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No. 1

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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October, 1909

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WAKE FOREST  
N. C.

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VOL. XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1909

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## MY FATHERLAND

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[Translated from the German of Hoffmann von Fallersleben by H. F. Page.]

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True love to thee till death  
I swear with heart and hand,  
For all I am I owe  
To thee, my Fatherland.

My heart in song, not words,  
Shall loyal homage pay,  
And service consecrate  
In counsel, camp and fray.

To meet thy friend, thy foe,  
In joy, in grief, I vow—  
Forever we are one,  
My trust, my fortune, thou!

True love to thee till death  
I swear with heart and hand,  
For all I am I owe  
To thee, my Fatherland.

## JOURNALISM—A CAREER

BY JAMES THOMAS BROUGHTON, '02-03.

(Staff of the New York World.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the first of a series of articles by our alumni in different professions. The second will appear in an early issue.

The present day newspaper, with all due respect to the great editors of other generations, is the best the world has ever known. And the reason is—it is a newspaper. The old-time personality is gone. The great editors have been replaced by greater newspapers. There are to-day no Greeleys or Danas. The changed conditions require a different kind of greatness. Individuality has been almost entirely effaced. In a few instances and remote places there are, perhaps, still traces, but these are the exceptions which prove the rule. The newspaper of to-day is a great big institution.

"But what has journalism to offer as a career? What are its demands, possibilities and rewards?" These are typical questions that have been time and again asked of almost every newspaper man by some young journalistic aspiring college man. I don't recall whether I ever asked any one such questions or not. My only positive recollection of my early days in journalism fails me in this particular. I really don't know how I happened to get into it any way. I do know, however, that once in I have never been able to get out. That is, entirely. Not that I have found the road at all in accord with my ideas of ease. I am sure there is nothing I could have gone at and found more abject discouragement, hard work, poor pay and so little fun, than I found during the first two years of my newspaper career. I have often wondered how and why I managed to stick it out. But, somehow, I did, and that's what every man will have to do

who contemplates entering journalism to-day. There are now established courses in journalism in many colleges and universities of the country. In fact, according to the advertisements in some newspapers, opportunity is offered aspiring ones to "study journalism" by mail. But there was no course in journalism at Wake Forest College while I was there, and whether these "courses" will prove much to journalism I am not sure. But one thing I do contend, no person can teach a man to write. You can be taught the principles of writing, the grammar and the rhetoric and all that, but you must teach yourself to write.

The mere facility of writing correct English doesn't mean a thing in a newspaper office. There are scores of persons around all large newspaper offices who can write correct English. But they couldn't write a real "news story" to save their lives. The trouble with them is they haven't any ideas to anglicize correctly. Consequently, while they may be the most learned men on the paper, they are by no means the highest paid. To some this may appear to argue that a college education is of no consequence to a newspaper man. Quite the contrary. There is no profession, perhaps, wherein knowledge is more absolutely essential. And it is the duty of every man contemplating a journalistic career to get all the education he possibly can. And to my mind there is no more desirable field of endeavor than journalism for the college man who has the right sort of stuff in him and can get it out.

The road of journalism does not often lead to wealth, and certainly there is no business in the world where the hours are so long, the work so exacting, the discipline so rigid and the sense of responsibility greater. If you are after riches there is no chance. But if you have a desire for something better, if you want to live a big, broad life, to be in touch with all that happens, to be in the thick of it, to engage in the most

fascinating work in all the world, journalism is the place for you.

If you are a clean, decent, honorable man you will not do dishonorable work, and neither will you work for any one who requires you to do so. The newspapers are just as human as the men who make them. But the press of the United States is not so venal or corrupt as some people, who have run against it, would have you imagine. It is a human institution, subject to human limitations, and is doing its work in pretty good shape.

A good deal has been said from time to time about the temptations of journalism, but it seems to me there is no reason to discuss at any length such objections. The turmoil of the world is not suited, perhaps, to the pets of the nursery; but newspaper work puts no excessive strain on the moral fiber of grown-up men, who have a preference for clean living and any desire to preserve their own self-respect. Perhaps it requires less fortitude than formerly, when it was less carefully systematized than now.

The day of the reporter who got drunk and "fell down" on his assignment is gone, never to return. Those guzzling "geniuses" were great folks, no doubt, but they usually had to take up a subscription when one of them died; besides, newspaper men will not tolerate it now. Therefore, the successful newspaper man to-day is a sober man, although he has more opportunities than any other man to get drunk at slight expense; and to those who contemplate entering journalism this one suggestion is urged, do not get to thinking of a big city as the only field worthy of your newspaper ambition. Salaries are a great deal larger and opportunities in many respects broader; but the expenses of the big city usually keep pace with a newspaper man's salary. Then, besides, the legitimate pleasure in work and its legitimate rewards in recognition and influence may be very great in a small city

or town. You would, in other words, derive a certain sort of pleasure from the conduct of a country weekly in North Carolina that you would not realize in your work on one of the great New York dailies. I have tried both, and though there are men who earn more in a week on the great dailies than our brother on the weekly is able to dig out of his country print shop in months, were all subscriptions paid in cash and in advance, it is an open question in my mind which is preferable. By reason and experience every man is justified in wanting to be his own "boss," and to have a proprietary interest in the product of his own labor, even at the risk of finding the financial balance on the wrong side.

In a great city it is almost impossible for the young journalist to dream of ownership, while in smaller places you may find many opportunities to get control of a newspaper, when you are fit for it, and make it what you should want it to be; and it would seem that in the exercise of good abilities for the advancement of wise purposes there is a larger chance of realization and happiness in such a life in such a place. There a man establishes, almost instantly, his identity, is enabled to take an influential part in the affairs of the community, and wholly escapes the sense of suffocation which one is likely to feel in a great city. He loses much, beyond question; his field of opportunity is restricted and his activities confined to the smaller affairs of the world. But may he not reasonably hope to gain more if he is willing to make an intelligent and unselfish use of his opportunities?

For instance, what could be more agreeable to the mind and heart than to fill such a place as Major Hale has so long in Fayetteville (North Carolina), with a constant ambition to serve his fellow-citizens to the best of his ability and commanding their respect for his sincerity, even when they do not accept his judgment?

On the other hand there is ample field in the great cities

for the aspiring journalist who means to persist, and who has some reason, after careful reflection and experience, to think he can read his title clear. But don't think of journalism as a career unless you "mean business," as Professor Bagley, of Littleton (N. C.) High School, was wont to say in dissertating upon the necessity of studiousness on the part of certain members of his Latin classes! The man who enters journalism because he thinks he is thus pursuing the line of least resistance, or does so with some deliberation, but without a fixed purpose, or because he wants to earn a bare living as soon as possible after leaving college, is likely to keep on by a sort of inertia, never really finding himself or bringing out the best there is in him, and never reaching any place of consequence on any newspaper of consequence.

Certainly it is that he who would contemplate journalism as a career has every reason to view with pride the choice of his profession. It is an honorable pursuit to every man who does not make it otherwise. You will have no more reason, at least, to think ill of journalism, because there may be journalists of small intelligence and no morals at all than the lawyer has to blush for his profession because of the tribe of shysters, or the doctor, the clergyman or the merchant to feel that he is personally disgraced by the activities of quacks, or wolves in sheep's clothing or the fraudulent bankrupt.

If the history of journalism shows anything it shows that journalists of all times have been the leaders, while many of the brightest minds in literature and history devoted years to journalism, and rejoiced in the opportunity.

While the passion for adventurous service in some field of honorable effort is native to certain minds, and has often been exemplified in journalism with results splendid and enduring, as you think of MacGahan you recall the expedition to Khiva, the Bulgarian revolutions and Shipka and Plevna.

The fame of Stanley rivals that of Livingstone. Russell

made possible the meager rewards which England won in the Crimea, and Archibald Forbes bequeathed a name to journalism and history which neither of them will leave unremembered.

These and many more shining figures in the long line of famous men who have fulfilled perilous missions in every quarter of the globe and arduously achieved high renown. And yet think of the unknown men who, sometimes in the heart of a great city, and sometimes beyond the farthest outpost of civilization, are doing their important work quietly and well, whether it is full of excitement and danger or humdrum and wearisome to the last degree!

They say it is a mistake to use a razor to cut blocks with; but you can use the brightest minds in the world to record news, and some of the brightest minds in the world are in journalism. This haste of which we hear so much about in the preparation of the day's paper asks no sacrifice of a man's ideas or style; it asks only that he should have aptitude, and some of the most eminent men in it have been those who knew how to put the highest culture at the service of a moment's need, to "handle a piece of news"—as they say in newspaper offices—with the touch of a literary artist. The urgency of journalism makes an appeal of its own, and is an inspiration by itself. The observing reader of our daily papers will discover not infrequently choicest gems of literature, and not in the editorial columns either, but in the news columns, in a police court story, perhaps, the work of an unknown artist! It is not so much a mere mechanical readiness for writing, but a habit of clear thinking—the habit which it is one of the aims of a college education to foster.

The men to-day who are commanding the highest salaries are the men who have survived the drudgery of the all-around reporter and specialized on some one thing. It may be sports, or it may be politics, or the man whose specialty is interviewing folks, an art by the way that few newspaper men ever



perfect. But those who have, command practically their own salary. There is on the staff of the *New York World* to-day a man whose specialty is interviewing people who don't want to be interviewed. And this man commands a high salary, yet less than five years ago he was working on a "country" newspaper for six dollars a week. He is not a college graduate, and he does not write the most brilliant story in the world, but when they want a word with the mighty man this reporter usually gets the assignment, and he likewise usually gets the story. He has specialized, and his specialty is folks, which is after all the most interesting, the most fascinating and the most puzzling subject in the world—folks. People like to read about other people, and if you have anything like a sense of humor, for heaven's sake nurse it. Humor is the scarcest commodity in the United States; it is extinct elsewhere. Don't let serious-minded persons tell you anything about dignity and all that rot, especially if you contemplate making journalism your career. If you can write funny "stuff," write it, and you'll be riding in your own automobile (or aeroplane) when the serious-minded ones are writing serious protests to the papers against pay-as-you-enter street cars.

The late Charles Dana, whose brilliant editorial management of the *Sun*, New York, made him famous the world over, took a great deal of personal interest in the younger men of his staff, and in addressing these on one occasion, as he was frequently wont to do, he said:

"Keep sober, be honest in your writing as you would be with your mother's money, get a different slant on life, tell your story in your own way, not the other fellow's, slide in a little humor, when you can, and you'll have a happy time, have a lot of fun, see many strange things, live more in one year of your life as a journalist than the ordinary professional or business man would in ten, and probably die in honored and virtuous poverty."

## FORGOTTEN

BY DEE CARRICK.

Beneath the sod so grim and drear,  
With weeds and vine upgrown,  
They calmly rest without a tear,  
Sequestered, still and lone.

Time was when nature gaily smiled  
Upon their fortunes bright;  
When summer winds sang bland and mild,  
And life was calm delight.

Yet years passed on; the wind grew cold,  
It whitened every hair  
Before the summer's sun of gold  
Returned to hail this pair.

'Till now below the mould'ring heap,  
In darkness buried long,  
They lowly sleep death's deep, deep sleep,  
Forgotten by the throng.

Their humble deeds will ne'er be sung,  
Nor virtues e'er appraised;  
Their lives are counted now among  
The things of other days.

Dream on, O shades of former days!  
In slumbers sweet, dream on,  
While o'er the turf the star-wind plays  
And sings of years by-gone.

## THE BREAK DOWN AND THROW OUT

---

By M. H. C.

---

"Come in," I answered to a rap on my door. "What's up, Buck? I have nothing in the wide, wide world to do except study, and goodness knows I'm dead tired of that."

"Brace up, old boy, I have a tonic for you. Have just caught wind of a little social affair several miles out in the 'suburbs.' Only a few of the fellows are 'on to it.' It will be a pretty fair example of our rural life. Yes, of course, don't forget your Tuxedo. And hurry, Henry."

"Julius Caesar, that's tip-top! I'll be down in two minutes, so don't let the fellows leave me, Buck."

A few seconds later I was out on the campus where several groups of whispering boys told me that the proposed excursion into the country was no longer a secret. It seemed like half the college was there, but before we had gone two miles the inky darkness had divided us into at least five bands.

No one knew the way, place or people very well, so many mishaps enlivened us en route. Just as "Coco" Johnson was prophesying that the country lasses would give us all the G. B., "Judge" Brown, in his effort to keep up with the leaders, keeled over in a ditch near by, and when he arose from the farmer's domain he hollered out, "I don't care fellows, I've got three 'turnups' here even if you all get 'turndowns.'" Witty Newish Thompson, recognizing by a match's flickering flame the generous amount of potter's material on Brown's new suit, exclaimed:

"Yes, old man, you sure did it up brown that time."

Two or three aspirants for the track team in front and the long-legged jack rabbits kept up their uncivilized rate of speed

the entire way. For a radius of five miles the yells, whistles and calls of the different crowds puzzled the followers of Euclid as to whether a revolution or an army of escaped lunatics was upsetting peaceful nature. Before we had gone six miles "Fatty" Dixon swore that he wouldn't sacrifice his valuable windpipe and ambulating automobile for nothing, and he "fell by the wayside." The dogs now were the only ones answering our calls, for we kept far ahead of all. We were seven.

Stopping at a little store to ask our location and direction we found that at "Si Godsey's," about two miles farther on, the party was by now at its zenith. No, not at its zenith, for it could not reach that until our arrival. With stick candy, sardines and stale ginger-snaps for inspiration we again began our toilsome journey. Those "two miles" seemed like the distance to the moon—and neither the moon nor the stars gave us light on our way that night. Once we halted at a little log cabin and scared the wits out of a cotton-topped Ethiopian, threatening to string him alive if he didn't instantly direct us to "Si Godsey's."

Finally, having been led astray by many lights into pathless and rough ramblings, we approached a low house, standing back from the road in a thick growth of shadowless trees. We listened, as from within came the thump, thump, thump of some one beating time, the squeaking and sawing of fiddles, accompanied by the regular scraping and thud of Nos. 9 to 14 planing the pine floor. We hastened on, bracing our courage to encounter all circumstances, when in a very unceremonious style a big black mule, aroused from his nocturnal rest by "Shorty" Watson's attempt to walk over him, with terrific noise and speed headed for the woods, the tie-rein dangling between his legs and adding to his wildness, knocking several of us down, and initiating a welcome extremely vociferous from four or five hounds and shepherd

dogs. Mustering from a stampede we deliberated as to who should announce our coming to the host or hostess, as it should be.

"John, you are the boy," volunteered weak-kneed "Kid" Roberts. But Thompson struck the right point by mentioning Harriwell. "I'll do the stunt, fellows, rather than waste all the night here," he said. So we stood by him as he knocked loudly on the wabbly door. The festivities inside had continued throughout all the excitement outside. A large masculine looking woman appeared in the doorway, and Bruce answered her questioning stare with these words:

"Good evening, madam. I hope that you and yours are well. We gentlemen from the city, hearing of your little reception to-night, and having been indirectly invited, have come even at this late hour to impose upon your good hospitality. Our autos were in the garage for repairs, hence our journey here in the General Walker's carriage has fatigued us considerably. But we are happy in having reached your splendid home, and your cordial countenance is quite refreshing. We humbly present ourselves to your pleasure, and trust we are not imposing upon your kindness."

"Dat's all right," said the woman as she craned her neck out of the door in an attempt to count the crowd, "you all kin come on in. Dey's right in de middle uv a set now, but come on in." With sheepish looks on our faces we mounted the rickety steps, while an old clock banged out ten. As we entered the hall I saw that the furniture of one room—a bed, washstand, some chairs, etc.—had been placed there to clear the room on the right for the "light fantastic toe." We pushed our way to where some of the old folks stood looking into the scene of merry action. The room was filled with the fair (?) country maidens and young gallants, and to the unvarying tune of three fiddles and a banjo all were engaged in the breakdown steps of the "Old Virginia Reel,"

"Scotch Ramble," "Going to Boston" or "Railroading," changing from one to another in one set. The girls were clad in blue and pink and yellow dresses reaching a little above their shoe tops, or trailing richly on the ballroom floor; the men and boys with six or eight-pound brogans, overalls, blue and green collars and minus or with many colored string ties. Their clothes and bony black hands spoke eloquently of sawmills or new grounds. Looking down from the unceiled walls upon this jolly crowd were a number of enlarged family photographs, while here and there were pasted pictures cut from "funny papers."

We could see into the room directly opposite this one, too, where half a dozen children were sleeping soundly. Before the open fire, on shuck-bottomed chairs, the old people sat, the men chewing earnestly on their favorite weed while the old women continually refilled their bottom lips with snuff. One old barefooted matron was beating time on the hearth with her crooked toes.

The scuffling and shambling noises ceased not, nor even paused upon our entrance, but we noticed that several heavy, burly unshaven fellows, who were not taking part in the "Virginia Reel," seemed to regard us hostilely, and were exchanging awkward signs and words unintelligible to us.

"Chas" Williams, thoroughly exhausted, eagerly sought the first seat, and presently all attention was arrested by his frightened shrieks and the fierce growls of a dog. The plank he was seated upon was frail and had unexpectedly lowered him upon the animal sleeping beneath in the box.

It did not take some of our boys long to get acclimated, though the majority stood in the hall and covertly made remarks on the general arrangement of things. It was, I admit, quite impolite and ungrateful to our worthy hostess. The one remark all the folks made was, "'Spose you is from the city"? They also offered us some of their brown dust, but

we politely refused. Two of our boys entered into the spirit of the evening, and tried to demonstrate their ability to "shake the foot." One of the girls was rather pretty despite her dress, and "Julius Cæsar" Thompson was soon chatting with her. "Coco," not to be outdone, sought him a mistress also in a shady corner.

I was especially attracted by the shaggy-headed man who played the loudest fiddle. A little stubby fellow he was, with red hair, eyes and lips evil with the inspiration of old corn rye, as his fingers, alive with this fundamental stimulus, kept his fiddle far in the lead. I thought his looks foreboded trouble.

I walked out on the porch looking for some water, the refreshment of the evening. The sight of some fellows talking there together and then, as I appeared, moving off into the darkness, strengthened my conviction.

Though the music was now under high tension, "Julius Cæsar" and "Coco" Thompson were not dancing, but in diagonal corners with their partners. As I felt thoroughly worn out, chagrined, and in no mood for lively action, I tried to avert the calamity by privately advising the two young adventurers. Yes, I was properly thanked all right. But I must admit, however, that when I returned to the hall and found our hats had disappeared my spirit changed. I asked a surly old man with pitchfork whiskers and heavy eyebrows if he could tell me something about them, and he replied in a go-to-the-d— manner, "I ain't seen your durn hats." I was making ready to reply when the music suddenly ceased and I saw the fiddler with a single bound cross the room and with one blow shiver his instrument full on the head of "Julius Cæsar," as the latter could not withdraw his arm from about the girl's dainty waist in time to ward off the onslaught. This action was but the spark to start all the flames, and in a few moments all the participants of the social

function had changed into adversaries earnest. The girls screamed and ran into every one. The men and boys used their arms and the chairs enthusiastically, and pelted down by fists, chairs and banjos, we fellows made for the exits. "Coco" knocked over the lamp, but before doing so he had spotted his maiden in order to give her a farewell kiss in the dark. She, however, not divining his affectionate intentions, moved her position and "Coco's" lips met the greasy hair of the boozy fiddler. The scrambling under tables and chairs, rending of calico and gingham, and many indescribable sounds of the blind scuffle filled the air as we tore our way toward the doors. I was especially busy trying to pass over the body of the pitchfork whiskered fellow whom I had, on the side, to account for a few previous words, landed between his front lights. Finally I reached the door, and here I ran headlong into another crowd whom I at first took for the same "Harriganites," but found that they were our boys, composing the only other band who had eventually "arrived." These reinforcements were most valuable on account of their weapons, which they had begun to discharge freely (upon the moon and stars).

At last out on the porch I groped my way along when I felt a bony hand in mine and a shrill feminine voice pierced the Babel of sound: "Let go me!"

Goodness knows that I didn't want her. I would not have stolen the animal for pay, but nevertheless I was given no chance to clear myself, for in two seconds I found myself sailing over the porch railing, vigorously propelled by a No. 15 boot.

We had to do our skirmishing then under great disadvantage, being ignorant of the country and separated in the darkness. I found my surmise about the first gang which moved off from the porch was more than true, for as soon as



we were out of the house, from all sides stones and whole bricks kept up an unmerciful fusillade. We could not get together by calling or whistling, for each sound we gave forth called for rocks in reply, and we were pretty lame from these wounds by now. As I fell into a ditch I could hear "Julius Cæsar" and Thompson using pretty emphatic language as they were detained a few seconds of their mad rush in plunging through a barbed wire fence. Oh, it did seem as if the shades of Hades encompassed us that night. Nature itself was arrayed against us.

And the conversation and threatenings after we were partially reunited about five miles from the house would hardly be permitted to pass through the press.

I will never forget this one event of my college life. I can feel now the eternal woe of that night as we dragged ourselves in all directions in hope of reaching the right road for home. I can see before me now the half-awakened old farmers in their night-shirts, holding in one hand the shotgun and in the other the lantern, and peering suspiciously into our disreputable faces as we begged to be given our bearings.

The cocks had long ceased to herald the approach of dawn ere we hailed the welcome walls of the old dormitory, and just as we came near our wished-for haven, the moon, which had deserted us in all our wanderings, came out to peep at us and wink, and even laugh at our quiet home-coming.

A SONG TO THE LUMBEE

---

BY A. DERWOOD GORE.

---

Moments as they pass are growing to be fonder  
    Bending to our oars and riding on the Lumbee.  
Endless are the scenes enticing us to wander  
    Onward by the lowlands reaching to the Lumbee.

Lilies of the valley, gently are they leaning,  
    Smiling at their shadows pictured on the Lumbee.  
Maidens and their lovers are courting and a-dreaming,  
    Planning for a future down upon the Lumbee.

Rhythmical thy babbling, musical thy roaring,  
    Bounding to the ocean, fairest, O fair Lumbee!  
Gently on thy bosom swiftly are we oaring,  
    Gently on thy bosom, dearest, O dear Lumbee!

Often in my childhood on thy banks I've wandered  
    Thinking of thy gambols, frolicsome and free,  
Riding on thy waves as mightily they thundered  
    Forward, O my Lumbee, onward to the sea.

## THE MARVELOUS DEATH OF SNIP

---

By ROB ROY.

---

"I wish Jim hadn't 'er gone over ter Nathan's. He mought er knowed dat de storm would ketch 'im," said Mrs. Lee, while she set the coffee pot on the coals to keep its contents hot.

"What did he go fur?" asked old man Mike Lee, who looked meditatively into the fire while tobacco spits bubbled and fried on the coals.

"He went over dere ter see ef he could git Nathan ter send over some cotton choppers ter help git us outen de grass. My! dat lightnin' is sharp," added the old lady, gouging her fingers into her ears. Mrs. Lee then slowly drew from her apron pocket a tin snuff-box, carefully dipped into it a black-gum tooth-brush, raised the latter to her mouth, and the old couple sat in silence, while without the thunder bellowed loud and long, and the incessant flashes of sheet lightning made the whole heavens an extended panorama of black, moving clouds.

George Lee had gone to a neighbor's house about a mile away just before sundown, and expected to be back a little after dark. However, he became interested in a conversation with Nathan McGirt and overstayed his time. It was growing dark and the thunder was rumbling in deep and threatening tones while the lightning played in and out a black, bulky cloud, when George, a strapping young fellow of twenty-two, started in a brisk walk for his home. As usual, Snip, the yellow cur, trotted close at his heels. The storm was approaching rapidly, and though the sun had been down scarcely an hour, the thick, black clouds held the earth in darkness, close and bewildering, except for the repeated

flashes of lightning, which made the world as visible as at noonday. When George was halfway home he entered a stretch of woods which reached to his house. The thunder roared deep and long, and the fiery blades of lightning followed closer and closer after the heavy claps. George reached for his old felt hat and started at full speed. The storm was on him! Trees not twenty feet away were split from top to bottom. The emblazoning of his way followed by pitch darkness made it difficult for him to keep on the familiar but winding road. Then the rain came. At first, in large drops, it fell upon the leaves like buckshot; then faster and faster until it poured in solid sheets. A cloud-burst was on! Far ahead George could see the light from his window. He was in water above his ankles and it rushed down the road as if the branch had taken that course. A heavy peal was followed by a heavier peal, as if all the demons of the elements were turned loose to play havoc with one poor human and a little yellow dog, which, whining and frightened, trotted close beside its master's leg. The fury of the storm was increasing, but George was within three hundred yards of the house and he prayed humbly to the Almighty that his life might be spared.

"Who-ah-ah-ah-ah-re," came a sound heard even above the deafening thunder, and an ungainly form hurled itself straight at the throat of George.

"Lord, help me!" said George, as he fell sprawling upon his back in the mud, while cold, skinny, slimy fingers clutched for his throat, and a hot, dry breath, like the odor of rotten onions, entered his nostrils. When the lightning flashed he saw the grinning face of a woman not six inches above his own, while her sharp, bony knee rested upon his breast. Her eyes were keen, cutting and as gray as granite and her few scraggly teeth were shown in an idiotic attempt at a smile.

Tangled white hair hung down by the sides of her face. Then it was dark.

"Plea—" George's word was cut short by the tightening of fingers on his throat. He tried with all his might to get up, but he could not move a limb.

"Row, row," came from Snip. The fingers slackened their grip and in an instant George was on his feet clearing four yards at each stride. He caught the sound of a gurgle which a dying dog sometimes makes; but he had no time to wait.

"For Heaven's sake, open the door," he screamed as he leaped the yard fence. He fell face foremost on the floor and the door was slammed. "Wump," a heavy body struck the outside of the door, just as old man Mike dropped the latch. Then a loud:

"Who-oh-ah-oh-er," which chilled the blood of the two older people.

"For mercy's sake, whut's der madder, George?" gasped his father.

"Uh, uh, uh, hant," panted George. As soon as the latter could catch his breath he told his parents his short but thrilling experience.

"That's Harriet Brinkley's ghost," whispered the trembling mother. "Hits de fuss mischief I hearn o' her doin' since she knocked Bill McEachern off his waggin 'bout ten yur ago."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning before sun-up, old man Mike Lee and his son George walked down the road to the place of the mysterious incident of the night before. Every track and sign had been obliterated by the rain, but in the middle of the road lay Snip, cold and stiff, with a deep gash in his throat, and his tongue, torn out by the roots, was lying a few feet away.

## REV. STINCEON IVEY—A SKETCH

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By C. R. SINGLETARY.

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Rev. Stinceon Ivey was born in Johnston County, North Carolina, of humble parentage, January 31, 1816, and died August 8, 1889. His parents not being able to furnish him with early educational advantages, he resolved to educate himself. Accordingly, he entered school when he was twenty-two years of age, made and sold cooper's ware to pay his first tuition, and worked in a blacksmith shop on Saturdays to help pay his board. His uncle, Daniel Beasley, with whom he boarded, encouraged him by giving him this opportunity. He continued in this way until he was sufficiently advanced to teach school himself. He then began teaching, but continued his studies under Professor Lovejoy, of Raleigh, North Carolina.

After leaving this school he was again engaged in teaching, but did not fail to utilize his spare moments which he employed in the further study of Greek and Latin. On every Saturday he would ride sixteen miles to recite to his former instructor the lessons which he had learned during the week, paying him fifty cents for each recitation. Thus by close application and continued effort, he prepared himself for thorough and successful teaching in the preparatory institutions of learning in our State. He gained an enviable reputation for thoroughness in the training of boys and girls for college. Under his instruction they received that mental and moral culture which fitted them for pursuing collegiate courses, or for the practical business of life. But few educators were held in higher esteem by the colleges of North Carolina than Professor Ivey. He instructed more than two thousand students in the following counties: Wake,

Stokes, Rockingham, Johnston, Columbus and Robeson. But the most of his work was done in Wake County.

At this period of his life his early preference for Miss Mary Ann King culminated in their marriage, Rev. Thomas Meredith officiating. This union was blessed with seven children, each of whom received a good practical education, which was largely due to the ambition and progressiveness of their father.

In May, 1847, two years later, he united with the Friendship Baptist church in Stokes County, and on the 15th of August, 1852, at the request of the Baptist church at Madison, North Carolina, he was ordained by the presbytery of the Beulah Association, consisting of Elders Elias Dodson, J. J. James, John H. Lacy and T. W. Tobey.

In 1854 he traveled as a missionary in the Yadkin Association, where he was very successful in his new work for the Master. Later he served as a missionary for the Beulah Association. From this time until his death he was actively engaged in the work of the pastorate in the different localities where he taught school.

Professor Ivey was a man of ability, courage and determination; a man that knew how to overcome difficulties. The following incident serves to show in a small degree the way he surmounted obstacles. He and his wife had started to one of his appointments. The roads were bad and the weather severely cold. He had to ford a river, the nature of which was such that he had to drive straight to the other side and then turn up stream for some distance in order to effect a landing. The water was deep, but he moved along without accident until he turned to go up stream, where his horse refused to go, and he was forced to lead him out. It was three miles to the nearest home, and when he got there his clothes were frozen on him, but he borrowed some until his could be dried. His shoes were placed too near the fire and

shrank so that he was unable to wear them, consequently he had to borrow a pair until he could make a purchase. After all this, he met his appointment, nothing daunted.

His dexterity with tools was wonderful. He was an expert carpenter, shoemaker and cooper. During the winter of 1865, he made many pairs of "lined and bound calf-skin shoes" for ladies, and boots for men. He could repair a wagon wheel, and did his own blacksmith work.

His ability to teach was marvelous, and to-day to him many sections of the State are indebted for the rapid progress they have made religiously and educationally. At Ashpole Institute alone, in Robeson County, he taught four hundred and sixty-eight pupils, of which number seventy-six became teachers, two lawyers, four doctors, and fifteen ministers. Twenty of this number have taken collegiate courses, mostly at Wake Forest, Murfreesboro and Oxford. The interest he took in his pupils was noticeable. His untiring efforts serve to show that he regarded his mission in this world one of service to God and humanity. He suffered many privations and hardships that he might help young men and women to get an education. He gave to his students in Robeson County alone, board and tuition to the amount of nineteen hundred and fifty dollars, besides giving to the young ministers under his care seven hundred and fifty dollars. Upon entering this field, he identified himself with every educational and religious interest that commended itself to him as being for the intellectual and moral improvement of the Redeemer's kingdom. From 1885 until his death, he was a member of the Board of Education, where he was known to be one of untold value.

As a preacher, his style was peculiarly his own: sound in doctrine, convincing in argument, and practical in his applications of truth. His clearness and simplicity of expression made it possible for even a child to understand. He was



at once a successful preacher of the gospel and a good pastor. No minister in his Association was held in higher esteem by the people as a whole. His contemporaries always consulted him on matters of vital interest to the church, and in projecting new and progressive measures for the extension of Christian work in his section. He possessed great executive ability, and presided with ease. Only a few days before his death he presided at the Robeson Union, of which he had been Moderator for several years, and its influence was due largely to his untiring efforts.

But in his seventy-third year, although he seemed well preserved, active both in body and in mind, and giving promise of several years of useful life, death came and found him at his post of duty. Surely a good and useful man has gone to his reward. Generous and unselfish, kind and loving, he gave his life in unsparing service to others. His works, which were so abundant for the salvation of mankind and for the glory of the Master, show that he was true to his God, true to himself, and hence true to his fellow-men. They stand as a monument more lasting than any which human hands can build.

WHITHER ?  

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*Translated from the German of Julius Sturm by H. F. Page.*

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Whither, thou rushing storm, O whither ?

“Adown and over the deep,

I would go—for I am aweary—

Where the ocean billows sleep.”

Whither, thou sweeping wind, O whither,

Far over the spreading plain ?

“I would rest—for I am aweary—

Where the cliff walls lift amain.”

Whither, thou hastening cloud, O whither ?

“I know an arid waste

Where repose is—I am aweary—

Thither, thither, I haste.”

Whither, thou fleeing bird, O whither ?

“Deep in the woodland nook,

My nest I seek—for I am aweary—

In a bough by the purling brook.”

And thou, my soul, whither, O whither ?

“High over the cloud-flecked skies

I take me forth—for I am aweary—

There the love-joy never dies.”

## WAS ANYTHING COMPULSORY?

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By A. D. G.

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Wilson handled the note meditatively and squinted his eyes. Then he caught himself blushing. Nevertheless, that dainty note was not formal and written in a stilted manner, but was as follows:

"BLITHEDALE RANCH, October 10th.

"MY DEAR WILSON:—James requested me to invite you down to spend a few days with him. He is exceedingly anxious that you accept.

"Several have been invited and there will be a Hallowe'en ball here during your visit.

"It will be a good chance to find out who is to be your future wife.

"Most sincerely,

CLYDA MINSHEW."

Wilson was undecided and yet was involuntarily planning to leave next day. It had been six years since he had seen a line of Clyda's scribbling, and had she known what reckless surges of emotion were filling his breast at seeing her familiar handwriting she might have refrained from sending this cordial invitation.

He took a sidelong glance at his person and conjectured on the probable changes in himself since she last saw him.

Clyda was a girl in her short dresses when Wilson used to call on her brother while they lived on adjoining plantations in North Carolina.

Once she girlishly agreed to wait for Wilson, but since they were separated her memory became obliterated, it seemed, and her heart estranged. His common sense or timidity kept him from persisting.

Still he could not resist this urgent request any more than he could forget their relations in the past, and he hurriedly flung aside his books and business letters and scribbled the following reply:

"WILMINGTON, October 16th.

"DEAR MISS MINSHAW:—No other time could have been so appropriate for the coming of your most welcome invitation, and be satisfied that I shall make it convenient to be there with you at the 'Ranch' by the 25th.

"Your remark in regard to the future wife lures me incessantly and fills me with almost as much pleasure as that anticipated by being with you all, for at this particular period of my waning years I am sorely in need of some insurance stability.

"Most sincerely,

WILSON MOORE."

"But the things I've got to buy before leaving—a hat and—wonder if the tailor is through with my pearl-gray suit?" He seized the sombrero and hurried to the tailor's.

"Howdy, Wilce!" exclaimed the fat old Dutchman. "Your delectable gray makes you look grand." Wilson caught himself blushing again. He ordered the suit sent up to his room immediately.

Next morning he was up and at the station waiting for the 6:30 train. Six days landed him in eight miles of his destination.

There at the station James was waiting for him. Soon they were experiencing an exhilarating spin through the eight miles of sage brush and prairie grass.

Wilson longed to speak of Clyda but cautiously kept quiet, anticipating some voluntary remarks by James.

"Cly and Jesse Broughton have a fine program planned for every day in the week while you are with us. Dozens of stunts are included—Jesse at the bottom of them, for he is a genius—a real genius," remarked James, after they had pounded away on almost every conceivable topic—at least it seemed so to the bewildered Wilson, whose fevered brain was solving the problem which the new name "Jesse" suggested.

Wilson felt his heart drop kerchug like a bullet clear down into his stomach. However, he screwed up his mouth and managed to stutter out, "I have no recollection of ever having seen your friend Jesse Broughton and I"—

"Of course not. He is a very nice young man whose parents have lately moved here from Chicago and now are living on a wheat farm adjoining ours. He's a cracker-jack, if you'll pardon the commonplace term," James hurried to explain.

Wilson thought of a kicking machine which he had seen on a cartoon page, when James had ended his complimentary remarks. To think he had come two thousand miles on such flimsy encouragement! What on earth possessed him that morning to leave? "Idiotic! insane! a fool! a dummy!" all these he prefixed in bold intensesness to his name. "Hospitality, a money-loving Dutchman's flattery and my own blamed foolishness brought me off here!" he frantically exclaimed to himself.

But he strained out some enthusiastic remarks intended as thanks for the kindness of James in inviting him, and with peculiar feelings and difficulty he tried to smile when the chauffeur chug-a-chugged his auto up under the great portico.

Cly was the first to greet him—or I mean the first one his gaze was fixed upon, as she ran out with a "how-d'ye do, Wilson! So glad you came, for we could not have hoped for entire success without you. Seems like it has been a lifetime since I left North Carolina."

"Ages!" corrected Wilson, eyeing her pretty nut-brown eyes and wealth of auburn hair. .

They remained chatting on the veranda for some time. "To-morrow is Sunday and we shall postpone the ball until a day more convenient for a larger number of guests," she added apologetically. "Monday we shall arrange for a trip to the Columbia River."

James returned and showed Wilson his room.

Cly remained motionless and entranced, wondering if he

had changed. "Is he the same Wilson?" she murmured wonderingly.

"Wake up, Cly!" interrupted Jesse from the door behind. "How about a golf match?"

Through the window from upstairs Wilson watched them merrily flit through the elm grove like fairies in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"What a fool I am!" muttered Wilson as he pranced impatiently about the room.

Next evening Wilson determined not to be a coward any longer, and when it was announced that they would go boat riding on the Columbia he hastened to claim Clyda's company.

Honk, honk, sounded the big touring car as it shot around the curve and up to the great river's edge; they—six of them—Clyda and Wilson, Jesse and Fannie Carroll, James and Elsie Hamlin, rode with a flourish.

Wilson and Clyda did not delay. He jabbed his oars into the sandy bank and shoved off with a mumbled, "Move-fast-now-you-'Bohemian Girl'" escaping from his lips.

Little Cly, with inexpressible delight, held on fast with both hands to the sides of the boat and gurgled softly at the matter-of-fact look her new oarsman wore.

"A penny for your thoughts," she blurted teasingly.

"Not estimable in dollars and cents," he replied meditatively, vigorously splashing with his oars.

She kept silent, amusing herself by letting her pretty brown hand trail through the water.

Continued silence.

"I wonder how it is that I have been obsessed with an inexpressible regard for you—I just don't understand it, how the purple mist of childhood romance hovers about me so," he eloquently attempted as he pulled to the other bank with a gentle thud and held the boat while she stepped ashore.

"Pathetic on your part that I am so unaccountably charming."

"Sarcasm, eh?" with an undertone of penitence.

"A forgiving glance and coquettish smile.

She brushed the wrinkles and dust from her ruffled dress and began hastily to observe the surroundings, directing her attention most on an old dilapidated hovel near by.

"Certainly don't understand it," he reflected half-audibly. He swung the lunch basket on his arm and followed obediently.

Cly halted on a smooth knoll of sand and there dropped down, playfully inviting him to dine.

"Here, take the basket," he said moodily, taking out his brierwood and sauntering towards the hovel.

"Thinking so much about North Carolina that you have lost your appetite?" teasingly.

"Not about Carolina, but—Clyda," continuing to puff his brierwood pipe vigorously.

"Now, do listen at you! you are an inexhaustible source of compliments—of words I should say!" reprovingly. "You know you are dreaming."

She shook the crumbs from her lap and tripped lightly to the water's edge.

"Dreaming nothing! I am thinking of sublime realities," he corrected.

"Oh, do look; the boat's drifting down stream!" she piteously lamented.

"Fiddlesticks, let it go!" he cuttingly replied.

They stood there as though watching the farewells of some departing friend.

Clyda sank back on the sand with tears in her eyes. "How shall we ever get back across?"

"Matters little whether or not we get back. Likely we will remain overnight," expressive of evil.

"But the ball comes to-morrow and I am to prepare for it," she impatiently complained. "Then what will Fannie and the others think when we fail to return? They'll know we are drowned."

"Maybe they will," with no effort on his part to console her.

She looked up at him with a miserable, yet innocent look.

"But it isn't long before dark and I can't stay out here without company," she continued.

"You don't count me, I see," he said reprovingly.

"Oh, but you are so homesick about North Carolina, and"—

"Homesick! never," he impetuously replied.

He watched her tiny fingers trace hieroglyphics in the sand.

Silence.

Then he thumped a pebble far out into the river and watched it splash.

"Do you remember to-day ten years ago?" he remarked pleadingly.

"Why should you expect me to remember things so long ago?" she cut in luminously.

"I don't," he said with a penetrating glance. "That's why I asked."

She looked up guiltily. "But what about ten years ago, Wilson?"

He sighed dejectedly. "You remember the time you refused—"

"Oh please don't say that!" she pleaded, raising her hand defiantly.

"Say what?" Wilson asked enthusiastically.

"Oh, I didn't mean it—I intended to tell you better *some time*," she hastily and nervously explained.



Correcting herself, "I meant—*maybe*." Then she blushed crimson through the apricot tan of her cheeks.

"Too late now, you've already said it!" he happily exclaimed.

A long silence.

He fumbled nervously for his watch and observed the hour in the growing darkness, while Cly dug holes in the sand with her shoe heels.

"Certainly don't see why you haven't found it out before," he said airily.

"What?" wonderingly.

"Do you see that hovel yonder?"

"Yes," anxiously.

"Remember I walked there while you were eating your lunch!"

"Yes," more interested.

"Well, I found six boats as large as the 'Bohemian Girl' in there," pointing to it theatrically.

She leaped to her feet with a fervent exclamation of joy, "You dear!"

He kissed her dimpling cheek and then they recrossed the Columbia.

## FOREST PRESERVATION AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY

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BY A. B. RAY.

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"The forest primeval" of which our poets are so fond of writing held timber in greater amount and variety than any other area of similar size in the world. But now we have only half as much timber standing as when Jamestown was settled, and in another century, even at the present rate of usage, we will have none unless something is done.

In the old pioneer days the American had but one thought about trees and that was to cut them down; and it was not until a half a century of our national life had passed away that any considerable body of American citizens began to live under conditions where the tree ceased to be something to be cleared off the face of the earth.

The producers, the manufacturers and the great common carriers of the nation have long failed to realize their true and vital relation to the great forests of the United States, and the forests and industries have both suffered through that failure. The suffering of the industries in such case comes after the destruction of the forest, but it is just as inevitable as that destruction. If the forest is destroyed it is only a matter of a relatively short time before the business interests suffer in consequence.

The great industries of agriculture, transportation, mining and, of course, lumbering, are directly and vitally dependent upon wood or water from the forests. The manufacturing industries are scarcely less dependent upon the forest. "Wood is an indispensable part of the material structure upon which civilization rests." More wood is used to-

day than ever before in our history. In the building of ships alone the consumption of wood is far greater than it was before the day of the iron ship, because vastly more ships are built. Notwithstanding the many substitutes which we have for wood, the use of wood increases every year and our forests steadily vanish before the man with the ax.

When wood is demanded in so many ways, and when this demand will undoubtedly increase, it is a fair question, then, whether the vast demands of the future upon our forests are likely to be met. Unless the forests of the United States can be made ready to meet the great demands which the growth of the country will surely bring, commercial disaster, that means disaster to the whole nation, is inevitable. "If the present rate of forest destruction is allowed to continue with nothing to offset it a timber famine in the future is certain." We can hardly realize or imagine what such a famine would mean to us commercially. "The period of recovery from such a famine would necessarily be measured by the slow growth of the trees themselves." But by wise action taken in time such a famine may be prevented; but, remember, once the famine occurs there is no way of hurrying the growth of the trees to relieve it.

The effect of deforestation upon agriculture can already be seen in the increasing number of freshets and floods which every year wash away to the sea countless acres of rich alluvial bottom land, leaving only rock-strewn subsoil. Soil experts have computed that the quantity of rich soil carried off by the streams every year would cover a territory 900 miles square with a layer of rich soil one foot deep. Think what this great loss of the farmer's capital means to our agricultural industries.

As a warning against the wastefulness of our ways in regard to agriculture, we have the example of half the nations of history that despoiled their land and fell into decay. "The

countless ruins of Palestine—the stony hills and deserted valleys—are the direct result of maltreatment of a land that once flowed with milk and honey.” Mesopotamia, once the garden spot of the world, is now one of the most sterile countries of the east. Sicily, which was the granary of Rome when it contained plenteous forests, is now entirely deforested and sterile. The Chinese have ruined by deforestation great parts of their empire and these parts are fast becoming waste places where no man can live.

“The song of the ax, the saw and the hammer is sweet to the ears of our people, for they sing of industry, prosperity and happy homes; but is there no other note in the song!” Do these people ever think of the centuries their crop of timber has been growing? Does it never occur to them that they are the trustees of an heritage for future generations? The people of the United States who received in land, water, forests and minerals an inheritance such as no other people ever received have heedlessly despoiled it for three centuries, each generation taking from the land all the profit it could, regardless of the condition in which the country was left. The people of the United States are naturally the most extravagant in the world, but if we do not soon begin to take care of our natural resources instead of wasting them we shall soon find ourselves, as the Irish find themselves, in possession of a land so depleted that it will no longer support the natural increase in population.

We have boasted of our great rivers and have always considered them as a natural and providential blessing. But now, since the increasing number of floods has wrought destruction and death, we are beginning to see that they even, unless cared for, can be something besides a blessing. The only preventive against the deteriorating effects of our streams “is the protection of the forests on their watersheds, and by protection is not meant the withdrawal of the forests

from use but, on the contrary, the use of them in such a way that they will furnish more wood to the present generation, hold back the rains better than they are doing, and still be left in a condition to do both services even better for the next generation."

In spite of the discouraging outlook we still have hope of bettering it, now that the American people are awakening to their peril. By proper management our forests can be made to produce more timber than we use and at the same time be a protection to the land. "A cultivated forest, like a cultivated garden, is more prolific and profitable than a wild one." The forests of Germany, all of which are rightly handled, yield each year four times as much timber per acre as our neglected ones. "When the national government, the State governments and, most of all, the people, fully realize the importance of the right use of the forests and when they are taken care of we shall no longer fear a wood famine"; our soil shall be more productive, and our streams and rivers will cease from destruction and will be quiet and efficient servants of the people.

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Not always to the swift,  
Nor yet unto the strong;  
But ever to the pure in heart  
The higher things belong.

The swift will sometimes lose the day,  
The strong be worsted in the fray;  
But ever yet hath royal heart  
Which bravely sought the better part,  
Maintained its upward way.

## THE NOVEL IS THE THING

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By S. R. H.

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It was an ideal day during Christmas when our little party of a half dozen started from Mr. Tom Evans's to spend a happy day upon the "Big Rock" down by the creek. Miss Cartwright's prayers for a pretty day had been answered completely. The day was even prettier than she had expected.

We stopped upon the hill just outside the yard gazing in wonder at the scenery before us. The sky was cloudless; the sun was shining with the warmth of a spring day. The creek, flowing in different streams, presented a beautiful picture in the valley below. On either side of the creek was a small clump of willows and sycamores which had been robbed of their foliage by winter's blighting cold. Beyond the narrow flat of land rose mountainlike hills presenting the picture of a spacious amphitheater with each receding hill rising higher than the one in front of it.

We had scarcely come in sight of the rock when Miss Cartwright (or Miss Theodosia, as we shall call her), with the usual enthusiasm of a schoolgirl, rushed forward to be the first to get on the rock, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh, what a pretty place! Why haven't you all brought me here before?"

As she had come from Florida and was not accustomed to rocks, one of such an enormous size naturally thrilled her with delight.

She and I sat upon one side of the rock, each with a small stone in our hands trying to carve our names upon it, while the other members of our party sat upon the opposite side engaged in the same business. Neither of us had spoken for some time when Miss Theodosia, suddenly springing to her feet and clapping her hands with delight as one who

has discovered something new, exclaimed: "I'll tell you what, Robert. Let's write a story of our trip to this rock. It will be fine."

"That's a splendid idea," I agreed, "and you can put it in your college magazine."

"But who shall the principal characters be," she continued with enthusiasm. "Suppose we call them Robert and Odell?"

"No," I objected, "let's make it real. Let's name them Robert and Theodosia."

"All right," she agreed, "that's a bargain. Let's make it a real love story."

"A novel!" I suggested.

"Yes, a novel! That's the thing. Won't it be romantic though?"

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It happened just six months after the experience related above. Both winter and spring had passed and now the first month of summer had been ushered in with the usual heat of June. This time there were only two in our little party, Miss Theodosia and I; and instead of a Christmas holiday we found ourselves strolling leisurely down the path through the pasture "under the soft and mellow light of a full June moon."

The incidents bringing forth this trip even I myself have forgotten; but suffice it to say that we were both fresh from school and were seeking to drown our cares and thoughts of books in another pleasant visit to the "Big Rock."

Again we stopped upon the hill just outside Mr. Evans's yard for an inspiring (that's the word we always used) view of the scenery before us. Spring had wrought some wonderful changes in it. The background was now tinted with streaks of yellow and green. A long row of clouds hung lazily over the horizon in the south. The moon had risen to an angle of about forty-five degrees. We could see an occasional sparkle of the water in the creek below, as the clear rays of

the full moon reflected through the thick branches of the willows and sycamores on the bank.

"The swamp resounded far and near with the songs of the mud choir. We could hear the deep bass 'more rum, more rum,' of the bullfrog and the loud shrill tenor 'knee deep, knee deep,' of the spring frog. Now and then came from afar up the stream the distinct sound 'who-who-ha-who-who-ha-who-a' of the owl." Once a small thin cloud that seemed to have lost its way and wandered away from its companions passed under the moon, casting a dim shadow over a part of the view and leaving the other to shine even clearer in the bright moonlight, which seemed to add a new charm to that matchless scenery before us. We stood gazing in wonder. Miss Theodosia seemed lost in her dreams when involuntarily I disturbed her with a quotation from Carlyle: "This is, 'indeed,' of nature's own and most cunning workmanship."

Hand in hand we raced down the steep hill, laughing and talking like two little school children who, after a day's confinement, have laid aside their books and slates, eager to get out into the fresh, open air.

On reaching the rock the first new thing that we discovered was that nature had framed our names with a beautiful velvet frame of moss, and on either side the moss had grown up in the shape of a large sofa pillow, which served as a good cushion seat for us. We had been sitting there for some time relating our experiences in school during the spring term, when I noticed Miss Theodosia's face suddenly brighten at the discovery of some new idea and, clapping her hands with delight, she exclaimed: "Oh, Robert, the novel! the novel! That's the thing. Let's write the first chapter to-night."

"A bright idea," I agreed. "What shall be the subject of this first chapter?"

"Suppose," she suggested, "we call it 'An Evening on the



Big Rock in the Moonlight? Then we shall simply have to describe our trip to-night. You know this is to be no production of our own minds anyway, but it is to be rather the history of our own experiences."

So, with a pencil and paper, which I happened to have in my pocket, we began writing as well as we could in the moonlight; but soon stopped to continue our plans for the whole novel.

"We must come down here every day and write a chapter daily until it is completed," she began, growing more animated and eloquent as she continued. "We must hurry and have it printed, and then, well—then we shall have received fame and fortune from it; and just think, Robert, this old rock will be made sacred by our having written of it, and this very spot will become the favorite resort whence lovers and readers of our novel will come from all parts of the United States to visit; and then, too, we can truly sing with Horace, 'I have builded a monument more lasting than bronze and more lofty than the regal site of the pyramids, which neither the consuming rain nor the impotent north wind, neither the innumerable series of years nor the flight of time can destroy.'"

"But," I reminded her, "suppose our novel should meet with little success? Suppose we should fail?"

"Failure!" she said, in a tone that seemed to pierce my very being. I glanced up and met her gaze fixed upon me. She repeated, "Failure! There can be no failure." And pointing to her right where nature had written in large letters of moss the word "Success," she said: "See, even nature has stamped her approval upon it, and has written, as it were, across the top in letters of gold the very word 'Success.'"

"But!" I observed, "there is the dedication, too. To whom shall we dedicate it?"

"That's a small matter. Suppose," she said teasingly, "we

dedicate it to Odell, and you may write the dedication. I know you will like that part."

"And then, too," I continued, "most novels have a frontispiece. Don't they? What shall ours be?"

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, almost in a passion of anger, "don't be so pessimistic. That is the least thing of all. It really doesn't matter if we have none. I think, however, it would be fine to have our pictures sitting upon this rock carving our names upon it, with some fitting sentence under it. It really doesn't matter what."

And so we continued our plans—I always stumbling upon some little obstacle and she clearing them away. But I finally stumbled upon one that proved to be the most serious problem of all.

"Miss Theodosia," I began, "we are leaving out the most important part of our novel. In fact the very soul of it, for without it there can be no *real* novel. There is no love story in it."

"Oh!" she said, "we can flavor it with a vivid and thrilling love story of our own imagination."

"But!" I reminded her, "you remember this is to be no production of our own minds but must grow out of our own experiences."

This seemed to puzzle her. She had not thought of that, and dropping her head she began studying. I watched her closely and presently I noticed a smile pass rapidly over her face. She looked up and again our eyes met in one instant's gaze. It was I who first spoke. "Don't you think, then, Miss Theodosia, we could make this part a real experience also?"

Again she dropped her head, and with her fingers nervously picking the moss she timidly said: "We might, Robert. 'Experience is the best of teachers.' Suppose we try?"

Again our eyes met in an instant's gaze and I heaved a sigh of contentment and triumph, for the novel was a success.

THE RED CHIEFTAIN

---

DERWOOD

---

There is a place, a sloping mound,  
Above the level meadow ground  
Where lovely sylvids dance around  
    An Indian grave,  
O'ergrown by weeds and silky grass,  
O'erhung by waving mossy sash,  
Where ripple streams and lively dash  
    Into a cave—

Where sings the wren the livelong day  
Its noteless song, both sweet and gay,  
As if to tell us where he lay

    In ceaseless wait.

And there the gopher's thudding spade  
Unearthing where he long has stayed,  
Or hooting owls in distant shade

    The stillness break.

And wakened silence moans sublime  
To tell about an age and time  
When of primeval man no sign

    Was there, for lo!

No life bestirred this haunted place  
Except which feared the human face  
And bounded on from frightful chase

    And hostile foe.

No prayer to God was said, I ween,  
Nor rich display of burial seen  
To mark the end of life's sweet dream

    Of hunting grounds;

And while I looked upon his grave,

Which then revealed a leaf-strewn cave  
Where rests his dust, my fancy raved

Beyond its bounds,  
For long I thought of deeds he did  
And wondered if his ghost were hid  
Behind his mouldered casket lid,

Or gone to dwell  
And sing with that angelic host  
Where crystal sands along the coast  
Reflect their brilliant beauty most,  
Divinely well.

Sweet forest scenes and dawn-lit dew,  
And vaulted realms of matchless blue  
Were pleasing sights for him to view,

To know and feel,  
While sitting near his side his mate—  
For whom the world he would not take—  
Would bathe his wounds and brown his cake  
Of watered meal.

Against his neighbor oft he fought  
And reveled long in wild onslaught,  
Or steeped his mind in cruel thought  
By wigwam fires.

His whoops and songs are heard no more  
To sound along our people shore,  
Or blend with cataracts which roar  
Among the spires

Which rise on high and mighty stand  
To bathe their peaks within that land  
Of mists and air, so vast and grand  
And beauty-touched.

He bathed his limbs in sedgy lakes  
And slew his game amid the brakes  
Which formed a lair for slimy snakes

In anger clutched.

But O! his deeds of fame are gone,  
No more his whoop of war and song  
Will echo shrill at every dawn!

Ah, Chieftain free,  
No more thou'lt see thy native bower,  
No more wilt kiss thy dusky flower;  
No more, no more in that long hour,  
Eternity.

## A DIP INTO DANGER

BY EDWARD B. JENKINS, '11.

"Going away to-day, Palto?" said a young man at my side as a friend and I were about to buy a ticket over the N. and W. to the Natural Bridge.

"We thought we would. Are you going up the road?" I asked, looking him over and sizing him up.

"No, I just came to the city last week in search of men. I represent the Clinchfield Coal Co. of Princeton, W. Va. Say, don't you fellows want a job? We want some men at the mines as soon as we can get them."

"What compensation would you make for our services?" we asked, having little thought of working in a coal mine.

"We pay \$2.50 a day and three bucks at night. But I am sure the day shift would suit you better," he continued looking at our white hands, for we had been out of college but a short while.

Since we were without work we accepted his offer mostly out of curiosity, for neither of us had ever been in a mine, and next day went down to Princeton. Our first decision was to try it for a few days and see what mining life was. It was evening when we arrived, and not knowing where the company's office was we went to a hotel and spent the night. Next morning we found the office and reported to the superintendent that we were ready for work. He entered our names on the pay-roll and gave us a slip of paper bearing the name of the foreman of our crew. We boarded the little dinky car that carried us up to the mines some miles away.

## II.

Soon we arrived at the mines and joined the procession of miners who were making their way to the entrance of

what appeared to be a large cave in the side of the mountain. It looked very dark and dismal as we entered, with our miner's lamps on our caps. After having gone some distance we began to descend. It seemed as though we would never reach the bottom, which was one mile down. At last the crowd stopped and began to disperse in crews to their respective cells or holes, which extended out from the main passage.

"You new men will take cell number six," said a miner to us, pointing at the third hole on our right. We entered and received a few instructions from the foreman and took our places beside the other miners and began to dig coal. It was no child's play as we soon learned. We would much rather have been a stoker on a merchant vessel. When we came out of the mine we had changed our color, and in fact were more like "gentlemen of color" than we looked like white men.

"This is a case of the kettle and the pot," said my friend, with the whites of his eyes shining brightly.

By Saturday night we had had enough of mining, as the day before the gas was almost suffocating and our lamps flickered often. This alarmed us and we decided we would remove to another climate that suited our health better. The other miners laughed at the idea of our departing so soon and said we were tenderfeet and could not "stand the pull," as they termed it.

My friend said to one of the miners:

"Suppose that there should occur an explosion and you were a victim?"

"Oh," he said laughing, "the only thing that would happen would be a little song sung and my name taken off the payroll."

But we had not gained that self-possession which most of them exercised.

"Sorry for you to leave us so soon," said the superintendent as we drew our pay.

"Had enough," I said, and we went up town.

### III.

In every mining town there is some place where the miners loiter, smoke and tell yarns. This place is usually the saloon, the grocery store or the gambling joint. The little town of Princeton was no exception to the rule. On this particular night we went down the street little thinking that we would engage in a game of any kind. We passed several places and gambling was going on in all of them.

"We might as well have a game," said my friend, entering a large hall with small tables in each corner and in the center. At one end was a bar at which several miners were drinking and chatting. Some half-dozen others were seated at different tables gambling, and others looking on.

"We are your men," said two big, rough-looking miners as they took a seat at one of the tables, throwing down a deck of cards.

"How much can you go, Sonnie? Two bits?" said one.

"Make it five," said my friend as he dealt the cards with a skillful hand.

For a while we went into their pile of silver and once thought we would take it all, but fortune forsook us. They were baiting us, and now had gained back their pile and were fast eating away ours. But we held on trying to make no rash plays. Once I saw one of the bullies slip a card from the bottom of the deck when he was dealing, but I said nothing. I only looked at my friend to keep his eye open for swift plays. The tide was fast going out and we knew that ere long we would be stranded in a strange town without friends or money.



"You are cheating, my friend," said my companion to one of the miners, who at once put his hand to his hip and shook his head.

The game went on. Still we continued to lose. By this time every miner in the room had gathered around our table. Our little pile had melted down to four quarters. Here we wanted to end the game, but there was no calf-ropes, it was play to a finish. It came time for the miners to deal the cards. Again quick as lightning one slipped a card from the bottom of the deck to his chum. Both I and my friend saw him. We arose from the table and my friend said, very quietly:

"You don't work any skin game on me, you gambling thieves."

It was too much for them. Out came their pistols and they covered us. We answered the challenge and met their gaze with a pair of Colts. We backed to the door, still keeping our pistols aimed at them.

"You tenderfeet dance, and do it now," they chimed in a chorus, at the same time shooting in the floor at our feet.

We returned the fire, not at them, but at the two lamps that sat on the tables near where we had been playing. Then all was dark. There was a rush for the door followed by angry oaths. Out into the street we dashed and were safe for the time being. But soon a crowd of miners came up the street after us. We heeded not their shouts but continued on our way toward the railroad station.

#### IV.

We soon saw that they were determined to catch us and at once we increased our speed. Thoughts of lynching, jail, a thrashing at the hands of an angry mob entered our minds. On we went, still pursued by the mob crying, "Stop them, stop them." A mist of rain began to fill the air, and the dark-

ness seemed impenetrable. As our wind was almost gone we stopped as we had left our pursuers far behind. Listening we could not hear a sound save the crickets, so we proceeded to walk on up the railroad track. We were positive that we could not stay all night in that town, or even be seen there in the daytime. By this time it was raining steadily. A wet season had overflowed the banks of the rivers and they were roaring with angry waters. In the distance we could hear a river which we judged we could easily cross by means of the railroad bridge. We stopped under a shed for shelter. Soon we heard some one coming up the railroad track yelling, "Stop it, stop it, stop the freight train." We could not make out the exact words, but it sounded like this and so we began to run.

We had not gone far until we came to the railroad bridge. To our amazement the end on our side of the river was washed away. There we were, as we thought, between an angry mob and the roaring river. To fall into the hands of the mob might mean death, and to attempt to swim the river meant certain death. So we stood, awed by the danger of the situation. In the distance we saw the gleam of a lantern. Nearer and nearer it came, plainer and plainer the sounds until they resolved into, "Stop it, stop that train!" In answer to this, down the mountain came the sound of an approaching freight train.

By now two men came up and threw the light in our faces and said:

"We must save that train. If it gets on that bridge it will fall and the whole train will be wrecked."

Then we rested easier for we believed these men to be in the employ of the railroad and not miners, as we had thought. One of them waved his lantern at the oncoming freight. The engineer answered his signal and stopped be-

fore he reached the bridge and inquired the trouble. As he could proceed no farther he went back to the next station to await orders.

"The company will reward you fellows," said one of the men. We gazed into his face and recognized the station agent at Princeton. We told him we wanted no reward save a place to stay all night and a ticket to headquarters. This we received at his hands and next day took a train west.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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EUSELIAN SOCIETY.

J. M. BROUGHTON, JR. Editor

R. P. McCUTCHEON Associate Editor

PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

ARTHUR D. GORE Editor

CARL RAGLAND Associate Editor

S. W. BREWER, Business Manager.

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. M. BROUGHTON, Jr., Editor

A New Opportunity for Students—Journalistic tendencies among college men are receiving encouragement and emphasis to such an extent that the college magazine is afforded much greater opportunities and must necessarily attain to a higher standard. The need of writers of ability, especially in this State, is such that a recent offer made by the *Raleigh Evening Times* of a medal to be given for the best article by any North Carolina student was commented on by the majority of the papers of the State, and the *Times* was generally commended for its endeavor to stimulate literary aspirations in our college men. Naturally the world of journalism looks to our colleges for its future leaders. Hence the greater opportunity for the college magazine as a medium for the endeavors of the student.

THE STUDENT feels keenly the advantage that this aroused interest offers, and is not slow to recognize so admirable and praiseworthy a cause as that espoused by our State papers. We gladly join them in the endeavor to awaken the interest of students in all our colleges, and confidently believe that their efforts will be productive of great good, not only in this but in many other States.

**The Alumni  
Athletic Asso-  
ciation**

The news of the organization of the Wake Forest Alumni Athletic Association will be heard with pleasure by all Wake Forest men. This organization is created to fill a long-felt need, and will meet the genuine approval of those who are familiar with the situation here. It proposes to assume control of and to finance all the branches of athletics at the college. A local graduate manager will have general supervision of the management of teams, securing of coaches and the carrying out of other plans for the improvement of athletic conditions. The local treasurer will regulate all matters of finance. In short this organization stands back of the student body to carry on a work which many years of futile efforts have shown to be impossible for the students to maintain.

A glance at the names of the men backing this proposition (a list of whom is published elsewhere) readily inspires confidence in so important an undertaking. With such an improvement of conditions we have no fears for the athletic future of the college and look hopefully forward to that day not far distant when the magnificent prestige of the Wake Forest of old shall have been restored to us.

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**What We Are  
Planning**

Our plans for THE STUDENT for the coming session comprise several new features. The article on "Journalism, a Career," in this issue is the first of a series of contributions from alumni representatives in various professions. The next will be either from the legal or the medical profession. Our purpose in this plan is apparent: that is, to afford practical suggestions for the choosing of a life-work. The nonappearance of the "Baptist Historical Papers," has probably been noted. We do not intend to drop this feature of the magazine altogether. It will be merged into our special number for this year to appear in January, a number which will be devoted to our Literary Societies.

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CARL H. RAGLAND, Editor

In this, the first issue of THE STUDENT for the session 1909-10, we consider it fitting to devote the Alumni Department to a review of the class of '09—a class not surpassed by any preceding it, either in numbers or qualities of excellence. Many of them are now following pursuits which they do not aim to make their life-work, but only as a better preparation for it.

As you scan over this list you will be struck with two things: First, with the large number of those who have stepped into high positions immediately, showing the high stand which Wake Forest men take in the world. Second, with the number of men who are still pursuing their studies, either at their Alma Mater or higher institutions of learning, testifying that they have been inspired while here with a desire for higher learning and that they possess that quality which we call stickability. We present them to you with pride and pleasure.

## REVIEW OF LAST YEAR'S GRADUATES.

—James M. Adams is principal of the Wake Forest High School, which has just been established this year. He is also taking work in the College on the Degree of Master of Arts.

—A. J. Allen is preaching and teaching in South Carolina.

—R. G. Anders is teaching in the western part of North Carolina.

—H. W. Baldwin, Jr., is at home in Morgan, Ga.

—H. W. Baucom has gone to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

—B. S. Bazemore is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

—J. H. Beach is teaching in the mountains in one of the schools in the system of denominational schools under the charge of Dr. A. E. Brown.

—Chas. T. Bell is back with us again taking law.

—F. T. Bennett will pursue his studies in law.

—H. C. Benton is in the insurance business at Greensboro.

—E. B. Blackmore is practicing law at Warsaw.

—F. F. Brown has entered the S. B. T. S.

—A. M. Bynum is at home in Richmond.

—N. T. Cable is principal of a graded school in Columbus County.

—J. D. Carroll is at his home in Columbia, S. C. He was operated on for appendicitis last summer.

—E. B. Clark is taking a business course at Massey's Business College, Richmond, Va.

—T. B. Coggin is teaching.

—C. D. Creasman is at the seminary in Louisville.

—L. E. Dailey is preaching.

—T. M. Daniels is practicing law in South Carolina.

—H. C. Dockery is taking a business course at Raleigh.

—R. M. Dunn is practicing law at his home in Warrenton.

—R. H. Ferrell is teaching in Coker Female College, Hartsville, S. C.

—A. H. Flowers is in the newspaper business at Lumberton.

—Ray Funderbunk is teaching at Clayton, N. C.

—A. R. Gallimore is back in college taking work on the Degree of Master of Arts.

—L. Gardiner is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Arkansas.

—P. W. Gay is teaching.

—W. B. Hampton has come back to college to study law.

—L. C. Hardy is practicing law.

—J. J. Hayes is practicing law at his home in North Wilkesboro.

—O. W. Henderson is pursuing his studies in Crozer Theological Seminary. He supplied for the First Baptist church of Baltimore during the summer. Dr. Wharton, the great evangelist, has been called to become pastor of this church.

—E. S. Hendren is teaching in the Wilkesboro graded schools.

—H. B. Hines has gone to the S. B. T. S.

—W. H. Hipps is teaching school in the western part of the State.

—A. T. Howard has entered the S. B. T. S.

—W. T. Hurst is teaching in the western part of North Carolina.

—H. B. Ivey is studying medicine at Richmond College.

—C. J. Jackson is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in the University of Tennessee.

—H. A. Jones is back in college again holding his same position as Instructor in Mathematics.

—J. R. Jones is practicing law at Winston.

—G. H. Joyner is teaching.

—J. E. Knott is holding a position in a bank in Oxford.

—H. L. Koontz is teaching school in Davidson County.



—F. W. Kurfees is teaching in Eastern North Carolina.

—J. E. Lanier is Professor of the Bible in Buie's Creek Academy.

—O. W. McManus is principal of Mandale Institute.

—R. L. McMillan is back in college taking work on the Master of Arts Degree.

—B. P. Marshbanks is teaching in Buie's Creek Academy.

—J. S. Martin is principal of Bunn High School.

—N. A. Melton is chaplain and Professor of Greek in Fruitland Institute.

—A. D. Morgan is pursuing his medical course at Richmond Medical College.

—C. A. Murchison has gone to Harvard University.

—T. H. Olive is studying dentistry in a college in Pennsylvania.

—R. B. Pearson is teaching at Reidsville.

—C. M. Phifer is continuing his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania.

—E. D. Poe is making his home at Wake Forest, preaching and also taking work in the college.

—R. H. Pope is teaching in Pennsylvania.

—J. M. Prevette is again back with us, taking law.

—W. C. Sanders is farming at Monroe.

—T. Y. Seymour has his headquarters at Wake Forest and is preaching at the surrounding churches.

—T. C. Singleton is pastor of the North End and South End Baptist churches of Winston.

—L. L. Tilley is practicing law at Durham.

—R. E. Walker has entered Crozer Theological Seminary.

—N. R. Webb is principal of Vaughan High School, Macon, N. C.

—E. E. White is at Crozer Theological Seminary. He supplied for Dr. J. L. White at the First Baptist church of Greensboro for a few weeks during the summer.

—B. F. Williams is practicing law at Shelby, N. C.

—G. L. Williamson is farming at his home in Florence, S. C.

—J. B. Willis has entered the S. B. T. S.

—E. H. Wrenn is practicing law.

Scruggs: "The doctor advises me to throw everything up and take a sea voyage."

Scruggs: "Reversed the usual order of things, didn't he?"



"Did you hear of the triple tragedy in the Delancy household?"

"No; what was it?"

"The chauffeur eloped with the cook in Mr. Delancy's new auto!"



#### CONCISE SHORT STORY.

Angelina Smith loved Edwin Jones.

Edwin Jones was poor.

Angelina Smith is Mrs. Robinson.



#### THE SCAMPIRE.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

(From Judge.)

A lad there was, and he went to school

(Even as me and you),

But he called it a "college," by rote and rule,

So he started right in to play the fool,

And he never took in that the dunce's stool

Was waiting to find a crew!

A kid he was, but he led the van

(Even as kidlets do),

He whooped and he yelled like a bleacher fan,

As brash and as void as an empty can;

But he thought he was really a great big man,

And leading the bunch, a few!

A dream he was, in his roaring socks

(Even as all must see),

A dream that awakes and alarms and shocks,

With sweaters that howl for a block of blocks,

And charming the creatures of frills and frocks

With swagger of deviltry.

A drone he was, like a lazy Turk

(Even as one might guess),

He worked at his play and played at his work,

He settled his books with a slam and a jerk,

And lit on a thousand ways to shirk,

A little bit less and less!

A chump he was, with a cigarette  
 (Even as flows the tide),  
 With a cuss word ready and cash to bet,  
 But waiting a lesson he won't forget,  
 When the wind is cold and the rain is wet  
 And the world will tan his hide!

—Charles Irvin Junkin.



#### A DISCREPANCY.

When I was ten and you were eight,  
 Two years between us stood;  
 We used to meet by daddy's gate—  
 A stolen kiss was good.

When I was twenty—quite a boy—  
 You still were my heart's queen,  
 But grown of kissing somewhat coy,  
 You see—you're quite sixteen.

When I was thirty, bronzed and tall,  
 With sweethearts, too, in plenty,  
 I met you at the Wilson's ball—  
 You told me you were twenty.

I'm forty now, a little more—  
 Oh, Time, you ruthless bandit,  
 But you—you're only twenty-four—  
 I can not understand it.

—T. Johnson, Pensacola, Fla.



"Who presented the count to you?" asked the Privileged Friend.  
 "No one," answered the countess. "I bought him."



The man who gets there with both feet usually thinks the world is  
 his door mat.



#### HIS FORTE.

She: "I understand that drinking is one of your failings."

He: "You have been misinformed. It is one of my most pronounced  
 successes."



The man who commits bigamy must be a cousin to the fellow who  
 looks into the barrel of a gun to see if it is loaded.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

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ARTHUR D. GORE, Editor

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—October days!

—The autumn haze!!

—Freshmen enough and Sophs gay!

—Hooray! hooray!! hooray!!!

—Rev. W. M. Gilmore, class of '91, conducted the chapel exercises the 10th. Though now residing in Georgia, he has never lost his love for his Alma Mater. His presence again would be gladly welcomed.

—Carey Taylor was on the Hill the first week of college.

—Eugene A. Turner, class of '06, has been visiting friends and relatives here. The boys are always glad to see him.

—School opened with three hundred and thirty-five, sixty-two more than that of last year; more were coming.

—Hubert McN. Poteat is spending some time with his parents here and soon will return to Columbia University to resume his studies.

—Mr. William Dickson has a residence now in course of construction on Faculty Avenue.

—Harvey Vann was on the Hill a few days ago. He is to be instructor in English at Furman this year.

—Out of the twenty-two prospective lawyers who went before the Supreme Court last August twenty received their license to practice law in North Carolina.

—Dr. Sikes is having some repairing done on his residence, which will add greatly to its attractiveness.

—Miss Rosa E. Johnson, of Durham, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Highsmith.

—A. T. Howard, class of '08, was here the 18th.

—Rev. J. C. Owen, Wake Forest's representative to North China, conducted the chapel services the 17th. The following evening he delivered an address to the students and many citizens of the town, in which he very forcefully and vividly pictured the horrible scenes during the Boxer rebellion, and also set forth four reasons why he thought the religion of foreign missionaries was a genuine confession, as follows: First, their open confessions; second, their liberality; third, they suffer cruelties and horrible persecutions without ever showing bitterness toward their enemies; fourth, that they will die for their belief without the least hatred for those who persecute.

—The ministerial class has elected the following officers for the coming year: J. P. Harris, president; J. E. Hoyle, vice-president; J. R. Carroll, secretary; C. H. Trueblood, treasurer; B. V. Ferguson, prophet; E. J. Rodgers, historian; W. G. Moore, poet.

—Rev. W. M. Johnson made an address at Franklinton the 15th.

—The death of Mr. Frank Turner on the 18th was sad news to the students and other friends. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones.

—The following officers were elected by the present Senior class: E. I. Olive, president; J. P. Harris, vice-president; Chas. W. Davis, secretary; A. B. Ray, historian; J. L. Jenkins, prophet; Dee Carriek, orator; Fred T. Collins, testator, and E. N. Johnson, poet.

—Who said electric lights were not going to be in Wake Forest? Nobody! Down by the railroad in the south end of town is the machinery for the plant; over our heads are the lines like spider webs, swinging across every street; in

our rooms swing the necessary fixtures—a little more time and we shall be able to see each other face to face even at the darkest hour.

—In fact a wonderful era has dawned, for again we dream of fairies and believe in the impossible. We have all turned into prophets. We have at last beheld the veil drop, not only at Wake Forest but also at the Pole, leaving bare, cold facts to speak for themselves. The "goal of the ages" has been reached. The wheels in our hearts are all set going and our eyes are beaming with gladness. While Bleriot flies across the English Channel and scrambles lamely from his machine, Wake Forest witnesses over a hundred freshmen scramble from the railroad car. While the modern Columbus is discovering a new continent, we are discovering how little we know and how much we must know. While a Watts develops a new motor power, we are developing brains and athletes. While a Field lays an ocean cable, we are laying the foundation upon which our future largely depends. While an Edison perfects a telephone, we are perfecting plans by which life's problems may be solved. While Marconi sends an intelligible message to other continents on waves of air through rocks, mountains and over the seas, our young hot hearts throb messages of constant application, unwavering purpose and irresistible ambition.

—On September 13th some of the loyal sons of Wake Forest College met here and perfected the organization of the Wake Forest College Athletic Association, the meeting being presided over by Mr. W. C. Powell, of Savannah, Ga., one of the foremost business men of the South. Mr. R. T. Daniel, of Weldon, N. C., was elected president; Mr. J. G. Mills, treasurer, and Mr. Jno. M. Brewer, graduate manager of athletics. General and local executive committees have been appointed, and together with the officers of the association have gone to work with the intention of placing Wake Forest in the foremost ranks of college athletics.

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Lv. Farmville	9:06 a. m.	7:16 p. m.	8:49 a. m.
Lv. Greenville	9:36 a. m.	7:45 p. m.	9:17 a. m.
Lv. CHOCOWINITY	10:15 a. m.	8:25 p. m.	9:57 a. m.
Lv. WASHINGTON	10:30 a. m.	Ar 8:40 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
Lv. Mackeys Ferry	12:30 p. m.		Ar 5:30 p. m.
Lv. Edenton	2:00 p. m.	17:45 a. m.	*3:15 p. m.
Lv. Hartford	2:23 p. m.	9:09 a. m.	3:39 p. m.
Lv. Elizabeth City	3:00 p. m.	8:55 a. m.	4:25 p. m.
Ar. NORFOLK	4:25 p. m.	10:40 a. m.	6:10 p. m.

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Lv. WASHINGTON	10:45 a. m.	5:15 p. m.	*7:15 a. m.
Lv. CHOCOWINITY	10:59 a. m.	5:27 p. m.	Ar 7:27 a. m.
Ar. NEW BERN	12:10 p. m.	6:40 p. m.	11:10 a. m.
Lv. GOLDSBORO	14:20 p. m.	17:00 a. m.	
Lv. Kinston	5:20 p. m.	7:55 a. m.	
Ar. NEW BERN	6:35 p. m.	9:05 a. m.	
Lv. NEW BERN	8:45 p. m.	9:16 a. m.	11:15 a. m.
Ar. Morehead City	8:08 p. m.	10:43 a. m.	12:15 a. m.
Ar. ATLANTIC HOTEL	8:10 p. m.	10:50 a. m.	12:19 p. m.
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As we enter upon a field of work entirely new to us, we beg that our readers will be patient with our mistakes. Our duties are manifold. The exchange editor must first of all criticise, with what ability and fairness he can command, all the material which comes to his table. He must also observe the arrangement and proportions of the material as found in the publications. Not even the departments and appearance of the magazines may escape his critical eye. In the face of these duties we are well aware of our deficiencies, but we hope to derive much benefit from the suggestions of our critics. It is not our purpose to damn with faint praise. We desire to make our criticisms both helpful and pertinent, avoiding as much as possible extravagant praise on the one hand, and excessive severity on the other. If we were to choose a motto, it would be: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." Our aim is clear—to advance, as best we may, college journalism to a higher plane.

## CLIPPINGS

### THE GRIND.

And now it's a dig of whom we write,  
A sallow-face dig, whose chief delight  
Was to worship his profs., and admire their might,  
And to look like a funeral pall.  
'Twas but in the classroom you found him devout;  
Athletics he knew mighty little about,  
As for drama or pleasure, he did well without:  
Of such things he had *heard*—that was all.

He got his degree, and to teach he began,  
And putting all other things under a ban,  
He stuck to his books like a leach to a man—  
And listened to no other call.  
He had heard there were other good things beside books,  
That the heavens were blue; there were meadows and brooks  
And that Nature is kind to the person who looks:  
Of such things he had *heard*—that was all.  
—L. S. L., in the *Chaparral*.

✧  
Him: "You're the only girl I ever loved!"  
Her: "That's interesting but immaterial. What I want to know is,  
Am I the only girl you're ever going to love?"  
✧

The difference between Genius and Talent is that Talent can usually  
afford a dress suit.

✧  
Spinster: "I wish the Lord had made me a man."  
Smart Nephew: Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet."  
✧

A Chinese version of a school teacher:

Teachee, teachee,  
All day, teachee,  
Night markee papers,  
Nervey, all creepy.  
No one kissee,  
No one huggee,  
Poor old maidee,  
No one lovee.

—*Exchange*.

✧  
Science says that "kissing has decreased in enlightened places." Why,  
of course. *Darkened* places were always more popular.



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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 2

## NOVEMBER SKIES

By "A"

The fading hues of autumn-gleams  
And boundless forests traced by streams  
Unite their interlacing lives  
To greet the soft November skies.

The verdant green forsakes the plain  
And leaves it bare to snow and rain,  
While league on league of mountains rise  
To kiss the fair November skies.

The watching moon shines clearest now  
On grassless tombs and leafless bough  
Where friend by friend now lifeless lies  
Beneath the calm November skies.

The fleshless hand of Death appears  
And gropes along the lapse of years  
And promised manhood helpless dies  
O God! beneath November skies.

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## A DAY IN CANTON

BY JOHN C. McBEE.

Our party, consisting of four American teachers from the Philippines, took the night boat Chantai, from Hong Kong, and after spending the night in traveling a distance of seventy-eight miles up the river, found before us the old city of Canton, and realized that we were truly in China.

Just before us, on a small island in the river, was the foreign quarter, consisting of perhaps a dozen fine, large buildings, surrounded by beautifully-kept lawns and large trees, which gave the place almost the appearance of a park. Old Glory floated over the American Consulate and over a small gun-boat near by, but not another sign of our native land did we see in our day's rambles. Many of the Chinese in the shops which we visited speak a fair brand of pidgin English, but the city is as thoroughly Chinese as it was centuries ago. The many foreign visitors who go there have created a demand for articles made there; consequently prices have advanced. Still it is surprising what a number of beautiful things a few dollars will buy.

About six a. m. we ate a hearty breakfast and Ah Tom, the *major domo*, put us up a good lunch to take along. Our guide and interpreter, Sang Fat, came aboard and took complete command of us all. We went ashore in a small boat called a sampan. These boats are usually the homes of the families owning them, and the little covered space, not more than four feet square, is the main room of the household. The mother sculls and steers the boat at the same time, and the children, especially if they are girls, do the rowing while the father sits in a comfortable place, looks wise and collects the fares. There is usually a small baby which is tied on

the mother's back papoose fashion in a piece of cloth with straps over her shoulders and around her waist. This can hardly be a more comfortable cradle than that of the Indian papoose, but if one may judge from the bright, round faces of the children who are able to run around, their bringing up must agree with them.

Our guide had waiting for us sedan chairs, each carried by three coolies, the third man alternating before and behind—and they served us well all day long.

Few of the streets are more than six feet wide and some are so narrow that two chairs can not pass, but the coolies go swinging around the corners yelling at the top of their voices to clear the way. We had a runner who trotted ahead and hollowed out "Cho-ah-ho-ah" and the natives made room for us, usually with sour-looking, disgruntled expressions. The motion of the chair is likely to leave its effect on one's muscles and make him somewhat dizzy if he is not used to it, but on the whole it is a very convenient and satisfactory way to get around a city.

The buildings in Canton are of brick with tile roofs, and are rarely more than two stories high. Not a foot of space is wasted. One of the first places we visited was a Joss house. At the entrance were the "four points" watchmen, four large wooden statues, of exceedingly hideous aspect, who keep watch north, south, east, and west. On the gateways are many wonderfully carved figures, but most interesting of all are the five hundred genii, or statues of priests of Buddha. These are life-sized figures in sitting posture and are about four hundred years old. At the entrance to the hall is a figure of the ancient Emperor Kin Lung, the George Washington of China, who is revered by all the Chinese as a great and good ruler. On his right is the priest to whom the childless women pray. He has his arms full of little children and they have great faith in him. Another statue represents

Marco Polo, the Italian navigator, who was the first European to visit China. It seems strange that they should place him among their gods. Each of the five hundred has his worshipers if one may judge by the burning punk sticks, dishes of rice, bird's nest soup, and other dainties placed before each one.

We went into several shops where the cloth known as Canton linen, or grass cloth, is sold. It is made from a plant which grows wild, and the supply of it is diminishing while the demand for it is increasing. As a result prices are advancing rapidly. It is made in the natural color, which is light tan, pink, lavender, blue, and white. Some of it is of a beautiful quality, and it is all made on hand looms. Hand-somely embroidered dress patterns, table covers, doilies, etc., may be obtained at what would be considered very reasonable prices in the United States. Embroidered silk shawls, flags, scarfs, and tapestries are of excellent quality and beautiful workmanship, and are cheaper than the linens.

The silk weaving on the old-fashioned hand looms is a very interesting sight. One man handles the numerous strings or threads which make the pattern and another guides the shuttle, at the same time keeping the machine in motion by means of a treadle.

Very skillful work is done in the jewelry made by working tiny bits of blue kingfisher feathers into silver. It is truly wonderful and requires great patience. It is so hard on the eyes that those who work at it long usually go blind.

The shops where ivory and sandal wood are sold are very attractive places. In nearly all of these shops the workmen are busy, and one can be sure of getting genuine articles as souvenirs besides watching the interesting processes. Most wonderful of all the carved ivory work to me are the concentric balls, sometimes as many as sixteen or twenty—one inside another, all carved with different intricate patterns. The

inside one is carved first, then they work toward the outside, making the last one most elaborate. To those who are fond of sandal wood, these shops are very delightful places, and beautifully carved fans, boxes, paper knives, etc., cost very little.

Some rare and interesting weapons are to be found. A mandarin sword in its fish skin sheath with its gilt trimmings is a beautiful ornament. It is no unusual occurrence for a man to lose his head in Canton, and the executioner's sword surely has the appearance of a deadly weapon. It is a broad, heavy sword about two and one-half feet long.

A junk dealer tried to sell me one and proved by several bystanders that it had been used to cut a man's head off four days previous. I expressed a doubt as to his veracity, when he offered to have a man brought into his shop and have his head cut off with it for ten dollars and then sell it to me for the same price. Many visitors go to see the place of execution, but we passed that by. The victims are usually subjected to horrible tortures before the fatal sword falls and destroys the poor Chinaman's last hope of future happiness.

We took a look into one prison where 150 prisoners were confined for various offenses. Their feet were shackled but Americans would readily find a means of escape from such an insecure prison.

For lunch our guide took us to the fifth story of a pagoda in which the stairs were atrocious, but we were rewarded for our climb by a beautiful view of the city, and a good place to enjoy our luncheon. Little did any of us think a few short years ago that anything would call us to the Orient, and that we should ever register our names in a Chinese pagoda. This structure is used as a watch tower and is well provided with cannon, and guarded by soldiers. Near it is an old fort which commands a fine position overlooking the city. Just

below it is the gunpowder manufactory, which consists of several substantial buildings surrounded by a strong wall.

On the hillsides just beyond the pagoda, on the opposite side from the city, lies the city of the dead (potter's field). Thousands, perhaps I should say millions, of graves dot acre upon acre of beautiful green hillsides. It is by far the largest cemetery I ever saw, but the absence of monuments makes it present a very different appearance from the resting places of our dead. We then went through the buildings known as the "City of the Dead," where the mandarins and their wives rest, and are carefully watched over and worshiped by their children so long as they choose to pay four dollars a month for the privilege of keeping them there. Some remain for many years and others for only a short time. Some have handsomely polished hardwood coffins, but the wealthier ones have lacquered coffins which undergo twenty-eight different processes during construction and do not cost less than \$1,500 each.

An interesting relic of the past ages is the water clock which is said to be eight hundred years old, and is the only one left in Canton. It consists of four large tanks arranged so that the water drips slowly from one into another. In the lowest is a graduated brass rod arranged so as to float, and rise one inch an hour as the water rises in the tank. At the end of twelve hours the water must be taken from the lower tank and put into the upper one to start again on its journey downward to mark another twelve hours.

The panorama of the city from the five-story pagoda gave us a good idea of its extent. A city which shelters an estimated population of four millions must necessarily cover a large area, even where people crowd together as the Chinese do. In going through the streets one sees very few spaces for trees to grow, but in looking over the city the number of beautiful green trees is a great surprise. Only a few buildings



stand out conspicuously. The one large chimney which looms up across the city belongs to the mint where the money for Kwang Tung Province is coined. The French church with its two towers looks decidedly foreign to its surroundings.

Not far below us was the beautiful Flower Pagoda which is ten stories or about two hundred feet high. It contains eighty bronze statues similar to those in the Joss house. It is a religious shrine but can no longer be ascended because the stairways have rotted away in the five centuries since it was built. The carved decorations here are floral designs instead of the almost everywhere present dragon which is emblazoned on the country's flag, and painted, embroidered, or carved upon almost every conceivable article wherever one goes in Canton.

Finally this most interesting of days drew near its close, and we reluctantly turned our backs upon the sights which will be memorable for a lifetime. There were too many pleasures for us to note the disagreeable features which some travelers find so distasteful in Chinese surroundings. We returned to Hong Kong with a better opinion of the Chinese people than we ever formed by seeing them outside their own land.

## THE NIHILIST'S SECRET

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BY J. S. T.

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One of the most peculiar cases with which I have ever had to deal was that of a grave robbery. The grave in which the remains of Mr. L—, a wealthy Russian (I do not give his name for reasons which will presently appear) had been deposited was found disturbed two days after the burial. Examination proved that the lid had been opened with the apparent intention of robbery. But, strange to say, no robbery had been committed. The gold rings on the fingers of the dead man had not been removed, and these were the only valuables found upon the dead body. Why had the grave been opened? Nobody could offer an explanation, least of all I who had been detailed by the request of the family of the dead man to explore this strange affair to the bottom, and discover, if possible, who had dared to desecrate the grave of their relative. Nothing had been taken from the body as far as the family of the dead man knew; yet the thief or thieves had plenty of time to rob the body if they had so desired. They had not been frightened off. They had carefully covered up the grave and gone away evidently unmolested.

It was impossible to arrive at a conclusion as to why the grave had been opened. It now was left to me to find out who had done it. It had rained during or previous to the time of the opening of the grave, and the footprints of those concerned in it—three different persons it appeared—were plainly discernible in the soft ground. The signs of carriage wheels were also present. This was the only clue upon which I had to work. I questioned the superintendent, whose office and residence was at the entrance of the cemetery. He

had been away on the evening of the robbery, and could give me no information. He was confident no carriage had entered the cemetery after 10 o'clock, at which hour he had returned and locked the cemetery gate. There was only one entrance to the cemetery. I had an impression at the time that the man was unnecessarily nervous in answering my questions, and seemed relieved when I got through.

A month passed and an event happened which threw considerable light upon the mystery. The will of the late Mr. L— had been opened and read by Mr. Hayes, his attorney. Among the many bequests was the following most peculiar one: "I bequeath to John Johnson, the dentist (with address), a certain gold-capped tooth in my lower jaw, and request that he extract this and preserve it according to the terms of an agreement made between us many years ago." This not only threw light upon, but complicated the mystery. Perhaps the grave had been opened to allow the dentist to claim his strange legacy. Once more the body was disinterred by the friends of the dead man. The gold-capped tooth was missing from the lower jaw.

I next called upon John Johnson, the dentist. Despite his American name I could see that he was a foreigner—a Russian by birth.

I mentioned the occasion of my visit. "Did you open the grave of Mr. L— and remove a certain gold-capped tooth from the mouth of the dead man?" I asked, point blank. Mr. Johnson seemed at a loss how to reply. At last he said, "No."

"Then the cemetery superintendent was wrong. You did not drive in with two companions in a carriage, and this is not your card which I picked up near the grave of Mr. L—?" said I, showing him one of his business cards which I had surreptitiously obtained. "You might as well confess. You

were only getting your rights after all, but why did you go about it in such an underhanded way?"

"I don't understand you."

"Are you not acquainted with Mr. L—'s will, the gold-capped tooth and all?"

"Did he put that in the will?" inquired the dentist in a surprised tone.

"Then you do know something about it?"

"Yes, it is a strange story, and if you will promise—nay, swear, never to reveal it, I will tell it to you. Do you swear?"

Something in the manner and bearing of the man both told me that he was no thief and gained my confidence to the utmost, so I readily promised what he asked.

Mr. Johnson conducted me into an inner room, closed and locked the door, and bade me be seated. Then he told me the following story:

"My name," he began, "is not John Johnson. I am living under an assumed name for reasons of a political nature. I am a Russian by birth, and a Nihilist by thought and training. I deplore the condition of my unhappy country. I have done my part and am still willing to do it, to help bring about her freedom from the terrible despotism under which she suffers. I am acquainted with the horrors of Siberian prison-mines. I was sentenced to Siberia for life, for aiding in a Nihilistic plot. My brother was sent there soon afterward. Together we planned an escape. I succeeded. He fell; shot down by a Russian officer. I managed to get to America, where I found many friends, among them Mr. L—. He was also a Nihilist. For either of us to return home meant Siberia again. I learned the trade of a dentist. Mr. L— was a rich man, I, a poor one. Soon after coming to this country he imparted to me a secret which

had been in his keeping for thirty years, it having been transmitted to him by his father. He was then a man of sixty. One day, ten years ago, he came into my office—this very room—and said he wished to speak with me on a most important subject, one concerning our beloved country.

“Do you see this tooth?” he inquired, pointing to a large, gold-capped molar in his lower jaw.

“Yes,” I replied.

“That tooth,” he continued, after having made sure that we were alone, ‘that tooth holds, has held for thirty years a secret of the utmost importance to you and me, and to all liberty-loving Russians. I tell you this because I know you will guard it as you would your life. In the cavity of that tooth, under the gold cap (here he lowered his voice) is a piece of parchment which contains the plans of a secret underground passage to the Czar’s palace, an entrance which, as you will understand, will prove of the utmost importance to our friends when the time is ripe for it. This plan has been in the possession of our family for hundreds of years, having been drawn originally by an ancestor of mine, one of the designers of the palace. It has been kept in the molar tooth of some male member of our family ever since, and I am the last male member of that family. Now I bequeath this secret to you. Upon my death, I desire that you extract the tooth, and preserve or dispose of the plan in whatever way seems best to you. You know its importance. I can rely upon your judgment. The dentist who placed it in my tooth, thirty years ago in Russia, is now dead. You and I alone hold the secret. Do you accept the trust?’

“Knowing how much this secret might mean to the oppressed and meager its worth to the dead man’s friends forced me to reply, ‘I do.’

“That was Mr. L—’s story.

"When he died I happened to be out of the city. On my return I hastened to obtain possession of the tooth, in the manner that seemed best to me. I was not aware that Mr. L— had mentioned it in his will. The plan which I found is now in safe hands in Russia, and the world will yet learn what the well-guarded secret means to that liberty loving people."

## OUR COLONIAL IDEALS

By C. T. MURCHISON.

The spectroscope takes a single ray of light, and divides it into its component parts. It changes the one color into a variety of colors.

So, American colonization from the single great mass of England's humanity, drew forth the component elements, and transplanted them separately upon the shores of a new world. There was the religious and the romantic, the Puritan and the Cavalier.

The Puritan, in what soil should he be planted? Would his gloomy brow and piercing eye grace a land of perpetual sunshine? Could he fast where orange trees cluster, and where the honey bee is always busy? Could he meditate on mighty destructions, and awful torments within the fragrant vari-colored precincts of a flower garden? Would that keen and capacious intellect be properly stimulated, where its exercise was not necessary to human wants?

Some all-wise power said no, and the Mayflower landed at Plymouth.

Here the gloomy brow found its fitting prototype in the lowering snow-cloud. Here indeed was opportunity for fasting and prayer. To wring a livelihood from that stingy soil required the most skillful exercise of the intellect. Great fields of glistening snow could furnish never failing food for divino thoughts. In that bleak wilderness where the savage roamed could his religion, in itself cold and bleak, find a fit nurturing place.

The Puritan's purpose in coming was to free himself from the conflicting ecclesiastical forces in England. They had pressed in upon him from all sides, neutralizing every effort

he might make to become a recognized factor in the controlling power of his native land. Persecution had been his lot. Restrictions and impediments had been thrown about activities engaged in for conscience sake.

From a social system, so hostile to their ideals, they had now turned to build up one of their own.

They established the township method of government, which was in perfect harmony with their social and economic demands. Common dangers and hardships, a common religion and aspirations had firmly united them with bonds of mutual sympathy. This called for a society intimate, and absolutely informal. On the economic side, physical conditions made it necessary for them to employ the highest form of industrial cooperation, in order to obtain the necessities of life. The stony soil had to be aided in its efforts to furnish food, by the briny deep. The producer was obliged to come into a close relationship with the finisher. Under the conditions prescribed by nature no man could live unto himself at Plymouth. But Plymouth lived unto itself. From the very first we see a colony daily striving to become less and less dependent upon the outside world. With this ideal the movement was started which has made New England the manufacturing model of the world. It helped to foster the spirit of exclusiveness 'tis true, but this was necessary for the highest development of the Puritan character.

Again, the little colony was at all times in danger of attack from hostile Indians. The forces of nature, the cold and the blizzards, the wild beasts, all, seemed to combine against them. This trained them in alertness, courage and military tactics, attributes so valuable to pioneers.

In such a system where every man stands shoulder to shoulder, and in no other, can flourish the spirit of true de-



mocracy; democracy that is intelligent, democracy that is for the masses.

This state of constant social contact intensified the need, and stimulated the desire for a high mental development, at the same time making them easy of realization. For a good educational system under these conditions is not difficult to form. Thus those keen intellects and prodigious minds did not pass away with the passing of the old stock, but lived to be handed down through the following generations. For centuries New England continued the birthplace of great intellects, and educational movements. Old Harvard stands, a noble example of the latter. With its foundations laid under such favorable auspices, its walls reared in such an intellectual atmosphere, its policies shaped to massive ideals, its whole existence the fruit of one spontaneous effort of the masses, how could the institution have played a less distinctive part than it has in moulding the thought, and directing the footsteps of a nation?

Their religion. Can it be described. It was not a separate institution. It breathed through and was a part of everything they possessed. For them the truth of conviction lay in the application of it. Christianity was not a scheme to be studied, but a mode of life to be lived; not a mere abstraction to engross the mind, but a living corporal thing that carried on its existence in everything related to man. The miraculous was not impossible, but was present in every phenomenon of nature. All fortunes and misfortunes which men are heir to, were but direct revelations from the sources of Divinity itself. The forces of God and of the devil were in eternal conflict all about them. Man to be saved must also enter into the fight.

Follow their inner history from the compact made just before the eventful landing, to the end of the colonial period,

and you will witness a constant, intense struggle for individual salvation. Not a struggle of the soul alone but of every mental and physical faculty of the human body. Through it all is a dogged disregard of happiness, of human desires and needs. And here in the realm of their religion will be found the root of the Puritan ideal. It was a religion of justice, not of merey and tenderness. A religion not to comfort, nor to soothe into effeminate sentimentality. Not a religion of pastimes nor of pleasures, nothing of the beautiful there, only a frown of condemnation and a stern call to duty. A religion for the strong which made them stronger. A religion upon which their political institutions were based, from which their educational activities sprung, on which the administration of their laws was dependent, by which their family life was kept ideally pure and simple, through which an intellectual supremacy was attained and held for centuries, a religion which bowed the knee to no man, and knew no ruler but Almighty God. This was his religion, and this was his contribution to the nation. In this was embodied that which moulded to a great extent the character of pure democracy.

Bearing still in mind the Puritan and his characteristics, let us study Virginia and its people.

A rumor had spread itself through all England that a wondrous land lay far to the West. There the bounties of Mother Nature were spread unguarded over a vast domain and man to enjoy them had but to reach forth his hand and pluck.

At the sound of this magic story the laborer held suspended his ax in midair and listened, the hardy adventurer in the seaport tavern ceased to be charmed by the tinkle of the glass, and caught fleeting glimpses of heroic deeds and gleaming gold nuggets. The merry young esquire thought

of fame and romance to be obtained, and gentlemen of wealth and prestige rubbed their chins in silent meditation. Great audiences sat in the playhouses and saw in miniature the land, its riches, its people, heard it related, "gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us. All their dripping pans are of pure gold. All the chains with which they chain up their streets are of massy gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth and gather them on the seashore to hang on their children's coats. Besides there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either."

This wonderful land was Virginia, and can you marvel that those who were in quest of wealth, romance and adventure, sought its shores?

Their disappointments are an old, old story. There was wealth to be got, but by the toil of the hand and the sweat of the brow. It had to be wrung from the soil, and from the forests and streams. It did not take England long to put away the visionary gleam of nuggets and look at the country's possibilities with a more sober view.

Accordingly England began to disgorge herself of her superfluous laboring classes, and land them in Virginia. The criminals and the undesirables were also to a great extent planted upon the wild shores, but under proper restraint, most of them being forced to a state of temporary servitude until their transportation expenses should be worked out, or until their behavior warranted their freedom. Thus the population soon became cosmopolitan in character if not in race.

The physical conditions of the country made it necessary for the colonies to become widely scattered in order to obtain the required food supply. Tobacco came to be the staple crop. It had to be produced on a large scale to make it pay. Only the higher class of inhabitants were able to obtain the

necessary lands. This forced the lower class to become dependent upon the upper for employment. Owing to the fertility of the soil and lack of capital, the entire energy of the colony was turned to production. Manufacturing was attempted only on a very small scale. Accordingly this left a plentiful supply of labor to the planter, which caused an increase in the size of their plantations. They endeavored to have their farms upon some navigable water course as transportation overland on account of the lack of roads was highly unsatisfactory.

These two causes resulted in an ever widening breach between individuals. A system highly feudal in its nature sprang up. The planters became aristocratic in character. A formal society of the wealthier class was established. Their old cavalier instincts, separated from the neutralizing forces which had opposed them in England, became stronger and stronger. The love of pleasure, a wild untrammelled freedom, a defiant spirit of independence, all, asserted themselves. Can we call it democracy? Democracy is for the masses. This was for individuals. We will call it individual democracy, which suggests admirably the character of the old Virginian planter. This individualism was intensified by the introduction of slavery, which strengthened the foundations under the gilded fabric of aristocracy, and made more degrading the low forms of labor.

The Virginian was not remarkable for depth of mind and great learning. Education he did not consider to be a necessary element in the making of an individual or a nation. The pleasures he enjoyed could be appreciated without it. His business was of such a nature as not to demand it. His society founded on the old chivalric ideas required etiquette and wit, but not learning. The plantation method made it practically impossible to provide for a system of education. So this symbol of civilization was sadly neglected.

Though it was not the lot of Virginia to give the nation its men of letters and its great scholars, yet in times of stress, when history was in the making, and when the destiny of a nation was being decided, Virginia it was who furnished the leaders on the fields of action. Leaders who had been bred to a life warm and pulsating, who could touch with marvelous deftness the heartstrings of all men, and make them accord sweetly in mutual sympathy.

It was the individual democracy of the big manor house, of the huge plantations, of the wide forests. It was the ideal which was portrayed by the golden eagle as he soared from cliff to mountain peak, and from mountain peak to the blue beyond.

I have touched upon the Puritan and have spoken of the Cavalier. These two are the most distinct and most influential types that went to the making of the nation. There were others indeed. But they were not actuated by unity of purpose, thought, and race.

Maryland was founded ostensibly to give refuge to oppressed Catholics. Yet owing to the strong anti-Catholic feeling in England, this purpose could not be realized except through a policy of universal toleration. The incursions of the Protestants could not be stopped, and the early history of Maryland is but the narrative of struggle between the two sects, neither being able to dominate.

New York, settled by the Dutch, and later taken possession of by the English, gives us a picture of two nations of traders in constant strife to obtain the balance of trade. New York was strictly cosmopolitan, and very commercial in character. The nobler and deeper side of life had no chance whatever to assert itself.

Pennsylvania was a hive of all creeds, all types, all nationalities, all languages. At first sight a fitting field for democ-

racy to thrive, 'tis true. But the very diversity of its elements tended to defeat its own purposes. No particular ideal could attain prominence, no specific type could rule. As a result no great national impulses were cradled in Pennsylvania.

In conclusion we may observe, that only those ideals and characteristics which become thoroughly developed by the absence of all neutralizing forces, have been decisive in shaping the nation's policies.

## NEILL'S TALE

By ROB ROY.

It was the night before the Logic examination. There were only two or three lights in the dormitory. But the little alarm clock on the mantle of number 9 ticked on steadily and grinned at the stooped shoulders of four procrastinators.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho. Let's stop this business," said Neill Alford, as he threw his Logic book on the table.

"I don't know a thing about this stuff, but I am ready to stop, too," yawned Bob, as he carefully turned down the corner of a leaf and closed his book.

"Boys, I just can't stop yet," snapped out Bill, whose head was fast turning bald from overstudy, as he closed his eyes and began to mumble: "Barbara, celarent, darii....."

"Cut it out, Bill. You will kill your fool self studying. You have the book memorized now. Let's have one of Bob's yarns. Give us a maddog tale, Bob. To-night is a pretty good time to meet one on the campus said "Shorty" Edwards.

"We need what little sleep we can get. Besides I don't care to hear any of Bob's bosh to-night, spoke Neill, shuddering slightly, as he reached for his hat.

"What's the matter with you? Fellows, did you see that chicken-hearted thing shaking? I'll walk to your room with you, Neill, if you are scared."

"Scared? Scared? If you all had gone through what I have, you wouldn't care much about maddog tales either."

"Let's have it, if it is not over twenty minutes," said "Shorty," glancing at the clock.

"Yes, Neill, tell it. It will do us good to get our minds off of this Logic for a few minutes," said Bill.

"Well, since Bill consents, I'll give it to you. You know I live on a farm down in Columbus County. One June, about two years before I came to college, I went from the field to the house to get a drink of water. While I was drinking, a little negro girl, about ten years old, who lived on the place, came running around the corner of the house, screaming at the top of her voice:

"'Dad's killin' mammy. Dad's killin' mammy.'

"'What's that? What's that?' said papa, as he rushed out of the house. 'Run, son. Run. I'll follow as fast as I can.'

"'Excited to death, I started at full tilt. In my hurry I forgot to get the gun, so I grabbed an old shovel handle which was leaning against the garden fence. In a few minutes I was nearing Mike Leach's house, which was about a quarter of a mile from home. Just as I turned the corner of Mike's garden I saw him, with an ax in his hand, chasing his wife around the hut.'

"'Lord help me! Save me, Mr. Neill!' screamed the woman, as she stumbled into the house.

"I hurried to the door, looked in, and there before me, boys, was the most blood-curdling sight that I have ever seen. (Neill trembled violently). Mike had burst open his wife's skull, the woman was lying flat on the floor, and the man's bare foot was resting on his wife's bloody, shattered head. The murderer then turned his head toward the door, and his eyes, glittering like a mad boar's, appeared as green as grass. I pulled the door shut just as the negro lunged his heavy form against it. I knew that I could pull harder than he, because I had hold of the piece of chain that fitted over the staple—the door locked on the outside—and he had only the wooden latch to pull by. I heard the latch tear off so I felt temporarily safe, unless he would go to the door on the other side of the hut."



"Why didn't you turn loose and run?" asked Bill.

"Run? Why I might as well have run from a reindeer as from Mike. I was not looking for a fight, either, because I knew that I could do nothing with a shovel handle against a desperate man with an ax. I motioned and holloed at papa to go back. This seemed to infuriate the rascal all the more. He threw his shoulder four or five times against the door and each time I could hear the planks split. At this moment something seized my trouser leg. I looked down and saw that a big, knotty, black hand had reached through the cat hole. I knew that by pulling down there the negro could jerk off the hinges; so I jumped, tore my cotton trouser-leg off at the knee, and hit the grit for all I was worth. It seemed that I could feel the man's hand gripping my shoulder. I never looked back until I turned the corner at home. To my surprise and delight Mike was not in sight.

"When I stumbled into the piazza, all the women folks were scared half to death, because papa had told them of the trouble.

"'Neill,' said papa, 'I'll stay here with the women. You take your gun and go around and get up a crowd. We shall have to shoot that scoundrel.'

"In a short time I had collected about a dozen men, armed with everything from pitchforks to shotguns.

"Although it was about half past eleven, before eating dinner we started for Mike's house. We divided ourselves into four squads and came up to the house from all sides. With cocked guns five of us entered the cabin. The woman's body was stretched out before us, but in worse condition than when I had left it. The right arm had been torn off at the shoulder, and was lying on the hearth, a few yards away. It seemed as if the nose and right ear had been chewed off. The top of the skull had been crushed in and a large puddle

of blood was on the floor. I looked at the men with me. They were as pale as death.

"'A hellish deed,' from Dan McQueen, were the only words spoken.

"We then looked in the loft, up the chimney, under the bed and in every conceivable hiding place in the little one-room hut. But Mike was nowhere to be seen.

"'Here he is,' said Ben McGirt, who was lying on the ground peering under the house. 'No. What is that?'

"I looked under the house, and backed up against the chimney was the little negro girl who had brought us the news.

"'Come out, Amy,' I said. 'We are not going to bother you.' The dusty little thing came crawling out. 'Where is your daddy, Amy?' I asked.

"'I dunno, sir,' she whimpered.

"'Now be smart, Amy, and tell us where your daddy went after he beat your mammy,' I coaxed.

"'He went toward der Goose Pond. Adder yon leff he tried to beat me and I crawled unner der house.'

"One of the men went with the kid up to our house, and the rest of us started toward the Goose Pond. Sure enough, in the deep sand could be made out Mike's big, barefoot track. But, evidently, he had not run, for it seemed that he had taken unusually short steps. The tracks, however, were soon lost in the leaves and straw of the near-by wood."

"Men kept joining us and in less than an hour there were over thirty men in the crowd. Well, we scoured the woods and fields until sundown, but not a sign of Mike did we find.

"There was such an excitement created about the murder that all the women of the neighborhood were determined for everybody to get together in the same house for the night. And though some of the young bullies were a little extravagant with their boasts, I think that most of the men were

ready to consent to this scheme. They came over home that night, and I expect that there were about fifty of us in one room—kids, women, men and all.

"'Here, men! This is all foolishness,' said Deputy Sheriff John McLean. 'Come on, Kate. Let's go home.'

"'No, we'll not, either,' answered his beloved wife, who always got under the bed when a bat entered the room. 'There's not a person going out of this room to-night.'

"So we sat around on chairs, beds and the floor, talking about the crops and thinking about the negro until the old clock banged out twelve.

"'What's that?' came from several, while everything became as quiet as death. On the steps were heard the regular 'flap, flap, flap' of bare feet. Every man got his gun ready. The intruder walked heavily across the piazza toward the door of the room in which we were huddled.

"'You fool women get away from the door so we can shoot,' stormed papa, just as a heavy weight from the outside crashed against the door. Another blow from without and Mike Leach rushed into the room, knocked down half a dozen women and kids and fell upon the floor, *dead*."

For a few minutes all was silent in number 9 of the Dormitory Building.

"And what was the matter? Did you all shoot him?" whispered Bob.

"Yes. Papa shot him just as he entered. He was suffering from hydrophobia," continued Neill. "The little girl, Amy, told us that her father had been bitten by his dog which had died about two weeks before this. The dog was dug up, and its head, though badly decomposed, was sent off and rabies was found."

"Bill, since I room so far off, and since it is so late, may I 'bunk' with you and Bob to-night?" asked "Shorty" Edwards, the braggart.

## THANKSGIVING DAY

BY TAMBOURINE.

The golden leaves of autumn fall,  
The twilight skies are flushing gray,  
But Nature's throbbing heart and all  
Prepare for thee, Thanksgiving Day.

Around the hearth of dear old home  
The loved ones wait for you and me,  
And thoughts of sadness now have flown  
And those of gladness make them free.

The harvest field is cold and bare,  
The things around may now look sad,  
But let us throw aside our care,  
Thanksgiving comes: rejoice! be glad!

Let all with joy their anthems sing  
To God and all His wondrous ways!  
Let all for life and everything  
That Day the God of nation's praise!

## A MAMMOTH CAVE IDYLL

BY J. B. ELLER.

"That is a true story, friend, and Carl Douglas has sent me a Thanksgiving turkey every year since it happened."

Thus concluded 'Squire Griffin's version of the naming of the "Bridal Chamber" in Mammoth Cave. I had been stopping with the "Squire" for several days and having just returned from a trip to the cave, which was situated only three miles distance from the Griffin home, was sitting under a large shade tree in the front yard when Mr. Griffin rode up, alighted, and, hitching his large bay horse to a post near the gate, walked up to me with a genial air of genuine Kentucky hospitality and opened the conversation which led to his story.

"How did you like the cave?" he began.

"Exceedingly well," I replied.

"What route did you take?" he continued.

"The Combination."

We then began discussing the various places of interest in the cave, especially dwelling upon the appropriateness of the names of "Echo River," "Fat Man's Misery," "The Bottomless Pit," and the various chambers. In the course of our conversation I spoke of the "Bridal Chamber," at the mention of which Mr. Griffin evinced a deeper interest in the subject and became apparently very eager to acquaint me with some facts in addition to those which I had already learned in regard to this underworld of wonders. With a certain degree of animation in his voice he asked:

"Did the guide tell you about the Covington family and the naming of that chamber?"

"He briefly mentioned the naming of the chamber," I re-

plied, "but as he only gave enough facts to arouse my curiosity I would be delighted to hear the full story."

"I will sit down," commented the 'Squire, "for that story is too long to tell standing."

He sat down and placing his chair where the last golden rays of a setting sun shone full in his face, with a gleam of peculiar satisfaction beaming in his eyes, he began:

"In his day Charley Covington was one of the wealthiest and most influential farmers in Warren County and probably in southern Kentucky. While his plantation suffered considerably during the war of the sixties it escaped many of the ravages that wasted most of the farms in this section. When the war closed the negroes who belonged to him in slave time, preferring their old master to freedom, remained on his farm and it was but a few years till he had everything running again in grand style. Everything he touched seemed to turn to money. His cattle were of the very best breed; his sheep and hogs held a similar distinction; and his blooded horses and fine mules were unsurpassed by those of the blue grass. In fact, his large farm, situated on the Glasgow pike, six miles east of Bowling Green, producing every kind of grain and hay native to Kentucky, was the pride of this section and known far and near. Charley Covington was a farmer.

"Besides the father and mother there were in the Covington family two boys and two girls. A happier family I have never seen. Every member seemed inseparably bound to the other by the strongest ties of human affection, and Charley Covington would have sacrificed his whole possessions for the happiness of any one member of his household. Justly proud of the distinction he held in his part of the State he guarded with almost jealous vigilance the name Covington which, encircled by an enviable record, had been handed down to him by a line of worthy ancestors. He was

always anxious to know, in his own words, that everything bearing the Covington mark was the real thing, without taint or counterfeit.'

"Of the two girls, Kate and Pearl, Kate was the older. A woman more worthy of the distinction which her women hold, Kentucky has never produced. In her community Kate was very popular and, in 1873, after refusing many desirable offers, she married Will Wray, who came to this section about 1870 with letters showing him to belong to one of the best families of Virginia. For awhile the young couple were apparently very happy. Will seemingly possessed all the qualities of a gentleman and before marrying Kate had worked himself into the full confidence of every one in the entire neighborhood. Not long after the wedding however, trouble visited the Covingtons. In the first place, Mrs. Covington was stricken with paralysis and soon died, as a result of which Mr. Covington, who was well advanced in years, was prostrated and began rapidly to fail in health. Six months later Kate was attacked by a severe fever, and when she was slowly recovering her husband took a fine drove of Mr. Covington's mules to Lexington, sold them, pocketed the money, and finding another woman, skipped the country. Hearing of this, Kate had a relapse and died within three days. These misfortunes coming in such hurried succession were too much for the rapidly failing health of Mr. Covington and scarcely had two months passed before he, too, was on his deathbed." Here the 'Squire sighed deeply as pondering the scenes of other days, and continued:

"The last days of this proud old man were filled with much concern for the welfare of his younger daughter. The fate of Kate was constantly haunting him. In his agony of mind he decided that no man was worthy to become the husband of Pearl and in his expiring moments called her to his bedside and said:

"‘Pearl, I want you to make me one promise before I die, and I can depart, happy.’"

"‘You have but to mention it, father,’ she replied.

"‘I want you to promise that you will never marry a man on the face of the earth.’"

"Pearl, not realizing the import of such a weighty promise, granted his request, and with her words of assurance ringing in his ears Mr. Covington passed to his reward.

"This triple bereavement weighed very heavily upon Pearl, and for awhile it seemed that she could not reconcile herself to this great loss. So sad did she grow that her closest friends became anxious and her brothers, realizing that something must be done, decided to try a change of scenery and associations. In order to meet this decision they sent her to the home of an uncle near Lexington. New scenes, new friends, and the delightful blue-grass country with its good roads and fast horses worked the desired cure, and it was not many months until Pearl was her bright and happy self again, claiming a large host of friends among the best people of Lexington. So well did she like her new home with its congenial society that she stayed with her uncle three years, during this time being justly recognized as one of the most charming girls in central Kentucky.

"That Pearl was very attractive no one denied, and it is nothing but natural that she should have several admirers. Indeed, she made friends of all with whom she came in contact. In the midst of her popularity, however, she carefully guarded her affections, and the way she would turn down those blue-grass chaps when they would begin to get serious looked as though she would have no trouble in keeping her promise to a dying father. Nevertheless, trouble did come, and I felt partly responsible for its coming.

"It happened that I was at Lexington in school at that time, and among my best friends one was a Yankee, Carl



Douglas. Carl was a neat, well-built fellow, had plenty of money, and made good marks in his classes. Seeing me speak to Pearl one Sunday at church he expressed a desire to meet her, and as I hailed from her part of the State and knew the family well, I took him around to the home of her uncle a few evenings later. When we started to leave Carl asked if he might call again and of course Pearl said she would be delighted. One call led to another and soon they were fast friends. From the very beginning Carl was in earnest. Pearl's attitude showed that she liked him better than an ordinary admirer but I could see that she was determined not to get too serious. The truth is, however, that Carl used as much tact, energy, and perseverance in his love-making as an ordinary Yankee does in a business deal, and almost before she realized it he had won Pearl's heart. When he proposed, however, she admitted that she cared for him but told him positively that she would never marry a man on the face of the earth.

"At first Carl thought he would soon overcome this difficulty. In this, nevertheless, he was very much mistaken. He used every method known to a resourceful lover to convince her that, under the circumstances, to break that promise she would commit no wrong, but to no avail. 'I will never marry a man on the face of the earth' was the barrier.

"When in June Pearl returned to her home and Carl with a diploma set out for Maine, he admitted that he was baffled. He left Lexington, however, with an avowal upon his lips that he would spend the best part of his days in the effort to defeat that promise.

