saturate our public life with honesty is the salvation of our free institutions. But we must remember we can never get more morality into the departments of our government than there is at the ballot-box. In fact Christianity in politics and at the ballot-box is the bed-rock upon which our nation is erected. Truly has Jefferson said, "The whole art and science of government consists in being honest."

This unfinished task of American Democracy has just begun to make resistless headway. The movement is nothing but the people in action. The moral making of the nation is catching up with the physical making. The fight between the people on the one hand, and the immortal dollar on the other hand is as old as the world. We won the fight between the aristocracies and the people. Now, we are face to face with plutocracy and the people. It is a hard fight. Every man is needed. So we see that our task to-day is just like every other similar movement throughout all history. It is to be fought by the same kind of forces that fought the same kind of movements in the past. Like all other great tasks of history it must be fought by fearless, righteous leaders with the people feeling the inspiration of a great cause. The present task facing the American people has felt the magic power of two great leaders. They have differed on tariff, imperialism, commerce, and banking, but they have not differed on honesty in government. Like a mighty volcano the economic condition set a fire to smouldering which only needed a vent to burst into flame. William Jennings Bryan gave it that vent. It matters not whether you agree with him as a partisan, or the policies of government which he has advocated—the one thing you must admit that he is honest and has interpreted the popular demand and has given voice to the popular passion. We heard him give voice to the popular passion in 1896 when he said, "you shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." Time alone has convinced the honest heart of the great man that he was wrong in many of his policies, yet when he launched to the dignity of a national issue the popular revolt against a corrupt alliance between the government and the money powers, it was then he became the champion of the overburdened millions

and the exemplar of righteousness. It was then he initiated the present task—the organization of honesty in business and politics. In the other leader the American people have found an Andrew Jackson to stand against the encroachment of wealth. Theodore Roosevelt “would not truckle even to a king.” You can not buy him. We saw Wall street hurl a panic at him to stop his crusade against their unrighteousness, but the death knells of corrupt politicians and crooked financiers are continuously flashing over the Republic. He has ruled with an iron hand against every phase of immorality, but the chief executive’s power wisely used has been the sheet-anchor of American liberty. He has exercised his power chiefly to place in office only men of ability, integrity, and courage, because to him, the conduct of the state is a divine trust. Like Washington, Lincoln, and Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt has been the master workman in directing the voices of the American millions. But back of these great leaders we must have a citizenship who believe in something. We need a strengthening of our national character. Those statesmen who possess the high seriousness of Sumner, the large ability of Hamilton, and the unbending uprightness of a Vance—men whom Burke described “as pillars in the State, not weather-vanes upon its dome.” This movement demands more men who believe that all must finally fail which is not right; men who are ever under the “Great Taskmaster’s eye,” and who believe that “all history is His story.” Such were the type of men that followed Cromwell. Such a spirit prompted our forefathers to scale the heights of Kings Mountain, and turn the tide for freedom. Only such men have plucked the thorns from the pathway of mankind. Such a spirit erected our government on the foundation of permanent liberty, and only such a one can preserve what has been achieved. Men with such a

spirit can pluck up root and branch the poisoned wrongs from the greatest industrial system the world has ever seen. Then, the only hope for American Democracy is that in the American heart still lives the forefathers' spirit, which aroused, will, at any cost, correct the evils of capital and destroy the lottery of public office, and finish the great work which we are in—the moral regeneration of American business and politics.

FACTS AND LEGENDS ABOUT PONTIUS PILATE

BY C. D. CREASMAN.

Pontius Pilate was made Procurator of Judea in the twelfth year of the reign of Tiberius, A. D. 25. He thus began his reign about the time of the advent of John and continued in office a short while after the crucifixion. His capital was at Cæsarea, but he usually abode at Jerusalem during the great feasts; probably in the palace of Herod.

One of his first acts was to station his army in Jerusalem. It was against Jewish law for any kind of images or idols to enter the city, but Pilate had the soldiers to carry their standards, bearing the image of the emperor, into the city by night. When this was known the Jews were enraged. They went to Cæsarea to appeal to Pilate for the removal of the images from the standards. For five days he refused to listen to them. On the sixth day he admitted them to his presence, surrounded them with soldiers and threatened them with death if they did not leave the city. To his surprise they fell on the floor saying that they had rather die than to suffer their law to be violated. The images were removed.

But Pilate soon angered the Jews again by hanging some gilded shields, inscribed with the names of Roman deities, in the palace at Jerusalem. This caused the Jews to appeal to Tiberius, says Philo, and by his order the shields were removed.

Again Pilate appropriated the revenue arising from the redemption of vows, for the building of an aqueduct to Jerusalem. The Jews rebelled, and he sent soldiers, armed with hidden daggers, into their midst and butchered enough of them to disperse the mob and quiet the rebellion.

Not long after the crucifixion an impostor called the Sa-

maritans together at Mt. Gerizim with the promise that he would show them the sacred vessels, said to be deposited there by Moses. Pilate, hearing of it, had them surrounded and many of them murdered, claiming that they had intended insurrection. They appealed to Vitellius, legate of Syria, who sent Pilate to Rome to answer the charges brought against him by the Samaritans. But when he reached Rome, Tiberius was dead. What afterwards became of him is not known, but it is generally supposed that, being deposed from his office, he committed suicide.

Many legends have arisen concerning him. One of these has it that he was banished to Vienna Allobrogum, where there is a monument erected to his memory. It is a marble pyramid fifty-two feet high. Here he sought to forget his sorrows in a mountain by Lake Lucerne (now called Mt. Pilatus), but after years of remorse he plunged into a lake at the summit of this mountain. A form is often seen emerging from its dark waters and beginning to wash its hands; at which times a dark mist arises, covers first the lake, then the mountain, and is followed by a storm.

Another legend is to the effect that Tiberius, being alarmed at the universal darkness on the day of the crucifixion, summoned Pilate to answer for causing it. He was condemned, but prayed to Christ that he should not be destroyed with the wicked Jews. At his mention of the name of Christ, the Roman statutes of the gods fell on their faces and were broken to pieces. Tiberius ordered him to be beheaded and declared war on the Jews. But the answer to Pilate's prayer was that he should be a witness at the second coming of Christ. He was immediately beheaded but an angel received his head. His wife died of joy and was buried with him. This legend gained considerable acceptance. The Abyssinian church has declared Pilate a saint and worships him on the 25th of June. His wife also has been sainted.

Here is still another strange story. Tiberius, hearing of the wonderful healer of Galilee, sends and orders Pilate to send him to Rome. Pilate has to answer that he has crucified him; but the messenger of Pilate meets St. Veronica who gives him a cloth which has received the impress of the divine features. This cloth heals Tiberius. Pilate is summoned to trial. He appears wearing the seamless robe of Christ. This robe causes Tiberius to forget his accustomed severity and Pilate is cast into prison, where he soon commits suicide. His body is cast into the Tiber; but such storms follow that the Romans remove it to Vienna and throw it into the Danube. The results are the same, and the body is again removed to Lake Lucerne, where a strange bubbling of the water is still often seen.

A RARE FLOWER

BY H. F. PAGE.

Through all this range of hills
With many flowers set
I've sought but have not found
Thee blooming elsewhere yet.

Is it that thou are last
Of a once common race
Lost in these later days
To all save this one place?

Or did some goddess, in
Earth's far beginning years,
Here, o'er death-stricken love,
Pour unavailing tears?

THE WATER RAT

BY ROB ROY.

"Mother, my necklace is gone. Somebody stole it last night. I am sure of it. It was on the bureau when I went to bed, and when I got up this morning I could not find it anywhere."

"Sallie, is it possible?" asked Mrs. McLean of her sobbing daughter. The necklace that your grandmother wore! And now it is gone. Who could have stolen it? We must get the policemen here at once.

The whole house was in a flurry. There had been several things lately stolen: Hector McLaughlin's watch, Neill Buie's new Smith & Wesson revolver, and now the pearl necklace of Miss Sallie McLean, who was to have worn the invaluable heirloom about her neck at the marriage altar only a week later. Yet no possible sign of the culprit had been detected. On the night that Hector McLaughlin's watch was stolen, a negro boy said that on coming from a festival he saw something, he did not know whether it was a man on his all fours or a hog, hurrying along the hedgerow toward the river swamp. No one dared to believe the tale of this half-witted black, yet, this was the only clew, so far, which might lead to the capture of the thief.

When it was rumored about that Miss Sallie McLean's necklace was gone the whole neighborhood, both men and women, came to the country mansion of the wealthy old Major McLean, some to bemoan the terrible loss, others to search for the thief, and still others to gratify their curiosity. However, no track or sign could be found, as a heavy rain had fallen just before daybreak.

The two policemen from Laurinburg arrived about ten

o'clock, but after searching for several hours and unable to find any clew, they went back that afternoon, promising before leaving that two bloodhounds would be sent out the next day, so that if any similar occurrence took place the dogs would be on hand.

"I'll write to Sam," exclaimed the Major at the supper table as he jumped from his seat before finishing his coffee and walked hurriedly to his desk. In a few minutes the letter was sealed. "Take this to the box, Harry," handing the letter to his nephew, a thin, pale-faced, black-haired boy of fifteen. "We shall see now if we can't find out something about the necklace. Why didn't I think of Sam before?" said the Major with a hearty laugh.

"Well, who is Sam, and why didn't you tell us of him before?" asked Mrs. McLean and her daughter in one breath.

"Oh, just Sam. That is enough. Anyway, we shall see him here Friday morning."

The next morning the hounds were brought out, and a fine-looking pair they were. Old Jerry was the keenest-nosed hound in that part of the State and the bob-tailed puppy Joe, was swift and sure on a trail. To make them the more fierce, they were locked up in one of the Major's stables and fed on fresh meat and beef blood.

"Let me introduce you to my wife and daughter Sam, and my nephew Harry Walters. Mr. Samuel Sanders, of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, the son of my friend Mr. Joseph Sanders, of whom you have often heard me speak," said the stalwart, snowcapped Major, as he led into the room on Friday morning a dark-haired, black-eyed man of some thirty-five years. He was about five feet and five inches tall, slightly stooped, high cheek bones, very little color in his face, with close-set lips, the truest mark of perseverance and deter-

mination, but with a twinkle of humor in his beady black eyes.

"I suppose you know our reason for sending after you, Mr. Sanders? You know my daughter is to marry next Tuesday and of course she meant to wear the necklace."

"Yes ma'am," replied the detective in a voice as mild as a girl's of sixteen, while he took in the room at a single glance." Major told me that a necklace was stolen. Now, Miss McLean, will you please relate to me everything you know about the disappearance of your necklace, and it may be that we can find it before next Tuesday."

"I can do that in a few words. I usually kept it locked up in my trunk, but I came back late from a party on Monday night and not even dreaming of any one's taking it, as all the outside doors were locked, I left it on the bureau. My window was up but it never entered my mind that any one would come in there, as my room is on the second floor and there is no ladder on the place. We might take Mr. Sanders up to my room, father?"

"It makes very little difference," replied Sanders, "but we can go up there." The detective soon closely scrutinized the room and carefully examined the windows. "Now, Miss McLean, you may continue with your story."

"There is nothing more to it, except in the morning the necklace was gone."

"Nothing more? You heard no noise whatever?"

"Well, yes. It seems that some time during the night I heard something fall from the bureau, but I thought it was only a comb blown off by the wind, as the window was left up."

"All right, that is sufficient," spoke the detective, as he jotted down a few words in a note book. The Major and Sanders then went into the library where the latter wished to enjoy a cigar before beginning his search in earnest.

"Your nephew is a smart-looking little fellow, Major. I

suppose that he affords you a great deal of joy and comfort since you have no boys of your own."

"Yes, he does, Sam. You know his parents are dead and I have willingly and necessarily adopted him. He has lived in New York all of his life and country life is a bit lonely for him. I picked him up after his mother's death, about a year ago, from among the little idle street urchins who spend their time playing about the wharfs. He is a right mischievous little brat. If he is not plugging green watermelons he is searing the cats or into some other devilment. Still I like the boy and I believe that yet I will make a man out of him."

"I had better get about my business," said Sanders, rising from his chair at the same time tossing a short cigar stump into the fireplace."

During that day Sanders examined the premises carefully and obtained all the information possible—which was very little—about Buie's watch and McLaughlin's revolver, and heard from the negro's own lips about the latter's seeing some object hurrying along the hedgerow toward the river swamp.

"And you think you can do nothing, Sam?" questioned the Major at the supper table on Friday night.

"Well it seems"—

"Quick with your bloodhounds. He can't be gone far," yelled out Graham McGugan, as he burst into the room. From their seats jumped all in instant. The detective quickly snatched both his revolvers from the mantle, while the Major jerked his from its case.

"Send Henry after Ike McLaughlin," said the Major.

"Harry has gone over to Luther's to spend the night, but I can go after Ike," said Miss Sallie, as she sprang from the door without a hat.

"Boo-oo-oo-oo-ou," howled the bloodthirsty beasts as they were led from the stable.

"Call the mastiff, too, Major," said Graham, "for if the scoundrel is caught Bull will surely drag him down."

"What was stolen?" asked the detective, as the three men hurried down the road toward McGugan's house, which was only a half a mile away.

"That's what seems strange," replied Graham. "It was only my pocketknife. But I can swear that somebody stole it because I am sure I left it in a chair where I was fixing an ax handle. I went out to supper and when I got back to my room the knife was gone, and nobody in the house touched it. Well, here we are. Turn your hounds loose and we'll see if they are good at their calling. They will not bother the chickens or hogs. Don't turn Bull loose until they leave with the trail."

Old Jerry circled around the house once, sniffing loud and fast, with Joe right at his heels. When he got to the front doorsteps he sniffed in one place a little, pointed his nose toward the stars and let out a mournful, wailing howl, enough to eurdle the blood in any man's veins. Then both dogs started at full tilt across the corn field in front of the house, bellowing at every leap. Strange to say they headed straight for the hedgerow where the negro had seen something.

"Turn the mastiff loose," yelled Graham to the Major, who was about four hundred yards behind. "The hounds may catch the thief before he overtakes them."

The mastiff, which had been leaping and charging to get away, now, with a heavy growl, tore after the hounds like a raging bull. The hounds were no more than a hundred yards from the river bank and Sanders hardly that far behind them, when the mastiff dashed past him, coughing out a growl at every leap. When Sanders was in sight of the river he saw the hounds pause at the water's edge, raise their heads and howl. Just then Bull rushed up, leaped on Jerry and a fear-

ful fight ensued. The powerful jaws of Bull would clinch down upon one hound, only to be released to attend to the other. But the hounds could not manage their formidable enemy, who would throw his seventy pounds against them, crush them down and sink deep his anxious teeth. It was impossible for Sanders to end the fight without shooting Bull and he did not wish to do this without the Major's consent. Yet he abused himself and the dogs that the chase was ended so soon. In a few minutes McGugan arrived and finally the two men succeeded in choking Bull off of the whining, crippled, bleeding hounds.

"You had as well leave your cursed cur at home," said the detective, "if you mean to get your man. He leaped into the river from this bank and swam down stream because there is no place there (pointing to the water about five feet below) where a boat could have been tied. You can't make these dogs do anything now. They are as frightened as kittens. But you take your cur and I'll see if I can make them trail."

Sanders then patted old Jerry, who was frightened about as badly as he was hurt, being crippled only in his left front leg and with his right ear torn a little. As it is impossible for any one to swim up the stream Sanders took the dogs down the bank some three hundred yards, doing all within his power to make them find the trail. He then stripped off (for it was a warm July night) and holding his revolver high above his head he swam the stream, which was about seventy-five feet wide. Jerry and Joe, half cowed with fear, swam close behind him. He took the dogs as far down the stream as a man could have swum, then back again, but all in vain.

"Any trail yet?" asked the impatient Graham from the opposite side.



R. L. McMILLAN,
Phi. Editor-in-Chief.

"He hasn't come over here to-night," answered the detective. "We might as well go home."

"Oh! I'd like to get him. He can't be gone far," yelled Graham in a gruff voice.

"So would I. But there is no chance for us to get him to-night," replied Sanders in his effeminate voice, while he swam back across. As soon as Sanders had donned his clothes the three men started for the hill.

"Well, where did the devil get to?" asked the Major. "Do you think, Sam, that there is any chance of getting him?"

"Very little, if any, Major," was the reply of the taciturn man. "I'll come down soon in the morning and look around a little."

* * * * *

"Here is a fresh barefoot track," spoke the detective at the river side before sunrise on Saturday morning, as he dropped down upon his knees and examined more closely each shape of the track. "Yes, he jumped from this bank. A right steep bank. Good place for fishing, is it not, Major?" spoke Sanders as he jotted down something in his note book.

"Why, yes. For trout it is possibly the best place on the river. My nephew, Harry, caught one there last summer weighing twelve pounds. The fish tangled the line around a root, but Harry dived down and brought up root, fish and all."

"I see that there is a good deal of fishing done around here. The path by this old stump—striking with the palm of his hand an old cypress stump only a few paces from the bank, about fifteen feet high, the top of which had been blown off years before—is beaten down by many a barefoot lad." At this moment Sanders dropped to the ground and examined the tracks closely, lifting a twig from this and a leaf from that.

"You are fond of tracks, Mr. Sanders," said Graham with a sneering smile. "He couldn't have come in this direction or the dogs would have struck the trail."

"Oh, yes, I know that, but I have a great deal of pleasure in simply looking at the different shapes and sizes. We may as well start for the house, Major. I find no possible clew here. How often has this stealing been taking place?"

"Every two or three nights. He is the boldest rascal I ever heard of. The hounds, you, nor nothing else seems to alarm him."

When they reached the Major's house, Sam stated that he would leave as there was no possible hope of capturing the thief. But he insisted on the Major's keeping the blood-hounds a week longer.

"Well, Sam, I surely am sorry that you are going to leave but it does seem that there is nothing to be done."

Soon the horse was hitched up and Sam Sanders, with a negro boy driving, was on his way to Laurinburg.

"This is sufficeient now. I'll get out and walk the rest of the way, spoke the detective to his driver when they were within a mile of Laurinburg."

"Boss, Capum Major won't lack hit wen he heahs dat I didn't fetch you all de way."

"Here is a dollar. Tell the Capum nothing about it."

* * * * *

"What do you want?" snappishly asked the operator of a red-headed, sallow-faced, bowlegged, ragged, half-starved beggar.

"I'm 'bout dade. I wants ter send adder me brudder an' me father ter come an' take me home," answered the miserable looking man, as he fell in a heap on the floor, at the same time holding out his dirty, bony hand which held twenty-five cents.

"What do you want to say and where do you want to send it?" asked the operator in a milder voice.

"Mr. Heeter McKenzie, Ballmore. Come ter me and fetch Cally. I need yer now. Pink."

"It is strange how these tramps, though ignorant, can always remember where their people are," said the operator to himself while he elicked off a message about one-half as long as the one above. Limping and groaning the tramp left the room.

On Monday morning, as 38 slowed up for Laurinburg, two ill-dressed peddlers stepped off and joined another who was standing by the door of the waiting room. The three men, one bearing across his shoulder a cheese-cloth bundle, started down the railroad toward Maxton.

"I am afraid we will have to walk about ten miles as we must be seen only in these garments. And it would hardly seem proper for tramps to hire a conveyance," spoke the smallest man, whom we may say was none other than Sam Sanders.

"Oh that makes no difference. A little exercise will do us good," answered the tallest man, whose name was Hector McKenzie, of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and the man who came with him, James Callahan, of the same service.

"What sort of a job have you on hand now, Sam?" asked McKenzie.

"Heck, it is one of the strangest cases I have ever handled. About ten miles from here, out in the country, there is something being stolen almost every night. The hounds have failed on him entirely. The rascal will take anything from a pearl necklace to a dull pocketknife. We can turn off here as we are out of sight of the town. We shall follow this dirt road for about eight miles and then we will hit the woods."

"Where is your grip?" asked Callahan.

"This road will lead us right by it. I hid it under a log Saturday morning when I was coming out from the house where the necklace was stolen. We shall get us some dinner at a store about two miles from here. We must secure there

enough provisions to last us a few days while we are camping out. How do you like that, Cally?" asked Sanders, slapping his small companion on the shoulder.

"Well, I guess it will do. You are always leading me out on some wild-goose chase with no sense in it."

Soon Sanders secured his grip which he later stuffed with canned goods and crackers and the three men, on a hot and sultry July day, trudged up the dusty road, as typical a trio of peddlers as ever sold a red ribbon. Very few words passed between them as the time was spent mopping the perspiration from their brows with large red bandanna handkerchiefs. At twelve o'clock they seated themselves on the mossy bank of a clear, bubbling spring beneath the overspreading boughs of a giant red oak, and there partook, greedily, of a meal of cheese, crackers, and sardines. After a half an hour's rest and after taking another swig of the cool contents of the spring they resumed their sweaty voyage.

"Buy someding, buy someding, will you please?" spoke Sanders to a stately, dignified old gentleman whom they met riding in a rubber-tire buggy.

"I have no time for your trinkets," spoke the driver, as he slapped the reins upon the horse and hurried by.

"You are the biggest fool I ever saw, Sam," said McKenzie. "What could you have done if he had taken you up?"

"I knew he didn't want anything. His mind was employed with stolen necklaces. I spent a few days with him recently and I wanted to see if he would recognize my voice. His house is in the big oak grove over yonder. We'll turn off here toward the river."

The three men then made their way toward the river swamp. When they got near the run they found on an island, covered with thick undergrowth, an old shed which had formerly served as a mule-pen for some lumbermen.

"This will be our headquarters for awhile," said Sanders. "Now, Heck, if you and Cally will pick up some sticks for a fire—you know we must have us some good, hot coffee—I am going to prow around a little. I'll be in by sundown or a little after."

"Wouldn't it be safer for you to wait till dark to do your prowling?" asked Callahan.

"We shall have something else to do when night comes."

McKenzie and Callahan began to pick up dried limbs and leaves for making a fire, while Sanders, still in his peddler's garb, wound his way among the gallberry and huckleberry bushes toward the hill. When he left the woods he picked his way along the ditch bank which led up behind Major McLean's hog pasture. He then stealthily glided in the broom-straw alongside the rail fence until he nestled himself close behind one of the stables amidst a patch of jimson weeds. There he waited until the westward sinking sun cast long, unshapely shadows about him. Once a large boar ventured within a few feet of him, lifted two little beady eyes upon the human thing before him and with a loud "Boo, boo, boo-hoo" hurried away to join the other swine which were squealing frantically for supper. Then Sanders heard the hounds, which were in the stable next him, growl deeply, then let forth howls that could have been heard a mile, which was the sign that they were ready for their beef and blood.

"What you charging so about, Jerry, old boy?" said Major McLean, as he swung open the door and tossed into the stable a large hunk of beef.

"They are surely a fine-looking pair," said Graham McGugan, peering through the cracks. "Major, do you think the devil will take anything tonight?"

"I suppose so, Graham. You know Henry McNeill's watch was taken last night and Silas Smith's razor on Satur-

day night. It seems that he means to take something every night, and the mischief of it is, he is doing all his work in this neighborhood. And every single time the dogs lose him at the river, on the very same bank. Graham, you know me well enough to know that I am a good church member and that I have not lost one bit of my religion, but you know sometimes I am inclined to think that it is not a human being doing this stealing. If it is, why can't we catch him? I wish I had kept Sanders. Maybe he could do something."

"No he couldn't," said McGugan, as the two men walked out of the lot. "He knows no more about detective work than I do, begging your pardon for his being your friend."

The upper part of the red ball of fire could hardly be seen as Sanders crept along the fence worm to the ditch and started for the river swamp. In a few minutes he was with his two companions on the island, fighting mosquitoes and sipping hot, black coffee out of a tin cup.

"Will you tell me please, Sam, why you sent for me? Was it to follow up the trail of one of these bellowing bullfrogs or to sack mosquitoes for the Baltimore market?" asked McKenzie, while he gave his cheek a hard slap.

"A pretty reasonable question, Heck," replied Sanders with a loud laugh, at the same time murdering two mosquitoes which, with hind legs in the air, were trying to see which one could dig a well in his forehead the quicker. "This fire will soon drive away the mosquitoes and when we get through with our sardines and crackers I'll tell you what must be done."

Soon the supper was completed and the detectives went up the stream to the bank where the dogs had continually lost the trail. Sam began speaking in a whisper: "The thing doing the stealing jumps from this bank. Now I found out this evening that this work is going on every night, and it

may be that we shall not enjoy our mosquito lodge many days. Heck, you see that bunch of reeds on the other side of the stream? Among those reeds you will find the end of a log jutting up out of the water, and I want you to sit on that log. If you see anything jump from this bank here, you croak twice like a bullfrog. You are as good as ever, are you?"

"More rum, more rum," reechoed over the swamp, which was answered by a dozen bullfrogs from every direction.

"I see you still retain the art. Croak twice if you see something leap into the water and if it reappears croak once again and that will be the signal for us to start out after it. Heck, you know you have a passion for pulling triggers, but by all means, don't shoot. You know the chase is all the better when the game is caught alive."

"Now, Cally," spoke Sam to his smaller companion, "I want you to stay on this side of the run about two hundred yards down the stream. Hide yourself in that bunch of black gum bushes next the water. The people will not find you because they have searched every night and they know that there is no use in looking down there. If you see anything swimming down the stream give the alarm, and Heck and I will join you. You understand now? It is time we were stationed."

"Where will you be, Sam," asked Callahan, while he examined his revolver.

"I'll be in that cluster of gallberry bushes next the big pine, about five feet from that old cypress hull. Now go ahead."

As soon as the two men were stationed in their respective places, Sam concealed himself beside the pine, pulled from his pocket an electric lantern and looked at his watch. It was ten minutes past eight. The rising full moon had just

begun to glimmer faintly through the lower limbs of the cypress and the mud choir was in the midst of its matchless melodies. Far down the stream was heard a boisterous "Who, who, ha, who-who, ha whoo, aw," the sound of which had hardly died away when the shrill, loud cry of a wildcat, a half a mile up the stream, chilled the blood of the smaller animals. Dismally the time passed without a human sign to break the monotonous "si-i-i-ng" of the mosquitoes. Once a spring frog, in his heedless flight from a moccasin, hurled his cold form in the very face of Sanders. Sam could hear nothing of his comrades but he knew they were ready at their stands. He again looked at his watch. It was half-past eleven. "It is time something besides frogs were stirring," he muttered to himself, while he thought of McKenzie's position on a slippery log. "What's that?" From far away across the field came the deep, long howl of a hound. It sounded like Jerry's voice. Then the barks of two dogs were heard, gradually growing more distinct. Sanders took his revolver in one hand and the lantern in the other. The barking was plainer and it seemed that the dogs were heading straight for the river, yet no human sound could be heard. The hounds were within a quarter of a mile of the river and coming at full speed but it seemed that they were chasing the wind. The detective grew intense and raised himself upon his knees, yet nothing could he hear. The dogs were within two hundred yards of the river and yelping at every breath. Then "crash, crash, crash" something came tearing through the thick undergrowth. A dark form swiftly passed an opening.

"More rum, more rum, splash," came the signal from McKenzie and the sound of something hitting the water. The hounds, which were only a few yards behind, leaped in after their quarry, swam about in a circle until in a few minutes the swift current forced them to seek land.

"The same old thing," spoke Graham McGugan, who ran up panting for life. "Here are the dogs on the bank, but no sign of a thief. They are wet. They were surely pushing him close, for they hopped in after him." Then seven or eight other men came rushing up, each with a hat in one hand and a gun in the other.

"You got him, Sam?" asked one.

"No hell. Do you think we can catch the devil?"

"What did he take to-night?"

"Miss Sallie McLean's ring. The old Major is nearly crazy. You know that was Miss Sallie's engagement ring and she was to marry tomorrow. Major has gone to wire for that fool detective but there is no use in that."

The party then searched up and down the stream, one man passing through the clump of bushes in which Sanders was concealed so that the latter had to draw his foot under him to prevent the man's stumbling over his leg. The dogs, however, could not be forced away from the bank. After an hour's search the cursing, impatient crowd called the dogs, which they decided were worthless, and through the thick swamp stumbled their way toward the hill.

McKenzie, who was abusing himself for not having shot the thing when he saw it, was thoroughly disgusted with Sanders's plan as well as his position on the log. "I can swear that that thing didn't come back up. Is it possible that Sam is playing a joke on me? No. I guess Sam is spending the night finely, wrapped up in the blankets in that mule pen. Well, maybe I can live till daylight," he yawned, while he thought of Sam's influence in securing him a higher place.

Callahan was more patient. He lay still in his place on the water's edge among the blackgum bushes while his eyes were always peering in the direction of the glimmering, black surface, according to Sanders's directions.

As for Sanders, he had stretched himself out at full length—which was not far—and was contentedly smoking a cigar. On hearing a farm bell ring for four o'clock, just as a faint tinge of red appeared in the east, he threw his stub into a puddle of water and picked up his revolver and lantern as lazily as the farmer boy was at that time reaching for his trousers.

"Scratch, scratch, scratch," came from the hollow stump. Sanders, with his finger on the lantern button, rose silently to his feet and aimed his revolver in the direction of the sound. More rumaging was heard as if a bear were climbing up a hollow, and then a dark form projected itself above the stump. In another instant it was sliding noiselessly down the side.

"Hands up!" said Sanders, holding his revolver in one hand while the light from the lantern shot glaringly upon the pallid, frightened countenance of the nephew of Major MeLean. "Come on Heck. Come on Cally. We have no time to lose," spoke Sanders, while the pistol barrel still gaped in the face of the youth. In a few minutes McKenzie and Callahan were looking in amazement on the face of the bony human form.

"Now Harry," said Sam, "you slip down into your den and bring out everything you have there. If you don't bring everything we will send you to jail, but if you will be a good little man maybe everything will come out all right."

"I can't climb the stump," whimpered the boy, "but I can go in this way," pointing toward the water.

"All right. Go in that way," replied Sanders, while the three men accompanied the boy to the water's edge. With a light spring he plunged into the black liquid which closed over him with hardly a ripple.

"Sam, that boy is gone," spoke McKenzie impatiently. "You ought to have held him while you had him."

"He will be up in a minute. He is scared now and he will do anything I tell him."

Sure enough in a few minutes Harry Walters's head popped above the top of the stump and two pistols fell to the ground. Then he was gone for another haul. With a few turns Harry had dropped from the stump everything that had been stolen. These were then deposited in the pockets of the detectives, and the four, headed by Harry, started for the Major's house before the sun had yet shown himself above a clear, midsummer horizon. The party soon arrived safely at Major McLean's back door without any one's seeing them.

"What are you doing with these tramps, Harry?" asked the aristocratic Mrs. McLean, appearing in the door with swollen eyes. Sanders stepped to a bowl of water, washed off the paint, threw aside his peddler's costume and wig of red hair, and stood before the bewildered woman the same little black-eyed detective. McKenzie and Callahan, in the same way assumed their normal appearance.

"Now the quicker you show us into a room the better, Mrs. McLean," said Sanders.

"Surely, this way," spoke the astonished woman, as she led her unexpected guests into a large ante-bellum sitting room.

"Pardon me, Mrs. McLean, these are my friends of the service, Mr. McKenzie here, and Mr. Callahan. Now, if we can see the Major immediately. I'd like for him to be here."

You know he went to Laurinburg to wire for you, but he ought to have been back before now. You know Sallie's ring was stolen last night and—

"How is this?" spoke the Major, as he stalked into the room, pale and haggard from loss of sleep.

"I have just been to wire for you, Sam. Where on earth did you come from?"

"Oh I just happened up, Major. These are my friends, McKenzie and Callahan. Here are these things, (pulling out the stolen articles.) We had a right interesting job trying to get them." The Major's eyes were all aglow while his mouth was gaped in wonder.

"Sallie," screamed Mrs. McLean in rapture, "here is your necklace and your ring."

"Your nephew, Harry," went on the detective, "was the one who took the things. (The Major clinched his fist.) Now don't get excited because I think the matter will end O. K. We have every article that was stolen."

"Harry, did you steal those things?" asked the Major, trembling with anger. The boy looked into the face of his threatening uncle and uttered an idiotic giggle.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "but I was just doing it for fun. I liked to hear the dogs running after me. I was going to bring the things back some time pretty soon. I didn't want 'em." At this instant old Bull, the large brindle mastiff, slowly wagging his tail, walked up to the boy and rubbed against the latter's leg, as if to share in the blame.

"But," proceeded Sanders in his steady, gentle voice, "there is no reason why any one should know it. You can return these things and the owners will not be anxious to ask any questions so long as they have their property. As for Harry, he is not going to steal any more, are you, boy?" patting the penitent gently on his head.

"No, sir," replied the boy. "I didn't know it would cause so much trouble."

"Well, if this don't beat the world," said the Major, laughing until the tears gushed from his eyes. "But Harry, I will give you a good, sound thrashing for this, and if you ever do such a thing again I'll send you straight to the jail."

Miss Sallie then entered into the room and she too joined in the expression of wonder and joy.

"Sam, you are too good to live for saving our nephew and my family from disgrace. I can never repay you," burst forth the old Major. "Will you please tell me how you found out that it was Harry doing this stealing, and where on earth was he putting the things?"

"I shall have to leave here in a few minutes, Major, but if you will please send a negro with Mr. Callahan for our luggage down by the river, I will mention the main clues on which I worked."

"Surely," said the Major. In a few minutes Callahan and a negro had started for the mule pen camp.

"The first thing that made me suspect your nephew," began Sanders, "was that there was a noise made in the room where the necklace was stolen. No professional robber would have been knocking things off the bureau. Besides, the outside door was locked. The person doing the stealing knew enough about the house to get out some other way, or he possibly had a key. On last Friday evening when McGugan aroused us from supper, saying that something was stolen, Harry was not at home. You all thought he had gone to spend the night with some one. McGugan's pocketknife was stolen. What experienced rogue would take a pocket knife at the risk of his life? Then you remember your mastiff, which seemed to be a gentle dog, fought the hounds. Certainly, he didn't want his young master caught. All right now. Let's go on further. The next morning when we went to the river I noticed tracks on the bank. Then I saw what I considered the same track leading away from the cypress stump but not leading to it. You remember McGugan laughed at my fondness for tracks. Are you following me? I'll clear up things in a minute."

"Yes. Please don't stop," said Miss Sallie, while the others sat eagerly waiting to hear the solution of the mystery.

"I knew," continued the detective, "that no one could swim up that stream. I also knew that the thief did not swim down the stream or the dogs would have struck his trail. Besides this I knew that there was no place next the bank to hitch a boat. You remember, Major, that you told me of Harry's diving into that hole to bring up a fish that was tangled around a root. Very well. I came on to the house and found in the yard here a similar barefoot track which led from the cypress stump at the river. I then decided to pretend to leave, for I feared that if I stayed here the stealing would cease. I had your negro to turn around one mile this side of Laurinburg. I then went out into the woods and put on beggar's clothes, went on into Laurinburg and wired for these men, who went with me to the river yesterday afternoon."

"Was it you all that I met at the red oak spring the other day?" asked the attentive Major.

"Yes, and you remember I asked you to buy something. Now, as to where your nephew was hiding the things—for I was pretty sure it was he, and I warned McKenzie not to shoot when he leaped. I decided that when Harry dived down after the fish he noticed a cave leading up under the bank. You know you told me that Harry was a wharf rat in New York. At another time he dived up into the cave and got above the water and noticed light coming down through the stump. He would have died had it not been for the air coming through the stump. Thus the reason for the tracks leading from the stump. This was the boy's means of exit. I knew that he had to get air through the stump because if there had been cracks in the ground the hounds would have found him. Here is Callahan. We shall have to go."

"Sam, you are a marvelous man. It is all perfectly plain now. I hate to see you go. I can not pay you enough. I

meant to pay you when you left before but I was so confused that I did not know what I was doing. How about two thousand dollars?"

"Major, I hate to take a cent from you."

"Bosh man. Take this. It is too little, anyway. The necklace in itself is worth five thousand dollars," said the Major, handing to Sanders a check for two thousand dollars. Can't you and your friends wait over for dinner? You know Sallie is to marry to-day."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. McLean, "we never can do enough for you."

"I'll assure you that each of you will be as welcome as my maid of honor," said the beautiful, blushing young woman.

"But you see our work keeps us on the go," answered Sanders, looking at his watch. "We would all enjoy staying so much, but there are other duties awaiting us."

After many hearty handshakes the three men, with the blessing of the old Major upon them, leaped into a carriage which swayed around the garden on the Laurinburg road.

THE LITERARY PROSPECTS OF THE SOUTH

BY R. E. WALKER.

In so far as regards the production of a literature worthy of note, the entire English speaking world is to-day practically at a standstill. This lull in our literary activities may be regarded as the effect of an aggregation of causes,—circumstances united against the muses.

In the first place, we have apparently just completed one of the cycles in which literature, like other phases of civilization, moves. And now, we are pausing, as it were, to take a review of our past efforts.

Then, all the great sources of literature have been pretty thoroughly worked. In the realm of fiction, such themes as chivalry, the revolutions, the sea, the great racial struggles have received once for all a permanent form. In the world of verse, didactic poetry has perished for want of an audience. Some tell us that the world has produced its last great epic, and others claim that Shakespeare has exhausted the possibilities of dramatic verse. We feel that Wordsworth has brought to our consciousness for all time the spirit of nature, and we are told that the last sweet tones of love's silver bells have already been woven into our tender heart-lyrics.

And again, the industrial and materialistic tendencies of this age have dwarfed our imaginative powers and swept away our creative ability. They have infused into our nature a restless, hurrying disposition that would not admit of our pausing to hear even the song of Homer. And the spirit of these tendencies has lodged itself in the hearts of our men of letters, causing them to succumb to what has been so aptly called "the damnation of the pocketbook," and has thus choked literature in its very conception.

And now too, literature's most dreaded enemies, history and science, confront the man with the pen. The muse of poetry stands baffled over the microscope and flees in confusion from the glaring eyes of the muse of history. It is impossible for her to evolve from hard bare facts that which she has been accustomed to create only from "the tenuous mist of legend."

So as we review the literary efforts of our day, remembering the glories of past achievements, we complain:—

"Dark the shrine and dumb the fount of song thence welling." But we may not conclude that the English shrine and the English fount of song are dark and dumb forever. This is a transition period like that between Pope and the Lake Poets. The world, weary of old models and hackneyed themes, demands novel forms and unique subjects while the muses, exhausted by overproduction, are for the time being thwarted in their efforts by our growing industrial and scientific tendencies.

We are pausing, seemingly, in the presence of science and materialism to complete our adjustment to the new conditions which they impose and to get in hand the new materials which they place at our disposal. And when we shall have completed this adjustment, and shall have got in hand these new materials, and shall have acquired a clear conception of history and science, and our industrial and material successes in their vital relation to our civilization they will no longer be regarded as the enemies of literature but rather as great sources of literary activity.

Holding this view of our present day conditions as related to literary progress, we read in them indications of broader and richer literary attainments for the English speaking world than have yet been realized. And the industrial and material successes of America, together with her work in

science and general education, bid fair to put her in the lead of the English speaking peoples in this anticipated revival of letters. So the literary prospects of the South, relative to those of America and to those of the English world at large, are seen in the South's preparation for the coming renaissance as compared with the preparation of other sections of America. And of these sections only the North need be considered.

Between these two sections of our country, the North and the South, absolute harmony has never existed. They were settled by men of different temperaments, they developed different types of society, advocated different legislation and legislative methods, and produced a widely differing literature. And now, without discussing the decision of American critics, who give to Northern literature the preeminence, let us view our literary future in the light of the actual conditions.

There are, in the South, two great sources of future literary activity: our heroic past, and the tensions and complexities of our new life.

The story of our life and struggles in this southland abounds in sentiment and incident. The pale-face and the red man, the severe simplicity of early settler life, the master and the slave, the ardor of the short-lived Confederacy, the perils and humiliations of reconstruction, and our recent struggles to regain national recognition were elemental, human phases of life. Men fell on the field and in the forum fighting for the land they loved. And the struggle was long and varied. We braved the Indian in his wilderness; we lived in our colonial mansions like English lords; we watched, dumbly watched, amid smouldering ruins, our decimated armies return to lands passed into other hands and to polls controlled by another race. Few peoples have lived so fully

and lost so heavily, have struggled so heroically against such tremendous odds, have turned disaster into so great prosperity.

But these things are so far behind us now that already there begins to gather about our old life and our old struggles a legendary mist. And literature, that art which loves to evoke the spirit of a lost cause, will find within this mist many a happy theme.