"Carl took great delight in sight-seeing and when leaving Lexington told me that he intended to spend several months in travel before settling down to work, promising to keep me informed in the meantime of his whereabouts. True to

his word he would write me an occasional letter, two of which were from Bowling Green, both telling me that Pearl was still true to her promise. Thus time passed until about the tenth of November I received a letter which was, indeed, a very pleasant surprise. In this letter dated from Denver, Colorado, Carl told me that since leaving college he had visited Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, and Pike's Peak and that he was then on his way to spend a few days with me and visit Mammoth Cave. Sure enough, three days later he arrived, and early the following morning we started for the Cave.

"We were in the best of spirits as we entered the cave that brisk November day, and I think I have never seen a man enjoy natural wonders as did Carl Douglas. Nothing passed his keen eye unnoticed. The rough, uneven windings of the 'Corkscrew,' the calm, weird, yet responsive stillness of 'Echo River, and the snake-like curves and yawning chasms of 'Fat Man's Misery' and the 'Bottomless Pit' amused, fascinated, and thrilled him, but it was the decorations of a chamber then unnamed and a remark of the guide that put Douglas to thinking and acting in a way that makes Mammoth Cave the key to this story.

"While standing in the last-named chamber the guide remarked that the decorations resembled those of a bridal chamber. Douglas almost leaped into the air.

"How far is this from the surface of the earth?" he eagerly inquired.

"Nearly two hundred feet," answered the guide.

"Douglas scratched his head, bit his lip and muttered 'simple.'

"During the remainder of the journey to the outer world my friend was indifferent to his surroundings, showing but little interest in anything to which his attention was called. When we reached daylight he surprised me by announcing

that he could not return to my home that afternoon but would see me a few days later. Prevail with him to return I could not. He had made a definite decision to leave and departed that afternoon assuring me that it was very probable that he would return in the course of a week or ten days. Five days later I was more surprised to receive this significant note :

DEAR GRIFFIN:—I have a surprise in store for you. That promise will soon be defeated. I have convinced Pearl that to marry me in the Mammoth Cave she will not marry a man on the face of the earth. We will be at the Cave by noon Thanksgiving Day. I will rely on your having a Baptist preacher, proper witnesses, and a marriage license awaiting my arrival. I will settle all bills when I arrive.

Your old friend,

CARL DOUGLAS.

"The mystery of his hasty departure was now solved and I was delighted to have a part in the final triumph. Not only did I perform the duties assigned me but, procuring the largest turkey I could find in the neighborhood, I had a regular Thanksgiving dinner prepared for Carl and his bride in the cave. True to his word Carl arrived with Pearl at the appointed time and standing in the chamber where he had received his inspiration they were married by old parson Alexander and took their seats at the wedding feast, the happiest couple I have ever seen."

"And that is why they call that room the 'Bridal Chamber?' " I inquired.

"Exactly so," responded the 'Squire. "They come from all parts of Kentucky to get married in there now. Douglas put the little wheel to rolling and it's been rolling ever since."

## EARLY NEW ENGLAND ORATORS

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BY J. C. SMITH.

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In discussing this subject it would be unjust in the extreme to ignore absolutely the Puritan clergymen as a class. In fact the clergymen were the only public speakers of this early period of our history; and these devout, stern, and as a rule highly educated men laid the foundation for the oratory of the American Nation.

Let us take as a representative man from this period Jonathan Edwards. He was by far the most acute and distinguished thinker that colonial New England produced. His extremely high forehead, his mild meditative eyes, yet a mouth that would grace any lovely woman, distinguished him as the saint and scholar. His famous sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" in its terrible sublimeness, could hardly be termed less than an oration. He believed, with the majority of the clergymen of his time, that if he could not lead a man the way he wished him to go, the best thing to do in order to accomplish his purpose was to scare him to death. In this particular sermon this is forcibly exemplified. Even in print it has the tendency to make cold chills run down your back. What an effect it must have produced when uttered with all the eloquence of this mighty man of God!

This brings us to the Revolutionary Period. It is true it took men to fight and win the War of the Revolution, but the question naturally arises: What caused these men to fight? What caused them to leave their ploughs in the fields, their wives, their children, and hazard all in an open rebellion against the mother country? You say because they believed it was right. But what convinced them that they were in

the right? The orators of the Revolution—behind it all was the oratory of these noble, fearless, men. There were few newspapers and poor facilities for distributing them, and many people were unable to read; consequently, it rested upon the shoulders of these orators to convince men by the power of speech that it was right to fight this war, that "taxation without representation" was totally unjust, and to keep from being slaves they must defend their rights. The result of their efforts has given us civil and religious liberty, has perpetuated our nation and has earned for it the name of "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

New England being the center of civilization in America, naturally New Englanders did the majority of this all important work of this period.

James Otis, of Massachusetts, was one of the most famous Revolutionary orators and a lawyer of no mean ability. He held the official position of advocate-general to the Crown, which was hostile to the colonial interests; but when the time came for him to choose his course he resigned his position and threw his whole time and talent in the cause of the colonies. He upheld their rights in such clear, concise, and persuasive language that he has been called a "flame of fire." Unfortunately practically all his speeches were destroyed by fire and all we have with which to judge his ability are his masterful speeches against the Writs of Assistance and the Stamp Act, in which he convinces his hearers of the absolute unjustness of these laws. His speeches are clear-cut, logical, and to the point and did much to insure the repeal of these laws.

John Adams was more of a scholar and thinker than an orator; yet he appeared with Josiah Quincy, Jr., in the defense of the British soldiers and with James Otis against the Stamp Act. He was very patriotic and whatever he did it was done believing it was for the best interest of the American colonies, yet at times his actions were miscon-

strued by some people. He later became President of the United States and has the distinction of veritably ruining his party by the "Alien and Sedition Law." Just here it would be well to mention the imaginary speech of John Adams delivered in 1826 by Daniel Webster. He imagines that John Adams delivered this speech in favor of adopting the Declaration of Independence. It shows that Webster was thoroughly familiar with the ability of the man and the speech is very much like the work of Adams in spirit and in style.

Josiah Quincy, Jr., graduated from Harvard in 1763 and made a marked success as a lawyer in spite of his precarious state of health. His speeches are characteristic of the time in which he lived. They are full of intense enthusiasm but would not be considered good taste in modern times. He was criticised for defending the British soldiers in 1770 but he did so from strictly a sense of professional duty, and we of this generation base our estimate of his powers upon this very action.

In Joseph Warren we have an orator who was neither a lawyer nor a statesman. He was a practicing physician from 1759 until he was called upon to shoulder arms for the defense of his country. He not only had a firm conviction and let it be known but was willing to back it up by fighting and dying nobly in his country's cause. His speech on "Constitutional Liberty and Arbitrary Power" is really a masterpiece. He appealed to the people of Boston in such a forceful manner, with such clear-cut logic, that their souls were stirred to action and we proudly number him among our heroic dead.

The college-bred, learned and influential business man, John Hancock, was also an orator of note. He was a man of vast wealth and important business connections, yet modest, just and generous, therefore popular. He delivered a

speech on "The Boston Massacre" that had much to do with compelling the English to withdraw their unwelcome and hated troops from the city of Boston. He convinced the people of Boston that unless these troops be removed their lives were in jeopardy, their families in danger, their liberty ready to vanish from them forever.

In spite of his physical weakness and his extreme sensitiveness, Samuel Adams became a peer among the orators of this period. It was his patriotic zeal, the momentum of the occasion that enabled him to overcome these weaknesses and by his famous speech on "American Independence" gain the name of "Father of the American Revolution." This speech was delivered less than a month after the Declaration had been signed. The war was on them, the fatal step had been taken and it was win or die. How well did he express the sentiment of the times in these words!—"The period, countrymen is already come. The calamities were at our doors. The rod of oppression was raised over us. We were roused from our slumbers, and may we never sink into repose until we can convey a clear and undisputed inheritance to our posterity."

Without much exaggeration we may attach to him the cognomen of the *Patrick Henry of the North*.

## PIGGIE'S REVENGE

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By R. P. McC.

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The Lambda Phi Alpha Dramatic Club was holding an executive session. It was evidently a session of no slight importance, for it was held in Pink McQuire's room, away up in the turret of the East Dorm, and Pink himself was guarding the door with his life and an empty pickle bottle. Soaphead Protzman presided from Pink's window seat, his two hundred and ten pounds of football brawn being not readily accommodated in any of the uncertain chairs. A delightful haze filled the room, emanating mostly from Biscuit Martin's surreptitious cigar. The debate now raging was due to the nomination of Piggie Ringer to membership in the Lambda Phi Alpha. Piggie's dramatic talent was exceedingly slight, but his aspirations were immense. He had prevailed upon the reluctant Hongkong Wilson to present his name.

Biscuit Martin led the opposition. He turned loose his oratory against Piggie, and likewise against any member so unworthy as to nominate such a person. Hereupon Hongkong, taking this as a personal insult, prepared to wipe out the insult and Biscuit too, but Soaphead interfered. Then Hongkong stated that he had placed Piggie's name before the society because he was under something of a financial obligation to Piggie. Whereupon Biscuit stormed.

"Are we to allow the sacred name of Lambda Phi Alpha to be dragged in the mire?" he declaimed. "Shall we suffer such a putrescent piece of humanity as Piggie Ringer to continue in his nefarious work? (As Biscuit was quoting almost verbatim the words of the hero in the last melodrama the boys cheered long and lustily.) "Think how Piggie would look on the stage," he went on, his eloquence for the



nonce deserting him. "Besides, he ain't no account even to pull the curtain. This is a white man's country, and Piggie's got no business in our club, anyhow."

Biscuit's last argument was clearly unanswerable, and Piggie by a vote of fourteen to two was shut out from his seventh heaven. This important matter settled, the society proceeded to rehearse their next production, scheduled to be played in the Hall the following week.

This partieuclar play was Biscuit's masterpiece. He was cast for the villain, and had embellished his role with several unusual stunts. But his *chef-d'œuvre* was in the third act. Here Biscuit, hidden in a barrel in deep center, overhears the proposal of Hongkong Wilson as Reginald Grandicourt to Pink McQuire, who, as Doris Montreson, played the part of the perfect lady. The scene called for much histrionic ability, in Biscuit's mind. He delighted the club by sticking his head just over the top of the barrel, and then hastily pulling it in every time the heroine cast a look in his direction. He wore what he hoped was an expression of undying hatred, acquired after long and faithful practice before the looking glass, and a close observation of the expression of all the villains who came to the Gem Theater.

After the rehearsal the club adjourned on motion of Dippy Lewis to watch the football practice, Hongkong separated himself from the others and made a bee-line for Snook's.

"Cracky," he said to himself, as his lean shanks ambled across the cinder path, "I'll have a time explaining to Piggie. Dod gash it, why did I borrow that five-spot from him, anyhow? Might have knowed he'd get it back on me."

Ten minutes later, braced by the vision of a couple of tall glasses overflowing with sweetness, Hongkong gently, very gently, told Piggie the failure of his mission. Piggie's pug nose tilted dejectedly downwards, and he almost forgot to keep one eye on the door—a precaution necessary because of

a prejudice existing in the minds of certain professors of the Rugby-Exeter Preparatory School.

"No," Hongkong was saying, "the fellows wouldn't have you. It was Biscuit's fault, though. His hot air had 'em paralyzed, I reckon. But brace up, Piggie, maybe you'll have another chance."

But Piggie refused to be comforted. His feet beat a nervous tattoo on the rungs of the high stool on which he was perched, and his queer little eyes took on a far-away look which boded no good to the eloquent Biscuit.

"Say, Piggie," entreated Hongkong, "I did the best I could, honest injun; but, golly whoppus, I couldn't make the fellows elect you."

"Umph," mumbled Piggie, between gulps from his glass. "See here, Hongkong, how about that V you owe me?"

"Well," placated Hongkong, "you know I'll give it back to you as soon as I can sell my share in the A. R. F. A."

Now as the shares of the A. R. F. A., otherwise the Amalgamated Rooster Fighting Association, were above par, and in great demand, since their possession enabled the owner to attend all the private cock-fights back of the Gym without any extra charge, Piggie should have been satisfied. But he wasn't. The Lambda Phi Alpha had probed his weak spot with no tender hand. Like the heroes of old, he meditated revenge. He whirled on the luckless Hongkong.

"Look here, when do you fellows give your next jambo-ree?" he interrogated fiercely.

"Next Friday night, in the Hall," spluttered Hongkong, who had swallowed half his buffalo sundae in his confusion. "But why do you want to know?"

"Scat!" hissed Joe, the soda clerk. The boys ducked behind the counter and scuttled out the back way, leaving Joe to remove the incriminating glasses and face the portly and incredulous German professor, who was *sure* he had seen a couple of boys in there.

As Piggie scadded back to the Dorm he thought to himself, "Oh you Dambda Phi Alpha, you give your stunt Friday night, do you? Um, that gives me four days. Guess I'll just take a look at that Hall. And Biscuit crawls in a barrel to peep through the bung-hole, and plays the villain does he? Well, Biscuit, I'll sure help you to astonish that crowd of town girls, all right."

Friday night came at last. The apprehensive Hongkong was reassured when Piggie bought a seat in the balcony.

"Piggie must have got over his bump all right," he said to Biscuit, who was making up for his villainous career.

"Bother, likewise Blow," responded Biscuit, screwing his face into a terrific "Lay on Macduff" expression, and carefully shading one eyebrow, "Piggie's all wind, anyhow."

The first act was a success. The house applauded liberally, and the actors did their best. Biscuit discovered Mary Thomas in the pit, and beamed on her gorgeously, until he remembered his role, and Mary shyly beamed back. But as the second act went on a strange pervading odor began to advertise its presence. "Goodness! asafetida," murmured the school physician, down in the pit. The atmosphere became decidedly unsavory. Only the hard work of the Lambda Phi Alphas averted a storm.

Just before the curtain went up for the third act Piggie left his seat for a moment. When he returned the restless and complaining audience was listening to Biscuit as Marmaduke Mushby holding forth to his confederate, the elephantine Soaphead.

"Aha!" he hissed. "They will soon be here, entranced in their love. Little do they dream that I shall overhear their tender conversation. I must have Reginald's blood" (which last word he pronounced "ber-lud.")

The audience applauded feebly; the asafetida was fast overpowering them. Soaphead departed, and Biscuit con-

cealed himself in his barrel just as Reginald Grandcourt (alias Hongkong) and Doris Montreson (alias Pink) strolled in.

"How sweet and heavenly is the air to-night! dearest," breathed the poetical Reginald.

"Gee, his smeller must be busted," shrilled a small boy from the gallery. After the tumult subsided, Reginald hurried on, omitting the other lines concerning the fragrant night.

"How silent it is here; we are all alone"—

"Kerchow!" interrupted Biscuit from the barrel. The audience sniggered. Reginald went on.

"Surely you will not longer refuse"—

"Kerchow! Kerchow!" sneezed the luckless Biscuit. The snigger increased to a giggle, then to a tumult of uproarious laughter. This was better than the real play. The gallery gods howled and screamed their approval. The odor of asafetida ever became stronger. Reginald and Doris struggled desperately to get a hearing.

"Dearest," yelled Reginald, "I love—"

"Kerchow!! chahoo!!" sounded from the barrel. Biscuit could stand it no longer. He leaped from his concealment, and with weeping eyes and convulsive features stumbled to the footlights. The audience was rocking in spasms of laughter. Even Mary Thomas was doubled up.

"By—," began Biscuit, with appropriate gestures. "the son of a gum who filled my barrel full of cayenne pepper has got—"

But just then the resourceful Soaphead charitably drew the curtain.

The next afternoon Dippy Lewis noticed old Uncle Joe working in the furnace room.

"What's wrong, Uncle?" asked Dippy.

"Well, boss, I'd shoh like ter find thet smaht-aleek what filled my furnace full of dis year asafetidy, so I would, sir."

## COULD IT ONLY BE

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By A. DERWOOD GORE.

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If some lay immortal I could sing,  
Caught from song of sylvan muse's wing,  
And in words of poets' rhythmic fire  
Pen, or play its notes on seraph's lyre,  
Life itself would seem a sweet, sweet song  
Full of love to me. Could visions throng  
Past in endless trains from glory wrought  
And restore my mind to childhood's thought  
Where again old scenes I might behold,  
Such as airy castles bright as gold,  
Built for happy children by His might;  
Peaked with spires, like snow of purest white;  
Placed among the stars which shine on all  
Through the windows arched and doorways tall,  
Giving gleams of where I hope to go  
Then farewell old world and all thy show.

## THE CHIEF'S BLUNDER

BY MAERS HALL, '10.

The editor-in-chief didn't attempt to hide his annoyance at being interrupted.

"J. Richard Howell," he read, taking the card which the office-boy handed him. "He must be the fellow whom Jones recommended as a good man to help on that municipal graft story we are working up for the Sunday supplement."

The chief wrote a few words on the back of the card and gave it to the boy.

"Take Mr. Howell up to the city editor's office and have him present this card."

And the chief proceeded to forget everything but the sensational story to be printed in Sunday's issue, a full exposure of the criminal misuse of the city's funds by the present administration.

With half-closed eyes he could see through the thin lines of smoke that curled up from his Habana, groups of men on every street corner reading the startling headlines on the *Herald's* first page. And he could see as well the *Times'* editors gnashing their teeth at having missed such a genuine "scoop."

The office-boy again broke into his dreams.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

The chief turned just as the caller entered his private office.

"Powell is my name," said the stranger. "I have come to see you in regard to some special work Jones said you wished me to do."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Powell," answered the chief. "I'm sorry I was unable to see you when you called a few moments ago. Have you been up to see the city editor yet?"

"But I didn't call a few moments ago," said Powell.

"What!"

"Nor have I called to see the city editor. This is the first time I've been here to-day."

It was the chief's time to be astonished. If this was the man Jones had recommended, who was the fellow he had engaged to work up the story? The *Times* people, he knew, suspected them to be working on something sensational, and perhaps they had sent this man—

"As I said before," continued the stranger,—

But the chief did not hear. He had already made a dive for the telephone and was ringing furiously for the city editor.

"That you Jamison?"

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"Did you put a fellow Powell on that special story to-day?"

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"Name was Howell? Well, what in thunder did you take him in for?"

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"I told you to? Of course I did, but you ought to have known that the man we were looking for was named Powell."

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"What can we do? Why, nothing but fire him quick."

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"Why? The idea of asking why! Can't you see he was sent out by the *Times* people to get next to our story? Put him out now!"

The chief hung up the receiver with a bang and after wiping the perspiration from his brow, turned toward his caller who had overheard the conversation.

"Well, sir, you may go up now and have Jamison put you on the job."

"But I came to tell you," said Powell, "that I can not accept the place as I am engaged in other work now. However, I'll offer a suggestion if you don't object. If you think Howell comes from the *Times*, why don't you try to buy him over with, say, forty or fifty a week?"

"Fifty a week!" exclaimed the chief. But he saw the good sense of the suggestion and reached for the 'phone again.

"That you, Jamison!"

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"Howell gone yet?"

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"What'd you let him go for?"

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"I know I did, but get him back quick and make him sign up for a year at fifty per week."

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later Jamison called to have a private chat with the chief.

"Chief," he said, "I reckon we got roped in all right by that confounded young Howell."

"What's he done now, Jamison? Sold out to the *Times*?"

"Doubt if he ever heard of the *Times*," continued Jamison in a tone of disgust. "When he came in last week he only intended to ask for a try-out as cub reporter, but instead of that you gave him—"

"A year's contract at fifty per week!" finished the astonished chief. "Gee whiz! that comes high for a cub reporter. Let's close up and get a little fresh air. The drinks are on me this time."



## A DAY ON THE CATAWBA RIVER

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By J. B. COPPLE.

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It was about nine o'clock on a beautiful Saturday morning in the latter part of August when our little party of four set out for a day's outing at the Catawba Power Company's power-plant on the Catawba River in York County, South Carolina. We had a drive of about ten miles which was thoroughly enjoyed, the day being very pleasant and the teams eager to speed along. Before we had scarcely realized the flight of time we found ourselves in Fort Mill, half of the distance having been left behind us. We drove through this hustling little town and then proceeded on our way to the river.

About four miles beyond Fort Mill we came to the river. The bridge over it at this point is long and from the middle of it we could get a very fine view of this stream as it rolled its waters restlessly toward the mighty ocean. The river presents a beautiful sight as it winds through the valley. On each side, as far as the eye can see, lie wide-extending fields of corn waving in the summer breeze. About a mile upstream from the bridge we saw the top of the power-house. We hastened on, passing the supply store a little distance from the power-house and soon reached our destination.

The power-house and dam are built right at a sharp bend in the river and there is a fine hill in the corner formed by the bend in the river. A fence runs around this hill and down to the river. We drove through the gate up into the grove and fed our teams before looking over the power-plant.

We then set out for the power-house at the foot of the hill going down a steep flight of steps before reaching the power-house. We had to walk along a narrow cement walk which

was so sloping that we could scarcely keep our feet from sliding off. On one side was a brick wall and on the other a deep cement tank which was empty at the time. A slip from the walk would have been a very serious accident. We went out to the edge of the dam and watched the water as it poured over the central part of the dam on the solid rock below. The temptation to walk out on the dam was too great for my chum and me to withstand so we went out on the dam in spite of the protests of the two young ladies. The breeze on the dam being strong it was hard for us to keep our balance and as a tumble over would have meant sure death because of the solid rock below the protests of the young ladies were not without cause. We watched the water pour over and beat itself into a foam until we grew tired of this and then we went inside to take a look at the powerful machinery.

As we passed in the door we hesitated, we could not grasp the meaning of so much power. The dynamos are immense and all other parts of the machinery are proportionately large. As we stood around these powerful dynamos we thought of the insignificant power of man compared to them, yet we realized that these are the product of man's inventive genius and by him have the forces of nature been harnessed and commanded to do his bidding. Cities are lighted, factories and trolley cars are run, food is cooked and hundreds of other things are done by this mysterious power of nature called electricity. Almost every day some new use is made of this mighty natural force. The world looks on in amazement and wonders what will happen next. The X-Ray machine and wireless telegraphy have been developed to such an extent in the last few years that both are a complete success. Such things were not dreamed of even twenty-five years ago. Power for lighting the streets and

homes and running the factories of several surrounding towns is distributed from the Catawba Power Company.

After spending quite a while in the power-house we climbed the hill and prepared for dinner which had been so abundantly provided for by the two young ladies. We must have been very hungry judging from the way we ate. After dinner we rested in the shade of the trees for about an hour and then went down to the power-house again. We tested ourselves to see who could stand the strongest electric shock and then bade farewell to the power-plant.

About four o'clock we set out for Fort Mill and from there to our starting point. The afternoon was ideal and no drive could have been more thoroughly enjoyed than this one. We all agreed that the day had been the most pleasant we had passed in a long time.

## BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

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BY EDWARD B. JENKINS, '11.

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"You going to Hagerstown?" said an Italian to me just after I had boarded a north bound train.

"No," I said, "I am going to Thaxton, a station this side."

"Well, I want you showie this boy when he get there," he said, as he pointed him out to me.

"He go out in country from there to work on railroad, and his brodder meet him at station," he went on to explain.

"Any relative of yours?" I ventured to ask.

"No, he my fellow-countryman, just over here in land of fortune to get rich. He like me, go back to Talia as soon as he will get big moneys."

"Can he speak English?" I asked, noticing that the boy looked blank at what we were saying.

"No, he no speak English, take long time to learn. Hard, more hard for us."

Then he turned to the boy and spoke a few words in Italian of which I was as ignorant as the boy was of English. I looked at the boy, who appeared to be about sixteen years of age. He was small of stature but was chubby. As I looked at him I thought, "poor heathen boy, over here in a strange land, far from home and can't speak a word of English."

Just before we reached the station the boy handed me an envelope with this address on it: "Lane Bros, Body Camp, Va. R. F. D. No. 1." I read it and handed it back to him. When we reached the station I motioned him to get off. I was about to leave the car when the Italian man who had spoken to me about the boy said:

"His brodder meet him and takie him out to railroad camp."

There was a large crowd at the station, and the boy went through it scanning faces, but none was his brother's. I was sitting in the station waiting for an up-town car when he came back and sat down on his large grip and began to look into my face as a dog does when hungry, waiting for bread. I looked at him and knew what feelings were going on in his breast for I had been away from home, in a strange town, where I did not know a soul, and without money. I thought I ought to help him if I could for I knew if he remained at the station (and there was nothing else for him to do) he would be taken in charge and perhaps locked up. So I motioned him to let me see the address again. He drew it out of his pocket quickly and handed it to me. I returned it to him and asked one of the station porters how the boy could get out to the railroad camp. He said there was no way that day as it was Sunday, and that the hack came only during the week. Then I asked where the boy might stay until the next day. He said he knew of no place unless it be with some Italians who lived a half-dozen blocks down the street. So as there was nothing else to do I bade the boy follow me. Down the street we went, I in front and he behind with his cumbersome grip on his shoulders. On our way we passed a crowd of men and at once became the center of attraction. Among their remarks were: "I'll bet he is an immigration agent or a railroad contractor."

Soon we arrived at the house occupied by the Italians and as we approached they all ran out to meet us giving shouts of welcome, but when they saw that they did not know us they looked disappointed. An old man, the father of the family, came up and said: "How do. How do." I spoke to him and told him to speak to the stranger, my new friend, the boy. By this time the whole family (which was by no means a small one) had gathered around us and were chatting, I supposed, about the new arrival from their native

land. Then they began to pop rapid-fire questions at him. He answered them to their satisfaction from the look on their faces. At length he drew out the envelope that he had shown me and pointed to the address on it. They read and all began to make comments. All I could understand was the words, "Body Camp, Body Camp, Body Camp." The rest of the conversation was Dago to me, but what I was interested in was whether the boy could stay all night. After much silence on my part I asked the old man if he could entertain the boy. He repeated my request to the other members of the family and after much voluble discussion they decided that he could stay. I wanted to know the boy's name and using the old man as an interpreter, I learned that it was Pietro. Holding out my hand, I said, "Pietro, good-bye."

He took my hand and smiled but said not a word. I went back up town leaving him in his new quarters.

## II.

Six months had passed before I was back that way again. This time I was traveling in a hack, having three large sample cases of goods. To reach my destination I was compelled to cross Banister River. It was almost an hour until dark and seven miles to go yet.

"Better not try to cross dis river 'fore dark, Boss," said my driver as we approached it.

"What's the matter, is it dangerous?" I asked.

"Yes, sah; the ford where we am to cross is very rocky. Agin I guess the river are up. Bin heap or rain this week."

"But I must reach Body Camp to-night, so go ahead," I said, and the driver whipped up the horses.

By the time we reached the river darkness had come and we could not tell whether the river was out of banks or not. As we drove in the water seemed to rise higher on the wheels

than usual, but we did not heed this. The horses got on well until nearing the opposite side, when one of them fell but recovered and started ahead. Before we knew it the water was up in the hack and we went down in a hole. The driver throwing the lines to the wind yelled to me: "Jump out Boss, and let's cut the horses loose." But I could offer him no assistance as I was beginning to sink. The water rolled over me and down I went, choked almost with muddy water.

There was an old story in my community that if when one was drowning and would hold his hands over his head, he without fail would come to the top of the water. I did this and came up, but it was dark and I could see nothing of the driver, hack or horses. I then realized that I was drowning and made a strike for the shore, but the current was too strong for me. In my despair I yelled, "Help, Help!" About this time a beam or a log hit me in the head, knocking me nearly senseless. As I was sinking for the second time, I felt some one grip my arm and then consciousness left me.

### III.

Next morning I awoke and came to my senses. I looked about me to discover where I was. I tried to rise up in the bed but my head pained me and I fell back. Putting my hand to my head I felt a bandage. Upon further investigation I found I was in a cabin, with a rough plank floor and unceiled overhead. From some pegs on the wall hung a coat and a pair of overalls. But how I got in this place was more than I could tell. As I was trying to figure it out, I heard footsteps in an adjoining room. Then a man came in and I looked into his face. Who should it be but Pietro! He smiled at me and took my outstretched hand and I called him by name.

"How did I come to be here, Pietro," I asked.

"Me hear you whoop for help and pull you out," he said, quickly.

"I can never thank you enough for this kindness. What do I owe you for taking care of me?" I inquired.

"You pay me when I reach this country," he replied.

"How did I pay you?" I said, wondering what he meant.

"Oh, you treat me good. I be lost at Thaxton but you take me to place for to stay all night," he said, looking serious.

For three days I remained in bed and all this time Pietro sat by my side and cared for me as a brother. Through the long hours of day and night he remained with me and watched my every movement. At the end of the third day I was able to walk about. Four days more were spent in Pietro's cabin before I was able to make a trip back to the nearest station, some fifteen miles away. Pietro accompanied me on this trip and I told him good-bye at the station, never to see him again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months more had passed and I had forgotten Pietro. One day I was on my way back to headquarters when a news-butch came through the car with the morning papers, saying: "Papers, Papers? All about the great catastrophe at Body Camp! Terrible disaster!" I got a paper without delay and read the big headlines:

"Death Stalks Through the Land—Explosion in Tunnel on the Deepwater Railroad."

"Young Italian workman saves six men's lives by throwing dynamite caps out of the tunnel but is blown to pieces in the attempt."

I ran my eye down the list of dead and at length came to this one that filled my soul with sorrow:

Guarino Pietro, young Italian workman; age 17 years.

Then I knew it was he and I felt sure he died at his post of duty.



## WORLD UNITY

By N. B.

What is law?

In its general sense, in the words of David Dndley Field, "Law is a rule of property and conduct prescribed by sovereign power."

And whence the origin of law?

In the earliest, darkest ages, man lived in an untamed state—no one was his dictator. Through the social instinct which is inherent in man, communities were formed and these gradually in manners and customs fell into the like style. In these tribes, those of marked superiority became the first leaders of men, and the mere fact that they were superior in might or intellect gave them authority. Thus we find customs, or modernly speaking, laws, from the first prescribed or set by sovereign power.

We rapidly follow history as the tribes, villages, boroughs, sections and towns, are through many eventful years moulded by resolute hands into units—into communities—into nations. As civilization has advanced, so have laws. From the wild, wandering barbarian of the rough age has evolved the triumph of modernism—the civilized man. Hand in hand, supporting and nourishing, and in truth, forming civilization, walks government regulation. Law there is for every one, everywhere, and at all times. Ah! majestic system that calls forth obedience from all; from the crude tribal customs to the rigid national laws we see thy development! But—you have not attained perfection.

We have some international laws—in other words—public laws of the world—but these are few and not very effective. Yet if there is progress, international relations must exist, and if international relations exist, there must be international law. This fact remains despite all opposing argu-

ment. These laws must range in magnitude from the free navigation of the ocean and colonization of islands to an infinitude of subdivisions. In short, international issues must reproduce on the largest scale national issues.

Cynics, pessimists and the self-satisfied, unprogressives have howled their bitter raillery and denunciation of such world schemes. But the gentle answer of our small, practical experiments has rolled into a thundering roar of truth, accomplishment and prospects. The obstacles are not insurmountable.

Never before was the tendency to assimilation so strong. Review the pages of history and we follow but the development or blending of different elements into united wholes. How our hearts throb with sympathetic patriotism as we are transported to the years of suffering when Italy was unified, and Germany consolidated into a nation of standing.

First, man obtained *individual*, social, economic and political freedom, then *national* freedom. Is there more? Has progress reached this iron wall of standstill? First, wonderful work has been accomplished. Yet is there not else?

It is evident that we must march on. The progress of civilization shall not rest. The greatest is the unattained—it is the unification of all.

Men may say that according to the definition of law there can be no international law. It is true that there is no human sovereign wielding imperial sway o'er the nations. But let us remember that behind everything that lives and moves, there is one matchless power.

Think not that I speak fanatically or irrationally—practicable and expedient is the accomplishment of a perpetual international union. And it is strange to me that Americans who claim to be the most enlightened and progressive folk have not heretofore thus acted. The fault, fearfully prominent among our writers and statesmen is either their lack of foresight or their narrowness of mind. Satisfied with pres-

ent civilization we brood not over anticipated feats of triumph, and hence do not reach the highest point of advancement.

But even in the past history, entwined with its significant errors of the great, we find a teacher true. Look into the past, and then enlarge your picture, paint it with colors more vivid, vary the expression slightly, deepen the lines so prominent, and see the future loom clearly before your eyes. History is but a continual repetition. These words are true in the very largest sense. "United we stand, divided we fall." As a text unfailingly staunch we must apply it to this subject.

In the years of Columbus—that age which we now regard with derision as barely semi-civilized or educated, the average man held as much belief in the revolution and correct shape of the earth as has the average man of to-day in the accomplishment of the world-union. Can you grasp the conclusion?

To detail the manner of the movement is a different subject. Already we have been shown how our armies and navies should be uniformed international police, how the law and order of the world should be regulated by these instead of by continual savage devastation by so-termed civilized powers. The present conditions are not only inadequate for impartial justice, peace, and kindness, but they can not long remain as they now are.

What we need to-day is a wider vision of life—of the glorious possibilities and inevitable attainments to those who always look toward the higher. Especially so in the South. We are satisfied with present conditions—satisfied to live and be felt only within the boundaries of our narrow sphere. But things can not always be so, and it is our duty to prepare for the future, to make the future the better.

Let America, yes let the South, be first in this glorious work of strengthening and perfecting the ties which bind the brotherhood of the world.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. M. BROUGHTON, Jr., Editor

### College Men and College Problems

Under the caption, "If I Were Going to College Again," there appeared in a recent issue of the *Biblical Recorder* a significant symposium of expressions from a number of prominent men in our State. The words of these men, whose experience has been large, may be read with interest and profit, especially by the present-day college student. It is interesting, in view of the general discussion of college problems to which our papers are giving considerable space, to note the points in common in the several articles.

First, they are generally agreed that the motive which would prompt them in going to college would be above all a desire for *study*. Here the modern college man, as pictured by some critics, might be tempted to ask: Of what benefit has been the long experience of these gentlemen that they should retain so old-fashioned an idea? Then, "Why go to college?" suggests itself as a probable question. Is it because it is fashionable? Is the ambition to achieve athletic glory the prompting motive? Or, is it possible that there are those who really go to college to *study*? We entertain a confident belief in the latter motive, and though holding as

extreme the view as expressed recently by a college president who, in an address to the students, declared that not even missionary societies, however commendable, should be permitted to dissipate the students' attention to the curriculum requirements, we must agree that the policy of those who in going to college emphasize study above all else is both admirable and wise.

However, while it is the unanimous opinion of those who would come guided by the light of experience, that the emphasis should be placed upon studies, still they are equally concurrent in their idea as to the intrinsic worth of the other things, athletics finding especial favor. One contributor mentions the fact that when in college he was both valedictorian of his class and captain of the baseball team, and declares that were he again entering college such an evenly balanced career would be his ideal. In none of the articles is there aught to justify the attitude of those students, properly classed as undesirables, who boast of never attending an athletic contest, and who would claim as a virtue their abhorrence of anything so vulgar as a football or baseball game.

In short we gather that the well-rounded man, not the "grind" is to be regarded as the best example of college man. By this phrase "well-rounded" is meant not merely a strong athletic spirit together with a lively interest in all student affairs, but also a genuine enthusiasm for studies. Of course it is not expected that the student should "throw up his hat and shout himself hoarse over a theorem of algebra or over the scholarly achievements of the faculty," but certainly there might be freer expression of genuine scholarly enthusiasm. When we shall have realized a combining of athletic spirit with an enthusiasm for study then will at least one of our college problems be nearing a solution.

**Our Thanksgiving Debate**

The time draws near for our second debate with Randolph-Macon College, which is to be held at Ashland, Va., on Thanksgiving Day. To say that we are sure of winning would be to use a trite expression. We have the confidence inspired by a record unsurpassed by any southern college, and entertain no fears as to the outcome of the approaching debate. It is possible, however, that there may be some ground for fear, not in this immediate instance, but for years ahead of us. The danger—if there is any—lies in the face that we are somewhat inclined to rest upon our honors won in the past.

Though not pessimistic we feel that there is a perceptible falling off of interest in our inter-collegiate debates. Certainly no event in our college activity is of more importance, and there should be a more active interest shown by the student body in general. Of course all can not enter the preliminary and only two can take part in the debate, but by our enthusiasm and words of encouragement we can do much to keep alive that splendid spirit which has guided us so successfully in the past. We have great things ahead of us in the way of debates and only by hard work and the indomitable Wake Forest spirit shall we be able to maintain the record we have made. By winning the Thanksgiving debate with Randolph-Macon we will close that series, and arrangements are already under way for a great triangular debate with two of the foremost universities of the South. And, while we have nothing to fear in the event of such a debate there is every reason for a renewing of what may be termed our debate spirit.

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**The Lecture Series**

Our college lecture series has come to be practically a necessity with us and is deserving of much emphasis. Whatever may be said of this feature of our college life in the past few years, there

can be no doubt that it has come to be greatly appreciated by the whole student body. The large and enthusiastic attendance at the first lecture of the session gave evidence of much interest. An unusually strong course, we understand, has been arranged for this session, and the students will have the opportunity of hearing a number of interesting and instructive speeches. Such lectures are not without some permanent effect and it is the experience of many students that impressions received on the occasion of some masterful address have been a positive force in shaping the career.

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**An Effort to  
Complete Stu-  
dent File**

An effort is being made to collect and maintain a complete file of *THE STUDENT*. In looking over the bound volumes for the purpose of straightening them out we find that there are several numbers missing. Recognizing the importance of keeping a complete file, we would enlist the aid of the Alumni and students in restoring to the file the lost numbers. The following are the ones missing:

1882—January.

1887—October.

1888—March.

1889—January, March, April, May, July, October, November.

## CURRENT COMMENT

E. W. S.

That the North Carolina farmer is awake is evident to any one who travels through the country or talks with the farmer. He realizes as never before that he is engaged in a commercial enterprise, that farming is a business and should be conducted on business principles. He has come to realize two things—first, that the soil is his trade, the fulcrum on which he stands, the source of his business. Consequently his old lands are again enriched, methods of preserving and increasing fertility are utilized;—second, that he must market his crop wisely. This is strictly the commercial side, he raises not for home consumption but for the market. To-day he is studying markets as merchants and traders have done for years. He is watching the crop that sells, that brings a surplus.

These changes have been brought about by a variety of causes. The Farmers' Alliance was a dream and a disappointment, it was a political, not an economic movement. Too soon it deserted its stronghold of economics and began to chase the *ignis fatuus* of political privilege. Here it floundered and was lost. To-day they have the best organization in the history of all agricultural movements. The Alliance was a disappointment, but it put men to thinking. In many sections the leaders of the new movement are men who were aroused in the early movement, began to read and think, and to-day, wiser by experience, are planning more wisely. The high prices paid for farm products has brought prosperity to the farmer. It is showing in their stock, houses, and social life. After all, the best civilization possible for the South is one that rests in agriculture.



It is becoming the custom for presidents and governors to travel through a great part of the country, to visit the great expositions, and to meet many people face to face. These officials occupy not only the chief official positions, but also they are accorded the highest social positions. The sovereigns of England take part in great social functions and are accorded highest honors. Americans always welcome and respect their high officials regardless of party. This bespeaks a respect for authority that is commendable and healthy. However bitter the vituperation may have been during the campaign, election ends it all. The American does not look upon high officials with "slavish respect or dreadful fear." They draw nigh them without fear and trembling. The itinerary of President Taft is quite different from that of the King of England. He is to visit North Carolina. He will be given a royal welcome, such as becomes the hospitality of the people of the historic Cape Fear. North Carolina may not have voted for him, but she feels that he is as much her president as that of any other part of the country.

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There is complaint in every part of the South that the laborer is inefficient; even the increase of wages is not followed by increased efficiency. Wages seem to have little influence to elevate the negro race. The surplus is not spent in rational pleasures, but rather in indolence. The rise in wages enables them to secure the necessities of life by working fewer days. Saturday has become a holiday and Monday a dull day in order to recover from the relaxation of Saturday and Sunday. Within the next few years there will come a change in the conditions of this problem. Farmers will use more machinery to do their work. Horse-power will take

the place of man-power wherever it is possible. The rule will be a few acres well tilled by the immediate family rather than many acres poorly tilled by hired labor. Domestic service will be modified by the introduction of light, water and heat into the homes. This will mean a partial emancipation from the thralldom of the domestic servant. Neither of these changes will be hurtful to our domestic, social, or industrial life. On the contrary, intelligence applied to these problems will make them easier and more satisfactory.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

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CARL H. RAGLAND, Associate Editor

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'84-89. Mr. Fred L. Merritt, who has made a great success as the land and industrial agent of the Norfolk and Southern Railway, and who has recently accepted the position of general agent of the New Orleans Great Northern Railroad, has left Norfolk for New Orleans to enter upon his new duties. His headquarters will be in Jackson, Mississippi, where he will go at once.—*News and Observer*.

'00-07. A. L. Fletcher has resigned his position as city editor of *Raleigh Evening Times* to become editor of the *Rockingham Post*.

'01-04. Benjamin F. Parham, who has taken a course in law at Harvard University is practicing law at Thomasville. He is also the teacher of the Baraca class of the Baptist church at that place.

'81-84. On the event of the resignation of Campbell Morgan as pastor of the Westminster Church of London, to accept the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York it is rumored that Dr. Len G. Broughton, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Atlanta, the largest Baptist church in America, will be called to fill his vacancy. It has been said that Dr. Broughton has the ear of the people of England more than any American divine. It is to be remembered that he supplied at Westminster Church three months during the summer of 1908.

'91-93. B. A. Justice, of Charlotte, was elected Attorney-General of the North Carolina Retail Merchants' Association at their convention in Elizabeth City, June, 1909.

'00-01. Norman H. Johnson, of Lynchburg, Virginia, was appointed General Counselor for the National Association of Retail Merchants. His work is to organize the associations

of the different States into one great National Merchants' Association.

'04-08. Chas. S. Barnette is city editor of the *Charlotte News*.

'86-90. Attorney-General T. W. Bickett, representing the Alumni of the University of North Carolina on October 12, at the University Day exercises delivered an address on "Democracy and Cleanliness in the Student Body."

'89-93. Congressman E. Y. Webb being unable to attend the Kings Mountain Dedicatory Exercises on October 7, his speech was read by his colleague, Representative R. N. Page, of the Seventh District. The subject of his speech was the "United States" and it was pronounced as very fine.

'91-93. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., delivered the annual address at the Oxford Orphan Asylum, on June 24, 1909, on the occasion of the celebration of St. John's Day by the Masons.

'06-07. D. G. Brummit, who was elected mayor of Oxford last May in behalf of the people of Oxford, delivered the address of welcome on the day of the celebration of St. John's Day.

'90-92. Mr. Bailey F. Williamson is president of the Kraft Paper Company, of Gainesville, Florida. The stock of the company is capitalized at two and a half million dollars. The raw material out of which its papers are to be made is the long leaf pine, which it has heretofore been impossible to use for such a purpose. The process is known as the Williamson process.

'92. President O. J. Peterson, late of the Orangeburg College Institute, has accepted the presidency of Louisiana Female College, Keatchie, La. In a private letter he says: "Financial backing is all right. If I can get a big freshman class this year, the success of the College is assured, so far as I can see."

'07. Mr. Walter Herbert Weatherspoon, who is practicing law in Laurinburg, N. C., was married July 28, 1909, to Miss Maudo Gertrude Lee, of that city.

'07. Principal Bunyan Yates Tyner, of the Wingate High School, was married July 28, 1909, to Miss Mary Lee Bivens, of Wingate, N. C.

Of the class of Naught Nine we note the following gentlemen were successful applicants at the examination, July 8th, for the three year State High School certificates: J. H. Beach, of Lenoir; N. T. Cable, of Clayton; H. L. Koontz, of Linwood; Santford Martin, of Benbow. In the same group the class of 1908 was represented by E. N. Thorn and J. B. Thorn, Jr., of Forest City; the class of 1907, by Rufus B. Pearson, of Reidsville the class of 1904, by W. H. Whitehead, of Intelligence; and the class of 1898, by A. B. Bryan, of Waynesville.

'78. Rev. William Thomas Jordan, pastor in Portland, Oregon, in a recent private letter gives the following personal information, which his friends in North Carolina will be pleased to get: "Since coming West I have taken considerable interest in educational matters, and as trustee of California College while living in California and as trustee of McMinnville College have been able to render the cause some assistance. I have been in the West twenty-two years, and though I have always had a good church and the West has given me hundreds of the best of friends, a good wife, and two charming little girls, there are times when my heart turns back to Dixie." He has an humorous lecture entitled "Down South in Dixie" which he gives with distinct success.

'09. Mr. C. J. Jackson has entered upon his work as Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville.

'08. Mr. Arthur Ranes, who was principal of the Spruce Pine High School last year, has accepted the corresponding

position in the State High School at Stantonsburg, Wilson County, N. C.

'09. Mr. Ray Funderburk is the principal of the Clayton High School, Clayton, N. C.

'03. Mr. Warren Scott Boyce, who spent last year in Germany, is in the department of Economics at Columbia University the present session.

'04. Mr. Gilbert T. Stephenson is a Master of Arts of this College, and is this year at Harvard University, where he expects to complete the course in law next spring. He has taken much of the Harvard work in History and Sociology.

'07. Mr. William Harvey Vann, who took his Master's degree at Columbia University last session, is now an instructor in English in Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

'08. Mr. Lee M. White entered Cornell University this fall for special studies in English. He has already made so good an impression there that he has been appointed Instructor in English Composition at a salary of \$600. We offer our hearty congratulations.

'09. Mr. Carl A. Murchison won the Rumrill scholarship in Harvard University in a competition with fifteen men from a number of institutions. That scholarship is a distinction in Harvard. He has shown his superior gifts and training also in a competition for a place in the seminar on dramatic composition to which only ten men are admitted. In this competition there were fifty contestants. The decision was made on the basis of manuscripts submitted. Mr. Murchison was one of the select ten. THE STUDENT extends a warm congratulatory hand.

'09. Another member of the class of Naught Nine represents Wake Forest this session in Harvard University, Mr. Hubbard F. Page, who was for two years Instructor in English here. He has already impressed himself favorably upon the head professor of that department.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

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ROGER P. McCUTCHEON, Associate Editor

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### The Red and White

The first magazine to grace our table this month was the *Red and White* of A. and M. College. In cover design and appearance this magazine is on a par with the best. Its literary department, however, is hardly up to the average this month. The contributions are few in number—a fault of the student-body rather than of the staff, for we know how difficult it is to get material for the first issue.

"Hydro-electric Development in North Carolina" is an excellent article on an especially pertinent theme. The author knows his field, and uses some striking illustrations to bring his subject home. It is a relief to find that the author is content to tread the solid earth of fact, in preference to soaring on uncertain oratorical wings.

In the story "Bobby's Long Distance" the heroine misses her car because Bobby talked to her too long over the telephone. This indelible insult she promptly and properly avenges by refusing the next box of chocolates from the luckless Bobby! After this we can readily understand how such a girl might be won back by a present to her little brother. But our sympathy is all with Bobby. The character-drawing, in our opinion, is superior to the plot.

"In the Fire-glow" is a fair bit of verse, but often faulty in rhythm. Its sentiment is decidedly suggestive.

"An Old Tower" is an interesting sketch of a ruin in Columbus County. The author connects the tower with the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island, but fails to bring forth any evidence in support of his view.

The "Story of Kristofer Polhem," a translation from the

Swedish, contains much material that is of interest. We feel that the translator might readily improve his style. The sentence structure is often jerky and monotonous.

The departments of the magazine are well edited, and the arrangement of the material is good.

**The Richmond College Messenger** The "Rat" issue of the *Richmond College Messenger* comes to us attractively bound, well arranged, and neatly printed. The contributions are balanced effectively, and are for the most part interesting. A little closer proof-reading would not be out of order, however.

"An Earnest Plea for Athletics," is a well written, enthusiastic boost, as its title indicates. We take pleasure in agreeing heartily with the writer's aim. The article has a genuine ring to it which we like.

"A Crank" is a somewhat crude attempt at story-telling. The plot is, perhaps, worthy of a Poe, but is sadly developed, or rather undeveloped. The incident is a trifle familiar.

In "The Injustice of the Present Chinese Exclusion Laws" we get a new light on this subject. The author, Mr. Ah Fong Young, speaks from personal experience and observation, hence his information is doubly valuable for being first-hand. He presents his cause forcibly and with conviction.

"Fate's Ashes" is the dismal name of a dismal story, continued from last session, if we may judge from the "Synopsis of preceding chapters." We question the wisdom of running a serial story from one session to another. It would seem far better to close the serial with the commencement number. The hero of this story has an unfortunate penchant for falling in love with every girl he meets. We are not wholly sorry when the neglected "girl back home" turns him down. The theme is capable of more artistic handling.



Miss Coffee has given us a good article in "Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Friends." Her style, although not altogether free from minor affectations is intimate and lively, but at the same time scholarly. The article is instructive to those especially interested, and yet interesting enough to be instructive to all.

"Sam's First Day" is a familiar theme, of course, but yet always new, owing to the infinite variety of material furnished each year by the various specimens of the *genus viride*.

The erratic meter and vague thought of "The 'Farewell-Summer'" reminds us a trifle of Walt Whitman. "Memo-ries" is verse in imitation, perhaps unconscious, of "The Psalm of Life."

Cooperation is the editorial theme for this issue, and a good theme it is, too. The departments are worthy of commendation.

The Tennyson number of the *Carolinian* **The Carolinian** (University of South Carolina) is replete with interest, and wears an attractive garb. The magazine rather lacks balance; one story hardly makes up for four heavy articles. But we are glad that the editors have given us only the best. Sometimes we read stories whose room is more to be desired than their presence.

Mr. Gonzales has written a remarkable sonnet, "Tennyson," for this issue, which we reproduce elsewhere. It is far above the average college verse. Its vivid tone-pictures and unconscious melody place it easily in the first class.

"A Rag, a Bone, and a Hank of Hair" has for its plot the old story of a man's rejection and a woman's undying love. The apparent triteness of the plot is more than redeemed by the excellent workmanship of the author, who tells his tale in a direct and pleasing style.

The scholarly article on "Catullus and Tennyson" evidences much research work. The author shows the influence

of the Roman bard on the Victorian poet, their similarities in thought and style as expressed in their poems.

"Tennyson," a critical estimate of the great singer, is a well-written and well-worded article. It is carefully worked out in an easy, effective style.

"My Kingdom" is a lovely bit of verse, with true feeling and poetic thought in it.

But not all of the *Carolinian* merits such unqualified praise. "The Future of the Democracy" is a splendid subject, but the subject is far better than the workmanship. The author scruples not to split infinitives and mix metaphors at will. He descants upon the need "for some one at the helm to guide the reins with an iron hand." This perilous post would seem to demand a combination of able seaman, charioteer, and blacksmith. But in spite of these elementary errors he hits the nail on the head.

"Tennyson From Three Points of View" is a top-notch article. Versatility, insularity, and modernity are the viewpoints in question. The conclusions are good, and based on thorough investigation.

Perhaps the handsomest exchange that has appeared so far is the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*. Its cover design is attractive, its typography and make-up superior, and its appearance is a good index to its contents.

"States' Rights" is a well-written article with a questionable purpose. We are inclined to doubt the advisability of fighting the old struggle over again. The fact that the "Southland was constitutionally free to act as she thought best" may perhaps be consoling, yet it avails us but little now that the question at issue has once and for all time been settled by the Civil War. "If this be treason, make the most of it."

We have a tip-top story in "The Boy and Tiger." The

style is easy and effective, the use of conversation is good. The author is happy in his choice of words, and is at home with his subject.

"De Houn' Dog's Wail" is a dialect verse, pervaded by a well-maintained supernatural atmosphere.

The sketch, "Judah P. Benjamin," is a valuable as well as interesting study of one of our forgotten great men. His career is well and graphically told.

"Oaklawn" is a story of old Virginia in war-time. A Yankee soldier falls in love with a Southern girl, and those of us who have read Mr. Page's "Meh Lady" know well what to expect next, and we are not disappointed. A story so strikingly similar to any "classical" story (if we may use the word thus) must cause an inevitable comparison. In this case "Meh Lady" is certainly not the loser by virtue of such comparison.

The magazine is especially strong in its departments. The editorials are all carefully written, and to the point.

**The Mercury** One general criticism of the *Mercury* (Gettysburg College) is its habit of beginning an article on a page nearly filled up by the preceding article, instead of beginning on a new page. The appearance of the magazine might well be improved in this particular.

"Tennyson and In Memoriam" proves to be a misleading title for a few random remarks. The article begins with a discussion of the various ideas concerning the immortality of the soul. The writer quotes from "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy," and Emerson's "Threnody." Then follows a brief summary of Tennyson's life and works, in which "In Memoriam" is mentioned only casually. A quotation from the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" brings the article to a close. Just why this pot-pourri should be entitled "Tennyson and In Memoriam" is beyond our grasp.

"Getting Even" is an amusing little story, in spite (or because) of its improbability. We are inclined to doubt the justice of Craig's downfall. His descent from "invaluable" reporter to oyster-shucker is brought about, we feel, by insufficient causes.

"Culture" is a brief and well-written article on a topic generally shunned in college magazines.

The question raised in the article "Is the Granting of Athletic Scholarship Good Policy?" is becoming more pertinent each year. The writer points out the benefits as well as the drawbacks of such a policy, but concludes that the latter are in excess.

"A Completed Plan" is unsatisfactory as a story, for we get no logical relation of cause and effect. The writer needs very much to learn the fundamental rules for paragraphing conversation.

As a whole the *Mercury* would be better if some of the "essays" were omitted, and one or two good stories substituted. There is a noticeable lack of verse. Departmentally the magazine deserves praise. We like the Book Reviews in particular.

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### TENNYSON

---

O silver-throated bard whose song did soar  
Fresh, clear, full-volumed, bracing as the breeze  
That to thy England sweeps from Norland seas,  
Storming resurgent on the Saxon shore,  
Like it to swell, sink, and be heard no more—  
Thou sorcerer of song, what wizardry  
Was thine, that made each word a melody,  
Each syllable a strain, what Merlin-lore?

Star-brightening from the realm where thou hast gone  
There breaks a light, pure, dazzling, yet serene,  
Beyond celestial summits crowned with fire.  
Where thou, with high Immortals that have been  
Dost stand, and lift, irradiant, to the Dawn  
The sweetest voice of all the heavenly choir!

—Robert Elliott Gonzales in the *Carolinian*.

## CLIPPINGS

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"My turkey, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet bird of cranberry,  
Of Thee I sing!"



### CAUGHT.

Gracie—"Oh, Mr. Nocoyne, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet!"

Nocoyne—"W-well, yes, there is, but I'll pay it to-morrow."



### THIS OBJECT.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"  
She said in tones polite;  
"I am, indeed for getting you,  
That's why I'm here to-night."—*Ex.*



### THE FRESH. AND THE SOPH.

A Freshy as green  
As ever was seen  
Approached the college door,  
And into his eyes  
Came a glad surprise  
At sight of a Sophomore.

"Good luck," quoth he,  
"Most surely to me  
The fates have kindly sent;  
For who can doubt  
That I am about  
To meet the President?"

With heart all abeat,  
Yet scorning retreat,  
He passed through the sacred door;  
And even though death  
Seemed stealing his breath,  
Addressed he the Sophomore.

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

"The President, sir,  
 You are, I infer,  
 Of this dispenser of lore;  
 I'm here, as you see,  
 To take a degree,"  
 Said the Fresh, to the Sophomore.

With rage quite insane  
 The Soph. clutched his cane  
 And thumped it half through the floor.  
 "The President, sir!  
 You impudent cur!—  
 Why, I am a Sophomore!"

—September Lippincott's.

## HANS BREITMANN SAYS.

"Of you vouldt hit der mark in life, you moost nod only elevade your  
 sightds, but set your vindgache."

## IN FASHION'S CLUTCHES.

Hipless, curveless, long and lanky,  
 Is the girl of nineteen nine;  
 Wouldn't you be cross and cranky

With  
 a  
 form  
 just  
 like  
 this  
 line  
 ?

Foolish virgins change their figures  
 At Dame Fashion's wild caprice;  
 Uncomplaining, bear the riguerurs;  
 Dreaming, tho' of night's release!

—Puck.

## NEW DEFINITION.

Scott—"A bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then  
 invites you to lunch with him."

Mott—"Wrong. A bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch  
 with you and borrows a dollar."

## A CHEMICAL VENTURE IN MATRIMONY.

Miss Ca Ion met Co3.  
 (They both were in solution.)  
 Said Co3 to Miss Ca,  
 With his best elocution:  
 "You are my mate,  
 That I could see  
 When you I first did note.  
 Come join with me,  
 Let's united be,  
 Together we will float."  
 So they joined hands,  
 But sad to know,  
 As soon as they were mated  
 Straight to the bottom both did go—  
 They were precipitated.

First Freshie—"Ain't you got no brains?"

Second Freshie—"I ain't sed I ain't."

First Freshie—"I ain't ast you is you ain't; I ast you isn't you is."

## THE PSALM OF WIFE.

Lives of great men all remind us  
 What a lot we owe our wives,  
 Little women who get behind us  
 And make something of our lives.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Let us, then, be up and "doing,"  
 Every one, with skill and nerve,  
 Till our wives (our pile accruing)  
 Get the good things they deserve.

—*Boston Transcript.*

## HIOIST, ETC.

"Cohen's ill in bed, I hear."

"Yes. He smoked a eigar from the wrong pocket."—*Ex.*

## INVITES DISASTER.

Scott—"The married man who takes his stenographer to dinner is an idiot."

Mott—"Yes; he's the idiot who rocks the boat on the sea of matrimony."—*Ex.*

## THE BEST QUALIFICATION.

Mrs. Youngwife—"What is the first question you ask of a maid whom you think of employing?"

Mrs. Oldone—"I always say first, 'Have you ever lived with me before?'"



## ANOTHER BREAKDOWN.

It seemed an age that the poor man was flat on his back. His friends stood around him with long faces, heaving lugubrious sighs.

It was indeed a serious case.

But suddenly there came a shout from the prostrate form.

"At last!" he shouted, triumphantly. "At last I have that old carbureter fixed!"

With a wild whoop his friends brushed the dust from his back and they all piled into the big red machine and sped away.—*Ex.*



If love is blind, then alimony must be the Judge's fee for restoring sight.



## BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Her—"Richard? why on earth are you cutting your pie with a knife?"

Him—"Because, darling—now, understand, I'm not finding any fault, for I know that these little oversights will occur—because you forgot to give me a can-opener."—*Cleveland Leader.*



## A WOMAN'S REASON.

"Oh, how could you be false to me?"

The youth implored of her.

She turned away and hid her face,

Her eyes began to blur;

"I didn't mean to," she exclaimed.

"I really loved you better;

But, oh, the man I've taken now

Wrote such a lovely letter."

"Tush, tush," the youth then made reply,

"'Tis foolish, such a reason;

Your words to me in days ago

Were but the rankest treason."

"I really couldn't help it, dear,"

The maiden said for answer;

"My new love was so nicely dressed,

And such a lovely dancer."



"You mean," the youth then blurted out,  
 "That love is just a matter  
 Of how the little things you see  
 May cause your heart to patter?"  
 "I mean," she slowly answered him,—  
 And then there came a pause,—  
 "I mean—oh, well—just never mind—  
 I threw you down—because."



#### WHAT MARRIAGE IS.

"Love is the wine of life," quoted the Wise Guy.  
 "And marriage is the morning after," added the Simple Mug.



#### INNOCENCE AT HOME.

The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend.  
 "I just know Fred didn't want to work at the office last night," she said.

"Why, how do you know?" was asked.

"Because in his sleep he said, 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't know what to draw.'"—*October Lippincott's*.



#### A BROTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

Said the maid, "I'll stop calling you 'Mr.'  
 I will be—not your wife—but your Sr."  
 Said the man, "I feel proud;  
 For a brother's allowed  
 To do thus"—and he caught her and Kr.—*Ex.*



#### PITIED THE GENERAL.

A French general's wife, whose tongue-lashing ability was far-famed, demanded that an old servant, who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed.

"Jacques," said the General, "go to your room and pack your trunk, and leave—depart."

The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy.

"Me—I can go!" he exclaimed in a very ecstasy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with the utmost compassion he added:

"But you, my poor General, you must stay!"

## LOVELY WOMEN.

She—"She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

He—"The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

She—"I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you."



My heart leaps up when Bridget says  
The Thanksgiving dinner's nigh;  
So was it when, in youth, my eyes  
Beheld the tarts and pumpkin pies  
And turkey dressed, and will always, or let me die.  
A dinner fine can hush all sighs;  
And, oh! I think they are too few,  
These Thanksgiving Days, and splendid feasts, don't you?



## FUTURITY.

The woman of the future was about to start down town, when her husband placed his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Darling, light of my life," he whispered softly, "I love you more than words can tell."

"Oh, you do, eh?" she responded suspiciously. "Well, what is it now, Henry—a new silk hat or a pair of trousers?"—*Success Magazine*.



"Here's where I lose ground," said the tramp as he slipped into a bath-tub.—*Exchange*.



Knicker—"Time brings strange changes."

Bocker—"Yes; the boy whose mother can't make him wash his neck grows up to be a rich man who goes abroad for baths."—*Harper's Bazar*.



## NATURAL ENVY.

"There are times when I envy my hair," remarked the man who had failed in seventeen different business enterprises.

"Because why?" queried his wife.

"Because it is coming out on top," explained he of the many failures.



## TWO OF A KIND.

Mrs. Boggs—"I hate to have a man always complaining about some little thing. Now, my husband is continually harping on the lace curtains."

Mrs. Woggs—"Yes, and my husband has been kicking on our front door every morning at 3 o'clock for the past twenty years."—*Puck*.

## THE RHYTHMIC LOVERS.

He—If I had a-known you'd  
A-wanted to went,  
I'd a-sure come and took you,  
You bet your last cent.  
She—If I'd a-thunk that's  
What you'd a-did,  
You bet I'd a-wrote you  
To take me, old kid.



## THE GIRL FOR HIM.

She—"I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion."

He—"How long ean you keep it up?"

She—"Oh, indefinitely, I guess."

He—"Then let's get married."



I roused me from my slumbers,  
I hied me from my bed;  
If I had known what breakfast was,  
I would have slept instead.

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ARTHUR D. GORE, Editor

—Thanksgiving!

—Mid-term reports!!

—Was she at the Fair?

—Here's to football—the bravest eleven!

'Neath the high wall of fairest blue heaven!

—Prof. T. Neal Johnson, of Ouachita College, spoke before the Sunday School Sunday morning, October 3d. His pointed and concise statements were instructive, and his references to the importance of "Reason" as one dominant power of the mind were interesting and forceful.

—Rev. J. A. Clark, of Virginia, conducted chapel services September 21st.

—Miss Fay Memory of Meredith College, visited friends here the first Sunday in October.

—Prof. J. B. Carlyle made an address before the Y. M. C. A. October the 4th. In his characteristic style he handled his subject, "Mission Study," interestingly.

—The Baracas held a reception the evening of October 5th. The large attendance and usual enthusiasm made the whole a success.

—Prof. E. L. Middleton led chapel exercises September the 29th.

Dr. Chas. E. Taylor spent a few days in New York City the first part of October, attending the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

—The registration at the present date is three hundred and fifty-seven. Of this number eighty-one are law students and twenty-seven medical.

—Rev. Jesse McCarter, of Farmville, N. C., addressed the prayer meeting October 6th, and led chapel services the following day.

—Rev. O. W. Triplett made an eloquent address before the Baraca class Sunday morning October 17th.

—Interest among those contemplating taking part in the preliminary for the Randolph-Macon Debate will reach its climax Nov. 2d. The question to be discussed is, "That the U. S. should secure its revenues entirely from internal taxation rather than entirely from customs duties." The following gentlemen will take part in the preliminary: Messrs. H. B. Jones, E. N. Johnson, Dee Carriek, J. J. Best and C. T. Murehison.

—Dr. E. W. Sikes delivered the first of the series of College Lectures. His subject was "Abraham Lincoln." The deathless story of the rail splitter; of the giant hero and master intellect; of the martyred president, was retold with new life and the spirit of our forgetfulness gave way to feelings of deference and admiration. The large attendance left with evident expressions of satisfaction and pleasure at having heard the lecture.

—The debate council has been reorganized with the following gentlemen sitting on the committee: Messrs. Chas. T. Bell, reelected chairman; J. M. Broughton, Jr., F. T. Collins, W. R. Hill, J. J. Best, and P. E. Powell. This council has charge of the inter-collegiate contests and anniversary exercises. Two inter-collegiate debates will be held each year; one Thanksgiving; the other Easter. As scheduled this year the first will be at Ashland Va., and the second at Greensboro.

—The following outline was used by Prof. J. B. Carlyle in his recently delivered Sunday School lecture: First. A Riot, (a) Cause, 1, Prejudice, 2, Passion, 3, Ignorance; (b)

Consequences, 1, Disorder, 2, Brutality, 3, Wrongs. Second, A Rescue, 1, Through Law, 2, Through Reason. Third, A Request, 1, For Justice, 2, For permission to speak.

—Football! Our eleven braves have met upon the "bloody sands" thrice, against Carolina October the 2d with 18 to 0 in Carolina's favor; at Wake Forest against Maryville College of Tenn., October 4th, with 3 to 0 to our credit, and against Washington and Lee at Lexington October 16th, with 17 to 0 as a score in our *antagonists'* favor. Five more games are scheduled, the first at Columbia, second at Charlotte, third at Norfolk, fourth at Raleigh, and last on Thanksgiving Day at Greensboro.

—Dr. Poteat was one of the one hundred and ninety-five representatives of American institutions at the inauguration of Harvard's new president. Upon his return Dr. Poteat's few remarks in the chapel after prayer gave us to understand that Wake Forest's student representatives at Harvard are living proofs that we have here something more lasting than brick, stone and iron.

—Of those who participated in the preliminary debate the 2d inst., the following gentlemen were selected as the debating team against Randolph-Macon by judges Drs. Poteat, Gorrell, and Brewer: Messrs. E. N. Johnson, H. B. Jones, and Dee Carrick as alternate. After Thanksgiving eve we shall be able to proclaim, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

—The opportunity to compete for the Economic Prizes offered by Hart, Schaffner & Marx has been brought to the attention of students of this College by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, who is chairman of the committee in charge of the contest.

Papers for the prizes are to be submitted before June 1, 1910. There are five prizes, totaling \$2,000. The contestants are divided into three classes, fuller details of which

may be had from the head of the department of political economy. The prizes are divided as follows:

Class "A," first prize \$600; second prize \$400.

Class "B," first prize \$300; second prize \$200.

Class "C," one prize \$500.

Classes "A" and "B" refer particularly to college graduates and undergraduates, and the following subjects have been suggested by Professor Laughlin's committee:

1. The effect of labor unions on international trade.
2. The best means of raising the wages of the unskilled.
3. A comparison between the theory and the actual practice of protectionism in the United States.
4. A scheme for an ideal monetary system for the United States.
5. The true relation of the central government to trusts.
6. How much of J. S. Mills' economic system survives?
7. A central bank as a factor in a financial crisis.

The members of the committee, aside from Professor Laughlin, are:

Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University;

Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan;

Horace White, Esq., New York City, and

Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University.

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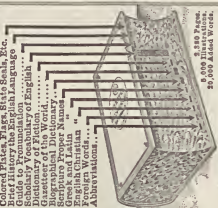
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Lv. Wilson.....	8:12 a. m.	6:22 p. m.	7:57 a. m.
Lv. Farmville.....	9:06 a. m.	7:16 p. m.	8:49 a. m.
Lv. Greenville.....	9:36 a. m.	7:45 p. m.	9:17 a. m.
Lv. CHOCOWINITY.....	10:15 a. m.	8:25 p. m.	9:57 a. m.

Lv. WASHINGTON.....	10:30 a. m.	Ar. 8:40 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
Lv. Mackeys Ferry.....	12:30 p. m.		Ar. 5:00 p. m.
Lv. Edenton.....	2:00 p. m.	17:45 a. m.	*3:15 p. m.
Lv. Hartford.....	2:23 p. m.	9:09 a. m.	3:39 p. m.
Lv. Elizabeth City.....	3:00 p. m.	8:55 a. m.	4:25 p. m.
Ar. NORFOLK.....	4:25 p. m.	10:40 a. m.	6:10 p. m.

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Lv. RALEIGH.....	*6:15 a. m.	4:25 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
Ar. CHOCOWINITY.....	10:15 a. m.	8:25 p. m.	9:57 a. m.

Lv. WASHINGTON.....	10:45 a. m.	5:15 p. m.	*7:15 a. m.
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Lv. CHOCOWINITY.....	10:59 a. m.	5:27 p. m.	Ar. 7:27 a. m.
Ar. NEW BERN.....	12:10 p. m.	6:40 p. m.	10:00 a. m.

Lv. GOLDSBORO.....	14:20 p. m.	17:00 a. m.	
Lv. Kinston.....	5:20 p. m.	7:55 a. m.	
Ar. NEW BERN.....	6:35 p. m.	9:05 a. m.	

Lv. NEW BERN.....	6:45 p. m.	9:16 a. m.	11:15 a. m.
Ar. Morehead City.....	8:08 p. m.	10:43 a. m.	12:15 a. m.
Ar. ATLANTIC HOTEL.....	8:10 p. m.	10:50 a. m.	12:19 p. m.
Ar. BEAUFORT.....	8:25 p. m.	11:05 a. m.	12:30 p. m.

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# The Wake Forest Student

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is published each month from October to May, inclusive, by the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies. Its aim is to encourage literary effort in the College, all students being urged to contribute. All contributions should be in by fifteenth of each month.

Medals are offered for the best essay and the best story, respectively, contributed by any student of the College. These medals will be awarded each Commencement by a committee composed of others than members of the College.

The price of the magazine is one dollar and a half a year; single copies, twenty-five cents.

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXIX.

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 3

## CHRISTMAS EVE

The sun will sink beneath the western pines  
Enrobed within a flush of golden mist,  
And quivering to its birth the star that shines  
At eve will bow its visage to be kissed.

The dull and measured tramp of men will cease  
And tin'rous clouds by smiles will be dispelled;  
The laughter, joy and sweetnesses of peace  
Will live in each assemblage that is held.

A magic change, a dream of aged things  
Will gladden hearts and wistful, searching eyes;  
The peal of bells, the carol freedom sings  
And fervent prayer of thanks will upward rise.

Somewhere the shades of Death will chance to fall,  
Somewhere this eve a soul will meet its God,  
Somewhere a tiny stranger's welcomed call  
Will hail from realms where angels long have trod.

The Day will come and glide along as old,  
Mankind will take a glance and pass it by;  
The night will flee on wings, the sea of gold  
Will flood again the limpid eastern sky.

A. D. G.

## A CHRISTMAS VACATION

---

JOHN C. MCBEE.

---

Christmas in the Philippines is quite different from Christmas in America. Santa Claus has troubles of his own in a land of no chimneys and few stockings. Our custom of giving presents at that time is unknown, but San Nicolas is considered the giver of all good things at that season.

On Christmas Eve the town band leads a procession through the streets, Sacristans carry banners, crosses and incense, and are followed by the priest and people bearing images of the Virgin and the infant Jesus. They chant religious hymns, and pass under arches crowned by stars to represent the Star of Bethlehem.

After this, small groups of people take their musical instruments, and go from house to house singing. At midnight all the church bells ring as if the world were coming to an end, then all the population gathers in the church to celebrate midnight mass. At dawn the band again parades the streets, and wakes the inhabitants with strains of melody. The Americans celebrate the day in good old home style.

Having lived for several years on the north coast of Luzon, in sight of the vast and unexplored regions of the Sierra Madre Mountains on the northeast, and having heard from natives, civilized and uncivilized, wonderful stories of this region, I resolved to spend my last Christmas vacation exploring the place where it was said a leper might bathe and be cleansed. For several years I had been watching a column of steam which rose at intervals beyond the mountains, and was visible from home on clear days. This, too, led me on.

At noon, December 25, 1907, an American sky pilot, with

his native assistant, a number of schoolboys, and myself, got ready to start on our journey. We rounded up several riding ponies and two pack horses. When the rations for several days were piled together, I initiated the sky pilot into the mysteries of the squaw hitch, and we were off.

Our route lay along the beach for about forty miles to the mouth of the Uangac (pronounced Wong'oe) River. We experienced great difficulty in crossing the Mission River, which is a deep stream flowing into the Pacific. We were ferried across in round-bottomed canoes, leading our horses, and allowing them to swim. There was great danger of their being caught by crocodiles, but we had no mishaps. We spent the second night at Uangac, where the Ilocanos were having theatrical performances, reviving the memories of the last insurrection. There we procured an Ilocano guide and a good supply of rice. Our next care was to procure Negrito carriers. When we got into the foothills our guide hurried forward to assure the Negritos that we were on a friendly mission, and to procure their services.

When we arrived at the village we found all the members of the tribe, who were at home, gathered around the chief's hut in excited consultation. They received us with manifestations of joy, and extended a cordial welcome. The chief expressed his willingness to accommodate us in any way in his power. Their huts were made by sticking four forked sticks into the ground, and laying four other sticks across them to serve as support for the rafters, which are covered with palmetto palm leaves, tied together with rattan. Three sides of the hut are covered like the roof, while the front is left open. Some tall grass, cut and thrown in, is all the furniture they have. The women build the huts, which are placed in the form of a straggling village. These people are nomadic and go wherever game seems plentiful.



The Negrito women take a strip of cloth about eighteen inches wide and wrap it several times around the body below the waist, while the men wear gee strings, which are about six inches wide and several feet long. They sometimes have dried banana leaves in which to wrap their little babies when it is cool.

Each family has its own hut, but all food and property are held in common. Each man or boy, when hunting or on the war path, is armed with bow and arrow and a small head axe. They seldom carry shields because they do most of their fighting from ambush. When hunting for caraboa, they use arrows which have been dipped in vegetable poison. The Negrito loiters around, usually up in a tree from which he sent the arrow, for two or three hours waiting for the caraboa to die. Then the whole tribe may feast as long as he lasts.

We took eight Negrito carriers with us, rode our ponies up the mountain as far as they could go, and then sent them back to the village by men whom we had taken for that purpose. When perhaps half way up the first mountain we halted for lunch, but found great difficulty in getting ourselves settled comfortably. The whole face of the earth seemed to be working alive with leeches. They were about the size of small angle worms, and traveled like measuring worms. So far as we could tell, they were shaped alike at both ends. They would stand upright on either end and stretch themselves to a length of five or six inches, then feel in every direction, trying to touch something. If they happened to touch a person they would immediately crawl on him and begin sucking his blood, and the first thing he knew they would be as large as snails. We had several pounds of tobacco with us, and kept wetting it and rubbing it on our legs. This made the leeches sick, so they let go. We were too tired to stand, so we built a fire, burned off a large space, scattered coals and ashes over it, and as soon as it was cool

enough, sat down, picked off the leeches that were on us and threw them beyond our circle. Our Negrito friends hopped up into near-by trees, walked out on horizontal limbs, sat down monkey fashion on their heels, picked off the leeches, threw them on the ground, and smiled at us for our clumsy way of doing things.

People camping in this region usually sleep on a small platform made by putting four forked sticks into the ground and laying sticks across them. Under this they build a fire and sleep over the coals.

When we were thirsty and needed water, the Negritos seemed to know just where to get it, although we didn't see any. One would bring a gallon or more of pure, sweet water in a palm leaf.

Late in the afternoon, as we neared the top of the mountain, we were met by a strong odor of sulphur. At the summit we could hear a noise like a dozen freight engines exhausting. We went down into the basin whence these odors and noises came. Then we crossed a large brook, milk-white from the mineral substances which it carried. A spur of the mountain jutted out into the basin and had been cut off from it by the explosions. Perhaps twenty acres at the end of this spur were entirely denuded of vegetation. Streams run in both directions from the end of the spur, and form an island more than a mile long. When we reached the stream on the opposite side it was much smaller and of a greenish hue. There appeared to be boiling springs in the bed of the stream for several hundred yards. On every side immense caldrons, larger than a good-sized room, threw up jets of steam and hot water for a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. We estimated that there were at least three hundred openings giving forth hot water, mud, and steam. Beside them were numerous springs of cold, sweet water.

We pitched our camp as near to these boiling caldrons as possible, so as to avoid the leeches and parasites of the forest. One of the boys took a chicken along, so we placed it in a kettle, and set the kettle in a boiling spring to cook. This novel way of cooking made the chicken especially good and tender. We spent several days exploring this basin and the surrounding country and making photographs of what we saw.

From there we went into the mountains beyond, and discovered wonders which it was said no man had ever looked upon before. On the way we passed a magnificent waterfall, and later found a wonderful row of geysers. The first one was in the form of a caldron with an immense stream of hot water rushing into it with terrific force, and being converted into steam before our eyes. Next above was a large cave with a lake in it. Powerful subterranean explosions produced waves in the lake at intervals. These explosions could be heard far beneath the mountain side. Directly above the lake was a semi-circular crevasse about fifty feet in length, from which was issuing immense spirals of steam, reaching to the sky, and radiating an intense heat for thirty or forty feet around. These spirals of steam were the ones that we had been seeing for years beyond the mountains, and the Negritos assured us that not even a savage had ever been there before.

After this we spent considerable time exploring the tropical forest, which was so dense that we often had to cut our way through. We found, among other things, the pitcher plant, tree ferns, and numerous vines with backward turning spines to catch the unwary traveler.

Of the many wonderful trees, I shall mention only two. Words fail me when I try to describe the great narra with its beautiful red wood and its great outspreading buttressed roots. From these immense roots very valuable round tables

of a single piece are made. They are often ten or twelve feet in diameter.

The seeds of Baleti, the king of plant parasites, are dropped by birds upon various plants and trees of the forest, where they take hold and grow, sending their roots down the tree to the ground, and absolutely destroying the tree upon which they feed. The trunk often grows two or three feet in diameter. Then it reaches out and separates, taking hold of other trees and destroying them, then reuniting and growing upward and spreading out until it covers a large area.

The two guides whom we kept with us were named Katturug and Batturung. They called each other cab-balay (balay meaning house, and cab-balay, two houses joined together), because Katturug's son had married Batturung's daughter. We named the two geyser regions in honor of these guides.

We returned to the Negrito village and found every one gone but the old chief and his wife. He told me that another tribe had killed one of his tribe the day before, and that he had sent all the rest of his tribe off to war. He was unable to go because he had promised to give our horses his personal care. Now he was glad we had returned, so that he might take our two guides and join his tribe to teach the enemy not to molest them again. When we mounted our horses to start home I wished him great success in his undertaking.

## WHOM THE GODS DESTROY

ROGER P. McCUTCHEON.

Steve Bolyard crunched along the slag road which led to the Niagara Mine. The gray October fog hung heavily over the little mining town, deadening sight and sound. The row of red houses across the street was scarcely visible, save for a momentary gleam now and then from an opened door, as a dark-clad miner came out to join one of the silent groups hurrying toward the tippie. Steve walked on by himself, swinging his warm dinner-pail, and with a dull foreboding in his heart. He seemed to see strange shapes in the fog. The swirling vapor made fantastic figures, which resolved to mist as he gazed with startled eyes. To his vision the fog-wrapped tippie took on the aspect of a huge gallows, dimly terrible with its big timbers and swaying ropes.

He stopped at the window to get his car checks and safety-lamp, then hurried down the long incline to the yawning pit mouth. He picked his way along the slope, welcoming the warm-smelling air of the mine as he stepped from tie to tie of the car track. A hundred yards from the entrance he turned and looked back at the faint square of daylight, against which the incoming miners were silhouetted in weird relief. Every morning he thus bade farewell to the day, without knowing why, or caring. It had become a part of the day's work.

Mechanically he stumbled down the main slope, turned into a gallery on the left, and made his way along the runway to number five butt. He paused a moment to adjust the brattice, that canvas screen which directed the fresh air current, then went on to the end, where he was stopped by the black, shining face of the coal. He hung up his lamp with infinite

care, made a ledge for his dinner-pail, and began tapping at the coal with his pick. An answering tap came back to him from number six, directly opposite. Steve turned around and saw Ole Johansen squatting close up to the coal, like an evil toad, pecking away industriously the while.

Steve whirled, and smote savagely the black mass in front of him. Tiny black splinters flew off, gleaming fitfully in the uncertain light. How different everything had been yesterday! Maybe that meddling old Croves woman had lied, he told himself. Maybe that tale about Ole and his wife was a malicious lie. Ah, was it? Then why had Edna's actions been so suspicious lately? insinuated the little devils dancing from the point of his pick. He remembered her white, tense face when he surprised her reading that ill-scrawled note. Just a word from Katy Malone about those eggs, she had assured him. But he had seen the letters O-l-e straggling across the bottom of the page, before she had crumpled it up and thrown it in the stove. He had not forgotten how to read since his days in the night school.

The regular blows of Ole's pick seemed to be beating out words to him. "Old fool Steve, old fool Steve"; he heard them plainly enough. Yes, he was an old fool. His friends had told him so when he had married Edna, so much younger than he. And Ole had a way with the women. He could scrape a plaintive Norse love-song on his fiddle, his bold blue eyes saying shameless things to the women-folk. Perhaps Edna was not to blame. "Old fool Steve." The jealous rancor was eating his heart up, he felt. For two nights now he had not slept.

"Why don't you kill him?" whispered the little dancing devils. Of course, that was the solution! He could knock Steve on the head with his pick, and bury him as if under a fall of coal. It was all very simple and easy, to be sure.

Then he would go back and tell Edna. That would be his revenge. "Kill him," whispered the devils. "Old fool Steve," repeated Ole's pick.

He started up, his calloused hands holding tight the sooty handle of his pick. "Old fool Steve," sounded like an invitation from number six. He staggered out to the runway like a drunken man. Those fantastic fog shapes stole across his vision, wreathed round a huge gallows, or was it the tippie? He reeled against a prop for support.

Ole had laid his pick aside now, and was shoveling the black lumps into the empty coal-car. Steve watched him vaguely through the mist. He watched Ole's back as it rose and fell, the lamp throwing a grotesque shadow on the sides. Ole's lamp was in a dangerous place, he found himself thinking. As in a dream he saw Ole's foot slip. The shovel full of coal fell full on the frail safety lamp. He was dimly conscious of a tiny ball of flame that sped toward him, growing larger with the swiftness of thought. Would it never break? Then a flash, a sound as of a mighty rushing wind, and he knew no more.

He wandered through ice-galleries, dim flitting shapes mocked him. "Old fool Steve," they chattered. Then he awoke to find himself lying face down in the ditch along the side of the runway, icy-cold water trickling over him. His eyes opened on a black void, darkness that made itself felt, it was so intense. Ah, he remembered, there had been an explosion. The acrid air made him cough. Unconsciously he tore off his flannel shirt, wet it in the ditch, and bound it over his mouth. Now he could breathe more freely, and, still half-dazed, started to crawl toward the slope.

Ten steps down, and his hand came in contact with something warm and soft. He fingered the thing curiously, then suddenly jerked his hand back. Memory was flooding his

mind. The thing under his feet was Ole, and he had mistaken number six for the runway. Was Ole dead? He hoped not. He recollected that, ages ago, he had wanted to kill Ole. Surely the gods had not stolen his revenge. If he only had a lamp, he could see whether or not Ole still lived. In his half-crazed condition he never thought to feel for a heart-beat. Ah, he had it. He'd drag this thing down to the slope, where the air was good, and get a lamp from the fire boss. He would not be robbed of his due. He managed to drag the thing from under the coal, and got its arms over his shoulders. Slowly retracing his steps to the runway, he started to haul his burden down this toward the slope.

The pulsing throbs in his ears seemed to be saying some strangely familiar words. "Old fool Steve, old fool Steve," they pulsed again and again. Or was the thing on his back saying those words? He stumbled on wearily, only knowing that he must get this thing to the light. Some blind instinct guided him aright as he staggered on with his burden. Stygian blackness walled him in, but his staring eyes caught glimpses of wonderful phantasms. Strange spectral fog-wreaths impelled him to devilish haste. The mine was filled with the horrors of night, mocking him with hellish ingenuity, urging him on to madness, and gibbering these words: "Old fool Steve."

\* \* \* \* \*

The first rescue party which penetrated the mine came upon a huddled group on the upper slope. By dead Johansen knelt Steve Bolyard, his cracked lips mumbling over and over, "Old fool Steve," one arm thrown over his eyes as if to shut out some awful vision. Whom the gods destroy they first make mad.



AT DAWN

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Morning star and wearied twinklings,  
Waking sounds that lure me on,—  
What mean they?—so vague, so mystic:  
Speak, Aurora, ere they're gone.

*"Voices wakened by the dawn,  
Growing faint when dreamy twilight,  
Child of day and murky midnight,  
With its fading trails is gone."*

Long I've known these ringing carols  
Dawn's own children greeting day,  
And they gird the world with music—  
Hark!—the others—still they stay.

*"Rustling garments of the night,  
And her ghostly, death-like whisper  
As she beckons to her sister,  
Fleeing morn's approaching light."*

Soft as moonbeams on the water,  
Sweet as hope that wells through fears,  
Deep from out unearthly silence,  
Echoes from receding years;

Lowly, softly, fainter, fainter,  
In a world that's all their own,  
Farther, farther in the distance,  
Gone when phantom shades are flown.

*"Deepest throbs of nature's soul,  
Thoughts beyond the depths of thinking,  
Surging forward, backward sinking,  
As the days to ages roll."*

## EN ROUTE

## G.

It is generally conceded that railroad men as a rule live hard lives. It is probably true in every case, but the writer *knows* it to be so in the case of the men who have the misfortune to handle the local trains on a certain division of one of our North Carolina railroads. Part of the run of these unfortunates lies between the turbulent village which is the scene of these sketches, and the nearest city. To a college man it is only necessary to say that the village in question is the abode, from September to June, of several hundred healthy, vigorous, future citizens of the Old North State, supposed to be earnestly endeavoring to fit themselves for the battle of life, to explain the harassed lives which the officials lead. However, most of these gentlemen are philosophers in the truest sense of the word. When they leave Blumont—by which name we will designate the city, its real name being entirely different—going out, or Edgefield—which is *not* the real name of the village—coming in, they simply collect the tickets and retire to the front of the train where they become discreetly deaf, dumb and blind. That is, all but the news-butch who does a thriving business all the way.

It was on this road then, on an afternoon train, bound for Blumont, that the story-tellers got together. It was late in December and Christmas examinations were almost over at Edgefield. Every train bore out its load of howling maniacs released for the holidays. Every train coming in found a mountain of baggage and a mob of men at the station. Every train pulled out loaded to the steps with uproarious humanity, and there was just as big a crowd waiting for the

next one. The station-agent and his assistant had lived for several days in a chronic state of distraction, for the boys would *not* buy their tickets early, and the result was that the waiting-room was converted half an hour before each train into a struggling mass of men, through which it was impossible for any but Hercules or a football player to force his way. How the ticket-sellers preserved even a semblance of sanity amid the shower of money and roar of shouting voices, each separate one demanding instantly a return ticket to some obscure point that entailed a long search in the railroad folders, and the punching of a quarter of a mile of cardboard before the rate could be determined, how they kept their heads, I repeat, is a secret that is known only to ticket-sellers and waiters in crowded cafes, and they won't tell.

But somehow everybody was served at last. Nobody ever got left for want of a ticket, and when the train came plunging through the crowd, sending chills down the spine of the nervous onlooker at the apparently reckless driving of the engineer, but never quite hitting anybody, the crowd was engaged in a furious shaking of hands, and the sweating porters were piling the last trunks on the heap of luggage.

This was one of those grey days of early winter, cold and calm, with an even, monotonous canopy of cloud veiling the sky, when the earth seems to be bidding man to take his last look at it before it retires under the blanket of white, which the biting air and the lowering sky seem to threaten. Christmas weather, in short, when the body is quite comfortable in an overcoat, while the fingers and ears tingle not unpleasantly and everybody is red-faced and jolly.

It is a problem for some future psychologist to explain why college boys, knowing that the train must stand for at least ten minutes, will yet stampede madly for the car-steps before it has fairly stopped. Certainly not to get a seat for

the majority of them spend their time parading up and down the aisles anyhow for the first twenty miles. They do it, however, and the infection is contagious for the Spectator found himself, in a few seconds, clutching a handrail with a desperate grip and being dragged along with a score of others all over him and without being able to set a foot on the already crowded step, while the conductor shouted himself black in the face in an entirely vain attempt to clear a passage for his indignant passengers who wished to descend.

Finally it was over, however, and the Spectator with three Juniors and a couple of Seniors, settled himself in the smoking compartment, struggling back into his displaced overcoat and punching out the dimples in his derby.

All was silent until the train was under way and running smoothly through the outskirts of the village, when one of the Seniors, having produced a disreputable old pipe, reached back to his hip pocket with a reminiscent chuckle.

"What fools these mortals be," he quoted as he pulled out, not a gun but a can of "Prince Albert." "That charge at the station reminds me of fair day. Were you there when the special came in and Bob Leroy and Freshman Blank had their collision? You wa'nt! Well it was the awfulest lick I ever saw a man get. You see the special came in a-bustin' and the Freshie took a notion that it wasn't going to stop. But he was going to Blucmont, he was, so he grabbed the rail of one of the cars as it flew past. Bonehead trick, of course, but you know he was only a Freshman. Instantly his feet were in the air and he was just flying like a pennant in a stiff breeze. Bob was standing some twenty feet farther on, and the Freshie, coming head on, took him square in the mouth. He sat down so hard I heard his teeth rattle. When we ran to him he was rolling his eyes round making an attempt to get up, and rubbing his hand tenderly across his

mouth. "Hah—hah," he gasped as the breath came back to him. "What was it, Jim?" We told him and helped him on board the train, but he had to go up town when we reached Bluemont, and have a doctor patch up his wrecked countenance before he could present himself to the young lady with whom he had a date that afternoon."

"And what happened to the other fellow?" asked the Spectator innocently.

Jim turned on him scornfully. "Didn't I tell you he was a Freshman and hit him with his head?" he demanded severely. "What did you ever hear of a thousand-pound blow on the head disturbing a Freshman? He never knew he had hit anything."

"That Blank was a bird though," chimed in one of the Juniors. "Do you remember that day we went to Bluemont when 29 was so late? They had a little engine and a heavy load, and had been losing time all along the road, with important connections to make at Bluemont. The conductor was fighting mad when he reached Edgefield and when he took on about twenty boys there, I saw blighting despair settle down over his shining countenance, there to remain. Of course half the crowd rode on the rear platform as usual. Just when the train struck the heavy grade the other side of the river and the little engine was coughing and gasping and fairly tearing its insides out and losing ground all the time, that crazy Freshman took it into his head to see what he could do in the way of tootling the air-whistle on the back end of the train, and he tootled to such an effect that he let all the air out of the cylinders and set the brakes on the side of that hill. The engine wheezed and snorted and showered einders all over the township, but the train instantly came to a dead stand-still. Of course when the conductor rushed back raring and charging Blank was sitting in the car deeply absorbed in a magazine. I have heard a lot of bad language

since I have been in college, but I doubled my vocabulary right there. If ever a man cussed with spirit and understanding that conductor did it."

"Bet he didn't beat Bismarek Jones when the boys fixed his horse," broke in the second Junior. "You know Bismarek," he continued to the Spectator. "Citizen of the hill. He had an old family horse. One of the lazy, good-for-nothing kind you can bust a fence rail over without making him do more than switch his tail. Fat as butter, though, and pretty good looking. Well, one night the boys stepped 'round to Bismarek's stable and fixed him—good and plenty. They shaved his tail all but a tuft at the end, and trimmed his mane like a mule's. He was the foolishhest looking beast I ever saw next mornin'."

"Cept the President's old claybank," said the third Junior chuckling softly, "when the boys got him out and painted him the college colors—half one color, half the other."

A sound of singing drifted back from the car ahead:

"If you want to be an Eli  
Just come along and try-y-y  
By the light, by the light of the moo-o-o-n."

"Of course the proper thing for the passengers to do, is to rise *en masse* and compel the conductor to put those fools off," said some one, "but they know they are college boys, and I'll bet ten to one that they'll only applaud."

Had there been any takers they would have been too late, for he was still speaking when even above the roar of the train, came the noise of clapping hands.

"Everybody is good to a college boy, anyhow," went on the speaker who proved to be the hitherto silent Senior. "Even the Faculty! I remember one frater in facultate who had a fine pear orchard back of his house, which was visited impartially by the students and the village boys. The professor had no particular inclination for the students to devour his

fruit, but he swore that outsiders shouldn't. So he got down his gun, vowing to shoot the next thief he caught in his pear trees. One night shortly after, he heard a disturbance in his back yard, and seizing his gun he sallied forth to do battle. He discovered a dark object up one of the trees and had his gun levelled on it, when the appalling thought struck him that he might shoot a student in his own college. Horrified he dropped his gun to parley with the intruder who was descending rapidly, not to say precipitately, from his airy perch. "Hey there," he called as the fellow struck the ground, "are you a student?" the thief was taking the garden in ten-foot strides—"are you a student?" he screamed again as the fellow climbed on the fence. "If you're a student I won't shoot," he added as the unknown disappeared from view. And to this day the doctor's question has remained unanswered."

The porter came in to light the lamp in the top of the car, for it was growing dark. The train stopped at a small town. In the lighted shop-windows along the track, holly-wreaths were hung, and on the platform was a noisy good-natured holiday throng. The train pulled out again and slowly got under way. The noise in the car ahead had settled down into an occasional burst of song or a rattling college yell, and the crowd in the smoker puffed reflectively and were silent.

Finally Jim roused himself sufficiently from his recumbent posture in the angle between two seats to remove his blackened and battered old brier from between his teeth long enough to expectorate neatly into the nickled cuspidor before him.

"Tell you, though, boys," he mumbled when the pipe was once more firmly settled in its old position in the corner of his mouth. "The man who says anything against the doctor has just naturally got me to scrap. I know something about that man. I've been under him now for two years, and if

there is any sham or hypocrisy in a man you all know how it will show up in a classroom. I never have seen anything wrong in Tommy. I know that old guy had somebody just like him in mind when he wrote, 'he bore without reproach the grand old name of gentleman.' I heard a man talking the other day about when he was a Freshman, twenty-odd years ago. He came from the very head-waters of the Styx, and was as homesick as the mischief. Naturally he never dreamed that the doctor was even aware of his existence till he met him one day on the campus. The Freshman touched his hat and was shuffling past when Tom, who had taken in his state at a glance, stopped him and began to talk to him, complimenting him on his work and questioning him about his home-folks. He was president of the college and one of the foremost scholars of the South, but he was not above talking for five minutes with an insignificant Freshman in jeans breeches and a wool hat, just because he saw that the Freshman was lonesome and almost desperate. Did his dignity suffer by it? Well that Freshman now is one of the best known men in North Carolina and a scholar himself, but to this day he honors the very ground the doctor walks on. And ever since I heard the story, every time I meet him I pull my hat to Tommy."

The grinding of the brakes interrupted him as the train slid into a station. The Spectator gathered up his grip and overcoat. "Well, so long, old man." "Merry Christmas." "Hope you'll enjoy the holidays." "See you again 'long about January, I guess," shouted the crowd in the smoker as he stepped out on the platform and swung off the steps. Half a dozen boys had descended to the station platform and were marching alongside the train singing at the top of their voices. As the train began to move again they swung aboard with shouted farewells to the Spectator. He stood on the platform and watched the red lights till they disappeared



around a bend, unmindful of the fact that by this time it was snowing heavily. A foolish jingle was running through his head, and half unconsciously he murmured it aloud. Perhaps it is not as foolish as the Spectator thought. Anyhow, this is what he quoted:

"No other days are like our college days,  
I ever grieve that mine are fled so long;  
And in my ears the college cries still raise  
Tumultuous echoes; and a college song  
In riotous nonsense ringing loud is strong  
To lift one moment all the weight of years."

He recovered himself with a start, and picking up his grip he walked smiling into the dark.

## THE GROWTH OF OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE

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A. R. GALLIMORE.

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The term American literature does not embrace the entire literature of the American continent, as European literature includes the literature of all Europe; but only the literature of a definite part—the United States. The people of the United States, holding as they do a superior position on the continent, speak of themselves as the American people.

The ideal of the true American citizen is liberty, freedom and patriotism. The nation itself is the outcome of the struggle for liberty and freedom, both religious and political. Some high purpose must have led our forefathers on to leave their own native land to come to this new, untried country, filled with hostile Indians.

When they had planted themselves in the new land, the next thing to be done was to prepare to live—to clear the forests and build dwelling houses and forts. During this preparatory period the literary talents of the settlers had to be laid aside for the most part, yet they did not fail to make records of their experiences and to tell the story of the new country.

Next came the task of setting up a government of the people and by the people. This task was not finished for over a century, when the yoke of England was thrown off. This caused a great deal to be written on the theories of a free government by such men as Thomas Jefferson.

Many of these peoples came from some of the first families of England and had the benefit of a long line of English ancestry and environment. Hence they did not have to begin at the bottom of the ladder of government or of literature. They only had the experiences of the home land to build on. It was a question of developing the talents they had.

From the very first it seems that the spirit of progress dominated these sturdy people. In the new land they found a vast stock of proper material for the art and ingenuity of man to work upon—treasures that had lain dormant for centuries, concealed from the ignorant natives. It was for them to go up and possess the land.

Although these Puritan fathers had a continent to conquer, they were not satisfied with the development of the material alone, but they early began to cultivate the mental as well. They began to write—not of the larks and nightingales and primroses of merry England, but of the American birds and flowers; not of the English ponds and hills, but of the mountains and lakes of America; not of the populated country of their birth, but of the unsettled forests and the winding rivers of their adopted home.

As these pilgrims had come from a country whose civilization was already established, they realized that—to found a permanent civilization, it was necessary that it be founded on a strong and lasting basis. It must develop the spiritual and mental as well as the physical and material. Therefore they began at once to provide churches and schools, the first school of great importance being Harvard College, which was founded as early as 1636. From that day to this their schools and colleges have been beacon lights in literary activities and have done much toward the moulding of our national life and literature.

When the little colony had grown to thirteen, and had got a foothold, the mother country began to impose heavy taxes. The colonies then began to utter words of distrust and of discontent, and being founded upon a basis of freedom, they were determined to remain free. This called forth the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary War. This long struggle gave those of a literary mind a theme for their pens and was the subject of many literary productions of

that time and since. Such poems as "The Ride of Paul Revere" and such prose writings as "The Spy" will ever be of interest to the American mind.

After they had resented the rule of England, new theories of government were offered by the leading men of the colonies. Such leaders as Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson having lived, some have been called upon to write biographies of these and many others. Many of these biographies will live as long as the nation.

After the colonies had won their independence, writers of prominence arose, such as Cooper, and there was a long period of peace, but there was all the while another cloud gathering in the political sky. This question also brought out many theories and was the subject of much discussion by such leaders of American thought as Webster, Clay and Calhoun. Since the question of slavery and States' rights was settled the story of the struggle and traditions connected with it have been the source from which the poet, the novelist and the historian have drawn their material.

A nation that had been born under such circumstances and had made such phenomenal strides in both governmental and also literary activities, certainly had a mission. That mission has been to proclaim to mankind the inextinguishable rights of human nature and the only foundation of government. America has always held forth the hand of honest friendship and freedom, although she has engaged in friendly rivalry. She has been the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. These things she has helped to do through her literature. America has had and she will continue to have a mission in the literary world as well as in the political world.

Now, let us notice some of the influences which have been brought to bear upon our literature to give it nationality. First of all, Christianity has been a strong factor. The

nation was founded on religious freedom and its people have ever clung to this principle. The early religious thought of the country had as its leaders Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Roger Williams, and others. Jonathan Edwards's sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," is as profound as ever. Although theology has gone through great changes since that time, many things from the pens of those pioneers of religion read with interest at the present. The religious idea has pervaded our literature all these years and pervades it to some extent to-day. Thus our literature is the result of a religious struggle and of a religious nation.

Freedom and independence have always been by-words in our national life and have shown themselves in our national literature. The spirit of liberty, so typical of America, has been the mother of many a national poem. The inspiration that comes from the great history of our country has caused her sons and daughters to write and glorify her in story and in song.

The spirit of patriotism has been a great incentive to the American writers. They have been thrilled with the desire to sound the praises of their native land. This patriotic spirit was felt from the very beginning, but it has been more strongly felt since the fight for independence and the birth of a new nation. Joseph Hopkinson, as early as 1798 wrote such patriotic words as—

"Hail Columbia! Happy land!  
Hail ye heroes! heaven born band!"

But James Russell Lowell is probably the most patriotic of American poets. He is virtually the poet-laureate of our American republic, the poetic voice of our national life and ideals. In "The Washers of the Shroud" he makes this petition—

"And let our ship of state to harbor sweep,  
Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit."

With the foregoing we might compare the following from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—

"Thou too, sail on, O ship of state!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

Walt Whitman was the poet of democracy. Says Mr. Curtis Hidden Page in his "Chief American Poets": "He has expressed not only some material aspects, but also some essential ideals of America, as no other poet has; among them our sense of freedom and independence." Some lines from him are:

"I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear."

Again—

"For you, O Democracy,  
For you, for you I am trilling these songs."

Whitman was the poet of the whole country, not of a part. Although a Northerner, he adores the South in such words as—

"O Magnet-South! O glistening perfumed South! My South!"

Our national literature may be called a literature of nature, for there is no country where one can draw so near to nature as in our own. Our poets have learned to look "through nature up to nature's God." Some of our rivers and mountains have been immortalized by them. To take an example near home, our own poet—John Charles McNeill—has heralded the name of the Lumbee River in North Carolina, which would be unknown except for his poetry.

Many of our literary men have been inspired by the desire for friendly rivalry. James Fenimore Cooper began his career as a novelist by trying to out-do an Englishman whose book he chanced to read. He has given to the world the story of the Indian for all time to come.

Turning now from the glorification of our national life, our literature has other marked characteristics. Probably

no other literature is so free from filth as our own. Whitman has been called indecent, but he believed in bare nature. Hear his own words:

"I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,  
Nature without check with original energy."

As a rule, the men of literary talent in America have been men who stood for some high principle and lived up to it. Longfellow was the poet of the common people and himself a high-toned gentleman. Bryant was the poet of nature and a man who held a peculiar place in our national life. Whittier was the poet of abolition and tried to carry out his ideas in regard to slavery. Lowell was the poet of patriotism, and his life and works carried out this idea. Poe was a man of high ideals, but became a castaway. Lanier was himself better than his literature. He says:

"I will heartily lay me hold on the greatness of God."

All of our men of literature have had a message for the world and have delivered it. They have put their personality into their work. As Emerson says, they have been men capable of ideas and have put their ideas into works that will live to benefit the succeeding generations. Our literature has been the interpretation of a great idea, which has been liberty and patriotism.

Our literature has been the correct interpretation of the age. It began with the Pioneer, Colonial and Revolutionary periods and has now reached nationality. It shows the struggles, achievements and the glory of our country and the oneness of our nation. In the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,  
One nation evermore!"

Our literature portrays the animate in nature as well as the inanimate. It not only sings of our brooks and fields, but it has produced such living characters in fiction as

Leather-Stocking, Evangeline, and others. Many of our authors have put their own personality into their characters, for example Hawthorne in the *Blythedale Romance* tells the story of himself.

Again, American literature is based on high ideals. After all it is the ideal in literature more than anything else that gives it a standard. It is the ideal in literature that gives to Emerson his power and goes far to nullify any errors in method or detail that may exist in his works. American literature as a whole may be said to contain the best of all that is known and thought in the world.

Our literature like the "Star of Empire" has gone westward. It began with the struggling colonies along the shores of the Atlantic, but it has now spread to the Pacific. The scenes for our early literature were laid in the East. Now, the West is the scene of many of our best stories. They give the life of the cowboy and the rough life of the West in general.

The national idea in American literature has been of slow growth. It has grown up with the nation. It has grown from the sermons and religious writings of the early New Englanders to a literature which covers all phases of life. It has gained true nationality. Much of it has the nation so imbibed into it, that it could hardly have been written elsewhere than in our own America.

Professor Trent, in his address on "Literature and Life," says: "This nationality in literature must be the development, consciously or unconsciously, of all the best literary powers of the American people. Such a national literature is indispensable to the union of these States—not that union based upon the consent of the governed and bound by political regulations of their making, but the essential union of common sentiments and ideals secured by a common pride in intellectual achievement, and a partnership in patriotism."



### "THAT YOUNG ADAIR."

W. R. HILL.

While his two wagons, driven by Sam and Gaither, rumbled on down the mountain-side before him, Sam Adair drew rein on the top of Piny Knob, turned in his saddle and gazed back into the valley of Cedar Creek. He could see Jennie Simmons's home jambed back in a cove of Cedar Creek Valley. He had stopped and turned in the hope of catching one more glimpse of Jennie before leaving with his load of brandy for Spartanburg. Jennie was going to spend the nights with his mother while he was away. While he waited Jennie came out of her house, bonnet in hand, crossed the foot-log, stopped at an apple tree to gather some apples, and proceeded up the hill to Mrs. Adair's cabin. Suddenly the long-necked, lean horse pricked up her ears and looked intently down Cone Creek. Sam, too, turned in his saddle and looked in the direction the wagons had gone.

"I'll be durned," he murmured, "them revenues are in these parts; at the same time he put spear to old Top and was off down Piny Knob, toward the place from which came the firing that had attracted his and old Top's attention.

"I hope them drivers won't kill nobody," said Sam, half audibly, as he dashed along the road.

When Sam came in sight of the wagons he could see through the evening twilight that the revenues were in possession of both of his wagons. He therefore turned Top outside the road before he was seen and stopped to think.

"It was my last load," he mused. "I was going to quit this blockading business and marry Jennie this Thanksgiving—but now Dol won't have me. Ten to one she'll marry Fred Walker, what's been 'way off down yonder to school

and been appointed sheriff in Sheriff Waldrop's place what got killed by the Jacksons over in Shingle Hollow. 'Cose her mammy has allus wanted Dol to take a liking for Fred. Dol is staying to-night with my mammy while I am away and these revenues will jist about go up thar sarching for me and skeer mammy and Dol outen their wits. I'll jist go back and stay with 'em." And with that Sam turned Top toward home and after riding through the woods far enough to be sure of not being seen, he rode into the road and galloped up Piny Knob toward home.

Half an hour later he reached home. His mother and Dol were sitting in the front yard leaning against the white caks.

"Mammy," said Sam, as he rode up, "the revenues have captured both wagons and teams from Jim and Gaither. Come on them down the road 'fore I had fairly crossed Piny Knob. They'll likely be on up here hunting me some time to-night, and I've come to keep you and Dol from being skeert when they come."

"Sam, them men ain't going to bother two lonely women like me and Dol. You can't stay here; you'll be captured before daylight. Git on top and be gone. Yer mammy will keep the cabin open fer you as long as she lives. Here's your overcoat; git in it and be off before they come."

Sam caught his coat sleeves and got into his overcoat, held out for him by his mother, as he said:

"Dol, be good to mammy while I am away. It looks hard, but I guess a man like me cain't 'speet nothin' better. Jim and Gaither will tend the crap fer mammy."

"I shan't need any more craps, my son."

"Why, mammy?"

She put her arms around him, kissed him and pushed him away toward Top without answering him. He mounted and disappeared in the night.

"Do you know," said Sam's mother to Jennie, after a long silence, "that this is the thirtcenth day of the month and Friday? Them was allus my unlucky days, and I jist feel like I'll never see that child agin. He was all that I had. His father was killed by the revenues when the boy was eleven years old and he was so like his father I jist never could have the heart to correct him. Besides, he ain't mean at heart."

As Sam passed through Bat Cave the next day he overheard a man reading to a crowd an extract from a paper about two revenues losing their lives in capturing Sam Adair's two wagons on Cone Creek. Sam knew that that meant that Jim and Gaither had killed two of the men before escaping from the wagons, and they being covered by the twilight had escaped without being recognized, and he, although not near the wagons, was accused by the revenues of committing the murder. He knew that he could not prove his innocence without bringing into jeopardy the lives of Jim and Gaither, which he would under no consideration do. He must therefore stay out of the way of the revenues.

Winter dragged by and spring came on, which brought declining health to Mrs. Adair. Jennie was always with her to cheer her, but she held stoutly to it that she would never see Sam again. Summer passed and fall came on, but with no better health for Mrs. Adair. Finally, when the yellow flowers were in full bloom, when the woods had changed from green to yellow and the sun shone dimly from a smoky heaven, when everything was dying and when it was easiest to die, Mrs. Adair passed away and was buried on the little knoll beside her husband, back of the house.

She had asked Jennie before dying to keep the house nice and clean and always ready for Sam when he should come. Jennie promised. Jim and Gaither stayed in the house and

"kept back" and tended the farm. Jennie would go over during the day to clean up and would sometimes "bile the boys some vegetables."

It was late one evening, the boys were out gathering corn. Jennie had milked and set the milk on the shelf by the front door when she turned and saw Sam come walking up.

"Howdy Dol."

"Why, howdy, Sam; you have come at last."

"Yes; I have come at last fer you and mammy. Will you go with me."

"Yer mammy ain't here, Sam."

"Whar is she?"

Jennie couldn't answer. She only nodded her head toward the grave on the knoll.

"Back here?" he asked, thinking she meant in the garden.

"I've come, mammy," he said, as he stepped on the back-door steps, but as he said it he caught sight of a newly-made grave on the little knoll and understood it all. He came back where he had left Jennie, but she was gone.

That night he thought to spend in his mother's old house with Jim and Gaither, but shortly after twelve o'clock he was awakened by a loud "heloo" which came from the front of the house.

"Who is that," said Sam.

"Sheriff Walker," came the reply.

"Git yer old musket, Jim," said Gaither.

"Never mind," said Sam, "we have had enough blood shed. I'll submit."

"Are you going to tell them that we killed them scoundrels?"

"Not while breath is in me," said Sam, as he opened the door and said, "Come in, sheriff."

"Well, Sam, I guess I'll want you to go with me to Rutherfordton to-night."

"Very well," said Sam.

And he went.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Waal," said Aunt Mandy Green, two weeks later at the cross roads store, "it looks like things will never quit happening to Sam Adair."

"What has happened now?" inquired the merchant.

"Waal, I guess you heerd how that the officers come and got him the first night he got back here from the West, and earried him away to jail 'fore he had more'n found out that his poor old mammy was dead. But Jim and Gaither say as how that he shore was a changed man a'ter he found out 'bout his mammy. He jist 'lowed them officers to take him when him and Jim and Gaither could have killed 'em faster than they could have come up to the cabin. And then to think that them officers tuk him off down thar and tried him fer killing them revenues. And that ain't all; they found him guilty and sentenced him to be hung, and now they have got him in the iron cage right over Walker's room, whar they say thar ain't no manner or chance of escape, fer Walker can hear him even if he had something to git out with."

"What evidence did they convict him on?" asked the merchant.

"Why, bless your soul, they say that they didn't have nothing against him ceptin' that the wagons belong to him, 'case he run away and he wouldn't go on the stand. Nobody knows why, but he wouldn't go. He stuck to it all the time that he didn't kill them revenues, and he didn't believe as how the good Lord would let an innercent man suffer fer what he didn't do."

"Has Jennie Simmons been to see him yit?"

"Not yit; but I hearn she's goin' to-day."

Jennie went that day, but Fred had refused to allow her to go up to see Sam. As she walked around the corner of the jail on leaving, something fell in the grass beside her. She stooped and picked it up. It was a note wrapped around a piece of an old tea-cup. The note said:

"The brads that hold the sheet-iron that covers the floor have rusted in two; a hatchet will let me down into the jailer's room. A cord will be suspended from my window at one o'clock to-night."

Jennie read the note, looked quickly around to see if any one was looking, crammed the note into her mouth and began to think. She got on Top and went home, told Jim and Gaither to get their old muskets and pistols and go with her to Rutherfordton.

That night at half-past twelve a lady riding the lean and long-neck Top, followed by two men on horseback, one of whom was leading a fourth horse, drew rein on top of the hill overlooking Rutherfordton.

"Give me Trixy, Gaither," said the lady. "You and Sam go to the southern end of town and when the old town clock strikes one, you and Sam begin and give the old town a genuine good 'shooting up.' Be sure you kill nobody, but let the empty streets and houses have plenty of lead. Hear? Be sure you get all the officers after you, then lead them off toward the west. Do your part well; then shake them officers and go by and get preacher Koone and meet me and Sam on top of Piny Knob."

After an age the clock struck one, and was answered by a pistol shot from the lower end of town, which was followed by the report of a musket, which in turn was followed by loud cursing from deep-throated men. At the jail a cord dropped from a window. Jennie tied the hatchet to the cord with a note, which said:

"I will wait with Top and Trixy at the bridge."

The cord ascended. By this time Jim and Gaither were sweeping by the jail, cursing loud and shooting harder. They had not more than passed when Fred Walker rushed out in hot pursuit, with the chief of police and most of the other men of the town.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Waal, I allers said you couldn't head that Jennie Simmons," said Aunt Mandy Green, as she stepped into the cross-roads store two days later.

"What has she done now?" said the merchant.

"Got Sam Adder outun jail."

"Get plumb away?"

"Got clean gone," ejaculated Mrs. Green. "And that ain't all. They wus met that night at Piny Knob, they say, by the parson; no one knows fer sure, but I have hearn tell that they wus married thar. Then they say they went by Sam's house, put some yaller flowers on his mammy's grave, went into the house, got his mammy's picture what she had made when John Kirby tuk pictures at the mill and went away, no one knows whar."

## A NIGHT RIDERS' RAID

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E. J. ROGERS.

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May 6th, 1904, was a clear, moonless, starlit night. The small town of Belmont, Kentucky, was seemingly hushed in slumber. Mr. James Vanlandingham, a prominent merchant and farmer of that town, sat by a dim light in the rear of his establishment, meditating upon the fearless actions of Mr. J. D. Arthur, a farmer residing some three miles from Belmont, in ignoring the feelings and interests of his countrymen concerning a recent edict.

The Consolidated Tobacco Growers' Union of Kentucky had given out orders that no tobacco be raised that year in the "Consolidated District." Terrible threats had been published against any one who should attempt to disregard that mandate. However, some six or eight men refused to observe such an order, and had made all possible preparations for a full crop. But becoming alarmed at their peril, all except Mr. Arthur destroyed every means they had begun. He insisted that what he owned was his to use and control in the way seeming best to him, and that no one had any right whatever to exercise authority over his possessions. Several friendly notes had been sent him by individuals asking him to comply with the wishes of the ruling public; but, unwilling to sacrifice a year's profits, and to be cowed by the threats or persuasions of any league or friend, he obstinately refused to yield, and even made severe threats against any offending party.

Seeing the situation as it was, Mr. Vanlandingham became restless and grew furious as he thought upon it. The clock had already struck twelve, but it was not too late to see that wrongs were righted. In less than ten minutes he had



a short note written and addressed to some fifty men around Belmont.

"Jerry!" said he, calling to his office-boy who was asleep in the extreme rear of store, "get up and take this note around to these men as fast as my bay mare will go." Alarmed at the unusual disturbance and the harsh tone of his employer, Jerry arose quickly, rubbed his eyes, and started with the note.

"Jerry," said he, continuing, "as each man reads it receive it back and move hastily to another." In a moment Jerry had gone out into the night to execute his lord's command. Mr. Vanlandingham blew out the lamplight and took his stand near the front door.

In less than thirty minutes time an infuriated mob began to gather in front of his store in response to the note. By one-thirty o'clock over fifty men, mounted on steeds and armed as if for battle, filled the street.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Vanlandingham, in a low, but earnest tone to the restless crowd, "Arthur must yield to our demand this very night or die a martyr to his cause! What say you all?" Without a dissenting voice they swore their allegiance to what they deemed just and right. As they rode hastily, yet silently away,

"The plodding hoofs were a battle song,  
Sure as an old refrain,  
Till they stopped at last by the white-barred gate  
At the end of a curving lane."

Mr. Arthur had been expecting trouble for over a fortnight, but it seemed that every one was afraid to go near his house. His wife and three daughters had been drilled each day with firearms in preparation for the critical hour that might come. Holes had been bored through the walls of his home, and daily practice through these small openings made them feel quite sure of defense if they should be attacked. This night,

however, they had all retired feeling at perfect ease as to their safety.

"Hello!" sounded a low, deep voice from without the gate. All was silent as death within. After a moment's delay a demanding call was again made: "Hello, Arthur!" This aroused the peacefully sleeping farmer, who arose and went to the door.

"Who's there?" he yelled out in a shrill tone; but before the words had escaped his lips he observed the dim outline of several mounted men, and heard the restless tread of many horses in the rear. A voice from the mob calmly said:

"As preservers of peace and prosperity we come to you to-night. You know the wrong you have done, and the threats you have made. Are you now ready to comply with the demands of your fellow-citizens? If so, verify your decision by going with us to your tobacco plants." Mr. Arthur stood still for a moment as if debating whether he should escape the maddened throng by dashing back into the house, or step out in his accustomed boldness. Bracing himself up he stepped forward, and in a very humble tone responded, "Gentlemen, I am not dressed, and the hour is late. I acknowledge I have done wrong. If you will give me until to-morrow I will go down and destroy my plants—yes, every one of them."

"To-night is the only time, and we must see you do it this very hour," shouted one from the company, with a severe oath. "Yes!" came the simultaneous outcry from more than a dozen, "get you ready and go with us!"

Without saying another word Mr. Arthur turned as if to ignore their demands and stepped back toward the door.

"Stop there!" came an unequivocal demand from the mob, "Will you go with us?" With an indifferent air he turned and calmly replied: "Gentlemen, it is nonsense for you to

act as you are. I feel that I have done my duty. Only allow me until morning and I will dig up every plant." So saying, he turned the door-knob as if to enter the house.

"Bang!" sounded a clear report of a rifle from the furious mob. In quick succession several rifles were emptied at the unprotected man. He fell to the floor speechless, and amid a few slight groans breathed his last.

The family within were terror-stricken, and scream after scream from his wife and daughters filled the ears of the satiated mob. Not an inmate once thought of their facilities for battle at hand.