But our themes are not all in the past. The new life upon which we are now entering is full of literary inspirations. The passing of our old social order, the rise of the masses, increasing population and growing cities, industrial prosperity, the development of material resources and the increase of wealth, decreasing illiteracy and the growing demand for reading matter, the conflicting tendencies of our many-sided life, and the repeated triumphs of science are conditions which, for the present, baffle the genius of literature. Yet out of these problems we hope for the coming of unique themes and novel forms when the past shall have buried them and we know them through a mist of legend.

The undeveloped literary resources of the North are comparatively meager considered with those of the South, but the North excels in the competitions and complexities of life. And if wealth, populous cities, learning, and industrial and material successes alone were to form the basis of our future literary activities, the literary prospects of the South were hardly worth considering. Because, in addition to the fact that literature loves wealth and the crowd, it is true that we of the South are primarily a race whose proper arena is in northern latitudes and that the Anglo-Saxon muses love the firesides and the leisure hours of the long winter nights of colder regions.

This undoubtedly gives the North the brighter prospects,

and we could feel our hopes fail were it not for a consideration of the aim of literature and the relative approximation of the literatures of the two sections to this aim.

Dr. Harris says that "a literary work of art reveals human nature by showing the growth of a feeling or sentiment first into a conviction and then into a deed" and that "the supreme task of literature is to show how human deeds come back to their doers." Be this the aim of literature, then the efforts of which section more nearly approximate it?

Northern writers concern themselves mainly with the reproving of evil deeds and the teaching of morals rather than with the impartial portrayal of the development of the good and the bad and the return of deeds to their doers. Southern authors have dared to write without moralizing and have, moreover touched human life and nature with a true and a sympathetic power not found elsewhere in America. And this touch is prerequisite to literary superiority.

Then, possessing this qualification; unhampered in our work by abnormally developed religious views; living a free, easy, happy life; and given the sources for development, may we not at least hope that it is granted to the South next to touch human life and the world of nature with a spark of divine fire?

AMID THE WOOD-CLEAR

BY ARTHUR D. GORE.

I.

Arise from your sleeping
And up to your task:
May morning is creeping
Dispelling night fast!
Untangle your reason
And cast out of view
The scenes of a season
That naught are to you.

For music of hounds
Disturbs the morn air
And joyfully sounds
Amid the wood-clear.

II.

The mists are ascending
And drift in cloud-chains
O'er woodlands far-blending
With beautiful plains;
And o'er the wild hedges
Enchanting to view,
Beyond the high ledges
All trickling with dew,

The music of hounds
Disturbs the still air
And joyfully sounds
Amid the wood-clear.

III.

Hooray for the chasing!
Three cheers to it now!
The chargers are racing
Around the hill's brow,
While panting and leaping
With all of its might,
The chased one is seeking
To hide with the night,

For yelping of hounds
Is greeting its ear,
And terribly sounds
Amid the wood-clear.

IV.

Not one of us idle,
No noise do we make:
We tighten the bridle
And breathlessly wait!
Each one of us eyeing
The fleeing one's trail
While skyward is flying
The rhythmical wail

Of bellowing hounds
Bestirring the air
With thunder-like sounds
Amid the wood-clear.

V.

In sight, it is nearing!
And checking our steed—
Without at all fearing—
We quicken our speed:

By bounding and climbing
We reach the high plain;
Then cocking and priming
We halt and take aim,

And bullet-swift hounds
Go splitting the air
While musket-shot sounds
Bestir the wood-clear.

VI.

And bleeding and dying
Its race is now run,
In death it is lying—
The victory is won!
“No more to awaken
To hear its death knell,
The game is o’ertaken!”
The hunters all yell.

The music of hounds
Has lulled on the air,
No more are the sounds
Amid the wood-clear.

OUR PHILIPPINE POLICY

BY C. D. CREASMAN.

It is thought and being taught by a few of our leading politicians that our actions toward the Philippines are unjust and contrary to the Constitution. The greatest harm of this doctrine is that it furnishes material, which when misconstrued by men of smaller caliber, gives a false conception of our purpose. If we listen to the reasoning of some of our peanut politicians who resort to almost any means to carry their point we may be led to believe that the policy of the United States in acquiring the Philippines was nothing more than a brutal exercising of force over a helpless people, in order to satisfy our mad thirst for revenge and enrich ourselves with the spoils of war.

An acquaintance with the diplomatic course of our government shows that it was the rescuing of a people from a tyranny of more than three centuries, and the placing around them of a safeguard against other powers who in time might have proven more severe. The blow that paralyzed Spanish despotism in Cuba broke the same power in the East Indies; and while it left Cuba surrounded by friends and able to work out her own salvation by their help, it left the Philippines with no protection, save that of their own arm. Could this have kept the greed of Eastern powers from devouring what remained of a long harassed and war-weakened people? A glance at their condition tells us that the idea is absurd. Long continued and fruitless struggles with the nation we so easily overcame had rendered them incapable of mustering an army that could protect them from the insurrections within, considering not the opposition without. Moreover, they knew not how to govern themselves any more than the Amer-



NORMAN R. WEBB,
Phi. Associate Editor.

ican negro when he was given his liberty. He was protected and made to know that his master's interest was his interest. The Filipino received no protection and was taught only submission to relentless cruelty.

The United States destroyed literally the government which, though it was their curse, was their guard against other curses; and in taking charge of the islands (in which transaction we violated not our own Constitution nor the law of nations) we gave to them a blessing and a defense at once.

Let us look at the condition in which we found these more than wretches, and compare it to their present condition and future prospects. In order that she might cut off all possibility of effectual revolt, Spain kept from them any learning which she might have given, and under the guise of a teacher placed among them the Catholic priest, whom the ignorance and superstitions of the Spanish people themselves had given almost kingly power. Imagine a people with ignorance and race inferiority their only heritage, their physical efforts to improve their condition ever curbed by a hostile army which constituted their government, and their only chance to ever become anything but savages in the hands of those whose interest it was to keep them such. This was but the foundation upon which was built a story of crimes which made the bloodthirsty Turk pause in attack upon civilization, turned the former friends of the usurper away with contempt and scorn, and finally led her to traverse the seas and boldly insult the western hemisphere.

It is not known what caused that Filipino to come into the American camp, heed not the command to halt and in his death open hostilities between the natives and their American allies; but one of our missionaries who is in a position to know said that the despotism of the priests and the tyrannical use of power by the officers, were alone responsible for the

rebellion. Men from the governor-general down sought government positions in order to make their fortunes, and it was commonly said that the governor who could not get a competency from his office in three years was a fool. The poor Filipino was taxed on everything imaginable, even to the eggs which his own hen laid. The governor monopolized the trade in their districts. They fixed their own purchasing price and with the same power their own selling price, making enormous profits. No conscience was shown by any officer in his rigorous exaction of taxes from the natives. He usually exacted taxes over and above the enormous amounts required by the greedy governors, and used them for personal ends. So completely were the people under the power of these men and so persistently were they pursued by the hard hand of tyranny, that only the unwritten records of the past could tell of the sufferings of the countless multitudes, who have lived and died in poverty in a land that literally flows with milk and honey. In this unholy triumvirate the priest joined his power to that of the governors and officers. By working upon the superstitious fears of the natives with threats of punishment, death, and condemnation to an eternal hell, they prevented many an outbreak; the poor wretches being either persuaded or forced to endure their affliction yet a little while. They were forced to pay enormous fees to the Catholic church at whose shrine they must worship.

There also they brought charms to keep away diseases, and on the doors of these holy temples were advertised permission to commit sin. Thus the priests lived on the fat of the land and the church paid the government a goodly sum. The fees of a single church in Manila were estimated at \$100,000 per annum. These priests were usually taken from the lowest ranks of society, and it is said and not denied, that their immorality could not be exaggerated. They hesitated not to

stoop to the lowest in their nature, and nothing could stand between them and the gratification of their lusts. These men could deny burial to any man whose friends could not satisfy them for conducting the funeral services, and I believe that had their overthrow been the only good resulting from our acquisition of the Philippines, we would have been justifiable before God and deserving of the praise of men. Their power was supreme and their unrestrained authority set up a government which has been rightly denominated "the greatest iniquity of modern times." Thus it was that we found them and in the confusion which followed the unhappy captives, ignorant of the real mission of those who hoisted the star-spangled banner, thought it a good opportunity to make one more desperate effort to burst their chains of oppression, and highly resolved to die the death of rebels rather than live any longer the life of degraded slaves.

When we got through with Spain in Cuba we could leave Cuba, but when we dragged the "scoundrel of the ages and the butcher of the centuries" so-called from the prostrate Philippines, the condition of the Philippines required the best attention, and we gave it to them. It is true that they are now under our jurisdiction and subjected to our laws, but who would wield the scepter if we did not? Do you say they themselves would do it? How could a country whose inhabitants are mostly savages and hostile tribes, among which not less than 30 languages are spoken, hope to maintain independence of the present powers of the earth? Only six cities in the entire archipelago are larger than Asheville, and there are more negroes in the South than natives in the islands. What kind of government would our negroes set up if you gave them a bunch of islands off the shore of some pagan country? Who among us is ignorant of the long struggle which followed the American revolution before we

were sure of our own existence as a nation? And we were united, united by a common sympathy and a cause holy before God; and with a high destiny ever before us the blood of the grandest people the sun ever smiled upon flowed freely for the noblest cause heaven ever defended. Were these poor wretches ever united? Yes. In what? In their righteous hatred for the enemy they might well fear worse than death. What else? An inherited and universal ignorance which made them strangers to their own welfare. Anything else? Very little more than that implies.

And yet there are those who would twist the constitution and try to make it appear that we have forgotten our own struggle for liberty. They dare tell us that we have no right to administer government unwillingly submitted to, and then they remind us that all men are created equal. Let me remind them that the framers of the Constitution which is so full of political equality, set apart a class of people as property, and even now, notwithstanding that the immortal Lincoln has immortalized the words, "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," in several sections of our country the representatives of that class have no voice in their government, because of their unqualifications. Who dares to face facts and say we deal unjustly with them? That very class of people owes what it is to its governors; and because we are civilizing them, which consummation their own history shows they never could have attained, the world, republic and imperial, is gratified and approves of our conduct toward them, and heaven methinks smiles upon the benefactors of a race.

Can any one show any country or section that has suffered because of American rule or influence? Look at the Fijis. Less than 50 years ago cannibalism was universal among them, and they had eaten three generations of missionaries.

Now 108,000 of the 121,000 population are churchgoers, and American and English missionaries have the credit of ridding the world of cannibalism. In its stead schools have been planted, and they now have a written language, which most of them can read.

How is it with the Hawaiians? Fifty years ago they were heathens, living in the grossest form of barbarism. Today they are civilized and christianized under the influence of American government and American religion, and they will be a monument to American munificence and American achievement

“ When the universe bends forward and eternity withholds,
While the stars review the grand and glorious work of human souls.”

Are not American ideas invading the whole of Europe, becoming a demonstration of their superiority and adding renewed luster to Anglo-Saxon civilization? What shall we say then against infusing them into the Philippines? Have we not an ethical right and is it not our duty to demand advancement? We ignored the rights of individuals and States once, and waged a civil war in behalf of an idea we believed to be an improvement and in defense of a bond held more sacred than liberty itself, because through it our liberty was secured; and although our hearts burn with sorrow when we think of the hard fate of the cause of the men in gray, still we rejoice because from its ruin has sprung a grander country than it ever could have been. Philippine ideas of government, (if indeed there be any) can not be in harmony with their best good. Is it not their own duty to supercede theirs with ours? This we have done and the following figures will show the result:

When we went to the islands only 10 per cent of the most highly civilized inhabitants spoke Spanish. Now more than 225,000 of them speak English, and our educators say that in five years more of them will know the English language

than were ever before united under one tongue. They are flocking to our schools and learning to love our teaching, and never before was the contentment theirs which they now enjoy.

We behold a people whose sufferings cover two hundred years of Spanish history before America was. We see them, not only freed, but protected in their liberty; and rejoicing because Spanish despotism is annihilated and the power of the Spanish priest is forever destroyed. We see them already beginning to occupy positions of trust in their government. A native police force is now on duty in some of the cities; and the American army stationed among them to preserve peace, will in time, give place to native officers. In short, we have brought order out of chaos and given barbarians a chance to become civilized. We have given them more liberty than their own uninterrupted, independent legislation could have gained in a generation.

What was our policy in acquiring the Philippines? Clearly their good and ours. Our policy toward them has never been changed, and the fact that we are now promoting their welfare, proves that we had their interest at heart from the beginning. As to our own interest, it is easy to see that possessions among the Eastern powers will demand their respect for us, and aid us in encircling the world with the blessings which always follow the American flag.

Should our policy in acquiring the Philippines be continued? In other words, should we aid in overthrowing despotism, lifting downtrodden man from under its stifling influence, and placing him where he can lend his energy to the world's progress? In the name of justice, equity, and mercy, I ask how shall we do otherwise?

McWINKHAM'S LAST CAMPAIGN

BY F. T. COLLINS.

Eric McWinkham had ridden hard all day and his horse was jaded and fretful. As he crossed Seven Creek Bridge he could see his antipodal shadow gliding silently over the pictured bridge below. Beside the water's edge rank "hurrah bushes" shot their leafy branches across the stream as if exchanging friendly greetings. Green-tufted and softly rounded hilltops poked themselves high above their surroundings as if bidding a farewell to the setting sun as it tinged the western sky. The traveler's peaceful journey was seldom disturbed as he followed the winding road except now and then by the hoarse hoot of an owl or muffled whistle of a quail. Sometimes a fuzzy-tailed squirrel would dart across the road and as quickly disappear among the bamboo vines and sweetbay bushes as it had emerged. The gentle breeze played among the earliest woodbine blossoms and set them nodding to the graceful movement of the rider, and at long intervals wafted to Eric's ear the distant thunder from a pale-fringed speck on the remote horizon. Its first rumblings were sufficient warning to Eric who showed signs of uneasiness by changing his position in the saddle and tightening the reins. As he jogged around the short curve in the road he saw his old friend Pink Dunean, who was also endeavoring to reach shelter before the cloud arose, for he was pacing alongside of his little speckled butt-headed ox, goading him incessantly with a long blackgum pole. Each recognized the other and saluted at nearly the same time.

"It's a-gwine to rain ain't it?" shouted Pink almost before he was in 'hollerin' distance."

"Think so," answered Eric at the top of his voice, "where you haulin' that spirits to—Roseland?"

"Yes; how's all de folks down your way?", Pink inquired as he reined his wiry-legged, serawny yearling to the right.

"Oh, all peart, thank you, how's yours?" Eric politely inquired.

"Bout lack common," Pink good-naturedly informed him. "Ye got any good 'backer? I'm out an wuz ject thinkin bout you; I knowed if I could ever run up wid you or Sam Stricklin I'd get as good as ever sprouted in a fence jamb."

"Yes, Pink, I have, but it's kind o' strong," said Eric as he pulled from his pocket a black home-made twist as big as a pint bottle.

Pink bent his flopped hat brim up from over his eyes, and biting off a big chew, said, "No matter bout that, I haint found the kind I couldn't chaw yit."

"Take the whole picee Pink, I've got a little matter I want to talk with you about when I come back," Eric said smilingly.

Pink thanked him, clucked to his yearling and soon disappeared around the bend.

Eric rode on with his head hung down chuckling to himself as he recalled the expression in Pink's big pewter-blue eyes as he bit the tobacco. But the tiny gold-rimmed peak thundered louder and Eric urged his nag into a lively canter, for he had six miles yet to go.

Another bend in the road brought in sight Alex. McKnight's plantation, a broad level field clothed with a green coat of sprouting wheat and oats, and pastures alive with big fat hogs and fine milk cows. Lambs and colts frisked skittishly about and sniffed the wind on seeing the passing stranger.

Alex. was outside the road unharnessing from the plow, and seeing his old friend, exclaimed, "Why, my sakes alive,

Erie, well I'm ever so glad to see you!—how's all—how's cousin Naney's and the childrens' health since you moved over the swamp?—drive on to the lot and let the boys feed your creetur."

Erie reined his horse up to the fence, propped his elbow on the pommel of the saddle and said, "No, Alex., I want to make it on down to Baxter's fore night and must be goin'; what d'ye think of the weather? Reekon it'll rain 'fore I git there?"

"Lack as not, Erie, eaze from the action of them yonder racks somethin's goin' to happen mighty quick," said Alex., as he drew a red handkerchief from his hat crown and mopped his sunburnt face.

"Ha, ha," Erie laughed as he sat flicking his keen whip among some tender dog-fennel sprouts, "I never knowed it to fail when any of you old Scotch fellers guessed at the weather; I'd lack mighty well to stop at the house an' sample some o' aunt Sally Gean's last makin' of simmern beer; I alers did think she and the gals could make some o' the best tastedest, to be shore, but I 'spose I better be hittin' the road—'I'll see you to-morrow."

As he turned to go, Alex. rested his big tanned arms on the top rail of the fence and halted him, "See here, Erie, some un told me tother day you wuz out fer the Legislatur, is there anything uv it?"

Erie jammed his eud of tobacco away down tight in his big jaws and scooted the brown juice clear across to the fence when the Legislature was mentioned.

"Well, yes; that's my business now, but bein' that I hain't much time I'll talk more about matters to-morrow if it'll suit you jest as well," said Erie as he left in a gallop down the lane.

A mile ahead was Reedy Run, a bold little stream and

much to be dreaded even in a dry time, and most especially now since the recent freshets among the mountains. Already the bridge was afloat beneath the murky swirls, and if it could have been discovered at close range, the thickening shadows of evening and the dull leaden-colored shades of the storm would have concealed the danger. Thus in great haste Eric plunged into the swift current. In a moment he discovered that his fatigued horse was overpowered by the swiftness of the water as it shot through the gulley where the bridge should have been. Down stream they both went. On and on they floated, each struggling for dear life. Eric became entangled in some vines and thick brambles and with great difficulty reached the bank uninjured. The poor animal floated and surged on away. Eric knew she was gone forever, and his heart grew fainter at every step as he slowly climbed the hill and groped his way back into the road. He had gone scarcely a hundred yards before up behind him came snorting and racing at full speed the terrified horse.

"Whoa, Nell—whoa!" Eric shouted in a most enticing tone, and strange to say, she knew his voice and whirled around and began pawing furiously.

Already big drops of rain were falling and the tall pines were bowing slowly to and fro before the coming gale. It was no trouble now for Eric to urge his nag into a swift pace, and in a few minutes he rode in sight of Colonel Spivey's old estate.

"Humph!" Eric exclaimed, "somebody livin' there, I see. That light looks mighty good; guess I better stop here an' wait for the cloud to pass over."

The Colonel was an aristocratic old gentleman and had been recognized as the wealthiest man in his county. The home was constructed after the ante-bellum style, very high set upon pillars, a big, broad chimney at each end of the house, and tall, massive posts supporting the porches.

Eric knew that for the last ten years no one had occupied the dilapidated old building, and was much surprised. As he rode up the broad lane he could see gayly dressed maidens and their beaux waltzing in the brightly illuminated hall to the soft-drawn strains of a familiar ditty, whose inspiring symphony caused Eric to stand upright in the saddle as his restive animal bowed her pretty neck and lightly pranced up to the gate. Throwing the bridle over the gate-post he walked cautiously to the wide open door and peered in at the whirling forms tripping on the "light fantastic toe" in perfect time with the faint and almost melancholy sounds of a fiddle. Nobody spoke while he gazed, no footfall was audible; they moved silently over the time-worn floor like the witches in Macbeth; nobody smiled; every one seemed to be performing some assigned task in that silent and mechanical way. Eric being himself once a professional dancer became enraptured by this rural gayety. His very soul was thrilled. His enthusiasm leaped out like a flame and at one mighty bound he sprang into their midst and began to shuffle to the rhythmic hum of the fiddler's stroke.