"Away!" shouted Mr. Vanlandingham, "we have done our errand." So saying, they dashed off in irregular order toward Belmont.

It suffices to say that no tobacco was grown that year in the "Consolidated District."

## THE GROWTH OF THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL

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W. E. WEST.

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The democratic ideal had its origin in the growth of civilization and education. As the minds of men developed, this ideal assumed new forms and acquired new meanings. In Greece democracy was defined as a government opposed to monarchy, in Rome as a government opposed to aristocracy, and in the Middle Ages as a government opposed to feudalism; but it is obvious that democracy is not a form of government at all, but a spirit that may assume many forms. Pure democracy embodies three prime principles, namely, individual rights; public sovereignty; and universal suffrage. These may exist in various forms of government—in England as a monarchy; in Germany as an empire; and in the United States as a republic.

Primitive governments were in the hands of kings. The kingship at first conferred by the subjects, later became an hereditary right. An hereditary sovereignty at some time breeds a weak sovereign. Under such rulers the democratic spirit germinated. The king's advisers became his masters, and the system of oligarchy was established.

The coming of Christianity in the Roman world marked a new epoch in the development of the democratic ideal, and made it possible for "men to rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." Christianity gave men an individual right on which no State could justly infringe.

In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, there swept down upon the Romanized and partly Christianized world, from the gloomy forests of Germany, where the north wind whistled among the bare branches, and the North Sea broke angrily upon the ice-bound coasts, a hardy race of men, in whose bosoms the light of liberty burned brightly. Bar-

barons and wild, as they were, they possessed that which the civilized world had never attained; a high type of allegiance to individual sovereignty. They possessed the philosophy of old Polonius. "This above all: to thine own self be true."

The combined influence of these two forces dominated and revolutionized the civilized world; and ushered in the feudal system and knighthood of the Middle Ages.

Through all of the dark period of the Middle Ages the democratic ideal was checked by the power of the barons, but this spirit born of heaven and sent to earth to direct the destiny of men was not to be destroyed.

The beginning of the thirteenth century marked the revival of personal liberty, and individual enterprise. The Pope, for many centuries a dominant figure, was dethroned by Luther and Knox. Men began a philosophic study of self and surroundings. Discoveries and adventure followed, and the world awoke from a long troubled sleep to a glorious morning of liberty and individuality. Monarchies existed only by democratic consent, and only monarchs who sought to serve their subjects were safe upon their thrones.

In the development of the democratic ideal the period of revolutions demands attention. Through all the dark ages the democratic spirit fought its way, but the greatest conflicts to be encountered were those of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century. Up to this time democracy had been but little more than a chimera. The reformation had instilled into the hearts of men a love of freedom; but nothing short of revolution could give it utterance.

The Dutch revolution led in destroying the power of the Burgundian dynasty. The British Revolution, under Cromwell and his Ironsides, overthrew the house of the *Stuarts* and laid the foundation of the Parliamentary régime. Since Charles the First of England, the crowned head with his aristocratic satellites, reveled in corruption and luxury ob-

tained by the hand of unchecked power. The change that followed the revolutions made monarchy and aristocracy but figure-heads, and placed the power in the hands of the Commons. Kings and aristocrats no longer consider themselves the whole of the State, but are content to sit in the seat of power and be ruled by the people. The democratic spirit is the support of the British civilization. Not only is the British empire free, but its colonies all enjoy representative governments, and it is only a question of time when Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the colonies of South America, where already the bud of democracy is no near fruition, will have blossomed into the bright flowers of republics.

Would you see the greatest struggle that democracy has ever encountered, turn to France. For ten years the democratic spirit, imbedded in the heart of a Bonaparte, fought with never-failing energy.

"France, her giant limbs upreared,  
And with that oath which smote earth, air, and sea,  
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free."

Was this bloodiness and cruelty uncalled for? France survived the shock of the ten years of war and the attempted restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, influenced the whole world and acquired a prestige among nations which she had not hitherto possessed.

For centuries Germany was held as the chattel of numberless petty kings, but in 1871 the power of government passed into the hands of an emperor who rules under a constitution, and executes the laws formed by the people, and not all the powers of the impetuous and imperious William could restore her to her former régime.

The people of Russia have ever followed blindly the advice of the priests, who teach them to worship God as their Great Father and the Czar as their little father. But to-day Russia trembles on the brink of a mighty revolution. Let

the will of the Czar for once conflict with the will of the masses of his subjects, and assassination and revolution will mark the bounds of his lordship.

Little Switzerland, after years of struggle with the mighty house of Hapsburg, sits upon her cloud-capped, Alpine citadel, as the brightest gem in democracy's noble crown. The Spanish government is undergoing a period of unrest, and all the petty kingdoms of Europe are turning from absolute monarchies to constitutional governments.

So prevailing has been the influence of this movement that the nations of the Orient are welcoming it. Japan has already a parliament and constitution. China is becoming more enlightened and liberal. Turkey has ceased to gaze motionless upon the flags of freedom of other nations, in wonder and admiration, and in the dawn of the twentieth century she has, under the inspiration of liberty, deposed her Sultan and established a free constitutional government.

If we turn to the Western hemisphere, we see it practically dominated by the spirit of democracy.

A few colonial possessions of Europe are under despotic rule, but the growing spirit of unrest among them, gives us assurance that they will soon be under some republican form of government.

Cuba, after successive struggles, and by the aid of the strong hand of the United States, waves the flag of freedom where, for more than four centuries had waved the flag of tyranny. But what of our own beloved Union? The American Revolution, fought by our heroic forefathers, was inspired by a love of liberty. The words of Patrick Henry voiced the sentiment of all the colonists, "Give me liberty, or give me death." Thomas Jefferson imbedded it in the Declaration of Independence. Washington, Hamilton, and Adams welcomed its advent.

When our constitutional government was formed it opened the eyes of all Europe. Democracy had been growing through

two thousand years of vicissitudes, yet even the reflecting portion of mankind believed it to be a failure. A representative government was felt to be preposterous. Statesmen of Europe looked upon with curiosity, partly amused, partly disdainful, yet through thirteen decades it has gone its conquering way. It has falsified the predictions of every hostile critic.

The framework constituted by our fathers embraced less than five million people, scattered along a narrow strip of seashore. It has expanded to meet the needs of a diverse population twenty times as large, gathered in great cities, and distributed over an empire of seacoast, mountain, plain, forest, and islands of the sea. It has withstood the shock of the greatest civil war of all times, a war which freed four million slaves; and crystallized democracy into a manifest reality.

So significant has its privileges become; so widespread is its influence; so dominant are its ideals, that it is as wide as its native born population, and offers citizenship to all who will vow allegiance to its flag.

Such has been the growth of the democratic ideal.

We know that there are many far-seeing individuals; would-be political seers, with sharper ken, perhaps than is usually possessed—who, while gazing out into the dim distance of future ages, watching the tide of empire ebb and flow, think they foresee events of stupendous magnitude rising from the troubled waters of political, social and economical systems so hostile and so momentous as to crush democracy into oblivion. Yet the mind of the less cynical seer will not admit any such foreboding. With this view we sympathize. The spirit of democracy must forever triumph. Its golden age is yet ahead. So long as nations grow more and more enlightened just so long will democracy reach out toward,

“ That one far off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.”



## A CIVIL WAR ROMANCE

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A. D. GORE.

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I respect every dear old veteran who survived the War of Secession. Their gray beard and tottering knees excite my sympathy and intensify my sorrow. A few more years and two of my uncles now in their seventies will cease to live and tell of fifty years ago. A decade more and their ranks will be virtually numbered among the dead. The Federal and Confederate soldiers now meet upon the battle ground of sixty-one and join hands to disclaim those things which create a North or South. The interests of each have been crystallized into uniform action, and no one now allows himself to feel biased with narrow prejudice to either side.

Last vacation I formed an acquaintance with another of those Southern heroes. It was no undesirable privilege to listen to him relate his past experiences, and considering his advanced age, characteristics, education and temperament, he was little short of marvelous.

One pleasant afternoon after we had thrashed to a frazzle every topic of current interest which we knew about, I invited his attention to my interest in story-writing, and challenged his memory for a plot from real experience.

"At what age did you enter the war, Mr. Lionel," just to draw him out.

"Twenty-three, lad."

"Ever wounded?"

"Twice."

I saw in his countenance a seriousness which suggested that I had touched the key note.

"Where, Mr. Lionel?"

"Virginia."

"Pardon my inquisitiveness, but suppose you tell me about it, I never tire listening at war tales. Did you ever meet a soldier from South Carolina named Gats McGee? He told me a ghost story once which occurred in the Shenandoah Valley, and it made my hair stand on end."

"Why lad, bless your heart, he and I fought in the very battle which I was thinking of telling you about! Where is old Gats now?" And a dozen other questions he put to me in heated rapidity.

I promised to tell him about his old friend McGee's ghost story if he would tell me his experience first. He was aroused to a spirited feeling, and immediately became loquacious, and at times ornate and oratorical in a peculiar style which I may unsuccessfully attempt to imitate.

He lighted his pipe and smoked vigorously for a moment and began. "In the spring of '62 we encamped on one side of a small creek, and a few miles on the opposite side the Federals were also stationed. My captain and a few of us were sent in advance to act as pickets. It was dangerous for provision wagons to pass from the main army to us, as the Union army might fall on us any moment. Besides there was no regular highway, and the ways were almost impassable. This made it necessary for us to secure food wherever we could. As I was a Virginian and naturally familiar with the woodlands, I was selected for this risky mission. It was one of those lovely spring days when everywhere the vegetation takes on new life, when the meadows are greenest and the brambles put forth their tenderest baby buds; when peace and quietude reign supreme; when the bosom of the homesick soldier pines most for by-gone days, and the music of the merry birds tells of their mating-time, and when God seems to be revealing His approval of mankind in everything. It was such a day, cloudless and brilliant, when I saddled my charger which had won the name of

Chasm Leaper, and bounded away through the dark, green forest like a hero of the Scottish highlands. Three miles were galloped across in a short time, and by an hour's run I had ventured far into the enemy's territory and endangered my own safety."

He knocked the ashes from his cold pipe, for the fire had ceased burning its odoriferous fuel since he began.

"Yonder in the edge of a thousand-acre clearing towered a substantial, sober-looking and quaint mansion, a kind which is now rarely seen. I rode gallantly up the broad lane to the gate, dismounted and entered the yard. The tall oaks and white-limbed sycamores lent an air of culture and grandeur to the surroundings, and my feet hesitated as I ambled between the grassy plots on either side of the walk which led to the great stone steps.

"On the broad porch were four persons, an old man and an older looking lady, and two girls barely past their twentieth year. I doffed my cap politely and bowed, to which the old gentleman responded gruffly, 'What will you have, sir?'

"'I am hungry, sir,' I replied with slightly more dignity of tone and manner than was becoming for a supposed beggar.

"'Well, soldier, can't your officers see that you are fed?' he retorted.

"'I have the money to pay for all I get, sir,' I replied, taking from my pocket a large roll of Confederate greenbacks to confirm my statement.

"'Well, soldier, I haven't anything to sell you, but I can give you a cold lunch for yourself,' he said, turning to the two girls and asking in a low tone and gesture, 'Girls, one of you run tell Dinah to bring this man something to eat.'

"One of them responded with an animated bound and tripped noiselessly across to the dining room."

Mr. Lionel hesitated and a smile rippled over his aged countenance, a look that indicated there was a latent interpretation to his last statement.

"Dinah did not bring the lunch. You college boys might give it a big name like mental telepathy, but anyhow the one brought it that I wanted to bring it," he said in a softening voice, "and I'll never forget how appetizingly and daintily it was arranged on the big silver tray. I took a seat on a rustic at the base of a large oak, and appeased my inflamed appetite. In the meantime each one returned to his respective employment, the father read his paper, the observing mother attended to her darning, and the two young women to their fancy work.

"Without permission or the least token of approval I stalked up the steps into the porch and asked for a part of the old gentleman's paper. Every eye turned upon me in amazement. The old man eyed me a moment, apparently losing sight of my purpose, and upon a second request of mine he deliberately handed the whole paper to me and indulged in absolute silence.

"I hastily glanced down the personal column and saw the following item: 'Miss Elva Johnson, of Blank, is spending a week with old friends at Zero, the favorite summer resort.'

"The plan for deception glided into my mind the moment I saw this, and I said, 'Do you know this Miss Johnson?' and handed the paper for the old gentlemen to read. He read it and asked me the same question with a look of discrediting suspicion.

"Having learned that she was of an aristocratic family and possessed wealth, I knew a feigned acquaintance with her would do me no injury, thereupon I answered airily in the affirmative. And before the old gentleman could ask another question I informed him, so that his daughters could

hear me distinctly, that my sister and I spent a whole summer at Zero, and were intimately acquainted with this popular young lady, and hastily proceeded to shift the conversation by commenting upon his beautiful location, and that I would like to exchange seven hundred acres of seacoast woodlands for a slice of his thousand-acre plantation.

"At this proposal the young ladies silently retired to other parts to readjust their evening costume. My boasting had seemed too sincere to be false, and the impression I had determined to make had begun its desired effect.

"The old lady drew herself into the conversation and introduced her husband as Mr. Monylover, and with an inquisitive grin, 'your name, please?' she completed the introduction.

"'Lionel, Lionel, and a name I'm proud to bear for the sake of those who thrust it upon me,' I responded with a demeanor which they dared not misinterpret. (My right name of course I could not afford to give.) This assumption of previous honors and present wealth captivated the amiable and indulgent mother, and tempered the crabbed old gentleman to the apologizing point."

"But I don't see how you worked that scheme so swiftly and effectively," I interrupted.

"Well you see, lad, it was a case of starvation with me if I failed, and a case of dollars and aristocracy if they failed. Such a condition would effect an agreement quicker than you would think," my dear old veteran craftily explained.

"I offered to pay for my supper but the generous hostess would not heed to any payment except a promise that I would revisit them the following day, further urging that I take her best wishes and a lunch to my Captain. This was easy sailing, for as long as I could feed my Captain and myself the world ran smooth.

"I returned the following evening and was introduced to the two fair damsels who had so shyly evaded me the previous day. Their names were Eunice and Rosalia.

"A more beautifully furnished parlor you could not have found in all the Shenandoah Valley! I was dazed in the flare of the luminated square of this palace, but the mellow tones of 'Dixie' stirred my soul, not so much though perhaps, had not the fragile form of Rosalia graced the occasion. Her deft fingers glided over the keys of the piano with incredible rapidity and accurateness. I sang bass at their request, with more enthusiasm than ever before.

"How well you sing, Mr. Lionel!" they both declared in concert.

"Flattery was cheap and as I thought, my best weapon, and I complimented them in turn with all earnestness, 'How well you both play!' which I perceived was taken more seriously by Miss Rosalia—the one for whom it was intended. And by way of explanation, she was the one who had so daintily arranged and brought my supper the previous evening." my speaker added with a delightful chuckle.

"At nine o'clock I took my leave with an engagement for the following Sunday three days off. When the appointed time came I was prompt in fulfilling my promise. I left my steed at the gate, thinking I would make my stay very brief, but when I returned to the hitching post he was not there. I knew the Yanks had me, and I dashed hurriedly to the house to seek refuge, when the mother who had been a hidden observer, came to my relief with the information that she had sent Johnnie to put him away and to carry my Captain his supper.

"Suppressing my tone of astonishment and rising disgust, I said, 'Oh how kind of you madam! how very, very kind, madam!'

"I was straightway invited into the dining-room for a

time which I failed to keep an exact record of, and thence into the parlor. My decided preference between the two young ladies was soon unmistakably ascertained, and as is the custom among those attentive to matrimonial maneuverings, the little and blooming rose of the Shenandoah and I were bestowing exclusive attention upon each other. You will not miss anything if I omit telling you the minute details of this first interview."

At this point I questioned Mr. Lionel with a restless movement and glance of the eye, which he interpreted and answered in a moment, "Don't worry lad, there are no melting or appetite-destroying scenes in my story."

"When I started to leave, Miss Rosalia's pressing request that I return at my earliest opportunity opened the way for me to effect a bargain to secure provisions. I made it convenient to return the following day early enough to take an evening stroll.

"The mansion was in the center of a ten-acre lawn. The velvet carpet of smooth green presented a picture of rare beauty. Towering high were gigantic oaks and sycamores whose limbs interlaced and cast a checkered shadow upon the bloom-strewn pathways which ramified the lawn. Caterpillars raced up and down the great trunks in hasty pursuit of sustenance and bluebirds chirped their mellow, brief song as they perched cautiously on the surrounding objects. Stray beams of sunlight shot slantingly through the occasional openings overhead and danced spasmodically in her wealth of golden hair. For half an hour we ambled leisurely along, up this pathway and down the other, and eventually back to our favorite spot which we had selected for a resting place on our return. Around the base of each tree was a grass-covered, pyramidal mound of earth about six feet across its base and half as high. On one of these we sat and chatted until nearly sundown."

I smiled in my narrator's face when he said this; for the delicate outline of a smile was struggling about his own mouth, which proved that his old age did not refuse to entertain tender fancies. I could detect in his voice that the memories of long ago were besetting his imagination and softening his heart.

"Intuitively I had discovered that regardless of all her feminine reserve, she unconsciously had become subjective to my artfulness, for I was a wily flatterer and summoned to my rescue many unscrupulous assertions to win my lady. Her speaking blue eyes had in them a dangerous power for my insincerity, and the gentle touch of feeling which threw around her manner, thoughts and acts an irresistible witchery, at times made my evil practices recoil upon me. However, I consoled myself with the effect which I knew I could produce by breaking upon her the nearness of another battle in which I would take part. I knew her yearning maiden heart was weakly fortified and could be stormed through the awfulness of a battlefield scene. The battle of Cross Keys took place June the 8th. It was the week previous to this battle that I spent this last evening with Miss Rosalia, and it will soon be seen how I made the event of this battle serve my purpose. My Captain had told me that it would be my last chance, and that we would soon join Jackson and march on to help Lee in the Seven Days' Battles. With this scheme in mind, I looked earthward with an expression of perplexity, hoping to excite an inquiry from my innocent companion and thus clear the way to score a point.

"She managed her attack upon my silence with feminine dexterity. 'I must go help mother with supper,' she hinted, casting a furtive glance toward the line of blue and gold along the west.

" 'O stay a minute longer, I have got to tell you what was in my mind just then before I go. Perhaps I shall never



see you again and I would die dissatisfied next week in battle if I do not tell you,' I said nervously.

"She trembled perceptibly, looked away for an instant and yielded to her emotions, and I knew I was master of the occasion. Gleamings of anguish and sorrow were easily discernible on her beautiful face. I paused a moment and continued, 'I aspire to a nearer and dearer place in your heart than friendship of such brief acquaintance usually and reasonably warrants. Miss Rosalia, will,—' the sentence was unfinished. My conscience rebuked me. This embodiment of purity, modesty, and sincerity, reared in the heart of the woodlands, and taught that all men were unversed in deception, counteracted my falsity and strangled the question before it was uttered. However, she understood, made no answer for some time, as the new possibility seemed to distract her mind too much to release her thoughts by means of words. This was half a century ago, and it was war-times, too. She was not familiar with all the modern arts of coquetry. Whatever her pure heart felt found utterance with rural simplicity and frankness. In her wild first love she thought not of restraint when necessity demanded a decision. The deep and natural yearnings for some one to love, and for a power to lean upon, prompted her woman frailty to respond with unfeigned confession, and she acquiesced with careful earnestness. Then I dropped my voice and touched upon the dangers of a soldier's life. The effect of this delivered in my nervous language and with an emphatic manner could not be mistaken.

"I'll never forget that farewell, her tearful eyes and lingering gaze; gentleness, sadness and awful anxiety transformed her countenance. She clung to my arm in child-like helplessness and invited unintentionally my last assurances of eternal affection. My arms involuntarily encircled her, and though those feelings of shame and modesty which op-

pressed her were alien to me, yet I was no stranger to delightful emotions excited by this rare and unpremeditated occurrence. I placed a flattering interpretation on the conduct of her readiness to yield, but at that very instant she tore away; our eyes met in an instant's look which I lingered to prolong, her cheeks wore a delicate bloom and her lips seemed curved in readiness for uttering caresses, the crimson flood suffused her cheeks, then as rapidly receded, leaving her ghastly white. That paroxysm of feeling, that last fond look subjected me to a too strict scrutiny, and I whirled away submerged in a sea of remorse.

"Next day we saw a battle was inevitable, and two days later proved us the victors in the Cross Key fray.

"The day following this occurrence, I scribbled a note something like these words and signed my friend's name:

DEAR MADAM:—I take this first idle moment to inform you of our friend, Mr. Lionel's death. Yesterday in the thickest of battle he was pierced through the brain by a minie ball. I grieve with you in our sad loss.

Your unknown friend,

PAUL LINEBERRY.

"Great mercy, Mr. Lionel, you didn't do that!" I exclaimed in a fit of disappointment and reproach.

"'Yes I did,' and drawing from his pocket a soiled and faded parchment, 'here's the reply,' he said, and began to read these lines:

DEAR FRIEND:—Your message came last night after we all were seated around the supper table. I have not slept since. To express my thanks for the kindness you have shown is a pleasure, but to express my sorrow is impossible, and if it were possible, yet I could only give it unfairness with my pen.

Do please mark his grave with a pile of stones, or indicate it somehow so I will find it when I go. My future has been withered, my hopes blasted, and the last futile tribute to his remains shall be a grave stone, and flowers planted by this hand which waved its last farewell to him.

May God protect you through this terrible conflict.

Most gratefully,

ROSALIA.

P. S.—Do reply immediately.

"And did you reply?" I asked warmly.

"No art of mine could commit successfully to paper my feelings when I read this letter from her," my gray-headed Confederate responded hoarsely, "I was in a mental dilemma and finally imagined myself delirious. Yes, I answered. Here's what I wrote," drawing from his purse a small folded slip of paper;

Miss Rosalia, come *this afternoon*. At the foot of a small hillock, between the highway and the largest pine, a few yards from the tenth mile-post, lies the remains of our friend.

Hurriedly,

PAUL LINEBERRY.

"Then I stole away to this spot and over the grave of a comrade I drove down a foot and a head-piece, so that she would not be mistaken or disappointed in her search."

"Did she come?" I queried with a tremulousness of tone.

"Promptly! and with a pot of the very flowers which I had a few days previously paused to admire, and whose peculiar beauty I had whispered could not compare with her own resplendence! There I was crouched in concealment watching her plant flowers on the grave of her Lionel, and water them with bitter tears. I heard her sighing softly but deeply like some far-away wind song. I saw her tenderly place the clay about the tiny flower roots and then kneel and fold her hands across her bosom, and with face pitiable to behold, turned upward toward heaven, implore God for the deliverance of my soul into the presence of His divine holiness. My vileness recoiled upon me. Humiliation pounced upon me with all its powerful force and"—

"What did you do?" I broke in impatiently. "And did she come there all alone?"

"I stepped out from my hiding place and wailed through my tears, 'O, don't, Rosalie! O, don't!' She stared at me in profound amazement for some time, then leaped to her feet and screamed, with a voice of mingled fear and joy, 'Lionel! O Lionel, is it true!' and glancing hurriedly about her she turned and fled and I saw her form fade in the distance.

## MAN'S FIRST DEFEAT

He rushed upon the bridge that spans the gulf, and— back!

He stood like one transfixed, for Nike had stolen away;

He grasped for laurels—lo, a monster, grimy, black!

Dense clouds of foulest breath and blackest night in day!

The world grew darker than the deepest stygian cave,

The heavens frowned, and joy and hope had fled;

Below, a sea of trouble surged with bounding wave;

Around, a blooming plain in somber pall lay dead.

The angry monster, spreading wide his gory form,

With threat'ning pose, a blazing eye and hungry gaze,

Stood stern as death, majestic as the brewing storm,—

A hell a touch, or breath, or look would set ablaze.

The youth had fled, but back recoiled before Despair,

Huge, grim, more monstrous far than Fable's self could  
paint,

More loathsome, dreadful, racking than the serpent's glare,

The death of deaths to victim choking, trembling, faint,

When death would be a blest repose, though in his lair.

"O flee!" a voice within, "play him not, false or fair."

His eyes had closed with horror, wildly back he fled

From death to death,—for death was here and death  
scemed there,

Like Horror clad in terror, Raving mad he sped

Into the monster jaws, Defeat, from dire Despair.

At last he turned, his mind now free from deadly bane:

Monster?—a fading shadow thin as air, a name;

Afar, Despair loomed large, great shadows on the plain,

Then with a bound was o'er the hills from whence he came.

# STORIETTES

## That Turkey

It was the day before Christmas. The autumn cold had brought all the turkeys home for food and shelter. The largest was a tall turkey whose feathers glistened in the sunlight like burnished gold. For this reason my little brother, Jesse, who claimed him, called him Red Wing. There was some noise among the turkeys down under the shed, and hearing it—

This turkey strode down like a monarch of old,  
His plumage a-gleaming in purple and gold,  
And the hue of his mail was as fair unto me,  
As the soft after-glow of a sunset at sea.

He stepped boldly into the midst of the convention and was stopped by a sage old Tomas. Feeling insulted at this affront he accosted him:

"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"

Tomas replied, "To-morrow is Christmas Day, and some of us, perhaps you, must be killed for the farmer's feast, so all of us are sad."

"What, kill me?  
True, it is Christmas Day,  
But all the world would stare  
If I should grace the festive board  
And be the festive fare."

At this old Tomas shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. Red Wing's grandmother drew her left foot up to her heart and hid her head under her wing—and wept. His mother asked what should be done. He said, "If that cook tries to get me, I'll make the gravels rattle in his crop like dry beans in a tin can. And if fighting won't do me, we shall fly, and wings leave no trail."

Having delivered this noble speech with one breath, he threw back his head, ruffled his feathers, stepped three steps and rumbled like young thunder. But his advice seemed to be good, so it was agreed to wake early in the morning and fly away to a more congenial clime.

But in that darkest hour which comes before dawn, Red Wing was deroosted and decapitated almost in his sleep.

But hear the merry dinner bells, brazen bells!  
What a world of pumpkin pies their melody foretells!

The guests stepped into the dining room, and that same turkey was—

There on his back supine.  
How was he cooked so fine?  
Glad was this heart of mine!  
All the guests wondered.  
Dumplings to right of him,  
Dressing to left of him,  
Gravy all over him,  
Fluttered and floundered.

Wild was the charge we made;  
All of us stopped and stayed;  
Fond hopes were all repaid;—  
I could have foundered.

When the repast was about finished, Jesse having picked the last fiber from the *drum stick*, looked up with gravy all over his face and said, "Atter all, a cooked turkey is better nor a raw un, ain't it?"

I had my mouth full of gobbles, but I swallowed part of it and said "unph—humph!"

ROMULUS SKAGGS.

### A Midsummer Night's Dream

"The king of France, with ten thousand men, marched up the hill and then—marched down again."

They nestled together on the seat beneath the great park oak—he and she—Reginald and Madeline. The glancing

moonbeams streamed down from the star-gemmed heavens through the languidly waving branches, making ever-varying traceries on the ground beneath and giving to the scene a touch of weird, compelling beauty and silent splendor.

"Did you speak, darling?" breathed Reginald, bending over and gazing down into the limpid depths of her eyes with a something in his look that bespoke, far better than any words possible, the great, deep love he bore her.

But back of those tender glances and love-laden tones there was a haunting fear and a ghastly horror which all the sensuous languor of the night and the place could not dispel. From down in the meadow across the brook came the noisy chirpings of the crickets welcoming the new-born night. The wind, which had risen while the couple sat beneath the great oak, was now blowing in strange, sobbing cadences through the larches and evergreens in the near-by churchyard. From away in the distance came the dismal warning of a rain-crow, quavering and horrible as the cry of a lost soul in torment. The scene of fleecy clouds which had been lending an added glory to the pale turquoise bloom of the horizon, had faded away and in its place had appeared an inky mass, from the cavernous bosom of which leaped forked lightning like a hissing serpent from the noxious blackness of an Indian jungle. Already raindrops were plashing on the dust-covered leaves and the cry of the storm came nearer in its hoarse, bellowing thunder tones.

"Did you speak, darling?" repeated Reginald with a depth of pathos and tenderness in his voice that was infinite and spoke of things primordial.

Into his eyes had come a new, strange gleam—that of a strong man who has found himself master of a woman's heart.

"I was thinking," answered Madeline in low, thrilling tones that betrayed the terrible intensity of her feeling, "I

was thinking of having another glass of cream, but it is too late now and, besides, it is raining," and she led the way to the car. And after her followed Reginald in a dazed, uncomprehending manner, as in a trance. But under the somber cast of his pure young countenance there welled up a deep, almost holy, joy as he gazed at the solitary dime of ear fare in his moist, feverish palm.

"Heaven headed her off that time," he gasped, reverently looking upward to where the milky way spanned the great vault of the sky, "but once and nevermore. This is my last."

THE VAMPIRE.

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### A Comedy of Errors

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Yes, he did; it happened like this: Diek Williams had to go out from Henderson a few miles to close up his summer's work in that neck of the woods. He wrote a friend, Mr. H. A. Johnson, as follows:

DEAR SIR:—Will you meet me in Henderson Wednesday and take me out to close up my work in your neighborhood?

Please answer by return mail.

Very truly yours,

DICK WILLIAMS.

On Friday he received a letter from a friend of his in Kittrell:

DEAR DICK:—Everything up here is so dull. \* \* \* Can't you come up Saturday evening on the Shoofly and stay over Sunday? Remember, I forbid your going to the hotel. Always come right on home.

Your little girl,

EVA.

Having read the letter he rested his chin on his hand to hold his mouth closed that he might think without interruption.

"How can I do both," he thought, "I have accepted an invitation to go to Meredith and will go, but I certainly would like to spend Sunday with Eva." He ran his mus-



cular fingers through his thick, black hair, his brow knit in deep thought.

"I have it," he shouted.

"Have what?" grunted his roommate.

"A profound plan," ejaculated Dick exultantly. And immediately mailed the following note:

DEAR EVA:—The old adage "Business before pleasure," rules this time. I must go to Raleigh Saturday afternoon. But if you will have the front door unlocked I'll go on up there on the night train and we will be together Sunday anyway.

If this is satisfactory, let me know before I leave for Raleigh.

Devotedly,

DICK.

When the Shoo Fly came Saturday morning he rushed to the post-office, but only "Nothing for you" came through the window. First pale, then crimson, he returned to his room. But true to his nature he resorted to a hazardous scheme. Al. Johnson, a friend, was at once called on, had conditions minutely and thoroughly explained to him and received the entreaty: "When 41 comes, go to the post-office, get my mail, open any postmarked 'Kittrell' and tell me over the 'phone what she said."

"Hello! Central," said Dick in Raleigh, "give me Wake Forest, please." Having received the correct connection, he said, "Is Mr. A. H. Johnson there?"

"No, but he left a message for you," came over the line, "which is as follows: 'Everything all right; come on. Signed, H. A. Johnson.'"

Thinking the message a summary of what she said he walked triumphantly from the 'phone with "this evening at Meredith, to-morrow at Kittrell," running through his mind.

At two a. m. he stepped off the train at Kittrell. Tired, sleepy, and half dreaming, he ambled toward Mr. Jackson's. In his mind's eye he saw a cozy room and a deep feather bed with immaculate covering inviting him.

The screen door went "S-k-r-c-a-k" as he opened it. He turned the knob, but the door was locked! Standing motionless he wondered what to do. "I'll go to the hotel, though she forbade it," he thought. He tried to close the screen door softly, but it went "S-k-r-e-a-k—e-a-k—c-a-k."

At this moment Mr. Jackson said within, "He's there again, where is my gun?" Meaning to frighten the intruder, he unfastened and fastened the breach of his gun several times so it could be heard. Miss Eva being awake and wishing to augment the joke, shrieked from an adjacent room, "Kill him, father; kill him!"

Dick, though by this time thoroughly awake, could not understand. But having heard what was done and said inside he decided to get away and as quickly as possible at that. Leaping off the porch he struck the top of the tub next to the steps. He fell over it and tumbled down the steps, both tub and water following. Wet, but not hurt, he broke for the hotel. His speed, which would have been a credit to any track man, was greatly accelerated when father Jackson fired off both barrels of the old shotgun in the air.

Having run as far as the depot he looked up the road and saw the local southbound, luckily an hour late, coming. He got aboard. All the way home the message, "Everything all right; come on," remained on his mind.

Monday he received and read the following note, which helped to clear up things:

DEAR DICK:—Your letter just received. Father forgot and kept it two whole days. Isn't it horrible? Sorry you could not come Saturday night. Come as soon as possible and I'll tell you about the funniest thing that has ever happened in this quiet town.

I will advance this much. A man from the country has been getting drunk here and missing his way home, would come to our house every night and disturb us. Father planned a joke Saturday. He put a big tub of water on the porch, loaded the old shotgun—but hold, that will do. I'll tell no more. Come soon.

Your little girl,

EVA.

As he was leaving the post-office he met Al, who gave him the card that contained the 'phone message he received. After reading he turned it over and discovered that it was postmarked "Henderson, R. F. D. 1."

Then he understood, but too late.

ASA P. GRAY.

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### Rogers' Return

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"I wonder if she'll be glad to see me," thought Rogers as he trudged along the dusty road leading to his old home town. He was thinking of the sweetheart he had left behind when he answered his country's call for volunteers four years before.

"I'm lame in one leg and a Yankee bullet has relieved me of an arm, but Katrina said she'd always love me the same, so I guess a little thing like that won't make any difference." And with these optimistic thoughts romping through his brain he stumped into town.

He soon passed by an old-time Southern home surrounded by large oaks. Beneath one of them sat a woman with two happy little children playing at her feet. Rogers saw her and stopped; it was his own beloved, his idolized Katrina. With his solitary arm outstretched he rushed in.

"Hello, Katrina," and he prepared his mouth for the welcoming kiss.

"Well, who are you, anyway?" were the astounding words that came from the lips of the woman.

His countenance fell and he felt his self-confidence slipping away.

"D-don't you remember Rogers?" he asked. And his heart almost forgot to beat.

"Rogers, Rogers, let me see! I believe I did know a Rogers a good many years ago. You seem to be slightly dis-

figured at present, Mr. Rogers. I suppose you have seen something of the war? You must come around to see my husband and the children while you're in town."

"Husband," murmured the bewildered Rogers faintly as he turned around and beat a hasty retreat.

About a mile down the road he stopped and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow.

"Children," he muttered, "and they're not mine, either."

WILL E. MARSHALL.

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### She Drank the Toast

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I had just gotten my diploma from ——— College and had been at home less than a week when things began to get a little too dull to suit my restless disposition. I decided to leave at once for Atlanta, where I have relatives, and there I was sure I could have a real lively time. I packed my suit case and the next morning, Thursday, when the Southern train, No. 37, pulled in, I got aboard with a quick step and a light heart.

As soon as I had gotten my chair and read the morning paper, I stepped out on the rear of the observation car. I have been going to Atlanta ever since before I can remember, but never before had I felt as I did then. I was nervous—restless—there was adventure in the air—I could feel it. It began to rain, and it rained harder and harder, and as it became rather damp reluctantly I started back to my chair, thinking that I would have to remain inside and have a dull, all-day trip.

Just as I opened the door I saw that the car had filled up considerably, and seated in the chair just in front of mine was a young lady. The closer I got to my chair the prettier she seemed to be. I sat down, and glancing in the mir-

ror at the front of the car our eyes met. The flirt that I was, I smiled—she lowered her eyes to her book instantly and kept right on reading, yet I was sure she blushed slightly. By this time she had turned her chair at an angle, so as to get a better light on her book. This enabled me to see the book she was reading—"Hearts and Masks," by McGrath. This side view from behind and the front view reflected in the mirror enabled me to get a clear conception of her beauty. Never had I seen such luxuriant black hair, such a healthy, rosy complexion, such flashing black eyes—yes, again she glanced into the mirror for the fraction of a second. Those eyes had almost a mischievous look in them, but flirt I could see she would not.

Now my brain was in a whirl as to how to "butt in," for I had determined to do that very thing. In a few minutes she stopped reading and took her watch out of her hand-bag and without closing the bag laid it on the arm of her chair. After looking at the watch and closing it she sat toying with the fob. A thought flashed through my mind—I hesitated—I knew it was downright mean—"but all is fair in love and war." I took my cane and, making sure no one was looking, just tipped the bag off on the floor. She jumped to her feet with an exclamation, "Ah!" spilling her book and watch. I was up on the instant too and commenced picking up the articles I had strewn on the floor—a handkerchief, a morocco purse and card case, a pearl-handled knife and a powder puff, while she recovered the book and her watch. I had the former contents back in the bag in about two seconds, and with a bow and a smile presented it to her.

"Thank you," she murmured. "I must have touched it with my arm." "Yes," I deliberately lied, "I saw you hit it, but I couldn't catch it in time. Did dropping your watch break it?"

She opened it—(there wasn't any fellow's picture in it I

was glad to note). "No, indeed, the crystal isn't broken and it is ticking away as usual."

I noticed that the sun had begun to shine again, and wishing to keep things going, I suggested, "Let's go out on the rear of the car; it is real pleasant out there and the scenery along here is beautiful."

"All right," she answered.

When we were seated I took my card case from my pocket and took out my card. She either saw my action or had the same thought, for when I looked up she had her card in her hand, too. We laughingly exchanged. "Miss Emily Bridger, Atlanta," I read aloud.

"Mr. William J. Blalock," she read.

"Let's shake on that," I suggested.

Her cheeks were made lovelier by a blush as she accepted my hand. "I am going to Atlanta, so we ought to have a pleasant trip," I added.

We chatted jovially for some time, and glancing at my watch I saw it was 1 o'clock. I arose saying, "Let's go to the dining car; it is dinner time."

We lingered over the dessert, keeping up a lively conversation. I ordered claret, and while filling our glasses remarked, "This has been rather a romantic introduction, and possibly it will have a still more romantic 'ending' (raising my glass), "Here's hoping I can win your *love*." Our eyes met in a look that spoke volumes.

She drank the toast.

J. C. SMITH.

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### A Fleeting Glimpse

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I looked at the North Star as it sat calmly blinking among myriads of bright attendants. The bright attendants seemed to be always on the move, whirling about in

giddy circles through the celestial sphere, but the object of my gaze sat motionless.

I noticed that this particular North Star seemed to be the center about which all the other bodies confined their activities. The circles through which they danced surrounded, without a single exception, the throne of the motionless one. For ages has it been thus.

Even so in the sphere of my remembrance there sits motionless among all the luridly beautiful, but madly whirling abstractions of the past, one calm, perfectly motionless, eternally persistent recollection. Its lack of motion, by contrast with the restlessness of its attendants, invests it with a peculiarly magnetic charm which is well-nigh irresistible. It has become the monarch of my thoughts, the organizer and director of my fancies, the nucleus of my entire mental being.

It was brought into existence in this manner. A tragical bit of history had been snatched from the grave of time, and was being reenacted upon the stage. Looking upon it, we allowed ourselves to be transported back into the dark ages. We saw tyranny rise and fall, and innocent beauty mistreated. We saw the executioner's glittering axe, and heard the death-bell's toll.

As the curtain fell upon the last scene, I was but dimly conscious of the dull murmur and the rustling movements of the departing throng. The atmosphere of the imaginary horrors just witnessed still clung about me. It veiled me completely from the world of reality, and through its dark folds I did not perceive the present life about me.

But suddenly the veil was snatched away. And with it went all melancholy reflections. No unseen power was the cause of it. But before me, visible, real, stood a spirit-like form! Angelic, ethereal structure; snowy spray of mist, divine creation!

Oh Time, why dost thou haste so in thy progress? Tell  
me. Was it but

“A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament,”

only a *momentary* disperser of gloom and care?

It must have been, for with the passing of the moment, it  
too passed. It was as if the sun had, without warning, risen  
upon a world of clouds and fogs, and indignantly driven  
them away with a shower of gold and silver arrows, and then,  
self-satisfied, had again sunk to rest.

C. T. MURCHISON.



## EDITORIALS

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### Study and Methods of Teaching

Examinations are near at hand and they will be met with mingled feelings of dread and relief by the student body. These necessary evils stand as the only remaining barrier between us and the joys unconfined of the Christmas season. And what a barrier! The difficulty we shall experience in surmounting these awe-inspiring obstacles will vary, in some instances, accordingly as we are able to "cram" the necessary amount of lore and, in others, as the thoroughness of daily study demanded by the system of teaching. We are glad that the latter instance is more frequently, though not invariably, the case in this institution. It is deplorable that it should ever be true—and undoubtedly it is—that a student by a single night's "cramming," coupled with a fine sense of discrimination, otherwise known as ability to "spot" the professor, may be able to pass easily, and oftentimes to ascend with credit to that promised land of high marks and *magnas* which—to the outside world—scents of "midnight oil" and presents visions of halos. How much more desirable is the condition of the so-called plodding student who meets the full measure of each day's requirements and with unwavering determination faces his examination conscious of duty well performed.

This unscholarly evil—we call it "cramming," the term familiar to college men—which in some institutions is engendered by the tutor or coach, strongly supports the criticism frequently offered that the development of the ability to reason has not received the proper emphasis in our educational system, which gives too much thought to the mere imparting of knowledge. A writer in the *Literary Digest* says: "During his education the modern schoolboy is like a keg

with a funnel in its bung hole to receive the liquid poured into it. He is in a passively receptive mood, taking no active part in the proceedings, except that he supports the funnel. This constitutes our teaching of knowledge. He is made to remember facts. Where he has passed his examination more parts are poured in, often largely displacing the old ones." Certain it is that student who gets through his examinations by the "erammed" process does not retain a very comprehensive knowledge of the subject, and while he may be able, if prompted, to repeat whole chapters, he would find much difficulty in explaining a single clause, or principle, and would be entirely at a loss as to the practical application of his gorged knowledge.

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**The Magazine  
and Literature  
in the College**

The college magazine is often given the alternative of either appearing with a small and unattractive number of contributions or of lowering its standard to meet the bulk of available material. The latter choice is fatal. If the college magazine has any mission in the world it is the raising of literary standards and encouragement of literary work in the college. If it fails in this it is lost. It should be the hope and the aim of the magazine that its pages should serve the purpose of adding to the treasures of literature some work of merit, and possibly the exploitation of some future light of the world of letters.

In this time of great need for writers of ability in the South our college magazines will not be denied a part—however small—in the encouragement and exploitation of those whose pens give promise of literary achievement. And happy the one whose pages shall furnish the medium for the first feeble expressions of some future Poe, Timrod, or Lanier!

In this connection much may be said pertinent to the sit-

nation at this institution. It is all too apparent that there is a decadence of the literary spirit here. Especially is this true in regard to verse-writing. THE STUDENT feels keenly the effects of this falling off and is put at a disadvantage from the resulting lack of support. There are several medals given here for work of this kind. One donor of a medal has recently seriously considered withdrawing the medal on account of the fact that there are sometimes only one and rarely more than two contestants. This is not true of the medals for oratory and should not be true of this or any of the medals for writing. The importance of these debate and oratory medals is not overestimated, but we refuse to be convinced that there should be more importance or honor attached to such a medal than to one given for the best essay, poem or short story.

It is no mean accomplishment to be able to write. In a recent article by one of the State's foremost lawyers, mention is made of a certain literary production, the work of a North Carolina writer, about which the writer says: "It occurred to me after reading it at one sitting that the author had made more lasting fame by that one work than all the living lawyers of our good State combined. It is your writer whose memory abides."

## CURRENT COMMENT

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E. W. S.

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The Federal Circuit Court in Missouri has ordered that the Standard Oil Company disband as an organization "in restraint of trade." Of course the company will appeal to the Supreme Court. The Federal Court decrees against the Standard Oil Co. which in the Northern Securities case defined its attitude on such organizations, which was against the continuance of such organizations. This much-talked-of company has a charter from New Jersey, and is nothing more than a holding company. The original form of this company was that of a "trust," in which the competing oil companies placed their shares in the hands of trustees for the management of the company, but in 1899 these stocks were transferred to the Standard Oil Company, since which the business has been conducted under that title. Now the Court has ruled that such a company is unlawful. The effect may be to require this company to return the shares to the original competing companies or shareholders. In other words, the Standard Oil Company will disband and the shares will go to Standard Oil men like Rockefeller, Flagler and others. These men will still control the separate companies. They have worked so long together that they would not now quarrel or compete with each other. To put the whole matter succinctly, the prosecuting attorneys have won a great victory, but the Standard Oil men will continue to sell oil.

The moral effect, however, is that no corporation will be protected by law that does not play the game fair and square; that will not obey the law.

No one wants or expects the company to go out of business, but all would like to see such a well-managed company win a better reputation.

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There is another disturbance among our quarrelsome neighbors on the south. This time it is a revolution in Nicaragua. One leader is seeking to supplant another. These folks settle nothing at the ballot box; they try, fail, and then fight.

Another Revolution  
in Central America

The people are not warlike; there are no warriors among them; they are simply quarrelsome and have no conception of government. The whole affair interests us, because there were found among the revolutionists two Americans—Groce and Cannon—both of whom have been shot. Secretary Knox at once asserts that these professional revolutionists who have been employed in such business for several years are still American citizens and entitled to the protection of the United States. War vessels have been started to the region, though the 500 Americans and their interests are not endangered. The question naturally arises, "Are these men entitled to our protection? Did they not take up the sword to live by it, and should they not now die by it? If this country means to follow this example, will she not get into trouble some day? The truth of the matter is that the United States is the big boy who means to make these little fellows behave, and she ought to do it. There may be little law for it if these little ill-starred republics be regarded as States, but it is infinitely better for them and for the United States that they be compelled to keep the peace. They are our neighbors in Panama, and there must be no brawling around our back door.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

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J. EDWIN HOYLE, Associate Editor pro tem.

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'09. Mr. Gideon N. Wood is mayor of Hamlet, N. C.

'07. Mr. S. J. Husketh is principal of the school at Silk Hope, N. C.

'07. Mr. J. W. Bunn is practicing law at Raleigh, where he is in copartnership with Attorney J. N. Holding.

'09. Mr. Norman R. Webb, who edited THE STUDENT exchange department last year, is now principal of the school at Vaughan, N. C.

'09. Mr. Grover Hunter Joyner is principal of the school at Kerr, N. C.

'03. Rev. John Edward Ayseue, who took his B.D. degree at the University of Chicago in 1905, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

'03. Mr. Sumner Albert Ives took his B.S. degree at the University of Chicago last summer and is now entered upon his work in Ouachita, Arkadelphia, Ark., as professor of Natural Science.

'98. Mr. J. Hampton Rich is field editor of two Atlanta publications, the *Garage and Southern Automobilist*, and the *Carrier and Patron*. He is interesting himself especially in the promotion of the good roads movement in the South.

'86. Our morning services for the fifth Sunday in October were conducted by Rev. T. C. Britton, of the mission station at Soochow, China. He delighted his audience with a vivid description of the work on his field. He expects to return soon and resume his duties.

'87. The many friends of ex-Speaker Justice, of Greensboro, are gratified at his recovery from a delicate operation

performed in Minnesota. He is one of the ablest lawyers in our State.

'87. It is interesting to note that three of the class of '87 are now represented by sons as students in the college. They are as follows: Mr. H. E. Copple, prominent business man at Monroe; Rev. W. F. Watson, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Alexandria, Va.; and Rev. L. R. Pruett, pastor of Olivet Street Church at Charlotte.

In the Eastern school recently launched at Greenville, N. C., Wake Forest is represented by two sons, W. H. Ragsdale, who has for a number of years been superintendent of the schools of Pitt County, and C. W. Wilson, for a number of years superintendent of the graded schools of Scotland Neck.

'96. Mr. R. B. Powell, who for a number of years has resided in Jacksonville, Fla., is erecting a handsome residence on Faculty Avenue, and will make his home here henceforth.

'87-9. Wake Forest gladly recognizes Rev. A. A. Pippin as one of her most worthy sons. For a number of years he was connected with Wakefield High School, but is now devoting all his time to the ministry. Located at Wakefield, he serves churches in Franklin, Nash, Wake, and Johnston counties. For seventeen years he has baptized into his churches an average of a hundred a year.

'03. Rev. J. M. Justice, who, after two years of study at Chapel Hill, completed his course at Wake Forest, is now doing excellent work on the mission field at Buenos Ayres, Argentina.

'92. Dr. J. W. Millard, having resigned as pastor of Ponce de Leon Church, Atlanta, on account of ill health, expects to make an extended trip through Greece, Egypt and Palestine.

'60-1. His many friends will be gratified to know that Judge C. M. Cooke, who was recently attacked with illness, has entirely regained his health.

'08. Mr. Hilliard J. Massey, who was associate editor of THE STUDENT for the term 1907-08, is principal of a school in East Tennessee. His address is Trundles' Cross Roads.

Wake Forest is gratified at the number of her sons filling with efficiency the position of County Superintendent of Public Schools. Among these we mention: Messrs. J. O. Atkinson, of Chowan; W. L. Vaughan, of Beaufort; V. B. Martin, of Washington; T. E. Brown, of Hertford; J. C. Kittrell, of Vanee; R. B. White, of Franklin; J. E. Debnam, of Greene; E. T. Atkinson, of Wayne; B. T. Falls, of Cleveland; A. T. Sharp, of Alexander; F. T. Wooten, of Columbus; R. F. Beasley, of Union; R. T. Johnson, of Chatham; and S. M. Brinson, of Craven.

'05. Mr. F. D. Swindell, Jr., of the law firm of Daniels & Swindell, of Wilson, N. C., was united in marriage, November 24th, to Miss Catherine Frederica Leake, of that city.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

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ROGER P. McCUTCHEON, Associate Editor

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**Southwestern University Magazine** The cover design of this magazine is very attractive, but the general appearance might well be improved by the absence of the two advertisements on the back.

The article on "The Revolution of 1688" is a discussion of the leading points of its subject, rather lacking in plan, and decidedly lacking in interest. The author's style can readily be improved in that latter respect.

"The Great Surprise" is good for a dialect story, but it would seem that a better title might be found. "The Temple of the Aztecs" is a superior bit of fiction, of a type that is deservedly popular. There is real humor in "Paternal Correspondence," as well as some excellent worldly wisdom, recalling "Old Gorgon Graham."

We hope that such situations as are depicted in "A Case of Providence" are of rare occurrence; if girls are in the habit of tossing coins to decide what shall be their answer to the eternal question, a happy marriage would indeed be providential.

Most of the sketches are of doubtful value, "Uncle Nelson" being a delightful exception. Closer attention to typographical errors would help greatly to advance the standard of the magazine.

The poetry is up to the standard. The sonnet on Sidney Lanier is excellent; "Evening Revelation" is also good, and would be bettered by the omission of the moral.

Among our most interesting exchanges is **Ouachita Ripples** *Ouachita Ripples*. Its most noticeable deficiency is its lack of an index, a want which can easily be supplied, however.

"Carmack's Mission to the South" is a sincere article, with a certain rhetorical swing to it which makes us sit up and take notice; oratorical, but instructive withal.

Our old friends, the Penniless Hero, the Rich Heroine, and the Irate Parent all make their appearance in "Prentiss of Carson's Landing." The plot is considerably rejuvenated by the introduction of an air ship, a very acceptable innovation. We beg to suggest, however, that the author restrain his passion for the word "great."

"Who is the Architect" is a hopelessly dull piece of moralizing, in spite of the author's heroic efforts to relieve the necessary triteness of the theme with the exotic flowers of metaphor.

In "The Romance of Everyday Life" the quotation from Browning is incorrectly given. The theme is well conceived, and pleasantly written.

The worn-out plot of "His First Thanksgiving" would not be so objectionable if the workmanship were better. Lest we fail to discover the obvious moral, the author kindly puts it in at the close.

The bits of poetry are good. The material is well arranged, and the departments, though brief, are well edited.

The *Palmetto* is attractive in appearance and well balanced in material. One minor criticism occurs to us, which is not at all confined to the *Palmetto*, however. When an article nearly fills a page, it would seem better to begin the next article on the following page, rather than to economize space and sacrifice appearance by filling in the blank with the opening lines of another article.

The verse is well arranged, and on the whole is excellent. "When the Year's at the Spring" is perhaps the best poem. Its descriptions are happy, and its sentiment is pleasing.

"South Carolina's Vacant Lands" is the only solid article in this issue. We feel that possibly too much space is taken up by the "forms of grant," a document uninteresting to most of us. The author is to be commended on choosing a subject which is not worn out.

The style of "Heart's Desire" is a trifle affected, but portrays well a true bit of human nature.

"Twins and Twins" is written with a jolly swing to it. The author handles her situation effectively, and with an able sense of humor. The characters are well differentiated.

"Young Love" is an amusing little story, blessed by the absence of a moral, and by the fitness of the style.

Singularly lacking in plot is "Brer Rabbit." Were it not for one or two bright touches it would be absolutely colorless. There is room for improvement in both plot and workmanship.

The editorials are well written, but for the most part without point. The departments are good.

**The Philomathean Monthly**

The cover design of the *Philomathean Monthly* (Bridgewater College) is very appropriate, but would look better on a better grade of paper. The omission of advertisements from the contents page would add to the appearance a trifle.

The poem, "Thanksgiving," is a splendid piece of work, written, however, by an alumnus. It is the best Thanksgiving verse we have seen in a college magazine. The other metrical selections are colorless and faulty.

"The National Day of Thanks" is a good article, showing evidences of careful preparation, and bringing out some valuable points concerning the origin of the day.

Disappointing and inconsequential is "The Romance of the Leaves," full of the sort of descriptions which everybody skips. Even "the music of the rippling brook, as it playfully wended its way to the sea," fails to dispel the dullness.

"Coleridge and Shakespeare's Use of the Supernatural" is a valuable criticism of the different purposes and methods of the two authors. The article is scholarly, and yet interesting.

One or two gross errors in "The Mission of the Anglo-Saxon" detract from what is really a good article. We learn with surprise that "Christianity was wafted across to Brittany, where it made a lasting impression on the Anglo-Saxon peoples." Clearly Britain is meant, not Brittany, which is a French province inhabited by a people of Celtic origin. We are strongly inclined to lay the blame on the much-enduring "intelligent compositor."

The departments, on the whole, are well edited. The Exchange Editor does not rise to his possibilities, however.

**Davidson College Magazine**

The pleasing cover design and superior make-up of the *Davidson College Magazine* is a good index to its contents. The arrangement of the articles is excellent. We question the advisability of leaving out essays exclusively, however, for surely stories and poems by themselves are not a sufficient expression of the work of the college.

"When I Proposed" and "The Search" are the best of the poems in this issue. The latter is particularly good, being written in a pleasing meter, and conveying a charming sentiment. The theme of "Darkness" is vaguely familiar.

The plot of "When the Mists Have Rolled Away" is fairly good, but a trifle trite. The story could be more vividly told. A slight violation of euphony occurs in the sentence, "he contracted a protracted fever."

"A Salter Salted" has an excellent plot, consistently worked out and well told. The author does not know his field well enough, though, when it comes to assaying.

A unique story indeed is "the Psychoscope." The plot is original, and in the main well handled. But just at the

close the author falls down. The hero has used his psychoscope continually for three years, with unvarying success. Suddenly it fails him, and no reason is assigned for this failure. If the psychoscope were broken or lost, the same results to the hero would follow, and the story would then be logical.

"In Twenty-four Hours" the hero has denied the possibility of any man's experience the whole gamut of human emotions in one day. The author evidently takes issue with his hero, and the impolitic hero, a martyr to his belief, is dragged from the heights of happiness to the depths of despair with inconceivable and illogical rapidity; finally ending up in a suicide's grave. This should be a lesson to all future heroes never to disagree with the opinions of their creators. It may lead to unpleasant relations between them.

"The Stone Cylinder" is characterized by the imaginative originality of its plot, and comes near to being the best story in the magazine.

Departmentally the magazine is strong. The editorials are well written and pertinent. The review of "The Inner Shrine" is carefully and correctly done. The Exchange Department is a trifle brief.

**The Central  
Collegian**

The November number of the *Central Collegian* would be greatly improved if the advertisements were strictly segregated from the literary departments. Closer proof-reading would also add greatly to the general impression. There is a noticeable lack of material.

"The Leonoclast" is as good a football story as we have read lately. It needs a better name, though. The college atmosphere is well sustained.

"Jonathan Swift, Cynic," is a readable article enough on the Dean, possibly displaying skillful compilation rather than originality.

"A Deserted Highway" is below the level of the other contributions.

The departments, which on the whole are well edited, cover more pages than the literary section. The Locals contain some very amusing skits.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of our usual exchanges.

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### Nil Mortalibus, Etc.

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Oh, Doctor Judson Dunbar Ives

Your skill is almost dazing.

Of bats' and bugs' and beetles' lives

Your knowledge is amazing.

But wonder grows from day to day

At how your patience lasted

Until you taught your class to say

The word, "amyloplastid."

We know you are a scientist

Of vast and varied learning,

And yet our eager search has missed

The way in which you're turning

Your pupils' tongues from clumsy sticks.

Till what of greatest ease is

To manage "Archaeopterix"

And "Karyokinesis."

Oh, Doctor Judson Dunbar Ives,

If you should ever leave us,

E'en though you pass from out our lives

You will not quite bereave us.

For your big words will fill your place,

Your vocables synthetic

Will make your fame through time and space

Quite parthenogenetic.

—Ex.

## CLIPPINGS

### THE STAR BOARDER'S REFLECTION.

Landlady: "Mr. Starr, now that we are seated about the board to partake of our Christmas turkey, does it not occur to you that there were only two turkeys on the ark with Noah?"

Mr. Starr: "Indeed, it is forcibly brought to mind. I sincerely hope that this one is the last of the two."



Jack: "A kiss is the cream of life."

Mabel: "Please pass the cream."



### THE "CROOKED" GERM.

The hookworm's now upon the stage  
Just left by Dr. Cook;  
Its "turn" is not a pleasant one;  
I hope it "gets the hook."

The hookworm, far as I can learn,  
Is not the bookworm's brother.  
Jawn D., I see, would fight the first,  
While Andy feeds the other.

Good Bishop Candler seems to scorn  
Aid from our Northern chests,  
And much as says Jawn D. is one  
O' them "philanthropests."

The hookworm makes one lazy—yes,  
If some wives had their way  
Their husbands could find none with which  
To idly fish all day.

I guess that's all I know about  
This pesky germ that tires,  
'Cept this—it's not the sort of worm  
The early bird acquires.



Mr. Thomas Cat was calling on Miss Tabitha Cat.

Mr. Cat: "Miss Tabby, you look as if you had just had a good meal."

Miss Tabby: "O dear! is my rat showing?"

## INVENTOR'S BRIEF STORY.

Aviation,  
Aggravation,  
Anticipation,  
Deliberation,  
Elevation,  
Demonstration,  
Exasperation,  
Irritation,  
Consternation,  
Extermination!



## BOREAL.

The forthcoming Cook-book will deal with little else than ices.



## SO THEY WERE MARRIED.

A-spinning, sat Priscilla fair;  
John Alden came to woo her there;  
So she put down the spinning-wheel  
While he put up the winning spiel.

—*Kansas City Times.*

## AND SO THEY WERE DIVORCED.

All glamor off their wedding wanes,  
Now they call each other names;  
John has dropped his winning spiel;  
Priscilla resumes her spinning-wheel.

—*C. E. Harp.*



## WHAT IS LIFE WORTH?

"He forgets that he owes me his life!"

"That's nothing; he even forgets that he owes me \$5!"



## SOME MORE FOOLISHMENT RHYMES.

When many fiction writers try  
Their thoughts to give us hot,  
We get e-rot-ic novels, with  
The accent on the rot.

—*Lippincott's.*

When some hair-dressers seek to give  
Us hair to fit the hat,  
We get er-rat-ie coiffures, with  
The accent on the rat.

—*Boston Traveler.*



And when the fisher leaves the pool  
 And gladly home does hie,  
 We get some li-kely stories, with  
 The accent on the lie.

—*Topeka Capital.*

And when some fellows go down town  
 At night, they make the bull  
 Of coming home quite beauti-ful,  
 With the accent on the full.

—*Denver Post.*

Now here we have the daily rhyme,  
 Tho' not as fierce as some,  
 Penned by the office bum-pkin, with  
 The accent on the bum.



#### LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

"You look sweet enough to kiss," says the impressed young man.  
 "So many gentlemen tell me that," coyly answers the fair girl.  
 "Ah! that should make you happy."  
 "But they merely say that," she repines. "They merely tell me the  
 facts in the case and never prove their statements."



Some women won't speak a word to their husbands when they drink.  
 Query: Why do men drink?



#### SIMPLE FAITH.

"He says he kissed you last night against your will."  
 "I suppose he believes it, too."



Though near death's door, by all the signs,  
 A man got well who dealt in mines.  
 For death may love a shining mark,  
 And yet not love a mining shark.



#### WONDERFUL.

We passed, in the course of an hour, two dead cows and more than  
 fifty dead chickens. A strong smell of petrol pervaded the atmosphere  
 and there were wheel tracks in the dust.

Sherlock Holmes became greatly interested.

"Watson," exclaimed he, after deep thought, "there has been a motor  
 along here."

## AUTUMN REGRETS.

The frost is on the pumpkin,  
 The fodder's in the shock,  
 And br-r-r! I hate to own it, but  
 My overcoat's in hock.



## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

She: "How did he impress her?"

He: "From what I could *hear*, rather *forcibly*—on the lips!"



## THE SNOW.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
 Likewise the ice and the Eskimo!  
 They cause discomfort without a doubt,  
 But they're fine to lecture and write about!



Mother: "Why did you permit Mr. Dasher to kiss you in the hall last night?"

Daughter: "Because that was the first chance he had."



## WAITING AT THE CHURCH.

A young man lived at some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful day he set off for the station in good time, but, being delayed by friends, he missed his train. Then he bethought himself of the telegraph. "Don't marry till I come—William," was the message he wired.



## I'VE GOT 'EM ON.

The shades of night were falling fast  
 As through the city streets there passed  
 A citizen, who seemed depressed,  
 Who said, the while he rubbed his chest:  
 "I've got 'em on."

His brow was sad, his cheeks were red,  
 He walked with quick, uncertain tread,  
 He scratched his back upon a tree,  
 And then he murmured unto me:  
 "I've got 'em on."

He scratched his arms, he scratched his thighs,  
 The air was laden with his sighs;  
 "I did not think the day so warm,"  
 He said, and scratched his manly form:  
 "I've got 'em on."

He squirmed and wriggled in his clothes,  
 Not for one moment in repose;  
 He twisted like a man bewitched,  
 Still crying, while his garments hitched,  
 "I've got 'em on."

✽

GOT THERE FIRST.

Mrs. Hicks (relating her burglar scare): "Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs."

Mrs. Wicks: "Mercy! The burglar's?"

Mrs. Hicks: "No, my husband's—he heard the noise, too."

✽

WHY HE CAME.

Dr. Dryasdust: "My dear sir, I have noticed you in our church for the last few weeks, but you are a stranger to me. Have you just joined us?"

Stranger: "No, sir. I came on the advice of my doctor, who is treating me for insomnia, and who is a member of your congregation."

✽

She always darned her hose with silk,  
 The holes were quite extensive.  
 The price of silk was very high,  
 Which made them darned expensive.

✽

DOWN AND OUT.

She called herself a silly goose;  
 He did not venture to reply;  
 She moved a little closer then,  
 And called herself a goose again,  
 Indulging in a soulful sigh.

She called herself a foolish girl,  
 And on his hand let her hand fall  
 But still he had no word to say,  
 And was not, when he went away,  
 Requested to repeat his call.

✽

Young Housewife: "How do you tell bad eggs?"

Fresh Clerk: "I never told any, but if I had anything to tell, I'd break it gently."

✽

Matt Henson's appearance on the lecture platform at last gives some color to Peary's claims.

## HUMAN NATURE.

We do our part  
 Every year,  
 And tell you when  
 Christmas is near;  
 And we tell to you  
 You ought to go  
 And do your shopping  
 While you know  
 The Christmas stocks  
 Are most complete,  
 Buy all your gifts  
 Fix for each treat;  
 In spite of all  
 We tell you, though,  
 We are aware  
 You do not go  
 Until the last  
 Two days, or three,  
 To do your shopping;  
 Nor do we.



## NOT SPECIFIC ENOUGH.

Witness: "At the time of the accident my maid was in my boudoir  
 arranging my hair."

Lawyer: "Yes; and where were you?"

Witness: "Sir!"



## OH, YOUX!

A haughty young warrior Sioux  
 An Indian maiden did wioux;  
 But he had no spunk,  
 His wooing was punk,  
 And softly she murmured, "Skidioux!"



## MEUM AND TUUM.

"Uncle George, we are studying synonyms in school, and I want to  
 know the difference between 'cute' and 'eneaky.'"

"According to your mother, it is the difference between what you do  
 and what Mrs. Jones's little boy does."



Abbett: "A preacher should always be a good pugilist."

Cumnock: "Why so?"

Abbett: "So he can knock the Devil out of the poor sinners."

## FLATTERED.

Each morn I send her violets,  
 My wages go for that,  
 For love, which "makes the world go 'round,"  
 Makes most of us go flat.



## HOW DID HE KNOW?

After dinner, when the ladies had gone up stairs, the men over their coffee and cigars talked as men will of love. All of a sudden the host cried in a loud voice: "I tell you, gentlemen, this is the truth. I have kissed the dainty Japanese girl; I have kissed the South Sea Island maiden; I have kissed the girls of England, of Spain, of Germany, even of America; but it is most true to kiss my wife is best of all."

Then a young man cried across the table: "By heaven, sir, you are right there."—*Tit-Bits.*



## THE SUPERLATIVE ATTRACTION.

Oh, come into the garden, Maud!  
 It's really worth your while;  
 You'll see such weird and wondrous sights,  
 Such types of autumn style.

With your ideas of classic art  
 Of interest it will be,  
 To note the modern lady's waist,  
 Located at her knee.

You'll joy to watch the trailing gowns,  
 Rich furs and skin-tight coats,  
 Such hats as those wild figures wore  
 On Hudson-Fulton floats.

You'd think the horse might jealous be!  
 He might, but what's the use?  
 Men, women, Woman go to see—  
 The horse is an excuse!



## HER WAY.

A woman is unreasonable enough to expect her husband to be as long forgetting their wedding day as she herself is, though she remembers it for the ivory satin in which she looked so stunning, and he only for the egregious fool he felt himself to be.—*Puck.*

## THE WELCOME.

The bachelor and the benedict were wending homeward their weary way.

"Ah, you lucky married man!" sighed the bachelor. "Think of having a hearthstone, a real home, a waiting welcome. Look, there is a light in the window for you."

"Gracious! so there is," muttered the benedict. "Well, there's only one way out of that; let's go back to the club."



## TRUTH!

Where is Mabel's waist line?

The modes may come and go;

But while the public has to guess,

In confidence, I know;

A good right arm reveals to me

The truth—'tis where it used to be!



Young Wed: "I want accommodations for my wife."

Hotel Clerk: "Suite."

Young Wed: "You bet she is."



## HARD ON HER.

"Officer, I appeal for protection. A man is following me and attempting to make love to me."

"Begorry, I've been looking for an escaped lunatic. Where is he?"



## CRUELTY.

Mrs. Newbride: "Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too."

Mother: "The monster! He might have killed you!"

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ARTHUR D. GORE, Editor

—Examinations 13-22!

—Then holidays!!

—Ring the college bell,  
Let its tolling tell  
Us far and wide  
Of Christmas tide!!!

—We regret very much that on account of failing health our Associate Editor, Mr. Carl Ragland, has had to return home. Mr. J. E. Hoyle will fill the vacancy.

—Mr. W. D. Cook, of Lancaster, South Carolina, after recovering from a serious attack of typhoid fever, has given up his college studies until next year.

—A tennis meet between Guilford College and Wake Forest was played here November 12th and 13th,—doubles Friday evening and singles Saturday. Wake Forest's representatives, Earnshaw and Carriek, won easily.

—A basketball game between the Citizens' Baraca and Student Baraca was played here November 3d. The score was in favor of the Citizens, 29 to 26.

—Rev. Walter Johnson was absent October 31st fulfilling an appointment elsewhere. Rev. H. C. Britton, missionary in China for several years and an alumnus of Wake Forest, supplied the vacancy that day and delivered a sermon both interesting and instructive.

—Secretary Bergthold, of the A. and M. Young Men's Christian Association, made an address to the Y. M. C. A. here on November the 1st.

—Of those of the Faculty, Drs. Potcat and Sledd, and Professor Carlyle attended the meeting of the State Historical and Literary Association in Raleigh, at which Ambassador James Bryce spoke.

—The insufficiency of the water supply for the college has necessitated the digging of a much larger well than the one already in use. The new well is near the old one, and both will be under the same pump-house.

—Mr. Robt. B. Powell is having a residence erected on Faculty Avenue, just north of Mr. W. C. Powell's home. This addition will prove an ornament to the already beautiful avenue.

—Rev. W. W. Barnes, President of the Cuban-American College of Havana, a graduate of Wake Forest College in 1904, and recently of Louisville Seminary and Chicago University, visited his Alma Mater November the 3d. Prayer meeting and chapel services were conducted by him while here.

—The fall senior speaking was held in the chapel on November 5th. The several speakers and their subjects follow: Messrs. J. E. Hoyle, "The Fundamentals of the School in the Teaching of Patriotism"; W. E. West, "The Growth of the Democratic Ideal"; G. C. Brown, "Stonewall Jackson—A Christian Soldier"; A. R. Williams, "Lest We Forget"; E. I. Olive, "Westward Ho"; J. B. Clayton, "The Hope of the New South."

—A most delightful reception was given by the Baraca class on the evening of November 15th. Among others the class had as its guests the Senior Class of Meredith College. The young ladies, chaperoned by Dr. Dixon-Carroll, came out in automobiles, and their presence added much to the splendid affair. The reception was held in the gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated in honor of the event. Re-



freshments were served and selections were rendered by the quartette. Owing to the early departure of the guests from Meredith several numbers of the program had to be omitted. For this same reason, no doubt, a number of speeches not on the program were reluctantly dispensed with, the luckless individuals awaiting a more auspicious time. The success of the occasion reflects much credit on the Baraca class and its enterprising leaders.

—The football season for Wake Forest closed with the game with Richmond College on Friday, November 5th, in which game Wake Forest lost by the score of 5 to 0. The game was hard fought and our team made a most creditable showing. The results of the season are very gratifying and afford much encouragement to those who want to see Wake Forest make good in football. Of course we lost the majority of games played, but improvement shown over last year has been marked. The season's results are: Carolina 18, Wake Forest 0; Maryville 0, Wake Forest 3; Washington and Lee 17, Wake Forest 0; University of South Carolina 0, Wake Forest 6; Charlotte Meds. 5, Wake Forest 0; Richmond College 5, Wake Forest 0.

—Speaking of automobiles, did you get a ride? Those fortunate ones who took advantage of the chance offered by the waiting machines report that the roads are in fine condition.

—Great enthusiasm has been shown this fall in the class basketball games. The teams are all good and the rivalry is fierce. The first game was between the Seniors and the Freshmen, in which the Seniors won by a large score. In the next game the Juniors walloped the Sophomores. The third game was between the Seniors and the Sophs., and to the surprise of all the Seniors were beaten by a close margin. The crowning event of the series, however, was the last game played on November 23d between the Seniors and Juniors.

The score was 21 to 15 and the Seniors got the big end of it. This game makes the Seniors and Juniors tie for the championship.

—To the great delight of all concerned the electric lights were turned on November 12th. The plant is running beautifully and light prevails everywhere. All of the college buildings and a large number of the residences have lights. The town has taken a step forward and is to be congratulated.

—Under the supervision of the Chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee a new water tank is being erected whose capacity will be equal to that of the tank now used. It will be placed between the old tank and the gymnasium.

—Saturday evening, November 20th, the Warrenton High School football team came to Wake Forest and admirably manifested their strength and ability to play the game by giving Wake Forest's second team six and keeping for themselves zero. The hotly contested struggle was appreciated by a good sized crowd.

—The second of the series of college lectures was delivered by Dr. E. M. Potteat, President of Furman University. "I have a story to tell you," was his beginning. At the end of the "story," which had been vividly and interestingly narrated, a moral inevitably was presented to the attentive auditors, too powerful and deep not to pierce the dullest mind and arouse interest in the most stupid and lymphatic. The concluding premises were: "The Fight for Food," and "The Fight for a Mate" among the lower animals. "Among the higher animals these two change to Love and Avarice, and when subjected and properly controlled, Love, Ambition and Fear ultimately result in a trio for the greatest good in all the vicissitudes of our existence."

—Dr. Lake, of Virginia, father of Prof. J. L. Lake, preached the Thanksgiving sermon here on Thanksgiving

day. The following Sunday he relieved Rev. W. M. Johnson.

—The victory over Randolph-Macon in debate was celebrated with bonfires and speeches upon the return of our debating team. A unanimous decision in our behalf has grown to be an old thing—"defeat" is erased from our vocabulary.

—Rev. Robert E. Chambers, missionary to China, delivered two lectures here on "The Old China and the New." A more practical and broader line of argument why men should be missionaries to China has not been heard here in a long time. In one gesture and accompanying sentence he gave a bird's-eye view of that vast Empire.

—Rev. Geo. W. McDaniel, a member of the Foreign Mission Board and pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, spoke here December 2d and 3d. There is a touch of Scotch wit in his sayings which serves well in harmony with his charming personality to drive home the truths of his eloquence.

—The following men are to be congratulated for the noble work they are engaged in. Three nights out of the week, one hour each night, these gentlemen teach free of charge over sixty factory children. The work is superintended by Mr. J. U. Teague, and Messrs. R. H. and R. P. McCutcheon, M. A. Combs, V. A. McGuire and W. G. Privette as assistants.

—A part of the program in the reception given the victorious debaters was the reading of the following poem, which is said to have been written by one of the ladies of the "Hill":

"What is the bell a-ringin' for?" asked Newish from his bed.

"To wake you up, to wake you up," the other Newish said.

"What makes it ring so loud, so loud?" asked Newish from his bed;

"It's for a celebration," the other Newish said.

"For we've beaten Randolph-Macon—you can hear the students shout:

They've got a drum a-beatin' it an' runnin' all about;

They're goin' to wake the faculty and make 'em speak, no doubt,

For we've beaten Randolph-Macon in Virginia."

"What makes the bonfire burn so bright?" asked Newish from his bed.

"They want to tell the Harricane," the other Newish said.

"What makes 'em yell and holler so?" asked Newish from his bed.

"Because they just can't help it," the other Newish said.

"For we've beaten Randolph-Macon, and they're marching all around,

To wake the folks, the dreaming folks, to hear the joyful sound.

There won't be much sleep to-night, because the boys have found

That we've beaten Randolph-Macon in Virginia."

"How did we beat them in debate?" asked Newish from his bed.

"Why, Johnson spoke and Jones he spoke, that's how it was," he said.

"And have we ever beat before?" asked Newish from his bed.

"Why, yes, it is a habit with Wake Forest boys," he said.

"We have beaten Randolph-Macon, and this is how 'twas done—

We sent our boys to Ashland town and waited for the fun;

We knew that we would beat 'em, and now you see we've won,

We've beaten Randolph-Macon in Virginia!"

"Who went to Ashland to debate?" asked Newish from his bed.

"Oh, Johnson went, and Carrick went, and Jones he went," he said.

"And C. T. Bell, did he go, too?" asked Newish from his bed.

"You bet he did—he always does, and brings us luck," he said.

"For we've beaten Randolph-Macon, and we've brought the old cup home,

And we're going on debating for all the years to come,

Till we've beaten all the colleges from Forestville to Rome,

Like we've beaten Randolph-Macon in Virginia."

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

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# The Wake Forest Student

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 4

## THE BRIGHT SIDE

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Ugh! how de frost am a-bitin'

Uv meh feet,

But de sugah in dis simmon's

Mighty sweet.

Whew! how de col' wind am a-blowin'

Fru meh hat,

But dis possum what am totin's

Pow'ful fat.

And de moon now am a-gittin'

Putty low,

But, ole Rusher, we aint lonesome—

H-u-h, les' go.

Sho we is an awful fuh ways

Off f'um home.

But we knows dey's gwine be meat deh

W'en we come.

H. F. PAGE.



## ROBERT E. LEE: A EULOGY

---

E. H. MORGAN.

---

There is something about military glory that dazzles us. As we contemplate its grandeur our vision is overpowered. Its brilliancies and splendors form into clusters and constellations until our eyes are blinded by the united blaze of a thousand lights. An Alexander conquering worlds until he laments because no more are left to conquer; a Hannibal crossing the Alps and defying the Romans outside their very gates; Cæsar conquering Gaul and returning with his victorious eagles to Rome; Napoleon subjugating all continental Europe and decking the brows of his favorites with the crowns torn from the heads of his conquered monarchs, are so splendid that the radiance of their achievements makes us forget the men they were.

Alexander carousing at Babylon; Cæsar plotting to overthrow his country's liberties; Napoleon steeping the world in blood but bickering in his confinement at St. Helena, are not pleasant to contemplate. There the habiliments of majesty are wanting; the gauds of pomp are stripped off, and we see the men at their true worth.

Now, let us turn for a moment to Lee. Had we known him only as the victor of Fredericksburg, Manassas, Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor, we should, indeed, have thought him a supreme soldier. But this fleeting glimpse does not do justice to his merits.

Without Gettysburg, without the long campaign of 1864, without the siege of Petersburg, and without Appamattox, we could never have realized the sublime greatness of the man.

History may be searched in vain to find Lee's superior, and only once or twice in its long course will be found his equal. To find his prototype, we must go back to ancient

times, to the half-legendary heroes who have been handed down to us by Plutarch's matchless portraitures; yet, as we read their story, we see that we have been given but one side of their character. Their weaknesses have mainly been lost in the lapse of centuries, and their virtues are magnified in the enhaloing atmosphere of time.

But as to Lee, we know his every act. There was no act nor incident of his life on which a light as fierce as that which beats upon a throne did not fall. He was investigated by high commissions; his every act was examined by hostile prosecutors. His conduct was inquired into by those who had every incentive of hostility to secure his downfall and his degradation. Yet, amid these fierce assaults, he remained as unmoved as he had stood when he had held the heights of Fredericksburg against the furions attacks of Burnside's intrepid infantry. From this inquisition he came forth as unsoiled as the mystic White Knight of the Round Table. In that vivid glare he stood revealed like the angel bathed in light; the closest scrutiny brought forth new virtues and disclosed a more rounded character.

Had he been Regulus, we know that he would have returned to Carthage with undisquieted brow to meet his doom. Had he been Aristides, we know that he would have faithfully inscribed his name on the shell entrusted to him for his banishment. Had he been Cæsar, none but the foolish would have dared to offer him a crown.

Ambition could not have tempted him; ease could not have beguiled him; pleasures could not have allured him.

Should we come down to later times, we are unable to find his counterpart, unless we take the Bayards and the Sidneys, the knightliest of the knightly. So to get his character as it is known to thousands, we must take the best that was in the best that the history of men has preserved. Something of Plato's calm there was; all of Sidney's high-mindedness; of

Bayard's fearless and blameless life. To use the language of Senator Hill of Georgia, "he was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward."

The history of his valor and his fortitude in defense of constitutional liberty is the heritage of the South, a heritage in which the North will one day be proud to claim a share.

Some day, doubtless, there will stand in the national capitol a great monument to Lee, erected not only by the Southern people, whose glory it is that he was the fruit of their civilization and the leader of their army; but by the American people, whose pride it will be that he was their fellow-citizen. Meantime he has a nobler monument than can be built of marble or bronze. His monument is the adoration of the South; his shrine is in every Southern heart.

## THE "RIGHT-OF-WAY"

BEVERLY.

"What, won't let us go through?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Stopped the hands from working?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"With a shot-gun? He must be crazy."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Not crazy? Well, I'll send Tompkins over right away to see about it. Keep the men busy to hold them on the job," and he slammed up the receiver.

"If that don't beat all. That fool farmer don't want the road to go through his land because it will cut him out of a few acres. He can't see an inch from the end of his nose. Well, we've got to go through, that's all there is about it. Stopped the men from working with a shot-gun? Ha! ha! He must be a tough proposition." Thus the young president of the N. & O. soliloquized as he paced the short length of his office.

Suddenly he grabbed his coat and yelled to the yard master to have his motor-car on the track in five minutes, ready to go to the end of the line. Before the five minutes were out, he was speeding toward the scene of interference, determined to get the right-of-way for his road at any cost, and he was not a man to back down either.

"Where does the old cuss—what's his name—Chatham live?" he inquired of the boss of the job as he jumped off the car.

"In that house over yonder on the hill. He just left here a few minutes ago swearing he would shoot the man that even asked him about the right-a-way."

"Well, I'm going up to see Mr. Chatham, and you can be ready to go to work in the morning," declared the young President as he started up the hill.

"He shore has got his nerve all right," mumbled the boss as he watched his superior climb the slope.

The house was set away back in a grove and a straight gravel path led from the road to it. As the President entered the gate, Chatham appeared upon the porch with a revolver in his hand.

"Not a step further, Mr. Mansom. I aint got nothing to say to you about the right-a-way. Your railroad won't go through my land. Do you hear? Stop, I say!"

Mansom kept walking down the path. Bang! He fell and lay still.

"I've killed him, Martha," said the old man as the blanched face of his wife appeared at the window. Then he realized what he had done and the smoking revolver fell from his nerveless fingers and his face became white.

"What did I do it fer? I was mad, crazy, an' now I've killed him. I've killed him," wailed the trembling old fellow.

"Maybe he's not dead, James. Go and see," said his wife.

"Yes he is. He aint moved."

At this moment Mansom raised himself up on his elbows and fell back.

"He aint dead, James. I saw him move. Go fer the doctor, quick. I'll have him brought into the house."

"Who, me? Me go fer the doctor? Me, who has done killed a man? The sheriff will git me. I can't go."

"But he ain't dead yet, and maybe he ain't hurt much," interposed his wife.

"That's so. I'll go," and off he rattled down the hill in his ramshackle buggy, while his wife and hired man took Mansom into the house. He did not have to go very far, for he met the doctor at the foot of the hill.

"Hello, Chatham. How are you?" said the doctor.

"Say, Doc, jump in and go with me up to my house. I've shot a man an'—an' he's hurt bad," nervously explained the old man.

"Certainly. But what did you shoot him for?" inquired the doctor.

"He's one of them railroad fellers that wanted me to give 'em a right-a-way fer their road to go through my land. Ever since the railroad killed my son Charlie and never paid a cent for it, I've been agin 'em, and I swore I'd never give 'em nothing. Now, I've done played the fool and shot a man and I reckon I'll have to go to jail. God, s'pose he dies! I wish I'd a give 'em the old right-a-way."

He drew rein at the gate and the doctor got out and went up to the house. The old man went in a few minutes later.

"Doe," is he much hurt?"

"I think he will recover," replied the doctor.

"An' I ain't killed him, then, have I?"

"No, but you shot him with a weapon which might have killed him."

"That's so, that's so. What you reckon I had better do, Doe? I'm an old man to have to go to jail. I couldn't stand it," and the old man broke down and cried.

"Maybe if Mr. Mansom recovers, you may get him to get you off. He wanted a right-of-way for his railroad, didn't he?" remarked the doctor.

"Yes, an' I wish I'd a give it to him instid er acting the fool and shootin' him. Now I got to pay the penalty," replied the old fellow from where he sat by the fire, holding his head in his hands.

"If you were to give him the privilege he desires, he might let the matter drop," put in the doctor.

"Do you think so, Doe?" eagerly questioned the old man.

"I don't know," replied the doctor; "but when he wakes we will ask him."

The old man was terribly wrought up over the affair, and grasped at the idea of getting off by giving the much-needed privilege. When the doctor came in, a few minutes later, and told him that Mr. Mansom was awake and would talk with him, he was all a-tremble as he went into the room.

"Well, you came pretty near fixing me, Mr. Chatham," said Mansom, slowly as if it pained him to talk.

"Ye-s-s," replied the old fellow, "but I'm-m mighty sorry it happened, Mr. Mansom. I was a fool fer shootin' ye. I was mad and I-I just done it 'fore I thought." He stopped and coughed. "Doe, here, said you might let me off if I wuz to give ye the right-a-way fer yer railroad. Will yer? I'se a mighty old man to have to go to jail." And the old fellow coughed again.

"Of course," responded Mr. Mansom, "I could say that I was shot accidentally and keep you out of trouble. As to the right-of-way, that's a mighty little thing to a man's life, but since you are sorry you shot me, I reckon if you will sign those papers over there in my coat pocket I'll get you out all right. Get them for him, doctor."

The doctor got the papers and the old man with trembling hand signed them.

"I'se much obliged to ye fer your kindness, Mr. Mansom, an' I won't give yer road no more trouble. You know I've been agin the railroad ever since it killed my son Charlie down at Beaver's Crossin'. But I reckon we are 'bout square now, being as I pretty near killed you. Hope ye'll git along all right. Good-night." And the old man went out with a load lifted from his heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, doctor, you played your part all right. Here, take this bandage off my head. I've got to get back to the office," said Mansom, as he buttoned up his coat, making certain that the papers were in his breast pocket. In a few minutes he

was banging at the boss' door. The boss at last was awakened, but when he opened the door and saw Mansom standing there in the moonlight he almost fell over.

"Why, Mr. Mansom, I thought you was shot? We all heard that you was near 'bout dead," he exclaimed, while his teeth chattered from—cold.

"Yes, the old man shot at me, but I fell over before he shot. A simple little trick I learned when out West. As I fell I smeared a little red paint, which I had in my hand, on my temple. The doctor was on to the game and helped me with the rest of it. Chatham was scared up bad and signed the papers giving us the right-of-way to smooth matters over. So get your men on the job in the morning." And Mansom went to get his motor-car.

"Well, I'll be blowed," ejaculated the boss as he closed his shanty door and went back to bed.



O, THE SWEET, SWEET SONG

---

The ceaseless roll and rush  
Of the deep, wide sea,  
The restless waves that gush  
To the sands near me,  
Are a sweet, are a sweet, sweet song.

The foam and salty spray  
O'er my footprints roll,  
And crabs there list all day  
On the sandy shoal  
To the sweet, to the sweet, sweet song.

The sea-bird slowly sails  
From its secret rest,  
And wheeling, sinks and pales  
On the foaming crest—  
On the sweet, on the sweet, sweet song.

Great thunder-heads hang low  
In the distant sky,  
And winds there through them blow.  
As they drift on by,  
Like a sweet, like a sweet, sweet song.

O realm of air and waves  
And of snow-flake foam!  
Within thy depthless caves  
Is a strange, strange moan—  
Is a sweet, is a sweet, sweet song.

A. D. G.

## JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

WILL E. MARSHALL.

There are two kinds of people in the world—the Don Quixotes and the Julius Cæsars; the dalliers and the doers. The former sally forth into this plain, matter-of-fact world pursuing no definite path, and as they are going nowhere in particular, they of course, arrive nowhere. The latter, filled with ambition, live mainly in the future and find satisfaction in planning and carrying out enterprises which, when successful, give them fortune and fame. Of the two immediate forerunners and inspirers of the French Revolution, one, Voltaire, belongs among the Julius Cæsars. The other, Rousseau, was a Don Quixote, a dallier, who became an important factor in this historic movement only because the movement in question was towards the very things which he represented,—sensibility, subjectivism, and dalliance.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva on June 28, 1712, of a French Protestant family of the *citoyen* class. His mother died at his birth and he was left to the care of his father and the occasional attentions of two aunts. His father was an idle, irregular character, whose one passion in life was reading sentimental fiction and romances, a taste with which he early imbued his son.

As a child, Jean Jacques was precocious, quick, vivacious, and as he was never allowed to go out and mix with other children in the street, he learnt very early to read and write. He was treated by his aunts with gentleness and indulgence, being allowed to follow the bent of his own inclinations, and as a result he soon created the habit of pilfering and lying.

In 1722 the father was compelled to move from Geneva, leaving his son behind in the care of an uncle. Thus began for Jean Jacques the restless and ever-changing life which

continued for the rest of his days. His uncle first placed him with a notary, but on account of seeming laziness and ignorance he was dismissed; then he was apprenticed to an engraver, whose tyranny, Rousseau says, "drove me to vices which otherwise I should have hated, such as lying, idleness, and theft." Jean Jacques, being very unhappy, in 1728 ran away and thus took up voluntarily the life of a vagabond. In the course of his rambles he passed over into Savoy, and at Confignon he attracted the interest of a priest, who sent him with a letter of introduction to a recent convert, Madame de Warens, a person of many attractions, residing at Annecy. She received him kindly, fed and lodged him, and would gladly have given him a permanent home. This was the beginning of a patronage which lasted for thirteen years, during which time Rousseau received oft-repeated assistance and kindness from his benefactress.

After a short stay at a hospice in Turin, Rousseau began again his vagabond existence, and for three more years led a wandering life, gaining his livelihood in the most varied capacities—as footman, secretary, lackey, or by any other employment that came to hand. At last growing tired of this quixotic and aimless life, he returned to Madame de Warens.

This vagabondage had done five things for him: It had satisfied his lust for adventure, and made him willing to settle down to a quiet life; it had dispelled all the glamor attaching to courts, castles, and palaces, and awakened in him a profound and enduring passion for rural simplicity; it had made him acquainted, as hardly anything else could have done, with the character, lives, needs, and sufferings of the common people, and awakened in him a lively sympathy for them; it had inspired him with a passionate love of natural scenery; it had made his language the expression of genuine passion and first-hand experience, and so given it a force which no style formed by reading or study can ever have. And all these things told in the future.

For nine years, from 1732-1741, Rousseau spent most of his time with his patroness, for whom he performed various services.

In 1741 he went to Paris, taking with him a comedy, *Narcisse*, and also a new system of musical notation, neither of which brought him either fame or profit. Although his first successful piece of writing did not appear until eight years later, Rousseau's arrival in Paris marked the beginning of the productive period of his life, and he managed to keep himself above actual want. It was in 1749 that he became known with his *Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts*, which won the prize of the Dijon Academy, while in 1753 another essay for the prize of the same academy, the *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, finally established his independent position in literature.

In 1744 Rousseau became enamored of a poor working-girl named Thérèse Le Vasseur, whom he promised "never to abandon and never to marry," and he kept his word until his dying day. There is no doubt that Rousseau found in Thérèse, who had few personal charms, and who could never tell the time on a clock-face, remember the order of the months, or give change for a franc, what was permanently congenial to his sensuous, indolent nature. At the birth of a child, the worst side of Rousseau's character, his utter lack of any sense of moral responsibility and natural affection, showed itself. The child was sent, despite the heart-broken remonstrances of the mother, to the foundling hospital, and was never again seen or recognized by its parents.

The years 1756-1762 he passed at Montmorency, and they were among the happiest and most productive years of his life. During this time he produced *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, *Emile*, and *Le Contrat Social*, three of his best-known works. In 1762, owing to the storm raised by the publication of the *Contrat Social*, he fled to Neuchâtel, thence to the little Ile de

St. Pierre, and afterwards to England, where he took refuge with David Hume.

In 1770 he returned once more to Paris. Restless, suspicious, melancholy, and more than half mad, he led during the last years of his life a wretched existence. In 1778 he retired to a cottage in the park of Ermenonville, and there died in July of that year. He was buried in the Island of the Poplars, in the Lake of Ermenonville, and there his ashes rested till the triumph of the Revolution which he had done so much to bring about. On the 11th of October, 1793, they were removed, amid a tumult of enthusiasm, to Paris and placed in the Pantheon, over whose portal are inscribed the words: *Aux grands Hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante.*

The foundation of Rousseau's character was spontaneity, and his whole life was an endeavor to give free and unconstrained expression to this. In his youth all the peculiar gifts and graces of the wanderer were his. He was incorrigibly young, hopeful, imaginative. Wherever he was, he tells us, it was never far to the nearest Castle in Spain. He delighted in the open country and its life; in the simplicity and friendliness of humble folk. Beauty of landscape appealed to a taste that was in the strictest sense romantic.

"I love to walk at my ease and to stop when I like. The wayfaring life, *la vie ambulante*, is what I demand. To make my way on foot in fine weather, in a beautiful country, without haste, and to have an agreeable object as my goal, this is the manner of life that is most to my taste. Moreover, you know already what I mean by beautiful country. \* \* \* I demand torrents, rocks, pines, black forests, mountains, rough roads to climb and descend, fearful precipices beside me."

Rousseau lived in, and for, the present moment, seeking to draw from it the greatest amount of enjoyment, without any thought of past, future, or the claims of others. Jules

Lemaitre, the French critic, has said of him: "He is always a poet, a romancer; \* \* \* pre-eminently, among illustrious writers, a creature of nerves, of weakness, of passion, of sin, of suffering, and of dreams."

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about Rousseau is that he went through life not only without learning the meaning of duty, but firmly believing that the life of spontaneity and caprice which he led was the ideal life and that he himself was the best of men. This, indeed, he openly maintains in his *Confessions*. Says he:

"I will not hide from you that, notwithstanding my consciousness of my vices, I hold myself in high esteem."

And this was the man who undertook to educate mankind!

Rousseau's principal works are: *Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts* (1750), *Discours sur l'Origine et les Fondements de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes* (1755), *Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse* (1761), *Emile ou l'Education* (1762), *Le Contrat Social* (1762), and the *Confessions* (1782-1790).

The *Discours sur les Arts et les Sciences* is a prose essay crowned by the Dijon Academy as the best work presented on the theme proposed: "*Si l'établissement des sciences et des arts a contribué à épurer les mœurs.*" In it Rousseau argues that civilization is an evil because it leads men away from nature, and that all the so-called progress of the human mind, its arts, sciences, and philosophies, have been in reality harmful, as sapping the original and primitive virtue of man. Rousseau's social theories are further discussed in his *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality Among Men* and in his *Social Contract*.

In *Emile ou l'Education* we have these same teachings still further elaborated into theories of education. The fundamental idea of the book is that man is naturally good when leaving the hands of his Maker, and only becomes corrupted through the evil influences of civilization and society. Ac-

cordingly, all that has to be done is to let nature work its own salvation in freedom, while warding off the evils of an artificial society. Hence he establishes the principle of a negative education, not as teaching virtue, but as warding off error.

Most of Rousseau's theories, of course, are absurd. They are exclusive, impracticable, and immoral, and the fallacies in them are self-evident. His real literary ability lies in his style. He had an incomparable gift of expression; his language is easy, simple, clear as daylight. Says one writer: "If he had done nothing more than release literature from the fetid air and the stuffy trappings of the boudoir and the salon, and taught it to drink the pure breath of the hills and appear in the garb of the rustic, he would have been entitled to the thanks of mankind." He is above all things, a describer—a describer of the passions of the human heart and of the beauties of nature.

Let us in conclusion note the influence of the life and works of this master-vagabond.

In so far as Rousseau laid bare the defects and abuses of the society and education of his time, and demanded reforms in the direction of truth and simplicity, he did excellent work; but, when he came to tell how such reforms were to be accomplished, he propounded a system which, from a social and moral point of view, has hardly one redeeming feature.

"In spite of this," says Mr. Thomas Davidson in his biography of Rousseau, "it has been given to few men to exert, with their thought, an influence so deep and pervasive as that of Rousseau. This influence, due to the fact that he took the 'motions' which were 'toiling in the gloom' of the popular mind of his time, and made them flash, with the lurid lightning of his own passion, before the eyes of an astonished world, extended to all departments of human activity—philosophy, science, religion, art, politics, ethics, economics, and pedagogy."

In education, especially, the influence of Rousseau has been powerful beyond measure. He may fairly be called the father of modern pedagogy, despite the fact that most of his teachings have been rejected. It was he who, with his fiery rhetoric, made the subject of education a burning question.

Rousseau might also be well called the father of Democracy. The French Revolution was, in very large degree, his work. His thoughts were germs which developed in the heart of an oppressed people into revolution. His utterances were echoed from the simple heart and mind of the common people. He had touched a spring of power when he touched the heart of humanity. He aroused the spirit of a nation when he taught the people to repudiate the false refinements of French society, and it was this which gathered force with the slowly revolving years until it broke forth in the Revolution.

This, in brief, was the influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, a man whom we pity, admire, and condemn with one breath; a man whose misfortunes and genius and misdeeds were so intermingled as to defy all attempts at separation. We must take him as he was, a vagabond, a poet, a romancer, a creature of nerves, of weakness, of passion, of sin, of suffering, and of dreams.



## AN UNSANGUINARY SUICIDE

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G.

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The final examinations for the fall term were to begin next day and those who ever worked at all were at work. There was usually a racket in the old dormitory, but this time everything was quiet. The Physics examination was scheduled for the next afternoon and this claimed the attention of quite a number.

Since there was no trouble on the fourth, as was the custom, it was very lonesome to those used to a noise. Sam Tolbert got tired of studying about ten o'clock, so he went over across the hall to see his old pal Mott Ralston, whom he found studying Physics.

"Hello, Mott!" said Sam, as he entered the room. "What are you doing?"

"Oh! nothing much, just wasting time," was the answer.

"What are you studying?" inquired Sam.

"I'm not studying anything. I have been dreaming over this dogged old Physics," responded Mott in a don't-care manner.

All was still for a few minutes and both sat gazing at the few live coals in the grate. But Sam was thinking all the while. Mott was always such a jolly fellow, always doing or saying something funny. Now, he had nothing to say, but sat with a vacant stare in his eyes. Sam was puzzled, he could not understand it. Finally he broke the silence and asked:

"What's the matter with you, Mott, why are you so blue to-night?"

"Sam, I'm going to fail, I just see that right now. I have been wasting time all the fall, and now examinations are

here and I am completely blank on everything. I have done nothing but throw away time and money. But it's too late to cram now. Too late! Too late! Why I don't know enough Physics to get out of this room. And problems! I couldn't work one if I had to. I am riding to a fall, a horse that is certain to throw me. Wish I had never come to this old place anyway! I'm going to flunk. Failure is certain. I'm ruined!"

"Oh, Mott! Don't be so despondent. You're not going to flunk. You know more about your work now than I do about mine. There's no good in worrying. You'll come out all right anyway. And, if you shouldn't, it won't be the first person that ever failed."

"No, I'll not come out all right either, not at all. I'll take seventy-five on any study I have, and be glad to get it, too," said Mott.

"You'll not flunk," said Sam again.

"No, I'll not, I'll not have a chance to," added Mott.

"Well, Mott, I don't want to keep you from studying, so I must go. However, I hope you'll get through all right," said Sam, as he left the room.

Sam was more perplexed than ever and went to his room in a deep study.

"Bang!"

It was the report of a gun, but no one ever paid any attention to such a trifle as that, for the firing of guns was a mere pastime.

It was about half-past ten when Kimball knocked at the door of number fifty-six.

"Come in!" yelled out Milburn and kept on at work.

But Kimball seemed to be excited about something.

"Say, boys! Did you know Mott Ralston had shot himself?" said he in a nervous tone.

"Why, you know he didn't!" exclaimed Milburn.

"Well, you heard that gun fire just now, didn't you?" added Kimball, as he closed the door and went into the hall.

Milburn began to think. He did not believe it at first, yet he heard the report of the pistol, but that was a common occurrence. And it did not sound like it was in the open air, but it was a muffled sound, as if it was in a closed room. And further, it was in the direction of Ralston's room.

Neither did McLean, Milburn's roommate believe the report that was by this time generally circulated over the building. But seeing is believing, so Milburn started out to see. When he went into the hall, he found several boys who also seemed to be disturbed about something.

"What's the trouble?" Milburn asked. No one seemed to know anything, but finally some one said that somebody was shot. Then Milburn, along with several others, started up the stairway to the fourth. They met Tyrell and Nelson coming down the steps at terrific speed. To the question, "What's the matter?" they made no reply, but kept going.

When he had reached the hall of the fourth, Milburn saw a crowd standing in the open door of sixty-four. On approaching the room, greatly to his surprise, there lay Ralston, face downward, on the floor, with a pistol in his right hand, as if he had shot himself through the brain and then keeled over upon his face.

"He's about dead," said some one just as Milburn entered the room.

"Has anybody gone after the doctors?" asked another.

"Yes, Nelson and Tyrell have both gone, but the doctors can do no good now."

"My! my! that's awful! I don't see what could have made him do it," exclaimed Ogden, who had been looking on for some time.

Milburn didn't stay long, but hurried back to his room to tell McLean, who was a special friend of Ralston's.

"It must be true," said he as he went into the room and found McLean standing, leaning against the mantel.

After he had explained the matter to McLean, McLean asked:

"Did you see any blood?"

"No, I didn't especially look for any, for I didn't stay more than half a minute."

"Well, that certainly is strange," said McLean. "I don't understand why he should have done such a thing as that. I was playing tennis with him this afternoon, and he seemed to be in the very best of spirit then. Surely he had more sense than that."

"I wouldn't believe it either if I hadn't been to see for myself," said Milburn. "Let's go back up there," he suggested.

Yet, McLean would not leave his room, but stood wondering, while Milburn went back to investigate further, to find the blood. When he went into the dead boy's room, it seemed more sad than ever, for he met Ralston's room-mate standing near the door. He had on his hat and overcoat, as if he had been out of the building somewhere. He seemed so frightened that he could hardly speak, but stood looking at his dead friend, not knowing what to do.

"Where were you?" Milburn inquired.

"I—I—I was at L—I—Ladd's room," Seward finally mumbled in a broken voice.

But Milburn had come to find the blood, and he found it. When he went around where he could see Ralston's face, it was pale as death. Just under the hair which fell across his forehead, was a ghastly-looking bullet hole, from which a stream of blood had run across his brow to the floor. The fire in the grate had grown low and the electric light on the campus shining through the leafless branches of the trees, made the occasion more dismal.

By that time Saxton, the newspaper reporter, had arrived

with note book in hand and began to inquire for the details of the suicide. Presently something new was found, the clue to the whole affair. On the table lay a note which no one had seen before. It contained the following explanation:

"No one is to blame but myself. It was all my fault. I hate to do it but can not help it.

"Ask her. She will explain.

"Good-bye,

MOTT."

While Saxton was getting all the information he could for the newspaper, Simpson and Sheldon, two medical students, were making a post-mortem examination.

"He's about gone," said Simpson very solemnly. "How's his pulse?"

"Beating faintly," replied Sheldon.

Sheldon started to take the pistol from Ralston's hand but could not, for the would-be dead man tightened his grasp and laughed, saying:

"Boys, you may think I'm dead, but I'm not. The doctors are not coming sure enough, are they?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well then, let me out of here, quick!"

Ralston then pushed his way through the embarrassed crowd and went to another room to wash the talcum powder and red ink from his face before he got caught by the doctors. Tears of sorrow were then turned into tears of laughter, and Drs. Sheppard and Taggart returned to their firesides glad that it was a fake.

THE STAR OF HOPE

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The sun has gone to its land of dreams,  
Whose portals are crimson and gold;  
In yon twilight sky rich purple gleams  
In gentle cadences are rolled.

Slowly falls the cimmerian veil  
Over heaven and earth and sea,  
On the evening calm a western gale  
Sings low to the forest and lea.

I look again at the glowing red,  
A star, a world, is trembling there,  
And rising up from its dewy bed  
On the brow of night, sparkles fair.

Tis the Star of Hope we see so bright,  
That lures us with charms sweet and deep,  
Till all-forgetting the sweet moonlight  
And the flowers that round us weep.

See only this new-born sapphire blaze,  
Embosomed in the paling sky,  
And kneeling down 'neath its star-lit gaze,  
Orisons breathe to it on high.

DEE CARRICK.

## A PHYSICIAN'S STORY

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J. L. OLIVE.

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In 1891 I was graduated from my *Alma Mater*, and after studying medicine for two years at Jefferson, I located as a practicing physician in the small and sleepy town of Summerton, South Carolina.

Here I hung my two diplomas, "A.B." and "M.D." on the dingy walls and watched the spiders spin their silken webs across the door.

Now in this very town lived a man of most peculiar habit. To the village sages his name was always a fertile theme of conversation. Many years before he had silently come into their quiet hamlet and taken up his abode in a small, deserted cabin some little distance from the town. Here he lived a hermit life. Never mingling with the men of the village, a terror to the children, and an object of curiosity to all.

His unkempt hair hung in light curls to his square, well-formed shoulders. His thin face, tanned by the rays of the sun, showed distinct marks of culture and education. Most of his time was spent in wandering aimlessly over the fields, except when he went into the village to chop wood and secure provisions. Those who spoke with him found him well educated in all matters, except current events, in which he seemed to take no interest. The general opinion was that he was a harmless lunatic who had wandered aimlessly into their midst.

And then for many years he had pursued the even tenor of his way unmolested. But finally one day the land on which he had so long been living changed hands, and the new owner came to assert his rights. The latter was a man of rough speech, and when he approached the dilapidated cabin to

order the hermit off, he found himself suddenly assailed by a desperate lunatic. Precipitous flight alone saved his life.

The hermit, known everywhere as Joe Hateher, was soon arrested by a special bevy of police and placed behind the bars. Here, chafed by confinement, he raved for days. Finally he was exhausted and thought to be dying. I was hastily summoned to attend the case.

After I administered several large doses of an opiate he became quiet. As I sat holding his pulse, he suddenly looked up and said:

"Where is she?"

"Who is she?" I asked in some surprise.

He rose up from his couch and looked around him.

"Where am I?" he demanded.

"You are at present in the prison of Summerton."

"Ah, yes! Prison! I understand."

He lay down for several moments with his eyes closed. Then he opened them and swept the room. Suddenly he demanded:

"What year is this?"

"To be sure," I replied, "this is the good year 1894, Anno Domini."

He sprang up in bed as if touched by an electric wire.

Again he sank down and after a few moments he said quietly, "I have been ——"

"You have been sadly afflicted," I said.

Again there was silence.

"And you ——"

"I am a doctor," I replied, "and as such, I command you to be quiet."

"How long can I live, Doctor? I wish to know the truth," he asked, disregarding my injunction.

I told him I thought he might live for several days.

"Doctor," said he, "I assure you I am in my right mind."



Take me from this place. I am a gentleman—at least let me die as such.”

I had become very much interested in my first important case, and considering his cultured face and appealing look, I had him removed to the hotel.

Late that night when I went to see him I found him sinking fast. He instantly gathered it from my face.

“Doctor,” said he, “you have been very kind to me. I can not repay you, but shall instead only give you further trouble. I wish to tell you a terrible history and then ask a final favor.”

I consented, and after administering another opiate, quietly took my seat at his bedside. After some time he began, and with frequent breaks told the following story, which I give in his own words:

“When twenty-one years of age I was graduated from Harvard University with the highest honors. The world smiled, and all things pointed to my future success. But like many a young man, I soon found that the ways of this world were not the flowery paths I had fancied. A sudden reverse in my father’s business sent his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, leaving me, his only survivor, a pauper. After a year full of bitter disappointment, I was caught in the sudden wave of excitement and swept along by the tide of immigration to the goldfields of the West.

“After much wandering and many hardships I finally secured a claim in the southern part of California which gave promise of rich yields. In a few weeks, as under the hand of a magician, there had sprung up a town inhabited by bold emigrants and adventurers like myself.

“This rough pioneer life of the West was most exhilarating, and my youthful spirit was full of that keen enjoyment of existence which perfect health gives to every young man.

“Walking into the country one afternoon I was assailed

by one of those wandering bands of Mexicans and half-breeds which infest every new settlement. In attempting to defend myself I received a slight flesh wound in the arm, and being now forced to surrender was deprived of a gold watch and several dollars in change.

"My arm was bleeding profusely and I knew that in this state I would be unable to return to town, so I directed my course to the house of a wealthy ranch-owner who lived not far distant. He was the proud possessor of thousands of acres of land and his herds grazed the prairies for miles around. Before this new order of things had disturbed the rural quietness of his western home he had been undisputed lord of this region. At his hospitable mansion my wound was carefully dressed by an old Indian servant skilled in the art. Under no conditions would my host hear of my return to town that night, although I protested that the hurt was only a mere trifle.

"It was here that I first met the beautiful Senorita, the daughter of the wealthy ranch-owner. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Her eyes were dark and flashing, and her hair was raven-black. The majesty of her carriage and the high insteps of her dainty feet showed that in her veins, mixed with the milder Aztec, there flowed the passionate blood of Spain.

"Some people are accustomed to scoff at the well-known phrase 'love at first sight,' but they do so from ignorance. From the moment I looked into those large, mysterious eyes speaking volumes of solicitude for my trifling hurt, I well knew that my heart knelt a slave at her feet. Never shall I forget the delight of the first evening in her company. What man would, who felt for the first time in his life the soft, sweet joy of love stealing into his heart?

"In the early morning I had to leave the ranch with a deep regret that my wound was not more serious—only, however,

to become a frequent visitor. The father welcomed me with warmest hospitality, for a visitor of education was rare in those parts, and the Senorita, too, received me with kindness, for her only companion was a Spanish waiting-maid. Often she would spend the moonlight evenings sitting under the spreading boughs of a great oak which stood prominent in the shady lawn which surrounded the house, while she, accompanying herself on a curiously-wrought guitar, brought from Spain, would sing the old Spanish ballads and dreamy southern love-songs. Late in the summer I essayed my fortune and found that she returned my love. The world smiled again, and surely, I thought, the path of love is the path of flowers.

"But early in the autumn there arrived from the East a handsome and brilliant young man who had come to buy up the claims of the mine for his father's firm. He possessed that bold, dashing air which always attracts people. Soon he, too, met and fell violently in love with the beautiful Senorita. Well might I fear a rival who could thus with such personal attractions at once offer family, wealth and social position in that far-famed East."

"As his visits became more frequent and his attention, more marked, jealousy crept into my heart and made it bitter. One afternoon, under its influence, I imagined that she was growing cold towards me. Rashly I accused her of falseness. Bitter, cruel words followed. What a sight she made—her flashing eyes, and hot cheeks burning with anger and pride, as she hurled my ring upon the floor. Ah, well do I remember that quarrel! The quick glitter of steel, a soft thud, a jeweled stiletto quivering in the wall at my side! My God, it made me stagger! Swiftly I snatched the villainous weapon from the wall and hid it in my breast.

"I left her presence a desperate man. Never had I felt as I did that night. The world was black and gloomy; and no

longer did I have any cause to live. This free life of the West had changed my nature, and with cool indifference I plotted self-destruction.

"But soon fate was guiding my career, and I could not die until I had seen her loved form once more. That night I silently crept up to the ranch and waited. Everything seemed quiet and peaceful. I concealed myself near the large oak so full of tender memories to me. In this place my loss seemed greater and the world blacker than ever.

"Soon, to my surprise, I saw the pair come out and sit beneath the spreading boughs. She was more beautiful than ever. Then I heard her sing to him the same dreamy Southern love-songs. Verily I believe she knew that I was watching.

"As I listened, my jealousy grew until it completely overmastered me. In bitter silence I waited until I saw them leave. A large beam of moonlight fell across the path just in front of me. I saw her, as beautiful as ever, step into this shaft of light and then pass into the shadows. He followed a merry smile lingering on his handsome face. The sight drove me wild. In a second's time I had drawn my pistol and fired. The light was uncertain and the shot wild. Unhurt he turned and looked towards me. Never shall I forget his despairing look of surprise and terror. Quickly I fired again, and saw him sink to the ground without a groan. Another load was wanting to end my own miserable existence; and I threw the empty weapon aside with a shudder of repulsion.

"Sadly I approached the oak and seated myself on the moss at its foot, a place so well known to me. My head rested on the trunk of the tree as I recalled the past. Then from my breast I took the stiletto. It was a curiously engraved weapon of the Spanish make. Its black handle glittered villainously in the moonlight. 'Farewell my Senorita,' I murmured, and placed the weapon to my breast ready to strike.

"But suddenly it was snatched from my hand and sent whirling through the darkness. I leaped to my feet to see the familiar form of my beloved sinking to the ground. I softly called her name but there was no answer. Alarmed, I called again, but still no reply. I lifted her into the light. There was a bullet wound in her breast. I remembered then the uncertain light and the wild shot. I myself had murdered her! I whispered her name, and she smiled. I bent down to listen, and she said, 'I was not false. I loved you. Live for my sake.' And then, 'Adios,' and she sank back into my arms and I knew she was gone.

"I knew that she was gone, I tell you," he screamed. "I knew that she was gone." And again he was a wild, raving lunatic.

But his long-taxed strength was now almost exhausted. I quickly administered another opiate, and gradually his ravings grew weaker until they became mere mutterings. At last he became perfectly quiet. After a few moments he opened his eyes, murmured the single word "Adios," and then sank back dead.

Often as I sit in my office late at night as the winds whistle drearily around the corner and the fire in the grate burns low, I think of this story and wonder what would have been his last request.

## THE FUNCTION OF THE SCHOOL IN THE TEACHING OF PATRIOTISM.

J. E. HOYLE.

What is patriotism? There *was* a time when the world thought fighting for one's country to be the only expression of patriotism. That time is forever gone. Generation after generation may pass without even an opportunity of taking up arms, and yet be able to render their country noble service.

Who, then, is a patriot? He who is willing to discharge his duties both public and private; who obeys the laws of his country; who says, "my country, right or wrong; if right to keep her so, if wrong to make her right"; who is determined to leave her stronger because he has been a part of her—he is the truest patriot.

"Patriotism, to be fruitful," says Dr. Morgan, "must be intelligent; it must comprehend the content of love of country; must know the full significance of the words 'Privilege' and 'Responsibility' as applied to citizenship."

What, then, of our citizens to-day? Are they intelligent, and do they have at heart the welfare of our nation?

We are no longer a homogeneous people. The immigration to the United States from other countries is without a parallel in the history of nations. When we consider those born of foreign parents, we estimate that forty-six per cent of our population is foreign. And just as there is danger that this element will destroy our morals and Christianity, there is danger that the old-time love of country will be forgotten.

To quote Dr. Morgan again, "Patriotism bears its most abundant harvest, not when it animates a few great souls.

but when it is widely diffused among the masses of the people; not when it is confined to the senate chamber, but when it pervades the family, the school, and the church, carrying an atmosphere of health, vigor, and happiness to all, and stimulating all to good works. Untrained it may become a sickly plant, or worse, a noxious weed; cultivated it becomes a luxuriant and fruitful vine."

At no time in our history has there been a more urgent need of training in patriotism than at present. The patriotic tide which was at its flood during the Civil War period has spent its force. A new generation is now acting under new conditions. The millions of foreigners who have come to make their homes with us know nothing of our history or institutions, and can have no adequate conception until instructed.

Seeing the need, then, how shall we meet it?

The work of inculcating this virtue should begin in childhood. The American public school should be the nursery of American patriotism. For if the heterogeneous masses of our foreign-born population are ever moulded or welded into a homogeneous, patriotic citizenship the State must do this through the public school system, for no other institution of society is capable of performing the task.

Granting, therefore, that the school is the agent to meet this need, how shall it proceed with its task?

First, by teaching the extent and resources of our Commonwealth. Most of our foreign population came from countries varying in size from 10,000 to 300,000 square miles. To the child's imagination our three-and-a-half millions of square miles will make a strong appeal. But not in the extent of our country alone can we interest them. Our strongest appeal will be made by its beauty and resources.

The lover of nature need go no farther than Pike's Peak. Mt. Hood, Niagara Falls, and Yosemite Valley to be lost in

wonder. Our streams furnish abundant internal waterways as well as unlimited water-power, while from their banks extend thousands of square miles of fertile soil. The Mississippi alone bears on its bosom the clothing of half the world, and its valleys are capable of producing food for the population of the entire world for a thousand years to come.

"Our country, 'tis a glorious land,  
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore:  
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,  
She hears the dark Atlantic's roar.

And nurtured on her ample breast,  
How many a goodly prospect lies,  
In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,  
Enameled in her richest dyes."  
\* \* \* \* \*

"All that Nature could command,  
She heaped on thee, Great Western Land."

Secondly, our history affords a wonderful opportunity for inculcating patriotism. When the masses of the people have learned of the struggle for independence, and for the preservation of the Union; when they know the story of Washington and Lincoln and Lee, surely they can sing,

"Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride.  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring."

And there is our National flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon it rippling in the breeze without being filled and thrilled with pride. But not until the individual learns and feels that the red says be brave; the white says be pure, and the blue says be true, is he genuinely patriotic. He must know also that the thirteen stripes tell the story of what we were in '76, and the forty-six stars, what we are in this day of grace.



Thank God for our triumph at Yorktown, and for the day at Appomattox, where one flag was unfurled over both contending armies. That flag should be raised over every school-house in the Union. With "Old Glory" waving above them the coming generations can see no North, no South, no East, no West; no country but the Union.

" 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner! O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

If the meaning of that flag and of the word "Patriotism" are ever inculcated in the children of our land, it must be done by the 400,000 public school teachers, instructing the 16,000,000 boys and girls of to-day, the American citizens of to-morrow. Therefore, as we love God and home and native land, we must direct the forces of education to the performance of this gigantic task.

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### RESURGAMI

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Alas! how cold this world would seem  
Were there no truer hearts than mine;  
How short this passing fitful dream  
Were there no after-lights to shine.

The Judgment Day O then might come,  
I'd welcome it at any hour.  
My heart would know no radiant sun,  
My hands would pluck no fragrant flower.

But there is that in life too deep  
For world-environment to quell;  
Again shall wake from out its sleep  
This dust which breathes a transient spell.

A. D. GORE.

## SAM SANDERS AND FOUR CARPET TACKS

BY ROB ROY.

"I s'pose you heerd 'bont Sallie Norton bein' kilt?" asked old Uncle Ike McQueen of Aunt Sarah Macy.

"Lawd he'p me, no! Is you lyin' er jokin' Ike? Sallie dade? Hush, man! Who done it? Lawd hab mussy, an' I picked cotton wid Sallie no longer'n yistiddy, in Mr. Arch Watson's fiel'."

"Henry Purcell done it, I s'pose. Mr. Don Graham is done tuck 'im ter Lawnbug, an' I s'pose he's half way dair now. Ef you picked cotton wid 'er yistiddy I s'pose dey'll hab you fur er whitnuss ter tell whut you knows."

"Me?" asked the old woman, with a frightened accent.

"Yes, you."

"Well, dey neenter ax me fur I dunno nuddin'. I only knows dat Henry an' Sallie had er few wuds 'bont er sack er cotton dat Henry said wus hissen, an' Sallie emptied hit on her sheet, an' Sallie ealled 'im er liar, an' Henry said he'd thow 'er off de bridge w'en she cross der creek, an' I know dat's wurf nuddin' ter der jedge, fur plenty ub 'em wus close'n I wus, an' der Lawd knows I dunno nuddin' 'bout it."

"Somebody seed some tracks," proceeded Uncle Ike, "an' lack whur somebody 'us scufflin' 'side der water close ter der bridge. Dey say dat Henry grabbed 'er w'en she went back dis eben 'bont one o'clock an' thowed 'er in der ribber. People show is hot. I s'pose Henry 'ill hang on der gallis, yit. Lawd hep me! Yonner comes der whitnuss man, now, dribin' 'is w'ite 'oss." After saying this Uncle Ike got his bow legs to working and racked off, in 'possum style, to a nearby oak thicket.

"Tke, fur Hebben's sake don' lebe me. I's gone, I's gone,

"I'se gone," frantically screamed Aunt Sarah, as Mr. Tom Covington slowed up his horse and spoke.

"Aunt Sarah, can you cook dinner for my wife next Sunday?"

"Is dat you Massa Tom?" answered the old woman. "I thut you wus der whitnuss man come ter ax me 'bout Sallie Norton. Lawd bless yo soul, yes. I'll show be dar."

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The whole neighborhood was in a flurry on account of the strange disappearance of Sallie Norton, the wife of Jake Norton, who lived on Mr. Neill Johnson's farm. Sallie had been picking cotton on Mr. Arch Watson's place, in Robeson County, and every day she would have to cross the Lumbee river, which is the dividing line between Scotland and Robeson counties. It was a fact that Henry Purcell had threatened her on Monday, swearing that he would throw her in the river when she came back the next afternoon.

Nothing more was thought of Sallie Norton until about one o'clock on Tuesday, when John Matthews, almost out of breath, ran up to Mr. Neill Johnson's house and told that he had seen signs of a fight down at the New Bridge. It seemed, from the tracks, that the contestants were a man and a woman, and one of them must have been thrown into the river, for when John left the spot, the grass on the river bank was still wet.

Just at this moment Deputy Sheriff Smith rode up, stopped in front of the house, and Jake Norton leaped from the buggy, dragging a saddle behind him, which he had borrowed from Mr. Smith.

"Hold on, Smith," yelled Johnson. "Drive up here. Jake, where is Sallie?"

"She's gone back ter Mr. Watson's ter pick cotton. She left home 'bout half past twelve. Ef she'd er knowed you all needed 'er she'd er stayed."

"No, we don't need her, but she is in the bottom of the creek now. She told my wife about Henry Purcell's threat, when she came from Watson's yesterday evening, but I thought the scoundrel was only joking. John has just come from the creek and he saw where the scuffle took place. Smith, you had better get that "nigger" or he'll be gone to Georgia. If you need any help I'll go with you."

"No, no, Cousin Neill. I haven't seen the 'nigger' yet that I couldn't handle," answered the deputy, as he wheeled about his famous Black Hawk, the speed of which was known to all the evil-doers.

"What is all this talk about?" asked Jud Russell, as he galloped into the crowd, riding his little black mule.

"Henry Purcell has drowned Sallie Norton, that's what it's about," replied Johnson.

"Henry Purcell?" gasped Russell. "Why I met him up the road, just this side of Wagram."

"Smith," hollered Johnson to the sheriff, who was about two hundred yards down the road. The horse reared up and the buggy stopped. "Henry Purcell is at Wagram." The deputy nodded his head and Black Hawk disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Ef I could git my han's on dat black debbil, dey wouldn't need nary sherf er jedge. I'd ring 'is neck des lack er guinea hen's," cursed out Jake Norton, the husband of the lost woman.

"He'll be 'tended to all right, Jake. You need't be afraid about that," spoke the hot-headed Lewis, Mr. Neill's son. "By the way, papa, you know Detective Sanders has just finished up the Bracy affair in Laurinburg, and maybe if he hasn't already gone, we could get him out here."

"Lewis, are you crazy?" stormed the father. "What in the dickens good could a detective do when everything is

known? You have gone wild over that fool Sanders, and you will soon want to be sending for him every time a pig gets hung in a crack." This slur evoked a roar of laughter from the serious crowd.

"Well," persisted Lewis, a little heated, "you said he was no good when Major McLean sent for him, but he found the necklace and ring, all right. I believe we ought to get him."

"Mr. Johnson, I am sorter with Lewis on that. Sanders might not be able to do anything, but I naturally like to see the fellow follow a trail and work up his clews, as he calls 'em," put in Russell, snatching his mule's head from the fodder stack.

"Might not?" sneered the old man. "I reckon he might not be able to do anything when there is nothing to be done. Unless you want him to follow a 'possum trail down in the slash, and Tip can beat him at that. More than that, if you get him, you needn't expect me to help pay him."

"I'll see that he is paid, all right," added Russell, encouraged by a wink from Lewis.

"Then, if you are head-set on getting him, Jud, go into the house and 'phone to Smith at Wagram. You couldn't get there, now, before Smith leaves for Laurinburg. I'll have nothing to do with it."

Russell threw his reins over the gate-post and ran into the house. He rang vigorously and placed the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!"

"Is that you, Mr. Buie?" Russell heard loud, coarse talking from an excited crowd.

"Yes, who's that? Be quick."

"Jud Russell, at Neill Johnson's. Has Smith gone yet?"

"No, and he is not going. Henry Purcell broke a gun stock over his head. Don Graham will take Purcell. Smith

is badly hurt. They are afraid his skull is fractured. If he hadn't caught part of the blow with his arm, he would have been killed. Smith put three bullets in the black devil, but they didn't kill him. They have him bound now. A crowd of the fellows want to lynch him, but we are going to hurry Don off to Laurinburg with him."

"I wish you would tell Don to bring back Detective Sanders, if Sanders hasn't already left Laurinburg," returned Jud.

"What in the nation do you want with Sanders?" Is somebody else killed?"

"No, but I just want him. Tell Don he may leave Sanders here at Mr. Johnson's."

"All right."

"Trouble at Wagram," said Russell, as he hung up the receiver. "Purcell broke the stock of his gun over Smith's head, and Don Graham is taking Purcell to Laurinburg. Smith sent three bullets in Purcell, but Buie says they didn't kill him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Johnson, grinding his teeth. "That fellow will hang. There is nothing too bad for him."

"Mr. Johnson, will you let the detective stay here? This will be his most convenient place. He can help us find Sallie's body in the morning," spoke Jud.

"Just to humor you, yes. How long do you want me to keep him here?" growled Johnson.

"Until he finds the woman's body. He'll not be long about it, either."

Jud Russell then leaped on his mule, and Jake Norton, swearing vengeance on Purcell's people, hurried toward his house, which was on a sand ridge a quarter of a mile away.

That night about ten o'clock Don Graham drove up to Johnson's house, hitched his horse, and he and Sanders, the detective, went into the house. There was a roaring, crackling

oak fire in the old man's room, the living room, and the fire-light thrown on Sanders showed him a black-haired, black-eyed man, about five feet and seven inches tall, with square shoulders, slightly stooped, and, judging through his deceptive overcoat, a man who would weigh near one hundred and fifty pounds. Sanders, in a mild, effeminate voice, spoke to the members of the group, and he and Graham stood upon the hearth to warm, for it was a bitter cold November night.

"So you landed the rascal in jail, did you Don?" opened up old man Johnson, while he squirted a stream of tobacco juice towards the fire, but which, in fact, spread everywhere from the mantel to the hearth.

"Yes, he is safe now, and in a short while the world will be rid of him," yawned Don.

After a few minutes Graham pulled on his long, dog-skin riding gloves and walked out to his buggy, leaving in the room Mr. Neill Johnson, his son Lewis, and Mr. Samuel Sanders, of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Though he did not wish to send for Sanders, Mr. Johnson, a true Scotchman that he was, treated the stranger with all courtesy, and gladly related to the latter all that he knew about Sallie Norton's death.

"Did anyone see this woman on her way toward the river immediately before her disappearance?" asked Sanders.

"No. I guess she left a little after twelve o'clock, and everybody was in at dinner. Anyhow, she went along a path across the field, nowhere near anybody's house," replied Johnson.

"And soon after the Matthews boy brought you the news, Sheriff Smith drove up and Jake Norton got out of the buggy with a saddle which he had borrowed from Smith?"

"Yes."

"Has Norton gone anywhere horseback, lately, or does he usually ride horseback?"

"No. I believe not. He has no mule of his own, and he has been too busy lately hauling cotton seed to ride around. He doesn't ride horseback much, anyway. I expect the fool will want to ride one of my mules to church Sunday, but he'll not do it. Why do you want to know so much about the saddle? Do you want to buy one? ha! ha!"

"My chief diversion is riding, and I suppose it comes natural for me to ask of saddles if there are any around," answered Sanders, as he drew from his pocket a leather-bound note-book and scribbled a few words.

"Now, look here friend," said Johnson, with a hearty laugh, slapping his companion on the knee. "There is no use in your looking so solemn about a matter that has been settled. You may help us look for the woman's body in the morning, and that is all you can do. I knew that there was nothing for you to do, but Jud Russell, and Lewis, here, wanted you, and as long as you are in these parts you are welcome in my house. And for all the time you spend out here you will be paid, even if I have to foot the entire bill myself."

The little detective listened to the words of his host without manifesting the least sign of irritability, smiling throughout the discourse as serenely as a school girl in love.

The leaves rustled and shivered while the wind whistled around the corners of the house. The oak logs had broken in two and the live coals were casting a mild, flickering light across the room. The conversation, which had covered the entire category of human events, from Adam to the present time, guided always by the sage Johnson, had finally drifted into the probability of a war between the United States and Great Britain. The men had begun to yawn and stretch, and as the old clock on the mantel banged out eleven Mr. Johnson, with a hearty good night, pointed Sanders to the latter's room.

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On Wednesday morning, though cold and cloudy, a large crowd of spectators, men, women and children, Croatans, whites and blacks gathered around the spot on the edge of the river, where had taken place the horrible incident of the previous day. Some brought rakes, others hoes, still others ropes—all to search for Sallie Norton's body. The water was too cold for diving, so this most effective means of searching for a drowned body was out of the question. The greater part of the crowd spent their time suggesting better plans, but a few earnest men, for several hours, tried in vain to drag the bottom through ten feet of swift water. Sanders was among the latter group, and he worked faithfully, but it really seemed that all efforts were useless. About half past eleven Neill Johnson's voice sounded above the babble:

"Men, we might as well stop this business. There are no hopes of finding the woman, and the truth of it is, Sallie Norton will rest as well in a watery grave as in a dirt grave. The body will rise in a few days and then we may bury her. Jake," turning to the husband of the lost woman, "you see we have done everything that can be done. Do let's all go home to dinner. Of course, if it were summer some of these boys would have the body found in ten minutes, but, as it is, nothing else can be done."

"Mr. Johnson," spoke the detective, "I'll be in for dinner a little after twelve. I'll wait down here a few minutes."

"If you think anything can be done, why we'll wait and help you," answered Johnson.

"No, I'll stay alone," added Sanders, in a more decided tone than he had hitherto used.

In a short while all the motley crowd had scattered, leaving the detective standing alone on the river bank.

At a quarter past twelve Sanders entered the gate to Mr. Johnson's back yard.

"Take a wash here and we'll go in to dinner," said the old

man, as he stood in the back piazza, near a water-shelf, drying his face in a towel made from a meal sack. "What did you do down there? enjoy the scenery? Well, the Lumbee is well worth seeing. Did you know that is the best bathing stream in the world? It comes right out of the Sand Hills and it is as pure as spring water," repeated the loud-voiced Scotchman, who always grew enthusiastic when he talked of the Lumbee.

"Yes, it is a beautiful stream, even though the swamp is unusually wide. And doesn't it bend?" replied Sanders.

"Oh yes. You know Lumbee is the Indian word for crooked. But let's go. The women are waiting dinner," covering the head of a dominic rooster with a flood of tobacco juice.

After a hearty meal of potatoes and all forms of pork, with grape pie and jelly cake for dessert, the three men left the table for Mr. Johnson's room.

"Lewis," spoke the father, "step out and tell Jake not to load the mules too heavy. With a bale on top, the bed ought not to be quite full of seed."

"I believe I'll step out, myself," said Sanders. "I want to see your hogs."

After Jake Norton had climbed into the wagon and wheeled the mules down the road toward McGirt's gin, the three men went behind the horse lot where the fattening hogs were penned; and beauties they were: thirteen two hundred and fifty pounders; a mixture of Berkshire and Poland-China.

"I believe I'll walk over to Sallie Norton's house, Mr. Johnson," said Sanders. "I know that there is nothing to be done, but I want to look around the dead woman's house a little."

"All right. Yonder is Jake's house on the edge of that sand ridge. The second house to the right. I'll be shelling

some corn for the mill while you are gone," said Johnson, while he cleaned out one of the hog-troughs with a shingle.

In about half an hour Sanders came back from Norton's and walked out to the barn where Johnson was shelling corn.

"Mr. Johnson," began the detective, "have you had any ditching or any kind of digging done around here lately?"

"No. None at all. Why do you ask?"

"For nothing, especially. You have had no holes dug for fence posts, no flower pits, nor anything like that?"

"No, no. We have been too busy getting in the crop to do any ditching or such work, but I'll have to have a good deal of ditching done next spring. Why are you so interested in my ditching? Does my land look water-sobbed?"

"No, indeed," answered Sanders, as he walked away, closing the lot gate behind him.

"Such a fool! such a fool!" chuckled old man Johnson to himself. "That man can ask more fool questions than any man I know. Why in the thunder does he want to know about my ditching?"

Half-past three was Johnson's time for slopping his fattening hogs. The old man took great pride in his beautiful hogs, and as the most pleasant part of attending to healthy hogs is watching them eat, Johnson decided to go up to Norton's and get "the little worthless man," as he called Sanders, so that the latter might see the pretty side of farming. In a few minutes he had reached Norton's house, but Sanders was nowhere to be seen.

"Sanders! Sanders!" called out Johnson. "Hey there, you detective, where are you? I reckon the fool is talking to some of the neighbors, or maybe he has hoofed it to Laurinburg; and I hope he has. Lewis and Jud thinking that that idiot could do anything!" The old man then went growling back toward his home.

Johnson had slopped all his hogs, hitched up, and was in the buggy and ready to go to mill when Sanders again appeared on the scene.

"Where have you been?" demanded the Scotchman. "I went up to Norton's looking for you, but couldn't find you anywhere."

"I was at work," replied Sanders. "Could you tell me when Norton will be back from Maxton?"

"Not before ten o'clock. He had to load up with seed at McGirt's gin. Why?"

"I don't like to bother you, but I guess you had better go with me up to Norton's house," proceeded the little man.

"I just haven't time, my friend. It is late to be starting to mill, anyway, but I must go, because we are out of meal here. I can show you my ditches to-morrow if you are out of a job," answered Johnson, showing some anger.

"I don't think that you will regret having gone. I wish you would send your son to Mr. Graham's, the gentleman who brought me from Laurinburg, and tell him to come over here at seven o'clock," replied Sanders with a tone of command and with a slight sound of suspicion in his voice which made even the stern and stubborn old Johnson scramble from his buggy.

Lewis was then called from the lot and instructed to go to Graham's, while Johnson and Sanders hurried toward Norton's house.

Soon the two men were climbing the sand hill which led up to Jake Norton's house, a simple one-roomed, weather-boarded cabin, with a new brick chimney at one end. The detective drew from his pistol pocket a small solid steel rod about one foot long and a little over half an inch in diameter, prized loose the staple to which the lock was attached, pushed open the door and entered the hut, followed closely by Johnson. The inside appearance of this cabin was just like hundreds of others: four or five looking glasses on the wall, a yellow

bureau, a single-barrel Columbia breach-loader over the door, an enlarged picture, no doubt of the deceased, suspended over the bed, and all manner of fantastic frills of paper drooping from the mantel. On the walls were pasted backs of magazines, funny pictures and all kinds of newspapers gathered from the homes where Sallie Norton had done washing. But the thing that attracted Johnson's attention on the moment of entering the hut was a hole in the floor two feet by eight, where two planks had been taken up, the planks reaching one-half the length of the room. Sanders slid through this opening into a hole near the hearth which went straight down about four feet and then slanted under the chimney. Johnson wedged in after him. Sanders pointed to the emaciated form of a woman lying under the chimney in the back of the hole and spoke:

"You knew Sallie Norton. Is that she?"

"Yes," gasped the high-strung, nervous old Scotchman. "That is surely Sallie. How did you find her here, and how come she here?"

"Help me to lift her to the floor. Take care! I'll take the head. There is danger of blood poison, if you have a scratch on your hand. I have on gloves. See how the dirt is clogged to her head! Her skull was crushed," calmly spoke the detective, as the two men turned the body lengthwise with the opening and raised it to the floor.

"How did you find the woman? Who put her here? Don't keep anything back, man," spoke Johnson, his voice trembling.

"The odor in here is a little offensive. Let's get out and I'll tell you," answered Saunders.

The two men walked out into the oak thicket, sat on a log and the detective spoke:

"When I came out here last night, Mr. Johnson, I was almost sure that Henry Purcell had drowned the woman. But after hearing you express your opinion that it was nec-

less to send for me, I determined to work this case to see if I could detect any accomplices to the crime; and perhaps discover that you all had the wrong man, for I have known cases where circumstantial evidence points directly toward one man when another person is guilty."

"Who killed the woman? That is what I wanted to know. Did Purell bury her under the chimney," asked Johnson, impatiently.

"Be patient please, and let me tell you how I found the woman. I am going to point out to you the steps which I followed, and then you may judge for yourself as to who killed her," answered Sanders. "You know Jud Russell met Purell near Wagram shortly after the woman was supposedly drowned. It seemed a little strange that a man should expose himself thus after committing such a horrible deed, but I didn't let that weigh much. Shortly after the Matthews boy brought you the news of the fight at the creek, Jake Norton rode up with Sheriff Smith, having borrowed a saddle. You remember you thought I was mighty interested in saddles."

"You have the dad-gumdest memory I know, but I can't see what you are driving at. Go on," put in the old man.

"You told me that no one saw the woman while she was going toward the river; which was reasonable, because everybody was in at dinner," continued the detective. "Well, when we went to the river this morning the place had not been disturbed. Negroes usually keep away from such spots until a coroner or some such person comes. As the Matthews boy had said, the tracks were those of a man and a woman. I noticed, however, two peculiarities: the woman's tracks were made by the right shoe only, and into the bottom of the man's left shoe heel, on the outer edge, had been driven four large-headed carpet tacks; put there, no doubt, to keep the she from running over. I took a note of this, although I

knew it probable that the woman's left track had been mashed out in the scuffle. Listen closely now. I also noticed that the man's track led off southward through the swamp, down the stream. You know the Wagram road hits the river at right angles, running west. The crowd noticed none of these things as they were there to find the dead woman and not the criminal, because they thought the criminal then in the Laurinburg jail. When you all left for dinner I started down the swamp, following the track with the impressions of the four tack heads. *Undoubtedly the man who made these tracks made the tracks at the riverside.*"

"Is it true that Henry Purcell did not kill the woman? Why he went toward Wagram," gasped Johnson.

"Wait till I get through and maybe you can see for yourself," spoke Sanders. "A short distance from the bridge my attention was diverted by the barking of a squirrel. On looking up I noticed, about twenty feet away, this shoe hanging in some vines." Sanders drew from his overcoat pocket a woman's dilapidated button shoe—the right member of a pair.

"If that doesn't look precisely like a pair of shoes I bought for Sallie at Buie's, about three months ago. I remember the shoe well because the first pair I bought wouldn't do," spoke Johnson, closely examining the article in question.

"That's the shoe you bought, no doubt," proceeded the detective. "You noticed the woman had on only one shoe? Well, the other member of this pair is on her left foot. You see the shoe is perfectly limber and hasn't been exposed to the weather long enough to become hard. Notice, also, the dirt in front of the heel. It is soft and damp. You remember I told you that the woman's tracks at the bridge were made only by the right shoe? All right, then. When I found this shoe I decided that the man, whose trail I was following, had used this shoe to make the tracks at the bridge and had thrown the shoe away, lodging it in the briers. I then continued to

follow the trail, went down the swamp a few hundred yards, walked a log across a little lake and came out to the woods back of Sheriff Smith's, where the trail was lost in the leaves and pine straw. It was then twelve o'clock, so I came on into dinner.

"You know we were all out at the wagon when Jake Norton started to Maxton. When Norton climbed into the wagon he pulled his left foot over the wagon side. On the bottom of his left shoe heel I saw the shiny heads of four carpet tacks."

"Jake Norton killed his wife!" whispered the old man.

"I was then pretty sure," continued Sanders, "that Norton had made the tracks at the bridge, gone down the swamp, thrown away the shoe, and then borrowed the saddle from Smith for a blind. By this time I was almost certain that either Norton had killed his wife or knew the one who had killed her.

"When I came up here to Norton's house the first time, about half past one, the first thing that attracted my attention was a spade under the shelter. The spade was clean and shiny, but with an old cracked handle, showing that it had recently been used. I placed this shoe on some of the tracks in the yard, made by the dead woman, and the shoe fitted precisely. I then went back to your house and asked if you had had any ditching done lately. You thought that I was somewhat of a fool on the subject of ditching."

"Go on. Go on," interrupted Johnson.

Sanders continued. "There then flashed across my mind the suspicion that Norton buried his wife somewhere; and I tried to decide upon the place that such a cunning negro would pick out. At once I thought of under the house. I saw immediately that the house was too near to the ground for a person to crawl under it, so with this little rod, I drew the staple from the door facing and entered the hut. I noticed that the heads of the nails in two of the planks, next the hearth, were broken and battered, and that there were im-



pressions made in the planks by a hammer. There are large cracks in the floor, so, by using this rod as a lever I soon prized up the first plank. I stood on the ground to pull up the second plank, and, on looking down, I saw some yellow sand that I had uncovered. The ground was soft and spongy. I began digging and at five o'clock I found the woman."

"Were you in there when I came up here?" asked Johnson.

"Yes. I locked the door on the outside, went in the window and closed the window behind me," replied the little man.

"Well, I reckon Jake killed her. Yes, I know Jake killed her. He made those tracks to incriminate Purcell," murmured the old man. "Why do you suppose he didn't drown her?"

"That would not have been so easily done," added Sanders. "As it was, the Matthews boy was near by, and would have heard the woman scream before she could have been thrown in. Or if shot, Matthews would have heard the gun. Norton knew of Purcell's threat and by some means or another, knew that the latter was going to Wagram just at that time. In this way he hoped to rid the world of Purcell and Sallie Norton at once. He dug the hole last night while his wife was away, and, no doubt, killed her when she returned. I don't suppose it took him half an hour to dig the hole because the sand is loose. He is a right cunning negro, but he never calculated on the one-shoe business, and never thought of the carpet tacks in his heel. Is Norton known as a mean negro?"

"He has been with me only this year," said Johnson, "and he came from near Rockingham. so, really, I don't know much about him. He is a little sullen at times, and the negroes around here say that he had a bad reputation around Rockingham, but they always talk that way about a stray

negro. But why do you suppose Purcell 'cut up' so when Smith tried to arrest him? He must be guilty of something?"

"I hardly know," replied Sanders. "I have known of such cases before. Negroes are strange animals. When you do find one in ten thousand that will fight a white man, he will resent being arrested, even though he be innocent."

"While I think about it, I believe Smith did say that Purcell has been running a blockade still over in Robeson. Maybe he thought Smith was getting him for that," said Johnson. "Good gracious! It is getting dark. Let's go."

The two men then started for Johnson's house. Shortly after supper Don Graham arrived. Everything was made known to Graham and Lewis, and plans were made to arrest and handcuff Norton as soon as the latter would return from Maxton and complete his supper in Mr. Johnson's kitchen. As good fortune would have it, all the women folks went to prayer meeting and the men remained at home on some petty excuse.

"What is going to be done with Henry Purcell?" put in Lewis.

"That's none of my business," said Sanders. "I came out here to deal with the murder of Sallie Norton. Can you take me to Laurinburg all right to-night? I have a very urgent case awaiting me in Lynchburg, Virginia, and I must be there by to-morrow at noon."

"Yes; Lewis 'll take you," said Graham, answering for his friend. "I am going to take Norton in to Laurinburg to-night, dead or alive," continued Graham, swinging his bulky arm.

The arrest passed off smoothly. The affair took place so suddenly, while Norton was getting up from his supper, that the negro was scared out of his wits. While Graham and Lewis held two revolvers on the criminal's head, and old man

Johnson cocked his muzzle-loader for safe-keeping, Sanders attached the hand-cuffs.

Two buggies rattled loud on the frozen ground as they thumped around the corner on the Laurinburg road while in the house, before a dying oak fire, Mr. Neill Johnson spat upon the hearth and thought.

## IN THE DAYS OF UNCLE JOHN

BY ARTHUR D. GORE.

A little log hut stands in the edge of a small clearing by Gum Swamp. In this humble and decaying hovel dwells Uncle John, a very religious and patriotic veteran he is too. He will not shave on Sunday, says it is a sin, but spends his time looking after his hogs and cows. He often asks us boys if we have seen or had any "intitance" of Buck or Brandy. But as I intended saying, he is very patriotic. He went through the war, was in many battles, tramped barefooted in the snow many miles and experienced several hair-raising escapes, having once come out of battle with eight bullet-holes in his coattail—all of them entering from the rear, however.

But Uncle John is still enjoying his wonted health and maintains his voracious appetite even in his seventy-second year, and is able to hog-hunt barefooted among briars and wiregrass stubbles. Almost any cold, frosty morning one may hear his clarion whoop-a-whoop, and see him ambling across the fens and oak ridges in his blue denim breeches and "nar'd homespun" shirt. His pantaloons suggest that they were made when the tide was high, and the bosom of his hickory jacket bears stains of tobacco juice. His long, grizzly hair falls in tangles down on his drooping shoulders and conceals his face so completely that you must dilate your imagination and scrutinize sharply when he emerges from the brambles to distinguish him from a Teddy bear, or, to omit exaggeration, a Robinson Crusoe or Rip Van Winkle.

But let us not marvel at his odd looks, or let ourselves be stirred to laughter, for in the days of Uncle John things were not as now. Half a century has ushered in its successes and wonders of genius and skilled artisans.

"Along in them times boys useter wear home-made clothes that th' gals wove at night," says Unele John. "Some uv us would pick out the seed and some card it, and spin the cotton into cloth, an' then mam would make us boys lie down flat uv our backs an' she would cut out our britehez ter fit us. An' we never got enny sehoolin' but 'bout two months a yur, an' we had t' study th' ole blue back spellin' book, Smith's 'rithmitic an' grammar, Mitchell's joggerfy, an' th' skule house wuz built uv big logs with th' bark on um. The biggest houses warnt more'n sixteen b' twenty, no boards over th' craeks, all open, an' th' roofs wuz split pine boards six foot long. Timber split good in them days. We had t' put um on with wood pegs, bored holes with ginlets an' driv th' pegs in. Thar warnt but one door, no winders, nor no writin' dests sich as them at skule houses these days. We had t' use fer our dest a big log with one side flattined, th' whole length uv th' house, an' mounted on big pegs up clost t' th' biggest crack in th' house. Th' seats wuz split logs mounted on pegs, too, an' they wuz right good feelin' seats only they stood up somethin' lack a tired Tecksiz pony an' nigh 'bout as tall. Stoves an' heaters warnt known. Our fireplace wuz a stick-an'-dirt chimbley er a hood swung up on a pole acrost th' whole end uv th' hut, an' we burnt logs an' lyterd knots, so we had a good fire. Sometimes th' chimbleys would wash down in time o' storms, an' we would fire a stump outen doors an' set roun' it tel books wuz called by th' teacher who'd allers staump hard with his heels on th' floor an' bawl out "Books chillern." Sunn uv us had t' walk five an' six miles t' skule an' then do 'bout th' house 'fore supper cum, an' it seemed lack it want never a-cummin', an' when it did it wuz roasted swee' tater an' 'simmern byear. We didn't git flour bread but uv a Sunday mornin'."

The wheat in Unele John's day was ground at a hand-

mill. And Uncle John says he is keeping his yet, that we all will come back to them again when the old war troubles get settled.

I like to quote Uncle John. He says, "Not many boys in that day-an'-time went to kollidge, thar wuz one now an' then scattered over th' lan' lack ois in a disert. Dave wuz th' only one in our neighborhood that went an' we all wondered what Dave would look an' aek lack when he cum back. We didn't think he would do lack th' rest uv us boys what hadn't bin, nor he didn't nuther. Dave said he larned that he didn't know much, but we larned a lot from 'im, sorter how t' aek at th' table, in th' church, an' 'mong strangers. Said when the kongergashun cum out, fer us big strappin' fellers not t' line up elost t' th' door where they had t' cum out, an' be gazin' at th' wimmin folks, an' not t' use backer an' smoke in kumpenny. An' I tell you Dave looked good in them home-made clothes his mammy made fer 'im, an' them ox-hide brogans his daddy lack t' a sewed his eyelids t' th' soles uv whilo a-makin' um. Th' ole feller wuz pow'ful narsighted an' had t' peep close. He fer commern made shoes on a fence-rail glut, an' th' way he got th' glut outen th' shoes wuz by borin' a big awgger into th' end uv th' glut an' while he hilt th' handle tho boys pulled at th' number nine til sipirashun tuck place.

"Atter Dave cum baek t' stay though, we wuz gittin' on ter th' new things he knowed sorter, I got t' wantin' sum loose dollars, an' me an' my daddy tuck a load uv bacon, taller, wax an' hides an' ete. to town. He told me I could go down 'bout Ed Lewises at Mark Pine Bay an' buy up what furs I could find. So I geared up slim-horn, wire-leg Brandy to a rail-raek cart an' put out. I stopped at Henry Cartright's fer dinner. He wuz havin' a log-rollin' an' he had bought a half a bushel uv coffee fer th' workin', an' his wife, Matilda Have Allie Melissy, bless her ole wrinkled soul, wuz a-tryin' t' bile it with pork—the whole half bushel!

I told her how Dave said they fixt it at kollidge, so I had good luck thar at that place. That evenin' I crost th' river an' wuz in Crewsoze Eyeland. There I drewed up my reins at ole Bill Hudson's an' ast to stay all night. Bill wuz a trapper an' so had things fixt up in commern. We had catfish soup fer supper sarved with heads, horns, skin an' all jest lack they cum outen th' worter. Th' soup wuz in a big wood bowl an' all han's dished out nv it at th' time. Bed time cum an' I wuz pintoed to a snorin'-scaffle, an' bein' sorter tired twarnt long fore'n I wuz dreamin' I wuz travlin' again. I drempt I wuz biddin' one uv Bill's gals goodbye. She had sorter upshot th' left side uv my breast 'fore I went t' sleep bein' I wuz a youngster an' it my first travlin', so I got t' snubbin' an' a-movin' about too lively in my sleep an' rolled off an' out through a crack into th' yard. I hit th' grit but no sooner'n I started th' tarnal curs found me, one uv them grabbin' me b' th' collar an' th' other no tellin' where, an' ef a feller ever started off prayin' an' wound up a-cussin' I done it.

"Next day bein' Sunday, I decided t' go t' church at ole Beaver Dams an' see if I couldn't pray off some uv th' cussin' I done th' night afore. Good olde brother Nobles wuz th' preacher. Th' crowds 'gun t' pour in frum every quarter with their flyin' colors. They warnt bnt one tradin' pint in all that sectshun an' that wuz Peacock an' Powell, so all uv th' men had on shirts made nv flour sacks from this kumpenny, an' so in th' backs nv all th' shirts wuz P. & P. in big blue letters. I ast a quaintance o' mine what it meant an' he said Peter an' Paul he reek'nd. Well, ole brother Nobles clum up into th' stan' on a ladder an' 'gun t' dig an' rake over th' battlefields, bringin' up fathers, mothers, brothers, husbands, sweethearts an' so on, pintin' out t' sinners th' plan way uv salvashun by grace, an' paintin uv hell in all its frightnin' looks, makin' it a hundred times hotter'n a zine foundary. Hit wuz orful t' listen at an' I thought sival

times I smelt sulfur. Told us we'd be a-squirmin' an' a-rigglin' wosse'n a roastin' toad. He kavorted an' foamed a while an' 'gun t' ast fer worter. Somebody from th' outside poked a tin cup in th' winder behind 'im an' he drunk it an' wuz soon a-callin' fer more worter. Well I thought mighty quair uv 'im bein' s' thirsty an' twarnt long fore'n I found out it wuz fire-worter with more fire'n worter in it. All at once out'n th' stan' he hopped an' cum yellin' an' whoopin', sez 'brethering an' sistrine we air a-playin' hell with th' sinners here to-day.' 'Bout that time I looked crost an' saw ole sister Nealy git up an' go crost t' where old man Nealy wuz a serapin' raw swee' tater fer ther two-months-old kid, an' she tuk from his britches pocket a knife an' a flint an' a ox horn full o' dry rags an' punk, an' 'gun t' strack fire. She soon had it a-blazin' an' passed it 'roun t' all th' ole wimmin an' twarnt long fore'n th' whole place wuz full uv backer smoke a-bilin' through th' cracks worse'n a smokin' meat-house. Ole brother Nobles went back in th' stan' an' fowt th' wind tel th' smoke got s' bad he couldn't stan' it then he'd preach awhile an' then poke his head out'n the winder fer a cool draw an' say t' hisself sorter low, 'Dam,' an then fire away agin.

"Gittin fire with flint'n steel wuz th' primitive way in them days. I've sit on th' lath uv a cold mornin' many a time strackin' fire, but atter Dave cum back frum kollidge he got t' kiverin up th' chunks with ashes uv a night an' so nex' mornin' we done more blowin' an' less strackin in th' fire line."

Uncle John is a very careful, exacting old gentleman, and has so thoroughly been influenced by the old time methods of farming that he pursues them now with unwavering energy and confidence of success.

"Ay law, child, taint a-gwine t' make th' Lord give us more'n we desurve t' be a-plantin' laek every Dick an' Harry sez, a-plantin' corn here this yur, an' cotton here th' nex an'



sumthin' else there th' nex', an a-buyn' this here stinkin' dirt. Trus' God. Ivir since Dave cum back an' gim me a reseed t' kill corn bugs I ain't had a bit a konfydince in ther new fangled farmin'. He told me t' stiek down a holler quill 'bout five inches long over every hill o' corn jest as it wuz a-peepin' up, an' I did, an' he never said when t' take um up tel one day he wuz passin', but it wuz too late then, I couldn't pull up nairy quill thout pullin' up th' corn. An' dad burn my time if Dave didn't tote a whippin fer that too, he did."

Uncle John has a dirt-oven. Did you ever see one? It's a cone-shaped, hollow oven of clay usually four feet high and as broad at the base, with an opening at the top to let out the smoke. Inside a fire is built and kept burning until the whole oven is thoroughly heated, then the fire and ashes are removed and anything from peanuts to turkey may be baked or roasted with perfect ease. Uncle John's wife professes absolute proficiency in the art of using this crude cooking utensil. She must have had for many years, for Uncle John likes to recall the dinners at "sweet Lee Anna's" home when he went a-courting. He says her cookery is what first touched his big unmated heart. She found a sympathetic chord to his heart by way of his stomach.

The old way of planting sweet potatoes was to make a cone-shaped mound for every sprout. Uncle John still follows this plan. To make them all the same size he carefully and diligently measures every one with a large calabash gourd. He plants rice in the drill but makes a separate hole for every grain with a cobbler's awl. He despises a corn dropper, says it makes the corn tassel too early. He places each grain down with his hands precisely in a certain position because he says all the blades of corn will extend parallel with the rows and thus be out of the way in cultivating.

I could tell you many other things about Uncle John but he objects being talked about, and especially if he thinks it

will be seen in print. He says "them maggyzeens and newspapers air already a rail newsunce an' ruinashun t' this here country an's bringin' us nigher an' nigher jedgment every day. Th' ginral wind up uv things is a-cummin' afore mighty long. At th' end uv th' nex' ninety yurs th' sun'll be blown out an' th' moon'll turn t' blood an' th' stars 'll fall, an' newspaper men an' maggyzeen writers'll be a-callin' on th' moun-t'ins t' fall on um an' kiver nm up fer th' fear uv th' Lord's punishmint fer their lyin'. See if it ain't so. Course'n I don't speck t' never live t' see it, but this here worl's a-gwine too fast."

I suspect the reader has very frequently conversed with men like Uncle John, for there are plenty of them, Bills and Daves, and all kinds of men obsessed by ancestral prestige and eccentricities, and one does not have to explore the interior of ancient Germany for them, or to summon witnesses from the Plymouth and Jamestown graveyards to find himself not far in years from the Creation.

## THE WIZARD OF "POLE SHANTY"

BY SCHWITZ.

Bill Smith, the new pastor of Fontana Primitive Baptist Church, had surely lost his way. He expected to reach his appointment by eleven o'clock, but at four he was still traveling an uncertain road. His horse, a thin bay, blind in both eyes and stiff with age, was about exhausted. The deep sand continued to grind between the rims and the loose tires of the buggy wheels and a cloud of dust followed close behind him. Occasionally he would shout a hoarse "Whoa!" to prevent the horse from stepping on a goose, a calf, or a lazy pig. Otherwise he was absorbed in thought wondering what the people at Fontana Church would say about his missing his first appointment.

A dozen times he had asked the way to Fontana and each time a new route was pointed out. The last person of whom he inquired was a woman. Her answer was plain and simple. "Fontana?" she said. "You can't miss hit. Jes go right down to our hog pen whar de road forks and take de fork and go straight on."

Rev. Mr. Smith decided to make no further inquiries. But what if he did want advice? It was twenty miles across Huckle Berry Swamp and not a house on that road. Fortunate for him that he didn't know what was before him.

For a while he reveled in the beauties of Indian summer. October was almost gone and the chilly wind made one feel that frost was not farther away than the coming night. Something had to be done, for his horse could not cross the swamp without food and rest.

Finally he decided to follow a wagon trail which led off from the main road. When he had gone about a mile he

came into an open field. The zigzag rail fence on either side of the path formed a lane in which he found a few pigs and geese. This was encouraging.

"Surely," he said, half to himself, "I will soon find at least a hut."

A sudden turn in the lane brought him face to face with a man—a man did I say? Surely that figure could not be a man. His red flannel shirt, which had been patched until it displayed every shade from the flaming red of the new pieces to the light gray of the faded ones gleamed in the last rays of the setting sun. His trousers missed his brogan shoes several inches. These were made of patches, yet the patching had not been done so well but that one could see more patching needed to be done. On his head was an old hat notched around the edge and drawn to a fit by a leather shoestring. His hunched back which stood fifteen inches to the rear of his neck had borrowed from the front of his shirt until it stood open, leaving his sunken breast bare. There the thing stood, but did not utter a word. Just stood and stared at the man on the buggy, his little pig-like eyes peering out from under a low, scowling forehead.

As uninviting as the man seemed in his appearance, Rev. Mr. Smith thought him his only source of information and ventured to inquire: "Do you know where I can find lodging for the night?"

"Yas'er," was the drawled-out answer. "Pole Shanty is de only place in reach uv you. Me and de ole 'oman hev entertained many a weary traveler, en we'll do de bes' we kin fer you. Jes drive on down ter de house and take out yo hoss en I'll be back terreckly."

Sure enough he had reached "Pole Shanty." There it stood close by the road. No two poles had been cut the same length and the boards which covered it had either been riven

of twisting timber, or else the sun had warped them, for they stood very much like the feathers on the back of a frizzly chicken.

In front of the shanty was an old broken-down wagon, a cart body standing up against a tree, a pile of wornout wheels and tires, scattered timbers, and a well with the bucket hanging from a pole which extended some thirty feet in the air. By the watering trough stood an old gray mule with his long ears projected forward.

But there was one thing which called the parson's attention from all of these. In the door of the little hut sat a tremendous black cat with those piercing green eyes which only a black cat can have. There was almost a human expression about her face. Licking her right fore-paw she passed it cautiously over her face and walked back to the fireplace where a few burning lightwood knots gave a dim flickering light.

The Rev. Mr. Smith had put up his horse and fed him but the hunchback had not returned. He entered the hut very carefully and took a seat on a little stool in the corner. His only host was the cat, who was unwilling to be a host, for as soon as the parson looked her in the face she left the room.

One long, lonely hour passed and still the parson was the only occupant of the hut. He threw himself across a sheepskin which lay in front of the fireplace and dropped off in a doze.

Just as the clock was striking twelve he awoke terribly frightened. It seemed that rocks were falling rapidly on top of the shanty and the wind was blowing furiously. Three times something slammed against the door. At the third jar the door flew open and in walked the strange-looking hunched back man with a strange-looking woman by his side. Bill recognized on the face of the woman the same expression he had seen on the cat's face and the eyes were identical. Sev-

eral cats were seen at the door watching the actions of those inside the room. Presently there came forth a peculiar mew-ourning. One could not tell whether it was the wind, the cats, or a human wail, but it served the purpose. The little weasley-looking woman sprang upon the parson and muffled his face in a heavy shawl while the man tied his hands and feet; and he found himself riding on the hunched back of the wizard of "Pole Shanty."

When the shawl was removed he was in utter darkness. The ground beneath him was cold and damp. He heard the sound of low murmuring voices a few steps away, then some one came and loosing his hands, commanded him to stand on his hands and feet.

"Here, put the bit in his mouth," said one of the witches. But the parson was not willing to be 'bridled and saddled.' He remembered the stories his grandmother used to tell about witches catching men at night and riding them until daybreak. When the cold iron touched his lips he made one desperate plunge and freed himself from the grasp of the hunchback. He held the record for best runner of Pilot Township and now it was "up to him" to 'make good.' He knew no direction and there were no paths; but off he went at full speed, the hunchback and the black cats following in hot pursuit. His speed was making him feel sure of success, when suddenly his foremost foot found nothing to rest on, and he tumbled into a red gully about fifteen feet deep. Before he could get out of the brush and briars which had been thrown in the gully, the whole tribe of witches were upon him.

This time he had to submit to the bridle and saddle. The witches rode in turn until daylight drove them to their homes. When the shanty was reached a little after sun up there sat

the black cat in the door. As the parson drew near her she shook her paw at him and disappeared in the weeds behind the house. He unhitched his horse and began his journey anew. Rev. Mr. Smith had missed his first appointment on the Fontana field.

# STORIETTES

## The Awakening

The girl was sitting on the window seat when he went in, and came forward to meet him with an air of delicious expectancy. But the boy took her outstretched hands in his, and turned coldly away.

"What's wrong, Philip?" Fraid I'll find out you've been smoking again? she queried, in an effort to conceal her surprise.

He was silent for some time, intently watching the glowing fire. He began to think that he would put it off until to-morrow. It was a mess, anyhow, he told himself. The idea of a W. and J. Junior flirting with a kid not fifteen years old! Still, Nell had heaps of sense, but the fellows might get on to her age, and he couldn't stand their jokes, not even for Nell. Besides, he shouldn't have kissed her that first night, he thought.

"Nell, 'member that night we went sled riding, and your hands got cold?" he began.

The girl's face cleared as if by magic.

"Yes, Phil, dear, 'course I do; you were mean enough to kiss mo on the porch, too." But a reminiscent smile on her lips betrayed her true feelings as to Phil's meanness on that occasion.

Phil was tempted for an instant to repeat his meanness, but recollected himself, and stumbled lamely on.

"I was mean, mighty mean, girl; I never knew just how mean I was till I found out how old you were. I've—I've hated myself ever since—. It's a thing that's unpardonable, I know. But, you see, I thought you were lots older, and were just playing the game, and so—"



"There, that's quite enough," interrupted the girl. Her cheeks were blazing, and she caught her breath in quick gasping sobs. "I hate you, I think; won't you please go?"

"Say, Nell, don't take it so hard, it's all my fault," he broke in eagerly. But he retreated before the magnificent scorn in the girl's gray eyes.

She opened the front door for him, and paused a moment, while the snow-flakes pelted in on the polished floor.

"Good night, and good-bye," she said coolly, offering her hand to the boy who stood there helplessly.

He took it eagerly. A strange new light was shining too late in his eyes. Truly with such a girl age counted for little, and what were years as measured against love?

"Nell," he faltered, "I was only joking."

"Good-bye," she replied, calmly, as she closed the door, and the boy plunged down the steps into the swirling, blinding storm.

R. P. Mc.

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### It Pays to Advertise

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Mayor Tanner and the old board of aldermen were candidates for reelection for the fifth consecutive time, and election day was only ten days off. It had always been their custom to have inserted in the *Plainview Weekly Enterprise* a week or so before election a half-page advertisement for which Editor Collins always received the sum of three hundred dollars. Of course the *Enterprise* didn't receive that handsome price for all its advertising, but "the machine" could well afford to be charitably disposed. Wasn't the *Enterprise* the most influential paper in the county? And hadn't it always supported "the machine?" And as a result, hadn't "the machine" always been in power? Well, then.

Editor Collins was hot. The forms should have gone to press long ago, and Tanner hadn't even sent in copy for the ad.

"Mr. Tanner says he wont have an ad this time," exclaimed the devil as he came rushing in.

The editor was too surprised to answer. He grabbed his coat and made a dive for the door. Ten minutes later he rushed into Tanner's office.

"What's the reason you don't want an ad this time, Tanner?"

The Mayor leaned back in his big office chair, thrust his thumbs into the arm holes of his vest and proceeded to explain.

"You see, Collins, we're tired of paying three hundred dollars for your support. This year a hundred doubtful votes will make us safe. We can easily rake these in around the cotton mills for a couple of dollars apiece and thus save a hundred bucks. See?"

Collins saw, and so he didn't insist. The *Weekly Enterprise* appeared the next day with the following headlines:

### BIG FRAUD UNEARTHED!

---

Mayor Tanner and His Associates in Graft Offering Ten Dollars Apiece for Votes.

---

Editor Collins watched the last of the papers roll off the press, and rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Guess Tanner wont buy many votes at two dollars now," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

It cost "the machine" a round thousand to remain in power.

Mayor Tanner now thinks it pays to advertise, and next year he intends to take space in the *Enterprise* again.

—WILL E. MARSHALL

### How Tim Got a Job

A. B. RAY.

Tim Logan was a "scab," that is, he didn't belong to the union. When the union boss demanded that he join the union or quit, he quit.

"This be a free country and I don't have nobody tellin' me I gotta join the union," Tim said to his wife in explanation of why he quit work.

Monday morning, bright and early, Tim started out to get another job; for his wife and kiddies must be fed and clothed. The winds were getting colder and colder and he must get good warm clothes for them.

Tim walked with a swagger, his broad shoulders thrown back and his chest expanded. He whistled a bit of a tune, too, as he passed rapidly down the street. The cold nipped his ears and made him feel good. He was confident of getting another job without any trouble and he was happy.

"Are you a union man?" was the first question asked him by the contractor.

"No, sir, I be not," was Tim's reply.

"We employ none but union men," said the contractor.

So Tim went out with a little less swagger in his walk. His shoulders drooped a little and his chest was not expanded quite so much. He didn't whistle as he went to the next place.

The same question was fired at him by the next contractor and the next and the next.

Tim grew sick at heart and all his boldness was gone; for what would his rosy-checked wife and kiddies do if he didn't get a job.

The swagger was all gone as he went back to his little home.

his shoulders sagged as if heavy weights were tied to his arms, his head drooped and the merry whistle was no more. He had been cowed in a day.

The next day he tried for work, and the next, but the same old question confronted him everywhere and he went back home downcast and sad.

"Faith, an' I'll not join the union, I'll starve first," he said to his wife, but then—a picture of his little kiddies crying for bread flashed across his mind and he bent his head and sighed.

One more try, he determined to make to get a job. He was turned down and started back home with a heavy heart. As he passed by the tall building in process of construction he envied the men who were singing as they worked, and a fierce hatred rose up in his heart against them.

Suddenly there was a great crash and the cry of men in terror and pain. Tim looked and the sight almost froze the blood in his veins. A large part of the scaffolding had given way and precipitated the workmen to the ground, many feet below. Some were killed outright while others lived, though terribly injured. But what Tim noticed particularly was, a man caught by the bent timbers and suspended many feet from the ground. A second look and he recognized the man as the boss who had discharged him. For an instant the joy of revenge was in his breast, but only for an instant. His love for his fellow-man quickly asserted itself and he was calling for help to the excited mob.

The timber, upon which the man was pinioned by a heavy beam, was attached to the wall but seemed ready at any minute to tear loose. The writhings of the suffering man made the danger more imminent. It was certain the timber would not bear the weight of another man at the point where the fellow was pinioned, ten feet out. Tim took in the situation at a glance and saw that there was only one way to save the poor fellow. Without a thought of his own safety, but

thinking only of the suffering fellow-creature above, whom a moment before he had hated with his whole soul, he called to several of the workmen about him.

"Unwind that rope from the drum and bring it up to the top of the building," he said, the old-time commanding appearance coming back to him.

Rapidly they obeyed and followed him up the ladders. When on the wall above the struggling man, Tim tied the rope around his body and was lowered out over space down to the beam. By shoving hard against the wall he was able to swing out and, after many failures he caught a brace near the fellow who was then hanging limp and unconscious. By a great effort he raised the timber from off the "boss," but how was he to get the unconscious man down? A second's hesitation and he was untying the rope from round his own body and tying it around the body of the "boss." Carefully extricating him from the broken timbers he lowered him down to safety, unmindful of the great danger he himself was in, astride the rocking beam. When the body had been released from the rope Tim calmly tied it around himself and was pulled up to the top of the wall. The magnificent display of nerve was wonderful.

Themen showered praises upon him for his brave deed as he slowly walked away to his home. But his head was thrown back, his chest was expanded, and the old-time swagger was in his walk. He whistled a bit of tune, too, for he was happy in the fact that he had saved a life.

As he kissed his wife at the door she saw at once that some good fortune had happened to him, and she waited for him to tell her what it was.

"Well, Mary, I saved the boss' life a little while ago and I reckon I'll get my job back now, union or no union."

And he did.

BEVERLY.

### The Voice O' the Hills

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An epic surge and grandeur swells  
Upon the seas of changing time,  
And rhythmic-sounding tinkling bells,  
The New Year's joys and praises chime.

From out the woodlands comes a call  
Which lures and wins the heart away—  
Away from books in shelves and hall  
And far from cells where hermits stay.

The luring wild! O forest fair!  
For thee I long with all my heart.  
Thy sunlit pines and fragrant air  
Are links that bind and none can start.

Let years their varied calls proclaim,  
And gray my hairs and pale my cheeks!  
No voice can lure me back again,  
Nor might compel whene'er she speaks!

I'll learn her ways and breathe her vows  
And wield the staff of ancient kings.  
My laughter free shall oft arouse  
The ghosts of hills and airy things.

No serried ranks of toiling men  
Shall trample roughly on my woes,  
No prison cell or wicked den  
I'll see, for there are none of those.

O hail dear voice! I'll go alone  
Should none desire of such abode,  
For there I'll be as much Thine own  
As 'mong the world of men I strode!

A. D. G.

## EDITORIALS

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### The Library Again

THE STUDENT has long claimed as its prerogative the right to criticize the library of this College. The exercise of this right has not been through mere force of habit, but has always arisen from a desire to improve conditions admittedly bad. The same holds true in this instance.

Our library as it now exists does not and can not play the helpful and vital part in the college life that it should. The astonishingly small number of students who are borrowers from it and the general lack of interest that is shown are certainly signs which would seem to point to the fact that the library fails to measure up to the proper standard. Obviously the responsibility for whatever inefficiency there is must rest largely upon the management and upon the library itself. In spite of the statement of the catalogue that "in its contents, management, and usefulness, the library will compare favorably with that of any similar institution in the South," a professor in the college recently said that, so far as his department is concerned, the library is of little use.

There are in the library something like nineteen thousand volumes. This number includes much that is readable and valuable, and, it may be said with equal truth, much that is quite useless. Our criticism, however, is of the incompleteness of the collection. Full sets of works by standard authors are sadly missing, and it is frequently the case that the most important volume of some valuable reference work can not be found. A painful cautiousness has been exercised in making additions to the collection, very few sets having been added in some time. In spite of such admirable caution, however, it is strange to note that one of the more recently added sets was of such a character that it was judged to be unfit for the students to read, and was withdrawn from

a circulation that was becoming quite general! We know of libraries in institutions in this State whose annual addition of readable books is considerably more than a thousand. In such colleges about ninety per cent of the students are regular borrowers and the library has a vital part in the college life. While we can scarce hope for such additions we can at least make improvements on what we have.

The management can do much to increase the usefulness of our library. In the first place it is incomprehensible to us why the hours should be so limited. In spite of the fact that a librarian is employed to give *all his time* to the work, the library is actually open to the students only during the regular recitation hours and on Saturdays for less than *three hours*. This makes it practically inaccessible to a large number of students. For the benefit of these and in order to encourage a more general use of the library and reading room, we believe it should be open from 8:30 in the morning until 9:00 or 10:00 at night, Saturdays included. This is done in other places and we fail to see wherein it would be so great a tax upon our librarian if it were done here. This extension of hours, together with a stricter surveillance by the librarian, would help conditions wonderfully.

Without seeking to enlarge upon the faults of the library—they are sufficiently familiar both to students and faculty—we have attempted to suggest some practical improvements of our present system. With such changes in effect and with the active coöperation of the students and the faculty we believe that our library will attain to that high position in our college life which it should hold and must hold if its part is to be a vital one.

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In The Spring    The coming of spring heralds the approach of many athletic contests and makes us all glad. We kindle with enthusiasm in the happy anticipation of such stirring events as basketball games and



track meets. And those of us who do not already feel a touch of baseball in our blood are much in need of a tonic.

Intercollegiate contests are productive of a most wholesome atmosphere in a college. The benefits of such games are not at all confined to the actual participants, but are felt by every man who shares in the enthusiasm of the event. The student who is not in harmony with the athletic spirit or whose heart is not stirred with the enthusiasm of a baseball or basketball game is sadly lacking in the essential elements of the representative American college man. He who fails to attend the games held on the athletic field is robbing himself of his college birthright, and is narrowing his own vision.

How splendid would be the result if every one of our three hundred and seventy men were to catch the spirit of athletics and attend regularly every game played here this spring! Then we would see a body of students who are keen to the situation and are getting the most out of college life. And, materially speaking, it would help the managers wonderfully.

## CURRENT COMMENT

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E. W. S.

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"I congratulate the people of North Carolina that, next to the State of Mississippi, it has a population more devoted to the soil and its cultivation than any other State in the United States. You do not have large cities, and I do not think that a defect at all in your civilization. The fact is that the tendency toward concentration of population in the cities is a tendency that ought to be restrained.

"Country life ought to be made more comfortable and attractive. The pursuit of agriculture, the profession of farming to-day, may well attract the mental and manual activity of men of the highest education, of the highest culture, and of the highest ambition."

It was in these words that President Taft, in the course of his famous "swing around the circle," addressed the people at Wilmington, North Carolina. With the facility of all public men for touching upon something locally of vital interest, he picked out a subject that is very near the hearts of the great rural population. He was following the lead of his strenuous predecessor in office, who focused public attention upon the farm problem less than a year ago, when he appointed a commission to investigate and report upon conditions of country life.

In the opinion of many, Mr. Taft, in again awakening the farm life problem, has "hit the nail on the head."

How to keep the boy on the farm—this is but one phase of the great question that has so long occupied the attention of men in public and private life. The movement to the city of boys born and bred in the country has always been viewed with considerable alarm. Such a movement if it became too general would result in two great evils—overcrowding in

city slums, and lowering the standard of work on the farms.

What's to be done? If young people are discontented at home, and think more opportunities are to be had in the cities; if they find farm work a drudgery and the social life of the country irksome and monotonous, is there not some remedy? To remove the cause of discontent would seem to be the best solution. It may be recorded here that so successful have been efforts to make life on the farms more profitable and attractive that danger of any serious exodus to the cities is a thing of the past.

The farms to-day have many advantages that a generation ago were not known. Most of them are reached by the rural mail, the good roads movement has spread wonderfully, newspapers and farm journals have extended their educative influence, and the rural telephone has organized the great body of farmers and brought them to a better knowledge of each other.

This one agency—the telephone—has done more, perhaps, than anything else to promote the business and home welfare of all the farmers. Through all the great mediums of publicity the truths concerning its power for good have been told to the country population. The Western Electric Company, the largest manufacturer of telephones in the world, distributed instructive literature on the farm telephone subject throughout the rural districts. Farmers were shown how easily rural lines are constructed, and how great a return such a line gives when viewed only from the standpoint of an investment.

For not only does a rural telephone pay; there are times when its presence confers a benefit that could never be gauged in terms of dollars and cents. For instance, when a physician or a veterinary is wanted in a hurry, the telephone is the only reliable and a quicker-than-lightning messenger. The telephone really increases the efficiency of the farms.

President Taft is merely emphasizing the stand of Mr. Roosevelt, who said:

"If there is one lesson taught by history, it is that the permanent greatness of any State must depend more upon its country population than upon anything else. No growth of cities, no growth of wealth can make up for a loss in either the number or character of the farming population."

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**Education and  
Morals**

The year just closed has shown a remarkable emphasis in moral education. There have been many books issued and several congresses,—some of them international—have been held. The nations have been reversing their educational codes and seeking to give a larger place to moral education. In Germany, the elementary reading books contain ethical matter; in Japan the subject is being studied very sincerely. Said President Thwing, "no subject in the whole course of study, from the primary school to the university, is so commonly taught or is so constantly honored in its teaching as the science of right living." Professor Muirhead gives his impressions of the First International Moral Education Congress. He says the countries represented were able to show a great amount of solid achievement, that the delicate subject of the relations between moral and religious education was treated with a dignity and a seriousness that could but help to a better understanding.

All admit that a school is but a small part of the means for moral education, but it is a part that should not be neglected, for it is an indispensable part. Many manuals are being introduced into public schools for the purpose of clarifying and emphasizing moral obligation.

It is not enough for the teacher to acquaint the pupil with the knowledge of his government; he must create an attitude, a feeling.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CARL RAGLAND, Editor, Associate.

In our absence from college during the latter part of the fall term Mr. J. E. Hoyle took our place as Associate Editor of the *STUDENT*. He deserves much praise for the manner in which he handled this department. We are much indebted to him for his timely aid and feel sure that the *STUDENT* and also the readers of the *STUDENT* are indebted to him.

'04-08. Lee B. Weathers has been appointed city editor of the *Charlotte News*, a very desirable and distinguished position. While in college he was associate editor of *THE STUDENT* for the year 1906-07, and was also business manager of *THE STUDENT* for the year 1907-08. He is a brilliant young man and a fine writer.

'52-56. Dr. Henry Hamilton Harris died Monday, December 6, 1909, at his home near Wake Forest. He was 75 years of age and spent all of his life in the vicinity he was born. Although of a wealthy family and of an aristocratic lineage he devoted his time and energies to the service of others in the capacity of a physician. If not on the road he was at the bedside of the sick faithfully administering to their wants. A few years ago on account of his old age and declining health he retired from active service. He was loved and revered by all who knew him.

'97-01. The marriage of Dr. John Brewer Powers, of Wake Forest, N. C., and Miss Nita Fenders, of Valdosta, Ga., was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents on the evening of December 30, 1909. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Chapman, of Valdosta, in an impressive manner the beautiful ring ceremony being used.

Mr. Bruce Powers of Wake Forest, was the best man, Mrs.

C. P. Brooks, the matron of honor, and Miss Leila Fender, the maid of honor. Little Miss Frances Fender was the flower girl and the garland bearers were the little Misses Emma Briggs, Grace Dunaway, Caroline Rose and Dinah Roberts. The musicians were Mrs. H. M. Wilson, Miss Britt, Miss Edna Briggs and Miss Hallie Varnedoe.

When the bride's cake was cut the ring fell to the lot of Miss Hallie Powers, the thimble to Mrs. C. P. Brooks, and the dime to Mr. Bruce Powers. The bride presented to her attendants gold pins with pearls, and the musicians pins with topaz.

They received many handsome presents, among them a chest of silver from Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fender, a mahogany library set from the groom's parents and many more of cut glass and silver.

Mr. and Mrs. Powers left on the eleven o'clock train for Atlanta, where they spent a short time and from here they went on to Wake Forest, their future home.

Mrs. Powers is very popular in Valdosta and has friends not only there but all over the State of Georgia. Dr. Powers is a man of high standing, both socially and in the business world. At present he occupies the chair of Pathology and Bacteriology at Wake Forest College and is dean of the medical department.

Among the out-of-town visitors present at the marriage were Mrs. H. M. Wilson, of White Springs; Miss Hallie Powers and Mr. Bruce Powers, of Wake Forest; Miss Mabel Powell, of Jacksonville, Fla., and Miss Petrona Powell, of Petersburg, Va.

The STUDENT extends a congratulatory hand to the young couple and best wishes for a long and happy life.

'83-87. Dr. J. W. Lynch, of Durham, N. C., the late beloved and revered pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church, who however needs no introduction to the Alumni

of Wake Forest College nor to the people of the State, delivered a masterful speech before the North Carolina Baptist State Convention at its last session at Wadesboro on December. His subject was "The Orphanage," and he handled it with a master hand.

At a meeting of the Directors on January 13, 1910, Robert H. Royall was elected assistant cashier of the Atlantic National Bank of Jacksonville, Florida.

'84-89. William C. Dowd, of Charlotte, N. C., was chosen President of the Baptist State Convention at its last session. He presided over it with great dignity and ability. He is one of the foremost lawyers of the State and is a man of great executive ability.

'05-09. Rev. T. Y. Seymour, of Wake Forest, N. C., and Miss Loula Baker, of Parkton, N. C., were united in the holy bonds of wedlock at 8:30 o'clock Wednesday evening, December 29th. The marriage took place in Parkton in the First Baptist Church, the ceremony being performed by Rev. E. J. Harrell, pastor of Lumber Bridge Baptist Church. Miss Ahna Baker was the maid of honor and Rev. E. D. Poe, of Wake Forest, was the best man. After the ceremony the happy couple left on the 10:30 train for a bridal tour to Washington and Richmond. After the 5th of January they will be at home at Newport News, Va., where Mr. Seymour is the pastor of the Tabernacle Church.

Both of these young people have many friends throughout the State who wish them a long and happy married life. The bride is a charming and attractive young lady and of a winning personality. Mr. Seymour is a gifted young preacher, having served the churches of Forestville and Glen Royal the past year.

'78-82. The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary has secured the services of Rev. O. L. Stringfield, of Maiden, N. C., to conduct the canvass for the Seminary endowment in North Carolina. The Baptists of North Carolina will find

in him, as they already know, a fellow helper who will advance every interest of the churches as well as that which he specially represents in connection with the Seminary and its work.

'91-95. Rev. T. B. Hill, who has been in North Carolina for some months past, canvassing for Seminary endowment, will probably continue his work in Virginia after the first of the year. He has raised about half of the apportionment of \$50,000 for North Carolina.

Edwin M. Potcat, D.D., President of Furman University, of Greenville, S. C., will deliver an address at the approaching Laymen's Convention at Greensboro, N. C.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

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ROGER P. McCUTCHEON, Associate Editor

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**The Furman  
Echo**

The December number of *The Furman Echo* is admirable as far as make-up and appearances go. The content is not quite so pleasing. A sickening sameness characterizes the stories, which without exception deal with some phase of love. "The Awakening" and "The Spanish Shepherdess" are perhaps the best of the stories, and both of these exhibit hasty, sometimes crude workmanship. In the latter story we first see the heroine, Nirvana, (a name, by the way, singularly fitted for a Spanish girl!), occupied in charming snakes on the hillside. Her last appearance is in the circus as a lion-tamer. In between times she tends sheep, truly a most versatile woman. "The Way of the Cumberland" would be interesting if the plot were not so familiar. "The Motive of Attainment" is apparently a speech, to judge by its oratorical tang, and has slight value. "The English Language in America" is the best article in the *Echo*, a scholarly conception, ably written, and praiseworthy. We question the place of "A World Without a Christ" in a college magazine. "Nemesis" takes up more space than it deserves. The rest of the verse is good. The editors are doing excellent work.

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**The Magazine**

A noticeable lack of balance is observed in the December *Magazine* (University of Texas). The editorial department is, we feel, undeveloped, as it covers only four pages as opposed to the fifty-odd pages of the literary department. The arrangement of the material is not so good as it might be. "The Mark of Byron's Lame Foot" is a strong article, written sympatheti-

cally, perhaps too sympathetically, and shows some amount of investigation. Truly delightful is "An Apology for Grinds," and withal sensible and pertinent. The style is happy, and free from affectation. Levinsky is a vivid sketch of an interesting character. The style of "Auf Weidersehen" is far better than the plot, and the whole story turns out to be little more than sentimental slop. "A Midnight Message" has a strong plot, and if handled better would be a tip-top story. The rest of the fiction is "flat, stale, and unprofitable," with a strong inclination toward the sentimental. On the whole, the poetry surpasses the fiction. "Fatima" and "Love's Rose" are perhaps the best of the number.

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**Trinity Archive** Among the foremost college magazines is the *Trinity Archive*, and the Christmas issue in every way upholds its standard. The material is well arranged, and evidences careful selection. "On Christmas Eve" is a story of unusual worth, an adaptation from the German, but we feel that it has lost nothing in the translating. "Hilligenlei" is a most interesting review of a book but too little known. This kind of work, the bringing of the obscure into light, has true merit, and we only wish that more of the college magazines would make real contributions to knowledge. By the "Light of the Christmas Fire" is a dialect story of only ordinary merit. Just why "night" should be deformed into "nite" to indicate negro dialect, is truly inexplicable. A bright tale of travel, refreshingly free from "guide book English," is "First Impressions of Germany." "Mable" is of doubtful value, but none the less amusing as a story. There is a scarcity of verse, but the two selections are good. The editorial departments are strong, and well written. "Literary notes" we liked particularly.

The Emery and  
Henry Era

The *Era* for December comes to our table clad in a most attractive holiday garb. The arrangement and balance of material is satisfactory. "A Lover from Ennui" turns out to be merely a string of incidents; we are strongly inclined to entitle the story with its very suggestive signature, "A Swindle." The absence of plot is hardly balanced by the dubious strength of workmanship. "A Promise Fulfilled" is the familiar story of a fond affection waning during the separation of college days, only to be renewed in later years, we trust, happily. This standard dish is served up with the usual sauce of immature sentiment. "Madge," having bulldozed her guardian, and led her lover around by the nose, descends to a most weak and uncharacteristic method of indirect proposal, but it proves satisfactory in so far as the immediate results were concerned. A couple of debate speeches on coeducation would be endurable, and considerably curtailed, by the omission of several deadly flights of so-called eloquence. The article on "Mongrelization" is pertinent, although the perils pictured are, we feel, overdrawn. The editors are to be commended for their creditable work, but they need to practice the doctrine of selection in choosing the material for the magazine.

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The December *Mercerian* would be more attractive if a brighter cover-design were used. Very few exchanges now print the table of contents on the cover, and in this respect the *Mercerian* has room for improvement. "Tennyson To-day" is a fairly good article, but displays a lack of originality. "Present-day Eloquence" is an exceptional article, readable and sensible. The analysis is clear, and the conclusions commendable. "Frenchy" is a clever bit of characterization, but the dialect appears a trifle forced. The author of "The Prince and the

Beggar Maid" strongly inclines to "purple patches" of description, which serve to conceal in a slight degree the old and ordinary plot. In "Bill's Last Request" the writer had a chance to tell a good story, but failed to rise to his possibilities. "Callie's Christmas" contains a word unrecognized as yet by the Century Dictionary, "kinnery." Moreover the tragic knot, to dignify the complication by that name, is cut, and not untied. The editorials are good. "Books and Authors" is a valuable department, and capably conducted. Perhaps too much space is given to the athletic department. As it stands less than half of the entire space is taken up by the literary department.

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**The Randolph-** In appearance, mechanical make-up, and **Macon Monthly** proper balancing of material we commend highly the Christmas issue of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. The magazine is particularly to be congratulated on the verse, which is good both in quantity and quality. "Who Is Happiest" is the best of the poems, pleasing in conception and appropriate in diction. "The Three Wise Men" pales at a second reading. The author has seemingly tried to refine pure gold, a worthy attempt, perhaps, and interesting, but futile. "The Treble Couple" has an incomprehensible title, and a style which, in parts, smacks strongly of affectation. We judge that the scene is laid in the land of eternal summer, where we find pinks, geraniums, and hollyhocks all blooming in "the springtime twilight." There are some fine thoughts in "The Home," but we have to dive under the foam of flamboyant oratory to get them. A certain Christmas story was fine when we first read it some years ago, in a popular magazine devoted largely to women. The change of the hero's name from Gerald to Donald is the only new feature we noticed, and we must say that the innovation

is not remarkably acceptable. "Dactyology" is clever, original, and captivating, as is "Billy Brint Bankrupt." We cannot help recommending increased vigilance on the part of the editors.

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### Love's Rose

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I am not one to crush the breath  
Of first shy fragrance from a flower—  
Kinder, to watch it dream its little hour,  
And catch the sweeter perfume of its death.

But oh, but oh, that time within the garden close,  
While the mystic moments of the twilight held  
My soul by some wild tenderness compelled  
I kissed the lips and drained the fragrance of the virgin rose!

And oh, that night without the convent wall,  
While I drained the sweetness of a love forbid  
In one long rapturous kiss, that hid  
The death of love, and life, and all.

—R. B. S., in *The Magazine*.

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### Rest

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They tell me, in this human life,  
Who live the darker, dimmer side,  
And struggle with the bleak wild tide,  
That rest is sweetest after strife.

They tell me, in the longest night  
Who greatly toil with anguish'd soul,  
And reach at last the long'd for goal,  
That dawn is sweetest to their sight.

—Carson Farmer in the *Mercerian*.

Who is Happiest

---

Who is happiest? He who masters men,  
And intellect, and elegance, refinement, then  
The plaudits of the whole world's smiling throng;  
And finds God's secrets in his studied hours aside,  
In classic hymn and poet's song,  
And books of men who seek to guide?

Who is happiest? He who labors on  
In factory amongst his fellow-men of brawn;  
And whistles soft his fav'rite tune or sings,  
And lives full simply day by day, with faith above,  
And peace and charm of quiet things,  
And sweet, unselfish, homelike love?

Who is happiest? He, with angler's hook,  
Who throws his line into the sunny, babbling brook;  
Or leans perchance upon some friendly hill;  
Or rides his horse beneath the spacious, windy skies,  
And muses in the warmth and chill—  
A simple wand'rer 'neath God's eyes?

Who is happiest?  
He of cultured mind and heart;  
Or he who toils with kindly thought;  
Or he who culls all nature's art?  
God wist!

For each is fully blest;  
And not  
A one cares for the other's lot.

—*B. T. Tatem in the Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

## CLIPPINGS

### THE DIFFERENCE.

"Here," shouted the railway official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

The porter gasped in astonishment and several travelers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real.

Then the official spoke again: "Don't you see that you are making big dents in this concrete platform?"—*Tit-Bits*.

✽

To shave your face and brush your hair,  
And then your Sunday clothes to wear;  
That's preparation.  
And then upon a ear to ride,  
A mile or two to walk beside;  
That's transportation.  
And then before the door to smile,  
And think you'll stay a good long while;  
That's expectation.  
And then to find her not at home;  
That's thunderation.

✽

"Papa," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics."

"Well, daughter," wrote the old man, "if your heart is set on him you may have the darn fool."

### ONE OF MANY.

Bessie: "Oh, Mabel! I am in an awful dilemma! I've quarreled with Harry and he wants me to send his ring back."

Mabel: "That's too bad."

Bessie: "But that isn't the point. I've forgotten which is his ring."

### A FEW.

The Housekeeper.—Stranger: "Rastus, do the people who live across the road from you keep ehickens?"

Rastus: "Dey keeps some of 'em, sah."

### GREAT ADVANTAGE.

Jack: "Those young widows have an advantage over you single girls, because they know all about men."

Madge: "Yes, and because the only men who know all about them are dead."

## NOT THE SAME.

"What do you call your mule, uncle?"

"You means whut's his name, boss; or whut Ah calls him?"



## AFTER THE STORM.

Wife: "In a battle of tongues a woman can hold her own."

Husband: "M'yes, p'raps she can; but she never does."



## THE DECADENT DRAMA.

I hate to see a problem play  
In which the leading lady  
Feels often called upon to say  
Her former life was shady.

But to the modern problem play  
The old is not a marker;  
For now we hear the lady say  
Her future will be darker.



## AN INDOOR PICNIC.

"Why won't you go to the picnic?"

"Aw, I'm too tired. Let's soak a few sandwiches in lemonade and eat 'em on the kitchen floor."



## CAUGHT.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner, impatiently; "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted, rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.



"Why don't you marry Matilda? She loves you, and would make you happy. What's the trouble with her?"

"Her past."

"Her past? And what fault do you find with her past?"

"The length of it."



## OUR NATIONAL COLORS.

English Girl: "You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I can not understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

American Girl: "It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear; it's our greenbacks."—*The Wasp*.



## AND THEN ———.

The slowly descending sun was shedding its last rays upon the autumn landscape. They sat together in the garden, she on the old bench, he on the ground at her feet.

She took his face in her soft white hands and gazed for a moment into his dark brown eyes.

"Speak to me, darling," she said; "won't you speak?"

He gazed steadily into the liquid depths of her azure eyes.

"Speak, darling," she pleaded again.

"Bow wow!" he said soulfully.



## SURE SIGN OF WINTER.

The lamps are lighted early,

The air is raw and chill,

The trees are almost leafless,

The wind blows with a will.

But the sign which tells me surely

The year is growing old,

Is that my daily morning bath

Is getting beastly cold!



## HARD TO SUIT THEM.

"I am in hard luck."

"How so?"

"Told Milly she was the first girl I ever loved, and she said she had no time to waste training a molly coddle."

"Well?"

"Then I told Amy that I thought I had loved many before I met the real thing in her, and she asked me if my proposal to her was the result of a cultured taste or only a folorn hope."—*Baltimore American*.



## A MISS-UNDERSTANDING.

She (Saturday night): "Do you like to dance?"

He (wearily): "Yes, but not on my week-ends."

She (sympathetically): "Try ankle supporters."—*Harvard Lampoon*.



Beneath the moon

He told his love,

The color left her cheeks;

But on the shoulder

Of his coat

It showed up for a week.



Stella: "Have you saved your gas receipts?"

Bella: "Yes; I have an engagement ring."

## JUST WHAT HE NEEDED.

"Reginald, dear, you puckered up your lips just then as if you were going to kiss me," said the beautiful creature languorously, as she lay stretched on the beach surveying the frolics of Neptune.

"I intended to," replied Reginald, hesitatingly, "but I seem to have got some sand in my mouth."

"For Heaven's sake, swallow it," exclaimed the young lady. "You need it badly in your system."—*Young's Magazine*.

✱  
A cautious look around he stole,  
His bags of chink he chink;  
And many a wicked smile he smole,  
And many a wink he wunk.

—*The Palmetto*.

## TONE AND LUMBER.

Husband: "My dear, there's no use talking. With coal at its present prices, we'll have to burn wood this winter. I'm thinking of breaking up that old piano of ours."

Wife: "There isn't enough wood in that to last a week."

Husband: "You are mistaken. There are chords and chords in it."—*Boston Transcript*.

✱  
There is a man who never drinks,  
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears;  
Who never gambles, never flirts—  
He's paralyzed!

There is a man who never does  
A thing that is not right;  
His wife can tell just where he is  
At morning, noon and night—  
He's dead!

## A CYNICAL TEST.

Diogenes was hunting for an honest man.

"I shall test those who announce they take a cold plunge every morning in winter," he cried.

Herewith he took along a tub.

✱  
There's a girl from the "Land of the Sky,"  
Who said to her lover, Oh! fie;  
You may kiss me, of course,  
But you'll have to use force,  
And, goodness, you're stronger than I.

## A MODERN IDYL.

"Here's a suffragette marries a chauffeur—a down-to-the-minute romance."

"As to how?"

"They met in jail."



## THERE IT GOES AGAIN.

You can drive a horse to water,  
But you can't make him drink.  
You can ride a Latin pony,  
But you can't make him think.



## ENTER: BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

No more for us the morning mush,  
The sawdust or baled hay;  
No more the bacon and the egg  
Of some long-bygone day.  
No more the patent flake or shred  
To be our morning fate;  
The frost is on the pumpkin now,  
The buckwheat on the plate.

Each season brings its crowning joy,  
Spring, summer, winter, fall;  
But winter, with its morning dish,  
Just beats 'em, one and all.  
Back to the pines with toast and hash,  
They're lame and out of date;  
The frost is on the pumpkin now,  
The buckwheat's on the plate.



## A LITTLE STUNT.

"What happened in your flat last night? Have a prize fight?"

"Certainly not."

"But I heard subdued yells. What was pulled off?"

"A porous plaster, if you must know."

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ARTHUR D. GORE, Editor

"Miss Annie's" invitations!  
Then great anticipations—  
For fear she'll come.

—Have a pleasant Christmas?

—Not long until Anniversary—comes the 11th of February!

—Eugene A. Turner made a lecture at the first meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

—"Who is Halley's Comet?" somebody asked. "Why, don't you know? a French novelist!"

—Dee Carrick has been chosen president of the Athletic Association. We extend to him our pledge of hearty cooperation.

—Mr. Oscar W. Henderson, class of '09, was on the Hill at the opening of school. He began his studies at Crozer Theological Seminary last September.

—The rap of the hammer and clank of the trowel unite in a daily strain; Messrs. Robert Powers's and William Dickson's residences are nearly completed.

—The Law class has elected its officers, as follows: R. E. Josey, Associate Judge; Abraham Suskin, Solicitor; J. E. Kinlaw, Clerk; C. H. Staten, Sheriff.

—Those who will participate in the preliminary for the Davidson Debate which will be held at Greensboro next Easter, are as follows: Messrs. H. B. Jones, Dee Carrick, J. B. Eller, W. E. West, A. R. Williams, H. Wallin, C. T.

Murchison, C. C. Wheeler, J. L. Jenkins, and E. I. Olive. The query is, "*Resolved*, That the legislative initiative and referendum should be introduced in our State government."

—On the night of the 13th the members of the Junior Order held a banquet in their Council Chamber over Powers Drug Store. The attendance was large and several of the ladies of the town were present. Professor Timberlake acted as toastmaster, and Doctors Sikes and Brewer, and Professors Gulley and Jones gave toasts. The occasion was an exceedingly delightful one.

—The Anniversary debaters are: Messrs. Elbert N. Johnson and Julius C. Smith of the affirmative, and of the negative Messrs. H. B. Jones and S. C. Hilliard. The question to be debated is, "*Resolved*, That Congress should enact an Income Tax Law." The presiding officer and secretary are respectively Messrs. George H. Johnson and Dee Carriek. The orators are Messrs. John J. Best and Ross Hill.

—The Masons of the State held their annual meeting in the Masonic Temple in Raleigh on the night of January 11th. After the Grand Master, S. M. Gattis's speech to the Order. Prof. John B. Carlyle, of Wake Forest, delivered an oration. a few extracts of which I take the liberty and pleasure of quoting here. His subject was "Light and Love—Fundamental Principles of Masonry." "Light is the foe of disease, death, vice, and crime; the friend of health, virtue and morality. \* \* \* The difference between savagery and civilization is simply a difference in degree of intellectual light. So in morals. As the eyes of men are open to discern the beauty of light—intellectual, the hearts of men are quickened to do the right—ethical.

"But light without love is a consuming fire—light linked with love is an irresistible force. \* \* \*." Toasts were responded to by Dr. Sikes, Dr. Brewer, Prof. Gulley and Prof. Jones.

—The several athletic teams are working hard to get into good shape; the basket-ball team is most promising, and will be the fastest ever turned out by Wake Forest; the track team is taking advantage of the balmy days, and a large number of men are out in running clothes every afternoon; baseball practice has not regularly begun yet, but the men are beginning to warm up a little in the afternoons.

—Some dreamy-eyed, dormitory poet has broken loose and perpetrated the following:

#### THE SCRUB-FACULTY.

When the winter wind howls 'round the desolate eaves,  
And the frozen ground rings to the late passer's feet,  
And the hollows are filled with the huddled-up leaves  
That are swept by the gale from the wind-scoured street;

When the fire flickers fitfully up through the gloom,  
And the wind grumbles pettishly up in the flue,  
And the lamp's shaded light spreads abroad through the room  
To combat with its warmth the moon's shivery blue;

I draw my chair close to the fire's grateful heat,  
And tamp my pipe down with the seductive weed,  
And my soul leaves my body lying back in my seat  
And follows my fancies wherever they lead.

And they always go back to the same well-loved spot,  
And three well-known faces they evermore bring;  
And they sing a queer song whose music is not  
Of the Earth but of Dreamland—that song that they sing:

"Oh, here's to you, Henry and Hubert and Pete,  
None of the bitter and all of the sweet;  
To be happy through life is nothing but meet  
For the scrubs of the Faculty.  
May your lives be as long as your faces are black,  
For the good things of earth may you never lack,  
And may you remain till I quit coming back,  
The backbone of W. F. C.

For the Faculty strives to assist us to arm  
 For the battle of life; but you keep us warm,  
 And if either must fail, I would view with alarm  
 Your failure much quicker than their's.  
 For the Profs. may depart, but the College stays here,  
 But were you to strike, it would vanish, I fear.  
 For to a cold man homesickness is near,  
 As he rages and cusses and swears.

Prometheus never more welcome could be  
 Than Hubert's black coal-hod is always to me,  
 And Henry's hot water and Pete's broom to see  
 That the room is kept tidy and neat.  
 So here's to your healths, you faithful men, all;  
 May your good luck be great and your bad luck be small—  
 May you always respond to the cold student's call,  
 You Henry and Hubert and Pete."

And in spirit I bow to the lords of the hearth,  
 Whose worship has aye been the worship for me.  
 For if ever the Lares came down upon earth,  
 They took tangible form in the shapes of these three.

—A protracted meeting was held here by Rev. W. M. Vines, of Asheville, during the last week in January. His persuasive eloquence and clear, logical argument and acceptable conclusions wrought well their intended purpose, and the meeting closed the night of the 30th with a great success achieved.

—On the 28th morning of January, Maj. John M. Crenshaw passed away, having lived eighty-eight years. He was the Philomathesian Literary Society's first voluntary member to join after its organization in 1835, and his request was that this society take part in his burial. The members of this society marched in solid phalanx to the home of the deceased, where a short funeral service was held by Prof. W. B. Royall. After interment at the family cemetery, a beautifully designed Greek letter *phi*, of red and white flowers and fern was presented by the Philomathesian Society and placed upon the grave. Ten members of the society acted as pall-bearers.



MAJ. JOHN MARTIN CRENSHAW  
First Student to Matriculate at Wake Forest  
Born July 25, 1822  
Died January 28, 1910



# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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## EDITORIALS

ARTHUR D. GORE

Death of  
Maj. John M.  
Crenshaw

The death of Mr. John M. Crenshaw on January 28th last, has removed from our midst the first student to matriculate at Wake Forest after its beginning as a chartered Literary and Manual Labor Institution; one of the Institution's most loyal alumni, and probably the oldest and most respected, having lived his long life of eighty-eight years not more than three miles from his Alma Mater. His was the honor and distinction also of having been the first voluntary member to connect himself with the Philomathesian Literary Society after its organization in 1835.

By his death we feel deeply the truth that the last link which bound the present with the past, relative to the early beginnings of this Institution, has virtually been severed. No personal connection is now easily available by which the true light of old, dear things about the College may be now perceived. This light has gone out, to shine brighter, we hope, elsewhere.

Documentary records which may be destroyed at any time are now our only refuge, and source of information as to the College's infancy, and its faculty and community have felt the keen loss of this honored and beloved citizen in whom all had utmost confidence, and for whom love and profound regard have lacked words for full expression.

His long relationship with this Institution and its worthy teachers, his eventful life which extended through the most

marvelous period of our Nation's famous history, and his recent death, make it exceedingly fitting that we should pay our humble respects to his memory by placing his portrait as a frontispiece and adding our last tribute of respect in these remarks.

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Wake Forest Institute Number	Inasmuch as this number of THE STUDENT has been designed to include as its contents only the general proceedings, internally and externally, relative to Wake Forest, during the first year after receiving a charter from the State, we have diligently collected from first-hand sources material directly pertaining to the time we have taken as our limit. A brief sketch of how it became a chartered Literary and Manual Labor Institution, showing the names of those in the Senate who voted on either side and the credit due the Speaker for having cast the deciding ballot in the affirmative; a record of the meetings of the Board of Trustees, giving a clear insight into the earnest efforts put forth by that body to establish and maintain this school at a great and willing sacrifice; and a copy of the Treasurer's Accounts in regard to each individual student's expenses. All, we trust, will seem to the casual reader a fair explanation of the Institution's progress in its earlier days.
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In addition to this there will be found the proceedings of the two Literary Societies published verbatim; a list and short biography of each original member of both societies; extracts from correspondences and editorials taken from the *Biblical Recorder*; and, lastly, a reproduction of the first Commencement oration delivered at Wake Forest by any member of the student body. These records are adequate proofs of the earnest and faithful work done, and of the ardent enthusiasm which wrought from small beginnings great success.

As has been customary, once a year one number of THE STUDENT is devoted to Baptist Historical Papers, but inasmuch as there is a desire to restore to their wonted interest the documents of the past, we have unhesitatingly adopted this method of retelling the story of the College's humble beginning and the founding of the Literary Societies, which this year celebrate their seventy-fifth anniversary. These documents tell also of the praiseworthy efforts and excellent examples of the founders of the societies, and we trust that this issue will readily commend itself to the indulgent reader as an appropriate substitute for the Historical Number. With these preliminary explanations, no more than has seemed quite necessary, (feeling satisfied that our purpose is fully comprehended), we respectfully submit as complete this number devoted to the first year of Wake Forest Institute.

## HOW WAKE FOREST BECAME A CHARTERED DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOL

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On December 4, 1833, Mr. William H. Battle, of Franklin County, presented a bill to establish a Literary and Manual Labor Institution in the county of Wake. This bill was read the first time and passed. On the following day it was, on motion of Mr. Pleasant W. Kittrell, referred to the Committee on Education which reported favorably, in these words:

"Your committee are aware that apprehensions are entertained that if this bill be passed into law a class of individuals in their corporate capacity may have conferred upon it privileges, if not incompatible with our Constitution and Bill of Rights, yet inconsistent with the freedom and genius of our institutions. This bill having no object but to found and establish an institution to promote learning and disseminate knowledge, it would seem to us that no just apprehension could well be entertained.

"It appears from the legislation of this State heretofore, that the principles of this bill have been clearly sanctioned, if not transcended. An act was passed in the year 1796, entitled an act to secure property to religious societies or congregations of every denomination, which act authorized any religious society to select trustees who were empowered and vested with full and ample authority to purchase and hold in trust for such religious society any lands, or tenements, and to receive donations of any nature or kind whatsoever for the use and benefit of such society. And by an act passed in the year 1809, amendatory of the act of 1796, the trustees were enabled to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded. These acts were manifestly passed to enable the several religious societies of this State to advance and promote

religion. The aim and intent of this bill is to diffuse the blessings of an education and a knowledge of the mechanic arts.

"In the year 1831, an act was passed to incorporate the Raveneroft Academy in the town of Fayetteville, which embraces principles analagous to this bill. Your committee conceive that, if this act remains upon your statute book and this bill is forbidden to be passed, upon that contingency, there would then be established by law a set of men entitled to exclusive privileges and emoluments, which is forbidden by the Bill of Rights.

"Your Committee are aware that the State can not at this time, without imposing an exceedingly onerous burden on the people, comply with the 41st section of our Constitution, which imperatively requires that a school or schools shall be established by the Legislature for the convenient instruction of youth, with such salaries to the masters paid by the public as may enable them to instruct at low prices. To effect this noble purpose, the instruction of the youth of our State, associations of individuals, whether of the different denominations of Christians or not, have asked of us the common privilege of incorporation, which has been freely bestowed by the Legislature on associations of individuals for inferior objects.

"The Committee beg leave to submit another remark: that as all political power is vested in and derived from the people, it becomes the duty of the Legislature to diffuse information and knowledge amongst the people. And it does appear to your Committee that this duty can be performed to a great extent by passing this bill into law and enacting others of a like character. In doing so, we are not impugning another section of our Constitution which forbids the establishment of one religious church in this State in preference to any other."

With amendments from the Committee on Education, and

further amendments by motions of Messrs. Daniel and McNeill, the bill was read a second time and passed by a vote of 91 to 36.

Having been recommitted to the Committee on Education, the following report was returned by that Committee:

"As to a bill recommitted to them, they have decided that the amendments which were offered and passed in the House be stricken out and that the bill be passed as originally reported. Your committee having heretofore offered their reasons in favor of the passage of this bill, or one similar in principle, deem it needless waste of time again to repeat them."

Therefore, on Wednesday, December the 18th, Mr. R. H. Alexander, Chairman of the Committee, reported the same with sundry amendments, and Mr. Benjamin Settle, of Rockingham, moved that the bill be indefinitely postponed; but the question was lost, 32 to 90, and the bill was read a third time, amended, passed and ordered to be engrossed.

On December 24th, following, the Senate informed the House that the bill had been passed with their amendments, and having been read by the House the amendments by the Senate were concurred in.

The engrossed bill to establish the Literary and Manual Labor Institute was read the second time and after two slight amendments by Messrs. Skinner, of Perquimans, and Spaight, respectively, it was read a third time, and passed—Ayes 29, nays 29—the speaker, Mr. William D. Moseley, of Lenoir, voting in the affirmative.

As is recorded in the Senate Journal, 1833-4, pp. 67 and 68, those voting in the affirmative are, Messrs. Beard, Caldwell, Clayton, Collins, Elliott, Faison, Gavin, Hinton, Howell, Hussey, Jones, Kendall, McCormick, Martin of Richmond, Mears, Mebane, Mendenhall, Moore, Morris, Morrison, Nash, Norman, Shuford, Skinner of Perquimans, Skinner of Chowan, Spaight, Stedman, Stone, Vann.

Those of the negative: Messrs. Arrington, Brittain of Burke, Brittain of Macon, Burns, Cooper, Dobson, Edwards, Flowers, Thomas Foy of Onslow, Hall, Harrison, Hogan, Hoke, Kerr, Lindsey, Mann, Matthews, Montgomery, Moye of Greene, Moye of Pitt, Phillips, Dameron Pugh of Hyde, Sherard, Simmons, Sittin, Skinner of Pasquotank, Vanhook, Walton and Wilder.

## RECORD OF TRUSTEES

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A Record of the Proceedings of the Board of Trustees  
of Wake Forest College, May 3, 1834.

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The Board of Trustees convened at the Institute. The members present were John Armstrong, John Culpepper, Sr., Charles W. Skinner, Aaron I. Spivy, W. Crenshaw, W. Roles, John Purifoy, Tho. Crocker, Allen Bowden, Jos. B. Outlaw, Turner Carter, Daniel Boon, David Thompson, D. S. Williams, Alfred Dockery, and A. J. Battle.

The meeting was organized by calling D. Thompson to the chair, and appointing Geo. W. Thompson secretary.

The first business which came before the meeting was the consideration of the charter which was accepted after much deliberation.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows: William Hooper, President; Geo. W. Thompson, Secretary; William Crenshaw, Treasurer.

*Resolved*, That William Crenshaw, Geo. W. Thompson, John Purifoy, Foster Fort, David Justice and William Roles be appointed an Executive Committee, any three of whom shall constitute a quorum.

A committee was created consisting of Messrs. Carter, Dockery, Outlaw, Skinner and Spivy, whose duty it was to present a plan of the buildings necessary for the successful prosecution of the objects of the Institute, and to report on Monday next.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Board be tendered to Gen. Alfred Dockery for his donation of a set of Blacksmith's tools.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Board be tendered Chas. W. Skinner for his donation of a bell.

Received by the hands of A. J. Spivy \$103 from different



persons of Bertie; also by the hands of David Thompson \$10 from Dr. J. Lee Haywood. Adjourned until Monday morning.

May 5.—The Board convened according to appointment. The committee on buildings reported and the Board passed the following resolutions, viz:

*Resolved*, That as soon as the state of the funds will justify it a house be constructed three stories high, containing not less than ten rooms on a floor.

*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee be instructed to have prepared a draft of the building and to estimate the probable cost of constructing it, if brick, and also of stone, and report at the next meeting of the Board.

*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee be instructed to adopt measures for the immediate erection of the following buildings, viz: One two-story house 50 feet by 30; also eight houses, 26 by 12, having stack chimneys with 10 feet sheds.

*Resolved*, That there shall be an agent appointed whose duty it shall be to present to the people of the State the objects of the Board and to solicit aid for the erection of the above named buildings.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Armstrong, Roles and Meredith, was appointed whose duty it was made to arrange the Literary departments of the Institute.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Dockery, Outlaw and Williams was appointed whose duty it was to select an agent.

The committee on the Literary department reported, upon which it was

*Resolved*, That the interests of the Institute require three separate and distinct departments, viz: 1st of Moral Philosophy and General Literature; 2d, of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; 3d, of the Ancient Languages.

The following appointments were made: Rev. Samuel Wait, A.M., Professor of Moral Philosophy and General

Literature; Rev. John Armstrong, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages; Charles R. Meriam, Tutor of Husbandry.

The committee of the Agency reported that they had selected Rev. John Armstrong as Agent to collect funds in order to meet the present demands of the Institute, upon which Mr. Armstrong was unanimously chosen as Agent of the Board of Trustees.

A committee was appointed, consisting of T. Meredith, J. C. Stevenson and William Sanders, whose duty it was made to draft Rules for the regulation of the Institute and report at the next meeting of the Board.

*Resolved*, That there shall be an examining committee consisting of ten, three of whom shall be a quorum, whose duty it shall be to examine the students in their various studies and report to the Board. The committee consists of Messrs. A. Spivy, S. L. Biddle, D. Williams, W. H. Jordan, A. Dockery, D. Thompson, S. Graham, A. J. Battle, Geo. B. Outlaw, and William Hooper.

A committee, consisting of D. Thompson, D. Boon and R. Sanders, was appointed to superintend the transfer of the land belonging to the Institute to the Board of Trustees and report at the next meeting.

*Resolved*, That a request be made through the *Interpreter* to all the friends of the Institute for such books as they may be willing to spare, in order to form a Library at the Institute.

*Resolved*, That the following for the present be the terms of Instruction:

For board per month .....	\$5.
For Tuition, Latin, Greek, etc., per month.....	2.
For English in all its branches per month.....	1.50
For washing per month .....	.75
Room and firewood gratis.	

*Resolved*, That each student over sixteen years of age be allowed for his labor three cents per hour; and each over twelve be allowed two cents per hour.

*Resolved*, That no student shall be admitted in the Institute who will not board at the Institute.

*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee, in connection with the Principal, be authorized to secure a competent Tutor, when they shall deem it necessary.

*Resolved*, That the next meeting of the Board be held at Cashie Meeting House in Bertie County on Friday before the first Sabbath in November next.

Adjourned.

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*Minutes of the Board of Trustees for Wake Forest Institute at its meeting at Cashie, Bertie County, November 3-5, 1834.*

David Thompson was called to the chair *pro tem*. Members present: John Armstrong, Joseph B. Outlaw, Allen Bowden, Alfred Dockery, Turner Carter, Wm. P. Biddle, Geo. Hufham, John Culpepper, Chas. W. Skinner, A. J. Spivy, Geo. W. Thompson and Amos J. Battle.

On motion, John Armstrong was requested to report his success in his agency to take subscriptions to build the houses necessary for the reception of students and the faculty at the Institute.

Reported that he had \$13,500 subscribed, to be paid in five annual installments.

*Resolved*, That John Armstrong continue to take subscriptions in the same way until the 1st February, 1835.

A letter from the Rev. Samuel Wait, Principal of the Institute, was received in reference to the affairs of the Institute, and laid on the table.

A letter from Capt. Berry was read, proposing to build the houses at the Institute, and was laid on the table.

*Resolved*, That the draft of the buildings as presented by Capt. Berry be adopted as to the general outlines.

*Resolved*, That the wall of the house be 42 inches thick at the base and 16 inches thick at the last story, and that the form of the roof be altered hipped to a gable end.

On motion, *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to contract for and superintend the building of said houses. Wm. Crenshaw, Sr., Chas. W. Skinner, A. J. Battle, A. J. Spivy, and Joseph B. Outlaw were appointed the above committee.

On motion, the committee appointed at the last meeting to obtain a transfer of the title from the committee who purchased the farm at the Institute to the President of the Trustees and his successor was continued and requested to obtain the transfer as soon as possible.

On motion, A. J. Spivy and J. B. Outlaw were appointed a committee to learn from Rev. Wm. Hooper whether he accept the appointment of President of Board of Trustees.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the building committee be authorized, as soon as the state of the funds justify it, to proceed to have erected two houses, 36 feet long and 32 feet wide, two stories high for the Professors to occupy.

On motion, the committee appointed at the last meeting to prepare by-laws reported, and the report was adopted. (See Letter A.)

On motion, Alfred Dockery, Chas. W. Skinner and Allen Bowden were appointed a committee on the farm.

Monday Night.—The committee on the farm reported and the report adopted. (See letter B.)

On motion, W. P. Biddle, Allen Bowden, A. J. Spivy, John Purifoy, and Amos J. Battle were appointed a committee to examine the fencing on the farm at the Institute and recommend any alterations they may deem expedient.

On motion, Alfred Dockery, W. Crenshaw and Geo. Hufham were appointed a committee to obtain a tutor of Husbandry for the Institute.

The following letter was received and read:

To the President and Members of the Board of Trustees of the Wake Forest Institute.

GENTLEMEN: Owing to the knowledge that my appointment to fill the Chair of Languages does not meet with the approbation of all the Trustees, I now tender my resignation as Professor of Languages at the Wake Forest Institute.

Windsor, Nov. 4th, 1834.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

On motion, Resolved, That the Rev. John Armstrong be reappointed as Professor of Languages in the Wake Forest Institute, which appointment was accepted.

On motion, Resolved, That John Culpepper and Alfred Dockery be appointed a committee to write to the Postmaster-General to obtain the appointment of a Post-office at the Wake Forest Institute.

Received the following contributions to the Institute which were put into the hands of A. J. Battle to give to Wm. Crenshaw, Sr., Treasurer:

From Shiloh Church by John Pritchard.....	\$5.25
From Joseph Halsey by Jno. Blount.....	20.00
From Several Individuals by the same.....	3.00
From Geo. Fennell by Geo. Hufham.....	20.00
From Edward Birch by Jas. Thomas.....	1.00
From James Birch by Do. Do.....	1.00
From Jno. Woods by Do. Do.....	15.00
From Jas. Halsey by Do. Do.....	5.00
From Jas. Pender by Do. Do. Delaware Bill.....	3.00
From Jas. Balden by Do. Do.....	2.00
From C. Bryan by Do. Do.....	.25
From Mrs. Etheridge Do. Do.....	1.00
From Sawyers Creek Church by Do. Do.....	1.00
From Mark Britton by Do. Do.....	1.00
From several persons (names forgotten) by Do. Do.	5.00
	<hr/>
	\$83.50

*Resolved*, That the Board meet again at the Institute on 22d December next.

On motion, adjourned to the time and place above named.  
A. J. BATTLE, *Rec. Secretary Pro Tem*.

DAVID THOMPSON, *Pres. Pro Tem*.

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A.—Rules for the Government of Wake Forest Institute.

Article 1. The government of the Institute subject to the following shall be vested exclusively in the Faculty.

2. The rewards to be conferred shall be such marks of distinction as the good behavior, diligence, or the attainments of the students shall be believed to merit.

3. The penalties to be inflicted shall be private admonition, public admonition, suspension and expulsion according to the nature of the offense.

4. Each student on entering the Institute shall be not less than twelve years of age and shall bring with him in behalf of his moral character such testimonials as the faculty shall require and approve.

5. No one shall be admitted as a student who shall not reside at the Institute, and conform to all the requirements of the Manual Labor Department.

6. No student shall be allowed to leave the premises on any occasion or for any purpose without the permission of the Principal.

7. The deportment of the students will be expected and required to be on all occasions strictly such as becomes gentlemen, and any departure from this standard shall be subject to such penalty as the Principal or Faculty may consider appropriate.

8. The students shall be required to rise in the morning and to retire to their rooms at night at such hours as the faculty may from time to time designate.

9. The students shall also attend prayer at such time in

the morning and also in the evening as shall by the faculty be deemed expedient.

10. There shall be four classes in the Institute which shall recite each day, Sundays excepted, at such hours as may be found convenient.

11. Three hours each day, Sundays excepted, shall be devoted to manual labor on the part of the students subject to the discretion of the Faculty.

12. On the Lord's Day religious worship shall be held twice at the Institute, in the morning and in the afternoon, on which occasions all the students, unless excused by the Principal, shall be required to attend.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

T. MEREDITH, *Chairman.*

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The following Articles were by the unanimous vote of the Trustees recommended to be appended to the Laws of the Institute:

1. No student shall purchase from any shop or store any articles whatever. All necessary articles shall be purchased by the Principal or some one of the Faculty.

2. All money brought by the students shall be handed over to the Principal, and no student shall be allowed more than \$5.00 during the year for pocket-money.

B.—The committee on the farm respectfully report:

That they deem it unnecessary to advance any arguments to prove the decided and great advantage the manual labor department gives to our Institution, over any other in the State. There can be no doubt in the mind of the man of common observation that it is in a considerable degree owing to this distinguishing and valuable feature in the plan that so many of the principal men of our State are anxious to have their sons educated at the Wake Forest Institute.

If this view of the committee be correct it must be admitted by all that a failure on the farm would produce a reaction

in public sentiment quite prejudicial to the Institute, and an abandonment of the farm would prove the abandonment of the School. The committee, however, do not intend by these remarks to insinuate that our brethren, Wait and Meriam, have not done their duty. When we take into consideration the many inconveniences and difficulties which attend the commencing of a farm, that there were but twenty-five or thirty students at the time of preparation and planting, and, above all, the very unfavorable season, particularly the want of rain at the proper time, which greatly injured not only the crops at the Institute but all in that section of the country. The crop is fully as good as any of our friends have a right to expect. The committee, however, greatly regret that arrangements had not been made to employ the whole of the students full three hours every day. It is understood that particularly for last ten weeks the students have not worked more than an average of one hour per day, which the committee considers an innovation upon one of the best features of the concern, a deviation from what they considered an important, and an established reputation, which has disappointed the parents and the guardians of the students, not so much on account of the paltry sum which has been lost as on account of their wish to have them taught to work on the farm as well as to read.

With a view to guard against future disappointments of the above character the committee submit the following ideas: The committee suppose that there will be at the commencement of next session one hundred students, and that the labor of five students three hours, is fully equal to one hand. Consequently the hundred students will be equal to twenty constant hands. Twenty hands should cultivate at least 250 acres, exclusive of the crop of wheat and oats, 150 of the quantity should be planted in corn, 75 in cotton, and 25 in potatoes, peas, and vegetables. The cultivation of cotton should be pursued from two considerations: In the first



place, picking out the cotton will furnish work for the students during the Fall session, and in the second place the product of one acre of cotton is worth the product of two acres in corn. The cultivation of the above proposed crop will require some horses, and the constant employment of an industrious, practical farmer. The committee, therefore, recommend the employment forthwith of some person of correct deportment, acquainted with the various branches of farming as practiced in North Carolina to take charge of the farm, as it is understood the present Tutor of Husbandry intends to resign at the close of the year. The committee are further of the opinion that from the exhausted condition and the general declivity of the land, which subjects it to still greater exhaustion every year, that it may be safely said that the farm is insufficient for more than one hundred students, and that arrangements for the prosecution of Mechanic Arts should be made for the employment of whatever number may be received over one hundred. The committee particularly recommend the building of two workshops by the students as soon as practicable, one of them to be used by a Turner, the other by a Joiner. In shops of this description a number of students may be employed in the manufacture of bed-frames, tables, writing desks, chairs, etc., for the accommodation of, and furnishing all the school rooms, the Professors' houses, etc. This plan possesses the additional advantage of enabling the students to a greater extent of pursuing their favorite occupation, which is by no means a small consideration. The committee is aware that to carry the foregoing recommendations into effect, there must be an additional expenditure, not, however, without a fair prospect of a corresponding income. The cotton crop, for instance, in all probability will amount to 35,000 or 60,000 of seed cotton, which at the present price is worth \$1,000. But the main consideration with the committee is that ours is intended to be a manual labor and literary school, and nothing short of the

above arrangement will, in the opinion of the committee, furnish business for the students three hours per day, which they consider indispensable.

The committee further recommend the appointment of a committee consisting of five farmers whose duty it shall be to examine the farm, the fences and everything thereunto pertaining, and suggest such improvements as may be deemed necessary, either in shortening the fences by turning out land that is from its exhausted condition unfit for cultivation, or otherwise.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

ALFRED DOCKERY, *Chairman.*

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*Minutes of the Board of Trustees of the Wake Forest Institute, Convened at the Institute on the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th days of December, 1834.*

The committee appointed to address Prof. Hooper to know if he will accept the appointment of President of Board of Trustees for Wake Forest Institute reported, that they had received information that he declined the appointment because of his indisposition which made it impossible for him to attend the meetings of the Board.

On motion, Dr. Joseph B. Outlaw was appointed President of the Board of Trustees.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the Executive Committee be instructed to discontinue the erection of wooden buildings, except those already contracted for, until further orders from the Board.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the payments of the Brick Buildings be in three annual installments; the first to be paid in January, 1836; the second in January, 1837; and the third in January, 1838.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the College Buildings be completed at the time the second installment becomes due.

The following committees were appointed: Armstrong, Bowden, and Jeffreys, a committee to locate the College buildings.

Roles, Wynne, and Purefoy, a committee on the Report of the Treasurer.

Skinner, Battle, and Bowden, a committee on the report of the Farmer.

Armstrong, Thompson, and Culpepper, a committee on the report of the Principal.

Skinner, Crenshaw, and Roles, a committee on the report of the Steward.

Outlaw, Skinner, and Battle, on the Agency.

Purefoy, Battle, and Thompson, to adopt measures to fill vacancies in the Board of Trustees.

Armstrong, Jeffreys, and Outlaw, on additional Instructors.

Skinner, Roles, and Wynne, on the terms of admission for the ensuing year.

Culpepper, Outlaw, and Skinner, on a preparatory department.

Battle, Skinner, and Bowden, on the propriety of building a Hotel.

Outlaw, Crenshaw, and Roles, a committee on the case of John Pritchard.

*Resolved*, That the report of the Committee on the Preparatory Department be laid on the table until the next meeting of the Board. (See letter A.)

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to bring the contractors of the present buildings before the Board of Trustees, and that the committee consist of Skinner, Bowden, and Armstrong; and that the same committee be instructed to examine the large wooden building and say what alterations are necessary to be made to secure the strength of the building.

The committee on the hotel. The report was received and adopted. (See Letter B.)

*Resolved*, That the interest of the Institute require an additional Chair, the Chair of Moral Philosophy.

*Resolved further*, That Rev. Wm. Hooper, LL.D., be appointed to the Chair of Moral Philosophy.

*Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed to open an immediate correspondence with Rev. Hooper on the subject of accepting the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Wake Forest Institute, and to ascertain whether he will accept of the same, and the committee to be composed of Wait, Armstrong, C. W. Skinner, Joseph B. Outlaw, and Amos J. Battle.

*Resolved*, That the male children of the Principal and Professors of the Institute be educated in the Institute free of cost.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the committee to correspond with Prof. Hooper communicate the above resolutions and to offer him \$1,000 for his salary and a house as soon as it can be erected.

## LIST OF STUDENTS AND EXPENSES

## 1834-5 TREASURER'S REPORT

John M. Norfleet—To board, Tuition, Washing at 7.25 per month for 10 months—\$72.50. Candles—1.05. Deduct Labour—9.73 1-2. use of bed—10.00.

James C. Dockery—For 6 months 7.25 per month—\$43.50. For 4 do 7.75 do. 31.00—Candles 1.30. deduct Labour—9.36. damages omitted 2.11—20.

William Thomas—For 7 1-2 months at 7.25 per month. Candles 1.04. Deduct—9.15 3-4.

Elisha Burns—For 10 months at 7.75 per month, 77.50. Candles 1.10, sewing 1.37. Deduct labour 8.72, use of bed 10. Omitted damage to bedstead 5.

Robert Jones—For 10 months at 7.25 per month \$72.50. Candles .98. Sewing .50. Deduct labour 8.51. Glass omitted, inserted on examination .20.

Willie R. Powell—For 10 months \$74.50. Candles 1.51½. Sewing .51, Deduct labour 8.70.

Joseph J. M. Collins—For 8 2-3 months—65.65. Candles. 1.47 Deduct labour 8.08 1-2.

W. D. and Joseph J. Alston—For 9 1-2 months each and candles \$129.69. sewing .74 Deduct Labour \$11.12 1-2.

Jesse Barnard—for 9 1-2 months \$70.87 1-2. Candles .88 1-2 sewing .25. Deduct Labour 5.80.

David G. Outlaw—For 9 1-2 months \$73.62 1-2, candles 1.41, sewing .16 Deduct Labour 5.41.

William T. Outlaw—For 9 1-2 months 73.62 1-2, candles 1.25 1-2 Sewing .15. Deduct Labour 5.42 1-2.

Thomas Rayner—For 9 1-2 months \$72.12 1-2. Candles 1.07 1-2. Sewing 2.04. Deduct Labour 7.88.

Alexander Young. For 6 months Tuition \$9.00.

Abner W. Thomas. For 6 1-2 months, \$50.37 1-2 Candles .65 1-2 Deduct Labour 4.88

Sanders Ingram—For 9 months 65.25 Candles .98 1-2.  
Deduct Labour 5.96.

Richard B. Sewell—For 9 months \$69.75. Candles 1.27,  
sewing .60. Deduct Labour 5.56 1-2.

Joshua Moore—For 9 months \$67.25. Candles 1.01.  
Sewing 1.90 Deduct Labour 5.75. Omitted sewing, .25.

James Moore—For 9 months, \$66.25. Candles .44. Sew-  
ing .20. Deduct Labour \$7.68 3-4.

James H. Crudup.—For 8 2-3 months, \$67.16 Candles  
1.14. Sewing .41. Deduct Labour \$6.63 3-4.

Edward Crudup. For 8 2-3 months, \$64.83. Candles  
1.29. Sewing .25. Deduct Labour \$5.30 1-2.

Benjamin F. Atkins.—Tuition 10 months, \$20.00.

Isaac S. Williams—For 7 2-3 months, \$55.58. Candles  
.43. Deduct Labour 7.69 1-2.

Ira T. Wyche—For 7 months, \$54.25. Candles .52. De-  
duct labour 5.42 1-2.

William W. Arrington—For 2 months, 27 days, and can-  
dles, \$21.83. Deduct Labour \$2.64.

William H. Edwards—Labour \$3.33. 3 1-2 months,  
\$22.04 1-2.

Robert R. Roles. For 6 months, \$43.50. Candles .52.  
Deduct Labour, 3.18.

James Delk. For 6 months \$45.50. Candles .88 1-2.  
Deduct Labour \$2.40 1-2.

Josiah H. Brooks—For 5 2-3 months \$40.25. Candles  
.67. Sewing .22. Deduct Labour, 3.49 1-2. Omitted bed-  
stead and candles, .33.

William T. Brooks—For 5 2-3 months, \$40.08. Candles  
.67. Sewing .22. Deduct Labour 3.79 1-2. Omitted bed-  
stead and candles .33.

Reuben Q. Allen—For 4 months, 9 days, \$29.25. Can-  
dles .18 1-2. Sewing .72. Deduct labour \$3.47.

James W. Hoskins—For 5 2-3 months, \$43.95. Candles  
.34. deduct Labour, \$3.97 1-2.

Josiah H. Skinner—5 1-3 months, \$38.66 3-4. Candles \$1.09. Deduct Labour 2.37.

John Watson—For 5 1-4 months, \$35.44. Candles .38 1-2. Deduct Labour 3.95 1-4. Use of bed 2.62 1-2. Omitted bedstead .25.

William C. Skinner—For 5 months \$38.75. Candles .78 1-2. Deduct Labour .84.

Thomas Strile—For 4 1-2 months \$32.62 1-2. Candles and pitcher, \$1.46 1-2. Deduct Labour 2.55.

Robert Steele—For 4 1-2 months, \$32.62 1-2. Glass .60. Deduct Labour 1.57.

William C. Watts—For 4 1-3 months \$31.41 1-2. Candles .34. Deduct Labour 1.22.

Benton Emul—For 4 months \$29.00. Candles .70. Deduct Labour 1.35.

Edwin Smith—For 4 months \$29.00. Candles .52. Deduct Labour \$1.47 3-4.

William J. Sutton—For 4 months 31.00. Candles .72. Deduct Labour 1.07 1-2.

David Harrell—For 4 months \$29.00. Candles .79. Deduct Labour \$2.34 3-4.

William H. Merrett—For 4 months, \$27.00. Paper .12 1-2, deduct Labour 1.51 1-2, use of bed 2.00.

Saurin W. Cheek—For 4 months \$29.00, candles .10, deduct Labour .79.

John C. Ridley—For 4 months \$26.00, candles .18, deduct Labour 1.04.

William Ridley—For 3 1-4 months, \$22.75, deduct labour, 1.23 3-4.

Francis T. Riggs—For 4 months, \$29.00, candles .52, deduct labour 1.26.

James and John Holt—For 3 1-2 months \$47.25, candles .50, deduct labour 3.64 1-2.

Rufus Harrison—For 3 2-3 months, \$32.00, candles .18, deduct labour 1.07 1-2, use of bed \$1.83.

Ezekial Holland—for 3 1-2 months, \$25.37 1-2, deduct labour 1.76 1-4, use of bed 1.75.

William Elmore—For 3 1-2 months, \$27.12 1-2. candles .34, deduct labour 1.34 3-4.

Hiram K. Person—For 3 1-2 months, \$27.12 1-2, candles .68, deduct labour 1.83 3-4.

Aaron G. Heden—for 3 1-2 months, \$27.12 1-2, candles .34, deduct labour .98.

George Washington—for 3 1-2 months \$27.12 1-2, candles .68, deduct labour 1.36 1-2.

Nazreth Leggett—For 3 months, \$21.75, candles .16, deduct labour 1.30 1-2.

Robert M. Noxon—For 3 months, \$23.25, candles .34, deduct labour 1.10 1-4.

Richard E. Weston—For 3 1-2 months, \$24.16 1-2, candles .18, deduct labour 1.80.

David Wright—For 3 1-3 months 22.50, candles .62, deduct labor 5.89 1-2, use of bed .50.

James M. Hofman—for 3 months \$21.75, candles .17, deduct labor 2.22.

Marshal Wise—for 3 months \$21.75, candles .67, deduct labour 1.30 1-2.

Abner Williams—For 2 months, \$14.75, for 2 months factions, 11.50, deduct labor .62 1-2.

Nathan Mathewson—for 10 months, 74.50. Candles .75, deduct labor 8.86 1-2.

Joshua Hackney—for 10 months 69.50, candles 1.09, sewing .25, pitcher .83, deduct labor 7.05, use of bed 4.25, omitted use of bedstead .50.

John M. Crenshaw—For 10 months, \$72.50, candles .68, deduct labor 2.70.

William James—For 10 months, \$20.00.

Calvin H. Shaver—For 10 months, 69.50, candles .99, wash bowl .40, deduct labor 6.06, use of bed 5.00.



Robert Hackney—For 8 1-2 months, \$62.87 1-2, candles .18, deduct labor 15.51 1-2.

Philip Gathings—To board, tuition, washing, for 10 months, \$80.00, publick dinner .50, wood .30, labor 4.19.

James Gathings—To 10 months \$50.00, dinner .50, wood .30, looking glass .75, washpan .37 1-2, candles 1.73, labor 7.70 1-4.

William H. Merritt— To 10 months \$80.00, dinner .50, wood .20, candles 1.95, labor 4.92 3-4, use of bed 5.00.

Jesse Jackson—To 5 3-4 months \$48.87 1-2, dinner .50, wood .20, chair .40, candles .32, labor 4.52 1-4.

John L. Lofton—to 2 months, 17.00, dinner .50, chair .50, candles .17, labor .87 1-2.

Alpheus Powers—10 months, 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .60, candles .36, labor 6.24.

Jesse C. Powers—10 months, 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .60, candles .36, labor 6.24.

Calvin H. Shaw—to 10 months, 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, bed cord .37 1-2, candles and stick 1.28, labor 2.85, use of bed 5.00.

Johnson Rogers, 10 months, 85.00. Dinner .50, wood .30, chair .40, bed cord .37 1-2, candles .52, labor 3.21.

Joshua W. Hackney—dinner, wood, chair, and bed cord, 1.67 1-2, labor 5.57, use of bed 5.00.

Junius W. Fort—to 5 months \$42.50. Wood, chair, candles, paper, 1.60, labor 1.92, use of bed 2.50.

Joshua Moore, to 10 months \$85.00, dinner, wood, chair, and candles \$3.07, labor 2.97 1-2.