As quick as a flash the music ceased and all was darkness! The hearth showed no signs of fire nor the room signs of life. Everything inside was suggestive of death. The atmosphere was peculiar to itself, a mystic vapor, heavy and suffocating. The discoloration of ages begrimed the walls which at each succeeding moment seemed to draw closer about his trembling body. The storm raged; the dingy windows rattled and the blinds banged and slammed in the furious wind; the lightnings flashed; the thunders rolled, and the rain swished and beat upon the loose and mossy shingles overhead; the whole place filled Eric's soul with an insufferable awe. He could bear it no longer, and made a dive for the door, gave the knob an awful twist, only to find it locked. A moment of terrible

suspence passed, and then Eric heard the same luring and sweet notes of the fiddle in a distant part of the building. Groping his way to the opposite wall he carefully sprung the door ajar and peeped in, and there before him were the same strange figures dancing and whirling, which had so suddenly disappeared a minute before. Now for the first time Eric spoke.

"Hello in there!" he exclaimed, poking his big fat face slightly inside the lighted room.

At the sound of his voice the weir dancers vanished, darkness reigned again, and there Eric stood gazing blankly into the empty room. Then from the farthest corner of the room came the same sweet music. Presently it moved slowly towards the open door, and as the lightnings flashed, Eric could see a mystic form like that of a man. It passed out into the storm, and each moment the soft strains of music grew in melody so sweet that Eric became enchanted and involuntarily followed it. Soon he reached the edge of the clearing where stood three tall poplars forming a triangle. There the music ceased. Eric drew nearer and strained his eyes to see what there might be. A sudden flash as of fierce lightning, and the triangle was as light as day! In the center there was a long black box resembling a casket, and around it marched the same mysterious host. On seeing this Eric ambled back to where his horse was hitched as fast as his benumbed limbs would allow, mounted the half-frenzied animal and galloped away in the direction of Baxter's. Here he was welcomed heartily and given dry clothes. Scarcely had he seated himself before the pine-knot fire before little Sallie and Johnnie were each occupying a knee, and staring with their pretty blue eyes at uncle Eric as he drank cup after cup of steaming coffee which had been hastily prepared by the charming little hostess. Eric drained the fifth cup,

declaring that he hadn't tasted better coffee since the big snow and that already his nerves were much steadier.

"Your *nerves?*" queried Baxter.

"Yes," said Eric, "an' if you had seen what I have to-night you'd"—

"I thought something was wrong with you when you first walked in uncle Eric," Baxter's attentive little wife broke in, "and really aren't you a little sick? you look pale."

Eric hugged the two dear little tots closer and gave a long sigh, and then proceeded to relate his story, laying great stress on the impressiveness of the music which had the marvellous power of calming his fears even at the most critical moment.

When he had finished, Baxter touched him on the elbow and they excused themselves from the room. As they departed from the room Baxter was heard to say, "Eric there's money buried there, I thought it all the time, I'd like mighty well you'd show me them trees some time."

"Well I ain't the man to back out, an' if you say so we'll try our hand to-night," replied Eric enthusiastically.

"Good," exclaimed Baxter as he emptied the ashes from his old corncob pipe.

* * * * *

That was the last time Baxter's wife ever heard his voice, and Eric's friends whom he met on his way that evening, do not know until this day what he had to tell them, for neither of these two men has ever been heard of since.

A CALL TO DUTY

BY H. N. BLANCHARD.

"Surely she did not receive my letter, or the invitation either. What can be the matter? Shall I write her again?"

These were the words of John H. Knight, as he was bending over his table at twelve midnight, just one week before the Anniversary debate. John was the first debater from the Philomathesian Society. He had been memorizing his speech that night.

"No, I will wait another day, and now to bed," he said.

John was a studious ministerial senior, who appeared not to care much for society life; but whose chief delight was serving "Old Mother Philomathesia." But lately he had begun to realize he was soon to leave college, and the girl question with him was beginning to be a serious problem.

He invited one of his neighborhood girls, Carrie Love Dodd, the eldest daughter of Hon. James Y. Dodd, to be his guest at the Anniversary. Carrie was the same age as John, but she had completed her education two years ago. Carrie was a popular, attractive and accomplished girl. She and John were good friends, had exchanged pictures, and occasionally wrote to each other.

Two weeks had passed and no response to his invitation. Every mail he would walk to the post-office, ask the same question, "any mail?", and receive the same answer, "No."

The following day, John was walking the floor of his room saying quietly his speech. David Jones, his roommate, came rushing in.

"Any mail?", asked John.

"Two letters for you, and one post-marked Greensboro," David replied.

"At last!" John exclaimed, as he grasped the offered letters, tearing open the white envelope, and reading as follows:

GREENSBORO, N. C., February 7, 1872.

MY DEAR JOHN:—I have just returned from visiting in Virginia. As I would be in one place only a short while, I did not have my mail forwarded to me. So I have just received your letter. I know now you will forgive my delay in answering.

I have always wanted to visit Wake Forest, and I promised you to accept your first invitation; so look for me on the afternoon train, February 11th. I shall stop with my aunt, Mrs. R.

To think I am to hear you debate!

With best wishes that you will win the decision, and with delightful anticipations, I remain,

Sincerely your friend,

CARRIE LOVE.

The shoo-fly, on February 11th brought several visitors to old Wake Forest, and among them was Carrie Love Dodd. John walked with her through the campus, up Faculty avenue to the home of her friend. This seemed to him to be the happiest hour of his college life. He knew Carrie never looked prettier, and nothing could add to her beauty. And to think she was to hear him debate! Of course he would win. Why should he not?

On the following day the debate was won by the negative. John Henry Knight was the hero of the hour. All were congratulating him, but he soon sought out his friend.

"I am proud of you," said Carrie, "and not only I, but all Guilford County. You are my true knight."

"Thank you," he replied, "let us take a walk in the campus."

This young couple, with others, strolled through the campus, up Faculty avenue, and out by the cotton mill. All but John and Carrie by this time were returning to the campus. At the end of Faculty avenue they turned into Lover's lane.

"Why are you so silent, John?" asked Carrie.

John did not reply. By this time they were going down the steep road that winds its way around a rough hill across a weather worn bridge in the hollow. On the left was a wood of tall pines that furnished melancholy music for the two young people. Just then a snow bird, which was lost from his companions, flew across the path.

"Did you see that lonely bird?", John asked. "I," he continued, "am soon to be like it. Carrie, I have something to tell you. A month ago I supplied the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Ramesville. This is a large village church, has an elegant brick building, and furnishes a beautiful parsonage. The salary is twelve hundred dollars a year. Although the church prefers a married man, I have been asked to consider a call."

He paused, he was looking at the clouds that were collecting above the opposite hill.

"Are you going to accept?"

"I do not know," he replied, "I was thinking how lonely I would be. I—I was thinking of something else also."

By this time they had reached the bridge. Carrie mounted the railing, while John stood just in front of her, gazing into the clear stream below. Over in the western sky the sun was peeping through the willow, slowly sinking behind the hills.

"This is my throne," said Carrie, waving her soft white hand in the twilight.

"And I am your subject," said he.

"No," she said, "you are my knight."

"Carrie," said John, looking up, "I want to tell you I love you. That is why I am so serious. You know we are old friends. I have always admired you, but now I—I love you. Won't you go with me to Ramesville?"

"Why, John," she said, "of course we are good friends, but little did I expect this. Give me your pencil. I want to write this date on the bridge."

John ran his hand in his coat pocket for the pencil. Just then a letter fell on the bridge.

"This letter David gave me as I was on my way to the hall," said John, "and I have not had time to read it. Shall I now?"

"Yes, if you don't care, read it aloud," she said, and John read:

BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION,
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 11, 1872.

REV. J. H. KNIGHT, *Wake Forest, N. C.*

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I write you this to ask you to take charge of a mission field at Woodland. The Menhary Cotton Company of New York has established a large mill there, employing five hundred operatives.

We need a good man to organize a strong Baptist church, and believe you are the man for the place.

The Board will pay six hundred dollars (\$600.00) per year, and the church may raise two hundred dollars (\$200.00) or more.

I will see you in person to-morrow in regard to the work, as I shall attend the debate.

Yours truly,

Secretary of State Missions.

"What must I do?", he asked.

"Do your duty," was Carrie's reply.

"Will you go with me to either place?", he asked.

"John," she replied, "If you love me, prove your love.

That is all that I can say."

That night, John in his room alone had another debate. This time he was not working for the decision of the judges, but to get the consent of his mind to do his duty and God's will. He felt that his success in the ministry, his love for Christ, and the winning of a life partner were involved.

"If I go to Woodland," he asked himself, "would she go with me? I love her, and will prove it. But what satisfaction did she give me that she loved me? Yes, I will go to Ramesville."

The next day Carrie returned home, feeling that with all her proposals this of John Knight was the most unexpected and sincerest she had received. She too was having a great debate in her mind, but she did not let John know it. Nor did he tell of his decision.

Commencement came, and John H. Knight graduated with high honors. His parents were present to see him graduate, but Carrie could not come, as her sister was to be married the same week.

John went from college to his field. At first he had great success. The eloquent young preacher was popular with all the people of the community. He always had a good audience to hear him. He soon had his young people's work well organized, and the finances of the church in good condition. This was gratifying to the pastor, but he was worried because his membership was not increasing. He had preached evangelistic sermons, but the unsaved were not reached.

"Surely Carrie would come with him now," he thought. "Carrie was known for her leadership of young people, how glad she would be to become the wife of a pastor of such a church."

All the time John wrote regularly twice a week to her. He was determined to prove his love.

Having gotten things running smoothly at Ramesville, John ran up to Greensboro to tell his friend of his success. He felt confident that his trip would be a successful one. His was the feeling that a college ball team has just after defeating a university team, when it plays a "prep" school.

It was Thursday night? John and Carrie were alone in the parlor at "The Cedars," the home of the Dodds. A summer shower of rain was beating against the side windows of the room, but all was clear within.

"Carrie," said John, "do you recall your words on the bridge at Wake Forest, when we were alone in the twilight; when you said 'prove your love'?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I have all I could wish for but one thing. I have a good church in a progressive village. My success is sure. Won't you go with me?", he asked.

A silence followed. Both were looking into the empty fireplace. The drop, drop, drop of the rain off the house, may have prolonged the silence.

"John," said Carrie, "there is something else besides success that wins a woman's heart. Happiness is not a matter of fine clothes, large houses, and social standing. I have always wanted to help humanity. I thought once of going to the foreign field. But I can not leave mother to go across the waters. So I am going to teach, to become a missionary in the mill schools at home.

"John, you may think you love me, but I don't. I am glad that you are doing well in your work, but I can't go with you. I do not yet know that I love you enough to become your wife."

"Is there no hope?", he asked.

"I won't say there is no hope. But time alone will prove that," she answered in a low tense voice.

The clock on the mantel struck a clear ring to tell the hour 11.30. The clouds having passed over, stars were now shining in the heaven. John rose to go.

"Good-by, Carrie," said John extending his hand, "if you do not love me, I am a better man for having known you."

John went back to his room at the hotel, defeated and disappointed.

"Had he made a mistake?", he asked himself. "She must not have the confidence in me that she once had. Yes, she

may have gone with me if I had gone to Woodland. 'Do your duty'—these were her words. I am making a worldly success, but that is all. I have not had the conversions I expected. My heart burns to help save souls for Christ. I have failed. The trouble must be with me. What shall I do?"

He went to his window, threw open the blinds, and looking up to the sky, he, alone in his room, asked for forgiveness, and prayed for Divine counsel in what he should do. He wanted to do his duty, but now he felt sure that he had failed. Now, he saw his folly. By God's help, he then determined to go where duty called him, regardless of what man or woman thought.

Much to the surprise of the pastor, on returning to Ramesville, he found a letter from the Secretary of State Missions in his mail box. The letter, in brief, was to the effect that the preacher who had accepted the work at Woodland had not made much success, that he had resigned the work, and accepted a field which paid him more; and believing that Rev. J. H. Knight was the man for the place, asked him to reconsider a call to Woodland. Sunday, two weeks later, Rev. J. H. Knight, much to the surprise of all, told his people that he felt it was his duty to accept the call to Woodland. He, therefore, offered his resignation, to take effect within a month.

On reaching his new field, Rev. J. H. Knight met with difficulties on all sides. The church met in a store building fitted up for a house of worship. He was handicapped for leaders in church and Sunday School work, but he was bent on perfecting his organization, and within two months he had a fairly good church. He now put more time on his sermons, began visiting more, and also began doing more personal work with the one aim in view—to save souls for Christ.

His congregation continued to increase until people were turned away for lack of room. Plans were soon made to raise money for a brick building that would meet the demands. As the membership was of laboring people, when contributions for the building fund was being collected, the pastor's salary became less. So the pastor did not get much over the six hundred dollars paid by the board. John did not object to this, personally, but he was hoping soon to be in a financial position to ask Carrie Love Dodd to come and labor with him, for he believed that she was the one woman for him. Her rejection had made him love her all the more. She was by far a better girl than he thought her to be.

One Sunday, the young pastor was in his study alone. He was endeavoring to prepare himself for the morning service. Evidently he was worried. His text for the morning was Psalms 55:4, "My heart is sore pained within me." It may have been some recent adversity in the church work, or something else had suggested this text to the young preacher.

He was discouraged in not receiving an expected one thousand dollar gift to the building fund, and the people were not promptly meeting their pledges to missions and the building fund. Saturday, a week ago, John Robinson's big show gave two performances on the lot opposite the store used for his church. Much to the pastor's surprise and disappointment most of the village, including some of his reliable members and deacons, attended the show.

Was this the cause of his heartache, for the words of David in this case expressed the conditions of the pastor?

The preacher completed his outline, tried to offer in silence a prayer, closed his Bible, glanced at the clock on his desk and saw that the hand was nearing the hour of service. He then pulled out the top drawer of his desk to get some letters of a recent date. "Why doesn't she write to me?" he was saying.

"I know she is not sick, for only yesterday I saw in the Greensboro paper her name among others of those attending a reception at Mr. Young's home. If she wants to get mad, and play quit, because I object to her going with Bob Smith, while I never speak to a girl except in the capacity of a pastor, I don't care. But why do I say this? Yes,—I do care. Bob is an old friend of mine, but he is not worthy of her company. If she only knew him as I do.

"Yes, I will be contented. I will be patient like Job. I know all will be well in the end. If I do not realize my hopes, it may be for the best. But I must go to tell suffering humanity of the pains of man, and how, in hours of trial, 'to cast thy burden upon the Lord.'" And he left the study.

On reaching the church, he found an unusually large congregation awaiting him. As he walked down the single aisle, he noticed a visitor, an elderly man, well dressed, and with a striking appearance, by the side of the superintendent of the mills. As the hour of service had arrived, he did not make any inquiry as to the visitor. The crowd gave the preacher inspiration, and his sermon seemed to have the desired effect on the hearers.

At the close of the services, the pastor placed himself at the door, as was his custom, to shake hands with all in the house. He noticed the visitor and the superintendent remained until the congregation left.

On approaching the pastor, Superintendent Pruden said, "This is Mr. Wall, president of the Menhary Cotton Company, Rev. Mr. Knight."

"I have heard of you before," said Mr. Wall.

"Your letter," he continued, "regarding the appropriation of a thousand dollars to help build a suitable house of worship has been referred to me. As I was on my way back to New York, I stopped over to see you. We will give the

amount you asked for, and I will instruct our local treasurer to pay the amount. I enjoyed your sermon, and wish to thank you for your services to the operatives of the mill. I have made inquiries as to your salary, and realizing that you are not receiving enough pay. So I am going to request that fifty dollars each month be paid to the church treasurer for pastor's salary. Accept this, not as a gift to you, but to the church and to the cause you represent."

"I thank you most heartily. Now we can begin our building."

They left the church together.

The following week Rev. J. H. Knight was in Greensboro completing arrangements for the erection of the church building. The architect had designed a handsome building of brick with gray granite decorations. Sunday School rooms surrounded and opened into a large auditorium that was to be used for an assembly room. A long iron bar was to support the roof on the south side of the building. This side of the wall was to be taken out later, and then a rolling door placed here to open into the church-auditorium that was to be built on the adjacent lot when the congregation had grown to demand this.

As the city clock was striking three, this ambitious young pastor, behind one of Tatum & Taylor's handsome horses, was driving up the curved lane to "The Cedars."

In a few minutes Miss Carrie Love Dodd and he were on their way to the historic old battle-field of Guilford Court-House. The Rev. J. H. Knight proudly showed his friend the plans and drawings of his proposed church. He was glad to tell her how he was trying to do his duty.

They had reached the battle-ground and had driven down to the springs, known as Clyde Springs—named in honor of the brave officer who was mortally wounded near the springs. Here, on the grass in the shade they were alone.

"Shall I tell her my salary has been doubled?" thought John. "No, I will see if she loves me. If she does, she will be willing to make a sacrifice and go with me on a small salary."

Then, in person, he declared his love to her for the third time, this time more boldly than before.

It was a rare June day. In the tree above a mocking-bird was singing his love song to his mate in the honeysuckle that surrounded the spring-house. From across the flower and grass-covered meadow, near the lake, came the clear call, "Bob White, Bob White." Just then a hare came tripping by followed by his companion.

"Will you go with me?" he asked.

She cast her eyes to the ground, plucked a daisy and began playing with it. Then, looking at him in the eye, said:

"I will go with you anywhere."

"What more could you do or say?" said John Henry.

Their horse, who was standing hitched to a tree near by, realizing the hour for his supper had passed, neighed. The lovers looked up and saw the westward sinking sun had lately hid behind a clear spring horizon, and for a second time they return home after sunset. The rising full moon, appearing as a great ball of fire, had just begun to glimmer faintly through the lower limbs of the red oak, to give light to this happy couple, who were now entering upon a life of love and duty. The distance of six miles was soon covered, and it seemed sooner than it really was to the joyful pair.

Later, the following invitation was issued:

Mr. and Mrs. G. Y. Dodd
request the honor of your presence at the
marriage of their daughter,

Carrie Love,

to

The Rev. John Henry Knight,
at the "Cedars," on the twenty-fifth day of December,
eighteen hundred and seventy-four.

At home at Woodland, N. C., after January 1st.



C. D. CREASMAN,
Eu. Editor-in-Chief.

THE MISSING CHARM

BY H. F. PAGE.

When the great oak's pink-dashed silver fades
Into the soft, fresh green of May,
O, I love these brooks, these hills, these glades—
Full many a charm have they.

Here the dogwood spreads its snow-white tent
O'er the woodbine's crimson spray
And even the jasmine's far-blown scent
Comes on the lone wood way.

But one rare charm I have sought in vain,
And should I not find it to-day,
'Tis, O, in my heart to be home again,
And one sweet whiff of bay!

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF ABE DUCKABLE

BY ARTHUR D. GORE.

It was Saturday night and Abe looked dreamily down the "Ten-Mile" road toward home, nine miles away, where then, right then, his sweet, rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed wife was thinking of him and rejoicing that not another day would pass before she would see his good-natured face and hear his kind greeting again. The evening train had left Abe, and he must walk if he hoped to see home that night, for there was not a horse to be secured within a radius of five miles.

Abe ran his bony fingers through his rebellious locks and snapped his big blue eyes.

"Such a country, where everybody walks," he muttered.

"What's the trouble with you now?" inquired the cashier, "you must be"—

"Hush! can't you tell what's wrong with him?" chimed in the assistant.

"Ah—h ha—a," drolled out the cashier, "wants to go home."

Abe understood. He was an old joker himself, but since Kate had become his wife he had assumed a more dignified air, and slamming together his ledger lids he disappeared. The assistant and cashier were much alarmed at his prolonged absence, as a month passed and no news had been received from him.

One evening, while a number of us were exchanging remarks in regard to his abrupt departure, he walked into our midst. His first words of greeting were:

"Hello, boys, I heard that you all were somewhat chagrined at my conduct last month. Pardon me and I'll make an explanation."

"Oh, yes, yes, we were just expressing our need for you—we are so glad to see you again—take this chair—you spent the time very pleasantly we hope?" we all spoke in concert.

"Thanks," Abe politely replied, and proceeded in his peculiarly characteristic way:

"Boys, the holidays were lovely and I spent each minute joyfully, but oh, the night I left here was a rough one. As you well remember, it was the second Saturday evening in December; every star shone in all its brilliancy, and the Milky Way spanned the vaulted heavens like a mighty bridge across the universe. The leaf-strewn trees bowed their skeleton limbs slowly back and forth as if exchanging secrets. From the dense and bristling underbrush-shadows I fancied I could hear faint, mysterious sounds as I trudged along the 'Ten-Mile' road on my way home.