James W. Moore—For 8 1-2 months \$72.25, dinner chair, candles 1.65; labor 5.47 1-2.

Burwell M. Baxter—For 10 months, \$90.00, dinner, wood, candles, 1.55; labor 3.30 1-2.

Oscar F. Baxter—10 months, \$90.00, dinner, wood, chair, and candles, 2.06, labor 2.86.

John M. Crenshawe—to 7.3 months, \$27.00. Wood .25, candles 1.06, labor 1.05 1-2.

Sampson Gathings—board, tuition and washing, 10 months \$80.00. Dinner and wood .80, labor 2.60 1-2.

Hinchy F. Dunn—10 months, \$75.00, dinner, wood, candles .97; labor 2.26.

Edwin Hinton—to 5 months, \$40.00, candles .72, labor 1.16 1-2.

Addison G. Person—to 10 months, 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, candles 1.20, labour \$7.83 3-4.

William C. Watts—to 9 months, 81.00, dinner .50, wood .20, candles .52, labour 1.75.

Thomas Hays—to 9 months, 68.00, dinner .50, wood .30, candles .69, chair .50, paper .15, labour 5.46 3-4.

Alex A. Connella—to 1 1-2 months, 13.50, wood .20.

Thos. F. Ellerbe—to 10 months \$90.00, dinner .50, wood .30, candles 1.34.

Stephen B. Long—to 10 mo., \$85.00. dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, washpan .37 1-2, candles and stick 1.50, labour 4.83, use of bed 5.00, additional labor 2.41 1-2.

Willie Atkinson—board, tuition, washing, 8 month \$68.00. dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, table 1.00, candles and stick 1.13. labour 5.05 1-2.

Henry Hinton—5 mo., 40.00, wood .20, candles .36, snuff-ers .10; labour 5.36 1-2.

John J. M. Collins, to 10 mo., 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, candles .90; labour 5.03 1-4.

Alfred Jordan—10 mo., \$90.00, dinner 50, wood .30, chair .60, pitcher .20, candles 1.91; labour 2.76 1-2.

Thos. D. Jenkins—10 mo., \$85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, L. glass .75, candles .87; labour 5.96 1-2.

Matthew Boroughs—10 mo., \$80.00, dinner .50, wood .30, pan .25 B. cord .37 1-2, candles 1.38; labor 7.30 1-2, use of bed, 5.00.

Thos. N. Wood—10 mo., 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, candles .69, labor 1.61 1-2.

Dallas R. Wood, 10 mos. \$85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .40, candles 1.12; labor 1.67.

Alexander L. Yancey—board, tuition, etc., 10 mo., \$90.00. dinner .50, wood .30, candles 1.04, labor 4.80 3-4.

Nicholas Prince—6 mo., 54.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, candles .95; labour 4.29 3-4.

Oliver H. P. Prince—6 mo. 54.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, candles 1.17; labour 2.46 1-2.

Samuel Norris—10 mo. 85.50, dinner .50, wood .30, pitcher .40, pan .25, candles .36, paper .37; labor 6.70 1-2.

John R. Owen—5 1-4 months, \$43.00, dinner .50, wood .20, candles .36; labor 4.02 3-4, use of bed 2.62 1-2.

James W. Hoskins—10 mo. 90.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, bowl .20, candles .84, labor 8.22.

Francis T. Riggs—10 mo. 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, candles 1.11 1-3; labor 2.84 1-2.

Willis W. Childers—8 mo. 72.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, candles .70; labour 5.14 1-2.

Willis R. Powell—10 mo. 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, glass .16; labor 8.59 1-2, use of bed 5.00.

Ezekiel Holland—10 mo. 85.00, dinner .50, wood .30, candles 1.11, total 1.91; labor 7.59 3-4, use of bed 5.00.

George Rounsaville—7 2-3 mo. 69.00, dinner .50, wood .25, candles .53, labor 2.15.

George Washington—10 mo. 90.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, candles 1.74, labor 5.48 1-4.

James C. Dockery—10 mo. 90.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, pitcher .70, labor \$7.72 1-2.

Richard B. Seawall—10 mo. 90.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 2.76; labor 4.11.

William T. Brooks—10 mo. 85.00, dinner, wood, chair, L. glass, candles, 2.94; labor 7.16 1-4.

Josiah H. Brooks—10 mo. 85.00, dinner, wood, chair, pitcher, washpan, candles, 4.42 1-2, labor 5.91.

Hiram K. Person—10 mo. 90.00, dinner, wood, chair, candlestick snuffers, washpan, tumbler, glass, candles, 4.68 1-2; labor 7.38 1-2.

William D. Alston—10 mo. 85.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 1.64; labor 3.41.

Joseph J. Alston—10 mo. 85.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 1.83; labor 3.22.

David Harrell—7 1-2 mo. 89.25, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 2.77; labor 7.91 1-4.

Nazareth Leggett—10 mo. 80.00, dinner, wood, chair, L. glass, candles 2.93. Labor 6.38 1-4.

John T. Bond—10 mo. 90.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 2.99; labor 3.41 1-2.

Cooper Poe—5 mo. 42.50, dinner, chair, candles 1.50; labor 1.05 1-4.

Abner Williams—10 mo. 90.00, dinner, wood, chair, candlestick and snuffers 1.67 1-2, pane of glass .10, candles 1.13; labor 1.91 1-2.

James B. Nixon—10 mo. 90.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles 2.92 1-2; labor 5.51 1-2.

Van Ransalaer Body—10 mo. 85.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles 3.09; labor 6.27 3-4.

William C. Skinner—8 1-2 mo. \$68.00; dinner, chair, washpan, pitcher, 1.35; labor 2.81 1-2.

Chas. W. Skinner—10 mo. \$85.00, dinner, wood, chair, glass 1.36; labor 2.97 1-2.

Robert M. Noxon—10 mo. 90.00, dinner, wood, chair, pan, candles, 3.10 1-2; labor 5.31.

David G. Outlaw—10 mo. \$90.00, dinner, wood, candles, 2.45; labor 2.78 1-2. Deduct bed and washing \$14.00.

Thos. Powell—10 mo. \$75.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 1.97; labor 2.73 1-2.

William J. Sutton—10 mo. \$90.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 3.04; labor 3.00.

William F. Higson—3 mo. \$27.00, wood 25, candles 97, labor 68.

Richard E. Weston—10 mo. \$90.00; dinner, wood, chair, glass, candles, 2.61; labor 9.39 3-4.

Jesse Coble—10 mo. \$90.00; dinner, wood, chair, candles, 2.11; labor 2.64 1-2.

Chas. Hoffman—2 2-3 mo. 20.66 2-3, chair, wood, glass, .90; labor .96.

William T. Bush—10 mo. \$85.00, dinner, wood, pan, candlestick, etc., candles, 2.73 1-2; labor 2.92 1-2, use of bed .35 3-4.

Richard W. Hatch—7 1-2 mo. 63.75, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 1.94; labor 8.86 1-2.

Peter A. K. Pouncey—6 mo. \$54.00; dinner, .50; labor 2.10 3-4.

Malachi N. Strickling—3 1-2 mo. \$29.75, dinner, candles, .67; labor 2.91.

Abner W. Thomas—9 mo. \$81.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles, 1.83; labor 6.09.

Isaac T. Aydelott—2 2-3 mo. \$22.66; washpan .40, labor .20.

Spencer Holton—2 1-4 mo. \$19.12 1-2, dinner and candles .67; labor 8.51 1-4.

David Wright—5 mo. 40.00, dinner and candles .84, labor and use of bed 6.01.

Wm. H. Haywood—5 mo. \$42.50, dinner .50, labor 2.00 1-4.

Isaac S. Williams—5 mo. \$42.50, dinner .50, labor 3.76 1-2.

William H. Walthall—6 mo. \$51.00, dinner, chair, candles 1.18, labor 15.97.

Louis Du Pre—8 mo. \$64.00, dinner .50, labor 7.51, use of bed 4.00.

Samuel Dunlap—7 1-5 mo. \$61.20, dinner and candles .84, labor 5.40 3-4.

John I. Trantham—7 1-3 mo. \$61.20, dinner and candles 1.37 1-2, labor 2.15.

John J. Lamb—5 1-6 mo. \$43.60, dinner, chair, candles, 1.15, labor 3.00.

Alexander T. Lamb—5 1-6 mo. \$43.60, dinner .50, chair .50, labor 2.36.

John Watson—5 1-2 mo. \$52.00, dinner .50, labor 5.58 3-4. use of bed 3.25.

Marshal Wise—5 mo. 42.50, dinner, chair, pitcher, pan, candles 2.14, labor 4.05 3-4.

Henry F. Jones—3-4 mo. 6.75, labor .16 1-2.

Burton F. Ernul—7 mo. \$59.50, dinner, candles, looking-glass, pan, glass 2.59; labor 3.35 1-4.

Malcom D. McNeill—7 1-4 mo. \$61.62 1-2, dinner, wood, chair, candles 1.57; labor 2.23 1-2.

Lynn Banks Farish—7 1-4 mo. \$61.62 1-2, dinner, wood, candles, 1.11; labor 2.15 1-2.

John Cotton—4 1-4 mo. \$38.25, pan .25, candles .51, labor .62.

Jesse Barnard—9 mo. \$76.50, dinner, wood, pitcher, candles 2.28, labor 2.20.

Edwin F. H. Johnson—8 1-2 mo. \$76.50, dinner, wood, candles 1.33, labor 7.00 1-4.

Thos. Rayner—10 1-3 months \$66.50, dinner, wood, chair, table, candles 3.85, labor 3.17 1-4.

Elisha Burns—10 mo. \$85.00, dinner, wood, chair, candles 2.94, labor 5.65 1-2, use of bed 4.50.

Josiah Skinner—10 mo. \$85.00, dinner, wood, chair, pitcher, candles, board and washing during vacation 14.06, labor 6.88 1-2.

William T. Outlaw—10 mo. 90.00, dinner .50, wood .30, chair .50, pan .25, pitcher .40, candles 1.24, labor 5.26 1-2.

Leroy Strayhorne—5 mo. \$42.50, candles .17, labor .82 1-2.

John L. Prichard—7 1-2 mo. \$67.50, dinner, wood, chair, candles 2.54, labor 32.12 1-2.

Wilson R. Sutton—10 mo. \$87.50, dinner .50, wood .20, candles 1.11, glass .10, labor 5.77 1-2.

James Delk—10 mo. \$90.00, dinner .50, wood, chair, candles 1.98, labor 2.60 1-2.

James S. Lucas—6 1-2 mo. \$48.75, dinner, wood, chair, candles 2.28, labor 2.43 1-4.

Starky Skiles—2 2-3 mo. \$22.66 3-4, wood, candles 1.06, labor .90.

John P. Skiles—2 2-3 mo. \$22.66 3-4, wood, chair .80, labor .77 1-2.

William Jones—Tuition \$20.00.

William L. Moore—2 mo. \$18.00, wood .30, snuffers .25, forfeited 13.02 1-2, labor 1.57 1-2.

Thos. Sanderson—2 mo. \$17.00, wood, snuffers, pitcher, candles 1.29, forfeited 12.05 1-2, labor .34 1-2.

## RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS

Of the Philomathesian Literary Society During Its First  
Year, From February 28, 1835, to November 21, 1835

February 28, 1835.

Society met according to adjournment. The house being called to order, Mr. W. Jones was elected president pro tem., and I. W. Hoskins secretary pro tem.

The committee appointed for the purpose of preparing a constitution made their report by reading the same, after the reading of which, each article was received separately.

It was then decided that the blank name of the society should be filled up with Philomathesian Society. It was also determined that the blank entrance fee should be filled up with one dollar, and the blank quarterly fee with twenty-five cents.

We then proceeded to the election of officers, the termination of which was as follows: Mr. C. R. Mariana, pres.; Mr. P. A. K. Pouncey, vice-pres.; I. W. Hoskins, sec.; Mr. Holland, treas.; Mr. W. Jones, librarian; I. C. Dockery, senior critic; Mr. Geo. Washington, junior critic; Mr. D. Harrell, censor, and Messrs. Ellerbe, Yancey, and Jenkins, standing committee.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Marian Dockery and Washington was appointed for the purpose of forming by-laws for the government of this body.

Messrs. Pouncey and Moore were chosen to manage the next debate.

Adjourned until next Saturday evening.

March 7, 1835.

The society met according to appointment, and the house being called to order, the proceedings of the last meeting were read.



It was moved by I. W. Hoskins that the committee on by-laws should be indulged until the next meeting, which being seconded was agreed to.

The regular disputants being unprepared for the debate, requested indulgence until the next meeting, which was also assented to.

The chairman on the Standing Committee offered a few queries, which were rejected.

A committee was appointed to consult respecting an alteration to be made in the second article of the constitution. Committee: Pouncey, Ellerbe and Hoskins.

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March 21, 1835.

The society met. The minutes of the last meeting being read, we proceeded to transact the regular business of the society.

The committee on by-laws being called for, made their report by reading the by-laws, which were secured (?) separately.

An inquiry being made by the president whether there were any persons who had been chosen at the formation of the society, present, Mr. Jones then took his seat among our number. Messrs. Thomas and Johnson were then proposed for membership, who were unanimously elected by ballot.

The committee on the second article reported, who recommended that the word "politics" be erased from this article, which was done.

The Standing Committee offered several queries, two of which were secured.

Messrs. Jones and Holland were appointed to manage the next debate, who made choice of the following subject: "Would it be policy in the United States to declare war against France?"

April 4, 1835.

We met at the usual hour, the roll was called, and the minutes of the last meeting being read, proceeded to do business.

After reading the constitution and by-laws four new members were unanimously elected.

The subject of debate was discussed and decided in the negative. The Standing Committee handed in three questions, which, after amendment, were received.

The Committee on By-laws were indulged until next meeting.

A letter was received from the Euzelian Society conferring on the Philomathesian Society the honor of electing an orator for the 4th of July next, which favor was kindly received.

Mr. Dockery offered the following resolutions: Be it *Resolved* by the Philomathesian Society, and it is therefore resolved by the authority of the same, that we avail ourselves of the pleasure of receiving the kind offer as proposed by the Euzelian Society.

*Resolved, further*, That we return to that body our sincere acknowledgments for their generous offer, and a committee consisting of Jones, Washington and Pouncey was appointed for this purpose.

We proceeded to the election of an orator for the 4th of July, which terminated in the choice of Mr. Dockery.

Messrs. Jones and Ellerbe were chosen to manage the next discussion, who made choice of the following subject: Would it be policy in the State of North Carolina to rebuild the statue of Washington?

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April 18, 1835.

The society met according to adjournment, the roll was called and the minutes of the last meeting were read. We proceeded to transact the regular business of the society.

Two new members were unanimously elected.

The question was then discussed, and there being a tie, the president cast the vote in favor of the affirmative.

The Committee on By-laws were further indulged.

It was decided that Mr. Holland should procure all necessary articles for the society, and that Mr. Johnson be associated with him as an assistant.

The committee appointed for the purpose of tendering the thanks of the society to the Euzelian Society, stated that they had discharged the duty enjoined upon them by this body.

Messrs. Yancy and Hays were chosen to manage the next debate, who made choice of this subject: "Does the savage see more enjoyment than the peasant?"

Messrs. Hackny and Rogers were appointed for declamation, and Mr. Atkinson dissertation.

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May 2, 1835.

We met this evening according to appointment. The roll being called and proceedings of the last meeting being read, proceeded to business.

The Committee on By-laws reported by reading the last section of by-laws, which were separately received.

The subject of debate was discussed and decided in the affirmative.

Mr. Atkinson delivered a dissertation. The Standing Committee offered two queries, which were received.

A committee was appointed to hold a private conversation with two of our members who had left our body in order to be united to the Euzelian Society, which committee consisted of Messrs. Dockery, Hoskins and Pouncy.

A committee was appointed for the purpose of procuring the names for honorary membership, which committee consisted of Messrs. Dockery, Washington and Pouncy.

To manage next debate, Messrs. Weston and Dunlap who chose this subject: "Has superstition done more injury to mankind than ambition?"

Mr. Wm. Jones for dissertation.

May 16, 1835.

The society met, the roll was called, and the two sections of the by-laws were read. We then proceeded to business.

The question was called for, which is as follows: "Has superstition done more injury to mankind than ambition?" which was discussed and decided in the affirmative.

The committee appointed for the purpose of having an interview with those young gentlemen who withdrew from this society for the purpose of uniting themselves with the Euze-lian Society, gave quite a favorable account of one of the delinquents.

By Mr. Washington, the following resolution: Resolved, that every member of the Philomathesian Society be required to pledge his sacred word and honor to observe with the most inviolable secrecy all the proceedings of that body. During the process each shall place his hand on the constitution and by-laws, and say: "I, A. B., do solemnly promise in the presence of all these, on my sacred word and honor to keep secret all the proceedings of this society. In testimony whereof I hereunto subscribe my name." After which, each member present, through a process formed by Mr. Waugh, acknowledged his name as subscribed, to observe the pledge included in the said resolution.

A committee consisting of Hoskins, Childers and Pouncy, for the purpose of procuring a banner, and to raise by subscription a sufficient sum to pay for the same.

A Committee of Arrangement to superintend the celebration of the Fourth of July were appointed, which committee consists of Pouncy, Yancy and Johnson.

Messrs. Rogers and Hackny then declaimed. Mr. W. Jones delivered a dissertation. Messrs. Emull and Norris were appointed to manage the next debate, who made choice of this question, "Was the court justifiable in executing Major André as a spy?"

Mr. Boddee declaimed.

For declamation, Messrs. Poe, I. Kumer and Sutton.

Messrs. Bond and Delk handed in their resignation.

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May 30, 1835.

Having met, and being called to order, the roll was called. We then proceeded to business. Dr. Outlaw was received as an honorary member of this body.

The question was called for, discussed and decided in the negative. The Standing Committee offered two queries, which were received. The Committee on Letters was called for. Mr. Dockery, the chairman of said committee, read before the house those which he had received, all of which were received.

Mr. Washington being unprepared for dissertation, was not excused.

Messrs. Lamb and Long were chosen to manage the next debate, who selected this subject: "Has war done more injury to mankind than ardent spirits?"

Outlaw and Powell were appointed for declamation, Yancy for dissertation. The Committee on Banner begged indulgence, which was agreed to.

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June 13, 1835.

After the house was called to order, and the roll called, we then proceeded to the election of new members, which was very encouraging on account of the number and character of those elected. Messrs. Bradle and Dockery were elected honorary members of this body.

The question was discussed and decided in the negative.

Mr. Yancy being unprepared for dissertation, was fined. Messrs. Holland and Ellerbe were appointed to manage the next debate, Mr. Yancey for declamation, and Hoskins for dissertation. A committee was appointed consisting of three.

June 27, 1835.

We met, and the house being called to order, the roll was called, after which we proceeded to the election of new members. Two gentlemen were unanimously elected.

The question was discussed and decided in the negative. Mr. Yancy being unprepared for dissertation, was fined.

The following resolution being offered by Mr. Moore, was received: *Resolved*, That three tables, one for each disputant, and one for the secretary, be furnished. A committee consisting of Messrs. Washington, Pouncy and Jones.

Some very interesting letters, addressed to the president, were read before the society, after the reading of which, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Dockery, Childers and Atkinson, was appointed to tender the thanks of the society to the authors of the same.

It was agreed that the society should meet on the 3d of July, and that the subject be managed by six disputants. Messrs. Jones and Atkinson were chosen to take the lead in the debate. They made choice of the following question: "Is it probable that the United States will remain a republican government for a century to come?"

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July 3, 1835.

The society met, and the roll being called, proceeded to the regular business of this body.

Six honorary members were unanimously elected. The subject of the debate was demanded, which was discussed and decided in the affirmative. It was decided that a vote of thanks be tendered to those ladies who aided in completing our banner, which was referred to the same committee—Dockery, Childers and Atkinson.

Mr. Dockery offered a resolution to this effect: *Resolved*, that the thanks of the society be tendered to Mr. Waugh for the interesting and instructing lectures on the fine arts re-

cently delivered before our body; which was received and referred to the same committee. It was also decided that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Donaldson for his present to our Museum. Referred to the same committee.

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July 13, 1835.

We met, and the house was called to order. The roll being called, proceeded to business.

Mr. Pouncy offered a resolution to this effect: *Resolved*, That the committee of arrangement be instructed by this society to solicit from Mr. Dockery the interesting and eloquent oration, delivered by him on 4th of July, for publication. *Resolved*, that the committee be authorized to have 500 copies of it published in pamphlet form. *Received*.

Mr. Washington offered a resolution to this effect: *Resolved*, as it is necessary that an address be delivered before the two societies, at the laying of the corner-stone of the principal building of the Institute, that a committee of three be appointed to confer with the Euzelian Society, concerning which the society shall appoint the orator. *Received*. Committee: N. Prince, Washington, and Childers. Johnson and N. Prince were appointed to manage the next debate, who made choice of this subject: "Was Brutus actuated by a spirit of true patriotism in the assassination of Cæsar?"

Messrs. Sutton and Lamb were appointed declaimers. Mr. Strickling for dissertation.

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July 25, 1835.

The society met, the roll was called, proceeded to the debate.

The subject was discussed and decided in the negative.

Declaimers were indulged until the next meeting.

Committee on tables was indulged until next meeting.

The assistant treasurer having purchased two books for the use of the society, which, being presented, were received.

A goodly number of letters with the name of honorary members were read before the society, which were received.

Messrs. Moore and Yancy were appointed to manage the next debate, who made choice of the following subject: "Has a beast the power of thinking?"

It was decided that a committee of three be appointed to assist the secretary in posting his proceedings. Committee: Strickling, Dockery and Childers.

Messrs. Jackson and Loftin were appointed declaimers.

Mr. Atkinson offered a resolution to this effect: *Resolved*, That our meeting comes to a close at 11 o'clock. Received.

It was determined that a special meeting, for the election of officers, be held on the 3d of August next.

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August 3, 1835.

The society met according to appointment; the roll was called.

The case of Mr. Charles Skinner, who had requested a letter of dismission from this body, was brought up, and it was decided that he should be honorably dismissed from us.

Mr. Johnson, as assistant treasurer, presented an account for necessary articles purchased for this society, which was decided to be paid by the society. Another account was offered, which was incurred by the committee of arrangement for necessary articles for the celebration of the 4th of July, which was decided to be met by subscription. A committee of Messrs. Atkinson, Johnson, and Ellerbe.

We then proceeded to the election of officers, the termination of which is as follows: Mr. Dockery, President; Mr. Yancy, Vice-President; Mr. Childers, Secretary; Mr. Holland, Treasurer; Mr. Moore, Librarian; Mr. W. Jones, Sen. Critic; Mr. N. Prince, Junior Critic; Messrs. Hoskins, Strickling and Atkinson, Standing Committee, and Mr. Ellerbe, Censor.



August 8, 1835.

The society met, the roll was called, and minutes of the last meeting were read. We then proceeded to transact regular business of this body.

The following was demanded: "Has a beast the power of thinking?" which was discussed and decided in the affirmative.

The Standing Committee offered two questions: "Is a private happier than a public life?" "Is it more culpable to steal than to receive the thing stolen?" Both of which were received.

It was decided that the subscription and money which were delivered into the hands of Mr. Yancy by Mr. Pouncy should be placed in the possession of the committee on Mr. Johnson's account, and that the subscription should be further extended, and then the amount subscribed be paid whenever it may be due.

Mr. Merriam offered the following resolutions: *Resolved*, That we raise by subscription a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of printing Mr. Dockery's oration on the 4th of July, and that a committee be appointed for this purpose.

*Resolved* further, that the oration be distributed amongst the subscribers individually, according to his subscription.

*Received*. Committee: Washington, O. Prince and Ellerbe. Dissertation by Mr. Atkinson. Declamation by Mr. Loftin.

Mr. Hatch and Mr. Weston were chosen to manage the next debate. For discussion they selected the following subject: "Is a private happier than a public life?"

Mr. Holland was appointed for dissertation; Messrs. Ernul and Jackson for declamation.

It was decided that the dissertations, after being before the society by the offer, shall be delivered into the hands of the

critics, and after correction, shall be again returned to the reader, who shall then deliver them to the secretary.

The censor reported the result, which may be seen on page 38 of the small book.

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September 5, 1835.

The society met. Before we proceeded to the regular business it was decided that the meetings should be opened and closed with prayer. Mr. Jones then prayed. The roll was called, and the minutes of the last meeting were read. We then proceeded to transact the regular business of the body.

An inquiry being made whether there were any persons present who wished to become members of this society, Mr. W. Hegson was then introduced by Mr. Washington as a candidate for membership, who, after the usual preliminaries were performed, enrolled his name among us.

The president called for the question, "Is a private happier than a public life?" which was discussed and decided in the affirmative.

The Standing Committee offered the following queries: "Is it more prudent in a man to conceal his ignorance than to display his abilities?" "Does nature contribute more toward excellence in writing and discourse than arts?" which were received.

The committee appointed to secure the names of honorary members stated that they had discharged the duties imposed upon them by this body, were discharged, and another committee, consisting of Messrs. Merriam, Strickling, and Johnson, was appointed for the same purpose.

Mr. Yaney, having been sent to Raleigh to transact some important business of the society, was compelled to pay out a certain amount of money to defray his expenses, which amount was determined should be paid to him by the committee on Mr. Johnson's account, and that this committee should extend the subscription for this purpose.

Mr. John Shaw, one of our honorary members, presented to this society the Universal Gazetteer, the History of South America, and Mexico, Religious Rights and Ceremonies, a Chart of the World, and two maps, one of South America and the other of Mexico, which were thankfully received by this body. A committee was then appointed, consisting of Childers, Atkinson and Washington, to tender the thanks of the society to this gentleman for his much esteemed donation.

Mr. Holland delivered a dissertation, Mr. Jackson performed the duty of declamation.

Messrs. Rogers and Baxter were appointed to manage the next debate. "Is it more culpable to steal than to receive the thing stolen?" was selected as the next subject of discussion.

Mr. Merriam was appointed for dissertation, Messrs. Gathings and McNeil for declamation. Censor's in the small book. Prayer by Mr. Strickling.

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September 19, 1835.

The society met at the usual hour. After prayer by Mr. Atkinson, the roll was called, and the minutes of the last meeting were read. We then proceeded to transact the regular business of this body.

The subject of debate was demanded: "Is it more culpable to steal than to receive the thing stolen?" which was discussed, and decided in the affirmative.

Several questions were offered by the Standing Committee: "Has man any innate ideas?" "Does Washington deserve more honor in defending the cause of liberty than Columbus in the discovery of America?" "Was the Reformation by Luther more beneficial to mankind than the discovery of America by Columbus?" "Is agriculture more conducive of happiness than mechanism?"

The committee appointed for the purpose of procuring tables for the use of the society was further indulged.

It was decided that the president should appoint a supervisor whose duty shall be to keep the lights in order at each meeting of the society. Mr. Burroughs was appointed to discharge this duty during the present evening.

Mr. Merriam delivered a dissertation. Mr. McNeil performed the duty of declamation.

Messrs. Hays and Harrell were chosen to manage the next debate. The following question was the subject of their choice, "Does Washington deserve more honor in defending the cause of liberty than Columbus in the discovery of America?"

It was moved and seconded, that a committee of three be appointed for the purpose of making rules for the regulation of the Library. Agreed to. The committee of Messrs. Atkinson, Yancy and Hoskins.

For dissertation, Mr. Hoskins; for declamation, Messrs. Dunlap and Thomas.

The Censor's report on the small book.

Prayer by Mr. Hoskins.

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October 3, 1835.

The society met at the usual hour. Mr. Holland prayed. After the roll was called, and the proceedings of the last meeting were read, we proceeded to business.

The subject of debate was demanded: "Does Washington deserve more honor in defending the cause of liberty than Columbus in the discovery of America?" which was discussed, and decided in the affirmative.

The committee appointed for the purpose of preparing by-laws for the government of the Library made their report by reading several articles which they had prepared, all of which were adopted.

The committee appointed to tender to Mr. Shaw the thanks of this society report that they had discharged that duty, which report was received and the committee discharged.

The committee appointed to procure tables for the use of the society reported that it was impossible for them to procure them at present, which report was received and the committee discharged.

Dissertation by Mr. Hoskins; declamation by Messrs. Thomas and Dunlap.

Messrs. McNeil and Gathings were appointed to manage the next debate, who selected the following query as the subject of discussion: "Is it more prudent in a man to conceal his ignorance than to display his abilities?"

Messrs. Hegson and Lucas were appointed for declamation, and Mr. Yancy dissertation.

Censor's report on the small book.

Prayer by Mr. Harrell.

October 17, 1835.

The society met according to appointment. Mr. Jones prayed. The secretary being absent, Jas. W. Hoskins was appointed secretary pro tem. After the roll was called we proceeded to business.

The subject of debate, "Is it more prudent in a man to conceal his ignorance than to display his abilities?" was discussed, and decided in the affirmative.

It having been stated that Mr. Moore, our Librarian, did not expect to return to Wake Forest, it was thought expedient that another member should be elected to fill his office. The election terminated in favor of Jas. W. Hoskins as Librarian.

Messrs. Jenkins and Ellerbe were chosen to manage the next debate, who made choice of the following query: "Does nature contribute more toward excellency in writing and discourse than art?"

Dissertation by Mr. Yancy; declamation by Mr. Lucas.

Mr. Weston was appointed for dissertation, and Messrs. Rogers and May for declamation.

Censor's report on small book.

Prayer by Mr. Ellerbe.

October 23, 1835.

At the call of the President the society met for the purpose of appointing a committee of arrangement to act in conjunction with a committee of the Euzelian Society, in superintending the celebration of our next Commencement. After the meeting was called to order Mr. Washington offered a resolution to this effect: "Whereas, it being thought necessary that a committee should be appointed from each society to superintend the exercises of the next Commencement:

"Therefore, *Resolved*, That we appoint a committee of arrangements, consisting of three, to act jointly with a similar committee of the Euzelian Society." W. Jones, Childers, and Washington, committee.

Be it further resolved, that a committee of three be appointed to present this resolution to the Euzelian Society at its next meeting. Atkinson, Holland, N. Pouncey, committee.

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October 31, 1835.

1. The society met at the usual hour. Prayer by Mr. Jones. The roll was called and the minutes of the last meeting were read, after which we proceeded to transact the business of this body.

2. An inquiry being made whether there were any persons present who wished to become members of this society, Mr. John M. Crenshaw was then introduced as a candidate for membership, who, after the usual preliminaries were performed, enrolled his name among us.

3. The Constitution and By-Laws were read.

4. The following question was demanded: "Does nature contribute more toward excellency in writing and discourse than art?" which was discussed and decided in the affirmative.

5. The committee appointed for the purpose of procuring money (by subscription) to defray the expense of printing

Mr. Dockery's oration reported that they, after distributing to each member the number of copies he required, distributed to the amount of \$16.50, which report was received and committee discharged.

6. There being a small amount due on printing the oration, it was decided that it should be raised by subscription.

7. The committee appointed to raise a sufficient amount of money to defray the expenses of the celebration of the 4th of July, reported that they had paid out \$12, but that there was a small amount still due, which report was received, and the committee discharged.

8. It was then determined that a committee should be appointed to raise this, and the amount due on oration. Committee: Childers, Yancy and Burroughs.

The committee appointed to address the Euzelian Society reported by reading a letter from that body, which letter was received.

Messrs. Merriam, Washington and Atkinson were appointed on a committee to examine the state of the treasury, and to report at the next meeting of this society.

Mr. Weston being absent we had no dissertation.

Mr. Rogers performed the duty of declamation.

Messrs. Holland and Yancy were chosen to manage the next debate, who selected the following subject, viz: "Was the Reformation by Luther more beneficial to mankind than the discovery of America by Columbus?"

Messrs. Crenshaw and Baxter were appointed for declamation.

Censor's report on small book. Prayer by the secretary.

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November 14, 1835.

The society met at the usual time. Mr. Holland prayed, the roll was called, and the minutes of the last meeting were read, after which we proceeded to transact the business of this society.

The following subject was demanded, viz: "Was the Reformation by Luther more beneficial to mankind than the discovery of America by Columbus?" which was discussed and decided in the affirmative.

The Standing Committee offered several queries, some of which were received, viz: "Was Cæsar justifiable in crossing the Rubicon?" "Is the cotton of the Southern countries more valuable than the mines of Brazil?" "Is a country without law more happy than an absolute monarchy?" "Is wealth more to be desired than honor?"

The committee of correspondence reported by reading letters from several distinguished gentlemen, viz: Thos. F. Hoskins, Reding S. Blunt, Daniel Webster, Gov. Jno. Branch, and Hugh L. White, who were unanimously received as honorary members of this society.

The committee appointed to raise by subscription a small amount due on printing oration, Mr. Yancy's account, reported that they had not as yet raised a sufficient amount for this purpose, which committee was indulged until a called meeting of this society. The committee on the treasury were also indulged until the same meeting.

Censor's report on small book. Mr. Hoskins prayed.

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November 21, 1835.

The society met according to appointment. The president being absent, Mr. Yancy, the vice-president, occupied the chair. The roll was called, and the minutes of the last meeting were read, after which we proceeded to transact the business of the meeting.

Report of committees: "Your Committee on Subscription beg leave to report, after having made every endeavor to raise the amount due on printing Mr. Dockery's oration, Messrs. Yancy's and Atkinson's accounts, that they have not col-



lected a sufficient sum for that purpose. W. W. Childers, Chairman." Which report was received, and the committee discharged.

Your committee, to whom was referred the state of the treasury, having had the same under consideration, beg leave to report that they find the money matters substantially as follows:

The sum raised by the fees of the society, and paid into the hands of the treasurer amounts to.....	\$80.31 $\frac{1}{4}$
The amount raised by subscription for various objects .....	100.56 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total.....	\$180.87 $\frac{3}{4}$

Included in this there is five dollars, which was presented by the unknown hand of Philomeba, suggesting a very appropriate emblem for one side of the banner, or the noble purpose, no doubt, of elevating our minds, and giving us a more exalted view of the greatness, goodness, and benevolence of our Heavenly Parent.

They find also that the following sums have been paid out:

For banner .....	\$63.46 $\frac{1}{2}$
Articles for the 4th of July, including music.....	20.60
Mr. E. F. H. Johnson's bill of books, candles, etc....	17.44 $\frac{1}{2}$
	\$101.51
Balance remaining in treasury.....	\$79.36 $\frac{3}{4}$
Fees, which are still due the society.....	\$3.95

The Society is indebted for printing Mr. Dockery's

oration on the 4th of July.....	20.00
Cards of invitation .....	3.00
To Mr. Yancy .....	3.00
To Mr. Atkinson .....	1.00

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Which amounts to..... \$27.00

All of which is respectfully submitted.

C. R. MERRIAM, *Chairman.*

1. Resolutions: Mr. Merriam offered several resolutions, which are as follows:

"Whereas the Philomathesian Society view with deep interest everything which is calculated to enlighten the mind and refine the taste; therefore,

*Resolved*, That all the money remaining in the treasury be paid over to Professor Armstrong, and that he be requested to purchase for the use of the society such books as his best judgment shall dictate. Received.

2. *Resolved*, That we use our best efforts during the vacation to procure such books, and natural and artificial ..... for the use of the society as may be of service to its members. Received.

3. Mr. Washington offered a resolution to this effect: "Whereas, deeming it a respect to the individual presenting donations to the society,

Be it *Resolved*, That the thanks and acknowledgment of the society, be tendered to the donor, both through the medium of a letter, and the columns of the *Biblical Recorder*; and further,

*Resolved*, That a committee be instructed to tender the thanks and acknowledgments of the society to Mr. Shaw, through the medium of the aforestated paper, for those valuable books which were presented." Received. Committee: Washington, Childers and Atkinson.

Motions: It was moved, and agreed to, that the amount the society is now indebted be paid out of the treasury.

It was decided that the society, in connection with the treasurer, present the respects of the society with a copy of the resolution relative to procuring books to Professor Armstrong.

PROCEEDINGS OF EUZELIAN SOCIETY

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February 14, 1835.

On this evening the students of the Institute having convened, there was an address delivered by Professor Armstrong, on the Utility of Polemic Societies.

The propriety of establishing two societies of the character above named having been clearly shown, Jas. C. Dockery and Hiram K. Person were appointed, equally to divide the students in respect to both number and talent, and to report on the 21st of February, 1835.

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February 21, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment; and the meeting having been called to order, the gentlemen announced the division, after which announcement, Mr. Dockery, with those whom he had chosen, retired into a separate apartment of the house. Mr. Person, with whom he had chosen, remained where the division was announced.

This body proceeded to elect H. K. Person, president pro tem., and Elisha Burns, secretary pro tem.

Thomas S. Rayner, Josiah M. Brooks and Elisha Burns were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and to report on the 28th inst.

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February 28, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. After the calling of the house to order the secretary read the proceedings of February 21, 1835. The Committee on the Constitution and By-Laws reported. The following Constitution was adopted, and By-Laws:

## CONSTITUTION.

Article 1. This society shall be known as the Euzelian Society.

Article 2. The object of this society shall be the intellectual improvement of its members. All subjects of interest shall be open for deliberation, and they may be investigated by written essays or by viva voce discussion, and at every regular meeting of the society one subject shall be debated. Controverted subjects in religion shall be excluded.

Article 3. Every student of Wake Forest Institute shall be eligible to regular membership; provided, however, he be not associated with any other society of a similar character connected with the Institute. All persons of distinction shall be eligible to honorary membership.

Article 4. The members of the Faculty shall be eligible to regular membership, and shall be exempt from the demands of the society.

Article 5. Each student on his admission to this society shall subscribe his name to the Constitution and By-Laws thereof; and shall pay the sum of one dollar on his entrance, and the sum of twenty-five cents, quarterly.

Article 6. Every person wishing to become a member of this society shall be proposed by one of the members thereof, when an election by ballot shall immediately take place. Three black balls shall negative his election.

Article 7. The officers of this society shall be a President, Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Librarian, a Senior and Junior Critic, and a Censor—who shall be elected by ballot at the first meeting in March and the first meeting in August of each year.

Article 8. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings of the society, to preserve decorum, to appoint committees, to put all questions, to sign all orders, to give the casting vote in case of a tie; and while in the chair he shall take no part in the debate. In all elections by ballot he shall have a vote, and at all times shall have the privilege of calling any member to occupy the chair.

Article 9. The vice-president shall preside in the absence of the president and shall discharge all his respective duties.

Article 10. The secretary shall keep a faithful record of all the proceedings of the society, and shall receive all moneys and pay them over to the treasurer and take his receipt for the same.

Article 11. The treasurer shall keep all the moneys thus paid over to him by the secretary and pay them out only by the orders of the society, signed by the president.

Article 12. The librarian shall preserve all the books of the society, keep a regular catalogue of the same, lend them to the members as he may be directed by the by-laws of the society.

Article 13. It shall be the duty of the critics to correct all errors in composition and declamation.

Article 14. It shall be the duty of the censor, scrupulously to observe the deportment of the members and to report all indecorum to the president of the society.

Article 15. There shall be a Standing Committee of the members, whose duty it shall be to present subjects of discussion for the adoption of the society.

Article 16. No alteration shall be made in this constitution without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.

The following persons were elected for the first term: Hiram K. Person, President; William T. Brooks, Vice-President; Elisha Burns, Secretary; Richard B. Seawell, Treasurer; Thomas S. Rayner, Librarian; Willie R. Powell, Censor; Robert M. Noxon, Senior Critic; John M. Collins, Junior Critic.

Appointed Josiah M. Brooks, M. M. Wise and William C. Skinner a Standing Committee to introduce queries before the society for its adoption.

March 14, 1835.

Met according to adjournment. The house was called to order, and various business of an important character transacted.

Appropriated \$7 for a record book. Appropriated \$1.25 for half a dozen candlesticks.

By reason of various other little business there was no subject regular discussed.

Appointed Wm. C. Skinner to declaim at the next meeting, and M. Dunn dissertation.

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March 28, 1835.

Met agreeably to adjournment. The meeting having been called to order, the proceedings of the last meeting were read.

Received David Wright and John Trantham as regular members of the society.

The question to be debated at our next meeting is, "Is there more pleasure in the pursuit than in the possession of an object?"

Nazareth Legett and J. B. Nixon in the affirmative, Richard B. Scawell and Wm. C. Skinner in the negative.

Appointed Willie R. Powell for dissertation.

Appointed Thomas H. Wood for declamation.

Resolution: *Resolved*, That the Euzelian Society yield the choice of the orator for the 4th of July next to the Philomathesian Society.

*Resolved further*, That a committee of three be appointed to wait on the said society for their decision, and report the same to this society at its next meeting.

Appointed Thomas I. Rayner, I. I. Collin and Elisha Burns to wait on the Philomathesian Society.

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April 11, 1835.

Met according to adjournment. The meeting having been called, the proceedings were read. Received Geo. Rounseyville a regular member.

The query, "Is there more pleasure in the pursuit than in the possession of an object?" was debated and decided in the negative.

The committee appointed to wait on the Philomathesian Society reported that that society had accepted the honor of electing an orator for the 4th of July.

The subject for the next meeting is, "Is happiness equally distributed among men?" David Wright and John Watson on the affirmative, Lewis Dupre and William T. Outlaw on the negative.

Appointed A. G. Person for declamation. Appointed J. H. Brooks for dissertation.

Appropriated thirty cents for a pair of candle-snuffers.

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April 25, 1835.

Having met, the house was called to order, and the proceedings were read.

Received I. Barnard, L. Strayhorn, D. Wood, I. L. Richard as regular members, and Daniel Dupre an honorary member.

The subject, "Is happiness equally distributed among men?" was debated and decided in the negative.

Thomas Rayner was elected to read the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July next.

Richard B. Seawell, J. H. Brooks and M. M. Wise were appointed as a committee to procure a standard for the society.

Resolved as a by-law, that any member revealing any of the proceedings of this society out of the society shall subject himself to be fined fifty cents.

The query chosen for the next debate is, "Is genius, in the general, profitable to its possessors?" James B. Nixon and Robert M. Noxon on the affirmative; John L. Richard and Thos. J. Rayner on the negative.

Appointed for declamation, miskept.

Appointed for dissertation Thos. N. Wood.



May 9, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The meeting was called to order and the proceedings read.

Lynn B. Farish was received as a regular member. Dr. Young, Dr. Wm. M. Crenshaw, Governor David L. Swain, Henry W. Miller and Charles Manly were elected as honorary members.

The query, "Is genius, in the general, profitable to its possessors?" was debated and decided in the affirmative.

The subject selected to be debated is, "Is the wisdom of God more displayed in animate than in inanimate creation?" Wm. C. Watts and W. H. Walthall on the affirmative; T. N. Wood and J. J. M. Collins on the negative.

Appointed John Watson for dissertation.

Appointed M. M. Wise for declamation.

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May 23, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The house was called to order, and the roll called. Received Dr. Crenshaw as an honorary member. Elected Mr. Albert Winston an honorary member. Elected Professor Hooper an honorary member. Elected Judge Gaston an honorary member.

Debated and decided the question in the negative.

Appointed a committee of arrangement consisting of three persons, viz: J. W. Brooks, R. B. Seawell and C. Burns.

Adopted the following resolutions, viz:

*Resolved*, That there shall be six persons appointed at every regular meeting, who shall conduct the debate at the next regular meeting.

*Resolved*, That the decision of the queries debated shall be according to the merit of the argument. Annulled.

Wm. C. Atkinson having resigned as a member of the query committee, appointed Wm. M. Walthall in his stead.

Query: "Is it judicious in the Government to force the

Indians to move contrary to their own wills?" T. J. Rayner, George Roumaville and T. Wood on the affirmative; J. W. Brooks, J. Moore and William C. Watts on the negative.

For declamation, R. B. Seawell; for dissertation, D. C. Wright.

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June 6, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The house was called to order, the roll was called and the proceedings were read.

Richard B. Seawell declaimed.

The subject debated and decided in the negative.

Appointed for declamation, John J. M. Collins; appointed for dissertation, Lewis Du Pre.

The query selected for debate is: "Has there been more advantage derived from the printing press than from the mariner's compass?"

Appointed to conduct the debate the following persons, viz: N. Leggett, D. Wright and Wm. H. Walthall on the affirmative; Wm. C. Skinner, J. L. Prichard and T. J. Rayner on the negative.

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Friday, June 26, 1835.

Deeming it expedient, the president called a meeting of the society, when M. M. Wise was appointed marshal to conduct the march of the members of the society on the 4th of July next, which appointment annulled his previous election as standard-bearer. Therefore, N. Legett was appointed standard-bearer.

Elected and received John R. Owen a regular member of the society.

Elected, as honorary members of the society, Isaac Pipkins, Rob. B. Gilliam, Isaac Baxter, Jon. W. Jacocks, Chas. Fisher, J. L. Baily, Josiah Collins, Jr., D. W. Barringer,

Jas. B. Skinner, Jesse Wilson, David S. Williams. Received D. Spight and Henry Seawell.

(Observation.—The record of the proceedings on June 20 should have been prior to the record above, of the proceedings on the 26th June, 1835.)

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June 20, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The house was called to order, the roll called and the proceedings read.

Elected and received as regular members, John T. Bond, Jas. A. Delk, and Spencer Haltom.

Subject debated and decided in the negative.

Appropriated \$..... for the flag of the society.

*Resolved*, That no person shall enter the hall of the society during its session only by the consent of the society.

*Resolved*, that in deciding all questions of debate the yeas and nays be taken.

*Resolved*, That the letters of those wishing to become honorary members be read to the society previous to their election.

*Resolved*, That all committees offer their reports in writing.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the society be tendered to Mrs. Wait for the riband presented the society by her.

Appointed a committee, consisting of William H. Walthall, Robert M. Nexon and James B. Nixon to tender the thanks of the society to Mrs. Wait, as expressed in the preceding resolution.

Received a communication from the Philomathesian Society, whose import was, that that society yield to the Euzelian Society the honor of selecting an orator for our next Commencement, yielded us by the Philomathesian Society.

Appointed a committee consisting of three, viz: Richard B. Seawell, J. J. M. Collins and David Wright, to answer the communication received from the Philomathesian Society.

Appointed M. M. Wise standard-bearer.

Appointed for declamation, J. J. Alston. Appointed for dissertation, J. A. Delk.

Question: "Would it be policy in North Carolina to adopt a liberal system of internal improvement." On the affirmative, J. J. M. Collins, M. M. Wise and Henry W. Walthall; on the negative, Jas. B. Nixon, J. Watson and W. F. Brooks.

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June 28, 1835.

Deeming it expedient, the president called a meeting of the society. When the roll had been called, it was moved and seconded that Marshal M. Wise be appointed marshal to conduct the march of the members of the society on the 4th of the ensuing month, July. Carried.

It was then moved and seconded that Nazareth Legett be appointed to bear the flag of the society on the 4th of July next. Carried.

R. M. Noxon proposed Charles W. Skinner, Esq., to be received by the society as an honorary member. Elected by a unanimous voice.

Appointed R. M. Noxon, R. B. Seawell and W. Brooks a committee to request Judge Gaston to deliver an address to this and the Philomathesian Society at our next Commencement.

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July 19, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment.

The house was called to order, the roll called and the minutes read.

Declamation by J. J. Alston; dissertation by J. L. A. Delk.

The subject debated and decided was in the affirmative, by a majority of eight votes.

## REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Your committee to wait on Mrs. Wait beg leave to report that they have fully complied with your instructions given them.

ROBERT M. NOXAN, Chairman.

Your committee to whom was referred the correspondence with the Philomathesian Society beg leave to report that they answered the communication of that society as directed by you.

RICHARD B. SEAWELL, Chairman.

Your committee to whom it was referred to address a letter to the Hon. Wm. Gaston, requesting him to deliver an address before our society, 25th November, beg leave to report that they did so, and have since received an answer, that he will comply with the request. WM. T. BROOKS, Chairman.

Your committee to whom it was referred to tender the acknowledgments of the society to Miss Clancey, beg leave to report that they have complied, in every respect, with the directions given them.

R. M. NOXAN, Chairman.

On motion, appointed N. Legett, J. Watson and H. Walshall, a committee to examine the state of the treasury and report at the next meeting.

On motion, appointed D. Wright, W. Hinton, Wm. T. Outlaw, a committee to examine the account of the secretary, and report at our next meeting.

On motion, appointed R. M. Noxon, R. B. Seawell and Wm. T. Brooks, a committee to examine the by-laws, and introduce others for the reception of the society.

On motion, appointed J. H. Brooks, J. T. Bond and J. Watson, a committee to consult the Faculty relative to the laying of the corner-stone to the College building.

On motion, appointed as a committee, Elisha Burns, Wm. C. Skinner and James B. Nixon, to publish, or have published, that the Hon. Wm. Gaston will deliver an address before the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies on the 25th of November next.

On motion, resolved, that this society have 500 copies of the oration, delivered on the 4th inst. by Mr. J. J. C. Dockery, printed in pamphlet form.

On motion, resolved, that the money to defray the expense of printing the oration be raised by subscription.

Introduced by W. R. Powell, a resolution that any member present indulging in sleep, during the session of the society, be fined. Laid over till next meeting.

Question, "Is there more happiness enjoyed among the civilized than among the uncivilized part of mankind?" In the affirmative, Wm. Watts, L. DuPre and Holton; in the negative, J. T. A. Delk, J. T. Bond and J. R. Owen.

For dissertation, Henry Hinton; for declamation, J. Moore.

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August 3, 1835.

Met according to adjournment. The house was called to order, the roll called and the proceedings read.

Declamation by J. Moore, dissertation by H. Hinton.

The subject debated and decided was in the affirmative by the majority of the president's vote.

#### REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Committee of Arrangement on the 4th of July: Your committee, to whom was referred the arrangement of the celebration on the 4th of July, beg leave to report:

That they did their best to render debate interesting and pleasant.

The expenses incurred for the occasion are as follows:

Half box raisins.....	\$2.50
Half box prunes.....	1.50
Six pounds almonds.....	1.50
Half bottle rose oil.....	.30
Half jug lemon syrup.....	2.30
In the treasury .....	

Your committee on the state of the treasury beg leave to report: That the Treasurer has received \$73.00. He has expended by order of the society, \$30.50. There is yet in the treasury \$42.50. The treasury is in debt to the amount of \$20.52. All which, in behalf of the committee, is respectfully submitted.

N. LEGETT, Chairman.

On the account of the secretary: Your committee on the account of the secretary beg leave to report: That the secretary has collected and paid over to the treasurer \$73.22½. All of which, in behalf of the committee, is respectfully submitted.

WM. T. OUTLAW.

On the by-laws: Your committee on by-laws beg leave to report: That they examined the code, and introduced the following for the reception of the society:

Section 2, Article 13. The secretary shall report absentees. Article 14. The censor shall report.

Section 3, Article 3. At the meeting preceding the last meeting in each term there shall be a committee of three appointed, whose duty it shall be to examine the records of the society and the accounts of the secretary. Article 4. There shall be a Standing Committee, whose duty it shall be to conduct the correspondence of the society.

R. M. NOXAN, Chairman.

Committee on the Faculty relative to the corner-stone of the College: Your committee to consult the Faculty, being unprepared, beg indulgence.

J. W. BROOKS, Chairman.

Indulgence granted.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That any person indulging in sleep during the session of the society be subject to a fine of 25 cents.

*Resolved*, That any member absenting himself from the society more than fifteen minutes be subject to a fine of 25 cents.

*Resolved*, That it is out of order for a member to move for the rejection of a resolution or a motion.

Ordered, that the treasurer pay off the debt contracted by the Committee of Arrangements.

Election of officers for the ensuing term:

President, Elisha Burns.

Vice-President, Henry Hinton.

Secretary, Wm. T. Brooks.

Treasurer, J. H. Brooks.

Librarian, R. B. Seawell.

Senior Critic, H. H. Person.

Junior Critic, R. M. Noxon.

Censor, Wm. H. Walthall.

The new officers then entered upon their official duties.

Appointed for query committee, N. Legett, T. Pritchard and W. Nowell.

Appointed for corresponding committee, H. K. Person, R. M. Noxon and R. B. Seawell.

Appointed for declamation, T. B. Powell. Appointed for dissertation, Wm. H. Walthall.

Question: "Is Washington to be more applauded than Columbus?" H. F. Biggs, A. Person and Nixon on the affirmative; W. Alston, L. Farish and J. Collins on the negative.

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August 17, 1835.

We met according to adjournment. The house was called to order, the roll called and the proceedings read.

T. Powell declaimed.

W. Walthall read a dissertation.

The subject was debated and decided in the negative.

#### REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Committee to consult the Faculty:

Your committee to whom was referred the consulting of the Faculty relative to the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-



stone of the College building, beg leave to report that they consulted the Faculty, from whom they learn that the ceremonies will be entirely private.

In behalf of the committee. JNO. BOND, Chairman.

## RESOLUTION.

*Resolved*, That officers for delinquencies be fined double what private members are for the same, and in case the president shall be a delinquent the vice-president shall officiate.

## MOTIONS.

Moved and carried, that the fine for sleep during the session of the society be reduced from twenty-five to five cents.

Moved and carried, that four hundred copies of the oration delivered by J. C. Dockery on the 4th of July be divided equally among the members, and out of the remaining hundred a copy be sent to each honorary member, and the residue remain in the society.

Appointed for declamation, B. Baxter. Appointed for dissertation, John R. Owen.

Question: "Would it be policy in North Carolina to establish a penitentiary?" N. Legett, J. Gathings and Wm. Sutton, on the affirmative; R. B. Seawell, E. Hinton and I. Moore, on the negative.

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September 3, 1835.

Met according to adjournment. The house having been called to order, the roll was called. The proceedings of the last meeting read.

B. Baxter declaimed. J. R. Owen read a dissertation.

The subject debated and decided was in the affirmative by the president's vote.

## REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

Committee on the former treasurer's act:

The committee that was appointed to settle the affairs with

the former treasurer beg leave to report, that they have done so and paid over the notes and money to the present treasurer.

MOTION.

Moved and carried, that the meetings of the society be opened and closed by prayer.

Appointed for declamation, A. Powell; appointed for dissertation, L. B. Farish.

Question: "Does art contribute more to the excellence of discourse than nature?" I. R. Owen, F. T. Biggs, J. T. Bond, on the affirmative; J. W. Collins, J. Trantham and J. B. Nixon, on the negative.

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September 17, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The house being called to order, prayer was offered by Mr. J. L. Pritchard, the roll called, and the proceedings of the last meeting read.

Declamation by A. Powell; dissertation by L. B. Farish.

The subject debated was decided in the negative.

MOTION.

Moved and carried, that the critics make their remarks immediately after the debate, publicly.

Appointed for declamation, H. Dunn. Appointed for dissertation, T. Wood.

Question: "Is love an involuntary passion?" Disputants: On the affirmative, R. M. Noxon, H. Hinton, J. B. Nixon; negative, I. B. Seawell, L. Dupree, J. Brooks.

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October 10, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The house having been called to order, prayer was offered by J. L. Pritchard, the roll called, and the minutes of the last meeting read.

Declamation by H. Dunn.

T. Wood failed to read a dissertation.

The question debated was decided in the negative.

## MOTION.

On motion R. M. Noxen was elected to deliver an address before the society at its last meeting during this session.

Appointed for declamation, T. Wood; for dissertation, John R. Owen.

Question: "Would it be policy in the United States to re-charter the banks?" Disputants on the affirmative, J. Bond, W. R. Powell, T. Rayner; on the negative, J. Collins, Wm. C. Skinner, W. Walthall.

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October 24, 1835.

Assembled according to adjournment. The house having been called to order, prayer was offered by W. R. Powell, the roll called, and the minutes of last meeting read.

T. Wood declaimed.

J. R. Owen read a dissertation.

Question debated was decided in the affirmative.

## RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed, whose business it shall be to conduct the proceedings of our meeting next Commencement. Be it further

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed with the Philomathesians on the subject.

Appointed for a Committee of Arrangement: H. K. Person, Wm. T. Brooks, H. Hinton.

Committee of Correspondence: R. M. Noxon, J. R. Owen, N. Legett.

## MOTIONS.

Moved and carried, that the address which was to be delivered at our last meeting during this session be postponed until our first meeting next session.

On motion, appropriated one dollar for (seonees).

On motion, a query was chosen for our last debate, to-wit, "Is slavery morally and politically wrong?" Appointed on

the debate, on the one hand, W. C. Walls, William T. Brooks, and J. L. Priehard; on the other hand, J. A. Delk, W. H. Walthall, J. H. Brooks.

Appointed for declamation, Edwin Hinton; for dissertation, W. Sutton.

Question: "Is the Legislature vested with the power of instructing her Senators?" On affirmative, T. Powell, H. Hinton and N. Legett; on the negative, J. Moore, J. R. Owen, W. H. Walthall.

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November 7, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The house having been called to order, prayer was offered by J. H. Brooks.

E. Hinton failed to declaim.

Wm. Sutton read a dissertation.

The question debated was decided in the affirmative.

#### COMMITTEE.

In behalf of the committee to reply to the letter received from the other society, I have just to say, they have complied with the directions given. ROBERT M. NOXEN, Chairman.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That no person having been a member of the Philomathesian Society be admitted into our body.

*Resolved*, That the apology of Hon. Wm. Gaston be received for not delivering an address before our society.

#### MOTIONS.

Moved and carried, that any member laughing so as to be heard during session be fined ten cents.

Moved and carried, that any member lying on benches during the session be fined ten cents.

Moved and carried, that any member speaking, or sneering at another whilst speaking be fined ten cents.

## FINES.

Fined J. U. Collins 75 cents for being absent three times ;  
25 cents for failing to speak.

Fined E. Burns 50 cents for absence.

Fined J. W. Brooks fifty cents for absence.

Fined T. Rayner 40 cents for leaving house abruptly.

Fined J. A. Delk 40 cents.

Fined W. T. Outlaw 45 cents.

Fined T. Wood 50 cents for disorderly conduct on 5th inst.

Fined N. Legett 25 cents for failing to speak.

Fined J. J. Alston 25 cents for absence.

Fined T. B. Nixon 25 cents for not speaking.

Fined E. Hinton 25 cents for not speaking.

Fined George Rounsaville 10 cents for disorderly conduct.

Fined James A. Delk 10 cents for disorderly conduct.

Fined Dallas Wood 10 cents for sleeping during session.

Prayer by H. K. Person.

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November 19, 1835.

Met according to adjournment. The house was called to order and the roll called.

Prayer by R. M. Noxon; the minutes of the last meeting read.

First, took up the case of Charles Skinner, and after a protracted debate, his election was declared null and void. After this, the case of Mr. Rayner was called for, who being under censure for his conduct towards the society, arose and gave satisfaction for the same, whereupon a motion was made and carried, that he be excused.

R. M. Noxen withdrew his resolution for the expulsion of W. C. Skinner, also the proposal of Charles Skinner.

Prayer by H. W. Person.

November 21, 1835.

Convened according to adjournment. The roll was called. Prayer by John L. Prichard. Minutes of the last meeting were read, after which declamation was made and a dissertation read. The disputants then proceeded to open the debate, which was decided in the negative. The society then adjourned until Monday morning.

Prayer by R. W. Noen.

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Met Monday morning. The committee appointed to collect the monies due the society reported, the report received, and the committee discharged. On motion, the treasurer was ordered to settle the accounts of the society.

## LIST OF BOTH SOCIETIES' MEMBERS AND SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF EACH

## EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY, 1834-35

Elisha Burns, Chatham County, '34-5, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa. Physician, Pittsboro. Died 1843.

William F. M. Outlaw, Bertie County, '34-5, '37-8. Physician, Jonesboro, Tenn. Died 1854.

Hiram K. Person, Moore County, '34-6. Lawyer, Moore County, Texas. Died about 1843.

William C. Skinner, Perquimans County, '34-5. Planter. Died 1845.

Josiah H. Brooks, Chatham County, '34-9. A.B. '39, A.M. '44. W. F. College teacher. Licensed Baptist minister, Chatham and Davidson counties. Died 1865.

Marshall M. Wise, Hertford County, '34-5. Planter, Kentucky and Virginia. Dead.

Willie R. Powell, Edgecombe County, '34-5.

William T. Brooks, Chatham County, '34-9. A.B. '39, A.M. '44, D.D. '70, W. F. College. Ordained May, '35, Rives's Chapel, '43-6. Tutor W. F. College '46-58. Assistant Professor Lang. Wake F. College '70-80. President. Trustees. President Baptist State Convention. Pastor, Henderson, Mt. Vernon, Forestville. Died January 16, 1883.

Thos. J. Rayner, Bertie County, '34-5. Planter. Member of N. C. General Assembly, Hermitage, Bertie County. Died 1848.

Francis T. Riggs, Craven County, '34-5. Planter, New Bern, Pamlico County. Dead.

George P. Rounsaville, Davidson County, Missonri. Railroad president. Dead.

Joseph J. Alston, Halifax County, '34-6. Moved to Petersburg, Va. Died about 1866.

John Watson, Warren County, '34-5. Merchant and Planter, Warren County. Died June 24, 1889.

William C. Watts, Orange County, '34-6.

William H. Walthal. Virginia, '34-5.

William G. Sutton, Bertie County, '34-7. Lawyer, Williamston, Tarboro. Died about 1855.

Lewis Dupree, Wake County, '35-8. Baptist minister, Georgia and Tennessee.

John T. Bond, Bertie County, '35-6. Planter, merchant, Bertie County. Died 1875.

James B. Nixon, Perquimans County, '35-6. Lawyer, Bethel, Perquimans County. Died about 1840.

John L. Prichard, Camden County, '35-40. A.B. '40, A.M. '44, W. F. C. '40-1. Teacher, Murfreesboro. Ordained March, 42, Danville, Va. Baptist minister. Pastor '42-52, Danville, Va., '52-55, Lynchburg, Va., '56-62, First Baptist Church, Wilmington, N. C. Died November 13, 1862.

James A. Delk, Hertford County, '34-5. A.B. '41, A.M. '59 U. of N. C., LL.D., Rochester University, N. Y., 66, S. W. Baptist University Tennessee. Teacher 35 years in N. C., 3 in Virginia, 12 in Tennessee. In 50 years has taught 2,000 girls and 600 boys. Professor Female College, High Point.

Spencer Haltom, Montgomery County.

Abner Williams, Pasquotank County, '34-7, Elizabeth City. Dead.

Thomas Powell, Wake County, '35-7.

John R. Owen, Davidson County. Teacher from '39-43 in Tipton County, Tenn. From '45-53 in Green County, Mo., and '53 till his death in 1865, in Texas.

Alfred Jordan, Bertie County, '35-36. Merchant in Williamston.

Wm. D. Alston, Halifax County, 34-36.



Isaac T. Aydlett, Currituck County, '35-36. Planter in his native county and died in 1887.

John Cotton, Chatham County, '34-35. Planter in Pittsboro and died in 1837.

Lynn B. Farish, Chatham County, '34-36.

John I. Trantham, Kershaw District, S. C., '35-36, '42-44. Medical student of Univ. Med. Col. N. Y. M.D. '46 of the Med. Col. of Castleton, Vt. Physician at Flat Rock, S. C., and died there in 1881.

Nazareth Leggett, Bertie County, '34-35. M.D. about '38. Univ. Penn. Physician at Holly Springs, Miss.

Robert M. Noxon, Chowan County, '34-37. Became a lawyer in native county.

Henry Hinton, Wake County, '35-36. Merchant in Erie, Ala. Died in 1857.

Richard B. Seawell, Wake County, '34-6. Planter in Raleigh.

Junius Fort, Wake County, '35-41. Planter, merchant and miller at Forestville. Died Dec. 24, 1875.

John M. Collins, Warren County, '34-35. Planter in Warren County from '54-72; lived in Nash. Died April 15, 1872.

Burwell M. Baxter, Currituck County, '35-41. A.B. '41. Lawyer, planter in Currituck County. Died 1881.

Jesse Bonard, Currituck County.

Edwin Hinton, Wake County, '35-6. Planter, merchant in Chatham County. Little Rock, Ark., merchant.

H. Dunn, Wake County, '35-6. Merchant '36-38, Wake County, '38-45 Pickens County, Ala., '45-53 Noxubee County, Miss., merchant. Died about 1854.

James Gatlings, Anson County, '35-6. Planter, '36-50 Anson County, '50 Texas. Died about 1881.

Joshua Moore, Bertie County, '34-6. Teacher. Moved about '37 to Haywood County. Died in Haywood County, Tenn., 1849.

Henry Merritt, Orange County, '34-6. Planter, Chapel Hill. Died 1879.

Alpheus Powell, Halifax County, '35-7. Merchant, '37-41 Halifax County, '47-56 Bertie County, 56 to about '60 Halifax County. Died about 1860.

Addison Person, Wayne County, '35-36. M.D. Harvard College, Mass. Physician at Fremont. Died July 26, 1856.

Isaac Williams, Cumberland County, '34-5, '39-40. Planter, Harnett County, Little River Acad.

Thomas N. Wood, Wake County, '35-7. Sergeant in U. S. Army. Died before 1861.

David Wright, Montgomery County, '34-35. Ordained Oct. 13, '56, Spring Hill Church, Baptist minister. Pastor in Stanly, Montgomery, and Richmond counties, '35-52, Pounding Branch, Montgomery County, '52-86, Troy. Died April 8, 1886.

Dallas Wood, Wake County, '34-5.

(These names are arranged as found in the original records.)

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#### PHILOMATHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY. 1834-35

Van R. Boddie, Nash County, '35-36. Afterwards a planter of his native county.

Oscar F. Baxter, Currituck County, '35-41. A.B. '41. Was a lawyer and planter in his native county. Died 1881.

Matthew W. Burroughs, Chatham County, '34-35. Became a planter in Gulf, Chatham County. Died some years ago.

Thomas Bush, Bertie County, '34-35. Was a planter in Roxobel. Died 1878.

Jesso Cobb, Lenoir County, '35-36. Was a planter in Lenoir County. Died 1863.

Jas. C. Dockery, Richmond County, '34-37. He was a student in Paris, was a professor of Modern Languages and Belles Letters in the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa.

From '52 to '63 he was a planter in Hernando, Miss. During the war he was a captain in a Mississippi regiment. Died Jan., 1863.

Thomas F. Ellerbee, Cheraw, S. C. He was a student here in '35-36.

Burton A. Ernul, Craven County, '34-35.

Philip Gathings, Anson County. Student here '34-36. From '36 to '54 was a planter in Anson County. In 1854 he moved to Hill County, Texas.

Joshua W. Hackney, Chatham County, '34-35. Became a planter at Hackney's, Chatham County. Died April 13, 1892.

David Harrell, Bertie County, '34-39. Ordained in June, 1839. From 1839 to '43 he was a missionary in the Chowan Association. From 1843 was a pastor in the same association. Died July 4, 1845.

Richard W. Hatch, New Bern, '35-40. Planter in Jones County. Died in 1889.

Thomas Hays, Franklin County. Student '34-35.

William Henry Haywood, Lenoir County. Student '34-35. Became a merchant in Lenoir County. In 1851 he moved to Florida, where he resided until his death in 1854.

Ezekiel Holland, Wake County, '34-37. Baptist minister and a planter in Johnston County. About 1853 he removed to Monroe County, Ark. Died in 1865.

Jas. W. Hoskins, Edenton. Student '34-35. Became a clergyman in the Episcopal Church in New Jersey.

Thomas Jenkins, Hertford County, '35-36.

Louis K. Jones, Wake County. Student here '34-35. Became a planter in his native county. Died in 1845.

William Henry Jones, Franklin County, '34-35. Became a banker in Raleigh. Died in 1882.

Charles R. Merriam, Wake County, '35-36.

George May, Chatham County, '35-36. Became a planter

in Pittsboro and was afterwards an officer in the U. S. revenue service.

James Moore, Bertie County, '34-35. Was a planter in Bertie County. From '37-50 he lived in Haywood County, Tenn. Died in 1850.

David G. Outlaw, Bertie County, '34-38. Physician in Raleigh. Died in 1849.

Peter A. K. Pouncey, Marlborough District, S. C., '55-56.

Jesse C. Powell, Halifax County, '35-36. Was an M.D. in 1843 at the University of Penn. Physician and planter St. Johns, Hertford County, from '43 to '60, and from '60 till his death in 1867. He lived in Halifax County.

Jno. C. Rogers, Wake County, '35-40. An A.B. in '40 and A.M. in '44. Became a physician.

Josiah Skinner, Chowan County, '34-35. Died in 1836.

Wilson R. Sutton, Tyrrell County, '35-36. Cadet at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point and afterward resided until his death at Roanoke Island.

Abner W. Thomas, Richmond County, '34-35. From '31-61 he was a planter in Richmond County, and from '61 to his death in '87 he resided in White County, Ark.

Richard E. Weston, Bertie County, '34-36. Planter at Merry Hill, Bertie County. Died about 1855.

Geo. Washington, Craven County, '34-36. Afterwards a lawyer in Alabama.

Alexander Yancy, Warren County, '35-36.

Jno. M. Crenshaw, Wake County, '34-36. Merchant and planter at Wake Forest. Died Jan. 28, 1910.

E. F. H. Johnson, London, Eng., '35-40.

Willis W. Childers, Camden, S. C., '36-39. A.B. '39 and A.M. '46. Afterwards a Baptist minister.

Seth Jones, Wake County, '34-35. Afterwards a student at the University of N. C. Became a planter in Wake County. Died in 1862.

Samuel Norris, Wake County, '35-36. Teacher and a planter residing at Holly Springs, and afterwards at Valentine's Mill.

Jno. Cooper Poe, Chatham County, '34-35. Lived in Fayetteville.

Samuel Dunlop, Kershaw District, S. C., '35-36. Planter in his native State and about '46 moved to Alabama. Died in 1861.

Wiley A. Atkinson, Darlington District, S. C., '34-6. Became a Baptist minister in Wake County. Died in 1871.

Stephen B. Long, Perquimans County, '35-36. Planter in his native county. Died in 1862.

Alfred L. Waugh, Ireland. Sculptor.

Joseph B. Outlaw, trustee of the college.

Jno. J. Lamb, Marlborough District, S. C., '35-36.

Alexander Lamb, Marlborough District, S. C., '35-36.

..... Biddle.

Alfred Dockery, trustee of the college.

N. W. Prince, Tuscaloosa, Ala., '34-35. From '35 to '67 a fruit grower in Meringo County. From '67 to '80 he lived in Apopka. Died in April, 1880.

Oliver H. P. Prince, Tuscaloosa, Ala., '34-35. Lawyer at Demopolis, Ala. Captain of the 41st Ala. Infantry and was killed by a cannon ball in the battle of Chickamauga.

Calvin H. Shaw, Wake County, '34-36. Planter in Wake County. Died some years ago.

(These names are arranged as found in the original records.)

## BIBLICAL RECORDER CORRESPONDENCE AND EDITORIALS

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(Extract from the *Biblical Recorder*, January 21, 1835—Published at New Bern, N. C.)

### REPORT ON THE INSTITUTE.

The Committee on the Wake Forest Institute ask leave to report:

That since the meeting of the Convention in November, 1833, the Institute has gone into operation, and its success thus far has exceeded the hopes of its most sanguine friends. It commenced about the first of February last, with about twenty-five students, which number continued to increase until August, when the number had reached seventy, at which time, for want of houses for the accommodation of the students, the Trustees found it necessary to give notice that no more could be admitted until the first of February next. An examination of the students of the Institution took place in August last. The report of the Examining Committee speaks in the highest terms of the proficiency of the students, growing out of the untiring zeal of its Principal, the Rev. Samuel Wait, as well as the active energies of the minds of the students, produced from the salutary effect of from one to two hours' labor each day, giving strength and health to their bodies, and vigor to their minds. The great proficiency of the students, in the various branches of studies, and the cheerfulness with which they all engage in the labor department of the school, leave it no longer problematical that their is great utility in uniting moderate labor with study. If but temporary buildings, which are now going up, can be made ready in time, your Committee are in possession of information to be relied upon, that next session will commence with one hundred students. The public are aware of many and peculiar advantages of the Institution, and its friends have

now everything to hope, and nothing to fear. As the Institution is the legitimate offspring of the Convention, and had its management until setting up for itself under an act of incorporation, your Committee would still recommend it to the fostering care of the Convention. Your Committee can not close this report without referring to the blessed fact of the late revival among the students of the Institution. We say blessed, because few such incidents are to be found in the annals of history. That it should please God, in such an almost miraculous manner, to pour out his spirit upon so many, so young, by such feeble means, in so short a period, to the conversion, and, we hope, final salvation of about forty souls; but such are the facts, and though to us they may appear wonderful, yet we rejoice in their result, and take courage in the belief that God, in His good providence, is already rewarding the labor of those who have toiled to put the Institution into operation, by thus early bringing to a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus, those whose happy lot it has been to be placed in the Wake Forest Institute.

Respectfully submitted,

DAVID THOMPSON, *Chairman.*

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(Extract from the *Biblical Recorder*, February 4, 1833—New Bern, N. C.)

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE,

January 8th, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER MEREDITH: I am aware that you are in want of a definite statement in regard to the financial concerns of the Institute. It has not been in my power to send this to you an hour sooner.

The expenses of the Institute, the first year, including horses, cattle, household and kitchen furniture, beds and bedding, table expenses and salaries for teachers, farmer, etc., have been \$4,833.50; all of which have been paid by the Treasurer.

The income from the students and donations at the commencement of the school, is \$3,123.31; which deducted from the expenses, leaves a balance against the Institute of \$1,710.19. To meet which there is now due by the students, \$527.97; which, when collected, will reduce the debt to \$1,182.22.

It will be recollected that the estimate of expenses mentioned above, includes a very considerable amount of property now on hand, such as cattle, horses, furniture, beds, etc., which was indispensable in the commencement of operations in the Institute and upon the farm, but which will not have to be met another year.

SAMUEL WAIT.

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(Extract from *Biblical Recorder*, Wednesday, April 1, 1835, New Bern, N. C.)

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE,

March 14th, 1835.

BROTHER MEREDITH: Taking it for granted that you would be pleased to learn some of the particulars of our operations here, I have taken it upon myself to give you a brief detail of our internal movements, and I might say, eternal movements, for never was a set of fellows kept so constantly on the go. I will begin at the dawn of day when the loud peals of the bells arouse us from our sweet repose. We are allowed about fifteen minutes to dress ourselves and wash, when the bell summons us to prayers. At this second sound of the bell, the whole plantation seems alive with moving bodies; a stream of students is seen pouring in from every direction; some, while on the way adjusting the deficiencies in their dress, which they had not time fully to arrange while in their room—some with vests wrong side out, some with eyes half open—and all in haste to reach the chapel in time to answer to their names. Prayers being over, just as the sun raises his head from behind the distant forest, the Virgil



class, to which I belong, commences recitations. Other classes are reciting at the same time. At half-past seven the bell rings for breakfast; a few minutes after which study hours commence. Every one is now kept at the top of his speed; some in reciting and others preparing for recitations, until 12 o'clock, when the bell announces the dinner hour; and almost immediately after this we start on the same mental race. This is kept up through all the classes until three o'clock when the bell rings loud and long for the toils of the field. While the bell is ringing, the students assemble in the grove before the dwelling house; some with axes, some with grubbing hoes, some with weeding hoes, and some empty handed, all in a thick crowd. You must now imagine that you see Mr. Wait in one place, Mr. Armstrong in another, and Mr. Dockery in another. Mr. Dockery, through a student, frequently takes the lead of one company. Now the roll is called, when as their names are called off, the students take their appropriate stations around their respective leaders—axes with axes, hoes with hoes—and then we start, each one following his chief. Those with axes make for the woods, where they fell the sturdy oaks, and divide them into rails; the grubbers take the field, and sweat with heavy blows over the roots and shrubs that have been encroaching upon the clear land. Those with weeding hoes find much variety in their employment; sometimes they cut down corn stalks, sometimes they rake up leaves, and now you may see them in the barnyard piling up manure. We students engage in everything here, that an honest farmer is not ashamed to do. If we should draw back from anything here that is called work, we should feel that we had disgraced ourselves. Those who are empty-handed make up the fences, and harden their shoulders under heavy rails. The fact is, we are always busy, always ready for recitation, and always ready for work. We are cheerful and happy, merry in a joke, and hard to beat in a hearty laugh. We are

sometimes tired when we quit work, but never so bad off that we can not outstrip any common fellow when the supper bell rings. I am attached to the mauling corps, and know but little about the other companies. Mr. Wait leads out our company. When we reach the woods our coats are laid off and we set to with a good will. Our chief sets the example,—

*"Nec non Æneas opera inter talia primus*

*Hortatur socios, paribusque accinquitur armis."*

Blistered hands we consider here as scars of honor, and we show them with as much pride as Marius exhibited his scars to the wondering multitude. That you may form some idea of our execution, I will state that two of our corps mauled yesterday one hundred and twenty-seven rails in two hours and a half, and that the fence corps, led on by Mr. Armstrong, in two evenings, made a fence and staked it, near a half mile in length, and most of the rails were carried on the shoulders at least three hundred yards. You now see that we are not afraid of work—hard work. A little before sunset the bell calls us from the field, we enter the chapel for prayers, and immediately after take supper. We now have about half an hour for amusement, when the bell again calls to study. There is no place like Wake Forest at night. The stillness of the graveyard possesses the whole outdoor establishment. It is now night; the pale-faced moon is shining beautifully, and all without is absolute solitude, save when a solitary student is heard winding his way with a pitcher in his hand to the well; soon again all is silence. Oh what a place for meditation—how calm, how still—nothing but the gentle breeze stealing among the dead leaves as they hang upon the tree. But hark! there sound the deep notes of the bell,—'tis nine o'clock. Now listen—how soft and melodious are the tones of those flutes—how beautifully do they harmonize with those of the violin, the sharp hissing sounds are from the dulcimo. Moonlight and music!—but enough. There's no place like Wake Forest. Good night.

G. W.

(Extract from the *Biblical Recorder*, April 15, 1835—New Bern, N. C.)

ORANGE COUNTY,  
March 31st, 1835.

BROTHER MEREDITH: Permit me, through your valuable paper, to correct a mistake in relation to the incorporation of the Wake Forest Lodge, which is doing much injury to the Wake Forest Institute. In the caption of the laws enacted by our last legislature it is stated that the above named lodge was incorporated.

Those who have seen this suppose that the name (*Wake Forest*) is applied exclusively to the Institute, which is far from being correct. Wake Forest embraces a captain's district, and the neighborhood was extensively known by that name long before the Institute was originated or even thought of. The above named lodge is situated four miles from the Institute, and has no more to do with the Institute than if it was on the opposite side of the globe. The lodge was established in 1826, or 1827, and has been known by the name it bears at present ever since. I hope the readers of the *Recorder* will notice these facts, and endeavor to correct the erroneous impression made upon the minds of many of the friends and opposers of the Institute.

Yours respectfully,

GEO. W. PURIFY.

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(Extract from *Biblical Recorder* of May 22, 1835—New Bern, N. C.)

### MEETING OF STUDENTS AT WAKE FOREST.

When the reports alluded to below first became known at the Institute, they were regarded as a childish and ephemeral slander, wholly unworthy of serious consideration. But repeated communications from respectable sources, gave assurance that these reports were eagerly seized upon and zealously propagated by the enemies of the school and in too

many instances credited by the wavering and suspicious. These facts convinced the young men in the Institute, that it was due to themselves, to the institution, to the professors, and to all concerned, to take prompt and effectual measures to stop all misrepresentation and misgivings on the subject. The following seasonable and dignified proceedings on the part of the students will not only be regarded as an unanswerable refutation of the ridiculous charges against the concern, but will be very apt to prevent a recurrence of similar conduct in the future. We state the above from personal knowledge, having been incidentally present at the time when the proceedings referred to took place.

It ought to be known that the persons who originated the slander alluded to absconded from the Institute; that they went not immediately to their homes, but to Petersburg, Va., and that they were induced to desert the school not for the sake of better fare, but with a view to carry into effect a project having altogether a different bearing.

It ought to be known also that the table at the Institute is furnished, not at the expense of the professors or the steward, but at that of the institution; that the professors uniformly partake with the students; and that those who provide and superintend the fare have an interest in common with the students in relation to both its quantity and its kind.

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE,  
May 13, 1835.

A general meeting of the students of the Institute was called this morning in the chapel. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the contents of a letter received from the eastern part of the State. This letter stated that there were reports in circulation prejudicial to the interests of the Institute, viz: It is said that we, the students, are dissatisfied with our present situation; that our food is coarse and not good; that we do not get enough to eat, and

that we are anxious to return to our homes. After this letter was read, the meeting was regularly organized by calling Mr. J. C. Dockery to the chair, and appointed Mr. R. M. Nixon secretary.

It was then resolved, that a committee of five be appointed, whose duty it shall be to draw up resolutions in reference to these reports and present them for the decision of the meeting.

The following gentlemen constituted the committee, viz: H. K. Person, J. W. Hoskins, T. J. Rayner, G. Washington, and E. Burns.

The meeting was adjourned until two o'clock.

Two O'clock.

The students again assembled according to adjournment, when the committee made the following report:

Whereas, there being certain reports touching us as students of the Institute, it is therefore

*Resolved*, That we are perfectly satisfied with our present situation, and that we are happy as students of the Institute.

*Resolved*, That our food, though plain, is healthful and good, with such occasional delicacies as circumstances will admit.

*Resolved*, That our food is in the greatest abundance, that our wants are well supplied, and that there is always an evidence of this remaining when we rise from the table.

*Resolved*, That though we should be pleased to see our parents, etc., yet we are not anxious to leave the Institute; that we have come here for an education, and here we wish to stay until this objet be accomplished. In a word, we are a happy family, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

*Resolved*, That while our dear parents and guardians are assured that we are all alive, and doing well, they may make themselves easy, for we, their hopeful sons and wards, entertain no serious apprehensions of starvation or the gout.

*Resolved*, That we are determined that no one, whether he be a student or not, shall slander us or the Institute with impunity.

*Resolved*, That we will place our signatures to this report with our residence.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The following statement was then made:

Your committee will now state, that the young men who left us some time since, were induced to do so, not from the reasons assigned by the Currituck gentleman, viz: the scarcity or the unpalatableness of the fare; but for the accomplishment of an object for which we understand he had a more than ordinary propensity before he left his home.

The students were then called upon to give their signatures, when nearly ninety signed their names to the resolutions.

*Resolved*, That the editors of the *North Carolina Standard*, *Herald of the Times* and *Biblical Recorder* be requested to publish the above proceedings.

The meeting then adjourned.

J. C. DOCKERY, *Chairman*.

R. M. NIXON, *Secretary*.

To the above proceedings are appended the signatures of eighty-eight students, a large proportion of whom, are nearly, or quite, men grown; but as the publication of these names would occupy something like a column of the *Recorder*, and could be attended with nothing like a corresponding utility, we take the liberty to substitute the names of the chairman and secretary, trusting that this will be satisfactory to all concerned.

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MR. EDITOR: Will you do us a favor to give the following resolution a place in your paper? The Euzelian is one of the

literary societies of which there are two at the Institute, and the person named below is one of the delinquents referred to in the foregoing resolutions.

E. BURNS, *Secretary*.

Whereas, Thomas W. Sanderson has been expelled from the Euzelian Society for ungentlemanly conduct, therefore,

*Resolved*, That his expulsion be made known through the medium of the *Biblical Recorder*.

E. BURNS, *Secretary*.

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(Extract from *Biblical Recorder*, Wednesday, June 3, 1835—New Bern, N. C.)

(For the *Recorder*.)

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE,

April 22, 1835.

BROTHER MEREDITH: On Saturday afternoon, March 14, 1835, the students assembled in the chapel, to take into consideration the propriety of the abandonment of coffee at breakfast and supper. The subject had been agitated among us for some little time, and it was thought advisable, by some, to assemble and hear what could be said in its favor. We all met, therefore, and after organizing our meeting, the matter came regularly before us.

It was shown that coffee had never been used as a beverage before the seventeenth century, that it was introduced in the East in 1511, and drunk in France and in England in 1652. The history of the nations of Asia and of Europe, previous to this period, was rapidly glanced over; and it was shown that the weapons, offensive and defensive, borne in the battle by each soldier, could not be carried at all by the men of this generation. The armor now in the tower of London was referred to, and the various implements of war carried by soldiers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Italians were contrasted with their noble ancestors, and the present

musiek grinders and rareshow men of the capital of the world presented most forcibly the difference between them and the warlike ancient Romans. Similar contrasts were drawn between the present inhabitants and those of former ages of other nations. The Turks were peculiarly named. Their marches and warlike achievements of past days, were presented in contrast with the deeds of the present opium smokers and coffee driukers of that degraded nation. It was shown that the forest oak was as large now as in former ages; that the eagle soared as high, that the lion was as powerful, that the horse was as fleet, and that the ox was as strong, as the similar animals of former ages. It was then asked, to what must this physical depreciation in man be attributed? The answer was luxury. Here it was shown that coffee has had a large share in consummating this mischief. It was also declared that the use of coffee produces many of those diseases denominated nervous, and that palsies are not infrequently traceable to the use of the same beverage. This part of the subject was concluded by the assertion that the healthful body needed no artificial stimulant.

The connection subsisting between the body and mind was then explained and their reciprocal sympathies were expatiated upon. Here many facts and some happy illustrations were introduced.

Twenty-six of the students then formed themselves into a society, who agreed to renounce coffee and substitute molasses and water, and ten others formed a society for the use of pure water only. The molasses and water company proceeded to elect Elisha Burns president, and Hiram K. Person secretary, and then,

*Resolved*, That the steward should be requested to furnish them with a separate table. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the president. That night at supper we commenced our experiment. The next day we had headaches, and our systems seemed about to rebel against the change.



This lasted about two days. Our headaches, and the jeers of the coffee drinkers were a little discouraging, but we had anticipated both, and we were prepared to resist the influence of both. In the course of a few days we felt a wonderful improvement both in body and in mind.

I will only add, that we shall have a meeting soon, that each member may report the result of the experiment on his own system, and you may then expect to hear from us again.

*"Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,*

*Qualid nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."*

Here is a list of those who have renounced coffee; it may be interesting to their friends:

THOSE WHO DRINK MOLASSES AND WATER.

William T. Brooks, Chatham County.

J. H. Brooks, Chatham County.

E. Burns, Chatham County.

J. Haekney, Chatham County.

D. Harrel, Bertie County.

J. Powell, Halifax County.

H. K. Person, Moore County.

J. W. Hoskins, Edenton.

S. H. Skinner, Edenton.

W. T. Outlaw, Bertie County.

J. W. Moore, Bertie County.

R. Weston, Bertie County.

T. J. Bond, Bertie County.

N. Leggett, Bertie County.

J. Norris, Wake County.

E. Holland, Wake County.

L. Dupre, Wake County.

P. E. Jenkins, Hertford County.

M. M. Wise, Hertford County.

W. Haywood, Lenoir County.

A. G. Person, Wayne County.  
 D. Wright, Montgomery County.  
 T. G. Hayes, Franklin County.  
 B. A. Ernal, Craven County.  
 V. R. Boddie, Nash County.  
 A. Yancey, Warrenton.

THOSE WHO DRINK WATER.

J. C. Dockery, Richmond County.  
 J. J. M. Collins, Warren County.  
 A. Jordan, Bertie County.  
 T. J. Rayner, Bertie County.  
 J. J. Trantham, South Carolina.  
 S. Dunlap, South Carolina.  
 F. T. Riggs, New Bern, N. C.  
 G. Washington, New Bern, N. C.  
 J. B. Nixon, Perquimans County.  
 A. W. Thomas, Richmond County.

ELISHA BURNS.

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(Extract from *Biblical Recorder*, Wednesday, July 22, 1835—New Bern, N. C.)

(For *Biblical Recorder*.)

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE.

The examination of the students of the Wake Forest Institute took place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 1st, 2d and 3d instant in presence of trustees, examining committee and visiting gentlemen. The following order in examination was observed:

First.—English Grammar, third class, composed of students recently commenced, consequently had made but little progress, but their circumstances being considered, gave full satisfaction to the examining committee, and proved that their deficiency was not the result of their inability to learn, or inattention to study.

The same is to be observed with regard to the second class.

Third.—First Class in English Grammar. This class gave general satisfaction by their promptness in answering and in giving the reasons, showing their thorough acquaintance with the rules for expressing themselves in their mother tongue.

Fourth.—Geography. This class gave full proof of their untiring application to acquire a knowledge of this useful branch of literature, and places and things were spoken of as though a knowledge of them had been acquired by travel and observation.

Fifth.—Orthography. Same distinction is here due as a just tribute to superior performance, but the committee are not entirely acquainted with the several opportunities of the class; they will content themselves, therefore, with saying, without particular distinction, that the whole varied from tolerable to good.

Sixth.—Historiæ Sacre. Second class, good; first class, excellent.

Eighth.—History of United States. Here the committee must be allowed to say that the performance was admirable, showing industry of research greatly to the praise of the students, and pleasure to the committee, trustees and visitors.

Ninth.—Cæsar. Though not entirely unworthy of praise, was not so satisfactory as a class, as had been expected.

Tenth.—Greek Testament.

Eleventh.—Greek Reader.

Twelfth.—Natural Philosophy.

Thirteenth.—Virgil. The examination of these classes gave general satisfaction. It may, with great propriety, be said to have been a most excellent performance, and in so saying, the committee are of opinion that nothing more than sheer justice is done to the class.

Fourteenth.—Sallust. Was only tolerable.

Fifteenth.—Cicero.

Sixteenth.—Arithmetic.

Seventeenth.—Algebra.

These classes gave satisfactory proof of critical and accurate taste in translation, skill in the science of the computation of numbers, and in the intricacies of algebraical solution, acquitting themselves with much credit, and giving general satisfaction.

Eighteenth.—Declamation. Most admirable, both in action and cadence, giving evidence of their having fully entered into the feeling and spirit of the author from whom they borrowed, and whom, in particular of their various addresses, they personated.

The examining committee take great pleasure in saying, in conclusion, that only one sentiment seemed to pervade the committee, trustees, and visitors, and that was (with the slight qualification above) entire satisfaction and universal admiration, of the whole examination, greatly to the credit of the schools, for their close application, and of President Wait, and Professor Armstrong (to whom alone the management of the Institute is committed), for their indefatigable and untiring zeal in giving lucid and comprehensive instruction. The Wake Forest Institute, under the management of judicious instruction, as it is at present, can not fail to solve the problem, so long, and so much, controverted, by proving the practicability, as well as great utility, of strengthening the body by moderate labor, while the mind is being stored with useful and scientific knowledge, and although this system of education may fall short of the desires and expectations of its friends for want of practical experience, yet the committee are encouraged to hope that ultimate success will crown the efforts now making to unite labor with study, making that respectable which has so long and so wrongfully been looked upon as derogatory to a gentleman and scholar.

DAVID THOMPSON,

Chairman of the Examining Committee.

DAVID S. WILLIAMS, *Secretary*.

(Extract from *Biblical Recorder*, September 16, 1835—New Bern, N. C.)(For the *Biblical Recorder*.)

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE,

September 7, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER: In my last communication I informed you of the general anxiety prevailing at the Institute on the subject of religion. In this, it may not be unacceptable to enter some little into detail. A very unhappy state of things existed among the students during the latter part of the last term. The two societies absorbed all feeling and all interests. Jealousies arose, and then antipathies, and hostilities were finally carried so far that violent prejudices divided brethren of the same profession. This state of things became quite alarming and the question frequently occurred:

"*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*"

In order to remove the terrible influence that was withering up every religious feeling, a society for missionary inquiry was instituted. This society embraced those only who had made a profession of religion, and one of the first resolutions that passed was,

"*Resolved*, That the spiritual interest of those with whom we associate are infinitely superior to all other considerations."

Other resolutions, having a similar bearing, were unanimously passed. The good effects of this society were very soon visible. Brethren of different societies were seen once more walking arm in arm. The Sunday night prayer meeting was attended with a deeper interest, and the religious interest of the Institute began to present the appearance of a garden after a shower during a season of drought. Professors now looked with utter amazement at their past prejudices, and with this astonishment was mingled deep repentance for past folly, and past indifference to the spiritual welfare of their fellow-students. In this state of things the revival

came suddenly down upon us. Some it found unprepared for the work, but, blessed be God, many were ready to enter the field and to meet the duties of the field. The first appearance of this mercy cloud indicated a copious shower. Nor were we disappointed, for while the hearts of Christians were refreshed, many poor sinners have been brought to a knowledge of the truth.

The progress of the work upon the hearts of the young men seems to have been more than commonly deep; some of them have told me, that it was doubtful with them, whether they could have lived twenty-four hours longer under their dreadful state of mind. Their sense of guilt was exceedingly keen. Hardness of heart was a general complaint, and when hope came it was clear and bright. Yesterday we heard several experiences. It was a delightful season. One of the young men obtained his hope while attempting to get his lesson. He paused at the sentiment,

*"Pulchrumque mori succurit in armis,"*

and the Saviour rose to his view dying on the cross. His heart melted; he admired, he wept and loved. He gave himself up to the Redeemer, and, believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. How true it is, that there are frames in which the mind finds

*"Sermons in stones and good in everything."*

There is still much interest. Some are yet seeking salvation in the Lord, but, my brother, there is a remnant, I fear, who will be left without hope and without God in the world. Pray for Wake Forest Institute.

With much affection,

O. N.

Extract from *Biblical Recorder*, Wednesday, October 2, 1835—New Bern, N. C.

(For the *Recorder*.)

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE,  
Sabbath Night, October 11, 1835.

DEAR BRO. MEREDITH: This has been a day of more than common solemnity and of more than ordinary enjoyment. A number of the young gentlemen of the Institute, the subjects of the late revival, have been baptized. Baptismal sermons are generally rich in incidents and happy in their influence on the Christian spirit, but this to-day awakened so many delightful associations, that you must not think me extravagant if I pronounce it the most interesting I have ever witnessed. A band of young men of cultivated intellect, of elevated views, preparing for active usefulness in life, would, under any circumstances, command the kind solicitude of the wise and good, but who could look at the same band walking into the baptismal stream in obedience to the commands of Jesus Christ, without admiration, with a sensation nearly akin to rapturous joy? Who could stand upon the banks of the stream and think that some of these young men in all probability will shake hands with Brother Judson in Burmah, some will unfurl the gospel standard in China, and some proclaim the love of Jesus in the islands of the sea, without feeling the sentiment rise in his heart.

"Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy name."

The place of baptism was about three hundred yards from the house, where the brethren had constructed an artificial pool of some considerable extent. The declivity on both sides is very gentle and affords a view of the whole surface of the water to two or three thousand people. The thick foliage above and around it contribute very much to the beauty of the scene, and completely protects the spectators from the rays of

the sun. The concourse of people along the banks was immense, and not an incident occurred to disturb the harmony. Deep solemnity sat upon every countenance, and every heart seemed full. An address was delivered by Mr. Armstrong; the prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Crocker. The young men were then led down into the water and baptized by Mr. Wait. What added very much to the imposing appearance of the ceremony, was the black robes in which all the young men were arrayed. There was more dignity and grandeur and solemnity in this ceremony than I had ever witnessed before. After the baptism the congregation repaired to the chapel, when the young men baptized were most appropriately and affectionately taken into the church, after which the supper of the Lord was administered. This will be a day long to be remembered. Oh, may the great Head of the church continue to smile on Wake Forest Institute.

With much affection,

O. N.

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(Extract from the *Biblical Recorder*, October 28, 1835—New Bern, N. C.)

(For the *Recorder*.)

GRANVILLE, October 1, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER MEREDITH: Permit me, through the *Recorder*, to communicate some statements relative to my agency in behalf of our schools. To-day I have again left home on my third tour, since undertaking the agency. When I first undertook the business, I partitioned the State into four divisions, intending to occupy three months each. In my first tour in the eastern part of the State, I did fully as well as could have been expected, at least as well as I expected. I left home on my second tour on the 22d of July. In consequence of the sudden sickness of my family this trip was lost. I had but fairly made arrangements for my operations on this excursion, when I was under the necessity of returning home, where a sick family has detained me until the present time;



and indeed, such has been the afflicted state of my family, that I did not know but that I should be obliged to inform the Board that I could not again leave home. From these circumstances my second tour made no material addition on my subscription book to my first. I wish to accomplish my agency with the present tour, in which I wish to traverse the southern part of the State, west and east. I have on hand a conditional subscription, the plan of which is that each subscriber subscribes one hundred dollars or more, valid upon the condition that the sum of five thousand dollars shall be made up in this way. This subscription was started by Brother Charles Skinner and myself when I was in Perquimans in May.

Brother Skinner, in addition to all his other benefactions to the school, headed this subscription with the sum of two hundred dollars, and many of the most liberal subscribers on the former subscription, have subscribed to this plan. My efforts will now be directed principally to the accomplishment of this subscription. I have already obtained a good part of it, and if I shall be able to accomplish it, (which I wish to do shortly) I shall have obtained about eight thousand dollars for the school. Brethren and friends, it is to be hoped, will lay hold of this plan, and carry it through. We may suppose that there remains enough to accomplish it, who will not suffer what is already subscribed to be lost for the want of their help. Permit me to call upon the brethren and friends in this communication, to be prepared, when I shall have the pleasure of calling upon them, to act with precision and promptitude, as noble-minded men, engaged in a great enterprise. To the blessings of God and the liberality of the brethren I commend this matter.

I wish to say to the Board that if they should wish to continue the agency longer than the present year, I shall be under the necessity myself of requesting to be excused from

a longer continuance in it. The situation of my family and my affairs will not well admit of my serving them longer than the present year. May the blessings of God be with you.

WILLIAM HILL JORDAN.

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(From the *Biblical Recorder*, Editorial, November 18, 1835—New Bern, N. C.)

### THE WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE.

On our way to and from the Convention, we were favored with an opportunity of spending a few days at this seminary. Our most sanguine expectations, formed chiefly from previous representations, were more than realized. We found there nearly one hundred students, all in excellent health and fine spirits. The most perfect order and harmony and contentment prevailed in this establishment, and, so far as we could observe, the very best understanding subsisted between the students and the instructors. The discipline is evidently very mild, but firm and efficient. In short, we found everything just about as we could wish, and it is our present settled conviction that the school is becoming, every day, more worthy of public confidence and public patronage.

There is one peculiarity in this seminary which we think worthy of special remark. We allude to the religious influence which is exerted there. The public have already been informed of the existence of two revivals, and of the constitution of a church at this place. About seventy of the students, we think, are now professors of religion, and are now united to one another and to their instructors, in the holy and delightful relation of church membership. The discipline over two-thirds of the students, is, therefore, strictly ecclesiastical, and in this respect this seminary, probably, differs from every other similar institution in the country. Religious services are held in the chapel three times every Lord's day. In the morning a sermon is delivered by one of the professors; in

the afternoon a general prayer meeting is held, and at night a prayer meeting exclusively by the students, subject, however to the observation of the faculty. Although no compulsion is employed, we believe the students generally all attend on these occasions, and pay at least that outward respect to the duties of religion which might be expected under such circumstances. In attending these meetings and witnessing the harmony and devotion of so many youths, drawn to gether from different parts of the State, and from other States, we were forcibly struck with the sentiment of the Psalmist,

"How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The buildings are going forward under the direction of Captain Berry, architect and contractor, with a regularity and dispatch which promise their completion by the time stipulated, January, 1837. The edifice is brick, one hundred and thirty by sixty-five feet, four stories high, and, besides a chapel, library, philosophical rooms, etc., will afford accommodations for a hundred students. It will be a handsome and substantial structure and equally creditable to the ability of the contractor and to the enterprisc and to the liberality of the trustees. We consider it due to the parties concerned to say, that the Board have been most happy in securing the services of Captain Berry. Few other men would have conducted the perplexing operations of a large building, in the midst of one hundred students, with the ease and dignified equanimity which have uniformly marked the movements of this gentleman, and which have secured him the universal respect of both students and instructors. We have now said more in behalf of this institution than we have ever allowed ourselves to say before, and more, possibly, than will be considered by some, compatible with good taste. Our apology is that we could not, in our opinion, do justice to truth, to merit, and to the cause concerned, and say less.

From our heart we loath all ostentation and all puffing; but we know that there is another extreme, often equally pernicious, which ought with equal scrupulousness to be avoided.

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We regret to state that Judge Gaston, owing to his unexpected delay at the North, and the present pressure of business, finds himself unable to deliver the address before the two societies at Wake Forest Institute, on the 25th inst.

WILLIAM T. BROOKS,  
*Secretary of Euzelian Society.*

## FIRST PUBLIC ORATION

Taken from the *Biblical Recorder*, printed at New Bern, N. C., Wednesday, September 2, 1835.

The following oration was delivered before the Philomathean and Euzeilian Societies at the Wake Forest Institute, on the 4th of July, by Jas. C. Dockery, one of the students.

## ORATION.

The present era is far in advance of its predecessors, in the development of the intellectual powers of man. The march of mind has become proverbial. Mind is now employing its noblest energies in the investigation of the theories and the systems of past generations, and whatever can not abide the test of experiment, of principle, of truth, it fearlessly rejects. Bold innovations in the sciences, in religion and in government are projected and advocated. All subjects are undergoing a healthful and successful analysis. Pedantry in the sciences, bigotry in religion and tyranny in government are surrendering their wretched claims to the empire of mind. Intellect is now busily employed throughout the world, in bringing order out of confusion and light out of darkness. It is true, much has been accomplished in the arts and sciences, in the generations that are passed.

The age of Augustus and that of Leo X and that of Elizabeth were distinguished for the expansion of intellect. Sculpture and architecture were at an early period of the world, pushed on to maturity, but most of the arts and sciences are the product of modern mind. In discovery and invention, intellect has distinguished itself in various nations. In mental effort, England and France have been particularly successful, but the science of government in its simplicity and grandeur, is emphatically the product of American mind.

Five thousand, seven hundred and seventy-six years had

passed, before a deliberative body, the representatives of a nation, had declared that man is capable of self-government. In the retrospection of the gloomy ages of the past, man appears but the slave of his fellow-man—his body chained to the foot of the throne—and his spirit enthralled by the awe of the miter. Once in an age, perhaps, some noble spirit would start up and assert the rights of human nature; but, like the meteor's blaze, he rose and shone and disappeared—his noble daring led him to the traitor's block or to the martyr's stake. Human nature, in the feebleness of its ignorance was unable to resist the overwhelming influence of the scepter and the crosier. The few have always ruled the many. The source of law, of honor and of wealth, has been the throne, and man has always found his life and his enjoyments dependent on the titled few. Against these arbitrary, these unnatural distinctions, mind has raised itself—with rolling years it accumulates strength and it will increase until it beats down the tyrant's throne, and strikes off the bishop's miter. God forbid that we should be found raising our feeble voice, or lifting our puny arms against his holy religion; but it is a fact, too well known for concealment, that most of the miseries of man have been inflicted by the devotees of a corrupted hierarchy—that our very existence as a people, owes its origin to religious persecution. Indeed, our free institutions were called into being as barriers against frenzied fanaticism—but here, we must assert, that the religion of the Bible never persecuted. Like its author, it is holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners, and its first introduction into our central world, was in a sentiment as holy as heaven and as merciful as benevolence—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace and good will toward men." Not religion then, but the abuse of religion has clothed the world in sack-cloth. It was this that drove our forefathers from their English homes, from their firesides and from their friends and forced them to seek an asylum on the inhospitable shores of savage America.

They preferred the tomahawk of the Indian to the scepter of the king, and the scalping knife to the miter of the bishop. But we are living in a better age—a more intellectual age. Man has laid aside the stern attributes of the bigot, and he now looks upon his fellow-man as a brother in affliction, and want, in joy and in hope. The world is more under the dominion of common sense, of common humanity; and the church is more under the mild influence of the precepts of the Bible. We are living, too, in a free country—a land of independence, of equitable laws, of sound morality and a pure religion. We will, therefore, turn away from the persecuting spirit of the past and invite your attention to our present wants and future prospects.

The subject of this address will be found in the following proposition, viz: Knowledge and virtue are essentially necessary to the perpetuity of free institutions. The history of our race furnishes us with a great variety in the forms of government; but the three more prominent systems shall for the present command our attention. These are the despotie, the monarchical and the republican. All despotisms are erected upon the ignorance of the populace. If the people are unable to comprehend their rights, they are incapable of estimating the sweets of liberty. And if in the fortuitous turn of revolution, free institutions should be secured, they would be unprepared to enjoy them and unable to maintain them. Almost every nation on earth has illustrated these truths. The governments of the East are despotic. Turkey and Russia are despotisms, and the people of these countries are sunk into the lowest depths of ignorance, and among them free institutions could not survive one generation.

A limited monarchy is sustained by tinsel and glitter. Stars and garters, crowns and thrones, lords and ladies, princes and princesses, throw around this species of government all its attractions. Pomp, parade and power are well calculated

to strike the minds of the vulgar with reverence and awe; and, indeed, the better informed are irresistibly borne away by the influence of the gay exhibitions of nobility and royalty. Man is naturally vain and proud, and when his passions are not temperate, and his judgment guarded by the eternal principles of morality, he may be purchased, provided the price offered corresponds with the value he has fixed upon his services. To the good man, the honors which monarchs have to dispose of are serious and fearful temptations; to the wavering in principle, they are perfectly irresistible, and the base will lick the dust to obtain them. A limited monarchy, therefore, is built upon the weakness of human nature.

A republican government is founded upon the virtues and the intelligence of the people. Its machinery is simple, its operations effective, and its results happy. There is no concealment—every matter stands out in all its prominence. Every measure is subject to the approval or the rejection of the people. The people are the source of all law and all power. They set up their own government—they enact their own laws. In one word, the people govern themselves. The people, therefore, must have knowledge to understand their rights, wisdom to enact their laws, and virtue to submit to them. Our government is a republic. We have inherited it from our forefathers, and if we transmit it in its unimpaired beauty and simplicity to our children, it will be, because we are a virtuous and intelligent people.

The government of the United States has been considered an experiment in political science. During the infancy of our Republic, both the friends and the enemies of free institutions entertained many doubts as to its permanence. It was but a tender plant, and every cloud that arose in the political horizon seemed pregnant with destruction. But, by the blessing of Heaven, the friends of freedom have forgotten their fears, and the malign hopes of enemies have been displaced by an admiration for our noble institutions. The feeble one



has become mighty, and like the tall, spreading oak among the trees of the forest, the United States stands preeminent among the nations of the earth. The storm has expended its fury, the tempest has howled, and the tornado has roared, and yet the tree of liberty stands in glorious majesty, unscarred by the lightnings of heaven, and untouched by the revolutions of earth. Our government is no longer an experiment; its adaptation to our wants as a people, its strength to resist internal and foreign foe and its adequacy to meet all emergencies have been amply tested. It is no longer an infant, but the powerful, vigorous man, with spirit to smile upon its own possessions, and with nerve to defend them from all aggression. The body politic has not within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The bosom has been carefully examined, and the death-spot is not there. The national body is vigorous and healthy, the national mind is rapidly advancing to a higher state of cultivation, and the moral sensibilities are becoming more and more refined with our growth. In advancing political science to a happy consummation, we have judgment adequate to direct us, intellect sufficiently vigorous and cultivated to secure to us progress, and virtue sufficiently refined and energetic to preserve us from any and every moral disease. In these qualifications of our happy government, we repose unwavering confidence. They are able to resist all the encroachments of corruption, to check the advance of luxury, and paralyze the influence of foreign politics and the fascination of foreign manners. Upon these, therefore, we depend for the perpetuity of our free institutions.

Intelligence and virtue have always been a distinguishing trait in our national character. They form one of the most prominent features of our colonial being; indeed, they characterize our forefathers before they left the home of their nativity. While groaning under an oppressive government, and subjected to a tyrannical hierarchy, our forefathers had

a knowledge to understand their rights and a nerve to assert them; and when they failed in their native land, to secure for themselves freedom of conscience, they had the moral courage to sacrifice all the endearments of the social circle and enjoyments of civilized life, and to venture upon a new and untried state of being. They brought with them, across the ocean, their conscience, their valor, and their fortitude; and, after having subdued the savage wildness of the forest, and checked the ferocity of the native Indians, and nursed into being the shoot of a powerful nation, they laid down and died, and the inheritance was transmitted to their children. And when the period arrived, in which unquailing spirits and unerring arms were required, their descendants stepped forth to meet the horrors of the battlefield. Nurtured under the resistance to the encroachments of power, and the war-cry of revolution, they seized their arms and,

"Unawed by power and unappalled by fear,"

they mingled in battle's magnificently stern array. If they had loved independence less they might have lived in peace, and even in luxury. If they had submitted to lay their rights at the foot of the throne, the badge of slavery might have been a mark of honor, and their chains might have been as soft as a silken cord; but they had the knowledge to estimate freedom, they had the virtue to govern themselves, therefore they could not be slaves—with them, it was liberty or death. Their intellects boldly asserted their rights, and their arms most gloriously sustained their assertions. What American can forget Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill? We have been accustomed to reading with thrilling interest the achievements of Marathon and of Thermopylae, but can the heroic recollections of Greece and Rome furnish a parallel to the war scene of Bunker Hill? Here were marshaled, not the monarch's fighting slaves, but men who had souls and dared to be free, citizen, heroes, men of property,

of probity, of intellect—men, who, at the sound of the war-cry, left the cheerful fireside, the happy family group, for the fatigue and peril of the camp. This was chivalry, high-souled chivalry. Men of pacific habits, peaceful by the love of liberty are transformed into heroes of the battlefield. That was a glorious blow struck for liberty, but in striking, many fell to rise no more, and among that number were some of the noblest spirits of the country, who, though driven from their trenches and defeated, were not subdued. No! their noble daring nerved their arms for the long and fearful struggle of the Revolution.

On the 4th of July, 1776, was achieved an effort of moral grandeur that commanded the admiration of the world. A whole people rose up to assert the dignity of man, to demand the rights of human nature; and for the accomplishment of the object they pledged their property, their lives, and their sacred honor. The instrument which you have just heard read contains the language and sentiments of three millions of people. The sword was then drawn, and the scabbard was thrown away. What a spectacle! Weakness, with destitution, arrays itself against power, in all its abundance; but with the weak were virtue and intelligence, and where these are combined in a people, no troops, however warlike, can awe them—no force, however powerful, can subdue them.

The campaign of '76 was very disastrous to the cause of freedom. Defeat had followed defeat, and almost every enterprise was fated to terminate in discouragement and failure. This was the darkest portion of the night which had gathered thick and heavy over the States. Terrible, indeed, was that darkness; with now and then a gleam of light, which only exhibited the deep and fearful extent of the gloom. But, it is said that the darkest hour is just before day; so our fathers found. On the night of the 26th of December, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, reposed in ease and fullness the Hessian division of the British army, well clothed, well fed, and com-

fortable, while the blast of winter howled around them. On this side of the same river, and some miles distant, was the American army—the fragment of an army—destitute of clothes, destitute of food, and in a most wretched condition of suffering and of want. The chill winds whistled over their unsheltered heads, and, in mockery, sported with their tattered garments. 'Tis midnight!—behold these half-clad warriors, in the midst of the Delaware, struggling with the ice as it comes crashing, roaring down the stream. A calm, firm voice is heard above the noise of the flood, encouraging them in the superhuman labor; it is the voice of Washington. They reach the opposite shore; the line is formed and the march commences. The fife breathes not, the drum withholds its sounds; nothing is heard but the low, eager tramp of the march. But over the frozen ground their advance might have been traced by the blood that flowed from their unprotected feet. What a spectacle! Are these the defenders of the genius of Liberty? The careless observer would have supposed that they were a band who had just escaped from the enclosures of the hospital, and that, with the speed of insanity, they were hurrying to their own destruction. But no! Healthful blood courses through their veins, and the warrior's heart beats in their bosom. Onward, they bend their course, eager to conquer or to die. The day breaks, and in the distant gloom appears the camp of the foe. The stillness of death reigns there. The camp is buried in sleep and wine. The band of patriots press on; the foe takes the alarm—to arms! to arms! rises on the air. But down comes the storm of war; the sword and bayonet gleamed in the morning light. The warrior foe, in wild confusion, marshals all his force.

"They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost."

Our fathers press on the yielding foe and nobly strike for freedom's cause. The dreadful din

"Of groaning victims and wild cries for life,  
Proclaims how well they did the work of death."

Gracious heaven! are these the barefooted, half-clad heroes that crossed the Delaware? The warrior looks from the eye and death succeeds every blow! Victory comes; overwhelming victory perches upon their standard, and with their spoils and their prisoners, they retrace their steps.

A brighter sun rose that morning on the shattered fortunes of the States, and the gloom of despair rolled away like the darkness of night before the approaching morning. The news of the victory spread over the country, on the wings of the wind, and brighter faces looked on the contest, lighter hearts sat in the council chamber, and steadier arms bore the fire-lock. And now with the alternations of fear and hope defeat followed victory, and victory defeat, until on the heights of Yorktown, victory closed the battle scene, in favor of liberty and independence.

The War of the Revolution was an arduous struggle. Our fathers fearlessly encountered it, chivalrously sustained and gloriously achieved it. In consummating the Revolution, our fathers accomplished much by their intellect, more by their valor, much more by their virtue. Their intellect comprehended the nature of their rights, and properly and efficiently exhibited them to each other; their valor led them to the battlefield and urged them to the cannon's mouth, to strike for liberty; but their virtue enabled them to endure all things for their country's good. Contempt and hunger, and cold and wretchedness in all their appalling shapes, constituted an army more fearful in array, than all the pomp and circumstance of British squadrons. But while their valor triumphed in the battlefield, their fortitude endured the withered wretchedness of the camp.

"In struggling with misfortune lies the proof of virtue." Other republics have existed. Virtue and valor in Greece secured a republican form of government. It was, however, a republic more in name than in fact. But the voice of the people was heard and exerted its influence. It was an oligarchy rather than a democracy; and it gradually rose to a tyranny. For some time Greece sustained by her virtue a government adapted to her condition, and adequate to her wants. But her populace was deplorably deficient in information; there were valor and self-denial, but there was no knowledge. Greece, therefore lost even the shadow of a republic. They lost their freedom, not because Leonidas and Aristides were gathered to their fathers, but because ignorance pervaded the whole populace.

Rome was a republic. This form of government they had secured by the stern virtues of Junius Brutus and Colatinius. But there was not knowledge among the people, and Rome soon lost her republican character, was governed by a dictator, and then by many tyrants, until finally the Cæsars mounted the throne.

France was a republic, but here was neither knowledge nor virtue. The people were sunk into the very lowest depths of ignorance and vice. Virtue had lost her very name. The republic soon degenerated into anarchy, and overwhelmed the commonwealth with the blood of her citizens, and then mounted to a tyranny. France is an awful example to the nations of earth. She has shown what a nation can do without knowledge and without virtue.

The States of South America are called republics, but their governments present scarcely a solitary republican feature. The people may have valor, and they may have many virtues, but knowledge they have not. The commonality of these States are shamefully ignorant of the first principles of a republic. They are altogether incapable of comprehending the rights of human nature, and wholly inadequate to esti-

mate the advantages of a free government. They are under the domain of priestly power; they have surrendered their rights and their consciences to the miter; they prefer to be slaves; they are unfit to be free; they are unworthy of a republic. From the period in which they threw off the Spanish yoke they have embroiled themselves in civil strifes, and scarcely a year passes without a new revolution. South America can never be free until she educates her populace. Intelligence must become common property of all classes of the community, or she never can, under her present pretended form of government, take a prominent stand among the nations of the earth.

The instability and eventual dissolution of the republics of ancient and of modern history, must be traced to a want of virtue and knowledge among the populace. There was much of the stern virtue of the republican character in Greece and Rome; but virtue alone is incompetent to sustain a republic. There may be extensive knowledge among the people, and yet no foundation for the erection of a republic. A people may be very virtuous and very ignorant; and they may be well informed and shamefully corrupt. Virtue, unprotected by knowledge, will fall a victim to the first political knave who has the faculty of concealing his duplicity under the honest zeal of a patriot; or, it may be led to its own destruction by the first political fanatic who may dare to hazard the chances of empire against those of the death of a traitor. On the other hand, however well informed a people may be, if they are destitute of virtue, they will sell their country for gold, or sacrifice its independence for the wretched distinction of office and title. These positions are sustained by the revolutionary struggles of Europe; and, indeed, the history of mankind furnishes, upon almost every page, a melancholy illustration of this truth.

Now, if it be wisdom to judge of the future by the past; if it be logical to say that like causes produce like effects;

then our happy republic depends for its perpetuity on the virtue and knowledge of the people. Of this truth, our fathers were fully convinced, and they acted under its influence; and hence, among the early laws enacted for the preservation of our government, may be found those which encourage knowledge and virtue among the people. We, their children, are acting on the same principle, and hence the vigorous efforts now making from one end of our country to the other end of it to elevate the intellectual and moral character of the rising generation. The nation is toiling to give stability to its existence.

To these generous, patriotic motives, the Wake Forest Institute owes its being. Gentlemen, Trustees, you deserve well of your country; you have nobly contributed of your substance, of your time, and of your influence for the elevation of this institution. Knowledge and virtue are cultivated here. We, gentlemen, as members of the Institute, are your children, and we are growing up, not with the contracted views of a narrow-hearted sectary, nor with the bold, fearless presumption of a fanatic; but with a spirit whose benevolence embraces the world. You have established a seminary of learning on the most philanthropic principles; your doors are thrown open to every man's son who can furnish proof of a good moral character. You have generously contributed your thousands for the establishment of the Institute, and nobly have you proclaimed—we ask no remuneration. Gentlemen, Wake Forest must continue to rise in public estimation, and it will inscribe your names among those of the great and the good, who are the benefactors of mankind.