"There are but two buildings between here and Greyson's Landing: one is a widow's home; the other a church, around which there is a large graveyard. Since that night I have been informed that the elderly lady was industrious and had, by her miserly habits, accumulated much money. Becoming tired and thirsty, I stopped there for a drink. After having carefully observed the neat arrangement of things about the place, I sat down to rest on the porch. There the view was a pleasing one; the whole place looked as neat as a patent-leather shoe as the full-faced moon shined upon it through the orchard trees. I think the old mocking-bird admired the situation too, for now and then she would break out, 'see't, see't; p-r-e-t-ty, p-r-e-t-ty.'

The bird's song was the last I heard until an hour later. During that hour I dreamed that I was shipwrecked off the coast of Alaska and sent adrift in a small boat for ten days without food or drink. That when I reached the mainland

I killed a seal and cooked it on the bottom of my boat,— it is understod how much of that seal was left uneaten. Then I let out across that great barren and apparently endless tract of snow-covered land. Over great banks of snow, through wide erevices in mountains of ice I scrambled. The boiling and thundering ocean behind me, the seemingly insurmountable difficulties ahead of me, and the blinding snow-storm darkening the heavy air, all filled me with a feeling of terrible awe and hopelessness.

“To the right, and slanting down abruptly to the water’s edge, rose the most frightful and gigantic mass of ice and snow I had yet encountered. While planning to either evade or successsfully climb it, I saw a Chinese junk in full trim stealthily glide out from beneath this perpendicular wall and swiftly sail southward. I hailed it but received no reply. Spending breath in holloing to a Marxian farmer would have been as reasonable. Frantie over being so near, and yet so helpless, I plunged forward and headlong into the unmeasured depths of snow. I had not struggled more than five minutes before the foundation beneath and several feet around me sank, and in a moment’s time I was bumping alternately the rough protruding walls of a great crack in the mound of ice. However, I escaped serious injury and immediately began to survey my situation. I wandered around in much confusion and distress and was just beginning to realize that at last I had met death face to face, when I saw a small opening in the solid wall in front of me. Examining it carefully, I discovered that human hands had cut it, and that it was the door to an ice stairway which gave entrance to a broader opening. O heavens! what feelings filled my weary breast on seeing that one more step would place me within the walls of an apartment as beautiful as the palatial halls of an Eastern poten-

tate. After having slid down the slippery stairway, I stood trembling in every joint, admiring and scrutinizing the portraits of the world's great heroes who looked down complacently upon me from the gilded frames which adorned the beautifully tinted walls upon which they hung. The most elaborate carvings and expensive furnishings decorated every available nook. Glittering and costly ornaments of queer and artistic designs clustered here and there in tasteful arrangement; tapestries of purple and gold tinsel, and draperies of apparently inconceivable patterns curtained the doorways from room to room. Scattered over the rich velvety carpet was jewelry which would have done credit to the famous Egyptian queen who 'sat in a barge, like a burnished throne, burn'd on the water,' or would have charmed the eye of the beauty-loving King Ludwig. Diamonds heaped in careless piles like pebbles in a mountain stream twinkled like the Pleiades; embossed toilet articles decorated the massive and glossy mahogany tables; rare and precious gems, taken from the webbed hollows long ago plundered by Oriental sovereigns, dazzled me with their exquisite brilliancy. Alternating rows of emeralds and pearls arched every doorway and shone against the glistening icy walls like summer clouds flecked with gorgeously-tinted rainbows, as they etch with glory the evening sky. Each threshold was solid gold, studded artistically with tiger-eye and jasper settings. Antique chairs, made of woods from many climes, almost ragged by being so profusely carved, bulging high their mellow cushions, blocked the wide halls. Through the long passage I noiselessly crept, and sliding aside the lazy folds of silk curtains, I entered what I judged to be the dining-room. Silver dishes blankly stared through the glass front of the gold-lined china closet, and cut-glass bottles gaped their wide mouths at me. The ebon-legged, marble-topped dining table vied with its delicately figured cover in

making the delicious viands placed upon them look appetizing.

"Here my attention was diverted from the cooking apartment, or I would have visited it, for, judging from the cookery, the matron must have been as sweet as Hamlet's fair Ophelia. Retracing my steps, I soon secured a large basket, made of silver slats, in which already were several fine gold watches. With this in one hand I lost no time in filling it with necklaces, gold rings, diamonds and the like. Then tramping through those which I could not take, I 'earnestly implored the gods' to set me free. In each new apartment I beheld some strange ticking and buzzing instrument. While looking at them in wonderment, I was startled by the most delicate strains of music, which I fancied would have made 'Orpheus heave his head from golden slumber on a bed of heaped Elysian flowers' or have brought to David's memory the day he played his lyre to angry Saul. Voices tuned like some unearthly choir, sang songs extolling the heroic deeds of men. A moment passed; the music ceased, and the trembling, uncertain tramp of my tired feet echoed loud and long a grating dissonance. Sweet perfumes wafted along like fragrant odors from some neighboring hill-side. Then bands of airy human forms flitting their vapory wings and glistening robes passed along in silence like feathery multitudes fleeing from winter.

"These excessively joyous scenes vanished and my ecstatic frame of mind changed to terror at the scene which followed. A great rolling, hissing mass of snakes came writhing and snapping toward me with unwavering aim. I turned and fled, leaving my gathered treasures, and burst into an entirely different apartment from any I had yet seen. There, nothing but the loathsome and vile met my gaze; yellow skulls

and hollow eye sockets crowning stacks of human bones crossed high, returned my vacant stare, and cauldrons boiling and running over with human blood bubbled my funeral song. I again made a dash for some new opening, but too late. The strong arm of a Chinaman encircled my waist with its relentless grip. I fought and struggled with all my might and was succeeding somewhat slowly in entangling him, when I felt a peculiar sensation from head to foot as if given a full-length blow.

"I had rolled off the porch.

The mischievous cashier winked at the assistant and said, "Abe, you were drunk."

Abe shook his head as a denial and said, "Boys, the dream's bad enough, but the racket in that hut would have made the devil scramble—blamed if it wouldn't!"

"The most pitiful moaning and grunting and distressful mutterings met my ear when I awoke. It sounded as if the distressed one were undergoing the most cruel torture. I sprang to my feet and rushed to the door only to find it locked. At once I began to rap and bang away like splitting rails. No response came. Then I tried calling, a thing in which I always claimed to be well accomplished, having taken lessons down on the river swamp calling hogs every evening. This was of no avail. Thereupon I combined the two, producing a noise not unlike an Indian war-dance. The muttering within grew louder, the old spinning wheel hummed, chairs tumbled about, rats scampered and squeaked, doors and blinds rattled, pots and kettles clanked, the roof crackled like a burning cane-brake, everything seemed to be in an upstir.

"'Hello there,' came a gruff voice from the road.

"I replied, 'Hello, what you want?'

"'What in the fury are you banging and bellerin' around here at this late hour for?' came the savage reply.

"Without restraining my high-pitched voice I said:

" 'See here, what's the matter with this place? Tell me, isn't this place haunted? "

"The stranger leaped from his saddle and laughing gruffly, said:

" 'Why, man, the old creatur's been dead over two weeks what lived here. I dug her grave myself. How long have you been here at this house? "

" 'An hour,' I informed him.

" 'Speet she got kind o' ashy caze you foolin' aroun' here so long. The old soul said if anybody come a-foolin' 'bout her diggins she'd put 'em to movin', an that mighty quiek; I reekin that's what got her so rackety all of a sudden,' the stranger explained.

" 'By jove, she's welcome to her old rags and spinnin' wheels, I'm sure I don't want them,' I blurted.

"The words had scarcely been spoken when a snow-white, monstrous-looking thing came galloping out of the yard making more noise than a sack full of tom-cats!

" 'Great heavens!' I shouted, and quick as a flash I was heeling it down the road toward home. In the opposite direction I could hear the hoofs of my stranger's horse going, ehe-paekup, ehe-paekup like an army parade. The more I ran the more I became frightened, and when I thought of the old church-house and graveyard, an awful, ereepy, fainty spell possessed me. My hat got lighter and lighter. By the time I reached the church grounds my upright hair had nearly unhatted me.

"The vacant glaring windows and tall, white tombstones seemed to wiuk and bow at me as I passed, stepping as lightly as the wolf, whose howl's his watch. Just as I reached the last corner of the graveyard palings a white something suddenly rose up and spoke in a low, sweet, feminine voice:

" 'Abe, where have you been so long? "

"'Nowhere!' I shouted, breaking out at full speed down the road.

"Right behind me the thing came, yelling between every breath, 'O Abe, O Abe!'

"I ran faster and faster, and involuntarily resolved to halt only when necessary, and to heed not the voice of any living creature. Oh, I tell you, I crossed the land! The wind at every stride I made buzz-z-z-zed. The road parted right and left, and the ground shot behind me like a broad revolving belt. Everything whirled—I whirled—whirled head foremost into a big ditch over three feet deep in muddy water. Before I could ascertain at what place I ached most, whether I was standing on my head or my feet, the yelling ghost had overtaken me. Right around my neck it put its arms. I don't remember what it said, for right then and there my consciousness absolutely refused to longer abide with me.

"The first I heard upon reviving were these words of Kate:

"'O Abe,—boo-hoo—what upon earth's got—boo-hoo—into you to-night?—do please don't die—I wasn't trying to frighten—boo-hoo—you; I was uneasy about you—you-oo-oo—and had gone to meet you—do, do p-p-please forgive me.'

"Looking up, and feeling the warm tears as they trickled from her deep, brown eyes, I said, 'Kate, it's all my fault.'"

THE DREAM OF FUTURE YEARS

BY H. T. HUNTER.

The writer of Exodus has left us a picture matchless in its beauty and sublime in its lessons to mankind. Upon the background of the Arabian Wilderness his inspired pen traces a marching multitude who, though for forty years accomplishing nothing, are still pushing forward to the goal of their ambition. Each life is thrilled with the glory and grandeur of a great hope—each heart and soul stirred and throbbing from the impulse of a vast dream—a dream of what life is to be in the Land of Promise.

This experience of the Children of Israel is typical of that of every life which has made its mark in human history. Individual destiny is guided and determined more or less by a dream; and every onward step of the human race, every golden triumph, as well as every somber, tragic failure, marks the force, the extent and the nature of somebody's dream. Let me say that I speak not of those shadowy visions that haunt the pillow at night; they are but the passing phantasies of a half-conscious brain. I speak of those visions which come to the man who dares look into the future and mark out his own life's career. To such a one there will come dreams which have a wonderful shaping influence upon his life.

At first, when he peers into the maze of coming years, he may see for himself certain failure; he may see a future of disappointments, a future shrouded in obscure darkness. But let him remember that the astronomer who first turns his telescope toward the stars sees nothing but a blank circle in the blue dome of heaven; but looking steadfastly he soon sees a star, another, another, until by and by the entire army of God's wheeling orbs seems to have swept into view. And thus

it is that as the telescope of imagination sweeps above the dark landscape of the future, it reveals to us shining stars of hope and promise that are hidden to him who lacks this gift of the gods—the power to foresee, the capacity to dream.

Our visions do not mock us. They are evidences of things to be, the foregleams of possible realities. Indeed, philosophers tell us that the dreams of to-day are the realities of to-morrow. The child lives in dreamland. It creates a world of its own, crowns itself as king, and plays with the castles it builds. It never ceases to dream; the childish fancy, undergoing changes of course, becomes the ideal of the man, and he still yearns to occupy that sphere toward which the prophetic finger of childhood pointed him.

It was this keen, prophetic insight that enabled the obscure Kentucky boy to look beyond the confines of rags and poverty to the royal road of triumphant statesmanship. And as I see that ragged boy sleeping yonder on a pillow of leaves in a bare loft, as I see the giant arm of the young man plying the ax and maul to the splitting timber, as I behold the coming statesman walking in his homespun a hundred miles to the Illinois legislature, I imagine I see floating above the pathway of "Honest Abe" Lincoln the vision of the White House like a silver cloud guiding him on to his destiny. This dream ended not at the White House, but like the giant, stalwart "rail-splitter," reached out and clasped the American Nation in its arms, and blessed it with a benediction.

Christ Himself was denounced as a dreamer, but His whole life was a prophecy, a dream of the coming man, the coming civilization. He saw beyond the burlesque of the man God intended, beyond the deformed, weak, deficient, imperfect man heredity had made, to the perfect ideal man, the image of Divinity.

It is impossible to calculate the power of a dream upon human lives. Think of the horrible experiences through which men have gone in prisons and dungeons for their dreams, dreams which were destined to lift the world from savagery and emancipate man from drudgery. The very dreams for which Galileo and other great scientists were imprisoned and persecuted were recognized sciences only a few generations later. Galileo's dream gave us a new heaven and a new earth. The dreams of Confucius, of Buddha, of Socrates, have become realities in millions of human lives.

But you say you believe in destiny. I would not underestimate the extent to which the hand of Omnipotence guides in human affairs; but does not all history proclaim that man is the architect of his own fortune? No man ever achieved anything worthy of his manhood who with folded arms waited for the gifts of destiny to be showered at his feet. He must catch a glimpse of his future, plan for it, and work toward it with all his powers, or his life will but add another dark page to the dark record of failures.

That man who professed himself to be the child of Destiny declared also that "Imagination rules the world." Napoleon was rather the father of Destiny, as he appeared to be its complete master. Napoleon was a dreamer: he mapped out for himself a course of triumphant conquests, and this vast and mighty dream hewed congenial states asunder, wheeled his fiery chariots around tottering thrones and crumbling empires, and came near crowning him—that daring French dreamer—as the sovereign dictator in the kingdom of the human family.

At the dawn of the 16th century, we see a poor, German musician struggling to make real an immense dream. Like a revelation from above it had flashed upon his young conscience that for Leo X to exercise absolute temporal and spir-

itual sovereignty was a shame, a mockery, a travesty of the eternal truth of the Bible. This dream brought him face to face with a Roman pontiff before whom kings and lords had trembled; and yet he stood, a defiant conqueror, and never gave an inch until he had snatched the nations of Northern Europe, as babes, from the foul lap of Catholicism. Thank God for Martin Luther's dream—a dream which has materialized in benedictions to mankind too vast to comprehend.

What does the world not owe to its dreamers? Are they not the advance guard of civilization, the ones who with bent back and sweating brow, pave the way along which mankind marches? Look about you and ask yourselves, who are the authors of these achievements of the 20th century? Is it the cold, practical, unimaginative men who see nothing beyond the narrow limits of their own day? The question answers itself. The present age is but the sum total of the dreaming of the ages that have gone before—the dream of the past made real.

The South has had grand and prophetic dreams. When we remember the somber tragedy of the '60's that buried our fathers on the battle-field, and left our mothers mantled in the black shroud of despair, we can but marvel at its tremendous growth. The secret is in its men and women: they were part of a race which does not gaze eternally backward like China, who believes her golden age is in the past, but turns her face forward with undaunted courage, trusting in a higher civilization to come. They were men and women about whom no clouds can gather so dark and thick as to blot out their faith in the future.

I hear you say, the dream of future years is visionary, impractical, never to be realized. Perhaps it is true; perhaps the true ideal is beyond human grasp. Indeed, it may elude us like the end of the rainbow, but following it, we cross

vales, ascend slopes, and climb mountains over boulder and crag, but ever mounting toward the stars; and after all, would it not be better to feast at the mountain's summit on empty dreams than to perish in the valley on stern facts?

We stand at the gateway of the future. Whether we will or no, Time continues to usher us into the unseen mysteries of to-morrow. From the fated road no man can turn; and as we pause upon the threshold of the unrevealed ages before us, does not some fairy hand lift the sable shroud that veils the future and point out a golden pathway upon which you are to tread? If so, it is time for courageous action; the vision is given for a Divine purpose; and remember, that no man who is not fired to action by his dream, who does not yield himself to it, and bare his breast to the future with all its dangers, like David to Goliath, is destined to see his air castles pass away as did the gorgeous palaces of Prospero's dream; while, on the other hand, the men who, with faith in their dreams, are pushing forward to make them real, are the ones who, "while their companions sleep" are mounting upward in the night upon the golden stairs which Tennyson declares, "Slope through darkness up to God."

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

BY EDWARD B. JENKINS.

It was a cold, bleak afternoon in December about sunset. My companion and I had spent the day indoors and consequently I agreed when he suggested that we go for a ride, as I was desirous of seeing the many old familiar places where we had played when boys. We had returned from college to spend the holidays at home, and naturally we could enjoy anything that would direct our minds from school work to pleasure.

So we boarded a car for the city park, and in a short time were there. No attractions were going on at this time and we soon were ready to return. Our car was late and we decided we would walk across the river bridge and kill time until it came. After we had crossed the bridge the car did not put in its appearance and we grew impatient and started up the railroad track towards the city. On we went chatting, little noticing the darkness that was fast coming on. Down the river we heard a freight train blow for the station. We knew that we could not get across the railroad bridge before the train caught up with us, so we sat down and waited for it to pass. On it came, but not at a very great speed as it was heavy loaded and a long one. As it passed we saw a man beating his way between two cars and my companion said to me:

"There goes a tramp on that train."

By this time it had grown quite dark and we proceeded on our way. As we were about to cross the railroad bridge a man rose up and approached us.

"There is our tramp," said my friend in a whisper to me as the unknown man came up and joined us.

At this juncture my friend peered into his face which was

covered with dirt and coal soot; and at first I thought he was a negro, but on closer inspection he proved to be a white man. "Why, hello Tom Higgins, old boy," said my friend, shaking his hand vigorously; what are you doing here?"

"Just came in on that freight from Bluefield," answered Tom.

"This is Jenkins, Tom, do you remember him," said my chum introducing me.

"Yes," he said, as he took my hand mechanically.

We both were very much surprised to see this man whom we had not seen in eight years. In boyhood days he was the bully of the community; and both my chum and I had been subjected to his unkind treatment.

"I lost my coat this morning just as we left Bluefield," added Tom and am beginning to get cold."

His teeth began to chatter and for the first time we discovered that he was without a coat.

"Well, I am sorry for you pal, here's a bit to get you something to eat," said my chum.

"And here's another, I added," putting a quarter in his hand.

"Much obliged, fellows, I am very hungry as I haven't had a bite to eat since early this morning."

By this time we had reached the station.

"Now you go and wash up and get something to eat and we will go up town and see if we can't get a coat for you," I said, as we stopped.

He went into a small restaurant and washed his face and satisfied his hunger. At length he returned and with a grin and said:

"I have had a square meal, the first one in about two weeks."

"Well, we are glad you did, let us take this car uptown," said my chum.

"No," he said instantly, "I am afraid to get on the car as I might be recognized. You fellows perhaps did not know that there was a warrant out for me here. It was sworn out about a year ago, and I am afraid if the cops see me they will pull me."

"Well we will walk up town then, Tom," I said, as we started on our way.

"Now, Tom, tell us about yourself and what you have been doing all these years," said my chum to him.

"Well, fellows, I have been living hard most of the time. Have been bumming around the country on freight trains and any way I could. I have been as far North as Maryland and as far South as Alabama. I have been in eleven States, I think," he said, stopping, looking up the street as if to proceed no farther.

"You get up against it sometimes," I remarked, "don't you Tom?", as we continued our journey.

"Yes, sir"; he said, and one case I remember very well. It was in Alabama, about six months ago. A fellow and I had been trying all day to bum some bread but without success. My chum said we had to find some way to get something to eat and he hit upon a plan. He said we would play deaf and dumb. So we went to a house and he went up and knocked at the door. He left me at the gate as I was inexperienced in his methods. Soon the door was opened by a lady and he began to make motions indicating that he was deaf and dumb. The lady looked down at me and said:

"Are you deaf and dumb too?"

"Yes, man," I said before I thought, and at that she made at my friend with an umbrella.

"We ran up the street and heard her ringing the 'phone for the police, but we made our escape."

By this time we had reached the public square.

II.

"Fellows, I want to go to see Katherine before I leave town, but I haven't a coat."

"Who is Katherine?" we ventured to ask.

"Oh she is a girl friend of mine living down Main street.

"Well, Tom, I will lend you my coat if you will promise to return it to me here at the city library at nine o'clock. I have an overcoat and I won't get cold," I said, giving him my coat and putting back on my overcoat.

"I hate to take it," said Tom, "but I do want to see Katherine as I have not seen her in a year."

"We will walk down with you and then come back to the library where we will wait for you," said my chum as we started down the street.

"Here is where she lives," he said, as we stopped in front of a neat cottage.

He went up and rang the door bell. The door soon opened and in the lamp light we saw a girl not yet twenty.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?" said Tom, as he held out his hand.

"Well, Tom, have you —," we heard her say as the door closed.

We went back up street and made our way to the city library to spend the time in reading. When we entered, my chum took off his overcoat and I started to do likewise, but remembered that I was without my coat.

"Suppose you take off your overcoat, it is warm in here," said my chum, trying to hide his laughter.

"No, thanks," I said, "with a smile," I am going out soon."

Nine o'clock came and Tom did not return as he had promised. Nine-thirty and still he did not show up.

"I bet you never see your coat again," said my chum.

"That fellow knows how to skin people and he needed a coat, so he just worked on your sympathy."

"But he will come back," I said, at the same time feeling that my coat was gone.

Again and again I looked at my watch and now it was ten o'clock. Going to the window I saw Tom going up the street on the opposite side.

"There he goes," I said, taking my hat and rushing out with my chum after me.

Up the street we went after him and just before we caught up with him I called to him several times. But he did not seem to hear me and continued his way through the crowd. I thought, perhaps, he did not hear me, so I went up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder. He jumped aside and continued to walk faster up the street.

"I told you he meant to beat you out of your coat," said my friend at my side.

"No he wont," I said at once, for I was beginning to get hot. Hastening my steps I got in front of him.

"Where are you going, Tom, I demanded in as harsh tones as I could speak, the library is not this far up the street."

He stopped and looked at me with a vague expression, and then said:

"Oh, this is you, Jinks, I forgot to stop at the library." In fact I did not know exactly where I was."

"What is the matter with you, Tom?" I said, noticing that he was moody.

"Oh, nothing—yes that girl—well, fellows, I might as well tell you. I loved her but have wandered around the country and have written her but few times. Now she is going to be married. You understand—oh I just hate it and yet it is good enough for me. I can't blame her, I suppose the fellow will take care of her."

III.

By this time it was ten-thirty and a strong wind was blowing from the north intermingled with snow and rain.

"Let's go around on this back street and I'll give you your coat," said Tom, as he made his way to a back street. "I am afraid a cop will get me if I stand around here."

So we followed him into the back street, still wondering if he meant to give us the slip.

"Now, old boy, we hate to see you without a coat this cold bad weather," said my chum.

"Yes, I have to go away to-night on a freight to Norton," said Tom, as he shivered in the cold, for he had given me my coat.

"You wait here and I'll go and get you a coat," said my chum, and off he went to a clothing store.

"Let's get back out of the light, said Tom, there is a cop on the other side."

So we slipped back into a doorway in the dark, all this while his teeth were chattering and I felt sorry for him. This fellow with whom I had played, gone to school with, and even fought with in boyhood days, this fellow who had thrown away the opportunities of his life was now a tramp, an out-east from society. Very soon my chum returned to the street but not seeing us gave a whistle and I answered him. He gave Tom a coat and bade him try it on. It fitted fairly well.

"Tom, old fellow, we must go home," and so I'll tell you good-bye."

"Good-bye, fellows, I can't express my thanks to you for this coat," he said, buttoning it up.

So we shook hands with him and he went out into that dark, cold, stormy night, and I have never seen him since.

A DEFENSE OF SUPERSTITIONS

BY ROGER P. McCUTCHEON.

Superstitions have been universally ridiculed and condemned. Innumerable articles have been written to disclose their fallacies. "Thirteen Clubs" have been formed for the sole purpose of violating every possible superstition. Superstitions have been censured as relics of barbarism; they have been derided as the height of folly. Truly they have been unmercifully treated on all sides.

But superstitions do not deserve such treatment; they have been criticised unjustly. The observance of superstitions, in spite of its universal condemnation, is both rational and expedient. An examination of some of the best known superstitions will serve to prove the foregoing statement.

Consider first those superstitions which tell how to act in order to avert calamity, or to insure happiness:—that is, "positive" superstitions. There is an old superstition among the Russians which gives directions for breaking up famines. When a famine strikes a village, human sacrifices are offered to appease the angry spirits. This certainly appears to be a rational method of getting rid of famines. The greater the number of sacrifices, the more food for the survivors, a most excellent and expedient method.

Another superstition gives directions for averting disaster when salt is spilled accidentally. We are told in such cases to throw a pinch of salt over our left shoulder. This would probably work best in crowded restaurants. The fellow who got the salt down his back or in his eye would have misfortune enough for everybody in the room.

We see another example of the beneficial work of positive superstition in averting misfortune in the old rule of touching

wood when in danger. This superstition is particularly rational and especially expedient when the danger is from drowning. In fact, most people in such situations would touch the biggest piece of wood in sight, and would hang on to it with both hands.

Four-leaved clovers are said to bring good fortune to the finder, and reasonably so. Any one who can hunt around in the grass, on his knees, for a four-leaved clover, will surely amount to something. Patient, persevering workers will always be comparatively successful, so no wonder the four-leaved clover brings luck.

The left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit is a sure charm for happiness, when carried in the hip-pocket. This would seem to apply especially to humorists. Imagine a humorist facing a stormy audience. He pulls out his handkerchief to relieve his feelings, and accidentally jerks out the rabbit's foot also. Would not that break the ice, and thereby bring happiness?

Jumping out of bed on the right side is another positive way to avoid disaster. This particular superstition appeals to me strongly, for I have tried it. One morning, when I was still half-asleep and the breakfast bell had rung twice, I bounced out of bed on the left side, and bounced up against a rough wall. I am therefore positive that trouble will stay away from me if I get out of bed on the right side. I know it; for it cost me a skinned nose to find it out.

If a person is absent-minded enough to put on some article of clothing wrong side out, and strong-minded enough to keep it so all day, he is in for good fortune. Personally, I have never yet been so absent-minded as to put on my overcoat, or even my hat, inside out. This is doubtless due, however, to the fact that absent-mindedness is a characteristic of genius.

Many people deny that picking up scraps of iron will bring good luck, and further condemn this practice because of its Catholic origin. However, it seems very reasonable. If a person forms the habit of picking up little bits of iron, he will surely never neglect any gold that may be scattered around.

So upon examination we find that many of our positive superstitions are reasonable, and, indeed, useful and profitable. "Negative" superstitions, those which tell how *not* to act in order to avert calamity or insure happiness, are just as sensible and equally as expedient.

Take, for instance, the old superstition, about walking under ladders. Misfortune was sure to follow when we walked under ladders. Some scoffers deny the effectiveness of this superstition, but it seems entirely reasonable. Imagine some non-superstitious person going down street and willfully walking under all the ladders he sees. Very likely on ladder number one somebody is painting, and a refreshing shower of paint falls on everything below. On ladder number two a hod-carrier may be climbing up. Holes have been thoughtfully provided through which the laborer may spit. The holes are also large enough to let some stray bricks fall through. On ladder number three a small boy is washing windows with a liberal rubber hose. On ladder number four a bill-sticker is at work, wielding with uncertain swoop a large brush dripping with thick yellow-gray paste. Now, will any non-superstitious man put on a new suit, walk under these ladders, and return unconverted?

Crossing knives and forks, and passing the wine the wrong way will bring misfortune to the doer thereof. Some people, members of "Thirteen Clubs," profess not to believe in such superstitions. But if such people would cross knives and forks, and pass the wine the wrong way, they would surely

have uncomfortable dinners, which are enormous misfortunes.

To break a mirror insures bad luck for seven years. One of my uncles once broke his old aunt's best mirror with a tennis ball, and in consequence was left out of her will. He got nearly fourteen years bad luck for his disregard of superstitions.

The sailors have a superstitious dread of women on a sailing vessel. They claim that women passengers, especially if they have cats with them, will surely bring bad fortune. Surely every one will readily admit that it is decidedly unfortunate to be cooped up on a sailing vessel with women who travel with cats. Such women will bring enough misfortune on dry land; small wonder that sailors dread them.

Many people believe that it is unlucky for a black cat to cross one's path. Just why the superstition is limited to *black* cats is truly inexplicable. Almost any cat, irrespective of color, might bring misfortune if it got too close to its victim. A person might be very easily thrown down by a cat, if he chanced to step on it. And then think of the profanity!

Even the horrible vampire superstition serves one exceedingly useful purpose. The vampire bat is supposed to live by sucking blood from peoples' big toes. When North Carolina was "wet" many a man went to bed with his shoes on merely to escape being bled by a vampire.

So we see that superstitions have been wrongfully abused in past times. They are founded on fact; based on experience. Superstitions are rational and expedient, sensible and useful. Their influence is for good; their results are highly beneficial. Hence it follows that all of us ought to be superstitious; if we can't be superstitious, let's be as superstitious as we can, anyhow.

CURRENT COMMENT

E. W. S.

The People's Colleges

During this month the high schools of the State are having their closing exercises. Only a small per cent of the pupils will proceed to enter the colleges or the universities. Here their education ends. There are thousands of boys and girls in these schools. From these schools they will enter the ranks of life and join the great army of citizens. Most of the schools are in the country and the pupils will remain in the country. The influence of these schools is incalculable. That community is fortunate that has a high school. Such a school will revolutionize a community; it can convert the most besotted neighborhood into a law-abiding, moral community. There is probably no better missionary work done in the State than the establishment of such a school. There are communities now in North Carolina that will be saved only by such means.

The pride and interest that the people feel in schools is refreshing and stimulating. Great crowds will attend the closing exercises, the boys will speak, the girls will recite, the medals will be awarded, and the band will play. The declamations will be old, old as "Patrick Henry, Horatius at the Bridge, Regulus, and Spartacus. But some things are never too old to be good. Every schoolboy ought to be required to memorize Patrick Henry's famous speech. It is patriotism set on fire; it thrills the soul of the boy, and stimulates a love of country. The school can and does teach patriotism, teaches it early in life when lasting impressions are made.

The high school teachers are doing a wonderful amount of good. They have a rare opportunity; they are in a position

to select the choicest spirits and determine life-motives. Most conversions occur at sixteen. This age is a critical time, a time when morality most needs the support of religion, when budding life needs to be handled with greatest care, and young ambition needs guidance and sympathy. May these colleges of the people grow strong and prosper.

College Spirit All college magazines urge the importance of cultivating college spirit; ways and means are devised to stimulate, but it is a plant that will not grow by artificial processes. The spirit includes college pride, loyalty and a willingness to forego personal comfort for the general good. This spirit has existed in a very strong form at Wake Forest, but in one respect only. The literary societies have always had the strongest loyalty and support; no other department of college life is comparable to it. The societies have never complained of lack of support and loyalty.

Basketball follows closely after the societies. It has more support and sympathy than any of the other forms of athletics. There is no need to urge the men to support it, to attend the games, or to back up the team.

The key to the difficult problem of creating college spirit may be found in the management and conduct of these organizations. The societies meet weekly for debate throughout the year; each class has its contests; the men contend with each other throughout the year; they are always in training. The good speakers in the Freshman Class are early recognized, frequent opportunities are given them to speak and they are encouraged to do so. Till recently there has been no intercollegiate debate. These debates did not create the spirit, the spirit created them. These intercollegiate con-

tests create the greatest enthusiasm because the men have been "thinking on these things" all through the year. These occasions are not spurts. Men train for four years that they may win the coveted honor of representing Wake Forest in public; it is an honor more coveted than all the medals, and to be victorious is more desirable than a diploma. The secret of all lies in the incessant, rigorous debating practiced in the halls.

The enthusiasm in basketball has been generated through class organizations. The classes begin to work in the early fall; the director of the gymnasium gives each class his individual attention; class pride is stimulated; the men play together and cultivate an *esprit de corps*. Consequently when the class games are played great enthusiasm prevails. It is not difficult afterwards to select the college team; the resources are abundant; there is a large number of men already trained for the position. They know the game and are interested.

The conclusion from these two illustrations is that college spirit grows and is cultivated at home. To win in intercollegiate contests it must be grown in interclass contests; to make creditable performances in public there must be many performances at home. Its growth is natural, not artificial; it is nurtured within the college, not without; it will manifest itself in public only when it has been practiced and cultivated in college.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. D. CREASMAN, Editor

The Decline of the Literary Spirit A great deal has been said, true and false, about the greatness of our literary societies, and much emphasis has been laid upon the importance of their work in the past. There is seldom if ever too much importance attached to this kind of work by any institution, and it seems just now that our danger at Wake Forest is from the opposite extreme of estimation. Certain it is that not as much attention is being given to this kind of work now as formerly. It is by no means encouraging to notice the decline of interest which has become so general within the last two or three years.

Four years ago it was not uncommon to hear discussions in our society halls by numbers of men who had made careful and extensive preparation, many of them going to the trouble of carefully writing and thoroughly memorizing their speeches. The meetings of the societies were attended by a great majority of the students, and in addition to the more intensive interest of those who took active part in the weekly discussions, there was a much wider and more general interest manifested by the entire membership of the societies. Often the discussions were of such a nature as to demand absolute attention and the hour would be late before any one thought of being tired.

There was also a deeper appreciation of the efforts of those who worked than is now manifested. This was evidenced by respectful attention even when the speaker was not inspiring it by enthusiasm or a well-written and forceful speech. It was no doubt caused in a large measure by a degree of society pride which seems now to be at a low ebb. This pride led to a strong support of every interest of the societies. Even the election of internal officers was the occasion of intense interest and activity to the great majority of the members, and in spite of considerable manipulation on the part of those who had earned the name of politicians the best men were usually chosen for most of the offices.

Extending itself beyond internal affairs this pride was seen to best advantage in the choosing of Anniversary speakers and other public officers. To say that more interest was manifested in the choosing of men for these positions formerly than at present is undoubtedly to speak the truth, and to say that there was more regard for these positions on the part of those who sought them than is noticeable now is perhaps equally true.

In short, there has been a decline in the interest which was once taken in the work of our literary societies and which must again be renewed if these societies are to maintain their position and usefulness in the life of the college. The results of this decline of interest are not hard to point out. A single visit to either of the society halls would reveal many of them. There seems to be very little interest taken in the debates by those who participate in them. Often men simply stand on their feet and say words long enough to keep from being fined. Others more gifted depend on the inspiration of the moment to give them something to say and make very little preparation. Sometimes not one man in five who are on for duty will be present and all told there will not be a quorum at a meeting. Those who are present seem to have

little interest in the proceedings of the meeting and no respect for law and order. The program is hurriedly gone through with and society adjourns before nine o'clock.

It would be difficult to say how much remains of our society pride. There is certainly not a great deal of it being demonstrated by our actions. Our politicians have become our champions, and they neither gain nor lose favor through their ability or inability to speak, or by virtue of the work they do in the societies. The most popular man among us is the man who can create the most fun, and the most prominent feature of society transactions is the head of wit and humor.

These are hard facts plainly spoken. No one can deny that there is less and less of the literary spirit in our college life and that the societies are being subordinated more and more. Various explanations of this fact have been offered. The invasion of the spirit of athletics has been suggested as a probable cause for the general decline of literary interests. This may have had its influence, but athletics were here four years ago. The increased amount of work imposed by the faculty has also been mentioned as having its influence on society work. This could hardly be the cause of the apathy toward the societies, for the faculty have always worked us hard and their work fits into the society work rather than forms a hindrance to it. The general absorption of a large number of men in other branches of study the pursuit of which they do not think requires attainment in public speaking is another hypothesis explanatory of the decline of interest in this kind of work.

But whatever may be the cause or causes of this decline it is a fact to be deplored. Dr. Lynch says that the center of gravity at Wake Forest is in the head and not in other parts of the anatomy. The center of interest has been in our

literary societies in the past, and it must continue to be there if we are to maintain our prestige in the arena of debate. Wake Forest can not afford to let these societies deteriorate, and yet they *have* deteriorated. At the celebration of our recent victory over Davidson College one of our debaters told us of the imperative importance of enthusiasm in speaking; yet our enthusiasm for our literary societies is sadly impaired. The fame of the college has rested largely on these societies, yet their future is not assured.

Something must be done. Next fall will be the time to do it. It is hardly likely that internal imperfections are in any special degree responsible for the difficulty in maintaining the high standard once held by our societies, but a few internal changes might help the present situation. We would suggest two, which, if they can not be of any benefit, can certainly do no harm:

First, let the ordinary meetings of the societies be open. We do not see what can be the advantage of holding these meetings secretly. There is nothing but a debate going on in either hall and the character of these debates could not be injured by allowing visitors from the Hill and from the opposite societies to attend them. This opportunity would not always be used, but often men from one society who were on the Friday night section would visit the opposite society on Saturday night. This would not only stimulate the speakers to do their best, but it would inspire the spirit of rivalry between the societies and make the members of each society work hard to excel. It would ~~also~~ be a check on bad behavior and give a decided impetus to society pride.

The second suggestion is involved in the first; namely, that the names of the internal officers be made public. Again, we do not see any advantage in keeping the names of these men secret, while to make them public would certainly in-

crease the honor attached to the internal offices and tend to make men covet them more and do more to deserve them. To be president of one of the societies is one of the highest honors which the student body has to dispose of, and there is no reason why this honor should not be made known to everybody and added to the list of honors put down to a man's credit in the *Howler*.

But these are only suggestions, and whether they are acted upon or not is immaterial. The thing that must be done some way is to renew the general interest and create a new enthusiasm in society work. This must be done next fall, for the longer it is put off the more difficult will become its performance. Now the greater part of the present student body will be back next fall, and upon them will devolve this duty. And upon every man who will return we would impress the imperative obligation of doing all in his power to revive the society work, and if every man who returns will fulfill his whole duty a new era will begin in literary circles with the opening of the fall term.

Randolph-Macon and Davidson are to be met next year, and other colleges in the coming years. We *must maintain* the record of the college, and to do so we *must give* the literary societies our hearty support.

**Greensboro
Hospitality**

Is there as royal a place anywhere else on earth? Our debaters who defeated Davidson College in Greensboro on Monday night, April the 12th, would doubtless answer the question in the negative. We hardly know what to say about the queenly hospitality of the "Gate City" toward our boys, but an abundance of superlatives would be necessary to express their opinion and appreciation of it.

It might express something of our regard for Greensboro,



H. W. BALDWIN, JR.,
En. Associate Editor.

in view of her lavish welcome to our representatives, to say that if a bill were brought before the student body just now to remove the capital to that city it would receive unanimous support. Our boys say that their entertainment was beyond description. They were met by the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who placed himself at their service and spared no time, pains or expense in making their reception royal. Of course the Davidson representatives shared this reception. Greensboro, as a whole, did her utmost to give these contestants an old-time Southern welcome, and her effort could hardly be surpassed by any other city in the land. The cup which she offered for the winner, two best out of three, is a thing of beauty and will be a joy forever to the institution to which the arbitrament of debate shall finally award it.

After the whole city had given herself up to the entertainment of our boys and their opponents, they were given an informal reception at the First Baptist Church.

The debate was eventful for Wake Forest. Greensboro was not well acquainted with our methods and the quality of our work, but our boys won the eternal admiration and recognition—to say nothing of what is more, the friendship—of this one of the prettiest, best situated, most prosperous and most hopeful of all our Southern cities.

The Arch Five years ago Professor Carlyle suggested that the senior class erect an arch at the main entrance to the campus which should bear the name of the college, the date of the class, and the words, "Pro Christo et Humanitate." It is perhaps due to his suggestion and through his tireless efforts that the present senior class is now erecting an arch which will be a landmark of beauty and a memorial of service. It will indeed make a fitting entrance to our beautiful campus. It will ever call

to mind the class which has other distinctions than being the largest class in the history of the college.

The arch is made of hewn stone. Across its front is written WAKE FOREST COLLEGE. Underneath this inscription is the college seal, and below the seal is the college motto, PRO HUMANITATE. The arch will be presented to the college at the coming commencement with fitting ceremonies. We present it with our love to our Alma Mater.

The College Seal

It is hardly known why the college should have gone so long without a seal. We are all glad to know that at last one has been adopted. It would have been difficult to obtain a better one. It was recommended to the Board of Trustees by Dr. Charles E. Taylor and Dr. Poteat. It was drawn by Miss Ida B. Poteat, of the Chair of Art at the Baptist University for Women. We quote the following explanation of the seal, taken from the Bulletin:

"On this shield in the center are a monogram of the first two letters (XP—Chi and Rho—it is possible to make out all the letters) of *Christos*, the Greek form of Christ, and the Greek Alpha and Omega. The rays of light issuing from the monogram suggest that Christ is the light of the world, and that Wake Forest College is an agent of its dissemination. "Pro Humanitate"—for the benefit of mankind."