The happy influence of education and morality sweetly harmonize, in giving beauty and stability to human character; and the purifying tendency of this felicitous combination is extended through all the ramifications of the community, purifying and exalting the sensibilities of the lowest circles of the republican family. And here, permit me to raise my



voice above the loud fanatic roar of infidelity, while I utter a sentiment of my soul. The hope of our glorious republic is in the schoolhouse and in the meeting-house. Here, the rising generation must form characters that will enable them, as the sons and daughters of the republic, to give stability, dignity and grandeur to a great and happy nation.

As a people, our prospects are truly flattering. We have a country almost boundless in extent, beautifully variegated by mountains, valleys and rivers; and this vast territory is inhabited by a people connected by the dearest ties of nature. We are descended from the same ancestors, we speak the same language, we profess the same religion, we maintain the same principles of government, we cultivate the same manners and the same habits. Over our wide extended country the same banner waves, the same laws are enforced, and the improvements of the day are bringing the most distant States into the most felicitous contiguity. Our ships traverse every sea; our produce visits every clime. We are admired and revered abroad; we are respected and loved at home. We are rapidly improving in population, in knowledge, and in virtue. The arts and the sciences, literature and the fine arts, morals and religion, are all keeping pace with our numbers as a people, with our strength as a nation. The deep forests of the West are filling up with cities and villages, and with industrious and persevering inhabitants. The schoolmaster and the minister of truth perform their elevating functions and exert their purifying influence. Our whole country will eventually be filled up with a high-minded, intellectual and virtuous people; and what must then be her influence? Even now, her citizens maintain her principles in every clime, and her ministers of religion hold up her moral character in the dark places of the earth. If now she is a morning star, casting her pale rays over the earth, then she will be the luminary of day, rolling a flood of light over the whole world. Gentlemen of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies,

you have this day assembled to celebrate the fifty-ninth year of American Independence. The heroes who fought and bled on the battlefield, the patriots who sat in the council chamber, who pledged their property, their lives, and their sacred honor, were your fathers; the women who sacrificed the comforts of the table, and endured the horrors of suspense, while their husbands and sons were on the battleground, who fled from city to city, from neighborhood to neighborhood, to escape the civilized brute and the sanguinary savage, were your mothers. With their difficulties they bravely grappled and fearlessly struggled. They have bequeathed to you a fair inheritance of liberty and independence, as the result of their toil and their suffering. The achievement of freedom was theirs; its preservation must be yours. Cultivate, therefore, the republican principles, the manly independence and patriotic sensibilities of your fathers. Light heads and rotten hearts may do for the young men of other nations, who have nothing to do but to eat, to drink, and to die; but you must have cultivated intellects, enlightened judgments, and sound hearts; for you have a government to sustain; a prosperous and growing republic to preserve and direct. You will be called upon to resist the encroachments of corruption, the seduccments of luxury, the fascinations of foreign manners, and to give stability and permanence to the simplicity of our republican institutions. The honors of the republic are within your reach. You aspire to the chair of state, and to the presidency of our powerful country. By birth you are eligible to the highest offices of the republic, and your education will qualify you for the discharge of their various duties. Your individual prospects are, therefore, well calculated to lure you up the proud steep of science and to awaken in your bosoms a desire for the distinctions of the great, the good, and the wise.

Euzelians, you have aspired to the honors of science, and the distinction of literature. You have talent and industry;

you have resolved to ascend the hill of science, and its pathway, however steep and rough, can not deter you; its summit, however lofty, can not discourage you. Here is your standard; it speaks for you. Science and literature, agriculture and mechanics, will receive your fostering care. All will be prosecuted with industry, and what you attempt to do, you will do well. And though your latter end, the grave and dust, are before you, yet, your immortality has commenced, your star is above the horizon. No difficulties can deter you, no toil can appall you. Your motto is, "*Inveniam viam aut faciam.*" Gentlemen, heaven prosper you. May you be an honor to the institution, a blessing to the State, and a benefit to mankind.

Fellow Philomathesians, we have also entered upon a race for intellectual honor. We, too, have aspired to literary distinction. To us, life without knowledge will be as gloomy as the grave. For the promotion of our own happiness, and especially for the extension of our usefulness among mankind, we have resolved to be scientific men. We have entered upon a literary course, and no difficulties, no discouragements shall check our progress. We have hoped great things, and we have attempted great things. We never shall forget that he who attempts to throw over the sun, will throw higher than he who attempts to throw over a shrub. Here is our standard; it speaks for us. It points to the pursuits of our life. Our motto is, "*Esse quam videri malo.*" But while we shall always appear as we are, we shall never be content with common acquirements, with the laurels that wreath the brows of other men. With the benediction of Heaven, we shall be an honor to our Alma Mater, a blessing to the State, and a benefit to mankind.

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# The Wake Forest Student

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXIX.

MARCH, 1910

No. 6

## MARCH

The morning's gold and evening's flush  
Are thy fair cheeks  
Thy breathings are the winds that rush  
Through barren creeks,  
O'er frozen rills and shaded grotts  
Thy noiseless feet  
Are frosts that cover grassless plots  
While millions sleep.

The noon-day's drifting fleecy cloud  
With midnight gale  
Unites to weave thy claspless shroud  
And bridal veil.  
Thine eyes are sweet celestial things  
That are untold  
Thy bosoms, hid by snow-white wings,  
Are tipped with gold.

I kiss thy lips, I fold thy form  
About my own  
Thy breath I breathe and thoughts forlorn  
Are now unknown.  
Thy smiles and beaming eyes to me  
Are God's caress—  
Thine all art mine, and mine's for thee,  
Sweet holiness.

A. D. G.

## THE PICTURE OF SPITZ

By BARBARA.

It was a terribly warm day. I lounged in my office, which had the name "J. Robert Folger, C. E.," on the door-plate, with nothing to do but get hot. I was just picking up a magazine which I had thrown down disgustedly four times when the 'phone bell rang. I got up and answered it as an office boy was a luxury not to be thought of then.

"Hello, *Hello*."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, this is Robert Folger."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why certainly, Miss Bates, I'll be delighted to come."

\* \* \* \* \*

"My camera?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"All right, at four. Good-bye."

"Invited out to tea! Anything to break the monotony. But what the deuce does she want me to bring my camera for? I hate to take the old thing but I guess I'll have to." These thoughts passed through my mind as I picked up my magazine for the fifth time. It was as dull as ever so I threw it out of the window and went to my room for the lack of something better to do.

At precisely four o'clock I rode up to the Bates's country home, having traversed the five miles of dusty road in record time. You can imagine about how I felt and looked when I dismounted from my bicycle at the steps. My collar was wilted, my clothes were dusty and I was red and hot.

There seemed to be a kind of house-party in progress; for several young people were seated on the broad veranda, all of



whom were strangers to me except Miss Bates and King. I knew King all right. He was my rival in the race after the big engineering job for the N. and H. Railroad, the president of which was Colonel Bates.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Folger," said Miss Bates as she came to meet me. "Come right in."

Then followed introductions to the crowd. I am sure that my appearance was such as to make quite an impression upon the young ladies as I bowed to each in turn and mumbled such expressions as "Very glad to meet you," "Happy to know you." The ordeal of introductions was over at last, however, and I was allowed to rest awhile.

"Say, Folger, it's a pretty warm day for cycling, isn't it?" laughed King from his position in the hammock.

I knew he was making fun of me but I replied that it was.

"O, Mr. Folger, isn't it a pity they don't have street sprinklers in the country. The dust is perfectly awful," chirped little Miss Ainslee.

Of course I agreed with her as I noticed that my handkerchief was red with the dust that had settled on my face.

"Did you bring your camera?" asked Miss Bates.

"Oh, yes," answered I, wondering why she had made the request of me.

"I'm so glad. Father and I want you to get a picture of Spitz. Come here, sweetsie, that's a nice doggie. Mother thinks just lots of him and we want to send her his picture. You know she is at the Sanatorium."

At the sight of the little frisky, frizzly beast, my heart rose in anger that I had been put to all the trouble of bringing a great big camera just to get a picture of a little blear-eyed dog.

"Where shall we take him?" questioned Miss Bates.

I wanted to say, "To the river," but I didn't. Instead I answered, "Oh, I guess that bush over there will be all right for a background."

So accordingly she took his excellency in her arms and bore him to the spot while I set up my machine. Spitz was gently placed in position and I proceeded to take the picture. But no. Just at that moment a cat came into view and Spitz was off like a shot. You know what joy a dog takes in chasing a cat. Well, Spitz was true to his kind. He ran that cat all over the yard, flower-beds and all. Finally, as a last resort, the cat made for a hiding place under the house, but Spitz was right behind her.

Now, Spitz and I, or rather Spitz and the cat had become the whole show by this time. Several suggestions were made as to the best method of persuading the doggie to come out. Miss Bates called and begged, but Spitz turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. Several other methods of "extraction" were employed but to no avail. Spitz still stayed and "yapped."

Now, I was *determined* to get that picture after having brought my camera for that purpose, so when all other expedients had failed to make Spitz forget the cat I laid off my coat and went under after him. Something seemed very funny to the onlookers as I wormed my way under the dusty sills and I reckon I was pretty comical looking, sneaking along under that house. But I got the pup and brought him out and he didn't "yap" any more either. We were both in a rather dilapidated condition, however. My clean shirt of a few hours before was now slightly soiled, to speak politely, and my trousers had a rather embarrassing tear across—the knee.

As I crawled out, drawing the dog after me, King exclaimed between puffs at his cigarette, "Folger, if you go after everything like you went after that dog, you'll get there, old man."

The look of him in cool flannel made me burn with resentment, but I choked back an angry reply and politely thanked him for his compliment.

My prospects for a pleasant evening were gone, so I was more than ever determined to get a picture of that measly little dog. Miss Bates held him while I got my machine in focus and then I pressed the bulb and the trick was done. Spitz seemed to feel sorry for all the trouble he had caused me, for he stood as still and solemn as could be.

After it was all over, Miss Bates, noticing my soiled condition, kindly asked me into the house to bathe my face and hands. I gladly accepted the invitation for I felt the need of water and towel greatly.

"I'm awfully sorry you went to so much trouble to get the picture, but I will appreciate it all the more," said she as we walked to the house.

"Hope it will be good," returned I rather curtly, for I was in no good humor.

"I don't believe Mr. King would have gone to the trouble you did, Mr. Folger," declared Miss Bates after a few seconds silence.

I knew he wouldn't, but I didn't say so.

Well, as we passed through the hall who do you suppose met us? Colonel Bates himself in smoking gown and easy slippers.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, Mr. Folger. Come right up to my room," said he, shaking my begrimed hand with a heartiness that made it ache.

Water and towel worked miracles with my looks and feelings, too. A clean collar, the tear mended and a shoeshine added, made me presentable at least. As I was giving the finishing touches to my toilet, Colonel Bates suddenly turned from the open window by which he had been standing and exclaimed, "Folger, I have decided to give you the contract for all the engineering work on my new railroad. If you stick to the job as you stuck to that dog you'll come out all right."

His words were as unexpected as a bolt from the clear blue. I couldn't realize that they were meant for me. But then it all became clear. *I* had the "big job" that was to mean wealth and standing to me and I was only able to mumble, "Thank you sir, I'll do my best."

And that's why I keep that picture you see there hanging over my desk.

## DE DESPERATIONE

---

E. D. POE.

---

## I.

What means it all—  
This labyrinthian groping,  
Hope's rise and fall,  
And yet our constant hoping?

## II.

From night to night  
This dismal, tortuous trudging—  
Unseen the light—  
Unrecompensed our drudging?

## III.

If this life's all,  
To be, to sigh, to tremble—  
A gruesome pall,  
Or woeful night its symbol?

## IV.

For some 'tis so,  
Enwrapped in gloom infernal,  
Where'er they go  
Is woe, is woe eternal!

## V.

But lo! a star!—  
What tho' by night enshrouded,  
And driv'n afar—  
If but one star's unclouded?

## THE TERRORS OF NIGHT

---

Mc.

---

Einsinger had been explaining his machinery for nearly an hour, and at last I was beginning to comprehend. I looked over the big laboratory, full of mighty Ruhmkorff coils and other electric apparatus, with a feeling of respectful awe. From the large tank in the middle, filled with a strange fire-colored liquid, towered a great steel mast, rising through the roof and tipped with delicate antennæ two hundred feet above. Einsinger broke off to speak to his Jap servant, Zenkai, then continued his explanation.

"This is the whole matter in brief, Jack. I turn this wheel, and my secret radium solution in the tank at once drinks up the negative electricity from the earth and air through my big steel aerial. Then, you see what will happen. With the negative pole no longer in the ground, but in my laboratory, then the electric cars will run no longer. The lights will go out, and the telegraphs and telephones will not work, nicht wahr?" and the little German pushed his pudgy face close up to mine, waiting the effect of his words.

"Umph, Karl, it sounds mighty good in theory, just like some of your old pipe dreams in the Physics Lab. at college. But have you tried it yet?"

"Tried it? A thousand devils! Listen. Last week I told the professors at the Carnegie Institute of my discovery. They laughed at me, as you do. They shall see. I shall be ready by Saturday night; that is May 14th. I warn you, Herr Jack, leave Pittsburg before that night."

The man's earnestness startled me for a moment. That he clearly believed in his discovery was evident, and I knew from experience that it was useless to argue with him. But no wonder those Carnegie professors had smiled. It was a most

unthinkable scheme, and, like all of Karl's notions, utterly useless even if practicable. As I walked back to my rooms I pondered whether or not I should report Karl to the police, or to the alienists, but concluded that he, as well as his 'discovery,' was harmless. By the next day, under the stress of business cares and a flurry in River Coal securities, I promptly forgot both Karl and his threats.

On Saturday night I went up to the Union Club on the top floor of the Frick Building with Jarvis, the big reporter of the *Dispatch*, to play our weekly game of cribbage. We sat out on the roof-garden, and the subdued night noises of the great city twenty stories below came up to us like the diapason of a huge organ. A passing steamer on the Monongahela threw her search light on the tower of the court-house opposite us, making a gleaming red path through the murky air. Farther to the south the glare of the blast furnaces was reflected luridly from the banks of low-lying smoke. It was a weird night, and the comet, blazing dully near the horizon, sent a nervous thrill over me. On the next day, it was said, the comet would be closer to us than at any other period, and the astronomers were correspondingly interested in it.

"Fifteen—two and a pair, your deal, Jack." The words brought me back from my wool-gathering, and I reached for the cards. Then I remembered Karl, and thinking Jarvis would be interested, I told him of the German's discovery, and we both enjoyed a laugh at Karl's expense, and a cold bottle at mine. Then suddenly the white glare from the Nernst lamps overhead faded out. The lights from a street car on Fifth Avenue disappeared. Mount Washington, a moment ago blazing with the new flaming arcs, was blotted out. In an instant the whole city was plunged into black, sticky darkness. The glare from the blast furnaces and the comet's portentous gleam were the only traces of light we could see.

"Have the electricians struck, or is this your friend Einsinger's work?"

The voice was Jarvis's, but I could hardly understand the words on account of the terrible confusion raging in the streets below. Then Forbes, the steward, lit the oil lamp above his desk, and we breathed once more. We pushed through the excited crowd in the billiard room toward the elevator. The bell would not ring. Turning to the long-discarded stair, we started down, lighting matches to find our way. My idea was to rush to Karl, and implore him, force him, to stop his devilish engines. After an eternity of stair-climbing we reached the ground floor, shoved through the jam of frightened women from the Rathskellar, and came out on Fifth Avenue.

The mob had already begun looting. I heard the big front window of a saloon crash in. A woman's shriek sounded from among the struggling mass of humanity. The chauffeur of a big auto was cursing his spark plug and battery with force and fervor. As quickly as possible we passed through this city of dreadful night, through endless processions of unseen horrors, towards Karl's laboratory. On one of the quieter side-streets I heard the tap-tapping of a cane on the pavement, and a calm voice called out, "Pity the blind." God, what a mockery!

Zenkai's grinning face met me at the door of the laboratory.

"Mr. Karl will see no one," he announced firmly, and closed the door. We caught a glimpse of Einsinger, bending over the tank, his face a picture of demoniac light. The tip of the tall mast seemed strangely alive, crackling sparks danced around it, but the steady whirl of the machinery inside never stopped. It was as Karl had said. The vat was drinking up the electric juice from the whole city.

"We'll stop him by to-morrow night, if we have to kill him," growled big Jarvis, as we moved away. "Meanwhile, we'll just keep our secret."

The long night of horrors faded at last, and the sun never



looked so glorious as it did on that Sunday morning. The police succeeded in clearing the streets, and restored the semblance of order. No telephonic or telegraphic communication was possible. The railroads, unable to do any dispatching, could not turn a wheel. Pittsburg was as completely isolated as if she were at the North Pole.

The people flocked to the churches in streams. Hardened sinners, expecting the end of the world, were repenting of their crimes. Never before did the ministers have such mighty audiences, and they strove nobly to preach a message of comfort to the terror-stricken people. It was decided to hold prayer services in the various churches at sunset, to implore the Almighty to lift the cloud of His wrath from the city.

That evening Jarvis brought me the following bulletin, issued from the Carnegie Institute to be read at these vesper services. The bulletin ran somewhat as follows:

"The present disturbance and cessation of all electrical operations appears due to the proximity of Halley's comet. It would seem that the comet has become a powerful negative pole, and hence comes the complete disarrangement of all our electrical apparatus. It is expected that there will be no more difficulty after to-day, when the comet begins to recede."

I read the dispatch with surprise. Could it be possible that Karl was not causing the trouble after all? Jarvis and I hastened to the Laboratory, determined to learn the truth. Zenkai met us with the same ghastly grin, and the same excuse.

"But we must see Einsinger," I said.

Zenkai shook his head. Big Jarvis mildly took the little fellow by the collar, and set him off the porch, and we dashed into the laboratory. Einsinger met us, blazing-eyed and excited.

"Ach, fools, is it not working?" he cried exultantly.

"Here, Einsinger, be quiet long enough to read this," and I

handed him the bulletin. He read it, and became deathly calm at once. His face took on a resolute pallor. Paying no attention to us, he walked over to the great tank.

"So," he said, in a strained, quiet voice, "they say the comet is to blame." He looked up at his tall mast, where the sparks were playing. "They would cheat us yet, but we will show them." And he broke into a terrible fit of laughter. His nerves, what he had left, were almost gone. He turned on us hysterically.

"Gott im Himmel," he screamed in his frenzy. "Will you come here to mock me? Then shall you see, and be convinced. If I turn the wheel once more, so, then will not only Pittsburg, but even the whole continent be in my power!"

Before we could stop him, he had turned the wheel, and leaping to the edge of the tank, stared at the increased agitation in its fiery depths with terrible earnestness. Helpless, we heard him chuckle, as the pool blazed ever fiercer. He looked up again at the tall mast, where sparks a yard long were cracking. He turned to us triumphantly, stumbled, whirled in an attempt to regain his balance, and fell face down in the awful pool of flame. The next instant Zenkai had shut off the power, whatever it was, and the tank became still. We approached it cautiously, but in its depths of liquid fire no trace of Karl's body could be seen. Zenkai, with a curious smile, walked to the great coil and deliberately sent the powerful charge through his own body. Jarvis and I fled from the cursed place, leaving the twisted body of the faithful servant on the floor, and came out into a rejoicing city. The electricity was once more working.

The next day the papers were full of praises for the acumen of the learned Carnegie professors, whose prediction concerning the comet had been so completely fulfilled. But Jarvis and I still thank the gods that Karl Einsinger is no more, and that with him perished the secret of the pool of flame.

## THE BLENDING OF THE SECTIONS

WADE HAMPTON.

"The cause of Boston is the cause of all," "An attack upon Massachusetts is an attack upon Virginia," were the thrilling sentiments heralded by North Carolina and Virginia to their besieged brothers of the North in the first great crisis of the nation. On the very threshold of its career this Republic was a unity. It knew no sections. In a word, it was this spirit of unity that made possible our national life.

But that spirit, so manifest in the beginning, waned for a season. The lamp of national patriotism grew dim, flickered for a moment, and went out amid the confusion of disunion and sectional strife.

These red years are no more. Whether Calhoun was right or whether Webster was right in their opposing interpretations of the Constitution has been settled by the arbitrament of the sword. Now comes the moulding, the leavening, the blending process whose evolution moves on apace with changing conditions. The feelings of the North toward the new South have never been better expressed than in the words of Hon. George F. Hoar, the late patriarch of the Senate. "Although my life politically and personally has been a life of almost constant strife with the leaders of the Southern people, yet as I grow older, I have learned not only to respect and esteem, but to love the great qualities which belong to my fellow-citizens of the Southern States. They are a noble race, their love of home, their chivalrous respect for women, their courage, their constancy which can abide by an opinion or a purpose or an interest for their States through adversity and through prosperity, through years and through generations are things in which the more mercurial North may take a lesson."

Along with this feeling of a common brotherhood of common interests, must eventually come the blending of political thought and action of the North and South. But at present there exists North and South a political situation to be deplored by all patriotic Americans, namely, the solidity of the New England States in the North and the solidity of the States of the South. This unique situation has seldom been considered frankly. But, however ignored or avoided, it will not down, and it should be considered with fairness and without party or local prejudice. The time has come for the solid North and the solid South to emancipate themselves from the deadly one-party system which strangles the political genius of both sections. The solid New England States and the solid South must say to both political parties that they are no longer pocket-boroughs, but open fields in which each with equal opportunity for success may struggle for the intellectual mastery of the people. Nor should the struggle be merely for the sake of the Democratic party or the Republican party, but for the sake of independence of speech and action, political tolerance and political freedom.

The existence of two political parties is absolutely essential. A minority, virile and patriotic, is as necessary as a majority in the government of a people. There should be a Democratic party in the solid Republican New England States, and in the solid Democratic South, a Republican party sufficiently powerful to win the election at times, and always to put the opposite party when in control in fear of a possible or probable defeat. The breaking up of the solid New England States and of the solid South would not imperil the existence of the two great parties upon which as opposing forces the welfare of our political life depends. For seldom in its history has the Republican party had so formidable a leader as Mr. Taft. "And seldom in its history," says Dr. Hannis Taylor, "has the Democratic party had a more bril-

liant or persistent leader than the famous tribunitian orator from Nebraska, who wears at his buttonhole the white lily of a spotless life."

In a one-party system the whole conscience and character of the people can not find full political expression. Under such a system the New England States have become stagnant. New Hampshire is in the embrace of the great railway corporations, and Rhode Island has become the synonym for political bossism. In recent years these States have had but little constructive influence in the nation's thought and political progress.

The heaven is working, for there has been a recent breaking up of Ohio, Minnesota, and Indiana, where on the same day presidential electors of one party and governors of the other party were chosen. These States have contributed and are still contributing much to our political life.

The political condition of the South, this great shackled giantess, the South, presents a pathetic figure. The advocacy of the breaking up of the solid South, of course, does not mean that we should ignore those causes which cemented the States of the South into a solid political organization, or that the South should turn Republican, but that there should be two formidable political parties in the South, that the expression of any political belief should be possible without social ostracism, and that the South should regain her former supremacy in national councils.

But what were the conditions that produced the solid South? Briefly, the sudden emancipation of the negro, followed by sudden and universal enfranchisement, the terrors of reconstruction, the menacing of Federal bayonets and Force Bill legislation, and the withering curse of negro domination. The condition of the South at the close of the war was eloquent with sadness. Prosperity seemed to be Northern and not Southern. Says Dr. Alderman, "The sub-

merged South, the silent, enduring South, was walking in an economic and social valley of the shadow of death." While these conditions existed, it was a foregone conclusion that the Southern States would cast their electoral vote solidly. The effort to transform in a day a densely illiterate race of slaves into electors and law-makers, and to place in their hands the scepter of political power over their masters of yesterday, naturally aroused a united and determined resistance in the South. And the effort to overcome the power of the ballot in the hands of the illiterate negro was the first step toward the solid South; and since that time the South has been solid, silent, partisan, and powerless.

But let it be understood that Anglo-Saxon will and Anglo-Saxon intellect will always dominate inferior races. And were there just cause to fear that negro domination would still menace the South, it is safe to predict that the South would remain solid to the end of time.

But the factors which produced these conditions are no more. There is no more menacing of Federal bayonets, no more Force Bill legislation, no more political domination by the negro. The universal enfranchisement of the negro has been prevented by State amendments which safeguard against an illiterate negro electorate. In a word, the reasons and motives which justly prompted the organization of the solid South have ceased to exist. As a political organization it has attained the end for which it was established. The South is now free to work out her destiny. Prosperity is no longer sectional. The South has risen from her ashes and established a material prosperity that has startled the world. Capital has caught a glimpse of her richness. The clang of her manufacturies, the whirr of her mills, the white of her cotton fields present the South to-day. In this marvelous growth the manufactures of the South now exceed her agricultural products. This change

has wrought a revolution in her economic conditions. The Birmingham district of Alabama rivals the Pittsburg district of Pennsylvania. This change places large sections of the South in the same attitude as Massachusetts and Pennsylvania so far as the tariff and other great national questions are concerned. Why should not the South express herself on these great national issues and share again in the constructive work of government?

The South was once the home of great men, men of imperial intellect, men who stood head and shoulders above their fellows from other sections. But westward the star of politics has taken its course. Within a period of fifty years, no Southern man has been nominated seriously for either the Presidency or Vice-Presidency.

Finally, the fourth of last March ushered in an era of good feeling. Mr. Taft is a national man who does not fear to think in terms of continents rather than parishes, of the nation rather than its sections, who would regard as one of the greatest triumphs of his administration the restoration of normal political conditions in the South. The inauguration of his policies toward the South is epochal. We have that for which we have been clamoring for years, that is, the promise that the reckless appointment of negroes to office in the South against the protest of the wealth and influence of the communities shall cease. National harmonization is now assured and nothing can stay that more perfect Union which was the ideal of the fathers.

But this blending of political thought, in either section, must come by gradual evolution, for the Southern people especially are conservative and cling to their traditions. The force of habit and the instincts of heredity are not easily overcome, and hence the South can not be shattered by a 'possum or persimmon beer banquet. It must be a condition brought about by education and profound changes in point of view. It can not be made to order.

In a word, the blending of the sections must go forward, the blending of social and economic conditions and the blending of political thought and action; the blending of a nation in which the organized political power of one section dashes itself hopelessly against the organized political power of the other, into a nation of political independence and political tolerance. May the time come when the last vestige of sectional antagonism shall be swept away, when the national government may no longer be the government of a party, section, or province, but the government of the whole united people.

In the words of the great Lincoln, the master-statesman of his time, whose heart yearned for the welfare of all sections, and whose ideals are now being fulfilled, let us say:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."



## A MEMORY

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BY DRACK.

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An azure, sunny-tresséd sky,  
Sunlit waters singing,  
An old and time-worn mill near by,  
Breezes lowly swinging.

A maiden wreathed in angel smiles  
With soul-lit face so fair,  
A youth enamoured by her wiles  
Sat gazing on her there.

The hour has fled and passed the day,  
But retrospection still  
Throws o'er the dream a hallowed ray,  
Of maiden, youth, and rill.

## "THAT BOAT RIDE"

W. R. HILL.

At the little hill-town of Skyville, on a summer's afternoon, gathered a party of young people. There was nothing unusual about the party. They all had their lunches as all such parties do. They were all jolly, but no more so than many another party like them had been. They were going that evening to Bluff Rock on Broad River, where the old boat awaited them. From this point they would ride down Broad River around Horse-shoe Bend down to Thrope's bridge, where they expected to land and eat their lunch on the spacious lawn in front of Captain Thrope's old home. But there was nothing peculiar about that, for many another party had done likewise. If there was anything characteristic of and peculiar to this party, it was its spirit of jollity and merriment that pervaded the whole company. The Southern sun never shone quite so brightly. The mountain breeze was never quite so balmy. The partridge never called quite so cheerily to its mate as they laughed and jostled over the mountain road toward Broad River.

They had at first intended to have even couples, but Sarah Leslie had a working friend that she wanted to go, but who had no escort. Sarah told her friend, Charles Bagley, to ask her friend, Daisy Patterson, to go with him and she would go along with the crowd.

Sarah, popular with all the young people, enjoyed her ride very much. The couples were first to get into the boat, leaving Sarah to take the back seat. She, laughing, said:

"I'll take the back seat and help row the boat."

But Charles told her that he and Daisy would take the back seat and he would help the front man row.

The boat was launched and they were off on their three-mile ride. At first the current meandered lazily and slowly along. Gradually it began to impart its spirit to the crowd. Slowly they became more and more pensive. The shadows on the western hill were lengthening across the bottom. The negroes plowing on each side of the river had begun to chant their evening song. Up each dark hollow, from which already the last ray of sunshine had fled, a lonely screech owl was crying. In a solitary broom-sedge field on top of the hill a partridge was calling its good-night to its mate; while deep down in the hollow the first whip-poor-will was welcoming the night.

"Gee! but isn't it lonesome," said Gertrude, who was always ready to express her feelings.

Just then the first sound of thunder from a cloud rising in the northwest was heard.

"What, is there a cloud rising?" continued Gertrude in the same breath.

"Yes; a small one, I think," said Sarah.

"We shall have plenty of time to get to the bridge before that comes here," said one of the boys. "Yonder is the sign-tree now, and as sure as Joe is a Dutchman, the river is up three feet," he continued. "It's up to the third limb and the first is level with low water," he explained.

Each member of the party knew what that meant; that if the boat were capsized, each member must swim for his life.

The wind from the approaching cloud began to moan in the tops of the big pines on the hills. The party grew more pensive in spite of the boys' vain effort to be jolly.

"I wish that screech owl would stop his wail and that the whip-poor-will would wait till we get to the bridge," said Gertrude.

But the screech owl was joined by another still nearer the river and the whip-poor-will came down the hollow with the

approach of night. The wind moaned louder. The conversation lagged. Sarah took from her arm a bracelet that Charles had given her and, slipping it to him, said in a low tone:

"If anything happens, I want you to keep this."

"All right," he said, "I'll keep it for you until we get to the bridge," pretending not to know what she meant.

"Daisy, dear, do you know that there are thirteen in this boat?" continued Sarah.

"They have changed thirteen and made it a lucky number now," said Charles bravely.

"From here on the current is swifter, and we shall be at the bridge soon," said one of the boys.

The conversation lagged again. Sarah struck up the old song: "'Way Down Upon the Swanee River." Sarah had sat in this old boat and drifted down this old river while singing this song, but never before had she sung it in chorus with twelve other voices. On out of hearing they drifted singing.

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About three-quarters of an hour later two boys who had been sent to drive the cattle home, stopped on Thrope's bridge and were gazing down into the water when two planks came floating down.

"Aren't those two of the seats off the boat?" said one.

"I believe they are," the other replied. "But wait, one of the seats was the hind-gate of our wagon bed, and it's green, and sure enough yonder it comes now. They have turned over. Let's run and tell Henry and Robert."

Henry and Robert ran up the river to the rescue as quickly as possible. When they reached the place where the boat had run on a snag and capsized, they found all the party rescued from the river. Gertrude was unconscious but not dead. One of the boys had swum to the opposite side of the river with

Sarah. But no one knew whether she was dead or alive. The storm was approaching so fast that they could not call for the roar of the wind. The boy who had rescued Sarah, with the aid of a plowman carried her to the nearest house on that side of the river, while those rescued on this side came to Mrs. Thrope's. A 'phone message summoned the doctor, who came with all possible haste, but reached the scene too late to save Sarah. The dear little girl, in giving her place to her friend, had given her life. There would come no more mishaps to the party, for now there were only twelve.

## DE PIKE

TAMBOURINE.

De pike am sholy good,  
An' often mighty sassy.  
Fust acts like he would,  
Den scoots to where hit's grassy.

In splotchy shades an' swirls  
He lies jes lack he sleepin';  
Jes stir, an' off he whirls—  
Dar ain't no place'll keep 'im!

He makes de watah slosh  
An' fluts ez quick ez powdah.  
He stuhs de shaller wash  
An' flounces loud an' lowdah.

He sorter lazy like  
An' lubs de slimy places,  
But dat am lack a pike  
To weah dem Janush faces.

A little bait fixed right  
An' jiggled 'long de edges  
A little ouden sight  
'Ll fetch 'im fum de hedges.

I rakes um wid dis line  
An' dees here limmick hookses.  
Dem scamps ah sho all mine—  
Dem scamps ah sho de cookses!

Dar ain't no life so sweet  
Nor nigh so good ez fishin',  
It keeps ye off yo feet,  
It stops ye frum yo wishin'.

So, long's I lib upright  
I sho shall lib heah easy,  
An' long ez pike am pike  
So long dese lips am greasy.

## AGRICULTURE: THE NEW BIRTH

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JOHN J. BEST.

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From Dr. Samuel Johnson we have these words: "Of nations as of individuals, the first blessing is independence. Neither the man nor the people can be happy to whom any human power can deny the necessities for conveniences of life. There is no way of living without the need of foreign assistance but by the product of our own land, improved by our own labor. Every other source of plenty is perishable or casual."

Indeed these words express the great truth that there is no industry, upon which a real independent, lasting basis of prosperity can be founded other than that of farming. It is the real foundation stone upon which any country's progress must rest if it is to be lasting.

True, a seemingly great nation may spring up in a day with commerce and manufacturing as a foundation, but like the house founded upon sand, the nation whose agricultural interests are neglected will fall. The house might have been one of magnificent architecture, but it fell. Likewise national development may be startling, but without a lasting foundation it will eventually fall, as nations have done. For example, the merchant fleets of Phœnicia, Carthage, Venice, and the Dutch no longer whiten the seas with their sails. Spain, who thought herself exempt from the tilling of the soil by the conquest of Peru, with its veins of silver, has become a country of poverty. Even that obstinate and haughty nation has learned that without agriculture a country may indeed be the transmitter of money, but can never be the possessor.

England's progress has been greatly impeded by her over emphasis of manufacturing. If England's supply of raw material should be cut off from other countries, her manu-



facturing industry would be ruined. Though Germany leads the world in scientific industrial intelligence, she has not neglected her farming industry. France has cultivated her vineyards, along with her economic advancement, with so much care that she is to-day the financial center of the world.

Seeing the misfortune of England and Spain, the profound question for us is, What has been the experience of our own country? Like almost all other countries, the United States failed to realize the primary and indispensable place of agriculture in sound national development. Great political parties have flourished and passed away; industries have been established, adding great wealth to the country; profound problems have agitated our people, such as the slavery problem, the race problem, the white plague, tariff and protection, but in the complexity of these things we seem to have forgotten the plain connection with the soil. We think of trade, manufacturing and great quantities of metals as the chief source of wealth. We have encouraged and assisted manufacturing, commerce and other activities, that are centered in the cities, at the expense of the farm. As for manufacturing, it has been the one cherished and nurtured American industry ever since the beginning of our Republic. Numerous tariff and subsidy laws have been enacted, in favor of our manufacturing industries, for their protection against foreign competition; taxes have been exacted from the consumer to give them strength; thrilling speeches in Congress and throughout the entire country have been made in their behalf; our government has legislated, in every instance, in their favor; indeed, even the lives of innocent children have been ground in the maw of factories, working day and night in a lousy, dusty, atmosphere, so that the United States' manufacturing power might be increased.

Here is our mistake, our misfortune. Before we have a sound basis for progress we must be independent of all other

countries, and to be independent we must have agriculture, for it alone can support us without help of others, in a certain plenty and genuine dignity. Whatever we buy from without, the sellers may refuse; whatever we sell, manufactured by art, the purchasers may reject, but while our ground is covered with corn and cattle, we can want nothing, and if imagination should grow sick of native plenty, and call for delicacies or embellishments from other countries, there is nothing which corn and cattle will not purchase. Indeed a prosperous agricultural interest is to a nation what good digestion is to a man. The soil is the only resource of the nation that is never exhausted, but renews itself continually after having produced value.

Another advantage of farming is that, unlike manufacturing, mining and other industries, there is no strife between the employer and employee. There are no such things as labor organizations to encourage socialism, labor unions to determine wages and cheapen labor. Strikes and lockouts are foreign to agriculture. What a blessing it is that there is one occupation in which every man will reap what he sows without a continual warfare among humanity. Every man who tills the soil with energy and perseverance can earn an independent, legitimate livelihood, and the important thing is, the farmer never gets hungry as one does in large manufacturing towns. In Great Britain, for instance, the home of manufacturing, hordes of idle men crowd the streets crying, "We want work, we do not want your charity," and there is nothing for them but dole charity. Hence, England's old-age pension law. This condition creates thousands, yea, millions of poor, starving people, who live in the slums of the large cities, but no such conditions are found on the farm.

Therefore, let us as a nation remedy our mistakes now, as we have begun to do, and build our foundation of prog-

ress upon a basis that will stand, and when the United States shall have 150,000,000 or 200,000,000 people, they can find employment and earn a living. The only remedy for these conditions, for this misfortune, is expressed in the following words of our own poet, Sidney Lanier: "One has only to remember here in America, that whatever crop we hope to reap in the future, whether it be a crop of poems, of paintings, of symphonies, of constitutional safeguards, of virtuous behaviors, of religious exaltations,—we have got to get it out of the ground with palpable plows and plain farmers' forethought. An agricultural change is the only substantial fact upon which any really new South can be predicted."

Realizing, then, our condition, let us cherish with our whole heart those forces that have wrought a new birth during this decade in the field of agricultural development, every force that is drawing the attention of the American people to better farming. The greatest evidence of our new agricultural birth is that farming has ceased to be a domestic enterprise and has become a commercial industry. The pioneer farmer who looked primarily to the satisfaction of the wants of his own household may have selected the crop which he cultivated without giving any thought to the needs of other men. He was not inspired to produce more than mere family necessities, because there was no further demand; but the modern agriculturist, who produces primarily for the world's market, and procures upon the market a large share of the necessities, conveniences and luxuries of life, is bound to consider the demands of his fellow-beings.

The modern farmer must consider the price for which the produce can be sold, as well as the conditions of production, if he would manage his farm successfully. The farmer has become dependent on the merchant, the manufacturer, and the commercial carrier. His habits have been changed and his demands for things other than his own domestic production

have become real. Then, in keeping pace with the commercial world, and in acquiring "net profit," better management of agricultural development has been brought about; more economic labor, and labor-saving machines have been employed; improvement of lands, better irrigation, the introduction of new varieties of grain and forage crops, better stock, more capital, the selection of crops, organization of farms, have been great revolutionizing forces in the agricultural world. What has been the result? American progress has been put on a sounder basis. Agricultural institutions are being established; the study of agriculture is being introduced into our public schools; farmers' institutes are being conducted; farmers' conventions are being held; administration farms and experimental stations are being set apart. Indeed, they are endeavoring to make every farm in America a laboratory and a test school by teaching the farmer how to farm scientifically. Labor will become applied science and educated to that end. The emphasis will be taken from theory and knowledge and placed on achievements. Then shall we keep the men on the farm, the men whose physical and mental vitality is the support of the race's present, the insurance of its future.

A second cause of the economic revolution in farming is the railway. For many years railroads have been winding through the dense forests of our country until now they form a great network. They have brought into close relation the different parts of our country; they have established means of easy transportation and trade; upon them depends our commercial exchange system. By means of the railroads the farmers have been enabled to exchange their products for other necessaries of life. It is cheaper and more convenient, because the farmers can grow and ship perishable products. They have been the means of producing wealth for all sections of the country; they have been instrumental in convey-

ing from place to place the best and more modern methods of agriculture; in introducing crops suitable for the climate and the soil; in offering the best educational advantages of the day.

A third result from commercial agriculture, that has eliminated or materially modified the round-about and spend-thrift methods of yesterday, is that everywhere good roads is a paramount issue; the rural free delivery service is drawing the farmers closer to the centers of activity; the rural telephone and newspapers are reinforcing these influences that are operating to make easier and more profitable the farmers' surroundings. Their surroundings are being beautified with good roads, and beautiful, comfortable homes decorated with shade trees, flower gardens and well-equipped out-buildings. Rural education is being put upon a more lasting basis which means an educated people and better government; churches are being enlarged to accommodate the people; manufacturing is being strengthened by new supplies of raw material. The increase of our country in wealth, in comfort, in ability to educate our children, and the children of others, in ability to help our church and State, comes through better and more economic farming. Any movement then to increase our farm yields is a direct movement to enlarge the comforts of our homes, and to make greater our capacity to contribute to good government, State improvement, education and religion.

Another result from commercial agriculture, is that we are learning not to look upon labor as degrading. That is a fallacy we are overcoming and must put forever behind us before we can ever measure up to our opportunities as a nation. Well did some one say, "That when man had once fallen, had once eaten the forbidden fruit, the only way the Lord himself could find to keep him from going utterly to the Devil, was to put him to work, and to-day we are learning that corn roots and cotton roots are just as honorable and

legitimate subjects of interest and mutual development as Greek roots and Latin roots."

But with all these achievements, we as a nation, have yet, much to accomplish. Let us work on and on until every farmer, in every county, shall learn the importance of his great calling and learn how to discharge his duty with intelligence and good judgment. Ten years ago the farmers looked upon the well-dressed agricultural instructor with contempt, but to-day they are anxious to learn from him the modern methods of farming. They once thought they knew more about farming than the man who never farmed, but they have learned that these men have made a careful study of improved agriculture. Let us work on until every road becomes a highway; until every community shall have modern, well-equipped schools; until every church shall become an inviting place of worship; until every rural home shall become a home of intelligence and comfort; yea, until every farm shall be a source of adding wealth to the nation. This can be done (1) by increasing the net profit of each farmer. In the words of Clarence H. Poe "every farm should bring up its earning power \$500 more each year. It is not only our supreme task and ambition, but it is a realizable ideal, a workable, practicable program of progress. It is not only one supreme task, and a realizable one, but one upon the success of which depends the prosperity not only of the South as a section and Southerners as a whole, but also the prosperity of every individual Southerner—the farmer no more than the banker, the merchant, the railroad man, the lawyer, the preacher, the teacher, the statesman. The prosperity of every trade, art, and craft in a community and the prosperity of every individual in the community, from the boy on the street, who blacks your shoes to the master mind who organizes our railway system or governs our State—the prosperity

of every man, I say, depends upon the prosperity of the average man, this average man in the South being the farmer."

Another way in which wealth can be added to the nation is to increase or develop our cotton production. It is already the greatest of all American agricultural staples. It has no substitute in supplying the world with clothing. Listen to Henry Grady's words on cotton exports and its importance, "The world waits in attendance on its growth; the shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the earth; the sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of all the people; the frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm upon its green leaf is more to England than the advance of a Russian army on her Asian outposts. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot, its fiber is current in every bank and when loosing its fleeces to the sun, it floats a sunny banner, it glorifies the fields of the humble farmer. That man is marshaled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world and wring subsidy from every nation on the earth." While this may be true we have not reached by far the limit of our cotton production. When we have reached the high-water mark; when agriculture in general has produced more wealth and more supplies for mankind, then will we solve the problem of high prices of food products. At present we attribute high prices to cities, manufacturing, commercial exchange, trusts, monopolies, tariff, etc. Though they fix the prices, they are backed up in so doing, because of the lack of production. The lack of production is the real origin of high prices. The population is rapidly increasing, but production has been almost at a standstill, consequently the law of supply and demand has increased the prices of products.

When agricultural production gains apace with the population; when the money is carried to the country; when we learn to care for our resources as well as Europe cares for

hers; and when we learn to educate our farmers as well as Germany educates hers, then will America become the mistress of the world. Then will the South blossom as a rose; then, indeed, will the old ambition of our fathers come at last into glorious fruitage. Not only will the common farmer in the South be supplied with the conveniences which our city brethren now enjoy, good roads and telephones, and fine stock and fat acres greeting the glad eyes of an awakened people; but every industry known to our Southland will throb with new vigor as if fresh blood had been poured into its veins.



## A TALE OF WANDERING PLEAS

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"RUDENZ."

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"We like to've cotch the biggest coon I ever seen down in that thar holler," said 'Squire Long to his two friends sitting about the old heater in Doc Harper's cross-road grocery.

"We run him down that branch for more'n a mile when me an' Jack Meadows cut through the woods trying to cut 'im off. We wus stan'in' there when I hearn him comin'." "Look," I hollered to Jack, when right by me run the biggest coon I ever seen. But when I looked roun' fur Jack, he warn't thar. An' thar I was all by myself an' hit as dark as Eryp'. 'Bout that time I hearn the awfullest holler what I ever hearn. Soun' like a wil' cat. Well, I more'n got out uv that place."

The old Colonel moved up a little nearer the stove that glowed red in spots down near the bottom, and squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice in the great sandbox around the stove. Doc Harper, distinguished from the others by not wearing a hat, lifted the sheet iron lid and peered into the blazing opening; still holding the lid in his hand he reached over for a chunk of wood and dropped it in. The big oil lamp, hung in the middle of the store, cast a reddish light on dusty bolts of calico on the shelves, boxes of shoes dirty from frequent handling, bulging and split at the corners, bright-colored cans of tomatoes and a dirty show-case displaying an assortment of stick-candy, glass agics, Jew's-harps, pocket-knives and nickel cologne. On the lower end of the counter the cat was sleeping peacefully by the tobacco cutter, while a cracker box kept the tobacco cutter and scales from infringing on that part of the counter used for dry goods.

"I wonder what has become uv Jack?" Doc ventured.

The stranger behind the stove looked up at the speaker with interest. "Wandering Pleas" was one of those shifting sons of humanity which drop upon a little village now and then to tell tales of the glorious West and impress upon the villagers how monotonous and God-forsaken their life is.

"Is Jack Meadows a low, stout fellow with a scar above the left eye, the one you are speaking of?" he asked.

"The same Jack," spoke the 'Squire.

"There's a queer story about him," continued the stranger.

"About two years ago I was in Santa Fe for three or four months. I had known James Pepper before I went West and when I found him we bummed together a good deal, had a good time riding, hunting, and loafing in general. Part of our time we spent in shooting pool at the club. I never did care much for the game, but Jim was a crack shot and I played mainly to please him. Every afternoon I noticed at the club a man, a fine-looking fellow he was, with a long scar over his left eye, sitting over in a corner smoking by himself."

"The same Jack," the 'Squire interrupted, as he leant over again to relieve himself of the accumulated tobacco juice.

"I was curious, and after asking Jim several times, he introduced me to this gentleman of silence. I found him extremely stiff, but there was a shadow of a smile that lurked in the corners of his lips and every now and then sparkled from his eyes that made me fall in love with him at once. He even agreed to play pool with me, and after a pleasant evening we parted with promises of seeing each other again the next day.

"That night Jim congratulated me. He said that every man in the club had tried to bring Jack out, but that I was the first to succeed even in the slightest. Then I learned Jack's story for the first time. He had come to Santa Fe several months before, and at first was the most popular man

that had ever hit the plains. There was not a woman in town who had not been crazy about him—or man either, for that matter.

"But one night he was walking home with Charlie Dillon, a friend of Jim's, and they were attacked by some wild animal. Jack ran and the next day Charlie was found dead with the print on his throat of what seemed a great cat's teeth, while his shoulder had been torn by immense claws that must have had a razor edge. Since that time, in spite of the efforts of the club and his friends all over town, he had been the quiet onlooker I had noticed. This only made me work the harder to win him back to society. It gave me a new interest in him, too.

"One afternoon when he had played unusually well and sunk me considerably, I saw an opportunity and introduced the dance that was to take place that night. He didn't shy as much as I had supposed he would and feeling my way I asked if he would not come if I would stag it with him. After some persuasion he consented, because he couldn't refuse me, not that he wanted to go.

"With a feverish feeling I went by his hotel promptly at nine. What was my surprise when I was told that he had left word for me to come on to the club rooms. I thought his nerve had failed him and he had left that message as a bluff, so with dejected feelings I continued to the club.

"As I was climbing the steps a burst of laughter met me, which was louder and seemed more joyful than is usual even on such occasions. When I entered I was almost floored by finding Jack in the center of the room with the others gathered close around him. His voice reached me and with it a pang, for, as I feared, he had been won back to his friends, but won from me. I drew near and fell under the influence of his wonderful personality. I was expecting to be met with the same greeting that made Tim Buxton's smile so

broad and his eyes sparkle so, or took Tom Cleek off his feet and gave him confidence to propose to Lucie James that night. But I was ignored completely. I know he saw me, for I caught his eye, and a peculiar gleam it was that he sent toward me—a puzzling look.

"The music started and the couples began to float around. Everywhere it was being whispered how Jack Meadows had returned, and many congratulated me on 'helping him to his own again.' But a damper was on my feelings. Now it was my time to sit by and smoke.

"But how divinely he did dance!

"The time slipped by, I hardly knew how. And before I was aware the company was disbanding with rustling wraps, 'good-byes,' 'good-nights' and an unintelligible jabbering. When I looked up Jack and myself were the only ones in the room. He looked around and saw me as if for the first time.

" 'Hello, old sport, don't look so forgotten. Let me fix a smile on you,' and he pinched my cheeks to make them rosy and pulled up the corners of my mouth to the right position for a smile, when I caught sight of myself in the mirror and burst out laughing. He was just irresistible and right there I was willing to forgive everything I had suffered.

" 'I'll walk with you down as far as I go,' he said as we finished juggling on our overcoats. I don't know whether it was the tone of his voice or what, that made me wheel around and look at him. What I caught in his eye sent a chill through me; it was the same gleam that I had marked when I first saw him that evening in the midst of his charmed circle. It was a kind of green flashing that one sees in cats' eyes at night. I tried to deny to myself that I was afraid of him, but—

" 'By the way, I forgot to give Colbert his letter!' And I stepped into the secretary's office. Colbert always keeps

his wraps in his office, even during the sociables, and had just stepped in after them.

"Colbert, have you got a gun?" I whispered. He reached in the drawer and handed it to me.

"What do you want with it?" he asked. Just then I heard a noise at the door and turned around. I believe on my life I saw a green eye flash through the keyhole. The knob turned and Jack looked in.

"Don't take a nap on me," he laughed, as if he had been waiting a half hour. The gun was in the palm of my hand; I slid it down my trouser leg into my side pocket unnoticed.

"All right," I answered, and we were soon on our way.

"Walking along we talked of horses and women and guns—he kept harping on guns. But I never hinted at the eight-shot Colt I was carrying. As we went farther on he stopped talking. We passed along one of the worst parts of the city, full of foul alleys and deserted warehouses.

"That was a swell toast you drank," and I heard a voice sounding vague and far away.

"Go on, I'll overtake you." Perspiration popped out on my forehead and I reached for my gun. I turned around and stood terrified. There, ready to spring, was a great white cat, as big as a dog. His eyes flashed green streaks and I noticed with horror a sear running above his left eye. His claws flashed like knives, and as he struck me I felt them sink into my shoulder. We both rolled to the ground. I reached my pistol over my shoulder and pulled the trigger. There was the most awful shriek I ever heard. The claws relaxed their hold and I got up and staggered to the police station.

"I opened my eyes about eight o'clock the next morning in the hospital. As I lay there I heard some one in the next room reading from the morning paper: 'Jack Meadows found

dead with bullet hole through his brain on East A street. Near him was a .32 Colt with one chamber empty.' "

For a moment all was still in the little country grocery. The 'Squire had moved up till his trousers touched the now cold heater, the knees of the Colonel, who sat in front, extended on both sides of it, while Doc Harper was holding his hands up to get the heat from the flue. The big lamp flickered and darkness began to lower over the calico and dusty counters. The store-keeper shivered, lifted the stove lid and looked into its black depth. Outside the wind howled around the house and with it came the weird call of a cat for its mate. The old cat that had been sleeping peacefully on the counter, jumped noiselessly down and trotted to the door. Again the wind howled, and again came the direful call. Inside it grew darker and the cold made the windows rattle. The cat kept scratching to get out. Every eye followed it but not a hand was lifted to open the door. With eye on the door they crowded closer together and shivered.

## HINTS

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FLOYD T. HOLDEN.

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Have they spoken to you, the brier and bush  
In wood and copse and field?  
Have they said to you in color tones  
That winter to spring must yield?"

Does the brightening flash of the fields of wheat  
Glowing fresh in their emerald green,  
Pour into your eyes and into your heart  
The coming of Proserpine?

Nature speaks to the heart if the eyes will but look  
Where the tints on the bushes are seen;  
The dogwood wears purple, the willow wears gold,  
The sassafras shines in its green.

In the wheatfields aflash in the late winter sun  
In the woods by the side of the road  
There is news that ere long new creations shall rise  
New beings from seed Autumn sowed.

## THE KWANNON BOSATSU: THE JEALOUSY SHRINE

K. AKIYAMA.

A week passed since I had left the dusty and noisy city and have come to Yamasoto where a famous Enlightenment Temple is. The people in Yamasoto were so kind and hospitable that I was welcomed by all the villagers.

One evening my new friend, Rev. Whitelatos, sent me an invitation by Miss Lily, a charming little daughter of Mr. Fountain, with whom I was staying. Rev. Whitelatos invited me to share in the verdant hue of his honorable tea.

I went to Enlightenment Temple, of which Rev. Whitelatos was the chief priest, at the appointed time. He welcomed me at the door and ushered me into a parlor, saying that all young priests were away for a far-off funeral.

"I have been listening to the music of the tea-kettle's heavenly silver song as if from an angel's throat," he uttered. Then he observed emphasizing with a holy smile as he turned the angel band gorgeously painted on a sliding screen.

"Step forward; be not on ceremony," he said.

"Lift your eup, pray!" he continued presently. "Pardon me for an inglorious sort of cake."

He placed a "descending wild goose"—what a gracious name for the cake—upon my palm.

We kept on our conversation from one topic to another for a considerable length of time. He unfolded his by-gone record. "I am glad, Namuami Iabutsu (amen), and am pleased that the time is at hand to present myself in the honorable presence of our Lord Buddha. But, my dear friend, the world is sweet as ever with the moon and green tea. Silver moon and pine-green tea. The world would be empty with-



out them. A sip of hyakeno (Pearly Dew, the name of the best tea) carries us into a sweet dream."

The night was quietly soothing. All was silent except the sweet music of the old tea-kettle. The prodigal smoke of incense peacefully rose at his side.

"Divine Father," I began, "I would like to know the story of the little shrine upon the height—the half-ruined hut, you know."

"It's the Kwannon Shrine—the Love Goddess Temple. It is hastening to decay, but the Goddess, it is said, is prompt to respond to prayer. Wonderful Shrine! A picture of the Goddess riding on a dragon's back is a very soul. It's a picture, but a tragic story behind."

"Pray, proceed." I seated myself near.

"Long years ago—one hundred years ago or one thousand years, no one knows—an artist was commissioned to paint the Kwannon Bosatsu (Goddess). The artist, poor fellow, even his name has turned to ashes, cleaned his body and soul with holy water. He set the first brush after one week's devotion in prayer. There was nothing more marvelous than his skill—it would be proper to say he was a genius. The picture of the Kwannon was inspiring in splendor.

"His jealous wife was the cause of the tragedy," he kept on. "One day the wife peered into her husband's studio. Alas! the picture of the glorious Kwannon appeared to her eyes like a living beauty. 'Secret wife,' she exclaimed. One day the artist placed the picture on a tokonoma in rapturous admiration of his own craft. His wife dashed in with a dagger to kill the 'secret wife.' The artist protected the picture with his own body. Alas! the wife's dagger was thrust into his very bosom, and he fell instantly.

"The picture was not yet completed, it is said. The artist's ghost appeared every night, with a candle in one hand and a brush in the other, to work on the picture. The

people call it the 'Jealousy Shrine.' It is said throughout the villages that wives whose husbands love other women make a midnight journey to this shrine—for revenge. I heard some villagers say that they heard recently the sound of woman's wooden clog (*karan koran*) around the shrine at midnight. I pray that nothing terrible may happen, *Namu-ami Iabutsu! Namu Amida!*"

The solitude of night was broken by the steps of the young priests as they came back from the funeral. I left Rev. Whitelatos not long after their return.

It was the month of April. The moon was high and shining as brightly as it was in an Autumn night. I walked slowly on the winding country road, toward my house, under the shower of light. How pleasant it was! Soft April's breath struck my cheeks as if it were an angel's balmy breath.

I continued my calm gait, pursuing a dark path under the forest which shut out the bright moonlight. Alas! I heard the faint sound of a woman's wooden clog at a distance and fading away by and by toward the Jealousy Shrine. Was that the sound the villagers hear? It was strange, so late as this hour.

The wild news was told from mouth to mouth next morning. Mrs. Maple has attacked a woman with a dagger.

The woman rushed out into her garden.

Mrs. Maple fell into a well and drowned. Oh! poor soul, Maple San.

The opening day of my school drew near. I bade farewell to Rev. Whitelatos and several other friends at a station near by and returned to the city.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is there anything sweeter than the friendship with an innocent girl frolicking around the Enlightenment Temple? Miss Lily had not so beautiful kimonoas nor fascinating charm as city girls have, but only a simple and innocent country

girl. She should be twelve years old—thirteen at most. Love has not yet sprouted in her heart. I liked her, she liked me, and kept correspondence for years.

She told me in her first letter I received after I had left Yamasato that Mrs. Maple's husband had left the village for a pilgrimage to Zeupoji, one of the greatest Buddhist temples in the country. He left his home to pray that his wife's soul might be on the right road to Heaven. And a nunnery near Yamasato added a new nun. Miss Lily did not tell who she was, but I conjecture that she was the very woman whom Mrs. Maple had attacked.

## "ENTRE NOUS"

CARL H. RAGLAND.

During last Summer, one hot July Sunday afternoon, I went calling on some young ladies not many miles distant from my home. When I arrived there I found some other young men present and also two young ladies from Virginia, who were visiting some of their relatives in the community. The Misses Harris, such was the name of the young ladies, were accompanied by their cousin, Mr. Johnson. Now Mr. Johnson had arranged for a party to be given to his cousins at the house of his and the girls' uncle—Mr. Tom Harris. The party had been set for the following Wednesday night.

I was invited to the social gathering and accordingly began to make arrangements for it. On Monday night I made an engagement with a young lady to take her out to the party. But on Tuesday afternoon another young lady who lived near by was over at my home. She was invited to the party and informed me that the date of the party had been changed from Wednesday night to Friday night for the reason that a Baptist Association would be holding its meetings during Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and as most of the young people of the neighborhood would be attending this, those who had arranged the party thought it best for the party not to conflict with this.

So on Tuesday night I went over and told Miss Smith, the girl with whom I had made the engagement, that the party would be Friday night instead of Wednesday night. Then I explained the reason for this to her, but as she had not heard anything about it she thought I was fooling her. She also thought that I was telling her this in order to break my engagement with her so that I could attend the Association on Wednesday and Thursday and thereby have the op-

portunity of looking on the smiling countenance of another girl. Finally, however, I persuaded her to believe that I was telling the truth.

Friday afternoon I drove over after Miss Smith and then together we proceeded to the house of Mr. Harris. There had been a nice shower that afternoon and the air was fresh and of the earth, earthy. We were gaily chatting together when I began to notice that there were no fresh wheel tracks on the lately rain-beaten road. I began to have suspicions but I kept silence. Very soon we drew near to the house. I noticed that there was only one visible light in the house and as we drew still nearer that there were no buggies in the barnyard. Miss Smith noticed these circumstances also and said:

"What is the matter, Tom, the house is not lighted up and nobody has come yet?"

"Oh," I said, "it is too soon yet for the guests to arrive. Annie, don't you see it is not dark yet?"

By this time we had arrived at the barnyard and we saw two or three persons down near the feed barn attending to their duties of feeding the stock. They heard the noise of the buggy and looked in our direction with surprise. Then Mr. Harris, followed by his little boy, approached us, craning their necks to see who we were—for it was getting dark fast and they could not make out our faces.

"Who is that?" said Mr. Harris to his son.

"I believe it is Uncle Jim and Aunt Susan," some of their relatives whom they were expecting to visit them.

I stopped the horse and by this time Mr. Harris was only a short distance from the buggy.

"Good evening, Mr. Harris," I said, but he peeped around into our faces, for we were in a top buggy, without any indication as to who we were.

"We had a nice rain, this afternoon," I said.

"Yes, yes," he said, and then catching my voice:

"Oh, that is Mr. Boyd," and then getting closer by, "and this is—is Miss Smith with you. Get out and come in the house."

Miss Smith got out and went into the house while we unhitched the horse. I began to tie my horse to a tree when Mr. Harris said:

"Take the harness off of your horse and let me put her in the stable."

"Oh," I said, "she will stand tied until I get ready to go."

"You can not go back to-night," said the hospitable Mr. Harris, better let me put her up."

I then began to comprehend that there was a mistake somewhere.

"There—there is some misunderstanding on my part," I said. "Your nephew invited me to a party up here to-night but I see I have made a mistake in the date."

"Oh, the party took place Wednesday night, for my nieces had to leave Thursday," he said.

Then I explained the circumstances to him. We then went into the house where Mrs. Harris and Miss Smith were. I began to explain things to Mrs. Harris when I found out that Miss Smith had already explained the affair. For when Miss Smith went into the house she found Mrs. Harris surrounded by her children looking over her laundry which the washerwoman had just brought. After the usual salutations and a few remarks Mrs. Harris said to Miss Smith:

"You ought to have been up here last Wednesday night."

"Why, what did you do then?" inquired Miss Smith.

"We had a social gathering here, given in the honor of two of Mr. Harris's nieces from Virginia. There was a large crowd present and they enjoyed themselves finely." Then followed an explanation on Miss Smith's part.

"I expect we had better be going, Annie," I said, "it looks as if it were going to rain," and I winked at her.

"All right," she answered in an eager tone.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Harris insisted on us staying longer, we departed as soon as we could.

"What do you think of this turnout?" snapped Miss Smith after we had gotten in the buggy.

"It might have been worse," I said, teasingly.

"I don't see how we could have made a worse blunder," she replied.

"I have had a foreboding all day," I said, "that the party had already taken place, but I did not venture to express my thoughts."

"Don't talk to me about your forebodings and your thoughts after it is too late. I believe you knew more about this affair than you have confessed, for you are the only one that I have heard say that the time of the party had been changed from Wednesday to Friday night."

"Honestly, Annie, I have told you everything. Upon my word I have not tried to fool you."

"Well, before I believe you are innocent, circumstances will have to prove it otherwise.

Seeing that I could not pacify her and thinking I would divert her mind from this channel, I said:

"What do you suppose your mother and father will say when we come driving up so early?"

"Oh, mamma will be scared to death and will think that the horse ran away with us and Papa will think that Cedar Creek was past fording."

"Let's think of something to tell them to fool them."

"All right."

"I'll tell you what let's tell them, that Mrs. Harris was taken very sick this afternoon and so the party was postponed."

"That's the very thing, and if that doesn't work we can tell them that the creek was up."

So we drove on, thinking how we would fool Mr. and Mrs. Smith. We intended to fool them as long as we could and then tell the truth. We also agreed when we arrived at Mr. Smith's to drive up in the yard and hail as if we were strangers. In a few minutes we were at Mr. Smith's.

"Hello!" I squalled, as we drove in the yard.

"Hello!" I repeated.

We heard a noise in the house and Mr. Smith came to the door and then out into the yard.

"You all get out and go in the house. I will look after your horse, Tom," Mr. Smith said. And so before we could say a word, so surprised were we that he was not surprised, he added, "I am sorry that you all missed the party."

"Why, Papa, who told you about it?" Annie asked eagerly.

"Never mind," he said, "you all go along in the house and you will find out."

So we went on in the house and were met at the door by Mrs. Smith and her children and also Miss Henderson, the girl who had informed me that the date of the party had been changed.

"You all are getting back earlier than usual to-night," said Mrs. Smith, without cracking a smile.

"Hope you had a swell time," added Miss Henderson, with a twinkle in her eye.

"How many saucers of cream did you and Tom eat, Sis?" chimed in the children.

"Oh," I said, "we thought we would come back early for once just to see how it felt, and we had a *swell* time, Miss Henderson, for we didn't stay long enough to get bored, and as to the number of the saucers of cream we ate we did not keep account of them."



But they still guyed us while we begged them to tell us how they found out that we had been fooled.

"Miss Henderson," I said, "I thought you were going to the party."

"I did," she said.

"Why did you not tell me that the party had been put off?"

"Because I heard from a reliable source that it had been put off, but afterwards I heard that this was a mistake."

"Then why did you not tell me this?"

"I thought that you would hear about it at the association or in some other way. I heard Wednesday that the change had been made. And if you had not been such a blockhead you would have heard about it," she said, laughing.

And this is how Mr. and Mrs. Smith had found out our blunder. For a little while after we left, Miss Henderson came over to see Miss Smith and on inquiry found where she was, and so explained everything to them.

But you say, what about that story that we were going to fool them with. We never breathed it to a soul that we ever thought of such a thing.

## WHENEVER I DIE

From the gloom that saddens  
To the light that gladdens  
O let me fly!

From the shades that lengthen—  
To the shades that strengthen—  
May there I lie.

Thither while I'm sleeping  
Safe into His keeping  
Among the blest,—

Thither where the showers  
Grow celestial flowers  
Oh let me rest!

A. D. G.

## CONFESSION OF DAN FLEMING

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C. R. WILLIS.

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Dan Fleming had been an inmate of the Inside Inn for about a month. His appearance at the inn was one that attracted much attention. He came into the small town, as if he had dropped from the sky.

He was a very peculiar fellow. He spoke only when spoken to and then conversed in monosyllables. The expression of his countenance was partly attractive and partly forbidding. His strong features, sunken cheeks, and hollow eyes had, nevertheless, an expression of shrewdness and humor. But those same sunken eyes, from under the shroud of thick eyebrows, had something in them that was at once commanding and watchful. His eyes peered from beneath his fur cap, much depressed on the forehead, and showed that he was always expecting something. But all in all he had the mark of an educated man.

As I have said he had been at the inn for about a month. One day a *posse comitatus* came in search of the murderer of John Kling, who had been murdered one week before. The clues led to Fleming's identification, and he was at once arrested and thrust into jail.

The day for his trial was fixed. When the day arrived he was arraigned before the court. After a heated discussion by the opposing attorneys the case was left with the jury. As it was a very plain case it did not detain the jury very long. Although every one knew what the verdict would be, all sat with open mouths and craning necks, awaiting it. Through the deathlike silence of the court-room the foreman uttered the fateful word, "Guilty."

With the air of one who does not fear death, and without asking any questions, the prisoner deliberately rose to his feet.

He broke the silence with the sentence, "I am the murderer of John Kling. May I reveal the secret of my life to all?"

"Certainly," replied the judge, with the commanding voice and stern look which all judges must have in similar cases.

Fleming continued, "I was the son of a poor man, in New Haven. My mother and father died when I was a mere child. Having no relatives to look to for support, I began my career, as a bootblack. One day while walking down the street I was called into the house of an old man.

"His name was Joe Carson, more frequently called by his friends 'Uncle Joe.' From his gray hairs and feeble walk it was evident that he had reached about seventy years. He was an old miser, as I had learned before. After he had begged me much to stay with him I concluded to do so.

"Sometimes he was very crabbed, but he was always good to me. He sent me to school, and I was graduated from Harvard when twenty-three years of age.

"After remaining at home for a short time I desired to see the city again. I did not have any money, and desired to accumulate what I could. I could not ask him for money after he had done so much for me. Cursed be that day that brought the idea in my mind of stealing his money! Perhaps you now say I did not love him, but with all of my heart I loved the old man.

"Knowing not where his money was buried, I could form no definite plans as to what to do. One day, while looking over some of my old books, hope came to me. I found the unpronounceable name of that drug, 'Tdynathistylene,' and its peculiar properties. If taken in a small dose it will produce an ever longing desire for the thing most loved. Within seven days after it is taken the person to whom it is given must see the thing most loved. But, if taken in larger doses, it causes a deathlike trance of several days.

"Knowing that the man loved his gold better than any-

thing else, I at once tried to obtain some of the medicine. I went to an old Grecian leech, a very close friend of mine, and procured some.

"The night before I gave him the dose I could not sleep. There were continual thoughts of victory dashing through my mind. Next morning I arose earlier than usual. At breakfast I administered the dose in his tea.

"Undoubtedly," continued Fleming, "you are now saying that I did not love the old man, but there was still love in my heart for him. But that love for him was fast being overcome by the love for the gold. The eagles on the money seemed like so many magnets attracting me to them.

"The following seven days were, to me, the most strenuous days of my life. For seven days and nights I watched his every movement, as a hungry cat watches the movements of a mouse.

"At last the days were almost spent. The fifth, sixth, and up to the night of the seventh had passed, without the old man showing any signs of going to his money. I began to feel that depression of feelings which comes to all when they see defeat staring them in the face. On the night of the seventh I retired earlier than usual. After lying on my bed of restlessness until the clock had struck eleven I began to get angry. Several times I thought of getting up, finding the leech and killing him. My better senses overpowered this passion and I remained in bed. I knew it would not do to leave, for by so doing I would probably arouse suspicion. In the dead hour of the night, when the world seemed to be sleeping, my last chance came. I heard the bed of the old man creak as if some one were rising. I knew what it was, instantly arose, and hurriedly put on my clothes. After hearing the old man's door slam, I followed as stealthily as possible.

"The old man at once directed his steps toward an old

oak tree, which was near the house. Knowing that it was not advisable to follow any further I stepped behind the house, so as to have a perfect view of him. He soon had the pot of money extricated from beneath the root of the tree. With the help of the moon, spreading her brilliant rays through the boughs of the oak above, I could see with my keen eye the red coin in the pot.

"Now," continued Fleming, "you speak truth when you say I did not love him. The strong magnet had been allowed to enact its entire force on me, and I could no longer resist the attraction. I loved the old man no longer. After covering and placing the pot into the ground, he went into the house, followed by me. The thought of victory would not allow me to sleep any during the night.

"Next morning I arose early, and at breakfast administered the second and larger dose of the drug. During the day he seemed to be as well as usual. He retired early, and next morning was found in bed, apparently dead. I summoned the doctor, to avoid suspicion, and he pronounced him dead. I always abhorred the idea of premature burial but in this case it was inevitable. Being very anxious to secure the money as soon as possible, I had the old man buried on the same day that the drug performed its desired effect. I felt with great assurance that there was nothing to throw suspicion upon the case.

"I did not wait for people to become suspicious. That night about midnight I went out to secure the treasure. I did not take a lantern, as the moon afforded sufficient light. After investigating the surroundings, and making myself assured that there was no one watching, I began with eager hands to dig for the money. I was soon to the pot. I had brought with me a bag with which to carry the money. I opened the pot with a smile on my lips—a smile of victory, not knowing how near I was to defeat. I started to take out

the gold, but on observing, lo! it was gone. There was no sign of money. I could hardly believe that some one had stolen the money. Several times I asked of myself, if I *was* dreaming or losing my mind. But on searching for the third time, by which I was made sure there was no money, I found a note in the pot."

Here he hesitated, and pulled out a time-worn paper, which he had carried for twenty years.

He continued, "I found this note and have kept it until this day. On carrying it before the light, I read the following." Here he read with hasty words:

"We will settle when we meet. Your enemy until death.  
 "(Signed) J. L. K."

"Kling's attitude for some time had been inimical to my interests, and as he had known Carson, and had dealings with him sufficiently intimate to warrant suspicion that he knew of his hidden treasure, I knew straightway that he had, upon the death of Carson, hastened away to steal the hidden treasure, leaving this note as an open affirmation of his eternal hatred for me, on account, I presume, of my enviable personal relations with Carson."

Here Fleming's whole appearance changed. His face grew red, his eyes sparkled as those of a snake, and all in all his appearance was that of a mad man. He seemed to be living over again, the night of twenty years ago.

He continued, "That very night I swore to kill Kling before I died, and immediately took my dagger and made my departure, forever.

For the first year I could hardly sleep for thinking of Kling. But as time grew on it gradually wore away. Sometimes I fancied that I could hear his voice and footsteps, but on turning, to my great disappointment there was nothing to be seen or heard. For twenty long years I had watched,

listened and inquired for him, but could hear nothing of him.

"Last week, exactly twenty years from the time of the stealing of the money, I met Kling, while walking down the street. I knew him at first sight. As soon as I saw him, the passion of twenty years ago rose into my heart. I walked up to him and instantly thrust this paper into his face, and told him to read the same. On seeing the paper he turned as pale as death, and almost fell to the earth. I drew my dagger, and instantly thrust it home into his breast. He fell to the earth without a groan. I saw that there was nothing left for me to do but to flee. I fled as fast as possible and came here to end my wretched life."

Fleming then turned, and with a firm step walked towards the table, on which lay the dagger. He picked the dagger up, and in a firm voice with a smile on his lips, he said, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Thus hastily saying, Fleming thrust the dagger into his breast, and fell prone to the floor. He was heard to utter while falling—"Kling," "Kling." The doctors worked to no avail, for Dan Fleming, the double murderer, had said his last to the world.



## STORIETTES

### Diamond Cut Diamond

There lives a little old hunchbacked, one-sided, cock-eyed, slouchy, eccentric, miserly man in the lower edge of ..... County, Marcellus Womble by name, who loves whiskey better than a pig loves porridge and gets drunk every time anybody will give him enough of anything to get drunk on. He owned one of the prettiest little sorrel horses ever seen in that part of the county, which he called "Jimdandy."

Everett Bryan, a professional horse-trader, had been trying for two years to get possession of Jimdandy, but all his efforts had failed. He decided to make one more effort to trade Marcellus out of him.

So, when his cider and scuppernong wine, which he always had in season, was just right to knock a man down, he got a two-gallon jug of whiskey and invited Marcellus to ride over and spend the day, intimating that the chief subject of conversation would be horses and horse-trading.

Marcellus came. Bryan began to set out the cider and wine and whiskey. Marcellus drank and grew loquacious. By and by, after a big old-time country dinner, when they returned to their drinking, Marcellus began to give toasts. He introduced the subject of trading horses and took a glass of "mingled" wine, raised it above his head, saying:

"Here's to the health, by George, of Jimdandy,—the best hoss that ever went down the pike, and as purty as a speckled puppy."

They then went out to the lot at Bryan's suggestion. He thought Marcellus would trade easy then. So he asked him to catch Jimdandy and ride him down the road so he could

see him. Marcellus quietly went and saddled Jimdandy, and staggering and struggling he pulled himself up on the little sorrel and drawled:

"Well, Everett, I'll be dadsopped if I ain't had a rippin' good time, but I'm too drunk to trade hosses now; come over some time when I'm sober and we'll talk about it." He then rode off home.

E. D. POE.

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### None But the Brave

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The girl impulsively threw the book down, and walked over to the window. It was a murky October night outside, with the usual October fog enshrouding everything. The gas lights were mere yellow blotches against the gray banks of purling mist, and made but dim reflections on the glistening pavement. She found herself thinking of that other night, a far different one, when the swirling snow made the lights burn a ghastly bluish-white, and the pavements gleamed under the white pall. How cold it had been, the night she sent Philip away.

Of course the fault was his. He had no right to treat her like a doll-baby, even if she were not as old as he. Possibly she had been mistaken, too, in thinking he really loved her; possibly he had only played the game. It had been more than a game to her. From the moment she had given him her lips, her love had been a thing sacred, divine; and he had desecrated it, thrown it aside as if it were a child's whim, when with that first kiss she had become a woman. And yet his face had turned white when she had sent him away. What if, in that brief instant, he had learned to care, to care as she had cared, as she still cared? But he had made no attempt at a reconciliation.

She turned away from the window, and took up the book again. Philip's sister had lent it to her that afternoon. The

leaves fluttered under her idle hand, and suddenly a scrap of paper fell out. It seemed to be torn from a letter. Nell glanced at it idly, then her face changed, and she read the fragment again.

"And so I am wondering, Ladie Nell, if I can ever atone for my mistake. Perhaps your infinite goodness is linked with infinite forgiveness and perhaps once again we will be in Arcadia together."

The writing was Philip's. Why had he not sent her the letter? That didn't matter; he had written it, and that was enough for her to know. Yet, irresolute for the moment, she picked up the book again, and her eyes were drawn to the line,

"With their triumphs and their glories and the rest, Love is best."

The telegram Philip received that night contained only one word, "Come." And Philip came. J.

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### O What is Life

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O what is life—this strange abode on earth—  
 A rhythmic stream that rolls and swells and swells?  
 O what is life? a star? a second birth  
 That breathes a borrowed breath—a space where dwells  
 Adamic sin, and hopes beyond the grave?  
 Who knows? Who dares disclaim the sense  
 Of right from wrong whene'er he be the brave  
 Who trusts in God? who dies in confidence,  
 Except he catch the grave's hereafter-gleam,  
 Which sends its hopes to calm his trembling form  
 And lights his pathless way—his heaven-dream—  
 And guides his drifting bark throughout the storm?

Oh what is life—this life we call our own?  
 'Tis one sweet hope, O Lord, to see Thy throne.

A. D. G.

## EDITORIALS

ARTHUR D. GORE

### The College Campus

Not long since a distinguished minister in writing of Wake Forest College highly commended the faculty and students for having such a beautiful site, and so great variety of shrubs and trees growing everywhere. Compliments were received from others in regard to the special care and painstaking which the college grounds seemed to receive from every member of the institution. From the one-time spectator or admiring visitor a casual glance at a distance may evoke congratulatory remarks, but to the faculty and others interested in the college there must be a painful fear that upon closer investigation these expressions would be in danger of modification.

It has been our regret to note a growing tendency among the students to trample heedlessly upon this most attractive and beautifying part of the college's belongings. You may smash the electric lights and shatter window panes, but pray do not let your vandalism intrude upon the grass! You may slay weeds and blossoms on the farm during vacation, but for goodness' sake leave at home your right to rob the bush of its rose! Do not pilfer from the stem the bursting bulb that drinks the midnight dew and exhales its honeyed fragrance on the morning air, but leave it there to impregnate the world by its spirit breathings.

There is a slight negligence on the part of some of the citizens—an oversight let us call it—in allowing too many boisterous lads to scamper unrestrainedly over the grass plots and small trees of the campus. This is college property and their presence should not be tolerated until they have been better informed, or forced to obey that which they are supposed to know already.

But why the far-seeing senior, self-confident junior, vain-

glorious sophomore, and sequestered, beleaguered freshman can not forbear tramping, cowlike, upon the pretty grass when there are plenty of walks made for him, is a dead note in the Israelitish nomad's ram's-horn.

There is not one iota of respect due those spindle-shanked, gelatinized-spined fops—those conspicuous geniuses—who idiotically canter across the lawn instead of being sensible enough to walk the pathways. Such lack of appreciation or judgment reminds us of Hawthorne's "Artist of the Beautiful,"—years of application resulting in completed perfection, only to be crushed in a moment by the clutching hand of infant-thoughtlessness.

Furthermore, we would add a gentle reminder to those dear sons who frequent the post-office, that they distribute less frequently and promiscuously their address-bearing envelopes and newspaper wrappers. If you have no waste-basket in your rooms or office, nor a stove or grate in which to burn them, then keep the trash in your pockets until you are on a boring expedition, and there politely beg leave to donate your meager kindling to your kind host.

It is true the walks are not paved as is fondly hoped they may soon be, but yet this neglect which we hasten to mention is no justifiable excuse for uprooting the grass or burning the leaves and thereby killing some of the most valuable trees.

The slush, gluelike, adhesive clay, so disagreeable in rainy and snowy weather, could be easily made passable at all times were they frequently given a heavy coating of coarse sand. However, in some places where the ground is lower than the surrounding earth, we are pestered with a mucky mixture of clay and dust-fine ashes and cinders. Black? Black as the imps of Vulcan's workshop! Boggy? Yes, soft enough when wet to bog a snipe!

But notwithstanding it all, there is plenty yet of which to boast. There is no beholder of nature whose imagination is not deeply impressed, either by the awful sublimity of un-

broken distance or by the solemnity and modest grandeur of hills and nestling wildernesses. When the eye ranges over an ocean of leaves, richly glorious in verdant hues, and luxuriant tints shading the warm earth below, there is an electric pulsation which lifts us from our feebleness. Who does not look from his window at the magnolia's green canopy, the noble oak's sheltering foliage, graceful and welcoming willow, or neat and slender little pine, and feel an impulse which knocks for recognition, and experience a reckless wave of unsatisfied longing to "rest under the shade of the trees"? Who breathes the fragrant exhalation of withered leaves and dying grass and does not seem to hear his own laughter ringing clear from childhood days, and feels not a thrill of grateful pleasure in the present? The stately trunks towering gigantically upward for a dozen decades, spreading their gnarled arms across our campus are as monumental in natural art as is the great Hall of Columns at Karnak. When birds and buds fill the air with song and bloom, no Moorish king reclined within the Alhambra with greater pride than do Wake Forest's boys. Nor did ever a Gaul gallop his steed down the Appian Way towards Rome with brighter hopes.

All in all, we hope our feeble criticisms and complainings are sufficient to warrant a hope that the Literary Societies and citizens will unite their efforts to make the college surroundings as beautiful as possible. Though it is the one decree of time to make all things ripen and decay, yet let the things of to-day be the things of eternity, and as Mohammed, when a camel-driver, looked upon Damascus from the mountain, and refused to enter it, lest he should be content therein to resign the glories of paradise, so let us preserve and improve the things of Wake Forest College that the generations of a hundred centuries may look upon the eternal loveliness of our worthy monuments of nature, and hesitate to demolish or invade them.

## CURRENT COMMENT

E. W. S.

### The High Price of Living

The subject that has provoked the most attention during the last month has been the boycott of meat as a result of its high price. The boycott has served to call the attention of the general public to the rise in price of food products. Legislative committees have been appointed to investigate. Little valuable help is expected from the Congressional Committee. Congress has lost out with the people. Its failure to keep its promise on the tariff has lost it the confidence of the people.

The boycott has not and will not affect the price of food-stuffs. The cause lies so deep that trust legislation or any other kind of legislation will not reach it. The high price is natural. There are two main causes, one is that the whole policy of our Government since the Civil War has been to aid and coddle manufacturing enterprises; statesmen have busied themselves in nurturing industrial enterprises. The result has been that towns have grown more rapidly than was natural; the urban population has grown more rapidly than the rural, an over-production of consumers and an under-production of producers has resulted. There are more to eat, but fewer to produce, relatively. In obedience to an economic law prices were sure to rise.

The irony of fate shows itself here. The very men who have voted so regularly to use the whole force of the Government to aid manufacturing are the ones who are boycotting. The stock argument offered to the producer has been that this system would give him a good home market. The promise is being fulfilled, but the promiser is raising a howl. The home market for the producer has become good. The producer may now rejoice; the full dinner pail has reached him

at last. May it long remain full. Who envies the farmer his high price for his corn, cotton, wheat, chickens and eggs? Let it remain. Let the country grow rich. Riches in the hands of the farmers will help the country more than if it were in the hands of any other one class. Let the folks leave the town and go back to the country. Let those who are there remain. Educate the boy to stay on the farm and not to hie himself away to the brightness and shadows of the electric lights.

The other fundamental cause of the rise is financial. Abundance of standard money means higher prices. Gold is the standard. If more gold is put in one end of the balance the other, or price, end is bound to rise. The production of gold has been enormous for the last few years—so large that it has changed the balances. Gold is much cheaper than it was ten years ago. The very thing has happened that gold men said would happen if silver were made the standard. A bag of cotton will exchange for more gold than formerly because there is a greater and growing supply of gold. There will be no reduction so long as this condition lasts. Price is a relative term. The proper basis will not be reached till there is a general readjustment of prices all along the line.

It is interesting to watch the explanation of the present condition given by various classes. Some say it is due to trusts; that they control prices, and so fatten on the consumer. To the chronic trust-buster the remedy is simple, viz, destroy the trust and only sunlit Elysian fields will remain.

The tariff hater says the one word tariff explains it all and specifics the features of the Aldrich bill that produced it. Aldrich is a great sinner, but his fruit must be given a little more time to mature.

Another class who live well say that the trouble is not the *high* cost of living but the cost of *high* living. They say that



the folks live too high; that the workingman should use cheaper cuts of meats; that luxuries should give way to necessities and only those necessities that have the greatest food values; that peas should take the place of steak. These things are true. The world has always eaten unwisely and too much, hence indigestion and liver troubles. But these are no new conditions. They are as old as the world. This explanation suits individuals. It is good advice to the individual, but it is an insufficient explanation of present conditions. Men and business accommodate themselves to changes that are permanent or long-standing. Mal-adjustments tend in time to adjust themselves. With high prices for farm products more investments will be made on farms. Some merchants are selling out and purchasing farms. More such changes will tend to adjust any inequalities that may now exist.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CARL H. RAGLAND, Editor, Associate.

We wish to ask a favor of the Alumni of Wake Forest who are residing in distant States or other countries. This request is that you will be so kind as to send us any information which you may be able to obtain concerning the positions which Wake Forest men are holding at present, and also accounts of any achievements which they have accomplished or of any honor which has been placed upon them.

We would appreciate any information along this line very much, and feel sure it would be interesting to the readers of *THE STUDENT*. So for this year we have confined the "Alumni Notes" mostly to the Alumni who reside in North Carolina, not having been able to secure very much information concerning our exiles in other States and lands. But we would be glad to hear anything concerning them and by publishing it show that we still remember them and are proud of them.

1834-36. The death of Maj. John Martin Crenshaw at his home near Wake Forest, removes from us a landmark in the history of Wake Forest College, a noble gentleman of the type of the by-gone days, a patriotic and public-spirited citizen, a philanthropist and an honored and beloved man. He was born July 25, 1822, and so, therefore, had attained to the remarkable age of 87 years, 6 months and 3 days. He spent all of his life near the place of his birth, within three miles of Wake Forest College.

He had the distinction of being the first student to matriculate at Wake Forest after its beginning as a chartered Literary and Manual Labour Institution. Not only was he the first to matriculate as a student, but he had the high honor of

having been the first voluntary member to join the Philomathesian Society, after its organization in 1835.

After his career as a student he entered into business, engaging himself in farming and merchandising. He was successful in his business pursuits and prospered in his investments. He was married in 1860 to Miss Louisa J. Norman, a lady of an ancient and honorable family, and who is still living.

Major Crenshaw lived a simple life—the type of life which is gaining more and more the consideration of thoughtful people. He observed faithfully the laws of health and never allowed his passions and appetites to rule his will. He was interested in intellectual things and a patron of education. He was interested in every movement that was for the improvement of the country. He was Vice-President of the North Carolina Agricultural Society from its organization and was its President for one year.

Although he never joined the church there were indications that in the depths of his soul there was a saving sense of the love of God in Christ Jesus. He attended an old church near his home and contributed regularly to its support, which is proof of the preceding statement.

His last request was that the members of the Philomathesian Society take part in his burial. In obedience to this request the members of the Philomathesian as well as those of the Euzelian Society marched to his home, where a funeral service was held by Dr. W. B. Royall. Major Crenshaw has always given willingly of his means to his society in times of need, and as a last token of his appreciation of his love for it, in his last will he bequeathed to it one thousand dollars to aid it in building a new hall for its overflowing members.

The State of North Carolina bewails the loss of one of its most public-spirited citizens, Wake Forest College mourns the death of a devoted and a venerated alumnus, the Philo-

mathesian Society bows its head in grief over its most beloved member, and his neighbors are filled with sorrow at the loss of his bright and happy presence, realizing the loss of a friend, indeed.

'94-97. "At the home of his father, Judge C. M. Cooke, of Louisburg, on the 7th inst., Dr. Frederick Cooke departed this life, being thirty-four years of age. For years he had been a great sufferer. He was at one time Dean of the Medical Department of Wake Forest College. On behalf of a wide circle of friends the *Recorder* extends sincere sympathy to the loved ones who mourn his death."—*Biblical Recorder*, Feb. 16, 1910.

"Dr. Frederick Cooke, of Louisburg Dead.

"Louisburg, Feb. 8.—Our community was greatly shocked to hear of the death of Dr. Frederick M. Cooke, of this place, which event occurred at 10:30 o'clock last night at the home of his father, Judge C. M. Cooke. He was about 34 years of age and leaves a father, mother and five brothers to mourn his loss. He was at one time dean of the medical department at Wake Forest College, but owing to feeble health had to resign, and has been a great sufferer for many years."—*Charlotte Daily Observer*, Feb. 9, 1910.

'86-89. Rev. John E. White, D.D., of Atlanta, Ga., delivered an address at Meredith College on "Founders Day," his subject being "Thomas Meredith," founder of the *Biblical Recorder*, and who in 1838 introduced a resolution in the Baptist convention, calling upon the Baptists to establish a college for women at Raleigh to be a companion to the college for their brothers at Wake Forest. It was a masterly address and it was delivered in a masterly style. Dr. White saw in every incident and fact connected with Thomas Meredith's life a lesson, and he presented this to his hearers in a forceful and impressive manner. The first half of his address was

devoted to a sketch of the life of Thomas Meredith, the latter half to a plea for Educational Christianity.

Dr. White is easily one of the strongest speakers not only of the alumni of Wake Forest but of the South. He is at the present time pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Atlanta.

'89. Rev. George Thomas Watkins, pastor of the Baptist Church in Goldsboro, preached the convention sermon at the opening session of the Baptist State Convention in Wadesboro, December 7.

'97. Dr. Joseph Conrad Watkins, of Winston-Salem, is president of the North Carolina Dental Association for the current year.

'08. Mr. Lee B. Weathers, originally of Shelby, is in the important position of city editor of the *Charlotte News*, the leading evening paper of that city.

1901-05. "Burlington, N. C., Dec. 28.—A marriage which has excited much interest on account of the popularity of both parties, was solemnized at ten o'clock this morning in the First Baptist Church here, when Mr. John Henry Vernon and Miss Sallie Belle Cates were happily married.

"To the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March the party entered as follows: The minister, Rev. S. L. Morgan; the ushers, Messrs. Walter L. Cates, Grady Cates, E. S. W. Dameron and John M. Cheek, of Durham; maid of honor, Miss Bertha Cates; the groom with his best man, his brother, Dr. James W. Vernon, of Roxboro; and the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. J. W. Cates. The ceremony was sweetly and solemnly impressive. The bridal chorus from *Lohengrin* was played as a recessional.

"Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Vernon drove through the country in an automobile to the home of the groom's parents, near Roxboro, where they will spend

several days. They will be at home here after January tenth.

"The large array of bridal gifts,, including silver, cut-glass and house furnishings, shows the popularity of the parties.

"Mr. Vernon is one of Burlington's most promising and popular young lawyers. He came here four years ago and has forged rapidly to the front in his profession and is prominent in the business, church and social life of the town. His bride is one of the city's most charming young women, the organist of the Baptist Church. She is a splendid young woman."—*News and Observer*, Dec. 29, 1909.

THE STUDENT extends congratulations to this popular young couple and wishes them a long and happy life.

1902-'06. Mr. Hubert M. Poteat has been appointed instructor of Latin at Columbia University for the ensuing year. He will teach Cicero, Virgil, Livy, and Horace, devoting six hours a week to these subjects. THE STUDENT extends hearty congratulations to Mr. Poteat upon obtaining such an honorable and high distinction.

Carey B. Taylor, Principal of the Apex Graded School, made the oration on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Buie's Creek Literary Societies. The oration appears in full in the *Little River Record* for February, 1910. The subject is "A Southern Utopia."

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROGER P. McCUTCHEON, Associate Editor

The *Concept* rejoices in having a most artistic cover design, in our estimation one of the handsomest that comes to our table. The material is well balanced, and uniformly of a high quality. The literary department only makes up half of the magazine, but it is far better to weed out poor material than to strive for a fat issue, and sacrifice quality to get it. "A Late Decision" is a charming story, or better a storiette; light, forceful, all that a storiette should be, and told both with simplicity and sparkle. We had hoped for something new in "Napoleon from the Standpoint of a Frenchman," but get nothing more than a resumé of his achievements. Had the writer stuck more closely to the subject, and not felt obliged to quote history, the article would have been excellent. "A Short Review of American Painting" is an unusually good article, written by one who knows the subject well, and who has a pleasing style. "The Way of Woman" is a rattling good story, told vividly and sympathetically. The conversation is handled finely. The descriptions in "The Adventurer" are the strongest parts of the story. The plot is weak, almost lacking. The story is supposed to be told in a letter, but there is none of the delightful intimacy we have a right to expect in letters. The editorials are pertinent and sensible, the Exchange Department particularly well done.

The *Dahlonga Collegian* The second (February) number of the *Dahlonga Collegian* shows improvement over the first number. The beginnings of a magazine are necessarily difficult, and the editors deserve praise for doing so well. Closer proof-reading and more careful selec-

tion would help the magazine much. One general criticism occurs to us. The articles are all very brief, covering about a page each, or at most two pages. Of course brevity is undeniably the soul of wit, but it is well-nigh impossible to discuss such subjects as "The Sense of Beauty," or "Addison as a Man and as a Writer," in a couple of pages, in any but a desultory and superficial manner. "College Boy, Have You Written Home to Mother?" is the only bit of verse. The feeling is no doubt sincere. It could hardly be otherwise. The sentiment is good, and one that is universally appreciated. The meter and rhyme can be improved greatly. "Adrift" purports to be a story. It is a fortuitous coincidence, nay, rather a miracle, that the boys' yacht should be shipwrecked on the same tiny islet which saved their long-sought father. The purple patches in "Meditation" are enough to make "the wind moan and weep." "An Imaginary Trip up the Nile" is pleasing, indeed, and stimulating. The quotation, "Vice is a monster," which we supposed was universally known, is most sadly misquoted in the editorials. But what could be more expressive than this: "Editorials by the Editor?" This is evidently a novel situation. To be sure, it is generally understood that editors do not write their own stuff, and we appreciate the information greatly.

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**The Hendrix  
College Mirror**

The opening poem in the February *Mirror* has a strong pessimistic note, and we agree that it must have been "Written in Despondency." The conception is not worked out as well as it could be. "True Greatness" is not startlingly original, but how could it be, with such a title? It is merely a string of desultory platitudes, with no sequence, and consequently it gets nowhere. "The Improvement of Rural Schools" is a valuable article, which is of especial interest, of course, to those who are chiefly concerned in the matter. The subject is handled



sensibly and effectively. "My Trip to America" is a unique sketch of travel, valuable for its first-hand observation. Its freshness is not spoiled by over-editing. "United at Last" is the sole attempt at fiction in this issue, and comes near to being a complete failure. The writer has no knowledge of effective style whatever; the sentences are monotonous and choppy, and the story becomes tedious. The plot likewise is open to objection. Would a devoted girl make no attempt to rescue her sister, a captive in the hands of the Indians, although she has a company of soldiers to aid her? And why had not her sister escaped long ago, by the same method used at the end of the story? No, the tale is improbable; worse than that, it is forced. The Exchange Editor can, we feel, do better than he is doing.

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The Clemson College Chronicle    The initial story in the January *Chronicle*, "So Near, Yet So Far," comes near to being a good story, but is perilously close the danger-line. It is almost a "Sunday-School" story—in which we see that "Virtue is its own Reward," and the villain is made to order for the occasion. Much better is "The Supremacy of the Pacific." This is fiction pure and simple, written with a spirited swing to it which carries conviction. One minor fault, however, is apparent. The two Americans to whom we are introduced in the first lines could give the situation in their conversation, thus taking an active part in the story. As it stands, they are mere figures, and are not seen again. The "Tribute to Southern Chivalry" decidedly lacks plan, but is better than we had feared. The "Lost Cause" is about worked out as a literary source, but the writer manages to select skillfully some particular men, and treat them as freshly as is possible, perhaps. "Twice Within an Ace" is good; nothing ordinary about it, and is unique enough to merit its place. The closing sentence of "The Ideal Servant"

is the only good thing in it. "Mary Harrington's Lot" is ordinary—hopelessly ordinary—and wholly unsatisfying. The writer fails to take us into his confidence, and does not tell us whether Mary ever learned to care for Tom or not. "The Tourists' Revenge" is strongly reminiscent of one of Kipling's later stories. The editorials, on the whole, are the best written articles in the *Chronicle*.

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The College of Charleston Magazine      The January number of the *College of Charleston Magazine* is brief, but its articles are all up to a high standard. What poetry there is has some excellent qualities. "A Song of Spring in Winter" contains much that is good, and is pleasing in conception. On the allegorical character is "Athol's Vision." The tone is wholesome, the style is good, but there is hardly enough action to make a good story out of it. "The Honor System" is treated from a new standpoint. The "Internal View" is exceptionally good, and can not fail to appeal to every fair-minded college man. The view is original, the treatment unique, and the article, as a whole is satisfying. "Silent' Sanderson of Pine Flat" is a superior piece of fiction, in which something happens—something of interest, too. The story is convincing, and is well done. We have often wondered if cowboys really injected so much vitality into their conversation as writers report. Anyhow, these cowboys fulfill the general expectation, and talk as cowboys are supposed to talk, *very* picturesquely. "The Darkness after the Gleam" is well written, but unconvincing. We notice that all this fiction in this issue is decidedly pessimistic—we almost said tragic—in tone. Does this represent the outlook on life of this student-body? We feel that the *Magazine* can be made brighter. The departments are well handled, and deserve commendation.

The Guilford  
Collegian

Particularly strong in essays is the January *Guilford Collegian*. "Building a System of Public High Schools in North Carolina" is the somewhat ponderous title of an excellent article on a pertinent subject, sanely and thoughtfully done. "A Study in Celtic History" is also a good essay, evidencing much research and skilful compilation. The author errs, however, in stating that Cæsar's "famous triverbial message to Rome" (veni, vidi, vici) was sent on the invasion of Britain. As a matter of history that message was delivered when Cæsar conquered Pharnaces, over in Pontus. "Our Permanent Improvements and a Bond Issue" is a thoughtful article, editorial in nature, and sound in theory, delightfully free from "hot air." The stories do not come up to the standard of the essays. The point of view in "The Heart of a Nation" is sometimes difficult to follow, since the story is told so impersonally. There is also a lack of spice about it. In spite of the defects in workmanship, however, we read the narrative with interest. For a vivid picture of horrors we can recommend "How Come Him So" highly. Its value as a story is slight. One sentence will serve to give the keynote of the story—"In the lesser darkness—formless forms formed fared forth and fled." We wonder why the furniture did not follow the fleeing Soph. "Cagle's Return" has some manifest defects other than the ancientness of the plot. Would a busy New York merchant take time to tell such a story on a crowded street? The environment would certainly not be artistic—under those circumstances. In "A Mountaineer's Launch Into Society" the writer had a capital chance to put some real humor and vivacity into his story. As it is, the elephantine attempt to be funny almost excites our pity. The verse in this issue is conspicuous by its absence.

### Youth and Age

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Rose-glow and sun-gleam, and mist o' the morn,  
Scent-laden breezes and color-drenched dawn,  
Joyous abandon and fellowship free,  
With wood and with blossom, with mountain and sea,  
Wild thrill of gladness and marvel o' dream,  
Morning and heart hope and faith's steadfast gleam,  
Rainbow of promise and wonderful truth:  
    Glory of youth!

Dim dusk and shadow and soft evening breeze,  
Whispering ghostlike 'mid the leafless trees,  
Stillness and languor and calm o' the day,  
Faint glimmer of starlight through gathering gray,  
Memories of youth and days that are by-gone,  
Dreaming at day's end of radiant morn,  
Looking back over life's rich heritage:  
    Lo! thus cometh Age!

—*Converse Concept.*

## CLIPPINGS

The exchange editor may scratch on pen  
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,  
When some one is sure to remark with a jest,  
"Rats! How stale! I have heard that before."

—*Ex.*

### TRIOLET.

I swore that I would love her  
Forever and a day;  
By every star above her  
I swore that I would love her,  
Just why I can't discover,  
Except I felt that way—  
I swore that I would love her;  
I did it—for a day!

—*The Idler.*

"Have you anything to say," asked the judge, "before sentence is pronounced upon you?"

"I have," said the woman, and she began. When the judge lay dying of old age they brought word that she was still saying it.

### IT IS.

"Is palmistry of any practical value?"

"Well," answered the girl addressed, "it's a very good way to get your hand held."

### EXCUSE, NOT REASON.

Patience—"What reason had she for marrying him?"

Patrice—"Why, he had money."

"That is not a reason; that is an excuse."

### COSTLY EXCUSE.

The judge stared hard at the accused man.

"You are charged," he said, "with robbing a limberger cheese factory. Have you anything to say?"

"Judge!" the prisoner hoarsely replied. "I was driven to it by hunger."

The judge shook his head portentously.

"Six months at hard labor for the larceny and six months for the excuse," he growled. "Call the next case."

## NO DOUBT.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the doctor's assistant. "There is a man at the door who wishes to see you at once. He declares he can't eat anything."

"Go back and ask him if he can't eat anything because he hasn't any appetite or because he hasn't the price. He may be an ultimate consumer."



## A HUNTER.

He never shot a lion,  
 He never hunted bear;  
 He never chased a glub-glub.  
 Or a boojick to its lair;  
 He never tamed a snortle  
 Or laid a yapper low,  
 And yet he is a hunter  
 Whom it's worth your while to know.

In breathless expectation  
 He creeps on hands and knees,  
 On unfamiliar pathways,  
 Afraid to even sneeze.  
 He is indeed a hunter,  
 A martyr of the chase,  
 Who hunts his collar button  
 Underneath the dressing case!



## THOUGHT IT WAS TIME.

The minister of a rural church gave out the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," etc. The regular old percenter being absent, his function devolved upon a good old deacon, who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher he then sang, "I love to steal." At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal."

The effort was too much. Every one but the parson was laughing. He rose and with the utmost coolness said: "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."



## MEN DIFFER.

"Some men go back when they forget to kiss their wives in the morning."

"Yes, and some men won't even go back when they forget their over-shoes."—*Washington Herald*.

## THE "JOHNNY'S" DREAM.

'Twas I who dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,  
And heard the golden chimes of Normandy.  
As summer's voice which from the distance calls  
And offers peace and plenty unto me;  
'Twas there I met a fair Bohemian girl,  
Her cheeks aglow with rosebuds of the dale,  
But ah, the dizzy headache and the whirl—  
I'd had too much of brown October ale.



## NEWS ITEM.

Longun: "Do you know what is the toughest proposition I ever struck?"

Shortun: "No; what is it?"

Longun: "Wake Forest beef-steak."



## GUESS WHAT HAPPENED.

As he met her in the darkened hall  
He whispered, "I bring you some roses."  
What think you of this answer irrelevant?  
She said: "How cold your nose is!"



## NO BOXES FOR TWO.

Telephone girls sometimes glory in their mistakes if there is a joke in consequence. The story is told by a telephone operator in one of the Boston exchanges about a man who asked her for the number of a local theater.

He got the wrong number and without asking to whom he was talking, he said: "Can I get a box for two tonight?"

A startled voice answered him at the other end of the line: "We don't have boxes for two."

"Isn't this the . . . . . theater?" he called crossly.

"Why, no," was the answer, "this is an undertaking shop."

He canceled his order for a "box for two."—*Boston Post*.



## US GERMANS.

Some federal officers in the Civil War once sought shelter for the night in an old, tumbledown shack. About 2 o'clock a polecat announced its presence in its own peculiar way. A German sat up and looked helplessly about him. The others were all sleeping peacefully.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed in tones of despair. "All the resht ashleep, and I've got to smell it all."—*Life*.

## GOING AND COMING.

Clothes make the actress and the lack of them makes the chorus girl.  
—*Chicago News*.



## LIFE IN A FLAT.

"Hello, Tom, old man, got your new flat fitted up yet?"

"Not quite," answered the friend. "Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?"



## IMPROVING.

"Papa, did God make you?" asked a daughter whose parent would never be pointed to as an example of manly beauty.

"Yes, dear."

"And did he make me, too?"

"Yes, dear."

She gazed into the mirror a moment and then looking at her parent inquired:

"Don't you think he's doing better work lately?"



## WOMEN OF LETTERS.

They gathered, W. C. T. U.'s,

Of D. A. R.'s no lack;

C. D.'s with fine colonial airs

And pedigrees 'way back;

And M.D.'s, B.A.'s, Ph.D.'s,

With LL.D.'s a few,

But none, not even suffragettes,

Could claim an E-s-q.!

—*Woman's Home Companion*.



## SMILES AND TEARS.

Call a man level headed and he will smile his approval—call him flat headed and he will smash your face—yet what's the difference?—  
*Montgomery Advertiser*.



## TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

"You say you have quit smoking?"

"Yep, never going to smoke again."

"Then why don't you throw away those cigars?"

"Never. I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking and it taught me a lesson."



## DREAMING.

"That floor walker at Gitten & Skinnem's is honest, anyhow."

"When a person goes in there instead of saying, 'What can we do for you, madame?' he says, 'What can we do you for, madam!'"



## KEEPING HIM AT A DISTANCE.

A pin holds Myrtle's belt in place,

Another holds her bodice—

A dozen bits of dainty lace

Are pinned upon the goddess.

Her hat is held, as well you know,

By lances long and pointed—

I would not dare to hug her, tho,

'Less I were triple-jointed!

For back of all her charms forsooth

An air of danger hovers—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth

Are lots of things to lovers!



## GUARDING HIMSELF.

Jack's Aunt—The sick go to the hospital, the poor to the work-house, the mad people to the asylum. Can you tell me where the naughty persons go?

Jack—I was whipped the last time I said it.



## UNCERTAIN TITLES.

"Honestly, now, hasn't your wife ever called you a brute?"

"I'm not sure."

"Not sure! What do you mean by that?"

"Is an ass a brute or a beast?"



## POLITICS.

Politician—Congratulations. Sarah, I have been elected.

Sarah (with delight)—Honestly?

Politician—What difference does that make?



## GENTLY.

The Girl (rather weary, at 11:30 p. m.)—I don't know a thing about baseball.

The Beau—Let me explain it to you.

The Girl—Very well; give me an illustration of a home run.—*Life*.

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. M. BROUGHTON, Jr., Editor.

—Anniversary!

—Baseball!!

—Easter!!!

—Heralds of Spring.

—Quite a few old students who have gone out from here in more recent years were here during the Anniversary Celebration. Among the number were Messrs. Webb, Gay, Knott, Brown, G., Forehand, and Brett.

—Our most distinguished alumnus, Governor Kitchin, was one of the number who looked sadly on as the train with a rather aggravating show of speed passed through on Anniversary night. What his Excellency said is not recorded, but it is highly probable that his were the sentiments of those individuals who were neither economical or discreet with their words at that moment.

—Our Faculty Quartette sang at a concert in Durham on Friday the 18th.

—Dr. Brewer spoke before the State Council of Jr. O. U. A. M. in Greensboro on February 22d.

—The basket-ball team took an excellent Southern trip the week of the 21st. The teams played were Guilford, Charlotte, Furman, Columbus, Birmingham, and Atlanta.

—A recent issue of the *News and Observer* contained an excellent interview with Professor Lanneau on Halley's Comet. Professor Lanneau is an authority on astronomy, and his statements in regard to the comet were interesting and highly instructive.

—Wake Forest has contributed fourteen more lawyers to the bar of the State. The following representatives of our Law School were successful applicants for law licenses before the Supreme Court on February 7th: H. C. Benton, E. Clark, C. T. Bell, W. B. Hampton, J. C. McBee, W. C. Berry, A. L. Suskin, P. E. Powell, C. L. Staton, J. E. Kinlaw, F. T. Bennett, Jno. R. Stewart, H. G. Whitaker, J. W. Van Hoy. THE STUDENT congratulates them and the communities in which they shall locate.

—The students were given a delightful treat on the last Wednesday and Thursday nights of February, in the form of an interpretative reading of Shakespeare, by Mr. Hannibal A. Williams. The plays read were Henry IV, and Othello. Mr. Williams's impersonation of Falstaff was especially good, this most humorous of Shakespeare's characters being made quite real to us: In Othello the finer points of the great tragedy were strongly depicted. Large audiences greeted Mr. Williams on both evenings, and none who heard him on the first night failed to be there on the next.

—Quite an epidemic of grippe has prevailed among the students in the last few weeks and the infirmary has been full most of the time. The warm weather, however, has had the proper effect, and most of the boys are back in their places.

—Baseball practice has begun, and the monotony of winter has passed. Every afternoon the candidates for the team are out on the field and large numbers of students are occupying the stands, looking at the prospects. The large number of candidates gives promise of a good team. Captain Benton, of last year's team, started the boys off in the absence of Coach Crozier. Those of last year's team who are back are Edwards, captain this year, White and Beam. Among the new men, Utley, Carter, and Lee are showing up well.

—In the preliminary to the Davidson-Wake Forest Easter debate the men chosen to represent us were, H. B. Jones, Eu.,

and C. C. Wheeler, Phi., with J. B. Eller, Eu., as alternate. The preliminary debate was an especially good one, and all the contestants acquitted themselves creditably.

—To be beaten in a game of basket-ball on her own floor is an entirely new experience for Wake Forest. To the Columbus, Ga., Y. M. C. A. team belongs the credit for this remarkable accomplishment. And to say they defeated us is putting it mildly. From a standpoint of science, skill, speed, and everything else that goes to make up a perfect basket-ball team, they are far ahead of anything that has been seen on the local floor. Our team got more experience out of the game than anything else, but they played good ball and fought gamely to the end.

—The track-team is rapidly getting into shape for the first meet, which will probably be held about the middle of March. A large number of men are out every afternoon and the prospects for our holding the All-State Cup look good.

—The *Wake Forest Weekly* will probably make its appearance the first week in March. The staff for this Spring is composed of the following: C. T. Murehison, Editor-in-Chief; H. B. Jones and Gerald Johnson, Associate Editors; Will E. Marshall, Athletic Editor. Professor Timberlake is the Faculty-Editor. The *Weekly* is a live sheet and a big help in creating genuine college spirit. It deserves the united support of the students.

—Ask Huntley if the glass proofs have come yet.

—The *Howler* editors are hard at work getting material for the Annual in shape. Many new features will be added, and the *Howler* will keep up its high standard. The pictures have all been made, and the engravers are at work on the cuts. The Annual will probably make its appearance this Spring earlier than usual.

# The Wake Forest Student

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FOUNDED 1882.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is published each month from October to May, inclusive, by the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies. Its aim is to encourage literary effort in the College, all students being urged to contribute. All contributions should be in by fifteenth of each month.

Medals are offered for the best essay and the best story, respectively, contributed by any student of the College. These medals will be awarded each Commencement by a committee composed of others than members of the College.

The price of the magazine is one dollar and a half a year; single copies, twenty-five cents.

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXIX.

APRIL, 1910

No. 7

## TO APRIL

TAMBOURINE.

Thy heart portends and outward sends  
    A pulse that mine can feel;  
Where sadness rends thy gladness mends  
    And dost thy love reveal.  
With silent tread, unchartered led,  
    Thy rosy presence came,  
Its tears to shed o'er millions dead,  
    Or bring the living fame.

Thy smiling beams like heaven gleams  
    Which only angels know,  
Thy coming seems like joyful dreams  
    Of where we hope to go;  
And all the earth its noblest birth,  
    To give thee praise commands,  
For every dearth is countless worth,  
    Sweet Month, from thy fair hands.

O'er silver lakes thy breathing makes  
    A mirrored world of green,  
Whence music breaks and timely wakes  
    The goddess, Proserpine.  
Thy bosom fair is like the air,  
    Which calms the panting breast,  
And stars up there adorn thy hair,  
    Which seems dishevelled best.

Thy life and mine I would were shrined  
    Within a single soul,  
My sacred time were wholly thine  
    And thou didst have control,  
For love's thy voice, and hearts rejoice  
    To feel thy heaven-kiss,  
And eyes e'er moist thy peer ne'er sawest  
    'Twixt birth and endless bliss.



## A DIARY OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

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YAMA.

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I am to translate the Diary of my early days. It was written in my boyhood, so that a great number of places where they should have been written in Chinese characters are written in Kata-Kana. Though it is childish in thought and obscure in expression, I can glean the record of my by-gone days with a slight aid of recollection.

It would be wise for me to state briefly my situation up to the date where the Diary is started. Our house of Tatsumi was one of the oldest and the most respected, if not one of the richest, families in the province of Satsuma. A gorgeous mansion with heavy tiled roof was standing on a hillside which was commanding a picturesque view of the valley. It was no less proud to the youngster's heart that the polished wall of our house was whiter than that of Shonenji, a Buddhist temple in the community.

In the spring of my eleventh year, my father joined the Saigo insurrection, which is one of the most regrettable events in the history of New Japan. In the fall of the next year the tragic play was closed with the defeat of Saigo in the battle of Shiroyama. Saigo and his followers committed harakiri, and departed their lives as valiantly as cherry blossoms fall in the midnight showers.

Our estate was confiscated. We moved into a small house near Shonenji. My mother made our living by teaching children of the community. She laid out her all upon my little sister and myself, giving all her thoughts to our welfare—learning, that she might teach us.

Meanwhile, the Western civilization was pell-mell flowing into the isles of Japan. The government inaugurated a new régime. Schools and colleges sprung up as mushrooms after the rain. Ambitious youths of the country crowded to the schools as ants find out honey.

Four years after that catastrophe had befallen, which had robbed our house of the only protector, I made up my mind to go to Tokyo and get a new education. My mother favored my intention, but she would not let me go, for she thought that I was too young to work my way through school. I asked her for her consent again and again. She said with tears on her cheeks that if the house of Tatsumi had been as prosperous as ever I might have gone to Tokyo with a sufficient provision. But the fortune of our house had gone down. It was a most dangerous thing for a small boat to go out to the boundless sea without ample equipment. But one bucketful of water was powerless to extinguish the burning desire of the youngster. In the midnight of the sixteenth day of October I left home secretly for my life's new journey.

The first part of the diary disappeared. The translation starts after I entered into the preparatory school of Keio College in Tokyo. I omitted some parts, because I thought them too tedious and uninteresting.

Feb. 12th. I was called up to the Principal's office. He told me that some of the recitation rooms which I was taking charge of were not in good order this morning. Probably some of the students did it intentionally. So, I was ordered thereafter to lock up every room after I swept it.

In the evening Mr. Kato came to see me with a favorable answer. He said that I might have a job for which I had applied a few days before. But I must wait till the man leaves on the last day of this month, whose place I am going to fill.

Feb 15th. I had an English test. The class of algebra was canceled on account of the professor's illness.

In the evening the students of the fourth year class had a tea party in a large room of the dormitory. I was asked to serve tea and to put the things in order after the meeting was over. They gave me 25 sen for the work I did.

Feb. 21st. I was commissioned to receive from the Principal's office the mail addressed to the students in the dormitory and distribute it.

About seven o'clock in the evening we felt a pretty severe earthquake. A clock in my room stopped.

Feb. 23d. In the class of history the students laughed at my answer for the question the professor asked, for I spoke some words in my country dialect. It gave me a peculiar sensation, but I consoled myself that I have made better marks on the last test than any one of those who laughed at me.

Feb. 28th. Mr. Kato wrote me to come over to his house in this evening.

I received 12 yens (\$6) from the Principal as wages of janitor. I paid up my board and several other small expenses, and added 50 sen to my saving.

In the evening, I went to Mr. Kato's house at the appointed time. He offered me 5 yens for a month to distribute milk every morning among the customers near my school. The work required me to rise early, but did not interfere with my school work, so I accepted it.

March 1st. I went to Mr. Kato's store about five o'clock. I pulled a small milk cart and followed a man who was going to show me my customer's houses. The customers were 52 in number, three of which were our professors. I returned to the dormitory about seven o'clock. The man told me that I would not take so long time as I did this morning if I was accustomed to my business.

After I came back from my supper I was so tired that I could not sit up to prepare my lessons.

March 5th. While I was carrying milk I was surprised at a change that took place in my mind. Only four months ago, as I started my work as janitor I felt an unspeakable distress. Sweeping the recitation rooms was a no little humiliation for me, proud of my lineage. I thought that it

was a disgrace to the honor of the house of Tatsumi. I asked myself, "What would my father say to that if he were yet in the body?" But to-day I felt no such distress in pulling a cart and in knocking at the kitchen doors. Was it improvement or degradation?

March 8th. I suffered a great deal with a heavy rain as I was carrying milk this morning.

All students of the preparatory school went away for a two days trip to Mito. I had no recitation. I finished my work early.

March 15th. Mr. Sato, a student in the dormitory, gave me a black soft hat, which was good enough for me to wear on a special occasion.

Prof. Suruda, an English teacher, asked me to remain after the class. He told me that I would be allowed to enter into the third year class if I passed the examination April next. He was so interested in me that he used to give me kind advice for my school work. Not only that, he was specially sympathetic with my position, and told me several times that he would like to help me in some way. I appreciated his kindness. And such a very thought was in my mind that I would like that some chance should immediately happen whereby I might show my devotion.

In the evening, Dr. Horoni gave us a lecture on his observations in his late trip to Europe and America. I wished I could hear him, but my work hindered me.

March 22d. A maid servant of one of my customers gave me a pretty picture, which seemed to be printed abroad. The picture was a melancholy looking woman, holding in her arms a naked babe, above which several children were flying up in air. She said to me that the woman was the Virgin Mother and the little one the Infant Saviour. Also she added that her master, an American missionary, would be delighted to have me if I came over to his church. But I

did not go to the church, for I felt like a traitor if I worshipped a foreign religion. I tore up the picture.

The schedule of the final examination was posted on the bulletin.

I found a fine silk umbrella in a recitation room as I swept. I posted a notice on the bulletin.

April 5th. The examination began. I had two examinations—algebra in the morning and Chinese classics in the afternoon.

I gained a new customer.

April 10th. The examination was over. The most of the students in the dormitory left for home. They asked me to forward their mail during the vacation.

April 12th. I was asked by the Principal to help for a few days in repairing the recitation rooms.

Mr. Sato and several others, remaining in the dormitory, asked me to play karuto (a card game) with them in the evening. The game required a certain number of persons on each side, so they wanted me to fill a vacant seat. It was the first game I ever played. They seemed to have had no little trouble at first in coaching the green player.

April 15th. The Commencement exercise was held in the Auditorium. The Alumni, the members of the graduating class and the friends of the college had a garden party on the campus after the exercise. I have waited on a beer hall.