Hereafter the seal will appear on the STUDENT.

Summer in the Country

To one who never spent a summer away from the city with its buzz and hum, and especially to the city-bred student who has spent the last nine months here in hard work, there can be no better advice given than to spend the coming summer in the country.

The city has its parks and its various places of amuse-

ment and refreshment, but only those who know have the least idea how far inferior they are to the delights of the country. What can the ice cream parlor offer that can compare with a saucer of strawberries gathered from a sunny hillside and mixed with sugar and cream? What street car ride or boat ride on the lake at the park deserves comparison with a straw rido through the hills, or a trip across the old mill-pond in a canoe? What fruit stand can offer fruit as delicious as that plucked from its native boughs, or what *café* can substitute the wholesome meal that graces the rural board?

Health and strength are the natural products of country life, and even a short stay in the lap of Nature's nurse has been the means of giving anew the vigor of life to many an overworked son of the city and many an exhausted student. The story of Nature's wonderful work in repairing the book-worn and weakened student is no patent medicine story. The land made fragrant with violets in May, delicious with strawberries in June, lazy with the buzz of the bumble bee in August, busy with the harvest in September, and merry with the overbubbling life of youth and the delights of healthful old age all the time, is no quack doctor, offering a false king-cure-all; but a real physician, holding forth life's genuine elixir. To those who have found life a burden because of disease, the woodland hills are singing:

"Come my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."

Spend this summer in the country if you can.

Adieu

Our adieu is short. We have done the best we could. To those who come after us we tender our best wishes and sympathy.

"Here's to Wake Forest, a glass of the finest."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. W. BALDWIN, Jr., Editor

—'88. Hon. Claude Kitchin, representing the Second Congressional District, made March 30th a notable speech in the House of Representatives in opposition to the Payne Tariff bill. He stood alone among his North Carolina colleagues against the duty on lumber. The correspondent of the *Charlotte Observer* says of it:

"Far and away the best speech of this Congress was made by Representative Claude Kitchin this afternoon. It was able, clear-cut, and entertaining from first to last. Newspaper men and members of the House concede him first place. * * * Every man who interrupted him was bowled over. Fordney of Michigan, Graham of Pennsylvania, Miller of Kansas, and others went down under his fire. His readiness, his good-natured manner, and his assurance made him formidable. At the close of Mr. Kitchin's remarks, which continued through two hours, Democrats and Republicans congratulated him. Judge DeArmond, of Missouri, said that it was one of the ablest speeches made in Congress in a number of years, and that seems to be the consensus of opinion. It required courage to do what Mr. Kitchin has done. He stands alone in his own delegation for free lumber."

—'98. The North Carolina Legislature of 1909 provided formally for the perpetuation of the memory of John Charles McNeill. It incorporated the John Charles McNeill Memorial Society for the perpetuation of his intellectual and social advancement of the community which gave him birth. The incorporators are: T. M. Watson, Capt. Duncan McNeill, A. A. McMillan, John L. Livingston, D. W. L. Smith, E. F.

Murray and D. K. McRae, of Scotland County; E. B. Gresham, of Charlotte; Rev. Plato T. Durham, of Concord; R. C. Lawrence, of Lumberton; Prof. B. F. Sledd, of Wake Forest; Clarence H. Poe, of Raleigh; Archibald Johnson, of Thomasville, and Archibald Henderson, of Chapel Hill.

—'06. Mr. Liston Jackson, of Dillon, S. C., is a third-year student of law in Columbia University. His address is 148 West 125th street, New York City. It will be remembered that Mr. Jackson won the Orator's medal of his Senior Class.

—'89-91. Hon. Herbert Floyd Seawell, of Carthage, received the notable distinction of being appointed by President Roosevelt to be Federal Judge of the Eastern District to succeed the late Judge Purnell. The appointment was not confirmed by the Senate.

—'71-3. Mr. Charles Oscar Riddick was found dead in his room at the Atlantic Hotel, Norfolk, Va., March ----, 1909. He was born in Gates County, N. C., August 6, 1853. After the death of his father, Wiley G. Riddick, he engaged in the real estate business in Norfolk. At the time of his death he was a retired cotton broker of that city. He was never married. He is said to have had a passion for educating poor young men and women. The statement is well borne out by his will, which, after making provision for various objects and individuals, directs that the remainder of the estate be divided between the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, N. C., and a sanitarium for children on the coast of Virginia. The value of the estate is not as yet known.

—'84. Dr. Ivey Goodman Riddick, late of Youngsville, has been appointed by Governor Kitchin physician to the State Prison, and will take up his residence accordingly in the city of Raleigh. Dr. Riddick took his professional degree at the Bellevue Medical College, New York, in 1886.

—'96. Rev. William Jasper Howell, after his graduation from Wake Forest College, took his theological course in the Rochester Theological Seminary, and a graduate course in the University of Chicago. During the spring months he has been supplying important pulpits in the South, among them the Ponce De Leon Avenue Baptist Church and the First Baptist Church of Atlanta.

—'08. Rev. J. T. Byrum is pastor of the Baptist Church at Ramseur, N. C., and of other churches in the vicinity. He came down to Greensboro to attend the debate with Davidson College.

—'07. Mr. D. G. Brummett has located in Oxford, N. C., to practice law. Mr. Brummett is one of the most prominent attorneys of the city and was recently elected over several opposing candidates to serve as Mayor of Oxford. We congratulate him on his success.

—'08. Mr. Benj. Sorghee is on the Hill in the interest of the Purity Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, securing representatives to travel for this house during the summer. We are glad to hear of Mr. Sorghee's success in this admirable work.

—'92. Mr. E. T. Barnes is a prominent business man of Wilson. Among other interests there, he is Cashier of one of the largest banks.

—'85. Mr. W. C. Allen has charge of the Waynesville Public School, which, under his management, is one of the best in Western Carolina.

CLIPPINGS

NORMAN R. WEBB, Editor

GENEROUS.—“She’s awfully generous.”

“What does she give away?”

“All the secrets she knows.”

GREAT MAGNIFIERS.—He—“These glasses give me a very intellectual appearance, don’t you think?”

She—“Yes. Aren’t they powerful.”

THE THEORY.—The single eyeglass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.

A REQUEST.—A parent who evidently disapproved of corporal punishment wrote the teacher:

“Dear Miss: Don’t hit our Johnnie. We never do it at home except in self-defense.”

STILL BLEEDING.—“I had supposed until yesterday, doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past.”

“And so they are, but what changes your mind?”

“The bill you sent me.”

THE TACTFUL HUSBAND.—“How did you cure your wife of chattering so much?”

“I told her that when her lips were closed they formed a perfect Cupid’s bow.”

MIGHT HAVE MISSED THE LAST.—“I suppose you have read Shakespeare’s works?” said the young man from the East.

“Yes, all of them,” replied Miss Fitz, of St. Louis, “that is, unless he has written something within the past year.”

ON FRIENDLY TERMS.—“You and Jones seem to be great friends.”

“Yes, I married his second wife and he my fourth.”

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.—“Will father be an angel?” asked the little boy. “He’s got whiskers, and angels don’t have any.”

“Well,” replied the grandmother, “your father may get there, but it will be by a close shave.”

ADVICE.—“You’s got to put a certain amount of dependence on yohsef,” said Uncle Eben. “De man dat goes aroun’ lookin’ foh too much advise is liable to find hisself in de position of the gemman dat gits so interested readin’ de timetable dat he misses his train.”

FORESIGHT.—Foresight is where we are able to blunder into success without looking surprised.

THE SLUMBERS OF THE BROOK.—The poetical young man with soulful eyes was walking with his matter-of-fact brother by the brook-side.

“How the stream tosses in its slumber!” he exclaimed.

“Yes,” answered his brother, and you would, too, if your bed was full of stones.”

BEST WISHES.—“What do you think?” exclaimed the theatrical star, proudly, “They are going to name a new cigar after me.”

“Well,” rejoiced the manager, “here’s hoping it will draw better than you do.”

HOPEFUL.—Hiram—“Was yer house damaged by that there cyclone?” Ike—“Dunno. I hain’t found it yet.”

A RELIEF.—“So you’re a butcher now?”

“Yes,” exclaimed the former dry goods clerk, “the ladies don’t try to match spare ribs or steak.”

THE TALLY.—“What are those notches in your gun?” asked the flirt, who was visiting the ranch.

“They represent men,” replied Cactus Sim, “who thought they wuz smarter than I wuz.”

“A good idea! I’ll have to notch my parasol handle.”

TOO LATE.—Husband—“When I am gone, and that will be soon, you must marry again, dearest.”

Wife—“No, Edward; no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that.”

FRESHMAN MATHEMATICS.—Freshey—“Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?”

“There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman.”

NO DOUBT OF IT.—The Powder Manufacturer—"Faney, old Bill of all people, going into the gunpowder shed with a lighted candle. I should have thought that that would be the last thing he'd do."

The Workman—"Which, properly speakin', it were, sir."

WHEN DIPLOMACY FAILED.—"Young man, I was told to-day that you were the worst boy in the neighborhood." "Gee! if I was a man and any one talked that way about my little boy, some one would get licked." "Some one is going to get licked now; take off your coat."

SUMMER POLITICS.—The Man (new arrival at summer hotel)—"I suppose there's no prohibition of kissing at this resort?"

Maid (demurely)—"No; merely local option."

A NEAR ONE.—He—"Won't you miss me when I'm far away?"

She—"No, I'll always think of you as very close."

WHAT BLISS!—"Ah, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform, and so many decorations!"

"Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a band at his funeral."

COMPANY.—"I hear you have bought your wife a pet monkey."

"I got her a cute one."

"That will be fine for her."

"So I thought."

"She won't miss you as much when you are away from home."

A HELP.—"Do you ever do anything to help your wife with her household tasks?"

"Sure I do. I light the fire every morning."

"Ah! And do you carry the coal up?"

"No—No. We cook with electricity."

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.—"I suppose, Bridget," said Miss Woodley to the new maid, "You think it strange that one who plays the piano so perfectly as I do should practice so much."

"Yes, mum," replied Bridget; "shure, if 'twas me I'd give up in disgust."

SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.—Customer (in bookstore).—"Have you Dante's 'Inferno'?"

Clerk—"No, but I can give you 'Who's who in Chicago.'"

THE REASON.—Boy—"Come quick! There's a man been fighting my father mor'n half hour."

Policeman—"Why didn't you tell me before?"

Boy—"Cause father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago."

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—"What induced you to offer your airship to aerial power?"

"Pure Patriotism," answered the inventor with a meaningful wink.

ONE WAY TO FIGURE.—Artist—"I got more than I expected for that landscape."

Friend—"Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of rent."

Artist—"Yes, but he raised my rent."

BETWEEN FRIENDS.—"You would scarcely believe how jealous my husband is of me."

"What a flatterer he is!"

TIME FOR CHANGE.—Politician—"We will carry the country this fall."

Constituent—"I hope so. The country has been supporting you fellows long enough."

ASKING IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Teacher—"Johnnie, where is the North Pole?"

Johnnie—"Dunno."

Teacher—"You don't know after all my teaching?"

Johnnie—"Nope, if Peary can't find it there's no use of my trying!"

HAPPY MAN.—"O heavens, what an honor! His Royal Highness has himself run me down with his auto."

NEWS FROM A SEAT OF LEARNING.—Sister Ann—"Did you get any marks at school to-day, Bill?"

Bill—"Yes, but they're where they don't show."

REMEMBER THIS PLAN.—"How was it when the chief called you in to lecture you that he grew suddenly so bland and kind?"

"I slipt my hat onto his seat, and he sat down plump upon it."

A "FLORIST."—"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?"

"Oh!" replied Fogg, who had been practicing upon roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."

THE IDEAL.—“Is your daughter learning to play the piano by note?”
 “Certainly not,” answered Mr. Cumrox, severely, “We always pay cash.”

A GOLD MINE.—“This is a fine country, Bridget!” exclaimed Norah, who had but recently arrived in the United States. “Sure it’s generous everybody is. I asked at the post-office about sendin’ money to me mither, and the young man tells me I can get a money order for \$10 for 10 cents. Think of that now!”

THE REASON.—Mrs. Crimsonbeak—“See how nicely that team of horses go along. Why can’t man and wife trot along pleasantly together like that?”

Mr. Crimsonbeak—“Well, you see, there is only one tongue between those two horses.”

EXTREMELY SO.—“But why did you eat the cake she baked?”
 “I wanted to make myself solid.”
 “Did you succeed?”
 “I should say so. I felt like a ton of lead.”

ENCOURAGEMENT.—“Doncher know,” began Supleigh, “that I’m—er—sometimes inclined to think—”

“You really ought to try it,” interrupted Miss Cayenne. “It’s not such a difficult task after one gets used to it.”

THE DANGER.—“A little nonsense now an’ then,” said Uncle Eben, is all right. But dar’s allus a heap o’ danger dat it’s g’ineter git to be a habit.”

A PERFECT BRUTE.—“John, your smoke will spoil the curtains.”
 “That’s better than having the curtains spoil my smoke.”

A SIAM.—He puts his watch under his pillow every night.”
 “I notice he likes to sleep over time.”

NO DOUBT OF IT.—President of local cricket club. “The Secretary informs me that the work of erecting the new pavilion has been suspended because our stock of wood has become exhausted. Now I think if we all put our heads together we shall be able to provide an adequate supply of that material.”

THE REASON.—Young Man—“Why do you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent.”

Old Man—“I live next door to Miss Smith.”

AT THE MARKET.—Mrs. C.—“Good morning, Bridget. I hope your master and mistress have not forgotten that they’re coming to dine with me to-night.”

Cook—“Indade, and they’ve not—they’ve ordered a good hearty meal at home at six o’clock.”



OUT OF ORDER.—Champ Clark loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson, of Indiana, called an Illinois representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said:

“While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order.”

“How am I out of order?” yelled the man from Illinois.

“Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you,” answered Johnson, and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

NORMAN R. WEBB, Editor

The University of Virginia Magazine Some exchange editors declare the *University of Virginia Magazine* the best college magazine in the South. We admit it to be a strong, worthy publication, however, not the *summum genus*, nor yet the *infima specie*, and decidedly not the *sui generis* of Southern journalism. But we do say that the general excellence of the magazine is due primarily to its method of electing editors, or, rather, to the extended time for which its editors are to serve. To make ourselves understood, we simply state that the editors of the magazine under discussion oftentimes succeed themselves, a method that is unknown and therefore not practiced in the other Southern colleges. Hence this gives the *University of Virginia Magazine* a great advantage over the other brother and sister magazines, decidedly at the expense of those students in this University who might have the benefit derivable from an editor's position.

But, very naturally, you ask, "Do the editors alone make a magazine?" As a general thing, decidedly not; the student body must cooperate very heartily with its editors to edit a representative monthly. The editors have their part to perform and so have the students. But it is to be remembered that no matter how hard one may work, if he has not the full support of the other, the reward will be failure.

But if you will pardon us the foregoing slight digression, we shall state our objection to the plan upon which the *University of Virginia Magazine* is edited. It is that the editors not only do their assigned work, but that they do much of that of the student body as well. Departmentally, this magazine is one of the very strongest we have reviewed. And

the literary department is just as strong. Why? Simply because many, entirely too many, of its contributions are submitted by its editors. We have noticed that, as a rule, one-third to one-half the articles in this monthly came from the editors' pens. This is the point we are trying to make, that the magazine is for the students, is supposed to be representative of them and not merely of the journal staff. And for it to be representative they must do the contributing; not allow the editors to do all their writing for them. However, this scarcity of student contribution, we presume is not due to the inability of the student body to furnish creditable articles, *but to an effort to raise the general literary standard of the magazine.* The inevitable result of such a policy is to weaken one's interest in the publication because of its lack of balance representation.

The discussion of subjects of this character, "The Method of Class Election," as a rule, should be confined to the editorial department. However, the clear, direct treatment of the subject in this article justifies the prominent place it is given in the magazine.

In the poem, "Lady Sun-Down," clearness and consistency of sentiment have been sacrificed to rhythm.

We note a painful sense of affectation in the story, "The Dust on the Bee." The sentiment is too much stilted even for confirmed flirts. However, the writer handles his characters skilfully even though he makes them act and talk foolishly.

The writer of "The Warning of St. Rodney's" shows excellent power of description, but the morbid passion and crime described are hardly in harmony with the suggestion found in the last sentence of the story.

Evidently the author of the poem, "The Easter Lily," becomes lost in a maze of conflicting personifications from

which, if he had been able to extricate himself and make his meaning clear, the verses would contain special merit.

In the article, "The Growth of Cities in the United States," the skilful massing of facts gathered from a wide scope, and the suggestive method of treatment show a mind in thorough sympathy with our great economic problems.

"A La Croix De Mornex" is a story of an American in love with a rather attractive girl of Mornex. This girl encourages and lures the young American as far as she wants to, until he proposes, then "drops" him with a laugh in the presence of his native rival who has hid in the shadows of the cross. The story is fairly interesting.

The *Mercerian* is one of our first-class magazines with a strong staff. This is an instance where a contributing constituency and their representatives, the editors, work together in harmony. As an inevitable result of this conscious interdependence we are presented with a creditable magazine.

The practical characterizations in the bit of verse, "Pops," strikingly suggest the contrast between Pope and our great lyricists.

The article, "Sidney Lanier," is one of the best biographical and critical essays we have had the pleasure of reading in any college magazine. We only wish the writer had devoted more space to criticism. This would have made it an ideal paper of its class.

In spite of some slight incongruities in the plot of the story, "Wanted: A Hero," the moral is finely brought out.

The author of the essay, "Victor Hugo as a World-Master," shows marked skill in the management of parallelisms. We observe also a pleasing variation of sentence form and length so essential to good prose style.

"*Lover's Leap*" is an oft-told story but one of great fascination. In this article the legend is well told. "*A Bit of Evidence*" is another very touching story interestingly written.

"*Turkeys an' Husban's*" is an amusing article told in broken English. If there is not much beauty in it there is certainly some truth.

**The Southern
Collegian**

There are two general criticisms, serious ones we think, to be made on the March number of the *Collegian*. One of these criticisms may be peculiar to us, but we don't know so much about that. For a magazine to run at the same time three continued articles, two of which contain only about three pages, is, we fear, rather overdoing the thing. There is no objection to a journal running one serial article provided it be an excellent one, and even in this instance enough of the contribution should be given for the reader to find out what the writer is "hitting at." But since, as in the present case, there is not enough of the subject-matter given to be intelligible, interesting, the space devoted to the three continued articles should be given to the single worthy contribution. In this way a strong article might probably induce the subscriber and others to read each number of the magazine.

The second criticism, though probably not so serious as the first, is none the less an objection. The departments are given so little prominence, are so badly arranged that the reviewer finds himself reading an editorial or some of the work of the other editors before he knows it. While, under ordinary circumstances, no one objects to reading the work of the staff, he would like, however, to see the different departments distinctly marked off from one another. The confusing, the running in of the literary with the editorial depart-

ments, is a state of affairs not to be "hankered arter." As much care should be taken in the arrangement of departments as in the arrangements of contributions.

There are several contributions in this issue of the *Collegian* on Mr. Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor of the reaper. These articles treat of Mr. McCormick as an individual, an inventor, and of the great influence he exerted on the wheat industry, not only in America but in the whole world. A reader can finish these papers feeling well satisfied that he has been benefited, that he has gleaned some knowledge from perusing their pages. America has produced her share of the great inventors, the workers who have influenced and helped to mould and give shape to the new civilization that has sprung up within the last four hundred years. Why, then, should not our college students write lovingly, boastfully, of our great men of whom we might well be proud?

There are two pieces of verse, "Dirge at Evening Tide" and "Earthward," in the magazine. In the former the rhythm and tone-color are excellent. The thought moves gently to a climax at the close. In the latter there is a treatment of an old theme, but the second stanza presents a strikingly original conception truly poetic.

The story, "The Passing of the Old-time Doctor," promises well only to disappoint us. The half-humorous tone toward the close is strained. We feel like resenting sarcasm of this kind when directed against the venerable, self-sacrificing, old-time physician.

In the article, "Where Satire Should End," the parallel illustrations are well selected but not skilfully managed.