April 19th. I have never had such a bad home-sick spell as I had today. As I was coming back to the dormitory from my usual work I met a woman whom I thought, at a distance, my mother. How she resembled my mother! Her slender figure, her exceedingly fair complexion, and bright, jetty eyes were exactly like hers.

Since the great calamity had befallen our family she was taught by the bitter teacher, Misfortune, what she had never suspected before. She lost her beauty—little, and aged in that time as people do who suffer silently great mental pain.

Since I had left her in that October night, I have neither written to nor heard from her for nearly six months. Was she in good health? Oh! my dearest mother, forgive me for my disobedience. You and I live almost eight hundred miles apart; but my heart is not far from you. Forgive me, mother! I am to make a name for myself, to restore the honor of our house.

I started to write to my mother, but did not finish it.

April 20th. I received a report from the Principal that I have shown a sufficient result to be classified to the third year class next semester. I sprang up with joy.

I dispatched the letter of 24 pages to my mother and little sister. I told her everything that had happened since I left home.

April 24th. The school was opened. I chose the courses I was going to take and registered.

A large number of new boys entered the Academy and College.

In the evening all the students of the institution assembled in the Auditorium to hear the President speak. The President made an address to the student body—especially to the new men, stating that independence and self-respect are the principles of the institution. The successors of New Japan should learn the admirable characteristics of Anglo-Saxon people. He gave us special caution with regard to expense, saying that “an extravagant kimono and a luxurious *ge ta* (shoes) you wear are only signs for how much you are depending on your fathers.”

April 27th. The maid of the missionary's house gave me again a small pamphlet on which was written “Gospel of Matthew.” I tore it up again.

I went to Uyeno Park with Mr. Kuroki to see the cherry blossom for the first time. The cherry blossoms were in their prime. Thousands of people, some masqued, and some cheered up with sak (wine) were enjoying themselves under

the haze of blossom. My friend took me to the tomb of Shogun, zoological garden and Imperial Museum, all of which I have exceedingly enjoyed. I wished my mother and sister could have been with me. Thence we walked to Asakuso and visited the Kwannon temple. Thence we intended to go to Mukojima, but we thought that it would be better to have dinner first, so we went to an eating-house.

We crossed Azuma Bridge, the greatest steel bridge I ever saw, and walked on the bank of Sumida River, viewing a whole shore of cherry blossom. Here, again, I saw thousands of people, men and women, old and young, strolling through the tunnel of blossom. I thought that the Tokyo folks were a very jolly and pleasure-seeking people.

On our way home we took a steamer from Azuma Bridge. It was after seven o'clock that evening when we reached the dormitory.

May 5th. I unsealed the letter from my mother no sooner than I found it in the Principal's office. But it was too long and too dear to me to read in such a state as I was. So I put it in my pocket and went out of the office with a bundle of letters which were to be distributed among the students.

The letter was beautifully written on sixteen large sheets of soft paper. Oh! how apprehensive I was, yet how much I was longing for it. Her words were full of affection—her boundless love and her maternal devotion quite smote upon me and filled my heart with thanksgiving. Ah! what is wealth, what is honor, compared with her love, but only selfish vanity? She said in its conclusion that she would send me monthly some money hereafter, so I should not dare to overwork. Can I use the price of her labor to buy ease for myself? No—never!

Little sister's letter was enclosed in mother's. She improved apace in her knowledge of Chinese characters, and in her penmanship also. She told me that O. Fuji San (Miss

Wistaria) often asked her about me. She has stopped coming to my mother's school, and is learning sewing at home.

The whole evening I was annoyed by various imaginations and recollections. My mind was away out home, though I fixed my eyes on the book.

May 6th. I wrote to my mother again what I left out last time and added that, at the present, it would not be necessary for me to have any money from home. With regard to my work, I told her that it is not at all hard work, but gives me just adequate exercise. To my little sister I sent several pictures of Tokyo scenes.

May 13th. As I went to the missionary's house with milk, the missionary himself appeared at the door and introduced himself. He asked me to come over to his church this morning if I liked to. I did not quite feel like answering "yes," but I was afraid that he might quit me if I said "no," so I told him I would.

A little before eleven I went to the church at Azabu—a little building which seemed to have been remodeled from a kura (a store house). The missionary welcomed me at the door and gave me a front seat. He seemed to have been surprised in looking at my hakamo (a sort of loose trouser) and schoolboy's cap. I suspected that he thought I was a natural-born milkman—not a man to wear such hakama and school cap.

The congregation was nearly thirty in number, the most of whom were women and children. I saw among them the fish dealer whom I had seen occasionally at the missionary's back door. The maid, with whom I was not unfamiliar, saluted me—not as in her kitchen—and handed me a Gospel hymn. The singing and prayer went on, then the preaching began. I was somewhat amazed with the eloquent Japanese of the missionary. It was foreign in pronunciation, but there were no grammatical mistakes in it.

After the service he and a foreign lady—I guessed his wife—shook every one of the congregation by the hand and



finally came to me. I was proud that my conjecture was not wrong. She was his wife—a beautiful woman; she should be twenty-eight in age, thirty at most. There seemed, in every look or gesture of this fair creature an angelical softness and bright pity—in motion or repose she seemed gracious. Though I could not understand her Japanese quite well, it gave me great pleasure. Mr. Wentworth, looking at my cap, asked me what school I was attending. I answered him that I was in the Keio Preparatory School. He said to me that he would like to have me in his English Bible class, which is held in his home twice a week. The class is not large, but only five in number, all of whom are students. I told him that I was not able to join his class, for the hour conflicts with my work. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth repeated that they were very sorry for me that I could not come. They shook me by the hand and bade me "Sayonara" (good-bye.) In the afternoon Mr. Kuroki asked me to go with him to see the Imperial procession, but I was not able to go, for I had a bad headache.

May 13th. I told Professor Suruda that I have been in the church yesterday and also what Mr. Wentworth had told me. The professor said that I better go to the church, though I do not feel like worshiping and speak to the missionaries in English. He also expressed his wish that I could have joined the Bible class.

May 19th. As I went to his house this morning, Mr. Wentworth reminded me to come over to the church later.

I went to the church with a firm resolution to speak to them in English. But as I met him at the door I lost courage—could not speak a word of English.

The service was as before. Mr. Wentworth again said that he was very, very sorry that I could not come to his class. He gave me a small pamphlet like the one the maid gave me before.

May 25th. I returned to the dormitory from my work with a little fever. But I went to the class as usual.

In the evening my illness became worse. I wrote a note to Mr. Kato that I was sick in bed—in not much expectation to get better till tomorrow, so, get a man to fill my place, if I am not there tomorrow morning at the usual hour.

I had restless hours throughout the night.

May 26th. I could not rise up. I felt anxious whether or not Mr. Kato could get a man for my place.

Mr. Kato came to see me late in the morning. I was glad to hear that his nephew filled my place. He told me that I must rest till I get quite well, and I should not worry about my work.

In the afternoon a doctor came. He examined me very carefully and went off, leaving some words to Mr. Kuroki. I overheard a word, "symptom," while they were talking in the hall. But I did not know what—my friend never told me.

May 28th. I found myself in St. Luke Hospital at Tsukiji, as a patient of typhoid fever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here the diary is stopped and the hospital record takes its place for nearly six weeks. I remember that Mr. Wentworth, with another doctor, came to see me on the very morning that I was removed to the hospital. After the doctor examined me he whispered to Mr. Wentworth for a while and left. Mr. Wentworth told me that my illness was not such a case as grip. The condition required more constant care and adequately equipped place. He left my room with great *uneasiness*. A half an hour later he came back to me with a *jinrikisha*—a small two-wheeled carriage with hood—drawn by a man, and told me that I was going to a hospital. Thus I was trundled off to the hospital.

Professor Suruda and Mr. Wentworth visited me almost

every day while I was in the hospital. After I passed the critical period Mr. Wentworth told me that the treatment of my illness was almost too late; such a case as mine was almost entirely hopeless—so far as the past record shows; my case was most mysterious—nothing but Divine assistance. His eyes shone with joy. He kneeled down by my bedside and prayed. Oh! how the words of his prayer appealed to me. I grasped his hand with tears on my cheeks and thanked him, confessed and was converted.

A PROTEST

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H. F. PAGE.

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What these vexed voices teach I can not tell,  
Nor do I haste to ask, lest in my haste  
The beauty scarcely visioned be replaced  
By some less worthy thing, whose Circean spell  
Would hold me from the farther isles, where dwell  
The purest, fairest, best for which the chaste  
Desire of soul could ask, while I but taste  
The smile, as others do, and think it well.

Nay: rather would I cling unto that creed,  
Which, reckoning virtue a most holy thing,  
Keeps jealous guard, lest error, trapped in show  
Of reason, dare counsel of human need,  
While sinuous vice winds to the very spring,  
Whence trusting lips must drink—though venom flow!

## THE FORTUNES OF WAR

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Mc.

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The girl had picked her way along the rocky path down the mountain, and stood panting in the moonlight on the river's edge. A minute's rest, and then, followed by her dog, she stepped from boulder to boulder until she reached the last huge stone, flung far out on the breast of the darkly gleaming water. She was perfectly at home here; this was her own private nook, her sanctuary, and yet the place had a sudden strangeness about it to-night. She glanced up stream at the long line of spouting rapids. Fairy castles of creamy foam sailed quietly past her rock, blown here and there over the black water. Across the river rose a shining cliff of limestone, and above it towered the gannt gray mountain.

"It's time Rodney was here, Max," she spoke to the dog, who wagged his tail in vigorous assent. "He left the note in our old tree, and said he'd be here. But he ought to be going back to his company."

She sank back on the rock, which was still warm from the August sun. The shrill treble of insect voices blended with the plashing noise of the rapids above, and she listened in vain for Rodney's footsteps. At last a shadow detached itself from the pines and moved toward the rock.

"Be still, Max, it's Rodney," she cautioned. The next instant he was at her side. After a little she looked up at him inquiringly.

"Well, Captain Halstead, I'm waiting your orders," she drawled.

The young captain squared his gray-clad shoulders. It tickled him mightily to have Betty call him captain.

"Very good, Miss Kessler, I can rely on your silence as to what I am about to command?" she nodded.

"Listen to him, Max, ain't he splendid?" laughed the girl. Then she became serious. "Is it war news, Rodney?"

"Yes, Betty, it's mighty important, too. I'm detailed to capture your Uncle John, and take him to Richmond," he said bluntly, looking at the tumbling water up stream.

She did not reply at once, but he heard a whine of pain and turned around to see Max nuzzling the hand which had unconsciously hurt him.

"Betty, dear, if I'm successful, it means certain promotion for me, and you'll be proud of that. Then it means that our Stars and Bars will wave supreme in all southern West Virginia, for you know he's holding the Union men all by himself. I had to tell you before I tried it, though, so you wouldn't think too hard of me."

"Sit down over here, and let's talk it over, Rod," said Betty. They sat overlooking the still pool. Now and then a cool gust of night wind lifted the damp curls from her forehead. The moon's long waterway gleamed like a path of silver. The girl spoke with her eyes on the stream.

"Rodney, when our house was burned in the raid a year ago, just after Dad went off as chaplain in your regiment, Uncle John carried mother and me over to live with him. He's been so good to us ever since. You know he got Dad out of Wheeling Prison last year, and even if he is a yank, I love him, and so does Dad. You leave him alone, Rod. I shan't have him carried down to prison. You just ain't agoing to do it, are you, Rodney?" she sobbed.

"But, Betty, orders are orders."

"Yes, there you go. You've always put orders and glory ahead of everything else, even ahead of me."

"Betty, you wouldn't have me shot for disobeying orders, would you?"

"N-no," she acknowledged.

"And you don't want that the yanks should lick us, do you?"

"No!" (This time very emphatic.)

"Well, you see, I guess I'll have to go ahead."

"I'm going to warn Uncle John this very minute," she exclaimed angrily.

"But you promised not to tell, and a Kessler never breaks a promise, Betty." His path of duty looked as plain to him as the moon's waterway.

"Rod, dear," said Betty, a pathetic catch in her voice, "you remember when you told me you loved me. It was right here, and the moon made the same shiny path on the river, and you called me your dream girl. And you still love me a little bit, don't you, dear?"

Rodney's eyes softened. Then she played her trump card, played it bravely, too.

"Well, Rod, if anything happens to Uncle John, I don't want ever to see you again. I love you, Rod; don't, don't make me do it." She put her hand caressingly over his, her lovely face white with intense feeling. "Rod, dear, must we give up our dreams about that little house, and the big fireplace, where we'd watch the pictures in the firelight?"

She lifted her pleading face close to his.

Then the boy captain got up gravely, slowly.

"Betty," he said calmly. "God help me, dear, but I can not lose my honor."

The girl fell to sobbing quietly, one arm thrown around the great dog. Presently she arose, and, paying no attention to Rodney, stepped carefully to the bank, and was swallowed up in the forest, the dog trotting close at her heels. Young Halstead stood uncertain for a minute, white and tense. He was about to follow her, when he heard the sound of voices

up in the direction she had taken. He silently approached the spot.

"Mighty glad to see you, Betty girl," came in Uncle John's ringing tones; "was afraid I'd miss you totally. These two men just brought me word of a Confederate raid, and I'm on my way across the mountains to Wheeling. Reckon I'll not be back for some months. Scared to go home, little one?" he asked Betty, who was clinging tightly to him.

"N-no, sir," faltered Betty, in the excess of her joy.

"Well, good-bye." He stooped and kissed her brow, and then he and the two others were gone.

Betty followed them with her eyes until they disappeared.

"Rodney," she called, "ain't you coming half way to-night?"

"I'll go all the way, if you'll let me, Betty," was Rodney's answer, as he hurried up the path. And the moon and Max were much scandalized over the action of a certain pair of foolish young folks.



## I WISH I WERE A CHILD AGAIN

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DEE CARRICK.

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I wish I were a child again,  
And full of childish glee,  
For then my soul knew not the pain  
That since has come to me.

Across the hills I loved to stray,  
And through the wildwood green  
I heard the warbler's tuneful lay  
Enhance the woodland scene.

I plucked the flowers that purple blew,  
Dew-kissed by sunny winds,  
And gazing in its bosom true—  
It still my heart reminds:

Then power and fame were all a dream  
That some day I would know,  
Yet days and years swift onward stream,  
And only transports go.

Return, O mystic sprite, return,  
And flood my life again,  
Till in my soul these mem'ries burn,  
And I forget the pain.

## WHY I CHOSE THE LAW

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MCBEE.

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Practically all of the business in Aparre is controlled by the Chinese, of whom there are about 365. Most of them come from Kwang Tung Province and the Portugese settlement of Macao on the east coast of China. They have a joss house, in which all of them worship. Their relations, both social and financial, are of the feudal order. While they are clannish they are also public-spirited.

The natives among whom they live are great grafters. The town officials approached the Chinese leaders and said: "We need fire-fighting apparatus for the town. You control all of the trade. It would cost \$1,000. If you will contribute \$500 we will give the balance." The Chinese readily agreed to this and subscribed the amount at once. The Mayor said, "Pay it over to the town treasurer." They said: "Excuse us. When you have collected all of yours, we will each turn our money over to some American to make the purchase for us." The natives never raised their part of the money. The Chinese appointed my friend, Fernando Lopez Pe Sinco, treasurer, to hold the fund. When it was found that the natives were not going to raise theirs, the Chinese decided to devote theirs to charitable purposes.

There was one English speaking Chinaman from Singapore, known as Chinese Charlie. He was a grafter, and made his living by imposing upon the other Chinamen. He began casting about for a way to get hold of this \$500.

A quack doctor came from Amoy and settled among the Chinese. Charlie said to him, "Pretend that you are sick, and I will demand that you be supported from this fund." When the demand was made, Fernando investigated, and

found the man to be an opium fiend. Support was accordingly denied him.

In the joss house was kept a book which is known as the "perpetual record." When anything was once written upon it, it was supposed to remain forever. Charlie directed the quack where to find this book, and told him to go and write his impressions of Fernando, so that it might be read by succeeding generations to the end of the world. This he did; and a friend of Fernando's, named Joaquin Chan Chico, read it and told Fernando.

He meditated for a long time as to how he should set himself right before the world. Finally a happy thought struck him. He would go and give the quack a good beating, and then record his action in the perpetual book just under the quack's opinion of him. He proceeded to put his happy thought into execution.

After that, Charlie took the quack, and placed him in the army hospital. He stayed there two days. When he was sent out, Charlie approached the doctor and said he wanted a writing concerning the quack's injuries, and that he wished to settle the bill himself. The doctor charged him \$5 and gave him a certificate of the diagnosis. Charlie handed the paper back and said: "Master, you do not charge enough, neither are your words in this paper large enough. There should be broken bones in this paper. The Chinese charitable society will pay this, so you might as well charge enough." The doctor then changed his bill to \$200, and changed the diagnosis from *small contusion on the side* to *a compound tentative fracture of one of his flexible ribs on the right side*.

Charlie employed an American negro lawyer, and they demanded \$5,000 damages. Fernando employed me to defend him. They made many attempts to compromise, and finally withdrew their case. I received for my services two

big fat capons, and one big muscovy drake that must have come through the ark with Noah.

Soon after this, while upon an inspection trip in a neighboring town, I was informed by the native justice of the peace, Fulanao de Tal, that he had a Negrito in jail for shooting one of his tribe with an arrow for robbing his bee tree.

All of the savage tribes have great faith in the justice of the Americans, and always want to enlist an American on their side when trouble comes between them and the civilized natives.

When this Negrito found that I was in town, he sent for me and wanted me to get him out of his trouble, or at least to find out what they were going to do to him. He said he wanted me to be his *abogado* (lawyer). I agreed to defend him.

When we demanded trial the justice of the peace said he had kept him in jail so long already without bringing him to trial that he did not wish to place him upon his records, which would have to go before the Court of First Instance, because the American judge was so absorbed with the idea of speedy trials, that he would be furious. I asked him what he intended to do, and he said he intended to parole him, and let him do odd jobs for him and the Sergeant of Police for about twelve months, and then allow him to return to his tribe. I told him that if he did not have a trial at once, I would go before the Court of First Instance, and procure habeas corpus proceedings. He said: "Who is Senor Habeas Corpus? I have heard of him ever since the Americans came to the islands, but I have never met the gentleman yet." I was not very well acquainted with him myself, but succeeded in explaining his nature sufficiently to impress my friend, the J. P. When I got through, he said, "*Si, Senor tiene Vd. razon*"—(Yes, sir, you are right).

Next day we proceeded to trial. We had a fine array of Negrito witnesses dressed in their Sunday best. Some were for my client, and some against him, and each one impressed with the importance of the occasion. In addition to the American form of kissing the Bible in taking the oath, we had them cross their forefingers. This seemed to impress them more that they should tell the truth.

In summing up the case I spoke of the injured man as being a notorious thief. The J. P. said I had not put it on strong enough, and that the proof showed him to be *Diez mil barbaridades*. He said that he would discharge my client without proceeding any further, but would confiscate his bow, arrows and quiver, to be applied towards the payment of his lawyer's fee. I still have them, and prize them very highly.

Among the witnesses was a very old man who was chief of his tribe and who seemed very eager to talk to me. He said he was a hundred years and several moons old. I asked him how it happened that he had quite a young and good-looking wife. He said: "I used magic, called *Terremaya*." I asked him to explain to me how he used this magic. He said: "I rolled it in a dry banana leaf in the form of a cigarette and smoked it. I saw her sitting on her heels in front of her father's hut, and, taking one of these cigarettes, I went and sat down on my heels on the lee side of her and smoked it, but it had no effect on her. Then I lighted another and sat down on my heels on the windward side of her, where I could see the smoke blowing right into her face. When that cigarette was finished I arose and walked directly toward my hut, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and when I reached the door she was stepping upon my heels. She has remained with me, and has been industrious, obedient, and gentle."

I asked him what the magic was, and where it could be

obtained. He said that no one except his own people knew how to find it, and that it could only be found on the tops of high mountains, in the heart of the big red tyndalo tree, and could only be obtained by them at three o'clock in the afternoon of *Viernes Santo* (Good Friday).

Upon inquiring among the civilized natives I found that the Negritoes carried on a lucrative trade in this commodity with the young men and larger schoolboys, who sometimes paid as high as \$5 for an ounce or two of it.

## THE SEEKER

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I. McIAN.

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Do you remember, sweetheart, now the day  
When you and I together heard the hail  
Dashing against the window?—while there lay  
Beside us, half-neglected, the old tale  
Of him who in his closet digged and found  
Eight statues in a great hall, marvelous  
All perfect, cut from diamonds, ranged around;  
And for the ninth, only a base read thus:  
“Go seek the last most precious of them all.”  
He sought, and found it was a lady fair  
Who could alone complete the matchless hall.  
So I, like him a seeker, make my prayer  
To you, that though I have no carvèd stone  
I may the ninth most glorious image own.

## EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT

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ARTHUR T. ALLEN.

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These are two essentials to the success of any nation, state, or individual. The second is grounded on the first. Training fits one for control, if coupled with the right qualities. A government that shall endure must be founded on an intelligent basis, and be administered by wise and scrupulous leaders. The affairs of government demand ability. Education helps acquire it. Those in control must assume responsibility. Obligation to the trusts imposed requires foresight. Education helps mould character, and strengthens the intellect; it thereby fits an individual to assume responsibility as nothing else can do—the one the plant, the other the fruit. The sowing of intelligence and wisdom in the mind will bring forth the harvest of success.

Education is almost absolutely necessary to success. Government is essential to an enlightened civilization. The government of the home, the county, the state and the nation all aid in the making of good citizenship. It becomes necessary for every person to be obedient to some kind of restraining power. The laws of God are obeyed only by those who are, or have been, controlled by some other. When we see one who discards parental care and admonition, and refuses to determine his course in any way by them, or as an outlaw violates his country's laws, we see one who does and will violate God's laws. Indeed, he already does so, because all these laws and all others of right are the laws of God.

The government of the home is the most potent factor in good citizenship. The principles of right and duty are received around the hearth-stone. It is here that the lessons



are learned which time can not obliterate from our memories. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and it is in the home that the young twig is bent aright or wrong, according to its nature. If they are trained right, here a work is done that will bear fruit in eternity. Home is the foundation of civilization—the way the affairs of a home are controlled. The atmosphere which pervades it in a large measure mirrors the future fate of its members. The underlying principles in home government form the background of the mirror in which hope and destiny are reflected. When parents guard and care for the characters of their children they bring up individuals whose lives will be monuments of glory and whose deeds will be the epitaphs of remembrance upon them when they are gone.

For a person to amount to much in life, there are desires that must be curbed, but also there are principles which must be nurtured. Government is necessary to avoid failure; education to acquire distinction. We are no greater than our thoughts, and it is education that helps us have noble thoughts. So we see how necessary training and control is to the mind. For they create aims and purposes, and—

"No deed was ever greater than the thought that gave it birth;  
And the greatness of our purpose is the measure of our worth."

As the aim is the result will mostly be. The desires of a person overcome his better nature, and it is here that weight must be brought to bear upon that which is pure and upright, by freeing the mind from its compressed sphere, and bringing it into the light of the great deeds of others. Then it is that the mind is broadened, when in it a desire is created for the better things of life, as someone else has seen and experi-

enced them. With these two—training and proper control—it is in a large measure left for each to say whether he will—

"Make by force his merit known,  
Or live to clutch the golden keys,  
Or would a mighty State's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of a throne,  
Or, moving on from higher to higher,  
Become on fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a world's desire,  
The center of a people's hope."

"SKIN"

ROB ROY.

It was 11:30 on Anniversary night, just after the reception. Three or four boys were in Henry's room; some in full-dress suits and others in their conventional blacks; some smoking and others eating chocolates from an almost emptied box. Walter Kernigan was beating time on his chair-rounds with a pencil.

Walter was a typical "good fellow"—big-bodied, big-hearted and jolly, and loved by all the students. Walter was entertaining the crowd.

"By grabs! I did have a time tonight. I met one of the finest women who ever lived, a Miss Sutherland, from Henderson—a little brown-eyed maid with pearly teeth and rosy cheeks, who sings like a mockingbird and laughs like a brook. Look out, man! There is springtime in my bones."

"Well, you have got it bad," laughed Ben. "You are a bigger fool than I thought you were. Now, pull off a bone-head and propose to the woman tomorrow."

"Oh, she went to Henderson tonight, but I am going there tomorrow afternoon on the Shoo-Fly. This sportin' life, oh it just suits me," sang out Walter in a voice like a bullfrog's, as he drew from his pocket a roll of greenbacks.

"What's the matter with you, fool, carrying all that money around with you to a reception? You must not mind wasting your dad's money," spoke good-natured Henry, as he got up to get a drink of water, a hint for the others to get out and let him go to bed.

"I'm not wasting my dad's money, like some of you fellows," said Walter, slightly irritated. "This is my own money. Besides, I have enough to put me through here next

year and then some; and I'll bet I made it as quick as the next one. I don't mind telling it now. Do you fellows want to know how I made more than enough money to put me through the high school and college?"

"No, it's too near bedtime. Hand me your tobacco, Bob," snapped out Jim.

"Ah, it's not late. Besides, there is no chapel in the morning. Let's have it, Walt," said Henry, as he took a lighted match from Bob and stuck it to his pipe.

"Well, if you boys want to know how I made my money, here goes it," said Walter, as he threw his collar to the bureau and opened his board-bosom shirt at the neck.

"As most of you know, I live out in the country in Marion County, South Carolina. In the fall of 1880 there came into our community two men who introduced themselves as Peter and Joe Perez; two brothers, each near fifty years of age. They came to my father's house one morning (all this, of course, was before I was born) and wanted to cut some wood to earn their breakfast. They said that they were Spanish emigrants and had come to the tobacco section of South Carolina to buy land and go to farming.

"Well, the long and the short of it is that papa sold them a few acres of land, across the branch from home, and the two old fellows went stolidly to work and eked out a bare existence, for neither of them knew much about farming. They had as few dealings as possible with their neighbors, and were known as quiet, law-abiding citizens. Joe, the older one, died in the fall of ninety-nine while his brother was gone to McCall, a town about ten miles away.

"Mr. Pete, as I called him, was dreadfully lonesome after his brother's death, and when I would go over to his house to crack walnuts he would talk to me about Joe. He continually told me that Joe was a good man but mighty care-

less. Then the old fellow would jump up and walk around the house, saying all manner of fool things in Spanish. He was about crazy after his brother's death, but I was never afraid of him, because he was perfectly harmless."

"Come on with how you got your money, man. We can't wait here all night," said Bill, as he drew his watch from his pocket.

"I'm telling this. If you don't want to wait, nobody is keeping you," drawled Walter.

Bill kept quiet and Walter continued:

"Sometimes I would see old Pete walking through the branch swamp looking for squirrel nests, as he said, but I never could see his reason.

"Well, in March, nineteen two, Peter was taken down with pneumonia. He coughed and groaned for about two weeks, gradually growing worse. The people of the neighborhood were mighty kind to the old fellow. The doctor went to see him two or three times a day, the women folks would send him dainty things to eat, and someone stayed with him all the time.

"On one wet, stormy night a chum of mine and I were sitting in one room of the little house, playing checkers, while in the other room old man Pete was coughing and spitting.

"Walter,' the old man called in a weak voice.

"I tip-toed into his room.

"I believe I'll tell you,' he whispered, but before he could say more he fell into a hard spell of coughing and turned over with a groan.

"I went into the other room and asked Charles, my friend, if it was too rough outside for him to go over home, get a horse and go for the doctor, because Mr. Peter was out of his head and, I believed, about to die. Charles consented,

wrapped up well, took an umbrella and jumped out into the howling night.

"Well, fellows, the next half hour was the most awful time I ever spent in my life. All the demons of the elements seemed to turn their forces right toward that little house. I hoped that Charles would have time to get over home, but I knew that his going for the doctor or even returning to me was out of the question. Just then I heard a loud crash on the house-top and in the sick man's room, 'ka-woomp,' a heavy body hit the hearth. Pete screamed at the top of his voice and I, scared nearly to death, ran into his room. A burning hickory log was on the floor, near the hearth, and fire coals were all over the room. I kicked the log back into the fireplace, and I was so excited that I picked up a large firecoal, burning my hand badly. Then seizing the poker I raked a firecoal and a flaming shirt from under the sick man's bed.

"'What are you doing?' squeaked Pete, as loud as he could, while he raised himself upon his elbows and looked around with the wildest pair of eyes I have ever seen.

"'Nothing,' I yelled, not knowing what I was doing or saying. The storm was making such a noise that I could hardly hear myself speak. In some way or other I got the coals back in the fireplace and for the first time saw a loose brick on the hearth. The wind had blown off the top of the chimney and two or three bricks had fallen into the fireplace, knocking the chunk and coals out on the floor.

"Then old Pete, more delirious than ever, between violent attacks of coughing, began to jabber all sorts of stuff; a mixture of Spanish and English. Some of it I caught.

"'Pepe, you scoundrel, why did you die when I was away? Why didn't you write it all in Spanish? What is 'skin'? Oh 'skin'! 'Skin'! 'Skin'!

"This was about what I caught, but he spoke mostly in

Spanish or some other foreign language. I supposed that 'skin' was some Spanish word, but I couldn't imagine why he was yelling it out so much. Peter then raised himself upon his elbows, coughing all the time so hard that it seemed he would tear his throat open, reached over to a bench for his trousers and spoke again.

"Who are you? Is that Walter? Walter, take this."

"He then fell back on his pillow, rolled his eyes and lay perfectly still. I seized the trousers, which he held with a death grip, and where he had caught the trouser leg I felt something hard. Thinking that perhaps it was some medicine which the man had concealed, I drew out my knife, ripped into the cloth, and under the lining of his old thick trousers I found a thin, narrow little leather purse. I nervously opened the purse, which contained only a small Spanish coin and a little scrap of paper. Disgusted with my carelessness and delay, I ran to the mantel for some medicine which the doctor had left. When I returned the man was dead.

"'M-e-o-w,' came faintly to my ears, and against the window pane, from the outside, was pressed the nose of Peter's little puny, sickly, black kitten. Excited almost to death and without knowing what I was doing, I raised the window and the kitten hopped in out of the storm, a gust of wind and rain coming in with it. Most of the excitement of the man's dying had left me, and I was getting more and more scared: nothing in the house but a corpse, a shivering kitten, and me, and nothing outside but a howling night. All of a sudden the kitten bristled its wet back, lifted its head and sniffed about like a bird dog scenting the wind. The nasty little thing then trotted over toward the bed, hopped upon it, and began to smell around. I had heard about cats eating dead people, so I threw it from the bed. Just then a

door was blown open in the other room and I ran in there to shut it. When I returned the kitten was licking its master's face and rubbing its head against the dead man's cheeks. I yelled 'scat,' and ran toward the bed, but the kitten didn't notice me, but turned its head to the side for a bite on the corpse's nose, just as I slapped it to the middle of the room. In an instant the cat was back up on the bed. I grabbed the kitten up and started to throw it out the window, but it began to scratch me terribly. With all the strength that was in me I threw it against the hearth so hard that I got all nine lives out in one, and Peter's kitten gasped its last.

"The wind had quieted considerably and it was not raining so hard. Just then Charles rushed in and I threw my arms around his neck and cried like a baby; for, boys, I was only fifteen and had not been used to scenes such as the one I had just passed through."

"Your pa has gone for the doctor and sent me back here. What are you so scared about?" whispered my companion.

"Seated on a bench before the fire, I related to my chum everything that had happened while he was away.

"Where is the purse?" asked Charles.

"I looked around and saw the purse in the middle of the floor where I had dropped it in my excitement. I opened it, examined the Spanish coin and passed the latter over to Charles. I drew out the little piece of paper, to which I referred a few minutes ago, and this is what I found: (Here Walter drew a sheet of paper from the table and wrote)—

*'Querido Pedros Mire en hollow treintós palmos sur de skin. Adois, Pepe.'*

"I knew that 'querido Pedro' meant 'dear Peter,' because the old man Pete had called me 'querido muchacho' dozens of times. I also knew that 'adios, Pepe' meant 'good-bye, Joe,' but as for the rest of the note, Charles and I could do nothing with it.



"Walt," said Charles, 'I'll bet this note is important or old Pete wouldn't have told you to take it.'

"There then flashed across my mind Peter's delirious words:

"Pepe, you scoundrel, why did you die when I was away? Why didn't you write it all in Spanish? What is 'skin'? Oh 'skin'! 'Skin'! 'Skin'!

"Charles," I whispered, 'you know old man Joe died suddenly from heart trouble while Peter was gone to McCall? Well, I'll bet you that old man Joe had to hide something in a hurry when he felt he was going to die and Pete wa'n't able to find it.'

"Walt," said Charles, grabbing me by the hand, and bucking his eyes, if we find anything, will you share it with me?"

"And I felt like the greatest, most liberal man in the world when I said: 'Sure. I don't know whether we'll get anything or not, but if we do, you shall have half of it.'

"I then thought of how foolishly old Pete had behaved since his brother's death and how I had seen him walking through the woods as if looking for something.

"Walt," said Charles, 'what do you reckon he meant by squalling out so much about 'skin'? Is that Spanish?"

"I don't know," I answered. 'It must not be Spanish or Pete would not have been asking about it so.'

"I'll tell you," whispered Charles. 'You know Neill went to Wake Forest. Well, see if you can find one of the catalogues, look up the name of the Spanish teacher, send it to him, and he'll read it for us.'

"The very thing," I answered, just as papa and the doctor came in, and I gave Charlie the wink to keep quiet about the note.

"The next day I found an old catalogue, saw that Dr. Gorrell was the Spanish professor, and sent him the note without telling anyone except Charles."

"Where did you get your money? That's what I want to know," put in Henry.

Walter continued as if no one had spoken:

"In about a week I got a reply from Dr. Gorrell in which he said that 'hollow' and 'skin' must be English words, for they were surely not Spanish. He translated the note like this:

" 'Dear Peter: Look in hollow thirty feet south of skin.  
Farewell. JOE.' "

"My chum and I were over at his house locked up in an upstairs room when we read this.

" 'I have it,' said Charles. " 'Skin' is that old rabbit tree. Thirty feet south of skin we'll find something.' "

"I'll mention to you fellows that we called a certain old blackgum tree 'skin,' because the hollow in it is shaped in such a way that it is impossible to get a rabbit out without pulling all the skin off. Old man Joe, between his attacks of heart trouble and in his excitement, rushed down toward the branch to better conceal something which, no doubt, the two men had kept hidden somewhere about the house. The only pointer which the old fellow saw was the rabbit tree which he had heard us boys call 'skin.' Old man Joe went hunting with us a great deal, while, strange to say, Pete didn't care a thing in the world about hunting and never did go. This accounts for Pete's not knowing what his brother meant by 'skin.' "

"Well, the rest is short. As soon as Charles and I finished reading the note we hurried down to the branch, stepped off thirty feet to the south from 'skin' and found, in an old cypress log, a tin box, about fifteen inches each way. In the box we found Spanish money equivalent to \$4,000. How the two old brothers got the money is, of course, a mystery,

but we felt like it was clean, since papa told us that the two men could have saved up a good pile, spending as little as they did. Or, perhaps, they had some of it when they came to America."

A heavy silence invaded the room, save the ticking of the little alarm clock on the mantel.

"Walt, are you lying?" asked Jake.

"Write to any man in Marion county if you don't believe me. I kept two thousand and Charles kept two."

"Well, I'll swigger."

TO AN ACTRESS

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(Translated from the Spanish of Heraclio M. de la Guardia.)

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A. D. GORE.

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To say to thee that thou art fair,  
That thou hast talent, grace and skill,  
A trifling thing I would declare  
And inexpressive of my will.  
For naught the victor's palm to thee  
Or admiration of a mate,  
As actress, souls are charmed by thee,  
As woman, hearts you captivate.

And thus, Ventura, when thy face  
Upon the stage I often see,  
I know not whether gifts or grace  
Intensely most enrapture me;  
For in thyself thy soul and art,  
Dispute for laurels they have won,  
And yet they stand as far apart  
As when the question was begun.

If passion thou dost use to dye  
Thy thousand charming shades of life,  
The things thou likest, those do I,  
The things thou scornest, thus are rife.  
In thee this art was born innate  
And true is all I feel and know,  
For feelings none like thine can make,  
Unless from out the heart they flow.

And when thou singest low and sweet  
Thy music seems as from thy soul,  
Each note in accent falls replete  
And makes my tears beyond control.  
Thou usest smiles to captivate,  
To cheer and charm the sad at ease;  
Thy smiles are like the buds that make  
The fragrant, gently blowing breeze.

In short, Ventura, all in thee  
A wonder is, a magic strange,  
A marvel, fair as fair can be,  
A gifted mind with endless range.  
Will one be found, then, who may quell  
At last thy wondrous power all,  
If he admire thy actress spell  
Beneath thy woman ways not fall?

When I applaud I frankly praise,  
My feelings I would not conceal,  
But whether art or beauty sways  
My passion, I can not reveal,  
Because my captured soul, subdued  
Beneath thy double charming art,  
Remains forsooth a dual feud  
'Tween wonder calm and love at heart.

Do thee I love, or thee adore?  
I do not know nor do I care  
If *art* in thee I worship more  
Or whether *thee* I hold more dear;  
For if uncertain I remain,  
I'll never fear these lines I've penned  
Will give the *actress* jealous pain  
Or that the *woman* I'll offend.

## WE BOYS AND THAT GOAT.

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T. S. TEAGUE.

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We were all boys then, and some of us didn't care for nothing only how to keep up a reveling state of devilment all the time. Jake Faria, he was the oldest and the best one of all. No other fellow was so popular among the boys, and you may bet your life, too, that he stood in with the girls.

Well, it happened that Jake was a courtin' Sallie Hingerston, the purtiest gal in the whole town. One Wednesday afternoon, after I commenced wearing long breeches, I was talking to Faria about Sal—how purty she was and so on—when he said to me: "Sam, don't you want to go over with me to see her next Sunday?" Of course I could not refuse him, and after that you may be sure that me and Jake became the best of friends.

I could scarcely wait for Sunday to come. I polished my Sunday shoes and brushed my old hat at least three times every day until Sunday. I reckon I spent about four hours every day before the mirror. I didn't have much beauty about me, and I thought it was a good idea to find where it was located, so that I could put the best side to Sal. Sunday finally came, and of course I was decked up in my best at least two hours before the time we were to start. My friend came around at the appointed hour, so off we started to see Sal. The evening was spent very pleasantly indeed and it seemed to me to have passed by very rapidly. After this Faria and I could be seen frequently on the porch with Sal.

Now, love is not a vegetable that it must grow, nor is it a thing of logic that it must depend upon sequences and conclusions; but it is a passion of the soul, which may, like thought, be born in an instant, especially in the presence of

beauty and accomplishment such as Sal possessed. And you may not wonder that it was not long before I began going to see Sal in the week while my friend was in his office. Since the first visit the perfection and constellation of charms that Sal possessed had filled my heart and brain so full that I could do nothing but think of her all day. When I was by her side it seemed that all the gas in the house was turned on at once—things looked so bright. But the question that puzzled me was how to get ahead of Faria; for he was the most handsome young man in all the community. It was on one of my visits that Sal remarked to me about the appearance of my friend. Now I thought this was my time, so I told her that Faria was a good-looking fellow, and that he was aware of the fact as well as she herself. I told her that he was proud of his looks and stood before the mirror more than any girl of the village.

Faria's coming to me a few days later, convinced me that my little joke had taken its effect, when he told me that on one of his visits Sal had criticized his appearance before his very face.

On my next call, as I was between the gate and the house, there suddenly appeared before me a rough-looking goat. I could see that he was fixing to attack me, and I hardly knew what to do. To fight him as I was would be a difficult task; and if I should even come out victorious, wouldn't I be in a good predicament to talk to Sal! What if she were to step on the porch and see me wrestling with that nasty old goat! After these reflections, I thought it better to use my legs, and started across the yard with the speed of a fox. I saw the rascal was gaining all the time, and made a leap for the palings—the goat giving me a blow in the rear as I went over, and producing a severe wound in my pants. After recovering my breath, I thought I would peep through the palings to see if Sal saw me during the race. Luckily it

happened that she was not on the porch. Soon a little lad was in the yard looking for his goat. I asked him why he allowed his goat to be running around in that yard. He replied that he had just broken loose and that he was going to take him back home. I told him that the animal appeared to want to make a pull for me. He informed me that he and his friends had been training him to wrestle with them by holding a red string before him. Then I remembered about the red handkerchief that I had put in my pocket, leaving the end sticking out in order to improve my toilet. Reflecting a few minutes, I told the boy that I would give him a dollar to let the goat in on the next Sunday afternoon between three and four o'clock, when he saw me and another man enter the yard. He agreed to do so and promised to say nothing about the matter to any one. As he disappeared, I noticed the goat gave me a peculiar look, as he went through the gate. In a few minutes, I made preparations to fulfill my engagement.

Now, I commenced to think that things were going my way. Wouldn't it be a sight if I could get Faria to wear his red tie, and see that goat chasing him over the yard? On the next night I was in Faria's room when he happened to see my red handkerchief, and remarked that it was pretty. I told him that he ought to have heard the compliment Sal placed on it, leaving the impression on him that she fancied red. Enough had been said, for on Sunday he came in my room wearing his beautiful red tie.

In a few minutes, we were on our way to Sal's house. Sal and her daddy were sitting on the porch. The lad who owned the goat had not deceived me, for just after we had entered the gate, here came the same old goat. I sprang out of the road so that he could see Faria's tie. But lo and behold you, the blamed old fool remembered that he had not fully chastised me the other time, and made for me without



even noticing Faria. I am no coward, but if you have on your best clothes when a goat approaches you, if you don't mind you will make a dash like I did. I was not far ahead of the goat this time, and seeing that it would be impossible to reach the fence as before, thought it best to dodge him around a bush in the yard. Faria was standing on the steps, Sal and her daddy on the porch, while me and the goat was agoing round that bush like a button on a barn door. It was not long before the whole village was looking at me, some little fellows even climbing trees to see the show. It was not funny to me; I felt no inclination to sit down nowhere; the goat was gaining on every round. Then I remembered how he had served my pants before, and thought I would be bold and face the animal. He gave me a desperate blow, knocking me backwards on the bush. Now, that goat was not satisfied with one blow, but commenced to back off about twenty feet in order to get up speed to come at me again. That was not all the trouble either, for it was not long before I discovered that that bush had thorns on it, and every blow I felt a pain in the rear equal, if not worse, than the shock of the goat. My strength was about gone when I heard Sal remark to Faria that he ought to go and seare the animal off of me. Faria hesitated, but being that it was Sal said go, he came to my rescue. He didn't get there either before the goat saw that red tie and felt that he was challenged to another battle; for he had already beat me so badly that it was not funny to me nor the goat either. Faria saw that the goat was going to make for him, and put out across that yard just like a hurricane. You ought to have seen him; you ought to have seen that coat-tail of his a flapping in the wind, and that tie extending backward, beckoning the goat to come on; above all, you ought to have seen him a jumping that fence, for as he was not such a high

jumper, the whole gable end of his pants remained hanging to a slat while Faria fell like an earthquake on the other side.

I thought now was my time to pull for home, for fear the animal would come back and give me another round. Sal and her daddy were standing on the porch when I left, and they may be there yet for all that Faria and I know. I afterwards had to pay the owner of that goat a dollar, and as he claimed that the goat was injured, I had to pay him a dollar extra to satisfy him.

I was always careful about going to see a gal after that, and you may bet your soul, you never caught this child again with a red handkerchief sticking out of his pocket for ornament, no matter how tacky he looked. Now, I have nothing against the women folks, but I think they have not much to be doing when they are setting out thorn bushes in a yard, especially if there are any goats in the neighborhood; for after my fight, I couldn't really sit down comfortable for as much as three weeks.

## YE WILD SWEET GURGLING WATERS

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BY DRACK.

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Ye wild sweet gurgling water,  
That gently purls a song,  
Half-filled with grief and laughter,  
I love thy sound anon.

The sun is o'er thee shining,  
From out the purpling sky,  
And 'neath a jeweled lining  
Thy hidden beauties lie.

O wind that floats above thee,  
Breathe low thy sweet refrain,  
And in a concert move thee  
To an enraptured strain;

For near thy bosom sitting,  
On such a self-same day,  
With winged time fast-flitting,  
I heard thy rustic lay.

And there was one beside me  
Whose face I'll ne'er forget;  
Whatever may betide me,  
Its smiles will linger yet.

Then sing in am'rous measures,  
O wind and woodland stream!  
Thou singest of past pleasures,  
The echo of a dream.

## AN ENJOYABLE DISAPPOINTMENT

TAMBOURINE.

Coward and Scranton are towns only four miles apart. At the latter I clerked for a certain economical merchant. To call him the most liberal-stingy man in his county would be a compliment peculiarly fitting, for he adhered to the law of mine and thine to the letter, yet unhesitatingly administered to the needs of the poor even to the point of extravagance. It was his plan never to be idle. I have seen him split envelopes and save them to wrap spool thread and other small articles in.

By such a hustler I was employed several years. From crating chickens and weighing cotton-seed to keeping his books was my work. Every clerk, regardless of sex or size, must not hesitate to cut bacon or measure silk if it was a rush day. He never began writing a postal until he heard the train coming, and then it was my job to run a two-twenty dash to mail the card on the departing train.

It was the week before Christmas that a nephew of his in Coward promised him a fine, fat turkey if he would come or send someone for it.

As the train was leaving the station he dashed into the grocery department and threw a sack at me, yelling in an excited tone, "Please see if you can catch the train—bring the turkey in this sack—here's a quarter to pay your fare."

As I disappeared in the twilight down the sidewalk at break-neck speed, bareheaded (for I never wear a hat), I heard him explain, "After paying your railroad fare there will be one cent over; don't forget to remind me when you return."

Around a curve or two, and the speeding train slowed

down at my destination. As I stepped off, the conductor reminded me of my bare head, and as I passed through the crowd of grim-visaged hoboes who always frequent small stations at train time, they stared foolishly at me in the dim glare of the signal light, and I heard it whispered down the line as I passed, "There goes a tramp. There goes a tramp."

A fellow in blue overalls, hatless, with a guano sack under his arm would excite suspicion, would he not? I chuckled a little to myself.

Having arrived at Mr. Hinson's house a quarter of a mile distant, I called and was answered by a sleepy inmate:

"Who's that?"

"Splunkett after the turkey," I replied.

My name was familiar to Mr. Hinson, and the reference to the turkey needed no further explanation.

"Addie, blast it all, where's the matches? I've broke my shin over the rocker—everything's dark as pitch!" I overheard as I stood at the gate waiting.

It was bitter cold, and I know there was some shivering before a light was made. However, soon a middle-aged, shaggy-haired, brier-hook-nosed man emerged from the low-roofed, six-room house, followed by a slender, stack-pole-shaped woman whom I judged was Addie.

"Sorter cold," he said upon reaching the gate where I stood.

"Right," turning and following them towards the barnyard.

"Pretty place here," I ventured after a minute's silence, for the tall oaks and walnuts were grand in the brilliant moonlight.

He halted. "Hush!" pointing at the top of the highest walnut tree, where silhouetted against the moonlit sky sat a black object.

"That's that wild rascal you've come after," he grinned.

"Great goodness, up there!" looking amazedly. "Twon't do to shoot 'im either, for Mr. Wingate's wife said she didn't intend killing it until the day before Christmas."

His wife, Addie, with her ready wit and thoughtfulness suggested climbing the tree.

"Well, I reckon it's the only and best way," I agreed, bounding up the trunk of the walnut tree like the man who ran from the bear in Webster's speller.

Having climbed in reach of the turkey's legs, I took a glance down and conjectured that I was forty feet from the ground. Making sure of my strong foothold and getting my bearings, I made what I thought a praiseworthy grab at that gobbler's shanks. But he dodged; and I missed him "fair and square." I reached out again like a frog snapping at a fly, determined not to be thwarted in my purpose. My foot slipped and I entered upon a precipitated descent head first. Fortunately, however, my overalls caught over a protruding snag and stopped my downward flight perhaps thirty feet from the earth.

"Lord have mercy!" screamed the unnerved woman.

"Mercy nothing!" I stormed. "Bring a ladder and go to the Hawaiian Islands with your mercy!"

From where I hung it was perfectly open for an unimpeded fall clear to the ground, and in view of this I felt quite safe perfectly still, or otherwise I should have regained my wonted position and equilibrium. But to have stirred might have brought my immediate destruction.

"Do something and that blamed quick," I pleaded, "for my waistband is painfully griping!"

"No doubt," retorted Mr. Hinson as deliberately as ever a frog croaked on a green tussock.

"There ain't a ladder on the hill," wailed the dear lady.

"Nor there ain't no hopes of my ever climbing that tree," snorted the indifferent Mr. Hinson.

I couldn't blame him much, for he was a knock-kneed, pudgy, Falstaff type of a man, and that walnut tree trunk was as slick as a curtain pole and ten feet from the ground to the first limb.

But that frightened woman could not bear the idea of seeing a man killed, so she made a lunge at the trunk with outstretched arms and clambered frantically and as unsuccessfully as a kitten I once saw hung in the crack of a fence. One could have smiled at such a comic monkey stunt in far worse circumstances, but strangely enough I never cracked a smile, and ever since that time I have longed for the power of Irving to portray woman in her different spheres, and for a surplus of old Dr. Johnson's bombast.

"Get the saw and ax and cut the tree down," I suggested, realizing that there was much truth in "a drowning man will catch at a straw."

Five minutes had not elapsed—it seemed like a year and a half—since my fall; Addie hacking on one side with an ax, and her lymphatic husband dragging with an old broken cross-cut saw on the other side, soon eased my anxiety, for I perceived that the top gently inclined towards a tall barn close by.

Bang—alam—bang! and down came the tree, landing me like a sack of fertilizer upon the roof.

Fortunately my head struck first, for it was harder and better adapted to resist blows than most heads on account of hatless exposure.

When I reached the earth, Mr. and Mrs. Hinson were racing down the lane after their horse in a quite unconventional manner. My unsuspected stoppage on the roof terrified the animal, and breaking out of the lot, he fled down the lane,

weeding a ten-foot avenue among the assembled cattle, sheep and hogs.

That horse did move—and so did an old slab-sided, white-eyed, Poland-China sow that took to her hoofs for safety, extemporizing her disturbed feelings and disgust with a repeated scoff, scoff. That hog certainly covered ground—ten feet at every leap, curling and twirling her tail in frantic gestures of immediate despair.

On they both raced, over the field, fowl-house, bee-hives and everything else before them. The disturbed chickens ran out hither and thither like an inverted tub of apples, the infuriated bees made aimless ellipses and threatening monotonies, stinging every living creature in their path.

At this stage of excitement and hilarity of the moonlight serenaders, a band of fourteen lads and lassies (twins and triplets, I conjecture, from their unvarying sizes and appearance) shot out one by one from a side-door and assembled in much confusion and amazement at the front gate. Seeing me as a stranger, they all howled and bawled in concert like a choir of spring frogs after a summer shower.

But here my attention was diverted when out from under the house came Tige and Gyp snapping and rolling over like a couple of baseballs. The bees had made an infantry raid upon them. Next came an old rooster, cackling and flipping his gills, stepping high and hastily to the tune of "Dan Tucker." And right then I decided that Methodist preachers were not alone in attacking the feathered tribe, but that bees, too, made good their chances.

The blear-eyed, big-mouthed battalion stationed at the gate soon caught the spirit of the night's revelry and one and all took speedy departure for the nearest out-house, each one screaming as shrill as a log-train whistles. This uproarious quarter of the field alarmed the parents, and in wild excitement both came like an April whirlwind to investigate



matters. They found out, too, for before they reached me they had to pass the hives, and there a storm set in. A ship on the Indian Ocean never careened more regularly during a storm than did that dear madam when she met the array of stingers. And that bow-legged husband of hers disappeared through the cotton patch like an *ignis fatuus*, fighting and breaking stalks every leap, making as much noise as a fire in a cane-brake.

Until this moment I had stood in utter wonderment, and beheld these riotous maneuverings with a pleasure half painful. I enjoyed a fit of leg-slapping laughter! I indulged in this moonlit comedy with ecstatic interest, standing at a safe distance from the whole and thus obtaining a full view of each actor's part.

But the turkey could not be found anywhere, and in fact nobody cared to search for it anyway.

The train blew at the crossing and came snorting up to the station; I grabbed at its rear and clung to the rods, and in ten minutes I was rehearsing the whole experience to my employer, who I thought would die of fitful laughter.

## OF MOVING ACCIDENTS BY FLOOD AND FIELD OF HAIRBREADTH 'SCAPES

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Q.

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Three swimmers went dashing away to the West,  
Away to the West as the sun went down,  
And one had his trousers and one had his vest,  
But none had apparel to come into town;  
For the mill-pond is posted, the miller will shoot,  
And the man that's best off is the first one to scoot,  
And good-bye to the pond and its swimming.

Three students lay flat on their faces that night,  
On their faces that night as the clock ticked late,  
And the lead that the doctors picked out was a sight;  
Though he might have been drunk the miller shot straight.  
For swimming on Sunday's immoral, you know.  
Three students at least will swear that 'tis so,  
So good-bye to the pond and its swimming!

## THE AGE OF CROWDS

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R. A. SULLIVAN.

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The age in which a civilization lives usually derives its name from the dominant force at work in it, let that force be social, industrial, political or religious. Thus the age in which we live can easily be recognized as the age of crowds.

Crowds have always played an important part in the life of peoples, but this part has never been of such importance as at present. The substitution of the unconscious actions of crowds for the conscious activity of individuals is one of the principal characteristics of the present age.

The great upheavals which precede changes of civilization, such as the fall of the Roman Empire and the foundation of the Arabian Empire seem at first sight determined more especially by political transformations, foreign invasions or the overthrow of dynasties. But a more attentive study of these events shows that behind their apparent causes the real cause is seen to be a profound modification in the ideas of the peoples.

The memorable events of history are the visible effects of the invisible changes of human thought. The reason these great events are so rare is that there is nothing so stable in a race as the inherited ground-work of its thoughts.

The present epoch is witnessing a process of transformation in the thought of mankind.

This transformation has at its base two fundamental principles. The first is the destruction of those religious, political and social beliefs in which all the elements of our civilization are rooted. The second is the creation of entirely new conditions of existence and thought as the result of modern scientific and industrial discoveries.

The ideas of the past, although half destroyed, being still very powerful, and the ideas which are to replace them being still in process of formation, the modern age represents a period of transition.

It is clear that on whatever lines the societies of the future are organized they will have to count with a new power, with the last surviving sovereign force of modern times—the power of crowds. While all our ancient beliefs are tottering and disappearing, while the old pillars of society are giving way one by one, the power of the crowd is the only force which nothing menaces, and of which the prestige is continually on the increase.

Scarcely a century ago the traditional policy of European states and the rivalries of sovereigns were the principal factors that shaped events. The opinion of the masses scarcely counted at all. To-day it is the individual tendencies and rivalries of rulers which do not count, while on the contrary the voice of the masses has become preponderant. It is this voice that dictates their conduct to kings, whose endeavor it is to take note of their utterances. The destinies of nations are elaborated at present in the heart of the masses and no longer in the councils of princes.

The entry of the popular classes into political life is one of the most striking characteristics of our age.

This is also an age of transportation. Ideas are transported as well as corn and wheat.

The freshman class is, as a rule, physically the strongest class of a college. But the fact that it can be put to flight by a weaker class proves that there is a lack of unity and coherence among its members. It is by association that crowds have come to procure ideas with respect to their interests which are very clearly defined, if not particularly just, and have arrived at a consciousness of their strength.

These associations of ideas are brought about by the press,

transportation facilities, the telephone and telegraph systems.

The masses are founding labor unions, which in spite of all economic laws tend to regulate the conditions of labor and wages.

To-day the claims of the masses are becoming more and more sharply defined and amount to nothing less than a determination to make society hark back to that primitive state which was the normal condition of all human groups before the dawn of civilization. Limitations of the hours of labor, the equal distribution of all products, and the elimination of all the upper classes for the benefit of the popular classes, are some of these claims.

Crowds have very little reasoning power, hence they are quick to act. Nothing is more mobile and changeable than the thoughts of crowds, and nothing more frequent than to see them execrate to-day what they applauded yesterday. To-day they demand a monarchy, to-morrow a democracy. As the result of their present organization their strength has become immense. The divine right of the masses is about to replace the divine right of kings.

Universal symptoms, visible in all nations, show us the rapid growth of the power of crowds, nor is this power destined to cease growing at an early date. Whatever fate it may reserve for us, we shall have to submit to it. All reasoning against it is vain.

Certainly it is possible that the advent to power of the masses marks one of the last stages of western civilization—a complete return to those periods of confused anarchy which seem always destined to precede the birth of every new society.

History tells us that from the moment when the moral forces on which a civilization rests have lost their strength, its final dissolution is brought about by those unconscious

and brutal crowds known, justifiably enough, as barbarians. Civilizations, as yet, have only been created and directed by a small intellectual aristocracy, never by crowds. Crowds in many instances are powerful for destruction.

One has said that a crowd actuated by one ruling motive, organized and directed by one master mind, can no more be controlled by human influence outside of itself than can the Falls of Niagara be dammed with straw.

This rule is always tantamount to a barbarian phase. In consequence of the purely destructive nature of their power, crowds act like those microbes which hasten the dissolution of enfeebled or dead bodies. When the structure of a civilization is rotten, it is always the masses that bring about its downfall.

We do not know a great deal about these crowds which are beginning to be the object of so much discussion.

Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard, says: "The normal forces that govern the ordinary conduct of men, in their public relations, have scarcely received any scientific treatment at all." Many professional students of psychology have lived far from these crowds, and when they have turned their attention in this direction it has only been to consider the crimes crowds are capable of committing. Mr. Baldwin, in his dictionary of psychology, tells us that a crowd whose performances are particularly capricious and violent is a mob. Without a doubt criminal crowds exist, but virtuous and heroic crowds are also to be met with.

The main cause of the peculiar actions of criminal crowds is the loss of individual responsibility among their members. We have all doubtless noticed individuals in crowds commit acts that they would blush to commit when separated from the crowd. This observation may be explained by saying that a crowd has an intoxicating effect upon the individual.

Each of us will have to meet with crowds of various kinds

when he leaves this institution. A knowledge of the mind of crowds is to-day the last resource of the minister of the gospel as well as of the statesman. To know the art of impressing the imagination of crowds is to know at the same time the art of governing them.

It was not by means of cunning rhetoric that Antony succeeded in making the crowd rise up against the murderers of Caesar; it was by reading his will to the multitude and pointing to his corpse.

Seeing the growing influence of crowds, it behooves us to begin a study of their workings; to equip ourselves as leaders, that we may be instrumental in raising individuals above the level of their constituents and thus prevent their sinking below the moral standard which social pressure has forced upon them. Then and not until then can it truly be said that we are indeed leaders of men.

## FROGS AND A FORTUNE

BARBARA.

Everything had gone wrong in the office that day. Old man Gregson was in a humor that boded ill to all who crossed him. When his son walked into the office dressed in the latest style suit, a flower in his lapel, a gold-headed cane in his neatly-gloved hand, and his hat tipped over his left ear, the storm broke.

"What do you mean by coming in here dressed like a tailor's model, young man? Trying to show your shabby-looking old daddy up, are you? Your old daddy who has spent a small fortune upon you for your course at Harvard and then given you a year's traveling abroad. It's all been wasted, for you are not worth a—— You're no good. No good; do you hear me? Look at that hat, that coat, that cane. Bah! What do you want now—more money?"

"You seem to be in quite a temper this afternoon," calmly replied the young man. "But, to answer your question. I have come because you sent for me. By way of explanation, I may add that I am to be present at a reception, at four o'clock, given by Mrs. Crosman-Heink to Miss Vancoult, my bride-to-be. Hence my dress, which seems so distasteful to you."

The old man jumped to his feet. "So you are going to marry Inez Vancoult," he thundered. "Now right here is where I draw the line. You can marry her if you like, but never another cent do you get from me. Do you understand? I'm tired of throwing away good money on worthless people. Now you can decide. Come and go to work here in the office or marry that society butterfly and go wherever you please," and the irate father brought his fist down upon the desk with a bang.



"I am of age, sir, and I'll marry whom I please. I am perfectly able to take care of myself and her, too, for that matter. Good day, sir"; and young Gregson walked out.

"Take care of himself, indeed! If he does, it will be the first time in his life," muttered the old man as he turned to his desk.

## II.

A few days after this stormy interview had taken place between father and son, Bob Ainscoat, Edward's roommate at Harvard, stepped into the office of Mr. Gregson and received only a curt nod and a motion to take a seat.

"Seen Edward lately?" casually inquired the old man as he glanced up from a letter he was reading.

"Yes, he came around a day or two ago to tell me good-bye. Said he was going out West. I suppose Inez kicked him when she learned that you had cut him off."

The gray-haired father dropped the letter. "Did he tell you that?"

"No, but I have an idea that she did by his going away."

"So he has gone West, has he? Did he have any money when he left?"

"Oh, a couple of thousand, I guess."

"Well, he'll soon blow that in and come back begging for more," said the old man as he turned back to his desk.

"I don't believe he will, Mr. Gregson. Ed's got a good business head, and now he has got to kick for a living, he'll kick. I'll let you know if I hear from him. Good day."

## III.

It was a pleasant, crisp day in the fall some months later, and "old Greggie" was in a particularly good humor. When Bob Ainscoat walked into the office he was greeted with unusual warmth.

"Glad to see you, Bob. Have a seat; here, take this one,

the back's better"; and Mr. Gregson pushed his own favorite chair over to the young man.

"Heard from Edward lately?" inquired the old fellow as he lighted a cigar.

"Yes," replied Bob; "got a letter this morning; want me to read it?"

"Yes, if it's not too long," carelessly answered the old man, but his eyes belied his voice, for they were moist.

"All right," said Bob as he unfolded the letter. This is what he read:

"DELANGON, CAL., Oct. 3, 19—.

DEAR BOB: It has been a long time since I saw you and Kirk and the rest of the fellows and the "old man"; that is, it has seemed like a long time to me. I suppose you are wondering what I have been doing. Well, I might as well start at the beginning and go through to the end.

You know when I left that day I bought a ticket to San Francisco, and the Lord only knows what I should have done had I ever got there. But whom should I see standing on the platform at a little station way out in the wilds, but old Sandy. One glimpse of his freckled face and red hair was enough. I grabbed my suit-case and jumped off and we had a jollification meeting right there on the spot. You remember Sandy, I reckon. He played fullback on the 'Varsity our first year at Harvard.

The upshot of the whole thing was that I decided to go with him next day out to his ranch. It didn't make much difference to me where I went, then. We rode up to his bunk-house about dark. Hungry and sore? Oh, Lordy! The cook had a splendid supper for us. What do you reckon was the main item on the menu? Frog-legs! Think of it. All you could eat and then some. You remember those we got at Deronda's one night, don't you? You will also, no doubt, recall the bill. Keep it in mind.

I asked "Grubbs," the cook, where he got such delicacies, and he replied, "de swamp am full er dem."

I had got a glimpse of the swamp as we came up. Suddenly an idea struck me and stuck. After a long smoke, Sandy and I turned in, but I didn't sleep much. It was a case of too many frogs, both internally and externally.

Next morning I persuaded Sandy to go with me for a look at the swamp, and it was as Grubbs said—literally full of the biggest, greenest frogs imaginable. There seemed to be millions of them and the swamp extended for acres and acres. A little creek rambled through it so the water was fresh. I went back to the house with so much faith in my idea that I bought the whole swamp right out from Sandy. He was glad to get any price for it.

As to my idea. I remembered what we paid for frog-legs in the city and I figured that the reason the price was so high was that, they were scarce and hard to get upon the market. I also figured that at a reasonable price per frog I could make a neat little sum off the swamp.

So, accordingly, I wrote to all the first-class hotels and cafe's I could think of and asked what they would pay for frog-legs, delivered to them. In a few days replies began to come in, and the prices offered were enormous. All were glad of the chance to get them at any price. Well, of course, I had to work out the details of preparing and shipping them, but it was soon done. To make a long story short, as the saying is, I am now owner and manager of the only "frog farm" in existence. Have cleared five thousand already and the demand for my "product" is increasing all the time. Don't think I'll go broke, anyhow.

Sandy and I have had some bully "larks" together. Wish you could come down and spend a while with us.

Write me, if only a line.

Your true friend,

EDWARD GREGSON."

The old man was silent for a minute after Bob had finished reading the letter. Then he burst into a laugh that made the windows rattle.

"Who would have thought it! A 'frog-farm!' Guess I'll write the boy. Give me his address, Bob."

THE CORN CROW

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A. D. G.

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Look up; he sits and eyes,  
Then swooping, down he flies  
To steal his fill of corn.

With stealthy step he treads  
The newly furrowed beds  
Each frosty April morn.

But hist! he hears a sound;  
He croaks to those around  
That danger lurks near-by.

And swift as Indian dart  
He sails with practiced art  
From view of hunter's eye.

## THE EARLY FRENCH IN AMERICA

TAMBOURINE.

I do not write of a hero of a principle or of a faith, but of a hero who had a definite idea and determined aim; a man whose whole being pilgrimed untiringly onward towards the goal which it was never to attain; a feeling breast which was armed with a stoic panoply, and whose masculine stature enveloped a pioneer who guided America to the land of her richest heritage. This man is Robert Cavalier de La Salle, of Rouen, France.

To understand the man better we must take a moment to glance over a few of his characteristics and early promptings. He was born of a family of the nobility, in 1643, and educated for the priesthood. Finding himself especially proficient in, and naturally adapted to channels adverse to the secluded life of a priest, he eventually disclaimed this religious obligation. As a noted writer states: "To find himself not at the center of power, but at the circumference, not the mover, but the moved; the passive instrument of another's will, taught to walk in prescribed paths; to renounce his individuality and become a component atom of a vast whole—would have been intolerable to him." His strong personality could not be remodeled by the moulding hand; by nature he could bear no initiation but his own. The cravings of a deep ambition, the hunger of an insatiable intellect, the intense longings for action and achievement, subdued in him all other passions, and his catholic heart was no receptacle for pleasure. Aspiration and bold energy lay at the base of his character. In such a man let us now see what some of the ideas and aims were and to what end led the results.

That which prompted this man, the noblest of the French

explorers, to come to the New World was not of sudden growth and short duration, like the predominant incentives which held sway in the minds of his predecessors and contemporaries, but it developed as years went on. He fondled vague schemes of western discovery, and when his earliest journeyings revealed to him the valley of the Ohio and fertile plains of Illinois, his keen imagination took wing over the boundless prairies westward and his restless feet roamed in a moment the waving forests drained by the mighty rivers of the West. Here his ambition had discovered an entrance to the cherished field of activity. Now he would leave the cold Canadian plains and lead France and her civilization down the great Mississippi, which he hoped soon to discover. Here and in this way he would call into light the latent wealth of the fascinating West. Here he hoped to make a new route to China, a new road to the riches of Japan, and thus abandon the difficult access through Canada, beset with enemies, to the West, and thereupon open a way to the vast domain through the Gulf and the Mississippi. He would explore the great river to its mouth and there establish a trading post and fortifications by which no other nation could pass without his permission. Thus would there be free access to the fur trade of the North every season until other enterprises should be developed. With these plans in view it is easy to see how his sincerity gave living interest to every solicitation for assistance he made to his zealous friend, Count Frontenac. And winning the Count's favor he secured men, guns, boats and provisions for the enterprise and set out in the year 1669. From lake to lake through miry bogs and dreary forests he pushed his course into the far away West where lonely pines towered like masts against the sky, whose sun-scored erags stretched out like welcoming arms.

Did La Salle really discover the Mississippi during this first attempt? Let us see. To follow him during the first

part of this trip between the years 1669 and 1671 would be to involve ourselves in obscurity. However, La Salle left Fort La Chine, near Montreal, came down the St. Lawrence to Lake Erie, where he reached a branch of the Ohio, descending it as far down as the rapids at Louisville, and, as maintained by some, he even passed beyond its confluence with the Mississippi. Here his men abandoned him and he retraced his footsteps alone.

Having returned, the question arises as to where he was and what he did in 1671. According to a certain history of La Salle, he embarked on Lake Erie, ascended the Detroit to Lake Huron, explored the shores of Lake Michigan, then crossing over to a river flowing westward, now known as the Illinois, followed until he reached another flowing northwest and southeast. Some writers claim this river as the Mississippi, and that he descended it as far as the 36th degree of latitude.

That he discovered the Ohio is a well-sustained fact which the explorer himself avows in a memorial to Count Frontenac in 1677. He is also accorded the same honor by Joliet. But that he penetrated as far as the Mississippi in his alleged voyage down the Illinois prior to Marquette and Joliet, is a different case. This statement is upheld by one biased in La Salle's favor and likely he tried to make La Salle vaunt his own exploits. In a memorial addressed to His Majesty by La Salle's relatives after the explorer's death they do not mention that he reached the Mississippi before his expeditions in 1679 to '82; and thus in the light of this evidence it is probable that he did not discover it until a much later date.

But out of the fragments of ruin La Salle could erect a structure of success; and in 1681 he renewed his energies, and again began to grapple with adversities. With his usual vigor he began planning to convert the Indian slaughter-fields into enticing areas for French civilization and Chris-



tianity. Twice defeated in trying to find the mouth of the Mississippi, he looked upon Indian friendship with eagerness and keen appreciation, for his efforts were futile and wholly meaningless without he succeeded in his attempts. It was late in the season and La Salle hastened his preparations. Down the leafless forests and frozen streams he and his men made their way until, on the 6th of February, 1682, they beheld the majestic bosom of the Father of Waters. They landed and took formal possession at the present site of Vicksburg, reembarked and wended their way down by the villages of the Taensas, Natchez, Coroas and Oumas in rapid succession. And on the 6th of April they came to where the river divides into three channels. Here they divided into three parties and each followed a separate course. "As they drifted down the turbid current, between the low and marshy shores, the brackish waters changed to brine, and the breeze grew fresh with the salt breath of the sea. There the great broad bosom of the Gulf opened on their sight, tossing its restless billows, limitless, voiceless and lonely as when born of chaos."

A short distance from the mouth, the parties reunited and here a column was erected bearing the arms of France. "On that day France received on parchment a stupendous accession—the fertile plains of Texas; the vast basin of the Mississippi from the frozen northern springs to the sultry borders of the Gulf; from the woody ridges of the Alleghanies to the bare peaks of the Rockies—a region of savannahs and forests, sun-cracked deserts, and grassy prairies watered by a thousand rivers, ranged by a thousand war-like tribes—passed beneath the scepter of the Sultan of Versailles." Here he and his men spent a while and slowly began their return, and for over a year were wrestling with Indians and starvation. In 1683 La Salle at last reached the Canadian forts and returned to France.

Now before King Louis XIV, he proposes a new plan—to return by way of the Gulf of Mexico and the mouth of the Mississippi to the new lands he had discovered. Made bold and confident by his recent success, he wrested from his king the desired permission, set sail, and on New Year's Day, 1685, he again anchored a few leagues from the shore of what they thought Appalachee Bay, but they were much farther westward and near Galveston. Sailing a few miles farther southward he and his crew landed at Matagorda Bay first, and later at Corpus Christi Bay, not far north of the Rio Grande.

For several weeks, and even months, they encamped among the marshes and lagoons of the coast, wandering slowly back overland towards Canada. Their ships had been wrecked partly through ignorance, and partly through treacherous enemies under La Salle's employment. He resolved to make his return by way of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers to Canada. This he never accomplished, for here is the scene of La Salle's tragic death. Five of his followers enraged, secretly slew Moranget, La Salle's young nephew; and having thereby endangered their own safety, it was expedient that they plan the immediate despatching of their leader.

On the 19th of March, 1687, La Salle and his friar were searching for the absent Moranget, when they were entrapped by Duhaut and Liotot, who crouched in the long, reedy, dry grass and waited the approach of the unsuspecting victim. One of the conspirators stood in the open and haughtily replied to La Salle when asked where Moranget was. As the incensed commander advanced, rebuking the insolent villain, a shot issued from the grass and La Salle dropped dead, pierced through the brain. Then in a rage, rallying around the murdered hero, with base mockery and vile insult they divested the dead body, dragged it in the thicket near-by, and there left it for worms and vultures. And Parkman's opin-

ion of this great Frenchman may here fittingly be appended: "Cavelier de La Salle stands in history like a statue cast in iron; but his own unwilling pen betrays the man, and reveals in the stern, sad figure an object of human interest and pity."

But there was another field in the New World on which the blood of heroes was spilled. Two decades before La Salle met his fate upon the Texas plains there roamed among the northern wildernesses another stalwart figure. This was Pontiac, a courageous, resolute, eloquent and preeminently endowed chieftain, with a rare and commanding energy and force, as crafty and subtle as ever basked in the mellow sunlight fields of North America.

We first distinctly see him emerging stealthily from hiding places along the shores of Lake Erie, then a friend of the French who had courted the friendship of the neighboring tribes. When the English General Rogers coasted these shores Pontiac greeted him haughtily, but was soon won over to the side of the English, for as early as 1760 his alert senses foresaw that the French power would soon be waning.

When, in 1763, it was announced that France had ceded her territory to the English, Pontiac, having been cruelly and ungratefully treated by the English, formed a conspiracy, a plot such as never was before conceived and executed by a North American Indian. It was determined to attack all the English forts the same day, then turn upon the defenseless frontier and ravage and lay waste the entire English settlements. The French treated him cordially, and special marks of esteem were accorded him by Montcalm; and it is said Pontiac commanded the Ottawas in the memorable defeat of Braddock.

We have seen how, when the tide of affairs changed, this treacherous and alert chief trimmed his bark to the current and lent a friendly hand to the French, then the English,

and when they aroused his hatred, he again sided with the French.

While the war was on the eve of breaking out, the treaty of peace at Paris in February, 1763, took place, and the English in portioning out their new acquisitions, left the Ohio Valley as an Indian Reservation. Had this happened sooner, the war might have been averted, but "while the sovereigns of England, France and Spain were signing the treaty, countless Indians in the dark, green bosom of the American forests were chanting their death knell and whetting scalping knives. The wild multitude, in fluttering and vulgar blazonry by their pine-knot fires, danced and harangued exultantly beneath the deep red glare of the illuminated forest boughs. Dog-flesh feasts, served in wooden bowls, quieted their diabolical yells and they often slept the night away in gluttonous stupor."

But morning brings a scene of slaughter. Close up in single file, clad in rough attire for hard service, they stealthily move through the tangled brambles until they reach the helpless garrisons and defenseless settlements. "Urged on by Pontiac, and by the great concourse of young damsels—radiant with bear grease, ruddy with paint, and versed in all the acts of forest coquetry, and by shrivelled old hags with wiry limbs and squeaky voices, and troops of merry children with mischievous black eyes, all applauding them—these gallant warriors proudly trod the forest green in restless waiting for the coming game of war they soon would play."

Early in May, 1763, a definite plan of treachery was resolved upon. Pontiac and his chiefs would demand an important and urgent council with the commandant of Detroit, and thus gain ready admittance. While in the act of addressing the commandant, Pontiac would make a certain signal, and thereupon the chiefs were all to rush upon the Eng-

lish officers present and strike them a fatal blow and thus blot out the name of Detroit forever.

But each secret has its signal lamp, each error its ill result, and every great calamity its dire prognostics. About Detroit the previous October an inky soot-like rain fell, and the phenomenon caused the excited Canadians to be on their guard. On the 5th of the following May, St. Aubin's wife, while visiting the neighboring Indian village to purchase provisions, saw them filing off their guns so that stock and all would not exceed three feet in length. And as tradition tells us, to make the citizens of Detroit more certain of their impending danger, one of the captains, having become infatuated by the attractive physical beauty of Catherine, an Ojibwa girl, through his friendly relations with her, learned that Pontiac would come the next day with sixty chiefs, with guns cut short and hidden under their blankets, and that when Pontiac should offer the pipe of peace in a reversed position it would be a signal for attack. At that moment they were to fire upon the officers and kill every one of them instantly.

At ten o'clock next day Pontiac came to the fort and his treacherous followers filled the passageways with their savage countenances. They were imbedded to the chin in great blankets, and some were crested with waving plumes, some with heads shaved clean, others with hair flowing loosely at their backs or hanging over their lion-like eyes and crafty features, making the aspect one of terror, grimness and uncouth stateliness. But the English were too alert for him, for as he entered in at the opened gateway his broad breast heaved a sigh of despair as he beheld on either side of him ranks of soldiers with glistening steel like that grim gray line at Gettysburg a hundred years later. Their rigid limbs showed no signs of emotion, but one might have seen their small eyes piercing with awful scrutiny the innermost halls

of every little white cottage. When they had assembled in court for consultation, Gladwyn, the English officer, with calm eye fixed steadfastly upon Pontiac, melted the chief's purpose, and in amazement and perplexity he sat down. Seeing himself thus thwarted in his purpose, he prescribed a new piece of treachery, that of revisiting Gladwyn and letting the squaws and their children shake the hands of their good white fathers once more. To this Gladwyn winked with cutting indifference and silence, and straightway bade the baffled visitors to depart immediately into the fragrant breezes of the flowery sunlit fields.

Here as elsewhere we have noticed that Pontiac's deeds were concealed within a veil of blackest treachery, and though commanding and magnanimous in nature, yet he was possessed of that odious vice which stains the heart of the coward and traitor. Though as generous in thought and deed as the heroes of ancient history, he was a savage, and craft and cunning were not alien attributes of his mature intellect. Though balked, enraged, and mortified, yet never was he the warrior who would release his hold on fading opportunities until death and disaster crossed his pathway.

On the following Monday, May the 9th, Pontiac and his four tribes of allies were assembled near the gate of Detroit, and as the unsuspecting procession was returning from mass, he demanded admittance, that he and his braves might once more assure their white fathers of their friendly attitude by a general handshaking. The sentinel replied haughtily to Pontiac that he himself might enter, but that the rabble of savages outside might not. To this the chief's rage and smuggled hatred responded; the mask fell off and a grim demon-like smile spread over his face; he strode abruptly away towards his concealed warriors, who, upon beholding his countenance, leaped into the air, sending diabolical yells through the silent woodlands, and at once proceeded to fulfill

their mission of death and destruction to the neighboring settlers.

Space will not allow a full account of Pontiac and his maneuverings. But as has been stated, about the time the treaty of peace was signed at Paris, Pontiac was enraged and roving the far-away jungles like a wild beast. He was stealthily marching from village to village endeavoring to ally himself with the strongest side, for defeat and disaster were lowering and threatening the future horizon, and in a crisis not far distant they would close fast about him. Night after night the silent darkness of the dreary forests resounded with the futile harangues of Pontiac as he stood pleading to his flock to avenge the blood of their loved ones. In sudden frenzy his warriors rush together into the ring which Pontiac usually drew around himself, and "leaping, stamping, and whooping, brandishing knives and hatchets in the firelight, hacking and stabbing the air, and at times breaking into a burst of ferocious yells," his demented tribesmen temporarily resolved never to disband until they shall see each settlement converted into a curling column of flame and smoke, hurling itself angrily against the peaceful sky. But, alas! On one side was dissolution, on the other civilization; on one side inactive solitude, and on the other annihilation. Beyond lay the black and withered future; behind him were the straggling mementoes of a terrible past. Allies were falling away and dangerous competitors and gigantic conspiracies were taking their places. Nothing but to surrender seemed possible. He held one more conference with the French whom he had so long trusted, and as a last farewell, boldly, like one in despair, denounced them for having so long betrayed him with encouraging promises that the French king would soon send armies to protect him from the hated English. Then he departed.

Having learned that the French had ceded all their best

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Having learned that the French had ceded all their best

territory to the English, he straightway pursued his old policy of allying himself with the stronger side, and in the summer of 1766 he met Sir Wm. Johnson and signed a treaty that he henceforth would be the trusted friend of the English; and it is not until April three years later that we again see him, when he enters the English quarters at St. Louis and remains there several days, visiting friends and acquaintances. "Arrayed in the full uniform of a French soldier which Montcalm had presented to him, he visited his old friend Chouteau, then proceeded to an Indian drinking bout in the ancient hamlet of Cahokia just across the Mississippi from St. Louis. Here, while intoxicated, Pontiac was tomahawked by another Indian who had been bribed by an English trader named Williamson with the niggardly gift of a barrel of liquor."

No mound or tablet marks the resting place of this remarkable warrior. Above this forest hero a city has risen; over his hunting grounds a thousand glistening roofs cast their shadows; where his clarion voice once disturbed the wilderness winds, now the hum of a million spindles and solemn tramp of civilization resound without intermission; and the mighty race upon which he looked with deepest hatred now tramples with ceaseless footsteps over his mouldering dust.

## MISTER RABBIT

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A. D. GORE.

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Bunny came a-leaping  
Dodging and a-peeping  
Right up to where I stood.

"Stop there, Bun!" I shouted,  
Seeing him thus routed,  
And Bun declared he would.

Sitting on his haunches  
Thinking ere he launches  
He sniffled every breeze.

Squawking like I meant it,  
Knowing that I sent it  
He up and scattered leaves.

Bunny showed his *cotton*  
Proving he'd forgotten  
His deeds of former days.

Bouncing and a-bumping  
Off he went a-jumping  
Athwart the grassy ways.

## EDITORIALS

ARTHUR D. GORE

### Suggestions

When we hear a college man spinning out vulgarity and profanity between clouds of cigarette smoke it disgusts and nauseates. It spreads the disease to other minds and tends to weaken both the speaker and his hearers. Should this spirit permeate a student body without one word of rebuke? Are there those who are too puny to oppose it? No. We take the liberty to speak in behalf of that better element which is at the back of everything good and worthy at Wake Forest.

But yet there is something to mention, the significance of which concerns us all. Go into the Moot Court on Saturday night. Its interior, at first glance, has the weird look of some imaginary, unearthly apartment whose inmates sit engulfed in mystic hazes of sulphurous clouds. To remain long therein would dethrone the reason of a Cyclopean giant. Those addicted to smoking may think it heroic, but those who do not participate in vicious pleasures think it detestable. If you have no respect for the law profession nor for those who are making it their study, then be civil and self-respectful enough to stay away, which will eliminate the vexation. This seemingly harmless practice is even carried further—into your friend's room. If he is a timid, weakly freshman, you do not ask if it offends; if he is a senior friend, you impose upon good nature—so there it goes. But he remembers it all longer than his stay at college.

Then, too, there are some who are too little and insignificant to be recognized. But we would reason inversely by saying, that their loud brayings and pistol shots at night entitle them thus. They intensify their unimportance by thus announcing their whereabouts.

Nature has her sign-boards. She portrays her magnificent

grandeur in the valleys, hills, sea and sky. Her ugliness is found in the mind's eye of the beholder only. Man's physiognomy is the thermometer of his character. His character rules his actions, and his actions rule his destiny. Thus beware of your ridiculous postures during recitation. We have seen gentlemen seated as if undergoing an operation. Often they sit folded up like a pocket-knife, thus portraying a similar condition of the will. If we see a man shuffling along the road inebriately, with head forward and shoulders drooped like wings, we need no truer index to his flimsiness. The ultimate result is a hunched back and a monkey's lung capacity, and with nobody to blame for it but himself.

A man's appearance—not so much what he wears, but whether clean and neat-fitting, whether he is well groomed, has much to do with success. We have known college men who would furnish their friends a topic of comment were they to smooth their disheveled hair and knock off the mud from their heels when entering the recitation rooms. Invariably a slovenly man is a sluggard, whose tact and willingness to use his talents are lacking. Such a perambulating bundle of aimless characteristics, dope-nourished and overtaxed by other stimulants, will eventually yield to more degrading dissipations which empty their victims into an early and sinful grave.

It is not our purpose to take the cynic's view, nor to employ subtle flattery, neither to dwell on trifles with the minuteness of a novice, nor deal in vague generalities, but like Horace nineteen centuries ago, we would use the golden mean by encouraging those who merit it and disdaining the unworthy.

Every great and successful man had a definite aim in view, and went straight for it. In this period of the world's mad rush, in this epoch of its intoxicated greatness, and its whirlpool of allurements and welcoming snares, too few have aims,

but are dreaming of phantoms, will-o'-the-wisps, and loitering in perpetual idleness. Now, shall we give to a student the credit of having an ideal aim in life, one worthy of success, who peeps over your shoulder and copies your examination paper? For some buxom youngster to idle away the night in the foolish game of cards and next day sign a pledge to work not original, is a sure road to failure whose bitter end is already forecast. In the atmosphere of truth and honesty, success and permanent greatness, his condemnation is predestined to come apace, and instead of rising from creaturehood to creators, the result is reversed. Instead of shuffling off the shackles of vice and ignorance, he lets them nurse him on their bosom, thereby unfitting him for converting the coarse to the fine, bad to good, or to combine in any satisfactory degree his wonted idealism with executive ability.

It matters not what walk of life we intend to follow, to acquire during college days the habit of thoroughness and painstaking in details, it will no doubt in later life, in value, become inestimable. "For the lack of a nail a shoe was lost, for the lack of a shoe a horse was lost, and for the lack of a horse the rider was lost."

And we would end with one more thought: Because some minor poet said life was but an empty dream, and because hard-pressed old Macbeth exclaimed in the jaws of death—

"Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

do not accept it as a universal invitation to drink some sleeping decoction to bring on this dream, or that you must play the fool in the wild-oat patch, to be the "idiot's" story, signifying nothing. It does not demand your life in football, nor

that you must make a pantry of yourself by shoveling up your food with a knife, or by flourishing your fork dagger-fashion while eating. Whether you choose to gain glory and an immortal name or to die unsung, it will never be amiss to start at the initial stage where little things begin and where the germs of success and greatness coexist.

## CURRENT COMMENT

E. W. S.

### Do We Want Postal Savings Banks

The establishment of a Postal Savings Bank is agitating a considerable part of the country. There is great anxiety to cultivate among the Americans the art of thrift and saving. Nothing is more effective in this education than a bank account, safe and paying. Bankers have written much on this subject, Leslie Shaw, ex-treasurer of the United States having issued a pamphlet on the "Art of Saving." This is the great argument in its favor. However, there is much opposition to a bank identified with the United States Government. The historical argument is all against such relationship. Three times the government has joined in the banking business and failed. The first and second United States Banks went up in political conflagration. The Freedman's Bureau Bank failed, and a bill is now pending in Congress to reimburse the negroes who lost their deposits in the ill-starred enterprise. Politically the United States Government is unfit to undertake the banking business. Arguments from other countries are not convincing, for the reason that political methods in America are not like those of any other country in the world. The Postal Savings Bank could not escape the touch of politics, which touch would curse not help.

The business argument against the institution is that it will tend to concentrate the money in the great financial centers like New York. The law will require that this money be deposited in the nearest national bank. Since the State and private banks can not be its custodians, these banks will convert themselves into national banks. These banks keep large deposits in New York. The panic of 1907 shows how difficult it is for a bank to withdraw its own funds from New York when most needed.



A threatened panic will cause the withdrawal of deposits from home banks, and they will be entrusted to the postal department, which will again entrust them to its favored banks. This will cause a scarcity of funds and the borrower will not be able to secure it or will secure it with great difficulty, which will mean indirectly a higher rate of interest. The two classes that would be most directly affected are the local bankers and borrowers.

Banking needs to be decentralized rather than centralized. New York needs to be less and less the financial thermometer. It is wrong for great speculations in New York to retard business or create panicky conditions in far off rural sections.—*Selected.*

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#### The Political Situation

The week has developed two events of deep significance in politics. The first of these is what is called the overthrow of Cannonism, and the second, the practically overwhelming election of Mr. Foss, the Democratic candidate for Congress, in the fourteenth district of Massachusetts, by a plurality of 5,640—a district which was carried by the Republicans in the election of 1908 by the solid plurality of 14,250. Both of these stirring events may be attributed to the failure of the Republican party to bring about promised reform in the tariff.

As far as Mr. Cannon is concerned, his defeat is not in great part a personal one, but amounts to a protest on the part of the best sentiment of the country against the ideas of one man prevailing on the most important public questions, without reference to anything else. With all regard for the many sterling qualities of the sturdy Speaker, it may be said that he has been, more than any other man or thing, the cause of unchangeableness in our currency laws during many years of opportunity for revision and of the most dire need therefor. He stood as a rock in the way of all reason-

able argument, hide-bound in the belief that what has been is right and must continue.—*Selected.*

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**Cannon and  
the Bumble-  
Bees**

Speaker Cannon has always frowned upon any innovation in such orthodox arrangements as have for many years pertained to the machinery of the tariff and the currency. Congressman Fowler, with his broad knowledge of the economies of the currency, was anathema to Cannon, who regarded him as a buzzing bumble-bee in the country front parlor, that might at any moment knock down and smash some of the antiquated bric-a-brac on the mantel-piece or spill the fuzzy caraway seeds on the black horsehair sofa, and when Fowler became too troublesome Mr. Cannon "shooed" him out of the front window and off of the chairmanship of the Committee on Banking and Currency. It was this intolerance of any suggestion that the rattle-trap system of National Bank notes, so long tolerated in the United States, was not the best in the world, that made Speaker Cannon so dangerous a power. Opinionated and uninformed on this subject, he has for years, with others of his ilk, suppressed progress in the rectification of its errors. Those who heard him last year at the American Bankers' Convention, in his speech on the currency, had only to listen to him for a few minutes to become convinced that there was no hope for reform as long as such leaders were in power. His praise of the national currency system as the best on earth was disheartening, as was his enchantment with the emergency provisions of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, which last is about as scientific a reliance as would be a boat made of walnut shells, and with paper sails, to cross the ocean in. Senator Aldrich himself, after a year's study of foreign banking systems, has become almost an expert on the question, and if he would only drop the political, indirect methods and advocate boldly and insistently the reforms which he knows

to be necessary, there would be some hope of getting our house in order before the next panie. But there are no signs now of this being probable, or even possible, and we shall sail into the next great storm zone a few years hence with as pretty a paper inflation, amounting already to nearly 800,000 millions in bank notes and 300 millions of greenbacks, as ever wrought havoc and disaster in fiat money history.—*Selected.*

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**The Unpopular  
Tariff**

The election of Mr. Foss marks the first ringing protest against the tariff revision failure, and comes from a Republican and protection stronghold. It is a warning to Republicans of the most striking character. The expressions of the victor and of the defeated candidate, Mr. William R. Buchanan, point in one direction. Mr. Foss declared that the result of the election showed "a demand by the people that the Republican party fulfill its pledges for an honest reduction of the tariff. It is a demand for the immediate repeal of section 2 of the Payne-Aldrich Act, which substitutes retaliation for reciprocity and threatens commercial warfare with our best customers." The defeated candidate said: "If the result would serve to convince the Republican leaders at Washington that something must be speedily accomplished in the way of lowering the cost of living, I shall feel that my defeat has not been without value."—*Selected.*

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CARL H. RAGLAND, Editor, Associate.

We have received the following invitation:

'98-02.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles Wayland Blanchard  
announce the marriage of their daughter

Mina

to

Mr. Paul Repton Alderman  
on Tuesday the eighth of March  
nineteen hundred and ten  
at Manning, South Carolina.

'86-'90. Rev. W. Jasper Howell recently entered upon his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Columbia, Mo. He was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1890 as Bachelor of Arts. He has a particularly interesting field, since Columbia is the seat of the University of Missouri and of Stephens College for Women.

'02-'06. Charles Preston Weaver, Master of Arts, 1907, has been chosen Associate in English of Maine University.

W. LeRoy Vaughan, Master of Arts, 1906, has been elected Superintendent of Public Instruction in Beaufort County, North Carolina.

'84-'86. Principal J. A. Campbell, one of the most useful of Wake Forest men, scored another success on Christmas day. He met the condition upon which Mr. Treat, of Pennsylvania, proposed to give \$1,000 toward the erection of a dormitory for Buie's Creek—namely, the contribution of \$3,000 additional by other friends of that flourishing high school. The new building will go up this spring. He reports an attendance this term of 345, and a total enrollment for the year of 475.

'87-'91. The distinction of being elected lecturer on the Gay Foundation in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., for the session of 1909-10 came to Prof. John Louis Kesler, Dean of Baylor University and Professor of Biology. The three lectures of the course were on the general subject of the relation of Biology to the Preacher, and were delivered in December. The *Baptist World* (Louisville) says: "Prof. J. L. Kesler, of Baylor University, delivered last week before the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary the three lectures of the Gay Foundation. There was a fine audience the first day, which was doubled the second day, and enthusiasm ran at high tide. Professor B. H. DeMent had said publicly to the Seminary students before the lecturer came that they were to hear a man who 'is a scholar, a Christian, and a gentleman, and above all a poet. Dr. DeMent proved a prophet. There has never been delivered a lecture in the seminary in the memory of the writer wherein there was more real poetic thought, more profound spiritual earnestness. The addresses were broken by frequent applause, and each day the speaker was greeted by more prolonged applause. Professor Kesler won the appreciation and affection of every one who heard him. This week we report in small part his first lecture and next week we will report the second in a like way. The third lecture was unreportable. It was a gem of literature and complete. The three lectures will appear in full after a time in the *Review and Expositor*."

'98-'03. Mr. Henry Cox Lanneau, of Savannah, Ga., is the author of a lyric which has been set to music by Arthur A. Penn. The song is published by Shapiro, a music publisher of New York City. The words follow:

## VIOLET.

Shy little violet under the snow,  
Why do you hide your pretty head so?  
Wonderful secrets you surely must know;  
So tell us, sweet violet, and whisper it low.

All the world seems pure to me,  
Glistening beneath its mantle of snow;  
I would breathe of its purity,  
So that's why I bend my head so low, low.

Dear Heart, heard you the secret fair  
Of the timid violet blooming there?  
So o'er thee would I bend low to kiss thy shining hair—  
Each strand more pure than flakes of snow  
That fall from highest regions rare.

'93-96. Mr. Thomas Henry Briggs, Jr., Professor of English in the Eastern Illinois Normal College at Charleston, paid a visit to his parents in Raleigh and his grandfather, Mr. W. B. Dunn, in Wake Forest, during the Christmas holidays. He was accompanied by his three-year-old son. Professor Briggs is publishing a series of books, which are adopted in the schools of Illinois.

'99-02. Mr. Gilbert Thomas Stephenson, who won his B.A. degree at Wake Forest in 1902 and his M.A. in 1904, and who is now completing his graduate studies in Harvard University in the Department of Law, has been publishing a series of articles in the *American Law Review* on "Race Distinctions in American Law." This important piece of work has been accepted by D. Appleton and Company for publication in a volume in the course of the next few months.

'94-'97. Dr. Frederick Kingsbury Cooke, who was a student of this College 1894-7, and Professor of Anatomy and Physiology 1903-5, died at the home of his father, Judge Charles M. Cooke, in Louisburg, February 7, 1910. At the funeral service, held February 10th in the Baptist church, the leading address was made by President Poteat,

of the College; the devotional exercises were led by Rev. Mr. London, of Louisburg, who added a word of appreciation. Dr. Cooke received his professional degree at Tulane University in 1900. In 1903 he was elected by the Wake Forest Board of Trustees to the position mentioned above, and began the work of the medical department in the fall of that year. He organized the two-year course in medicine, and more than any one else is entitled to the credit of suggesting the Bachelor of Science degree, including the two years of medicine as elective work. In mind he was alert, independent, and vigorous. In spirit and manner he was generous and genial, with the fine courtesy and instincts of the gentleman, and he was possessed of unusual social gifts and accomplishments. Professionally he was finely equipped, being at once a skillful surgeon and a gifted diagnostician. For the last several years of his life he was a great sufferer. He died a member of the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

'76-'83. A recent issue of the *Atlanta Constitution* contains the following: "The announcement comes from Gainesville, Ga., that Dr. T. J. Simmons, President of Shorter College, has bought from Dr. H. J. Pearce an interest in Brenau College. Dr. Simmons will leave Shorter College next June and will be associated with Dr. Pearce in the presidency of Brenau College-Conservatory." Dr. Simmons is the son of the late Dr. W. G. Simmons, who for many years occupied with distinguished credit the chair of physics and chemistry in Wake Forest College. He is an alumnus of Wake Forest, having taken the Master of Arts degree in 1883. Dr. Simmons has been president of Shorter College for twelve years. During his administration this institution has greatly increased in numbers and has become one of the best-known colleges in the South. Practically the whole Shorter faculty, including Professor J. Henry Simmons (M.A., 1889), will accompany Dr. Simmons to Brenau.

'98-'02. The marriage of Prof. Sumner Albert Ives, of Arkadelphia, Ark., and Miss Gladys Sharp, of Harrellsville, N. C., was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Sharp, on the afternoon of December 29, 1909. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. P. Davis, of Harrellsville. Professor Ives is a very accomplished young man, having many friends in North Carolina and at his former home—Pine Bluff. He is at present Professor of Biology in Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark. Miss Sharp is a charming and popular young woman and has many friends in her native State. She is a graduate of Murfreesboro Female Institute.

'03-'07. Mr. Carey B. Taylor is teaching at Dunn, N. C. He is principal of the graded school there and is doing good work.

'89-'91. "Col. Harry Skinner yesterday turned over the office of United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina to H. F. Seawell, of Carthage, recently appointed."—*News and Observer*.

'83-'87. Professor J. B. Carlyle, of the Department of Latin, was grand orator at the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Masons of North Carolina, which was in session at Raleigh from January 10 to 13. The subject of his speech was "Light and Love." It was a fine address and was delivered in an eloquent and pleasing manner.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROGER P. McCUTCHEON, Associate Editor

The University  
of Virginia  
Magazine

In many of the previous issues of the *University of Virginia Magazine* we have noticed a tendency on the part of the editors to furnish most of the material themselves. Such a method leads to literary perfection, we admit, but leaves us in doubt as to whether or not the magazine is really the organ of the student body. The February number, however, is free from this defect, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best college magazine of the month. The opening poem, "A Song," is a delicate bit of verse, which we take pleasure in reprinting elsewhere. Exceptional in every respect is "The Ungodly Fairy Godmother." The theme is one that is usually shunned by college writers, but in this particular story it is handled so skillfully that we can not criticize unfavorably. The style is difficult, but is sustained remarkably well. On the whole we consider it the most unique college story we have read this year. In a different vein is "The Foreign Tutor," inferior to "The Fairy Godmother" as a work of art, but nevertheless well done indeed. Some parts of it are strongly reminiscent of Hans Andersen. The second stanza of "A Wild Rose" is utterly devoid of meaning. If incomprehensibility be genius, the writer's fame is secure. The critique of "Hylas," Mr. Dargan's last volume of poems, we read with much interest. Carefully and critically done, it is well worthy its place. "Major Tom" is below the standard of the other articles, and only the sentiment, which impels us to deal tenderly with every feature of the Lost Cause, redeems it from the commonplace. The "Vignettes in Ebony" we enjoyed much. "The Oublicette" is a fine story, if we except the "Lady or the Tiger" conclusion. We'd like to

know what happened. "The Dilemma" is another good piece of fiction. The editorial on "Our Poor Little Sisters" is strong and convincing, written red-hot, to judge from the evident fear of "the hopeless contamination of coeducation." "The Easy Chair" is well handled and enjoyable. The exchange editor is doing valuable work.

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**Maryville  
College  
Monthly**

The opening story in the March *Monthly* is such as we might expect to find in a Sunday School paper for the little folks, not goody-goody, but namby-pamby. Not enough happens, and we lose interest before the end. "Swift Vindication" is the other story in this issue, and is no better as regards workmanship, and but little fresher as regards plot. "The King of the Gypsies" is really a good article, intimate in style, happy in its subject. The writer says what he has to say, and then stops. In "Home" we discover a new gender for lily. "Boyhood Reminiscences" is all that its title conveys. The writer has retained his youth exceptionally well, to judge from the vividness and relish with which the incidents are depicted. The two character sketches from Shakespeare are well done, and add to the literary tone of the magazine. The various departments are well arranged and well edited, and give us a good impression of the college life.

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**The College  
Reflector**

The *College Reflector* for March rejoices in the handsomest cover design that has appeared this year on any of our exchanges. Simple and happy in its color scheme, it is all that a cover design should be, and so often is not. The interior is more open to comment. The table of contents is wedged down at the bottom of a page in a most inaccessible manner. There is a scant twenty pages in the literary department, as opposed to the

forty pages of the other departments, and a lack of balance necessarily follows. The article on Lee shows skillful compilation rather than startling originality, but this "posy of other men's flowers" has a charm and fragrance all its own. "The Lineman" is a strong story. The plot is fresh, the action is rapid, the scene is especially effective. The plot of "A Successful Failure" is oddly similar to a story of the popular "Jim Stearns" series. In the original story the hero is chased by a bull while watching the cross-country team run, and escapes by a record jump. Forthwith the coach, who has witnessed the feat with absorbing interest, makes a star jumper out of him. In this case the hero leaps a fence to stop a runaway horse, and likewise lands on the track team. Is the substitution of the horse for the bull one of the results of the increased cost of beef? It is but charitable to suppose so. "The Use of Electricity in the Home" is in every way excellent, and is the best article in the *Reflector*.

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The University of North Carolina Magazine We like the cover design of the *Magazine* much, with its blue-and-white color scheme. "Early English Survivals on Hatteras Island" is the opening article in the February issue. We do not hesitate to pronounce this the most interesting and instructive article we have read this year. Mr. Cobb has done much valuable work in eastern Carolina, and deserves high commendation. "The Which Letter" is a story of a type which has lost its popularity, but it is well told, and has a pleasing style. The plot is clearly impossible, but this does not detract markedly from our interest. Clear in style, logical in its conclusions, "Ibsen and Modern Drama" is a fairly good article on a widely discussed subject. Ibsen's influence on modern drama is well analyzed. "Of Life and Death—A Comedy of Tears" is finely written, although

most sadly pessimistic in tone. The best poem in this number is "A Cabin Lullaby," which is reprinted elsewhere in this issue. "Working One's Way at the University" is another valuable article, written from first-hand observation, we judge, and with a clear comprehension. "The Dollar Victims" is another sad attempt to tell a story. On the whole the *Magazine* is exceptionally well supplied with essays, but the fiction is most lamentably weak. The editorials are strongly written, and sensible. The exchange editor takes life easy, to judge from the manner of conducting that department.

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Neat in cover design, well printed, and attractively arranged, the *March Wesleyan* makes its appearance. The literary department is certainly not overburdened with material, and fails to make up for this lack in a uniform excellence. The two poems, "Jerusalem" and "June," both deserve commendation, as far as meter and rhyme go, but fall short in poetic conception. "Twentieth Century Cartoons vs. Eighteenth Century Satiro" is a new subject for a college essay, and we read the article with much interest. Would that Dorothy had kept her promise and left her aunt's tale unrevealed. Then we would have escaped reading "Rosemary," a painful story of the type Myrtle Reed delights to honor. The article on Sidney Lanier is a trifle too extravagant. No one would deny Lanier's greatness, but few of us would class him with Shakespeare. "An Automobile Episode" is another tenuous attempt at a story, too slight to be of much value, but superior in sentimentality to "Rosemary." The two storm-scenes are the best things in this issue, both of them vivid and bright, in spite of the "laden" wind which whistled in the first one. The exchange department is thoughtfully concealed among the advertisements.

The opening poem in the March *Criterion* (Columbia College) is a pleasing bit of verse, correct in meter and happy in conception. "The Bridge of Sighs" is also good, in its own way, but it falls flat, and lacks the originality of "The Foghorn." The article, "Romeo and Juliet," is merely the usual thing. Nothing new is added, but the old and obvious is well retold. There is little evidence of originality in the analysis of the play, and we finish it with relief. "A Furlough" is a failure as an Indian story, being old in plot and tedious in style. The writer needs to learn how to paragraph conversation. By far the best thing in the *Criterion* is "Aunt Dinah Speaks." Aunt Dinah is real; we hear her voice and see her indignant gestures as she tells of "dose po-folks ways." The dialect is never overdone, and the characterization is vivid. "The Rochester Trip" is an interesting travel-picture, full of life, and intimate in style. "Jim's Experience" is a poor excuse for a story. "His Heart Set in Chains" is more endurable, and would do very well were it not for the extravagant spelling in the two "luve" letters. "The Patron Saint of Ireland" is an interesting and instructive sketch of Saint Patrick's life and work. The editorials are, without exception, well done.

## A Cabin Lullaby

Oh de moon's gone down behind de hill,  
De win' has lef' de pine trees still,  
En de rabbit's don' ben to de turnip patch,  
Don' et his greens and 's hustlin' back.  
De ole owl hoots frum de hollow tree,  
En his fussin' kinder puts queer feelin's on me—  
En Ole Spot howls,—hit's den hit's sed,  
A Sumpen ketches chillun dat ain't in bed.

Now honey jes' close dem eyes of your'n,  
Don't mind yo' po' ole daddy's snorin',  
Fur he's kinder worrud wid his new-ground  
patch,  
En hit's time fur folks to sleep.

But yo' big white eyes keep a-blinkin' at me,  
En I sit en I wonder what you'll be;  
Mebbe a preacher wid specks,—no tell;  
Or a dressed-up waiter in sum hotel.  
But den yo' quar'-shaped head kinder looks  
Dat you was cut out fer de knowledge o' books.  
But whar you'll be, or what yo' wealt'.  
I hope, O Lord, you 'll keep yo' healt'!

Now littl'un, littl'un, can't you see,  
Dat I'm jes' as sleepy as sleepy kin be?  
Why don't you close dem eyes of you'n  
En let yo' mammy res'?

—Arnold A. McKay, in the *University of N. C. Magazine*.

### A Song

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If I were a poet my song should be  
Of the ships that rot in the ocean deeps,  
Of the pearl that lies in a selfish sea  
And the arrow spent, and the lute that sleeps.  
I would sing of hands that were never pressed,  
Of hearts that withered, of cheeks that paled;  
I would sing of lips that were never kissed,  
Of him who strove and failed.

And thus I would sing eternally,  
And this my song should be.

—*University of Va. Magazine.*

# CLIPPINGS

## A SAD STORY.

Belinda longed for slender grace,  
And said it would be wise  
To seek some outlines to efface  
By constant exercise.  
And so she walked and rode in hope  
To cheat relentless fate,  
And tugged in patience at the rope  
That held the pulley weight.

She pushed the dumb bells right and left,  
But found—oh, cruel plight—  
That when she lost a bit in heft,  
She gained in appetite.  
The more she works—scared half to death  
She wails life's bitter cup—  
The more she works—scared half to death  
To get her dress hooked up.



## THE MAIN DIFFERENCE.

"Papa," asks the little boy, "how do men and women pick out the hats that will be most becoming to them?"

"A man, my son," explains the fond father, "selects his hat by the size and a woman chooses hers by the price."



## A REPEATER.

Beulah—When he kissed me last night I asked him to tell no one.

Belle—And did he?

Beulah—Why it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it!



## SURE PROOF.

Prue—Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you?

Dolly—I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe.

—Lippincotts.



## AN ERA OF GOOD FEELING.

My heart's so full of love today

For all my fellow man,

I'll gladly knock somebody down

To help him up again.

—Life.



## MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"I hear Jones, the sea captain, is in hard luck. He married a girl and she ran away from him."

"Yes; he took her for a mate, but she was a skipper."—*Princeton Tiger*.



## CONTRARIES.

There's not a string attuned, to mirth  
But finds its chord in melancholy,"  
Nor yet a "devilish" girl on earth  
But bears some straight-laced name like "Polly."



## THE PINCH O' 'T.

Who may there be who has forgot  
To sympathize with poor Pinchot?

Or who has not mused on the woe  
That suddenly assailed Pinchot?

Or who'd say: "I don't care a straw  
Because they fired out that Pinchot?"

Again we ask you calmly: "Who  
Does not commiserate Pinchot?"

Or are there those who even now  
Would not commiserate Pinchot?

As for the rest, we'll let this clinch it:  
"Have you no sigh to heave for Pinchot?" —*Life*.



## HAD REACHED THE LIMIT.

She—They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all modern tongues.

Prof. Polyglot—Not exactly, not exactly. All but two—my wife's and her mother's



## THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.

"So you are going to marry the widow?"

"Er—I don't know, have you heard her say?"

## CONTRARIES.

The rabbit and the rooster show  
That nature's ways are queer;  
One has hair without a comb and one  
A comb without the hair.



## DIAMOND TRAGEDY

A young phenom in a bush league grew  
Whose batting average was three-two-two;  
When running bases he surely flew.  
Mon dieu!

His rep, it certainly grew and grew  
'Till a scout went on his work to view,  
And said: "For a big league club you'll do.  
Oh, you.

He drafted the kid without ado  
To join the ranks of a major crew  
And show the vets what he could do.  
Quite true!

Well, the youngster's chest it grew and grew,  
And somehow he thought he really knew  
The game of baseball thru and thru.  
Sad, too!

When he bid his native town adieu  
The bands all played and the whistle blew,  
And the papers gave him a send-off, too,  
Hoo! roo!

The rest of the tale is sad, but true;  
He only lasted a week or two—  
Many are called—those chosen are few.  
Boo! hoo!



## UNCERTAIN.

"So you wouldn't let Bombazine Bill sit on the jury that tried the horse thief?"

"No," answered Three-Finger Sam, "we do things fair and square in Crimson Gulch. Bill's a good man, but the fact that he runs the only undertakin' business in the county couldn't help prejudicin' him some agin the defendant."

## THE LINE OF ARGUMENT.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is the arctic circle?"

"The arctic circle, my son, is an imaginary line bounding a large area of uncorroborated evidence."



## TRIOLET.

I stepped on her feet  
 When the car hit the curve.  
 She was youthful and sweet;  
 I stepped on her feet,  
 But I shall not repeat  
 What she said—I lack nerve.  
 I stepped on her feet  
 When the car hit the curve.



Mrs. Quilluser came tiptoeing softly into her husband's study, rested a hand lightly on his shoulder and peered over at the sheaf of half-written sheets on his desk.

"What are you working on now, dearest?" she asked gently.

"On Mary's mittens," he answered pleasantly, but without looking up.

Mrs. Quilluser studied a moment, as if planning. "Dearest, Willie needs a pair of shoes more than Mary does the mittens. I have already promised them to the poor boy. Hadn't you better work on Willie's shoes first, dear?"

"All right, Nellie, all right," he replied kindly, turning his eyes up into Nellie's great patient ones.

Then he pushed back "An Ode to the Dancing Leaves," and cheerfully began to write a Sunday special on "A New Substitute for Coal."—*Puck*.



## SOLOMON II.

Examining Magistrate—Madame, you persistently deny that you committed this act, though the description of the culprit fits you exactly—beautiful face and figure, extremely youthful appearance, most attractive—"

The Defendant—Your honor, I confess all. Yes, it was I.



## TOO MUCH CURIOSITY.

"My curiosity is getting the better of me," gasped the sideshow proprietor as the three-legged man kicked him one in the solar plexus.

—*Princeton Tiger*.

## AT LAST.

His life was a bluff  
 From beginning to end;  
 He bluffed to his foe  
 And he bluffed to his friend;  
 Till he finally died  
 (Which was greatly deplored),  
 And they wrote on the tomb:  
 "He was called by the Lord."



## NO WAY OF ESCAPE.

Chug-chug!  
 Br-r; hr-r-r!  
 Honk! Honk!  
 Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.  
 He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction; a motor cycle from another; an autotruck was coming from behind and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.



## THE PRICE OF A KISS.

She poured the tea. Ah, she was fair  
 As, urn in hand, she neared my chair  
 And stooped my waiting cup to fill,  
 The while I sensed a wond'rous thrill,  
 For such a fragrance filled the air.

'Twas not the tea; her wayward hair  
 Just brushed my cheek, and lingered there—  
 How could I calmly wait until  
 She poured the tea?

To steal a kiss who would not dare?  
 If one, who would not steal a pair?  
 I stole them, as a fellow will,  
 And sensed a warmer feeling still,  
 Tho' not of heart, for that's not where  
 She poured the tea!

## ONLY NATURAL.

"The multi-millionaire gets angry every time anybody applies to him for a little money."

"Yes. It often happens that swollen fortunes are very sensitive to the touch."



## HIS FIRST LOVE.

Wifey—Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife, "You are the only woman I ever loved?"

Hubby—Only one that I can think of.

"Who? You dearest?"

Oh, no. Adam.



## AS USUAL.

"Couple of fine girls, ain't they? One of 'em is a fine singer, and the other one can cook."

"Yes, old man. But there's a tragedy in your home. The one who sings thinks she can cook, and the who cooks thinks she can sing."



## SEND OUT SOME, PLEASE.

The Customer—Can you recommend these complexion powders?

The Chemist—Well, madam, I can't say that they will wash like the natural complexion, but they won't rub off on a coat sleeve!



## HE KNEW.

A professor of the class in English history was telling his young men of the impressionable age about the Elizabethan era, when suddenly turning to one of the young men, who seemed to be in a dream, with a far-away gaze, said:

"And how old was Elizabeth, Mr. Case?"

"Eighteen last birthday," came the instant reply.



## COURTSHIP POINTERS.

When she says the clock's correct  
She is neutral, we suspect.

When she says the clock is fast  
You are making time at last.

When she says the clock is slow  
You are done for. Better go.

## DIFFICULT SITUATION.

About a year ago a cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to leave at any time, as she was engaged to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, as the woman is a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all. I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"'Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me."

—*Judge.*



## OFF THE LINE.

Husband—How many people are there in the house back of us?

Wife—I don't know. They have their washing done at the laundry.

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. M. BROUGHTON, Jr.

—Play Ball!!

—The season is on!!

—O, what's the use o' working!!

—Mr. E. E. White, who is at Crozier Seminary, spent his mid-spring holiday at Wake Forest.

—Pastor Greaves, of New Bern, gave us quite an interesting talk in Chapel a few days ago.

—Mr. Guy Aldrich, of the Y. M. C. A. International Mission Board, spoke to our Y. M. C. A. during the month.

—Mr. M. E. Winston, president of the Y. M. C. A., went as our representative to the Interstate Conference at Anderson, S. C.

—Owing to the inability of Mr. Wheeler to participate in the Davidson-Wake Forest debate, Mr. J. B. Eller will act in his stead.

—The *Howler* this year will be dedicated to Hon. Walter Daniel, of Weldon, a distinguished alumnus and one of the State's most useful men.

—Commencement Marshals have been elected by the two societies as follows: Euzelian, T. A. Haywood, chief; S. T. Oliver, W. E. Funtrell, Philomathesian, S. C. Hilliard, chief, T. M. Arrington and A. J. Harris, Jr.

—It was a delight to all to have Dr. J. W. Lynch pay us a short visit during March. He was here only long enough to shake hands with his host of admirers.

—Mr. Mark Chamberlain is rapidly recovering from a severe case of pneumonia. During his illness his mother and father were with him much of the time.

—The continued improvement of Mr. C. C. Wheeler will be learned with much pleasure by all the community. He will probably be able to be out in a few days.

—The marshals for the Greensboro debate have been elected as follows: P. E. Powell and E. M. Wright from the Eu. Society; W. C. Crane and J. M. Teague from the Phi.

—The Astronomy class of Peace Institute delighted us with their presence during the first of March. The young ladies came out to avail themselves of the use of Prof. Lanneau's observatory.

—The class basket-ball championship was won by the Juniors. The result before Christmas was a tie among the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore teams. The Juniors, by hard playing, worsted the other two teams and hence have the championship.

—Rev. Joel I. Allen, of Dillon, S. C., led Chapel exercises for us the latter part of February. "I congratulate you on the WAKE FOREST STUDENT. It ranks with the best college magazines I have seen." Mr. Allen's talks are always enjoyed by the students.

—Dr. Poteat was one of the speakers at the Religious Education National Convention, which was held at Nashville in the early part of March. On his return he gave a most interesting account of the convention to students at Chapel exercises.

—The mid-winter *Bulletin* made its appearance during the month and as usual was full of interest to the students and others. "Individual Differences in Children," by Prof. Highsmith is the leading article in this issue. Dr. Poteat discusses ably "Our Baptist System of Schools."

—The second of the Gymnasium Prize Contests was held the first week in March. Considerable ability was shown by the contestants in such feats as rope-climbing, parallel-bar acting, the long jump, and the quarter-mile run. Mr. A. J. Hinchins, the winner of the prize in the first contest, established his right to hold it by again winning the most points. The third and final contest will be held soon.



—Dr. Chas. W. Stiles, the celebrated authority on the hookworm disease, who is now connected with the Rockefeller Foundation for the eradication of that disease, spoke at the College during the latter part of the month. With the use of his stereoptican slides he conveyed to his audience a most graphic idea of this new but seemingly ubiquitous evil. The lecture was of a most practical kind and was given the careful attention of a large audience.

—The proposition of employing a Y. M. C. A. general secretary for Wake Forest was ably presented to the students by Mr. W. E. Willis, Southern Student Secretary, during the month. The superior advantages of such a move on the part of the local Y. M. C. A. were outlined and the plans for obtaining one were suggested quite practically. The officers of the Association have been in consultation with the faculty, and it is very probable that effort will be made to secure a secretary by the next fall.

—The Track Team held its preliminary trial before Easter, and the results were most gratifying. The team goes to Chapel Hill on March 31st, to meet the Carolina team. Later they will participate in the meet to be held at Charlottesville, Va., which will be open to all Southern colleges. Also, meets will probably be held with the A. and M., and with the State colleges at Greensboro. The following will probably be the personnel of the team: Murchison, manager; Conghenour (Capt.), Hutchins, Jones (H. B.), Davis, Settle, Olive, Buchanan, O'Brien, Highsmith, D.; Smith, Joe.; Carrick.