The article, "Dante's Treatment of Nature in the Divine Comedy," is an interesting study. There is a tone of suggestiveness running through it stimulating the interest of the reader in the great Italian master.

Greeting to the
Exchange Editor
of the Wofford
College Journal

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

If this were the case some of us would lower our ears slightly and bray less loudly, even though we made ourselves less conspicuous by doing so. However, to be in the limelight seems the sole ambition of some mortals. Knowing that the unusual attracts they hug it to themselves as a child hugs its first toy. They worry their prodigious brain and fret themselves nearly sick in this effort to think how to do a little something that will bring them *pro tempore* from their natural obscurity into the limelight, to grin and make their complacent bow and have the spectator to wonder by what mistake of fortune they got there. But stop; don't make fun, the little fellows are satisfied, are happy; they have attracted unto themselves the fleeting attention of the crowd. They exist; are known to have a place in existence—for the time being at least, so let them sink back in peace into obscurity and enjoy undisturbed their self-congratulations.

For fear the exchange editor of the *Wofford College Journal* is a little sensitive and that he is somewhat like Noah Webster in that he has *no false pride, is not conceited*—for his work plainly shows that no one can justly accuse him of having this blemish in his make-up, we shall not put him among those poorly pictured above. But, rather, we shall make the apparently foolish statement that the said editor was described many years before his appearance in this mundane sphere. Mr. Charles Dickens, a connoisseur in caricature, portrayed the above-mentioned editor in the personage of Mr. Pott, editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, a man who through the extensive circulation of his paper influenced not only the other paper in Eatanswill, the *Independent*, but the journalism of the outside world, even that of London. Mr. Pott did it just as he does now, that is, as his pupil, the afore-

said exchange editor, does; for they, being one and the same, have identical conceptions of editorial courtesy. And, with Mrs. Pott, all the college exchange editors say in unison, "I am wearied out of my life with your politics, and quarrels with the *Independent*, and nonsense. I am quite astonished at your making such an exhibition of your absurdity." Very sage advice this. So we will make ourselves less absurd by refraining from the attempt to make ourselves conspicuous. Pardon, *si cette vèsite vient à faire mal*.

The exchange editor of the *Wofford College Journal* in his criticism of us, not of our magazine, used so much satire, sarcasm and humor that we are fain to believe his a very complex personality, a kind of combination of the minds of Jonathan Swift, Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley. The editor begins his "spiel" with a metaphor which works out beautifully but, sorry to say, the figure, like two of the others used, is not original with the critic. Of course it was merely an oversight that quotation marks were not used. To a suggestion of ours the following profound criticism was offered: "Wrong again! Decidedly wrong! Teetotally wrong, Lord Chesterfield." After this judgment, an utterance worthy of a Samuel Johnson, is given us, the exchange editor hastens to declare that, "without a single exception our fair contemporaries have accepted our criticisms in the same spirit in which they were written." We would like to be informed what the critic meant by the phrase "in the same spirit." We think one can easily understand why the exchange editors of two, no, three magazines have acted as they did—having in their make-up the quality self-respect, they very naturally resented the way the Wofford exchange editor dealt in personalities. But why the aforesaid exchange editor criticized as he did, absolutely regardless of editorial courtesy, is beyond our comprehension. It is well for editors to review one another's work and to offer suggestions thereto; it is only

their duty to do so. But to criticise as just a few do is altogether uncalled for, inexcusable. To repeat ourselves, when this does occur we are forcibly reminded of Mr. Pott and his matchless work upon which the approval of the journalistic world is heartily stamped.

Finally, this editor makes the very intelligible criticism, "My! my! my!" upon a sentence of ours, which is as follows: "In sober earnestness we would suggest that the exchange man of the *Wofford College Journal* strip away this part of his work, leaving behind the valuable suggestions and advice, honest, conscientious and impartial criticism so far as he is able to make." Isn't it obvious from his write-up of us that he took advantage of our suggestion? We think he has, and therefore congratulate him.

But right here we would like to pen an apology for falling so far below the dignity of true, proper criticism under the guise of editorial courtesy as to deal as we have in personalities. We know we have gone beyond the bounds of an exchange editor. However we, being human, had to take cognizance of the *lex talionis* and endeavor to return as good as that sent us.

The Trinity Archive

The March issue of the *Trinity Archive* is about on a par with its usual standard of excellence. The literary department, though rather critical, contains a number of fairly strong contributions. We who are familiar with this magazine are never surprised to find good readable material between its coverings. However, the contributing department of this issue of the *Archive* is rather dry reading because of the lack of fiction, description, etc. One story as against four essays is a condition hardly calculated to sustain the balance of a magazine and to hold the interest of the average reader. But

we are not to allow this circumstance to affect in the slightest degree the real value of the other contributions.

Strong description, which is indicative of close observation, is the one commendable thing in the article, "To Bohemia and Back." One unexpected movement in the plot, though slight, puts a freshness into the story which redeems it from the conventional insipidity of such articles.

The essay, "Miss Olive Tilford Dargan," presents the work of a gifted young writer of to-day in an appreciative way. "The Servant in the House" is another interesting presentation of the work of a present-day writer. It is refreshing thus to find the routine of classical discussions broken now and then in our college magazines by a discussion of contemporary literature.

The author of the poem, "The Baby and the Breezes," uses one of the standard classic stanzas, but dispenses with its fixed rhyme scheme. The lines are musical, however, and present a delicate fancy touched with true poetic feeling.

Departmentally the *Archive* is strong and refreshing.

The University of North Carolina Magazine "Some Things the Colony of North Carolina Did and Did First in the Founding of English-Speaking America" is a very instructive and ably worked-up article. The writer is master of his subject and therefore presents it in an interesting and entertaining manner. He begins his article with a fine description of the first English settlement made in the New World—that made on the sandy banks of Roanoke Island in the year 1584, July 4th. Discussions of the first resistance to British tyranny and the first battle of the Revolution are given us in good style. The writer bases his remarks upon the strength of a quotation given at the opening of his discussion: "The colonists declared that 'excessive taxation, abridgment of po-

litical liberty, with a denial of free election of an assembly; the unwise interruption of the normal channels of commerce, were the three-fold grievances of the colony. This was the germ of the first principles of free government that ripened more than one hundred years after in the revolution of the Regulators and the battle of Alamance." We are also given an interesting comparison between the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775,—where four Americans were killed and seven wounded, as against the British loss of one man killed and three wounded, and the battle of Alamance, May 16, 1771, where the American loss, killed and injured, was between seventy and eighty as against the British loss of 100 or more. After this instructive dissertation we have a very interesting one about the first Declaration of Independence in America—that of Mecklenburg, May 19 and 20, 1775. Only the value and excellence of this paper is excuse enough for its occupying more than half the space in the magazine.

The rhythm in the bit of verse, "The Woodland Witch," is charming; the fancy vague and evanescent—perhaps a little too much so.

The author of the article "Jumping Into Wealth" introduces us to a club into which could be initiated only those who had become millionaires within one year. This story is related by one of these candidates who made his enormous fortune through the discovery of a process by which the effect of gravitation upon a body could be counteracted. Although it would be an utter impossibility to put the story to a practical use yet, however, the writer works out his conception pretty well.

"Chopin and Poe—A Comparative Study," is a bit of terse criticism with which the reader interested in music and literature finds no fault except its brevity.

As the April number of the *University Magazine* has come to our table since our review of the previous issue given

above, we shall make criticism only on a few of its contributions.

In the bit of verse, "Easter," the thought is appropriate and the rhythm good with the exception of the imperfect rhyme in the first stanza. Also the sonnet, "I Shall Go Softly," otherwise good, is marred by a grammatical obscurity in the fifth and sixth lines.

The element of mystery in the story, "Like Unto a Mustard Seed," is out of harmony with the setting. The author has not learned the art of blending the weird with the natural.

The discussion in the article, "Some Literary Advances in the South," is to the point. The style is flexible and the tone suggestive.

"Flemish in Flanders" is a good historical paper. Departmentally the *University Magazine* is fairly strong.

**The Randolph-
Macon Monthly**

In appearance the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is one of the most attractive magazines to visit our table. The grade of paper used, the cover design, the proper balance of contributions, the demarcation of the departments and the strong editors at the head of each are essentials, requisites necessary to the success of a magazine—all of these good points the monthly under review may boast. Nor is it to be presumed that the material is in any way lacking in quality. The casual reader will find almost any of the contributions to be interesting, to be on a par with those of our first-class magazines.

In the poem, "Unrest and Rest," there are slight defects in stanza form. Nevertheless the antithesis is well worked out.

The story, "Coffee Grounds," presents the good old plantation "mammy" in one of her most natural and happiest moods. The dialect is good.

The "Sonnet" is written in the Shakespearean form. The thought also has the true sonnet development, the sextette completing and applying the thought of the octette.

The essays, "The President and the Press," "American Statesmen and the Presidency," on kindred subjects, are to the point, and show that the writers are in sympathy with the aspects of the civic problems they present.

In the story, "The Shadows," there are touches of vigorous imagination. There is, however, a lack of harmony in the transition from one mood to another, which toward the close tends to perplex rather than draw the reader on as does Poe's tales of like character.

The sketch, "A Day at the North Pole," also shows evidences of an attempt to imitate Poe. Such articles serve one good purpose,—they emphasize the distance between mechanical imitation and genius.

The structural part of the article, "The Tragedy of Boonesbury Hall," is good, although the thought is like that in the general run of love stories. It speaks of love, misunderstandings, a break, marriage to others, then revenge or spite accompanied by forgiveness in death.

Davidson College Magazine

For a sophomore number the March issue of the *Davidson College Magazine* is a creditable one. Most of the contributions are short, descriptive sketches. However, there is enough fiction, verse and essay to give balance to the journal. As to its general appearance and make-up the magazine is more attractive than the average exchange to come to our table. It is generally, if not always, a good readable magazine—one in which an editor delights in reviewing.

The opening article, "Up the Niagara River," is a bit of progressive description in which the scenes unfold naturally,

but, like most student attempts, its depictions lack the touch of close observation and the blending of historical, natural and personal elements characteristic of best descriptions of this type.

In the poem, "Memories," the fancy is pleasing. The true lyric touch is present, especially in the repetition with variation found in the last stanza.

The only essay in the magazine, "Persian Literature," is good. We only wish the author had dwelt on the subject at greater length, giving us closer touch with the work of the various Persian writers.

The perverted sentimentality in the story, "Love Songs and Mary Ann," is in harmony with the popular love song of to-day, the production of which is the ambition of the hero.

In the article, "Muskrats," some of the simplest rules in thought arrangement and sentence structure are violated. Evidently the writer has studied nature more than grammar, for he has given us some instructive observations of the habits of this interesting little animal. The editors are wide-awake.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. L. McMILLAN, Editor

—Debate!

—Baseball!!

—Track!!!

—Hi, ho, hi, he,

Debaters, track team, W. F. C.

—Everybody is happy and the old college bell continues to peal out the notes of victory. For further information see *News and Observer* for April 13th and 21st.

—On Sunday morning, April 18th, Mr. Archibald Johnson, of *Charity and Children*, gave one of his exceedingly interesting and helpful talks on the orphanage. Mr. Johnson has many abiding friends on the hill who always gladly welcome him into their midst.

—The Commencement marshals have been selected and are as follows: Philomathesian Society, J. G. Privette, chief, E. J. Rogers, P. E. Blevins; Euzelian Society, B. G. Mitchell, chief, J. C. Smith, G. G. Ivey.

—The only contest in the two societies up to date was the freshman contest in the Euzelian Society on Friday night, April 16th. The medal was won by Mr. L. Hayne.

—On Saturday, May 1st, the Baracas and Philatheas enjoyed an all-day picnic at the Falls of Neuse.

—Dr. E. W. Sikes delivered the commencement address at Nebo High School.

—Rev. T. B. Justice, of Franklinton, conducted chapel services on April 19th.

—On Thursday night, April 15th, Prof. J. B. Carlyle delivered the dedicatory address at the New Bern High School building. On the first of June he will make the Commencement address at Coker Female College, Hartsville, S. C.

—Prof. J. H. Highsmith spoke in Southern Pines on March 28th, and on April 18th at Roanoke Rapids. He will deliver addresses at the closing of Bunn High School and Pearce's High School.

—President Poteat recently attended, in Atlanta, a conference for education in the South. His engagements for the past month were: On March 1st, address before the Atlantic Christian College, Wilson; March 14th, an address before the Y. M. C. A., at Durham; March 21st, a speech before the B. Y. P. U.; April 4th, a speech at Kenansville before the Sunday School Convention.

—The entertainment given here recently by the Oxford Orphanage Singing Class was highly appreciated and enjoyed. The small chapel was jammed from front to back, and for more than two hours the large audience was kept alternately in intense silence and loud laughter. This class will always be welcomed at Wake Forest.

—The Dixie Quartette, composed of E. B. Earnshaw, J. M. Adams, T. D. Collins and L. L. Highsmith, assisted by J. G. Bell, pianist, R. H. Pope, clarionetist, R. E. Walker, cornetist, and R. L. McMillan, reader, entertained recently at the following places: A. and M. College, at Raleigh, Greensboro Female College, High Point, Randleman, Youngsville, Kittrell and Warrenton.

—Without a dissenting vote Wake Forest town has decided to issue bonds to the amount of \$15,000 for the installment of an electric plant. The college will patronize the town plant, and we sincerely hope to find "a little light on the subject" when we return next fall.

—Concerning the commencement program we quote from the *College Bulletin*: "A slight change in the announced program of the coming Commencement has been made, namely, in the date of the baccalaureate sermon. That sermon will be preached Wednesday evening, May 19th, by Dr. J. W. Lynch. The other chief items of the program are: The literary address, Thursday, May 20th, at 11 o'clock, by Dr. Charles F. Aked, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City; the Alumni address at 8:30 p. m., May 20th, by Dr. Oscar Haywood ('82-'85) of New York City; and Commencement Day proper with the orations of the graduating class at 11 a. m., Friday, May 21st."

—The spring senior speaking took place on Saturday night, April 3d. The speakers and subjects were as follows: R. E. Walker, "The Literary Prospects of the South"; W. B. Hampton, "The Blending of the Sections"; Chas. T. Bell, "A Plea for a Higher Code of Ethics in Business and Politics"; R. L. McMillan, "Should the South Stand Solid?" J. J. Hayes, "The Daily Demand for Washingtonian Conservatism."

—The commencement speakers have been chosen and are: From the Euzelian Society, J. S. Martin, E. E. White and W. H. Hipps; from the Philomathesian Society, O. W. Henderson, W. B. Hampton and J. J. Hayes. The honor of commencement speaker will, from now on, be more desirable than heretofore because of the handsome medal given by Mr. A. D. Ward, of New Bern, president of the Board of Trustees, to the best orator of the occasion. The following resolutions concerning this medal were adopted by the faculty:

1. This medal shall be known as the A. D. Ward Medal.
2. That it shall be awarded to the member of the graduating class delivering the best oration on Commencement Day.

3. That only candidates for the B.A., B.S. and LL.B. degrees be eligible.

4. That the president of the college select three judges, nonresident, to decide the contest.

5. That the judges render their decision by ballot immediately after close of speaking and without conference except in case of no decision.

6. That the speeches to be presented in this contest be approved by a committee of the faculty at least ten days before Commencement.

Many thanks do the students, faculty, trustees and friends of the college extend to Mr. Ward for this gracious gift.

—An account of our victory over Davidson in debate on Easter Monday night has been given in various publications. Only a word here. We went, we fought, we got the cup. The decision was unanimous in favor of Wake Forest, and the prize was a beautiful loving cup, presented by the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce. The Davidson debaters, Messrs. Linley and McLeod, delivered able speeches in striking manner, but this victory, won by Messrs. F. T. Collins and W. H. Hipps, is only another bit of evidence for Wake Forest's superiority in debate. The cup is here, boys; let's keep it.

The royal hospitality tendered our men at the Gate City shall ever be remembered.

—Wako Forest has many things to be thankful for, and one thing is her baseball team. We have this year, probably, the best all-round team we have ever had. For those who have not seen the *Weekly* we give the line-up: Pope and Atkinson do the pitching, and two better twirlers could hardly be found in the State. Pope has made quite an enviable record this spring, and Atkinson is doing good work and learning fast. Harris squats behind the bat, and woe be unto the man who tries to steal second on him. Un-

doubtedly, H. S. Edwards is the best first baseman we have ever had. He naturally "gets 'em all." There is no use in discussing Captain Benton. He is the best man for the second sack many of us have ever seen. Judging from his true arm—"Lad" has never thrown a wild ball—we would say that he threw green apples at hogs and chickens from the time when he was knee-high to a pig track. Hubert White is young at the business, but he has proved himself a capital shortstop. He gets all the whizzers. What about "Nobby" Hammond? We can not keep from smiling when the name of this crack third sacker from the sandy plains of Scotland is mentioned. Nobby is the one who always urges the batter to knock it in the big ring. He plays his position excellently well, and we hope to keep him with us. Bean, H., a new man, is doing good work in right field. Dawson, the mysterious "Kid," covers center field like no other man in the State. Legget plays left field and does it well. Blanton and R. C. Josey hold down the bench.

The following is the schedule with the scores up to date:

March 13—Wake Forest v. Town: W. F., 3; Town, 2.

March 16—Bingham (Mebane) at Wake Forest: W. F., 2; Bingham 1.

March 20—Elon at Wake Forest: W. F., 7; Elon 1.

March 23—Trinity Park at Wake Forest: W. F., 2; T. P., 1.

March 27—A. and M. at Wake Forest: W. F., 0; A. and M., 4.

March 31—Randolph-Macon at Wake Forest: W. F., 2; R.-M., 1.

April 1—Randolph-Macon at Wake Forest: W. F., 6; R.-M., 1.

April 3—Richmond College at Wake Forest: W. F., 1; R. C., 2.

- April 6—Greensboro League at Greensboro: W. F., 2; G. L. 3.
- April 7—Guilford at Guilford: W. F., 0; G., 12.
- April 8—Davidson at Charlotte: W. F., 3; Davidson, 1.
- April 9—Anderson League at Anderson: (Cancelled.)
- April 10—Anderson League at Anderson: (Cancelled.)
- April 12—A. and M. College at Raleigh: W. F., 2; A. and M., 5.
- April 15—Guilford at Wake Forest: W. F., 5; G., 1.
- April 17—Delaware at Wake Forest: W. F., 9; Del., 1.
- April 19—Richmond College at Richmond: W. F., 7; R. C., 3.
- April 20—Randolph-Macon at Ashland: W. F., 5; R.-M., 7.
- April 21—Randolph-Macon at Ashland: W. F., 2; R.-M., 3.
- April 22—Davidson at Wake Forest: W. F., 7; D., 6.
- April 24—Bingham (Asheville) at Wake Forest: W. F., 6; B., 3.
- April 30—Mercer at Wake Forest.
- May 1—Mercer at Wake Forest.
- May 3—A. and M. College at Raleigh.

—In the State Intercollegiate Track Meet, held in Greensboro on Monday night, April 19th, the Wake Forest team won the cup. This is the second cup that the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce has presented to Wake Forest in the space of seven short days, and possibly the people of the Piedmont section, as well as those of other parts of the State, are beginning to realize that Wake Forest has men of brawn as well as men of brain. The total result in points was: Wake Forest, 35; Guilford, 27; U. N. C., 25; Davidson, 14; A. and M., 11. This meet was held in the Hippodrome auditorium, which is built on the amphitheater style, and

for this reason the hammer could not be thrown. If the hammer throw had been put in the meet we would have had five more points to our credit as Gardner, whose record is 122 feet, is by far the best hammer thrower in the State. Our men have worked hard all the year, and the college highly appreciates their work and the beautiful Loving Cup which they place in the care of their Alma Mater.

Track athletics is only two years old at Wake Forest. Gardner, who came here from Clemson last year, and who has served faithfully and well as captain of the team, started the track movement, and in a year's time, without a coach, we hold the championship of the State. The team that wins two successive meets retains the cup. Now, boys, will we win next year and keep the lovely trophy? It is true that we are getting so many cups that we shall not have a place to store them away, but let us hope that the trustees will build us a trophy room. And even if prohibition is in effect, and though we can not put these numerous cups to any practical use, it is mighty fine to have them to look at.

Lack of space forbids us to say more. Long live the illustrious names of the members of our track team, and long live track athletics.—Selah.