—The baseball team this spring is made up almost entirely of new men and, very naturally, has had a bad start. The prospects, however, are promising, and it is confidently believed that before the close of the season Wake Forest will be a factor to be reckoned with by the other colleges. The

enforced retirement of Captain Edwards, on account of sickness, is quite a blow to the team. As it now stands the team lines up as follows: Pitchers, Utley, Carter and Whitaker; catchers, Riddick, Willis, Faucette and Watkins; first base, Brett; second, Daniel; short-stop, Lee; third base, White (Capt.); outfield, Beam, Futrell and Castello. A splendid schedule has been arranged by Manager Check. Up to Easter the results have been as follows: Trinity Park 7, Wake Forest 3; Bingham 5, Wake Forest 2; Atlantic Christian College 9, Wake Forest 0; Delaware College 2, Wake Forest 7; Delaware College (2d game). The schedule in full is as follows:

## GAMES AT HOME.

- March 18—Trinity Park School.
- March 22—Bingham (Mebane) School.
- March 23—Atlantic Christian College.
- March 25—Delaware College.
- March 26—Delaware College.
- March 30—Trinity College.
- April 7—Guilford College.
- April 9—A. and M. College.
- April 15—Oak Ridge.
- April 16—Oak Ridge.
- May 2—Wofford College.
- May 3—Eastern College.

## GAMES ABROAD.

- March 28—A. and M., at Raleigh.
- April 12—Davidson, at Durham.
- April 18—Trinity, at Durham.
- April 19—Guilford, at Guilford.
- April 20—Wofford, at Spartanburg, S. C.
- April 21—Greenville League, Greenville, S. C.
- April 22—University of S. C., at Columbia.
- April 23—Trinity, at Raleigh.
- April 29—University of N. C., at Raleigh.

# The Wake Forest Student

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FOUNDED 1882.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is published each month from October to May, inclusive, by the Euzeian and Philomathesian Literary Societies. Its aim is to encourage literary effort in the College, all students being urged to contribute. All contributions should be in by fifteenth of each month.

Medals are offered for the best essay and the best story, respectively, contributed by any student of the College. These medals will be awarded each Commencement by a committee composed of others than members of the College.

The price of the magazine is one dollar and a half a year; single copies, twenty-five cents.

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXIX.

MAY, 1910

No. 8

## TO MAY

A. D. G.

From out the dimming dusk and haze  
Comes forth a shining face  
Whose countenance of joy conveys  
New life to every race.  
From out the rainbow's flowerlands  
To all the realms of earth  
Sweet May with slender jewelled hands  
Extends her matchless worth.

The fleecy elonds conceal her form,  
The valleys shade her feet.  
Her voice is in the summer-storm,  
Her tears its rainy sheet.  
Her breath is like the ocean breeze,  
Her thoughts the lightning's flash,  
She pacifies the land and seas  
Or makes the thunder crash.

She sighs among the gloomy pines—  
Her smile is like the moon  
At night whose tender beauty shines  
To greet the coming June.  
Her sunny presence melts the snows  
Which chill the ardent south;  
She stoops to kiss the blushing rose  
And I to kiss her mouth.

Her tresses float through summer skies  
Like braids of beaming bars  
Whence flits a dream of bluer eyes  
Than where abide the stars.  
She woos and wins me by her smile,  
I hear her bosom throb,  
But, Oh, 'tis thus too short a while,  
She takes her flight to God!



J. M. BROUGHTON, JR.  
Eurelian Editor-in-Chief.

## SYMPATHY: THE PASSION OF DEMOCRACY

---

FRED T. COLLINS.

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If any one doubts that sympathy is the root passion of democracy, let him take his stand at the storm center of some social calamity, a riven and burning San Francisco, if you please. Those loaded trains, those outpourings of the common purse, those thousand electric wires charged with the sighs and tears of a sympathetic people will silence his doubt forever. This articulation of human kinship, this expression of universal brotherhood is vital. It is the bond and sanction of all social régimes and the dynamic of all social progress.

Through the operation of this principle the pall of ignorance and superstition is lifted like fog before the rising sun. In our own country, at least, it has planted the school house on the hilltop and dowered it with the best talent and best books the world can give, making every child in this broad land, no matter how humble or how poor, "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." The old soldiers' home, the public hospital, the county home, the reformatory and the rescue home, stand with outstretched arms to the fallen and the defeated. Here and there, watered with gracious tears and rooted deep in the hearts of a great people, stand orphan homes, answering the "sigh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," and wherever this sympathetic spirit has bubbled to the surface this weary old world has been made sweeter.

But its work is just begun! Look around! Disease and death hold high carnival everywhere. We can do little but nurse our sick and bury our dead. The population of



nine Southern States is a feast spread for a blind banquet of worms. Yesterday a paper dollar was placed under a microscope in one of the health department offices at Washington and more than a hundred thousand disease germs were found upon it. Many of these germs were deadly. For instance, there were twenty-five tuberculosis, fifty odd pneumonia, thirty typhoid fever, and forty odd smallpox germs among them.

Turning from the awful picture of our public health situation to that of politics and industry, we face a condition hardly less appalling. A great country dowered with the richest gifts of the Creator and billowed with the graves of our noble dead, monopolized and trust-ridden by gluttonous lords of wealth. Its natural resources in reckless exploitation, the products of honest industry, and the necessities of life in the hands of wild speculators, and the nation's finances dependent upon the whims of a few men. The country seems resigned to a policy of government that hot-houses these colossal vampires, and on the other hand makes honest labor hurt and sweat and weep. You tell me these captains of finance are philanthropic. So has every slave said of his master from the dawn of time till now. It is not the part of brave, honorable men to be bought or have charity doled out to them—the cowardly and the low receive tips. Our "fathers" never dreamed that base, fawning degeneracy would this early have crept into all the departments of our national life and so completely possessed us. "Bread and circuses!" Shades of our early patriots! Honor. moral stamina, manhood, principle—all compromised! And for what? A pseudo-charity! Will the future American patriot read this page of our history with much of pride or joy?

But you tell me the people vote for this bandit policy of government that enriches New England, New York, Pitts-

burg, and makes the Southland poor, that fattens a few Napoleons of finance and makes the great working masses pay tribute. All the sadder and shameful commentary on the intelligence and patriotism of the American people. But be it said in their behalf, the people do not vote—free and untrammelled. At least enough votes, mostly the floating, foreign element, are bought to carry the election. Not only bribery, but in many places, voters are intimidated and driven by the thousands, at the peril of their jobs, to vote the protective ticket. And so reads the chapter of our political debauchery! Oh, for another race of men “created a little lower than the angels,” with iron in their nerves and sympathy in their hearts!

“Give us men! A time like this demands

Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands.

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor, men who will not lie;

For while the rabble, with their thumbworn creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,

Wrangle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.”

But there will dawn before long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than this in the sentiment of sympathy—love, if you please. Indeed, the day has dawned, and the kingdom of human brotherhood is sweeping the earth. Steam, electricity, the printing press, trade and science are to be its weapons. And those who wield these weapons best will be the heroes of the future. Already the sailor at the pumps of a sinking vessel, the life-saver along the coast, and the hook and ladder brigades, are heroes with us. The fisher’s wife moaning alone in the gray dawn, the physician by the sick child’s bed, appeal more to modern art than the plumed warrior of the olden time.

The messengers of this new democracy, whose passion is sympathy, hold out to the world the palm of international peace, not spasmodic, but lasting peace—that peace which Tennyson in his mission saw, that came only after “the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.” I know that the minds of men are yet prejudiced, that the several races of the human family yet differ widely in temperament, intelligence and ideals, and that the leaven of sympathy has only just begun to do its perfect work in moulding a world civilization whose central heart-beat shall send the elixir of a new life pulsating through the arteries of trade and friendly intercourse, throwing off as waste matter all the base sentiments of strife and selfishness and war, and stimulating all the sentiments that make for peace and good-will and universal human good. Do you tell me that this is all visionary, that they are still building battle-ships? Yes, and I do not expect them to stop yet. But I am expecting that every year a larger and larger number of the people of the world will endorse Carlyle’s doctrine, “Thought is stronger than artillery parks and moulds the world like soft clay,” and with a larger intelligence, with a quickened conscience, and with an increased application of sympathy to public affairs, this old world will one day swing around to the rock foundation of the “Hague Conference” and build a civilization realizing the prophet’s vision of a glorious city “coming down out of heaven from God.”

And let us not fear the coming of this new social order, whose burning passion will be sympathy. It will tear down nothing that ought to stand, that has any right to stand. It does not mean the destruction of the grand and the beautiful, but it means the bringing of the grand and the beautiful into the life of the plain, everyday citizen. Nowhere has it ever meant the destruction of the palace of the Caesars,

but only the opening up of the palace of the Cæsars and the making of it a forum for the people. "This has been its strength when applied to government; and this will be its strength when applied to industry." It will carry new life, new vigor, and new purpose into the industrial life of the age wherever applied; for the laborer will feel that he is one of the owners of the business, and vice versa the employer will feel that he is one of the laborers. Emphasis, on the part of both employer and employed, will shift from the means to the end. The ambitions of both will be aroused, their energies stimulated; and new impetus will be added all around for nobler personal endeavor toward the common good. Increased production will follow; and a more equitable distribution of the proceeds will be effected. There will be fewer strikes and lockouts, and the innocent public, who is always the greatest sufferer from these conflicts, will share in the common reward. In short, this mutual sympathy will cause the laborer to refrain from making unreasonable demands and, on the other hand, make the employer cease to extort unjust tribute. Industrial peace will reign!

I reiterate—the light of this new day is breaking on the eastern sky. At no time in twenty centuries of upward striving of the race has there been such potent and widespread manifestation of the human brotherhood idea. Not since the scenes enacted on the shores of Galilee has there been witnessed such actual operation of this sympathetic spirit. And as this twentieth century advances human well-being, the world around will advance. And in America protective tariffs, monopolies of the necessities of life, strikes and lockouts, mob violence and race riots, Cannonism, hook worms, and all manner of spoliation will disappear. And our great nation will settle down to the execution of its appointed destiny, viz., nurturing the cause of liberty, pro-

mulgating her doctrines in the earth, carrying on to perfection her ideals and principles, and "entering into rivalry with other nations only in that legitimate field where the contest is to see who can hold highest the torch of civilization that lights the world to higher ground."

The ideal, then, to which the world is moving, is democracy with more conscience and less craft, more service and less selfishness, more protection for the multitude and less for the millionaire, more knowledge and less ignorance, more trade and less tariff, more arbitration and less isolation, and a broad, brotherly sympathy that honors laboring men and women everywhere, that fosters their hopes, welcomes their talents, rejoices in their good fortunes and weeps when they weep; a democracy actuated by the spirit of a common brotherhood of all men, cherishing those principles that build up and hating those that tear down, and fighting together the common enemies of the race, viz., vice, ignorance, prejudice, disease and death; a democracy whose dominant note is sympathy, actuating the minds of men and governments everywhere, and drawing the nations of the earth closer together by the ever-increasing threads of commerce and the stronger ties of brotherly feeling—sympathetic neighbors "flourishing together in the arts of peace, striving with common impulses, combined in common enterprises, and tendering mutual returns of kindness and civility."

And with this goal in view the human race is on the upward march, and genuine sympathy illumines the new way. As when springtime comes from the South melting the snow banks and making the face of the old earth smile again, so shall this advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it new beauty and entrancing song, drawing beautiful faces, warm hearts, wise discourse, and heroic acts around its way, until evil is no more seen.

Our faltering race will enter this new democracy, whose passion is sympathy, without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to sight.

---

I KNOW

---

ROMULUS.

---

I know:

By the song of the bird in the thicket  
And the chirp of the frog and the cricket—  
By the height and the strength of the mountain—  
By the green grass that grows by the fountain—  
By the hue of the lily and pansy—  
By the fact that I wonder and fancy,  
There is a God.

Tho' tonight no sweet warbler is singing—  
In my heart no glad music is ringing—  
Tho' I feel like He'd silenced the story  
And quitted the Throne and its Glory,  
Still my faith in His *being* reposes,  
As sweet as the breath of new roses;  
He is my God.

When I pass like the breath of the summer,  
May there be not a sigh nor a murmur.  
As I lived by the pulse of my mother,  
In the greater heart throb of Another  
I shall live; and His likeness shall bless me,  
In and thru' Him no doubt shall oppress me;  
I in my God.

## NATIONAL INCOME TAX

## ANNIVERSARY DEBATE.

*Resolved, That Congress Should Enact an Income Tax Law.*

E. N. JOHNSON (Affirmative).

Recent investigation and legislation have induced our people to study modern methods of taxation and to consider the advisability of an income tax. Such investigation has brought the principle of income taxation into popular favor and has led us into a discussion of the principles involved in the query:

"Resolved, that Congress should enact an income tax law."

In advocating the enactment of such a law we ally ourselves with no particular section, class or party. We oppose no time-honored principle of the American people; we oppose no industrial policy, no method of taxation that has met the approval of the average citizen. We do not advocate a method of taxation that would destroy the vitality of the States, that would confiscate wealth, that would punish the rich or give to the poor, since it is no evil to be poor, no crime to be wealthy.

Clearly our query involves fundamental principles, and not any specific law. Hence we disregard all questions of constitutionality. Besides, our people are a sovereign people, who make their own constitutions, and who elect their own law-makers. It is not for us, but for our representative law-makers to formulate such laws as are best adapted to our needs. We advocate the income tax principle, believing that Congress should enact a law, with such graduation and exemption, as our law-makers deem wise and practical in securing the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

We believe that each citizen should contribute to the government in proportion to the benefit derived therefrom. We believe that the income tax is not only the best index to the citizen's ability to bear the burdens of government; but it is also the best index to the benefits derived from governmental protection of life, liberty and property, since the government offers more protection to the man with much property than to him who has little or none at all. We argue that the present method of taxation based on consumption tends to inequality, placing intolerable burdens on the poor, while the rich do not bear their proportional share. We argue that the income tax would, to a degree, equalize and balance our system of taxation.

I. In the first place, we contend that past experience warrants the enactment of an income tax law. The efficiency of such a tax has induced every other civilized nation to employ it as a permanent method of taxation. If experience has proved its efficiency in other nations, it would either do the same in a democracy or else depreciate that form of government.

The principle is not something new under the sun in America. For more than a decade the tax proved to be a prolific source of Federal revenue. Notwithstanding the brief duration of the law—time and experience being essential to the success of any law—notwithstanding the destructive and demoralizing effects of the Civil War period, when the nation was divided against itself, it yielded about seventy-three million in 1866. From that year the decline of revenue from the tax was due to the poor administration of the law, and not the inefficiency of the method.

The repeal of the law in 1870 was over the protest of the greatest leaders of both political parties. Its repeal was opposed by men like Garfield and Morton, who had seen the law in operation, who knew its faults and were ac-



quainted with all of its grievances, who had seen its results under a democratic form of government—these statesmen urged the continuance of the income tax, not as a temporary war measure but as a part of our national revenue system.

We concede that the income tax has been a partial failure in the States; but present economic conditions have made it so. The mobility of capital, which would not seriously affect the national law, since every other nation employs the tax, has made it impossible for any State to fully enforce the law. Through the working out of economic forces, incomes have far transcended State lines and have become national in their character. On account of these facts, which the doctrine of States rights can not change, the partial failure of the State income tax would not discredit the efficiency of a national law, which, because of its national character, would not fail and did not fail when tried.

If the income tax of the sixties were not a success, why did Congress reemploy that method in 1894? If it failed, why did Mr. Roosevelt, the recognized chieftain of the dominant party, while President, advocate in more than one message to Congress the enactment of another law, asserting that it was an essential feature of our system of taxation. If experience has not proved the efficiency of the method, why did William Jennings Bryan, that peerless statesman and uncrowned prince of America, and his party, advocate it in the last National Democratic platform? The success of the method is attested by the fact that public opinion forced a Republican Congress, whatever its object, to submit an income tax amendment to the various States.

II. In the second place, we contend that present fiscal conditions justify and demand the employment of the income tax. Any one familiar with our financial status knows that

the Federal government must have more revenue from some source. Senator Cummings, in the *Independent* of last July, estimates that the deficit for 1911 will be at least one hundred and fifty million. With such a deficit, it is evident that we must employ some method of taxation that will add permanently to the national revenue.

We believe the government should be more economical in expending its revenue, but if we are to maintain our government as now established, if it is to complete the work now undertaken, there can be no material reduction of our expenses. I repeat, we believe the government should be more economical in its administration, and indeed nothing would do more toward creating a popular interest in civic affairs, toward creating governmental economy than an income tax.

To modify our present tax system would not and could not effectually remove the difficulty. To modify our tariff and internal revenue law would not relieve the tax-burdened consumer, nor would it compel the plutocratic element to bear its just burden of taxation. A reduction of the tariff could not remove the need of an income tax, for the last tariff bill that provided for any material reduction was the Wilson bill of 1894, which contained a law imposing a tax on incomes. Then, since a modification of our present tax system would not suffice, we are forced in the very nature of the case, to adopt one of the three methods proposed in Congress.

(1) First, a corporation tax has been proposed. We impose a tax on corporations at present. The originators of the law, which imposes only one per cent, estimate that the yield will not exceed twenty-five million. So this does not remove the deficit. Besides, the corporation tax does not reach the untaxed wealth of the country. The tax on competitive corporations can not be shifted, while the giant cor-

porations and trusts, which are able to crush out competition, shift the tax to the poor consumer, thereby placing a premium on strength and a tax on weakness. Thus you see, the corporation tax fails to meet the needs of the treasury and the demands for equality of taxation.

(2) Secondly, the inheritance tax proposed already serves 36 (thirty-six) or more of the States as a revenue producer. The inheritance tax is better adapted to the economic condition of the States. So the States may justly claim that method of taxation. Both the State inheritance tax and the national income tax are needed in the equalization of tax burdens.

(3) Since the corporation tax is inadequate, and since the States may justly claim the inheritance tax, it remains for Congress to impose a tax on incomes, which the States have barely touched and which the needs of the national government and inherent justice demand as a permanent source of Federal revenue.

III. In the third place, we contend that the inflexibility of our present revenue system demands the employment of the income tax. A study of our present system will convince any fair-minded man that a tax based on commerce and consumption can not be, in the very nature of things, adapted to the varying needs of any government. Only a glance at the receipts from the tariff and internal revenue system is needed to show that they vary greatly from year to year. The wave of prohibition sweeping over our land from shore to shore, the varying tariff laws of the commercial world, the great tariff controversies on every hand, are rendering both of these methods more inflexible and unreliable each year. Our government is a *living, breathing* thing, it can not be clothed in inflexible garb. Our present revenue system can not be made to fit it. The income tax,

than which no method is more flexible, is needed to produce a flexible yet steady stream in time of peace.

The income tax is not only capable of quickly removing deficits in time of peace, but is absolutely indispensable in time of war. Mr. Daniel, an eminent authority on finance, says: "No source of revenue responds more quickly to present needs, or yields supplies more steadily than a tax on income." If for no other reason, Congress should enact a law to remove deficits in time of peace and to save us from the financial perils of war.

IV. We do not claim perfection for the income tax. Never since civilization emerged from chaos, and taxation followed in its wake, has there been a tax law intact and flawless. The income tax certainly has its objectionable features, but where is the tax that has not? W. J. Bryan, Esq., while defending the income tax in Congress in 1894, challenged the opponents of the tax to name a single objection to it that could not be applied to any tax on personal property. His opponents sat in silence, and are in silence still.

Opponents of the principle say that it is unpopular because direct; that it rewards the liar, placing a premium on dishonesty; they say that it is inquisitorial, prying into the private affairs of men; but the same is true of any tax on personal property. If these arguments are valid, then all tax on personal property is a farce and a delusion. Who would dispense with the tax on personal property because of its objections; who would remove a tax so just and thereby increase the tax on the pockets of poverty, and let the uncounted millions, the untaxed coffers of the plutocrats, go free?

V. Finally, what tax is more desirable. The method is desirable.

(1) First, because the principles involved are just and

equitable. The primal aim of all law, of all government, is to secure justice. That government which fails to distribute justly the burdens of taxation, fails to attain the object sought. Senator Sherman said, in the Senate in 1882: "That system of national taxation, based on consumption, and not one cent imposed on property and income, is intrinsically unjust." The income tax is just, because it reaches the man with untaxed wealth who owes most for the protection of his property, and exempts the tax-burdened consumer who pays tribute every time he buys his bread.

(2) Secondly, the income tax is desirable because it reaches a class now practically untaxed. The average consumer pays from twenty to thirty per cent of his small income to the government. The smaller the income the greater the tax imposed. If the man with a small income is compelled to contribute at a regressive rate from twenty to thirty per cent, is it not desirable that the man with a large income contribute at least a very small per cent? A tax on consumption is a tax on poverty, while a tax on income is a tax on wealth. It is desirable because it is the only tax that appears in the hour of prosperity and departs in the hour of adversity.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, I have shown that the principle of income-taxation is not untried, that its success in America is attested by the popular demand for it. I have shown you that the present needs of the government demand more revenue, and that the income tax, which can not efficiently serve the States, can best supply the national demand. I have shown you that our present tax system is inflexible, and becoming more inflexible; that the income tax is needed even in peace, while it is absolutely indispensable in periods of war. I have shown you that, though the tax has its objectionable features, it is as good as any tax on personal property and reaches a class of wealth that no other

tax can reach. Lastly, we have shown the desirability of the tax, in that its principle is just, its beneficence needed, its time opportune. These arguments, which alone justify the tax, are accented by the cry of the burdened and the outstretched hand of the strong.

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H. B. JONES (Negative).

*Mr. President:*

Were systems the same in practical working as in theory, few of the propositions of reformers would be rejected. It is now proposed to enact a Federal income tax law. There is a world of difference between proving that the income tax is a good system and that it should be imposed by the Federal government.

But is the income tax a good system? Is it a desirable system? Does it belong to the Federal government? If the Federal government has a right to the system, should it impose such a tax? In answer to these vital questions, I present four propositions:

That the fundamental theory of the tax is false;

That history and experience prove it undesirable;

That the system belongs to the States, even allowing it to be desirable in any degree;

That the Federal government does not need the system.

Let us take up these considerations in order, and first the theory of the tax. The one fundamental theory, which is urged by advocates, is that the system taxes according to ability to pay. The theory is necessarily based on certain presumptions. Are the presumptions true?

One presumption is that all men are honest and will pay according to their incomes because of their honesty, or that assessors will discover inconsistencies. But not all men are honest in paying taxes and in many cases assessors are helpless. The charges of evasion, urged even by the advocates

of the income tax against the property tax, apply also to the income tax and defeat this presumption of honesty of men and competency of methods.

Another presumption is that the tax will find an open field wherever it shall be applied. For more than a century other permanent systems have been in process of development and extension. The income tax, then, must take a part of that which other systems leave, or in certain cases make other systems take what it leaves. Double taxation is not equity.

Again, the theory presumes that incomes of the same amount indicate the same ability to pay. The grossest inequality exists between the various kinds of incomes. But let this pass. The presumption is false even in incomes of the same amount from the same source. For example, one man has an income of \$5,000 with little necessary expense. He can easily save \$3,000 a year. Another with the same net income has a large family to support. His social position makes many luxuries necessities. In every purchase he pays already an indirect tax. He pays a heavy State and city tax. He must invest a large part of his income in the education of his children. At the end of the year, if he is not in debt he has no more money than he had at the beginning of the year.

Difference of place of residence is sufficient to destroy the whole equity theory of the tax. For example, an income of \$4,000 in a small town has about the same purchasing power as an income of \$8,000 in New York City. Both are equally able to contribute to the support of the government. If there is no exemption, one pays twice as much as the other. If the exemption is that of 1894, one escapes entirely. The truth of the matter is, there are no two men on earth of the same incomes who have the same ability to pay except in rare cases of exactly similar circumstances.

The income tax proposes to make good its theory by taxing those who now escape taxation. How could it determine who escapes? The ability to determine this banishes the necessity for a new system, from the standpoint of equity. Besides, it can not be said that wealth beyond a certain limit escapes taxation. If a man spends his entire income for luxuries or necessities, he contributes to the support of the government in proportion to his expenditures, through the indirect systems. On the other hand, the part which remains becomes personal property and is taxed. You say a large part escapes, but which part? Why do you not make it pay? The carelessness which makes the present taxes bad would be worse in an income tax.

The final proposition in the interest of equity is to place an extra burden on a class which is apparently more able to pay. Would class discrimination, for example, give the old property tax greater merit? Would discrimination within the unfortunate class make the tax perfect? If such be equity, let us have something else.

My second proposition is that history and experience prove a Federal income tax undesirable. The income tax has not had universal success. In Russia it proved a complete failure and was abandoned. In England free trade and war debts compelled the establishment of a new system of taxation. The income tax was preferred to the general property tax, not to indirect taxes. By five elaborate schedules England now taxes everything which can be called income. In order to prevent evasions, this tax of nineteen or twenty-five cents on the pound, according to the amount of the income, is imposed on the income at its source wherever this is possible. What is the result? No nation has greater difficulty in collecting a sufficient amount of revenue. The deficit grows with the days. Class is arrayed against class in a financial war. The income tax, the most elaborate the



world has ever known, leaving fewest opportunities for evasion, furnishes less revenue than is required to pay the interest on the national debt. The debt enormous? So much the greater shame, when the most perfect of theoretical systems has been in force in the very home of wealth for sixty-eight years.

No one in America envies England's success in governmental finance. Her system is a failure in comparison with our easy-working systems. Moreover, the same degree of success is impossible in America. England is a country of fixed incomes. In America a large per cent of the incomes vary from year to year and from month to month. Americans are largely traders and speculators, constantly turning over their capital with varying degrees of success and failure. England taxes small incomes. Practically everybody expects to escape in America, each desiring to tax only the incomes a little larger than his own. Such advocates disregard the fact that attempts to limit the system have always resulted in partial or complete failure.

Our Federal government has also had eleven years of experience with the tax. Enacted in the emergency of 1861, by an extortionate rate it reached its high-water mark of \$72,000,000 after the war had closed. Under each rate it steadily decreased with increasing prosperity. The United States Special Commissioner of Revenue proposed in 1869 to make an inquiry into the cause of the decrease. The Secretary of the Treasury refused consent, saying that he did not think it to the interest of the government for the people to have any additional information on the subject. It was the most unpopular and unsatisfactory tax of the most unpopular system the United States has ever imposed, and was one of the first taxes repealed after the war. The Special Commissioner of Revenue, David A. Wells, said: "One would naturally think that the lesson of experience which the government has already had would restrain fur-

ther experimenting until the next war or the arrival of the millenium."

Let us now consider the third proposition, that the income tax belongs to the States, by right and by greater necessity, allowing it to be desirable in any degree in any place.

There are but two forms of direct taxation—the general property tax and the income tax. In America property is taxed for the most part; in Europe, incomes. These two kinds of taxes can never be safely or justly levied without regard to each other. You will agree that our State and local governments must collect their revenue from direct taxes. The very nature of our political system makes this necessary. The necessary revenue of our State and local governments is more than three-fourths of the total national revenue. It is a just division to make the one-fourth of the total national revenue, known as Federal revenue, come from the indirect systems.

Consider the examples of the world. In England there are no States to dispute the claim of the central government to direct taxes, and one government there has the burdens of two forms of government here. France, like England, has the whole field of taxation and substituted the income tax for the property tax. Germany has an income tax, but Germany is a confederacy, like ours, and leaves it exclusively to the States. In Switzerland the income tax is levied by the cantons, not by the central government. The systems of taxation in the cantons of Switzerland were once exactly like the systems of our States. Dissatisfaction with the property tax caused the adoption of the income tax. In no instance has the central government of a confederacy of Europe imposed the income tax. If the republics of the East and monarchical Germany must leave it to the States, how much more essential is it that our republic do so.

Furthermore, the income tax belongs to the States by

priority of claim. In the course of our history fifteen State constitutions have made special provision for it. It was used by the States long before the Federal government attempted to claim it. True, the system pays little in some of the States. Why? Because of attempts to fit it to existing systems and make it equitable, and because of inherent defects which would exist also in a Federal system.

It can not be said that the States are incapable of imposing the tax. They now operate a system which presents the greatest possible difficulties of operation, a system which would be impracticable for the Federal government. The States of Switzerland and Germany have imposed it as successfully as any central government. They are not superior to our States.

It is not the limitation of methods alone which must be considered. There is a limit to direct taxation short of ability to pay. Many a State has learned this fact too late. England is now at the limit where revenue can not be increased in proportion to increased attempts at taxation. *The American Economist* says that in case of war no one knows where England's revenue would come from. In some of our own cities the limit has been reached. New York City is hopelessly in debt. Massachusetts has a debt of \$100,000,000. Even the smaller towns are beginning to be burdened with debts. State and local expenditures will necessarily increase with the increase of schools, the construction of public highways, and municipal undertakings. Our State and local governments demand more revenue and better systems of taxation. By bringing us nearer to the limit of direct taxation, a Federal income tax would weaken existing systems. If the income tax is a bad system, away with it for all time! If it possesses the merits claimed for it, leave it to the States, the place of greatest need, the place where it belongs by right, and make it possible for

the States, in turn, to leave the property tax to local governments.

Apart from tariff as a protective policy and apart from politics, where is the dissatisfaction with methods of taxation? It is not in our indirect federal systems. The injustice is in the general property tax of our State and local governments. The disease located, why apply your remedy elsewhere?

There remains yet a fourth proposition—that the Federal government does not need the income tax. I admit that there is a deficit, but what is the trouble? Congress has appropriated \$1,000,000,000, an increase of \$300,000,000 over that of the previous year. National expenditures have been doubled in the last five years. The internal revenue system remains extremely limited, as before. The tariff has been removed further from a revenue basis. Are these systems to blame for the deficit? A miracle only could have prevented this deficit. Shall Congress enact prohibitive tariff rates, double appropriations and then cry deficit? The Congress which proposed the present income tax amendment increased its own salaries fifty per cent. Is the income tax proposed to pay this increase? By submitting the amendment, which is already doomed, Congress has admitted that it has not constitutional power to enact an income tax law. The Supreme Court has declared it unconstitutional. How, now, do you of the affirmative propose that it shall be enacted by Congress?

The Federal government now has more than half the taxing power. It needs one-fourth of the revenue. If revenue has been sacrificed for the sake of politics, let those responsible see to that. One new system, the corporation tax, has just been put into operation. This is essentially a tax on wealth. The proved strength and efficiency of the internal revenue system is largely held in reserve. It is unsur-

passed in the essential characteristics of a good revenue system—convenience of time of payment, ease and economy of operation, and certainty of revenue. It is used by all important nations, and there can be no serious proposition to abolish it here.

From 1802 to 1812 and from 1817 to 1862, a period of fifty-five years, customs duties alone supplied all Federal revenue. Our industries are now developed. Trade has doubled in the last ten years. The same system, under the more favorable circumstances, with two other strong systems, ought to furnish enough revenue.

The great need is not more systems of taxation, but an improvement of the existing systems. As to the tariff, an income tax, even if perfection itself, could not relieve the burdens now in existence. The tariff is going to continue to exist. A new abundant source of revenue would make it complete as a political tool. What relief would it be to the consumer to pay present or even higher rates under a tariff designed solely for protection? A successful income tax, then, would increase existing evils. If, on the other hand, it furnished only a little revenue, it would be a piece of complex, unnecessary, worthless Federal machinery, serving only to distribute a few more million dollars as salaries among Federal office-holders.



CARL H. RAGLAND,  
Philomathesian Associate Editor.

## TO THE SUMMER WIND

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DEE CARRICK.

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Infinite sprite of summer-eves!  
Sweet-lipp'd thy whisper in the leaves,  
As love-low it breathes an angel-song  
Like far-off minstrelsies among  
The cloudless skies. In every gale  
That softly murmurs in the vale  
A song of am'rous ecstasy,  
An ethereal melody—  
In every breeze that cools the brow  
Of weary man, as sunset, now  
He homeward turns his anxious eye—  
In every zephyr from on high  
That fans the golden, sun-lit hair,  
Or, roseate cheek, of some fair,  
Chaste Chrishna, who inhaling holds  
Fragrance, blown from Amrita's folds—  
In all these moods, behold, thou art,  
Light-winged minion of the heart!  
A fairy nymph of Paradise,  
Wandering through the balmy skies.

In early morn on virgin wing  
Just as the thrush begins to sing  
Its morning lay from yon dew-bright  
Mountain-brow, tinted with the light  
Of rising Phoebus, thou, sleeping,  
Half-awaken'd now goes leaping  
Down athwart the flower-kiss'd dales,  
And on the streamlet's bosom sails,

Concerting with this forest-child  
In sweet harmonies, weird and wild  
As a faint requiem that floats  
O'er all in stilly dirge-like notes.  
Every floweret lifts its head  
From out its lone, unnoticed bed  
To hear thy lute-like voice that blows  
In raptured strains; and, hearing, glows  
Into a deeper-blushing hue  
That gleams like Champac's golden dew.

So all day long in fancies free,  
Thou flittest from the sea to sea;  
Visitant to secret bowers  
And grottoes, where nature showers  
Her riches in profusion rare,  
Amid the dim-lit vistas there.  
Hand-maiden of the lightning-flash  
That fills the air with thund'rous crash.  
The playmate of the rocks and rills,  
Compeer of the eternal hills  
Whose heights spire skyward in the cloud,  
Like minarets with crests unbowed.

Then when the twilight broods o'er all,  
And stars have lit their banquet hall,  
One empyreal, seraph breeze  
Swings low in dream-like lullabies,  
That gently calms the stars a-light,  
And breathes on them a fond good-night.  
Whilst thou, ever-pellucid soul,  
Begins thy long cimmerian stroll.  
To join the infinitely-grand  
Orchestra, that harps in that land



Of flow'ry climes and mellow skies,  
Where wing low-piping symphonies  
And in ambrosial winds you play,  
'Til rosy dawn bids thee away  
O'er many a wild steep and plain,  
To herald balmy day again.

## UNCLE SAM'S MOHAMMEDANS

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J. C. McBEE.

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The battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, followed by the treaty of Paris brought us into possession of the Philippine Archipelago, which consists of about fifteen large islands, Luzon on the north, the Visayas in the center, and the Moro group on the south, near the equator, and about fifteen hundred smaller islands. They contain approximately 125,000 square miles, and have a population of about eight millions.

In Luzon and the Visayan islands the tribes who dwell in the hills and mountains are pagans, and those dwelling in the valleys and along the coasts are Christians—that is, Catholics who are being proselyted by Protestant missionaries. Nearly all of the natives of Mindanao, Sulu Archipelago, Tawi Tawi group and Cagayan de Jolo, an area about equal in size to the State of North Carolina, is inhabited by natives converted to Mohammedanism. It is with this class of Uncle Sam's subjects that I wish to deal.

The founder of the Mohammedan religion was born in Arabia about 572 A. D. His inspiration came from his study of Hebrewism and Christianity. His own thoughts and prayers led him to a belief in one God who is merciful, compassionate and all-powerful. Arabia was idolatrous, and Mohammed felt himself to be the only one called to spread his new faith. He at once began one of the greatest religious crusades the world has ever known.

The fierce Arabian horsemen with fanatical zeal carried the sword and crescent over Judea, Syria and Asia Minor, and wrested from Christendom the sacred land where Jesus lived and taught, and all of the countries where Paul and the other apostles established Christianity. After this they

went to northern Africa and destroyed the remnants of the Roman power and religion. By 720 A. D. they had crossed into Europe, and had possession of Spain. Here they reached a high state of civilization, which culminated in the building of the Alhambra. For eight centuries a fierce struggle raged between them and the Christian Spaniards, who finally drove them out.

Mohammedanism spread not only to the coasts of the Mediterranean, but eastward as well. The Arabs became the greatest sailors, explorers and geographers of the age, and carried their faith to India and Malaysia about 1250. On the island of Borneo a Mohammedan settlement was established as early as 1400. The primitive inhabitants known as the Dyaks, who were a tribe of the Malaysians, were defeated, and the possession of the coast taken from them.

Many Mohammedan missionaries and traders from Borneo were traversing the seas of the Philippines when the Spaniards arrived. They had established their religion on the large island of Mindanao, and in Jolo (Sulu Archipelago). The Maguindanao tribe claim that they were converted to Mohammedanism by Kabunsuan, a native of Jalore, the son of an Arab father and Malay mother. Kabunsuan is supposed to have descended from Mohammed through his Arab father Ali, and so the Moro datos to-day proudly claim descent from the prophet. Moslems were pushing their conquests in the Philippines when they were interrupted by the Europeans. It is strange that the Spaniards who had fought the Mohammedans for eight centuries in Spain should come westward around the globe to the Philippines, and there renew the ancient conflict with them. The foes who crossed into Spain from Morocco were known to the Spaniards as Moros, and they naturally gave to these new Moslem enemies the same name and they are still known as Moros.

The first European to visit the Philippines was the great Portuguese sailor, Hernando Magellanes, (Magellan) who was in the service of Spain and who had fought with the Malays in Malacca, and had helped in the Portuguese conquest of India.

Vaseo de Gama had found the route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and Portugal had forbidden the ships of other nations to use it, hence Magellan was forced to seek another route to the Indies. He accordingly sailed from Seville with a fleet of five ships in 1519. He stopped to winter in San Julian bay in Argentina. There the officers of his ships and the priests formed a conspiracy to mutiny and return to Spain. Magellan instantly determined to quell this rebellion, went aboard one of the mutinous vessels, and with his own hand killed the chief conspirator, hung another to the yard arm, and marooned a priest and another who were leaders in the plot.

In November, 1520, they entered the strait which bears his name. For twenty days they struggled against contrary winds, and one vessel deserted and returned to Spain. Then the remaining four vessels sailed out into the broad and peaceful Pacific. They sailed northward to the latitude of the Indies, and then turned westward with the trade winds. Thus they missed the fruitful South Sea islands and suffered greatly for lack of food, till in their desperation they ate all of the rats on board and gnawed all of the leather slings off the masts. In mid-Pacific they passed two barren, rocky islands, where there was neither food nor water, and which in their disappointment they named *las Desventuradas* "the Unfortunate Islands." Imagine their relief when in March they reached islands where there were inhabitants and food. Here the Spaniards first saw the *prao* with its light outriggers and pointed sail. These craft were so numerous that the Spaniards named the group *las Islas de las Velas*, "the

Islands of Sails," but the natives proved to be such thieves that the sailors renamed them *Los Ladrones*, the name which they still retain.

The next land sighted was the Philippine Islands, where they landed on the small island of Limasaua, erected a cross, and built a hospital, where Magellan nursed the sick sailors with his own hands. Natives of that island guided them to the town of Cebu on the island of Cebu where they found a trading junk from Siam. Hamalbar, the dato of Cebu with two thousand warriors appeared on the beach to resist the landing of the Spaniards. Magellan through diplomacy formed a compact with Hamalbar. The dato invited him to seal this contract in accordance with Filipino custom. Each chief wounded himself in the breast, and from the wound each sucked and drank the other's blood. It was often observed in the Spanish settlement of the islands and was known as the *Pacto de Sangre*.

The Cebuans were so impressed by the mystery and pomp of the Catholic religion, as conducted by the Spanish priests, that Hamalbar and eight hundred of his subjects embraced that religion.

The natives of Cebu were continually at war with the natives of Maetan, a small neighboring island. Magellan wished to impress Hamalbar and his people with the valor and prowess of the Spaniards, so taking fifty of his own men, and refusing to allow the Cebuans to accompany them, he went against Humabon, chief of Maetan. He and his entire command were slain. A magnificent monument now marks the spot where he fell.

When Hamalbar saw that the Spaniards were not invincible he broke the blood compact, and attempted to massacre the remainder of Magellan's men. They fought their way to the beach, and part of them succeeded in getting aboard the ships. They did not have men enough left to

man the four ships, so they burned one, and distributed the the sailors among the three remaining ships. They cruised among the Moluccas and visited the Mohammedan city of Brunei in north Borneo. It was a powerful city of twenty-five thousand families, and had a large trade in spices, camphor, gums and pearls from Sulu (P. I.) Here the captains of the ships agreed to separate and return to Spain with their rich cargoes. Two of them were to return via the Pacific and straits of Magellan. They were caught by the northeast monsoons and driven back to the Moluccas, where they fell into the hands of the Portuguese.

Sébastien del Cano, captain of the *Victoria*, decided to try the route via the Cape of Good Hope. He succeeded in eluding the Portuguese who were guarding the coast of Africa. On Sept. 6, 1522, with one ship out of five, and eighteen men out of a company of two hundred and thirty-four, who had set sail almost three years before del Cano arrived at San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir River on which is situated Seville. He was given a great ovation by the Spanish people, and a title of nobility was conferred upon him, together with a coat of arms bearing sprays of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, and an effigy of the globe with these words: *Hic primus circum dedit me*. Thus was completed the first circumnavigation of the globe.

Nothing further of material importance was done by Spain in the Philippines until the voyage of Legaspi, in 1565, when he began the actual settlement of the islands, and the conquest of the Filipinos and Moros. He had great difficulty in conquering the Moro city of Manila, but was finally successful, and almost stamped out the Mohammedan religion in that vicinity. The Spaniards were very much inclined to colonize and expend their energy upon Luzon and the Visayan islands, but the Moros continually plundered

and harassed their settlements along the coasts of these islands, burning houses, killing all who offered resistance, and carrying into captivity all who surrendered. The strong able-bodied Christian natives taken in this way were sold in the slave markets of Cagayan, and Butuan, on the island of Mindanao, while the old and feeble and the little children were sent to Borneo and sold to the Dyaks to offer as sacrifices to their gods.

The Moros are naturally a sea-faring and piratical people, and they continued their depredations throughout the Spanish rule in the Philippines. Many expeditions were sent against them with varying success. The modern gunboat gave Spain practical control of the sea, but she was unable to do anything with them on land, and they could usually hide their long praos in the estuaries and get away from the gunboats.

The Americans found them still rebellious and unconquered by Spain. When it was found that our war with the Filipinos could not be avoided without making unreasonable and illegal concessions to Aguinaldo and his followers, Gen. Bates, U. S. A. was sent to Jolo where he made a treaty with the Sultan Ali, by which he was to be paid a certain amount of tribute annually by the United States, for which he and his people (the Moros) were to remain at peace with the Americans, and take no part on the side of the Filipinos. This treaty remained in effect until after the surrender of Aguinaldo in 1901, when it was abolished by the Americans.

The abrogation of this treaty caused general dissatisfaction among the Moros. The American government undertook to garrison Mindanao, Sulu Archipelago, and the surrounding islands, all inhabited by Moros, and to abolish polygamy and the slave trade. The Moros have fought the Insular and government forces a number of hardly contested

battles, especially in the campaign in the Lake Lanao region in Mindanao, and in Jolo.

General Wood, who was military governor of Cuba, and who is one of the greatest and best officers in the U. S. army was military governor of all the Moro country, and directed all the movements, and led personally a number of the engagements, the most notable of which was the battle of Mt. Dajo, where a large number of hostile Moros were gathered and fortified in the crater of an extinct volcano. The women dressed themselves like men, and fought beside them, so that it was impossible for the advancing forces to distinguish the sexes. General Wood gave them several opportunities to surrender. They resisted the advance of the army and insular forces and fought like demons, killing a large number of Americans and native constabulary before the machine guns could be gotten to a location that would sweep their stronghold. Not a single Moro escaped from the crater alive.

Their organized resistance is broken by the Americans, but they have adopted a guerilla warfare, and individuals are constantly murdering isolated Americans. Their dislike for us does not seem to be altogether because of our race, but because we are Christians. They live in harmony with Chinese, pagan natives, and any one not professing the Christian religion.

Wild pigs are very plentiful in the Moro region, and so great is the Moro's dislike for the pig that he closes up the space under his house lest a pig should run under it.

There is a dangerous class of Moros called *Juramentados* (sworn enemies). When a Moro proves himself especially zealous and fanatical a priest takes him to the top of a high mountain on the full of the moon, cords his arms and legs tightly with rattan thongs to impede the circulation, shaves his head, and exposes it to the vertical rays of the



sun, and causes him to fast for a day or two, while the priest continually preaches to him on the theme of the extermination of the Christians. He assures him that a white horse is saddled and standing in readiness to convey his soul to paradise, provided he loses his life while taking the lives of believers in Christ. These men, after being allowed to descend from the mountain, are possessed of a mania to kill and get killed. They would consider the failure in one as bad as in the other. They usually conceal a short sword, called a borong, under their clothes, and assume the role of a fruit or cigarette peddler, and approach their victims in an inoffensive and humble manner. When one judges that the opportune moment has arrived he drops his bundle and whips out his short sword as quick as lightning, and kills and mutilates until he himself is killed, which is usually after he has killed at least half a dozen Christians.

The Americans have learned the Moro's antipathy for the pig, and accordingly, when they kill a *juramentado*, they send out and compel all the Moros of the surrounding section to attend his funeral. They bury him with a pig, and thereby close the gates of paradise to him, and destroy the illusion of the white horse.

## THE WOOD-THRUSH

F. T. HOLDEN.

Coming with the break of day  
Being full of summer morn,  
Thrilling forth your sweetest lay  
Over mead and field of corn,  
Often from the wooded hill  
Have I heard your bell-like note  
Rippling in ecstatic trill  
From thy mottled breast and throat.

Sweetest bird of childhood days,  
Speaking still of woodland flowers,  
That we gathered in our plays,  
Wading brooks through summer hours,  
Bird of bounding, pulsing life,  
Essence still of liberty,  
Help us free from care and strife  
With your ringing melody.

Ever come and ever sing,  
When come back the days of May,  
Making wood and thicket ring  
With your merry roundelay.

Help us conquer time and woe,  
Take us back to barefoot plays,  
Till through all our hearts there flow  
Memories sweet of bygone days.

Better still than memories old  
Is the strength your songs impart  
For the tasks the hours may hold—  
Tasks that tax the brain and heart.

## LIBRARIES AND EDUCATION

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A. R. GALLIMORE.

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On the walls of the Library of Congress may be found this quotation from Thomas Carlyle: "The true university of these days is a collection of books."

The influence of a collection of books is unlimited. Even one book has many times changed the destiny of a man's life. It is books and what they contain that makes one person different from another, not bookworms, but thinkers and doers. It was books that made Abraham Lincoln, in the crudeness of his backwoods home in the West, different from his companions. He had read and thought and was thus led on to higher things. His thoughts consisted of what he had read in such books as *Weim's Life of Washington*, *Aesop's Fables* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. While in body he was occupied as were his fellow pioneers, yet in mind he associated with another order of men. However, it was not till he had grown into strong manhood that he was able to break the fetters of the rail-splitter and enter the life he longed for, of which he had caught visions in the books he read.

It is the mind that makes the man. It is the glory of man. But the mind must be developed. This is done by bringing to our own experience the best of all that has been said and done by those gone before, by reading and study. And where do we get the wisdom of ages? Where do we acquire the experience of the generations past? It is all wrapped up in books. Where do we go for the way of eternal life? To the one great Book, which says "wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom."

Books are character builders, for it is what an individual thinks and feels that affects character, and largely his efficiency. Reading is the art by which a person is brought into

the experiences of the race, and into communication with his fellows. It lifts us to the ideal and gives us our best thoughts, and "they are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." We can not be separated from our thoughts, for "as a man thinketh, so is he." In the words of Mr. James Russell Lowell—"reading enables us to see with the keenest eyes, to hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time."

One of the greatest characteristics of a collection of books is that it meets the intellectual need of every period of life. For the school, it is a mental playground; for the college, it is a challenge to research; in the broad field of life, it is the rendezvous of all thinking people.

Jeremy Collier says: "Books are a guide in youth and an entertainment for old age. They support us under solitude and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay disappointments asleep. When we are weary of living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation."

Now, if books have such a cultural value, the library must play a prominent part and stand in a vital relation to our educational system.

In order that the library may play the part in education that it should, taste for reading should be developed, especially in the younger people and the school children. It is this taste that causes the child to spend its spare time in reading. It inspires the college student to burn the midnight oil. It induces the man of affairs to spend the evening hours in profitable reading. Says Sir John Herschel: "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness through life and a shield against its

ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books." As every family is not able to have a private library, it falls upon the schools and colleges or the public to provide the means of gratifying this taste.

First—the school library. Until very recently the greater number of our teachers have done their work on the theory that, to give the mastery of the school arts, to make their pupils proficient in reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic was their whole duty. But now they are waking up and finding that something more is expected of them. They now see that they are not fulfilling the whole purpose of the school. There is a purpose more far-reaching. This purpose of the school is, says Herbert Spencer, to bring the child into complete living. And complete living is efficient living.

Then, the text-book is not all that has been written on a certain subject. There are other books that may be associated with the text. A sufficient number of these parallel works should be provided by the library. A library may be used to advantage in teaching any subject, but it is needed especially in the teaching of English and History. The library gives the extra information needed. The work of the school can not be done successfully without the use of a library.

The library is the place for the cultivation of the child's literary taste. In the direction of the child's reading and the acquiring of this taste, much has been done in the formation of his character for life. Phillips Brooks says, "he who helps a child, helps humanity with a distinctness which no

other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again."

Not only is a library a help to the student, but is an aid to the teacher as well. Teachers should direct the reading of their pupils, but they themselves need a source of reference also. They need to keep up with the subjects which they teach. This can not be done without a library for reference.

A library should not supplement the work of the school, but it should rather complement it. The library and the school should work together in the educational system. It is a true saying that the foundation of every State is the education of its youth. The library certainly has a part in that foundation. It furnishes the pupil some of the tools for his work and offers him the opportunity to satisfy the curiosity and the enthusiasm which his work has awakened.

Second, a library has a most important part in the work of a college, in fact it is indispensable to the work of such an institution. One of the things by which a college is known is its library. When a person visits a college, he is not satisfied till the library has been seen. The visitor naturally expects to see one of the most attractive buildings on the campus. It may not be fine, but it should be well equipped.

The motto of the college library should be service. The number of books it contains is not so important. It may be filled with books that are never used. The supreme question is, what part does it play in the life of the college? It should serve both faculty and students. It should be a reserve force for the faculty and a companion for the student. Whatever the matter in question may be, a reference for one of the departments of the college, a query for debate in the literary societies, or reading for mere pleasure, the library should be the place. If it does not meet these requirements, it falls short of its mission.

To do the work just mentioned, there must of course be a

leader. Nothing amounts to anything without a leader, and a library is no exception. Therefore, the librarian is a leader of the thoughts of men as no other man is. He is a guide to them in their reading. It has often been said that a man is known by the company he keeps. A man may also be known by the kinds of books he reads. To lead people in their reading, it requires a man of keen intellect and aware of every need of his readers. The modern librarian is not simply the keeper of books, as he once was, but he is a business man, a scholar and a teacher. His position is not of less importance than that of the college professor. While the college professor is the leader of thought in his special subject, the librarian may be the leader of thought in every subject. All knowledge is his field. He may not know everything, but he should know where to find something on any reasonable topic. Thus the influence of the librarian is unlimited. He is therefore an important person in the educational world.

The function of the library is three-fold. It is not only the conservator of the past, but it is the herald of the present and the prophet of the future. It fulfills the first by supplying the best of history, literature and science of bygone days. It fulfills the second and third by furnishing the cream of the many current books. Is not this the work of the college? While its main object is to present facts, yet, should it not show their relation to the present and future? The library is not only a necessity in a college, but it is a part of the college.

Third and last, let us notice the public library. It has a work of its own. It not only reaches the school and college, but it reaches the public; it does not only reach the young but it also reaches the old; it is not limited to the scholar, but it may be an aid to the humblest laborer. Those who

have not had the opportunity of attending school and college may become well informed, and with close application educated, by taking advantage of a well appointed public library. Here the masses may dive into science and literature, and become associated with the sages of the past. Here may be learned the accomplishments of the present and the possibilities of the future. And best of all, its invitation is to everybody.

When we remember that out of the small number of boys and girls that even reach the high school, only one in four completes the course, then we can see the great opportunity of the public library. And of those finishing the high school, a very small number go to college, but must enter at once into some active career. If these have been trained in the use of a library during their school days, they will likely be prepared to pursue a higher education in the public library, which we have called the university of the people. All that mankind has had to say in history, literature, science and art, is here laid at the feet of those who will avail themselves of the opportunity.

Since the school or college library is not accessible to the rank and file of the people, it falls upon the public library to do the work that the former can not do. Yet, it may help the school in a great many respects, by supplying some of the deficiencies of the school library. Its value as an adjunct of the public school, and then extending its influence of good reading after the school period, is sufficient argument in its favor.

The need of to-day is broader education. Day by day there is a fuller appreciation of the fact that the variety of interests in this age of progress and complication, makes success dependent upon broader education. The man of to-day without an education plays no part in the life of affairs. His influence is limited. Even the specialist, whether college



trained or not, finds that those ahead of him are specialists and something more. They are something more because of their companionship with books. Every one with any ambition, wants to excel in some way. We all want to be well rounded. This comes from our association with books.

What, then, is to be the place of the library in the world? It is to be the source of inspiration to higher endeavor, to the heights of human achievement. It is to be a vital force in the preparation for complete living, which is education.

## ON HIS OWN WORKS

LESLIE G. BULLARD.

(Translated from Horace.)

A structure more lasting than copper or marble,  
More durable ever than pyramids high,  
Which neither dark billows nor Aquiline tempests  
Nor series of ages, as onward they fly,

Nor rapid succession of summer and winter  
Can ever demolish, by me is complete.  
The life I am living shall never have ending,  
But live in my poems still growing more sweet;

And nations succeeding shall echo my praises  
While virgins, in silence performing each rite,  
Are aided by priestesses chanting my poems  
To throngs in the temple, who hear with delight.

And rapid Aufidus shall murmur, and Daunus  
Supplied with scant water, shall rule a rude race  
While I am acknowledged the greatest beginner  
Of measures Aeolic, exalted to chase

Melpomene, thoughtful, assuming her duty  
And taking position her merit has won;  
Who crowns me with laurel, the emblem of Delphos,  
And honors the lines of her dutiful son.

## GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION AND THE LABOR UNIONS

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CHAS. T. BELL.

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The history of labor is the history of a great struggle. Slowly, but not at all times silently, the laborer has been emancipated from the Egyptian slave to the present independent wage-earner. This change and evolution has come through four distinct periods: Slavery, serfdom, inferiority and equality. And the ultimate state for which labor is striving is freedom. As almost everything is today controlled by great combinations, from the toothpick trust to the billion dollar steel corporation, therefore the ultimate work of labor must be organization. This work at one time seemed to have been progressing rapidly, and but for intervention by "injunction," labor within a few years would have been as well organized in some sections of the country and its orders as effectively obeyed as the larger business corporations. Labor stands today at the parting of the ways. To say that when a body of wage-earners unite, their consultation then becomes a criminal conspiracy and invests the power in a Federal judge to enjoin them from putting into effect their orders, means the enslavement of labor to capital. To permit them to enjoy the rights and privileges guaranteed to them by the constitution means ultimately their freedom.

Before going further into the discussion of this question I think that it would be well for us to get a clear conception of what constitutes a strike, what is picketing and boycotting, also what is an injunction and the use and abuse of same.

Says the Department of Labor at Washington in its twenty-first report: "A strike is a concerted withdrawal

from work by a part or all of the employees of an establishment or several establishments to enforce a demand on the part of the employees."

Picketing is the placing of watchers around the premises of an establishment to persuade those who are contemplating working for the establishment not to work.

Now, a boycott is a confederation of persons for the purpose of injuring the business of another by preventing third parties from having any dealings with this particular concern through fear of incurring the displeasure and hostility of the confederates.

Space will not permit going into the history of injunctions, but suffice it to say it is an order issued by a judge of an equity court enjoining some person or persons to do or not to do some particular act. The object which called it into exercise was the inability of the injured party to get proper redress in a court of law. It is an extraordinary remedy, and in order to give ground for it there must be intimidation. Now the primary and only purpose which was intended by an injunction was the protection of private property and property rights against irreparable damage by wrongdoers.

First, has labor the right to combine, and if so has it the right to put into effect its orders and quit work whenever the union sees fit? The first part of this question is undeniable. No judge dares to say that labor has not the right to combine. All great things are done and all great achievements brought about by the collective action and organization of men. The time is past when the individual workman is called upon to put his single, feeble strength against the might of organized capital. The right of wage-earners to associate together and act collectively is not any special privilege that is granted to them by the government. Nor is it derived by stretching the "general welfare clause" in

the constitution, Federal statutes or judicial decisions. It antedates the constitution. It is a natural and inherent right. We see it first exercised among the tribes battling for supremacy on the plains of Mesopotamia. It is the natural weapon of weakness, and not to exercise it is contrary to a man's first nature which prompts him to associate with his fellows for his protection, defense and improvement. Says Judge Caldwell, in *Ames vs. Railroad*, 62 Fed., 714: "If it is lawful for the stockholders and officers of a corporation to associate and confer together for the purpose of reducing the wages of its employees, or for devising other means for making their organization more profitable, it is equally lawful for organized labor to associate, consult and confer with a view to maintain or increase wages."

But say those who are not ardent admirers of the labor unions, to say the least, "so far, so good," but at the same time they contend that when the union gets ready to strike for higher wages, the employer must have the privilege of sending one of his slick-tongued lawyers up to the office of some Federal judge (they always have their favorites), make up some woeful plea—anything to get the order—and come dashing back with his officer to serve the injunction on the union forbidding it to quit work. We contend that this is unjust, unconstitutional and abhorrent to all liberty-loving people. It is in violation of the thirteenth amendment by putting men in involuntary slavery, and establishes peonage by judicial decision. If an individual is clothed with a right when acting alone he does not lose such right by acting with others each of whom is clothed with the same right. If the act done is lawful, the combination of several persons to commit it does not render it unlawful. In other words, the mere combination of action does not give character to the act. It is the illegality of the purpose to be accomplished or the illegal means used in the furtherance of the

purpose which makes the act illegal. Now bear in mind the fact that there is a great distinction between a strike, picketing and a boycott. When the disturbance results in shooting down men who attempt to take the place of the strikers, it is no longer simply a strike but a strike aggravated, and of course could not be tolerated by any law-abiding community. Even then, if it does not cause irreparable damage to some property right, the injunction is not the remedy.

Secondly, is it constitutionally right? We have searched in vain to find anything in the constitution which upholds a judge in enjoining a body of men as a labor union from striking for higher wages. But rather we find an insurmountable barrier in amendments six and seven. Amendment six: "In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." Amendment seven: "In suits at common law when the value in controversy shall exceed \$20 the right of trial by jury shall be preserved." A new school of logic will certainly have to be started in order to get around these guaranties of a man's right to a trial by jury. Bearing in mind the British tyranny, it was for this as much as anything else that George Washington fought and Patrick Henry thundered. And when our fathers prepared that paper which Gladstone has called "the greatest document ever conceived or struck off by the hand of man," they inserted these mandatory provisions. They put the rights and liberties of the people in the keeping of the people themselves. Trial by jury has never been popular with the aristocracy of wealth or the corporations and trusts. The people have the right to change the constitution if they so desire, and abolish trial by jury,

but the power to do this resides with the whole people, and not with a few Federal judges.

Now, even if it were constitutionally right to deprive a body of persons of their right to a trial by jury when attempting to quit work, we can very readily see how this power could be and is at the present time abused. Says Judge Connor in *State vs. Van Pelt*, 136 N. C., 133 (which has been called by Cornelius H. Fauntleroy, of the bar of St. Louis, Mo., who stumped his State in the recent campaign on the one plank "injunction" in the platform of the Democratic party, the greatest labor decision ever handed down by any court): "Everything that the judge has to go by is the credibility of the party asking for the injunction. \* \* \* To a timid, conservative judicial mind trained to regard even the slightest disturbance of such force as portending danger to the peace of the State, a combination of the most harmless character would assume 'unlawful form and force.' " To a different type of judicial mind, believing that the safety and the highest interest of the State are promoted by the freest possible play of mind and action in trade competition, the same combination would seem not only lawful but stimulating to trade in the community. Again says Judge Caldwell: "It is the special function of the jury to decide upon the credibility of the witnesses, and the manner of a witness on the stand is as important as his words in determining the weight to be attached to his testimony. A judge is apt to be hampered by precedent. He wants this decision to harmonize with former decisions rendered by him, although the facts are never the same in the two cases. The jury is better able to decide upon each on its merits."

Lastly, is it morally right that the capitalists have the right to combine and not give the same right to laborers. In his first annual message to Congress, Dec. 3, 1861, Abraham Lincoln declared as follows: "There is one thing to which

I desire to call your attention. It is the attempt to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor in the structure of our government. Labor is prior to capital. Capital is the fruit of labor, and could not exist had not labor first existed. Labor therefore deserves much the higher consideration." This is exactly our stand, the giving to capital no rights which labor is denied. If capital has the right to combine and it is no conspiracy, then labor has the same right to enforce its demands. A corporation is an association of individuals for combined action. Capitalists, by managing large corporations, have been able to amass fortunes which would startle kings and queens of olden times. The United States Steel Corporation sells its rails cheaper in England than in America where they are made. The Standard Oil Company has grown to so monstrous size that no concern dares oppose it. The Armour Packing Company sells its meat cheaper to the Boers in South Africa than to the man who can hear the squeal of the hog when he is killed in America. And yet the same court that would find any one of them guiltless of breaking the Sherman anti-trust law, would grant an injunction to prohibit their employers from having them. It is the business of the law to see that no men or classes of men under any pretext whatever are granted rights and privileges denied to other men or classes of men.

The capitalists have a distinct advantage of the labor unions by using what is known as a "lockout." This is brought about by discharging part or all of the employees for some reason and by agreements with like corporations which are of course kept secret, they are unable to get work elsewhere. Says the Department of Labor from 1881 to 1905: "There were 716,231 men that were discharged because they would not submit to a decrease in wages or for some other reason. There were 100,000 more thrown out of work from the ef-



feet of these lockouts, making a total loss of \$96,000,000 to the wage-earners." The report further states that the average duration of a strike is 25.4 days, while the average duration of a lockout is 84.6 days. The difference in the duration of a strike and a lockout is self-explanatory. The capitalist is able to hold out against the man who has no money, but instead a family to support, while the wage-earner can avail nothing against the might of organized capital.

To sum up, capitalists unite and do business and there is no conspiraey; labor unites and there is a conspiraey. Capital asks for a trial by jury and gets it; labor asks for a trial by jury and is refused. Capital locks out its employes and nothing is said; labor asks for the right to quit work and an injunction is issued against it.

In *State v. Van Pelt*, 136 N. C., 633, Judge Douglas very fittingly closes this great decision with the following lines: "We are assured that if we break up the labor organizations we will have no more strikes and that peace and order will reign throughout the land. When Kosciusko fell and Poland lay once more beneath the Kossack's heel, Sebastianians announced that peace and order reigned throughout Warsaw; while Louis Napoleon in seizing the throne of France declared that the Empire is peace. North Carolinians seek not the peace of despotism but that peace alone which follows the mutual recognition of equal rights and the impartial enforcement of just and equal laws."

## THE FATED RACE

A. D. G.

The migrant tramp of foreign men  
Disturbed thy haunts and secret den.  
New England's pilgrim sons, aflame  
With zeal and righteous yearnings, came  
And stirred thy dismal vast with sounds  
Of toil and rapid-growing towns.  
Thy peering gaze and watchful eye  
Discerned with caution, heaved a sigh  
Of woe, and made an awful vow  
Behind a heart and scowling brow.  
The clanking sword of soldiers rang  
With martial tunes of songs you sang  
By wigwam fires beneath the shades  
Of forest bows and secret glades.  
I see thee leave thy homes to war  
Against our race you most abhor.  
I see thee, helpless, aged, but brave  
Prepare to fight or dig thy grave.  
I hear thy stealthy tread and yells  
Alike some distant breeze that swells  
And sounding weaker, lastly heaves  
Its parting strain among the leaves,  
Then croons afar to come no more  
While passing silent to that shore  
Which lies beyond.

But where are they  
Whose council fires once bright alway  
In every valley shot their blaze  
From western seas to eastern bays?



S. WAIT BREWER.  
Business Manager.

O where are they—this fated race,  
Whose dark encampment hid each face  
From white man's view; whose cover screened  
Their deadly missiles; whose chieftains dreamed  
Of war; whose hunters' arrows, red  
With stain of victims which have bled  
Away their blood to succor tribes  
Through famines, war and taunting jibes?  
O man of deeds, thou hast assumed  
The right to rule and thus consumed  
The sachem's life, his realm, his all!  
Thou art a plague and doth appall  
With giant strength the savage lance  
Or quell a race with thy sharp glance!  
The winds that cooled and softly fanned  
Thy plains, thy shores, and fair home-land,  
Now waft their fragrance evermore  
O'er fields of grain or wealthy store.  
The stars which hung above thy plains  
And lit at night thy vast domains  
Are watching now with tranquil ray  
Thy dust disturbed by men today—  
By men who live on titled names  
And wear the mark of shameful stains  
Which conquered red men had to give  
To rear a race too vile to live.

## THE PALMIST

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"RUDENZ."

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Warm sunshine fell on the crowded street. There was just enough chill in the air to tell one that winter had not entirely loosed its grasp and make one cross to the sunny side. Street cars clanged, drivers yelled, horses reared, drays rattled, and automobiles glided around with a "chug" and a "honk." But Owen Wells wandered slowly along the packed sidewalk, heedless, yet seeing all. Every now and then he stopped before some gaudy billboard or gazed into a store window, displaying "new-fangled" neckties or the latest style of ladies' hats, resembling, somewhat, a coal scuttle turned upside down. Then a little shadow of pain would cross his face and he would join the racing throng, only to find his steps become slower and slower until he stood again before some gayly decorated shop window. As he was standing thus a boy rushed by with an armful of variously colored handbills, which he was distributing freely to the pedestrians. Ordinarily Owen would not have seen him, but now he held out his hand and allowed one of those gaudy slips to be thrust into it. Slowly uncrumpling it he read:

"Ask Madam Elles, palmist. She advises in matters of love, marriage, business, health, and in family affairs. 955 North Trade Street."

With a snarl of disgust he dropped the fluttering paper to the ground and walked on.

As he neared the corner he heard a fearful racket that sounded in a steady stream above the rattle of the drays and street-car bells. Inquisitive, he turned the corner and saw in the entrance to a movingpicture show one of those abominable electric pianos literally dancing on the floor, playing for dear life. He hated the thing but couldn't help admir-

ing it for the noise it made. He stopped before the billboard and, looking at the pictures of comedians in white tights and ruffles, read the glowing description of the "special vaudeville" and noted "entire program changed to-day." With the object of passing away time he walked up to the little ticket window and, in answer to the question,

"How many?" (pasted across the glass) said,

"One." Then again a little shadow crossed his face. With a sigh he turned into the great dark door.

Up on the screen in front some fool had got drunk, and after breaking up housekeeping in a fashionable restaurant, winding up the fire alarm, stealing a baby carriage to haul away a stolen keg of rum, and leaving the baby yelling in the middle of the street, succeeded in bringing a regiment of policemen and indignant citizens chasing after him with barrel staves and brickbats.

But Owen was two thousand miles away, wondering; could it be possible that she was lost, lost forever? Were all his dreams only air-castles, and was she, whom he had almost called his own, destined for another? With an effort he tore away from these thoughts that had become so familiar during the day and fell to building new air-castles, whose ends were always the same, for he was a ceaseless dreamer. Just then the dancing pictures stopped, and great, black headlines told him to "Ask Madam Elles." Below were pictures of various hands with a line describing each, as, "This hand would take anything," and "This hand has trouble in love." He looked at his own; yes, he acknowledged that his hand was a great deal more like the "take anything" hand than like the "trouble in love" one. The picture changed, said, "Good Afternoon" and "Call Again." He stepped into the aisle and allowed himself to be pushed out with the crowd.

Thrust upon the street again he continued his aimless wanderings. He had walked some distance when he looked up

to find that he had left the busiest part of town. The streets were clearer and quiet, save for the rumbling that reached him from the farther end. As he went along looking at the little grocery stores and restaurants, he saw by the side of some steps that led down to the sidewalk a big board covered with pictures of hands, the same he had seen in the moving picture show, and under them, "Ask Madam Elles, Upstairs." He felt as if he had found old friends, and as he stood comparing his own hand to the ones sketched on the board, the idea struck him—why not have his hand read? There was nobody here who knew him, and there could certainly be no harm in it. He had always wanted to have his fortune told ever since, when a boy, he had heard of marvelous predictions that always came true. He turned around to see if anybody was looking. The only people in sight were two men on the opposite side of the street, and they were going the other way, so he ducked his head and dived up the steps.

In answer to his ring a little brown Syrian girl, with straight, black hair and jet black eyes, in a calico dress ornamented all over with the star and crescent, asked him to come in and have a seat. He threw his hat on the table, dropped into a chair and looked around at the tawdry furnishings of the room. Everywhere the star and crescent were in evidence. The coarse curtains and the mantel-spread, with its brassy ornaments, were made from the same star and crescent cloth.

At this moment the little black-eyed girl reappeared and asked if he would step into the next room. He arose and followed her through the door. There he saw, sitting near the window, a great "hill of flesh," rigged up with earrings, rings, bracelets, and spangles galore. She motioned him to a chair near her own, and when he was seated, took his hand. For a minute or more she studied it, tracing every

line with that great forefinger laden with three massive rings. Then she began:

"You are in love with the daughter of a physician in the east—North Carolina. She is a blond, about your own age and—"

"Tell me something of the future," Owen broke in, for already he felt that this woman knew too much of his past.

"And you have quarreled," she continued, not at all disturbed by his interruption, "and she has promised to marry a man whose name begins with 'G,' and you have come out here to try to forget her. But she loves you, and—" Owen felt his hand tremble. Yes, he felt in his heart that she did love him.

"You shall find her in this city within three days." With this she released his hand and he sprang up from the chair, handed her her price and rushed into the other room, seized his hat and elattered down the steps out into the street again.

It was dusk outside. There was still the roar and confusion, but a mist seemed to envelop all, from which the great lights of the cars and motors blazed. Then Owen began to think. There was nothing in what he had heard; only the words of an old fortune-teller, yet if they could be true! But, *by to-morrow she would be married to George!* The thought struck him like a thunderbolt. He staggered, almost fell, and as he dragged himself away this thought beat upon him without mercy, "To-night is her wedding. To-night she will be married. To-night she will be married to George." With bowed head he wandered on through the crowd and confusion, seeing nothing, hearing nothing.

After a pretense at supper, with one faint ray of hope that a drowning man seizes, he went to the theater. He couldn't give up. In his effort to see every one in the house he forgot what was happening on the stage, but not a soul he knew.



Disgusted with theaters, people, and the world in general, he went to bed with a troubled heart. But sleep doesn't desert the troubled, and when he awoke the first rays of the morning sun were peeping into his room. He quickly dressed and started for a morning walk in the park a few blocks away.

Diamonds on every leaf and blade of grass sparkled in the early sunshine, and there was that Easter fragrance in the air, born of violets, hyacinths, and peach blossoms, which permeates one's very soul and fills him with the fresh joyousness of spring. Owen gradually fell under the charm, and before he knew it, he was sauntering through the park with his hands dug deep in his pockets, whistling to the robins as he used to do. He looked over the park. There was not a soul on the white, winding walks, yes—. His heart jumped into his throat and his temples seemed about to burst. When he could catch his breath he plunged through the thick rose bushes, jumped over the "Keep Off the Grass" sign, and bounded over the flower beds. She turned, and eyes met; ay, hearts understood. Her lashes dropped and she stood blushing like a full-blown rose.

"Helen—," he began, and that was all he could say. Reaching over he stooped under that gorgeous mass of hair and stole a kiss. That seemed to unlock their hearts, and looking down into those dancing eyes of blue,

"What made you come?" he asked. She answered with a saucy twinkle, fairly bubbling over with mischief,

"Can't you guess?"

"O, Helen, you don't know how I love you," and he reached down for her hand.

"You naughty thing, don't you see those people over there?" But that naughty little laugh told him that his game was won.

"But really, how did you come out here," he pinched his leg to see if he were dreaming.

"Now, to tell the truth—will you promise not to laugh?"

Looking into those questioning eyes Owen felt the rest of the world sink away and leave this blessed spot towering up into heaven itself.

"Hope me die." He swore that terrible oath that he had many a time trembled at when a boy.

"Well, a fortune-teller told me."

"But, George?"

"Oh, when he learned what I was going to do he left for Europe."

As their eyes met and lingered Owen had a vague consciousness of his arms hanging helplessly by his side. They turned, and with ceaseless chatter and gay laughter that to the rest of the world spells "love," walked down the street. A big, white sign with hands pictured on it loomed up at Owen's side. He cast a look of recognition toward it.

"I wonder," he whispered.

THE QUEEN OF MAY

---

DEE CARRICK.

---

O it was long ago, sweet long ago,  
When the world was golden and gay,  
That a sunbeam stole o'er her face aglow,  
And they crowned her the Queen of May.

O gentle was she, with beauty a-thrill,  
When sated with Youth's honeyed dream,  
And the flow'rets blowing by mead and rill  
Caught smiles from her rapturous gleam.

But the bright flush of Youth died long ago,  
When departed fond childhood's fay,  
And the wind's eerie strain wept soft and low,  
For O where went the Queen of May!

Yet all of us love this maiden once fair,  
And bend low at her shrine each day,  
For this erstwhile Queen is your mother dear,—  
May she still be the Queen of May.

## UNFILTERED GALL

## TAMBOURINE.

A succession of coincidences have changed me from a penniless lad to a murderer and grovelling possessor of enormous wealth.

When my father died, the responsibility of supporting a mother and invalid sister devolved upon me. I cut wood for a sum too meager to support us. The landlord was threatening to drive us from the little rented home, and very soon I grew discouraged, threw down my ax and resolved upon self-destruction rather than see my two loved ones beg for bread.

Hastening to the nearest town I secured a room in the best hotel and entered it, intending never to see light again. I groped to the center of the pitch-dark room, placed a revolver to my temple and a second longer would have put me in eternity, but a hand snatched away the weapon.

Startled, I gruffly demanded, "Who's there?"

Without replying, I saw a shadow move quickly towards the door. It hesitated, and then the room was illuminated in an instant.

In a beautiful pink lingerie frock there stood a frightened Italian woman who had secluded herself in this dark room for special treatment of her eyes. I had unconsciously invaded the wrong apartment.

Her eyes flashed thrillingly, which gave my heart an unmajestic throb akin to sudden infatuation. Looking excitedly into my gleaming eyes, which no doubt betrayed my suicidal intentions, she shuddered perceptibly, and before I thought of retreating or apologizing, she fled down the hall yelling for help.

Discovering my imminent danger and knowing my mistake was inexplicable, I leaped to a telegraph post from the window and slid to the earth. Until this hour I kept this incident a secret.

Some weeks later my sister died and my mother removed to her brother's. This sudden change set me free to choose whatever I preferred to do. My inclination to travel mastered me at length, and I cast my lot among the homeless wanderers of the earth.

After a period of several years' employment, the nature of which here must not be indulged, I took up my abode with a Sicilian bachelor who once had been a sculptor of much renown, but, having accumulated sufficient wealth to live on the remainder of his life, he had retired to a small farm in the suburbs of Messina. He had exceptionally expressive, black eyes, set widely apart, an aquiline nose, very symmetrical, a broad, high forehead, well defined; thin lips, which couched snugly behind a brown mustache. To a man like this I needed only an introduction; his winning manner and pleasing demeanor told the rest. His nervous temperament and remarkable sagacity betrayed his finer nature and furnished me a subject of meditation.

How we became acquainted will be seen later. Why I sought to win his confidence is revealed by its result.

After months of very intimate relationship we became fast, and as it seemed to him, inseparable friends.

However, all the while my eyes had watched his every movement, my heart had yearned to know its greatest desire fulfilled either through foul or fair means, and at last as a preliminary test I pretended that I had found a baby's finger in a dish of highly-flavored soup. Appearing greatly offended I arose and bade him farewell, and proceeded to Messina. When I got there he was there also.

In front of a café we met, and in unexpected seriousness he touched my elbow:

"Say, Ned Cole, my lad, you do not know that you are leaving two fortunes."

"Neither do I care," I responded indifferently; but I did care to the very bottom of my heart.

We entered the café engaged in deep conversation. He turned quickly as we passed down the aisle and presented me to his niece, Signorina Cecilia Favari, who, too, had just entered. She conversed freely, and covered me with a pair of sparkling eyes which I swore in my heart I had seen somewhere before. The tremor of her voice and wealth of raven hair I recognized immediately, but I kept tactfully silent. As the sculptor and I departed she followed me with a lingering gaze which I hastily strove to shun—that wide, introspective gaze which brought me to my senses in the dark room.

"She is my only near relative," he reflected as we passed silently down the sidewalk.

"I congratulate you; she is very attractive and charming," I half humorously replied, but in my soul I felt a thousand impulses to say still better things.

"But for your conduct this day, I would ask you to wed her," he replied, as though he had heard my heart speak.

"Do you think she would cook baby fingers?" I rejoined humorously.

He looked me in the eye squarely, and feelingly put this proposition to me:

"Ned, I have a million in yonder bank; it is yours at my death if you win her. My will is made to her. Her education is complete. She is known in all Messina for her gift in music, she has traveled extensively—"

"Ever traveled in America?" I broke in abruptly.

"Yes, she had her eyes treated at a favorite health resort

over there. She thinks she would to-day be blind had she never seen America. She often makes reference to an incident which occurred in her room once while under treatment. She is very sentimental and feels as if she has added a star to her crown in heaven simply through her purely accidental prevention of a suicidal attempt."

I changed the subject at once. The reasons are obvious.

"Signor Giuseppe Lamalia!" I said, lowering my tone, "I accept your proposition. We will return to your home straightway, for if you ain't got the million, that girl is worth the world!"

He laughed at my remark; I do not think he would, though, had he known how true it was in regard to me and my past.

"She is using the money which her father sent to her some years ago from Alexandria. Her parents went abroad for several years and left her in my care after she returned from America. She does not know that I have a cent except what I make on my farm."

A scheme popped into my mind. "If that's the case, suppose you make a holograph will to me for the million, for I certainly shall die or win her," I ventured, with a look of determination. "I can't get a cent until you die if you do that, and you will have the pleasure of seeing me win her and have to work for a living until you die. Or in case I should fail (and just here I gave him a smile of assurance and tapped him on the shoulder) to win her you could destroy the will."

He had utmost confidence in me and my knowledge of common law, and consented readily to do my suggestion.

Having done this, which I thought was a very foolish step on his part, we departed for his home.

During the few days which I now spent there with him I

did not see his relative, Signorina Cecilia, but I was scheming to execute the plan of treachery I had conceived.

At breakfast one beautiful morning, in sudden excitement and apparent anger, I cursed:

"You scoundrel! you lied about the baby finger, for here's another!" holding to his nose a bit of flesh I had purposely carved to justify my anger.

He said not a word, but sprang up, clutched my throat with a death-grip and struck me violently with his fist.

Quick as a flash I stabbed him with my fork in the back just behind his heart. He fell and gasped his last at my feet.

Then I covered all traces which might endanger my safety among his friends, and hastened to Messina to report that robbers had killed him and it had been my miraculous luck to escape alive. My life depended upon subtleness and a brave front, and so I suppressed my struggling conscience and assumed filial affection by forced weeping.

Furthermore, his assumed destitution of luxuries prevented any one from thinking he was rich or that I had murdered him for his money.

After he was buried in the potter's field and everything had quieted, I worked in with the public administrator and we found the million in a safety deposit vault, bequeathed to me by holograph will. I gave the administrator a thousand to keep his mouth shut.

A few weeks afterwards I began to get my bearings for a second conquest, that of winning the fair Signorina. A short search and inquiry revealed that she had disappeared. My disappointment was so great that I immediately left for Paris.

It happened two years later, on May 29, 1871, that I was at a ball. On that occasion we were alarmed by the great fire in Paris of that same date. The junction was disbanded



and everybody either fled for life or hastened to the rescue of others.

As I fled down by a magnificent building in flames, I heard screams of despair and calls for help. I looked and saw through wreaths of smoke a lady scrambling towards the elevator. She caught to an iron frame-work and was swinging off when I shouted to the top of my voice:

"Wait, lady, wait! I'll help you!" for I knew she would be killed if she leaped.

I snatched a rope and sledge-hammer from the front of an adjoining store and fastened the hammer to one end and threw it over the rod to which she clung. She seized the hammer and through our efforts she was lowered safely to the earth amid the shouts of all who saw her feat of strength and endurance.

With a look of inexpressible gratitude she clasped my hands in hers and wept.

I bent forward long enough in the great rush to whisper in her rear:

"I have always longed to pay you back, for you saved my life in America. I am he whom you met with your uncle in Messina."

She recognized me at once, and amid the great crowds we rushed along and away from danger.

Explanations on my part in regard to the suicidal attempt excited her sympathy, and these incidents which she thought strangely romantic stole her heart and best judgment.

To the proposal I made her the following week she acquiesced with careful earnestness, and ten days later we were looking across the broad Atlantic from Saint Augustine, Fla. From there we went by rail to Puntarasa, Fla.

Twelve miles from this town, out in the gulf, there are several small, sandy, shell-covered islands on which only fishermen and Koreshans live. From these to the mainland

the fishermen and Koreshauns pass continually. It was through them that we learned of their historic interest.

It is said that many a tragedy has been committed there, which now only the relics and bones of the dead remain to relate. Only the sands of the sea know the awful deeds of the past.

Upon first glance after landing on these sequestered bars of sand one is filled with strange imaginings and ill forebodings. It was thus with me and I followed moodily, but Cecilia tripped joyously along, finding attractive things everywhere.

A swift reconnoiter revealed five large mounds of sand in which we found several decapitated skeletons with their skulls under their left arms. In a metal box my wife found a locket on which were engraved "VII" and a scroll. She recognized it at once and wailed most piteously, "Mother's—O, it's her wedding gift!"

Reaching down again she disentangled a gold chain and endeavored to loose it from its fastening. I stirred the sand beneath it and uncarthed a medium skull, to which clung a pair of gold-bowed spectacles.

Cecilia screamed hysterically and pointed to a gold band across the upper front teeth, then she swooned.

Her white face revealed the beautiful radiance of her soul. Often I had paused to feast my gaze upon her, for she had a complexion which had no roseate bloom, but yet was not too pale, eyes dark as night, whose depths you might look into as far as your sight would go and then know that their inner shrines you had failed to sound, although nothing intervened. This minute her great wealth of raven hair, floating disheveled, spoke volumes which never before had occurred to me. My love for the first time had truly asserted itself as I sat for a moment's introspection, bathing her marble brow with sea-water.

As she revived, a terrible hidden resolution stole over her countenance. With a look of dismay which I never can forget, she held up for me to read, a silver stiletto, with my name carved thereon.

I used to think the terrors of the world had been terribly exaggerated by the traditions of mankind, but this one look cast a future of Stygian blackness before me. My former melancholia reassured itself and I began to realize that nobody but a fool would have exposed his past villiany to the eternal misery of his most beloved.

At my gentle request she dried her tears to listen to my short story.

"Shortly after I escaped from your room twenty years ago, I became a member of your father's band of pirates. Once among your mother's trinkets I saw a photograph which I afterwards learned was yours. Your father admired me for my daring, and blood-thirsty nature, and gave me the dagger which bears my name. He told me your uncle at Messina had a million dollars and would give it to you at his death. These are my reasons for courting your bachelor-uncle's favor. My relationship with your father made me love you. Your deed in the dark room made me woo you.

"Once when hard-pressed by the Mexicans we sought refuge on these islands. Putting the heads under the left arm was your father's favorite method of sepulture. It happened on this very spot that the Mexicans captured us. Your mother killed herself with my dagger rather than be taken. Your father was executed and the others were forced into slavery for five years. At the end of this time, dearest, I set out for Sicily to kill your uncle or have his money, and to win you."

"Why haven't you told me before?" she questioned innocently.

I did not answer, but proceeded to assist her in our departure.

The following night was a miserable one for us both. She wailed over my sinfulness and deception and I eursed because I had allowed her to know it.

At daybreak she could not be found. I conjectured that she must have gone crazy and drowned herself, and I hastened to inquire; and on the following day her body was found washed ashore.

I revisited the place two years ago and conversed with one or two Koreshans who knew of my loss. They do not believe that one dies, but that he will live indefinitely, and when I spoke of my lady they chattered protestingly, saying that she still lived and could be seen at nightfall tearing her raven eurls and walking along the shore, wailing as if her heart would break.

ON HEARING A WHIP-POOR-WILL ONE EVE IN  
MAY

---

TAMBOURINE.

---

O thou sweet singer of the pathless way!  
Did God thy song in vain for thee compose  
That thou should'st sing unheard in woodlands drear?  
O chant again, sweet bird, thy roundelay!  
And sing it while the western heaven glows,  
While all thy notes of joy may sooth mine ear.

Sweet warbler, sing; thy whistle haunts my soul,  
And after, O, this earth hath lost thee, dear,  
Mine ear will hear thy sweetness o'er and o'er;  
And should my life miss far its cherished goal—  
Should lyrists sing, and tell from far and near  
Of elimes where music wafts from shore to shore

In rounded cadence softer, full and free:  
Of sages old or ardent lovers young;  
Of gallant braves whose blood in battle shed,  
Yet still, sweet bird, I'd think and dream of thee  
When once at eve from erag I heard thy tongue  
Repeat a song that makes thee live though dead.

## THE HALLOWE'EN BRIDE

A. B. COMBS.

## I.

It was the last day of October. I sat silently in a dull room of a country farm-house amusing myself by preparing a home-made checkerboard. In fact, I had been reduced to the estate of a country pedagogue, having left the haunts of men for the purpose of training the minds of the future tillers of the soil. And so, being tired from my day's work, I sat musing of the recent past.

I had long been used to the restless activity of city life, and was still full of the adventurous schoolboy spirit. Remembering that it was Hallowe'en night, my thoughts were naturally of what the boys were doing at the old school. I smiled as I recalled the night we hung the front gate of the school yard on a telegraph post, and put all the available furniture on the roof. For a few moments I forgot where I was, and was transported again to the city. Then suddenly I was brought back to reality by the cool October wind, which made its way through the spacious cracks of the loosely constructed room. "Nothing doing here," I groaned aloud.

My checkerboard being now finished, I took it and went into the next room where John Wilson, after his day's toil, was sitting idly picking his banjo. In true mountaineer style, he was coatless and barefooted, and his foot smacked regularly on the floor, keeping time with the music he was playing.

"Want to play some checkers?" I began, hoping to get a little diversion from this ancient game.

He looked at me a moment blankly. "That's a game, ain't it?" he replied.

"Why, yes," I answered somewhat sarcastically, but then I recalled that only one of my scholars had ever seen a train.

"Oh, yes," he replied good-naturedly, his face brightening up. "I've heard of that game, but I've never see'd it played. But I wouldn't mind larnin'."

But I suddenly remembered that I might have made the board wrong, and remarked the same to Wilson, saying that we would play at some future time, and then fell to musing on the need of practical education in our rural districts, while the good-humored Wilson, innocent of the fact that he had excited some one, began again picking his favorite tunes on the banjo.

Soon we were both aroused by the loud call, "O—h, Joh—n!" from the direction of the house of Uncle Bob Wilson, John's father, which was situated several hundred yards from the house where we were.

John Wilson went to the door, put out his head, and yelled back,

"What you want?"

"Got your shoes on?"

"No."

"Well, put 'em on, and come over here quick."

John muttered something between his teeth, put on his shoes, and I went over with him.

"Have you seen Nancy?" began Uncle Bob, excitedly.

"No."

"She's gone then."

"Gone whar?"

"She's ran away."

"With who?"

"With Jack Martin, of course," snapped the old man, beginning to get impatient. "She left a note saying she was sorry, but she was going with Jack. I reckon that's Jack Martin, ain't it?"

Here Uncle Bob fell to railing, and heaping epithets upon the luckless head of Jack Martin. His mutterings were broken only by the occasional sob of Aunt Mary, Nancy's mother. John discreetly waited till the old man had vented his wrath in railing, and then quietly led the way into the house to talk it over.

## II.

Nancy Wilson had excused herself from the family circle a little before nine o'clock, saying that she had to see about some household affairs. Instead she went straight to her room, hastily wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and put it on the table. Then going to the door, she gave one last look at the room in which she had spent her childhood, and stepped out into the moonlight. She walked rapidly down the long path to the gate. When she reached the road, she stopped, saw a horse beneath a tree at the roadside, and looked hesitatingly around. A tall, broad-shouldered figure stepped from behind the tree, and advanced toward her.

"Jack!" she exclaimed.

"Nancy!"

He lifted her lightly up behind the saddle, and leaped quickly on the horse. A little laugh, and they were gone.

## III.

For a while after he had been led into the house by John, Uncle Bob was reduced to silence. Then he broke out afresh.

"She shan't have my protection no more," he said.

"Oh! don't say that," broke out Aunt Mary, beginning to sob again.

John knew what a storm a word from him would bring forth, and was silent.

I, being widely versed in the etiquette of city elopement, proceeded to expound to Uncle Bob the uselessness of his



actions, which caused only a look of disdain, and would have brought forth more expressions of his anger had he not spared me, as being a stranger and a teacher. However, after this I, too, was silent, and the storm raged between Uncle Bob and Aunt Mary, the one railing, the other pleading.

How long this would have gone on I don't know, but after an hour it was interrupted by a soft knock at the door. John Wilson went to the door, opened it, and in stepped Nancy Wilson. Uncle Bob rose in a threatening attitude. Aunt Mary put herself between the two, pleading with Uncle Bob. Nancy did not look very penitent, but instead there was a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"Father, here's Jack," she said, turning toward the door.

"Who?" demanded Uncle Bob fiercely, preparing to let loose his usual volley of epithets.

"Why, Jack Brown, of course. Don't you know your own nephew?" she said, laughing, as her cousin stepped inside.

Uncle Bob paled, and sank into his chair, looking vacantly into space. Aunt Mary laughed and cried alternately. John broke out into a hearty laugh, and picking up his old banjo played "Home, Sweet Home."



ROGER P. McCUTCHEON,  
Eurelian Associate Editor.

## THERE IN MY CHILDHOOD HAUNTS

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A. D. G.

---

There in the soft, warm sod  
Beautiful flowers nod.  
Leaflets of green there peep  
Up from their drowsy sleep.  
Daisies a-blooming grow  
Close to the old hedgerow  
Where the shy sparrow rests  
And in the grass builds nests.  
Zephyrs and breezes cool  
Ruffle the toad-frog's pool,  
Where in the choir each night  
Under the moon's soft light  
Each of the speckled clan  
Croaks to his own choice plan.  
Watery labyrinths  
Dampen the hyacinth's  
Bulbous and golden head,  
Winking and blinking red  
Where the sweet asters lie  
Couched in a nook near by.  
Deep are the dells and cool  
Where on a mushroom stool,  
Sprouting from some dead log,  
Sits the dark green tree-frog.  
Still are the caves and glades!  
Soft are the star-lit shades!  
Where, like the snow-white flakes,  
Leaves of the lily-brakes  
Spread on the lazy stream  
Emerald wealths of green.

Slacken thy speed, O Time!  
Loosen thy hold on mine—  
Dry with thy hands my tears  
That in my waning years  
Ages shall put to test  
Truths that were secrets best.  
Choice of the haunts of earth,  
Place of my childhood birth,  
Save it awhile, O God,  
So, when the cold, wet sod  
Falls with a thud on me,  
There in my haunts 'twill be.

## THE JAKE SOCIETY

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A. C. CAMPBELL.

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In the eastern part of Georgia, in a village called Gunter, a murder had been committed. Mayor McGougan had been shot.

The little village of about five hundred inhabitants was all astir. The chief topic of discussion of the people as they gathered on the street corners was the strange death of this man. As to the murderer, no one seemed to know. Some thought he had been shot by some one, while others thought he had committed suicide.

Mayor McGougan was one of the most prominent men of the village and his strange death gave the people no little anxiety. They investigated the matter and tried all means possible to catch the murderer, if he had been murdered by some one.

In this section of the State, the negroes were very numerous. In fact, the majority of the population were negroes, and they were not slow in attempting to assert their equality with the whites. As a result of this, there was no little bitterness existing between these two races. Fights were frequent and at times open hostility existed.

In view of this fact, the negroes began to think of some plan by which they might take the lead of the community over the whites. They stirred up the movement among the negroes.

Arising from this, a secret society was organized among the negroes known as "The Jake Society." Its purpose was the extermination of the white race. The society was lately formed, but they had already begun their deadly work. They were very strict as to the joining of negroes. Death was the sentence upon any unfaithful member. Although

they had to be very careful in the selection of members, they were not opposed to any negro joining who would aid them, for then the motive for which the society was formed could be carried out more fully.

Tom Jones was a negro of this class. He was a strong, robust, manly fellow and was liked by all the negroes and they requested him to join. He at first refused them, but finally consented, and he was told to meet them at ten o'clock that night in a forsaken log cabin at the fork of the Hempkill River, about a mile from Col. James Sheppard's house.

When they assembled, Tom's name was presented for membership into the society and was received.

A discussion then arose as to who should be their next victim. Finally, the president announced that Col. Sheppard, Tom's master, would be the victim and he appointed the following night as a time for the murder.

Up to this time Tom had listened with eagerness to the proceedings. He had become thoroughly in sympathy with the movement. But, when it was announced that his master was to be murdered, he realized what a step he had taken.

"What mus' I do?" he thought, "Ef I tells on 'em dey'll git me and ef I don't dey'll git Marse Jim? I had no bus'ness joining dis here thing, nohow." So, while the meeting was going on, Tom was thinking—thinking how good his master had been to him and that now he was helping to kill him. Finally, he decided to go and tell "Marse Jim," even if they should kill him.

When the meeting adjourned, although the negroes congregated about him and tried to interest him by talking of the society in general. Tom took no interest in it.

Very soon a figure was seen slipping through the bushes that surrounded the meeting place, making it impossible for

any one to detect them while in session, towards Col. Sheppard's house and was soon out of sight.

After passing beyond the clump of bushes, the figure ran rapidly and soon made his way up to the house. Arriving at the gate, he entered and walked up to the door.

"Hey!" rang his sharp voice.

In a few minutes the stout figure of Col. Sheppard appeared at the door.

"Who is that?"

"Dis is Tom, sah."

"What you doing hero this timo of night?"

"Marse Jim, dere's a crowd of niggers over yonder dat is goin' to try to kill you. I'm goin' to tell you the straight of it. Wo colored folks had a meetin' down yonder in dem swamps. Its a cr-society. De object is to ex-tuminate all de white people. Now, don't you tell dis, Marse Jim, fer dey'd kill me shore. Dey's goin' to try to kill you to-morrow night, but dey ain't goin' to kill you, without killin' me fust."

"Well, who are the officers, Tom?" inquired Col. Sheppard.

"Mose George is pres'dent and Jerry Mills is sec'tary."

"All right, Tom. You're the best nigger on this place. Just then he stepped into the room and reappeared with a five-dollar bill in his hand, which he offered Tom.

"Thank you, sah. I'm very much obliged to you, Marse Jim. I'm goin' to stay around here to-morrow night and ef any of dem wuthless niggers tries to bother you, I'll blow dair brains out, seo ef I don't."

Col. Sheppard went back to his bed, but there was no sleep for him. As ho lay there on his pillow, he began to try to formulate some plans to avert the murder. Bnt, in his state of nervousness, no thoughts of rescue came to him.

He could think of nothing but the horribleness of his death at the hands of those negroes.

At the break of dawn, he arose, dressed and went over to James Little's house. Arriving there, he walked up to the door, opened it, and went directly into the room occupied by Little, and sank down in a chair.

"What's the trouble? What brings you here at this early hour?" queried Little.

Then Col. Sheppard told him the tale as was related to him by Tom. Little sat there in silence. Both were thinking of the murder, which was about to be.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Little. "We'll get a crowd of people here together and lynch those scoundrels."

"But, how are we going to do it?" asked Col. Sheppard.

"Go back to your house and eat your breakfast. Then, go around the village here and tell the people the whole affair. I will do the same. Tell them to meet you at your house to-night at ten o'clock. Then we will go to the houses of the two negroes, drag them out, carry them down to the foot of the hill and lynch them."

Col. Sheppard departed with a much lighter heart than when he entered. He went to his house, ate breakfast, and went immediately to work collecting his force. He had very little difficulty in getting the men to aid him, and in a very short while had a force of about twenty-five men at his service. He then returned to his home.

The day passed on quietly. Col. Sheppard showed no signs of excitement and the only noticeable thing was the negroes, who eyed him very closely, and seemingly expected to be treated in like manner.

At ten o'clock that night the men began gathering at the house and at ten-thirty, the whole force seemed to be present. They divided the men into two forces. One force



was to go to Mose George's with Col. Sheppard, the other to go for Jerry Mills under the leadership of Little.

They reached the houses and dragged the negroes out, for they were too scared to make resistance, and were carried to the foot of the hill. Arriving there, ropes were fastened around the necks of the two negroes and thrown over a limb.

The negroes were commanded to talk, but refused. They were each raised off the ground about a foot, and were again commanded to talk. They still refused, for they thought that the whites were only trying to scare them. At a glance, the men lifted them up almost to the top of the limb and let them fall. The limb was about ten feet high and when they fell to the ground, both were unconscious. They were about to draw them up again for the last time when Mose George yelled, "Hold on."

Then he began to talk:

"'The Jake Society' is responsible for this. Dat's a society dat is tryin' to kill all de white folks. De fust one was Mayor McGougan. I didn't want to, but I knowed dey'd kill me ef I didn't do as dey said. Dey wns goin' to kill Col. Sheppard tonight. I am pres'dent, and hee," pointing to the other prisoner, "is sec'tary. I hopes dey'll kill de man dat tole on us. Dat's all I'se got to say."

Then the enraged people were nearly frantic. They had no pity for the negroes and in a short while, both were hanged to the limb and left with their bodies riddled with bullets.

## SPRING

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P. M. FARIS.

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The trees are clothed in robes of green  
When thou returnest, gentle spring,  
For winter leaves—an exiled fiend—  
And birds return their songs to sing.

The tall, straight pine now stands aghast  
To see her neighbors, once despised,  
Now clad in foliage unsurpassed,  
For ends her reign when summer dies.

The fragrant flowers wake with glee  
To dress themselves in sunbeam light  
And please the ever-busy bee,  
Who homeward flies at coming night.



ARTHUR D. GORE,  
Philomathesian Editor-in-Chief.

## ZACH WRIGHT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FRIEND'S WEDDING

ARTHUR D. GORE.

Zach had a nice little strawberry patch and was getting along well, but he was too big a fool to know it. He got it into his head that he could live easier somewhere else, and so packed up his duds for South Carolina.

I passed along one evening some time afterwards and saw the barn door open. I said to myself, "Heigh, I believe he's come back," and I turned in for a conversation and intimate inquiry of his early return.

"How's 'biz,' old stranger?" I said.

He was buried in a pile of shucks and didn't hear me.

I cracked the door open wider and repeated my question louder.

"Fust rate, Sime, old boy, how air you?" he shouted with a new-moon smile, emerging from the shucks.

"Come back, I see! Must have worked you in the chain gang," I quizzed humorously.

"Nope, not that. I had the bigges' time o' my life. If you'll wait tel I k'n eat a snack o' supper I'll tell ye all about it."

We had "laid by" the crop, as pa used to say, and having little to do, I consented to stay.

After supper we sat on the porch, in the moonlight, and chatted until Mandy, his wife, got through washing the dishes.

Then Zach Wright pulled off his brogans and flung them in the yard under a rose bush, threw his feet over the banisters and cut a slice off of a plug of "Red Meat" as big as a Waterbury watch.

"Traveling's mighty fine, ain't it?" I said, just to draw him out.

"Ull, I reckon hit is!" Mandy threw in, slapping Zach on the shoulder and laughing enthusiastically. "Tell Sime uv your weddin' experience, Zach!"

"Huh! huh!" Zach laughed lazily.

From that moment I took special notice, and shall here attempt to quote the details just as he related them.

"Hit wuz down in Driggerses Neck whur we wuz mostly. The chief ocipation uv th' inhabatance wuz fishin', trap-pin' an' wurkin' turpentine. It wuz in this section that one day I fell in with one uv my ole acquaintances from North Caroliner. He wuz out there workin' in turpentine.

"'Hello Zach,' he says to me.

"'Hello Mc.,' wuz my reply. 'Air you doin' much out here?'"

"'Yes, makin' money—I am goin' t' git me a gal t' live with nex' Chooseday. You cum in good time 't see me tio up.'"

"'Is that so? Well, I'll be one uv th' jests then!'"

"'I hope you will,' sez Mc.

"'When th' time cum, I went to see Mc. Ikner and Sindy Tiro tio up.

"'On my way I fell in with Lon Smith. He wuz invited, too.

"'Well, Zach,' sez he, 'I didn't know you were in these parts. Where are you goin'—to Mc.'s weddin'?"

"\* \* \*

"'So am I,' sez Lon. So on we went and wuz about th' fust on th' grounds. The people begun t' cum in frum all quarters. Some with turns uv fishin' rods, in shirt sleeves, some with shot guns, totin' strings uv birds, cat-fish, squirrels, bull-frogs an' I kain't tell what all. The young men wuz lodged an' proppt about th' climbin'-over-place where

th' gate should ha' been, whitlin' on pine-bark, swappin' knives, cussin', an' laughin', an' squirtin' 'backer juice, an' some uv um barefooted, pants rolled up, hats cocked on back uv their heads, with feathers stuck in th' bands, red ribbons tied in th' button holes of their coats, pockets full o' smell-melons, calamus roots, bottles o' musk, bottles o' whiskey, an' other Indian 'quipments o' war. Purty soon I saw Mc. comin' in a road-cart, drivin' a long-yearred Texas mule with a large brand on his lef' shoulder, 'B. C.' I ast an' old gent standin' by what that B. C. stood for, an' he sez, 'Before Christ.' So I did not ast any more questions. I didn't want t' swap nohow.

"So out cum th' bride t' meet Mc. fust, stoppin' at th' water bucket t' empty her mouth uv a snuffy, black-gum tooth-brush as big as a tack-hammer. Atter kissin' him they jined hands an' went in th' parlor which wuz fitted up in style for th' occasion. Th' walls wuz hung with meadow bachelor-buttons, scalloped paper strung on broom straws, vials tied by th' necks ten in a bunch an' they filled with red feathers an' suspended from th' jists overhead uv th' cabin. Purty soon up cum th' master uv ceremonies, ridin' a mule, a spur on each uv his feet, th' rowel as big as a cog in a town clock, smokin' a big clay pipe lookin' like it wuz built by a crawfish. He tole them t' jine hands an' he would proceed to seal th' marriage vows. After readin' th' fust psalm, he sez, 'I now solemnly pronounce you man an' wife.'

"Out into th' yard we all piled like sheep out'n a pen, an' went t' supper. Punkin an' pertater pies b' th' wholesale! Chicken an' rice, an' soups! Mc. an' th' bride set side by side; th' chair bein' somewhat too low for Mc., he had t' double up like a sickle or a horse-shoe. He managed somehow to git one uv his boot heels, which wuz about six inches long, in his overcoat pocket while eatin', an' on gittin'

up from th' table, he started t' fall an' grabbed at th' table for support, catehin' the' table-cover with one hand an' at th' same time slappin' his bride away from th' table with th' other. Away they all went t' th' floor. Old Mrs. Tire yelled, 'Lord my son-in-law's got a fit!'

"Pat Adonel, th' cross-roads grog-seller, sez: 'B' th' Jathers I should say 'a fit!' as he tugged an' grunted tryin' t' git th' boot-heel out'n Mc.'s overcoat pocket.

"B' this time I stepped up an' sez t' Pat, 'Can I help you any?'

"Pat foamed through his teeth and snapped, 'B' Jove, I dunno. Guess we'll ha' to go to wurruk an' get off his coat and hang it up before we will ever be able to get th' *but hell* auot.'

"By this time th' low lightnin' had begun t' act on some uv th' boys, an' old man Tire, who had fowt in th' war against th' Injuns, had larned t' imitate their yell, an' so he give a tremenjous war-whoop, slappin' me in one direction an' Pat in another. Pat an' me, both in th' run tryin' t' escape from th' clan, got hitched up shore enough. Pat run under a swingin' rice-pestle an' knocked hisself flat, breakin' his pipe-stem an' leavin' his hat. I went for what I thought wuz a clump uv bushes, but it wuz an' old well partly filled up, with briers around it. Into this I fell ka-follup, wound up like a ball o' grandmam's yarn. Atter awhile I clambered out somehow, lookin' as if a eyclone had wore me out through th' West.

"Catchin' up with Pat an' findin' him hatless, I called out, 'Pat, where's your hat?'

"'B' Jove, it is not me hite I'm thryin' t' sive. It's me hade!' sez Pat."

"We air a-gwine back down there t' see Mc. an' 'is wife," said Zach's wife, who had been patiently and quietly sanctioning all Zach told.

"Well, I certainly want t' go with you when you go!" I exclaimed, leaping down from the door-steps to the ground, ready to say good-night.

Last summer I went with Zach and his wife specially to meet his notable friends, and to visit Fort Moultrie and Osecola's grave near Charleston, while down there.

Where the wedding took place you can now find nothing like the account Zach gave. There is a large plantation and beautiful mansion surrounded by a wilderness of shade trees, in the place of the cabin; and instead of fishing rods and shotguns, there are mowers and self-binders; instead of 'possums and skunks, milch-cows and mules; on the public roads, which were a series of mud-holes, where once nothing but drunkards tramped and drove ox-carts, now you will meet young men who have finished their college course. You can hear the clatter of hoofs and buzz of carriage wheels and the hum of the automobile. Where Pat's old bar-room stood, now stands a large school building, and not many rods away is a church house, and I do not think you could get whiskey enough in the township to make a gill of camphor, only from a druggist.

All in all, our good old Southland has the material for greatness, and the Master Mechanic is timely fitting and preparing it for the great future.



### "PARACELSUS."

DEE CARRICK.

"Paracelsus" was written in 1835 when Browning was only twenty-three years old and was the first poem to which he attached his own name.

The dedication was to Count de Ripart-Monclar, a young French Royalist, who was a private agent of the royal family and had become intimate with the poet who was four years his junior. The Count suggested the life of "Paracelsus" to his friend as a subject for a poem, but on second thought advised against it as offering insufficient material for the treatment of love.

A young poet, however, who would prefix a quotation from Cornelius Agrippa to his first publication, was one easily enticed by such a subject, so Browning fell upon the literature relating to "Paracelsus," which he found in the British Museum, and quickly measured the fates, which became fused by his ardent imagination and eager speculation into a complete whole.

The poem was ill-treated by reviewers for ten years. After its first appearance Browning wrote to Miss Barrett that until Foster's notice of it appeared in the *Examiner*, every journal that thought it worth attending to at all treated it with entire contempt. One of the magazines said that it was not without talent spoiled by obscurity and only an imitation of Shelley.

Dr. Berdoe thinks it the work that posterity will probably estimate as Browning's greatest. This opinion will find few supporters. What Mr. Stedman calls the "tedious garrulity" of the poem is a defect that will not be less obvious with the passage of time. The subject will demand to the end innumerable notes and explanations and the

great majority of readers will be repelled by the "problems" unrelieved by the "picture."

In "Pippa passes" we see the gay child on her holiday, up at dawn, looking out of her window at the sunshine, wandering in sheer joy of indolence through the streets, stooping to pick up hearts-ease in the intervals of her singing.

In "Paracelsus," in spite of the fact that we know and understand the character through their thoughts, we are nothing at all. Neither Paracelsus himself, nor Festus, nor Michel, nor Aprile is a creature of body and blood. This shuts "Paracelsus" out from among the great poems of the world and forbids us to call it the greatest even of Browning's own.

Professor Royce has compared it to the poems of the Faust cycle and has included it among them. The resemblances are many and palpable. Like Goethe's hero, he was inquisitive of knowledge in every form conceivable. "The absence of an external tempter," says Professor Royce, "in no wise excludes the poem from the Faust cycle; for the tempter in most such creations is but the hero's other self, given a magic and plastic reality, as with Manfred.

If we examine the real Paracelsus, we can see how his life touches on the various sides the "typical hero." He was born near Zurich in 1493, twenty years later than Copernicus, ten years later than Luther, and one year after the discovery of America—at a time when curiosity was invading the thoughtful minds of Europe and stimulating them to intelligent investigation and invention.

His father was a physician and instructed him in surgery, medicine and alchemy. He studied philosophy under several masters, and chiefly Trithemius, an adept in the occult studies.

The influence of Trithemius turned his mind toward magic

and astrology, but he differed from most of the mystics of his time in that his mysticism did not occupy his thoughts to the exclusion of practical ideas. "True alchemy," he said, "has but one aim and object: to extract the quintessence of things and to prepare tinctures and elixirs which may restore to man the health and soundness he has lost."

Even his bitterest opponents have granted the value of his works on surgery.

He worked among peasants, miners, soldiers and prisoners, travelling far and laboring with his hands, in order to establish the principles by which he held; and when he was given the chair of physical science at Basel, he began by casting aside, in magnificent arrogance of conviction, the old sacred books of medicine, denouncing the doctrine of his predecessors, with no concern for modesty or moderation.

However, he cured the sick poor, without taking a fee, and gave his lectures in the vernacular.

He was proud, violent and foolish, with many of the follies of his time, rough in speech and extravagant in theory. He is an "occult idealist" and looks for the revelation of the divine in strange places and in mystical signs and wonders.

He was bold enough to heal without the aid of the church. He cured a wealthy priest so speedily that his demand for a fee was judged impertinence; for this he was chased out of Basel and servants of his enemies attacked him, causing him a fall, from the effects of which he died in the Salzburg Hospital at the age of forty-eight.

"Paracelsus" is called a conversational drama, "that disclosure of the soul of man in all manner of circumstances, as if the world were to the poet a great laboratory of souls,

and he was forever to be engaged in solving, resolving and dissolving the elements."

The poem was not staged for Browning's genius, bent as it was upon the interpretation of spiritual phenomena, could ill brook the demands of the acted drama; that all his interpretations should stop with visible, intelligible and satisfactory action, capable of histrionic expression. Browning's eager penetration of the arcanum of life was too absorbing to permit him to call a halt when the actor on the stage could go no further.

Browning divides his poem into five parts.

1. Paracelsus aspires.

The poem opens with Paracelsus asking his friend, Festus, to wish him success and then he goes back and tells him of his airy hopes, of his wondrous plans and dreams. Festus is not in sympathy with Paracelsus' ideals and tries to dissuade him from his purpose by offering repose and love, but Paracelsus waves him aside with "Shall I lay aside my heart's pursuit, abandon the sole end for which I live.

\* \* \* I go to gather this the sacred knowledge, here and there, dispersed about the world, long lost or never found." And so he plunges.

He considers his ideal God's great commission, and he starts fearlessly to accomplish the divine plan. He is called to his fate by the restless, irresistible force that works within him, and it is this spirit force that urges him on to seek and comprehend the works of God and God Himself, and all God's intercourse with the human mind.

Festus begs him to at least start with the wisdom of the sages and follow in their footprints, in reply to which he receives from Paracelsus, "No; I reject and spurn them utterly and all they teach." He abjures all black art and magic and goes forth believing that God will help and direct; rejecting past example, practice and precept. He is

ambitious to do mankind some great good, yet never to be mixed with vulgar humanity.

His belief is that truth works from within, outward, and in the words so often quoted:

"There is an inmost center in us all,  
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,  
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth."

The weakness of his ideal consists not in its insistence that truth is latent within the soul of man, needing only the discovery of proper outside stimuli to bring it forth; not in his assumption that he of all men has been chosen by God to attain absolute knowledge; not in throwing over all past wisdom in his search; but in his determination to seek good for men while remaining aloof from them.

Festus is his friend and his is a partial criticism, but he does not know the inner nature of the man. His ideal is that echoed by Michel, Festus' wife, that one must receive appreciation, have love for one's work. Paracelsus has a sterner though nobler ideal—to do good and forego the reward of appreciation.

## 2. Paracelsus attains.

"Over the water in the vaporous west the sun goes down as in a sphere of gold," and Paracelsus, in a long soliloquy shows us to what heights he has attained in the accomplishment of the ideal with which he started in the preceding section. He pauses long enough to scan for once the heights already reached, without regard to the extent above.

He computes all he has clearly gained, and we hear him echo, "Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty dream." Since his first decision he has made life consist of one idea. He has gained knowledge, but he is wondering if he has not missed life's end.

Aprile comes on the scene and Paracelsus is given a

new conception of life. Paracelsus would know infinitely, while Aprile would love infinitely. Aprile's error is not that he denied knowledge, but he desired to encompass the infinite in his love instead of patiently touching it here and there through man's means.

There is a change in the life of Paracelsus after his meeting with Aprile. Knowledge alone is no longer his one aim, for we hear him say at the close of that part: "Thy spirit at least, Aprile! Let me love. I have attained, and now I may depart."

### 3. Paracelsus.

Paracelsus returns to his friend Festus, after all the change that time and chance have wrought. They review the time spent in separation and we learn that Paracelsus has accepted the professorship at Basel. He confesses he was successful in the search he then engaged, and yet was wretched. He discovers that his success was not the true success, for further on he says: "I have not been successful and yet am most miserable." His hopes were vain and knowledge is as far from him as ever. He has discovered that his plans are impossible when it is too late to change. In vain does his friend remind him of another world that is recompense for the striving, but he is irreconcilable.

"No, no;

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;

These are its sign and note and character,

And these I have lost! Gone, shut from me forever."

### 4. Paracelsus aspires.

Festus is called to learn that once more his friend aspires.

Paracelsus has really had his professorship taken away from him because of his opposition to tradition. This, however, does not discourage him and he sets out once again to embrace his earliest aims. The same aim but not the old method—he will try this time. He is now willing to accept

all helps, all he despised so rashly at the outset. To his desire to know all he adds the desire to enjoy all he can.

In the course of their conversation, Festus tells him of Michel's death and he gives us a part of his philosophy that he had not disclosed before. His belief was that we do not wholly die—the soul can never taste death.

5. Paracelsus attains.

Festus is bending over the dying form of Paracelsus using all the means at his disposal to arouse him from his stupor. At last his ravings cease. He recognizes Festus, and then as if giving a lecture he tells his final belief.

What was the drama enacted in the mind of this complex Paracelsus and how did the tragedy develop? The struggle goes on between knowledge and love. In one sense everybody both knows and loves. The question is, What do they know and what do they love? Paracelsus is shown to be not a strenuous devotee of one branch of knowledge but a man of intuitions; no admirer of the so-called "cold intellect," but a passionate mystic.

When Aprile counsels him to use his knowledge for the sake of mankind, he doesn't want to mingle with the crowd. When he finally "attains," it is because he sees God revealed in the human soul and not in the physical world. He has followed the line of evolution at last to what seems its termination in the moral nature of the human creature.

Browning reads into Paracelsus the scientific truths later proclaimed by Darwin, in such passages as that in which Paracelsus describes the ascent of man toward the moment, "When all mankind alike is perfected equal in full-blown powers."

The poem has been called the problem of the mind and heart, and Paracelsus himself recognizes some such analogy in his words to Aprile:

"We must never part:  
Are we not halves of one dissevered world,  
Whom this strange chance writes once more?  
Part? Never!  
Till thou, the lover know, and I, the knower,  
Love—until both are saved."

And again in his dying rhapsody:

"——Let men  
Regard me, and the poet dead long ago  
Who loved rashly: and shape forth a third  
And better tempered spirit, warmed by both."



# STORIETTES

## To the Rural Maidens

Thy peers I never saw;  
I question not thy ways:  
They seem so pure and filled  
With deeds of Nature's law,  
Which each in turn obeys  
As if by magic thrilled.

In all of you a grace,  
Which angels always wear,  
I see doth well proclaim  
Itself and hold its place  
To make your visage fair  
And virtue for thy name.

From one of you I'll choose  
A mate and plan to live  
Throughout my future days,  
For from your host a muse  
To me has chose to give  
A mother, love and praise.

O then let Hymen come  
With torch and yellow gown  
And change to one us twain!  
Let Pan o'er meadow run,  
By hill and village 'round,  
With pipes the news proclaim.

—TAMBOURINE.

### Pat's New Horse

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Everybody in the county knows Pat Blindsoe. He is the biggest liar in the county, attends every court, gets drunk and trades horses. This is his regular business, although he farms a little at spare time.

It was a fine November morning—one of those golden, glorious autumn days—Monday—and court was to begin at the county seat. Pat was up long before day, had greased his wagon, put his lone bale of cotton on and was rattling down the road toward the town to be on the scene at sunrise. He got to town always before any one else. He wanted to see them as they came in.

As soon as the cotton market opened he carried his bale around and sold it. That meant \$70—all the cash he had saved for the year—all he had to defray his expenses for another year—to even him with the world. He was a proud man. He had made all that at odd times. But it was fall. His horse was not exactly what he wanted and he had determined to better his condition that day by trading horses, possibly by getting some boot and by all means getting a better horse.

So when he had got his money for his cotton the next thing was to buy some whiskey and "warm up," "liven up" so he could talk. This he did, and by ten o'clock he was at his best—his usual condition, rather, for court days—and was "bantering" nearly everybody for a trade. He rarely ever went trading with any money in his pockets, but this time he had a load of it. He was going to trade with a vim. He decided he wanted a good horse. He would pay boot. Thus he traded. Several times during the day he traded, each time paying boot, till night. When finally it was growing dark, he was tired, but had, in fact, a good horse. However, he had paid all the money he got for his

bale of cotton except \$10. He hitched up and started home. But as he reached the edge of town—"Jail Hill," as the place was called—several men of his own type were out there trading or talking of trading. It was good dark. But one of them asked him for a trade. Pat was so drunk he did not care for anything. Hit or miss, he was ready for a last trade. So he rolled out of his wagon, ran his hands over the other fellow's horse and asked him how he would trade. They agreed on terms and made the change.

Pat then scrambled into his wagon, clucked to his horse and said:

"You know where I live, horse; take me to Sal and the baby."

The horse, greatly to Pat's joy and surprise, plumed the road straight home. He was delighted with his new horse.

By and by, he reached home, took out and went on to the house and tumbled into bed.

Next morning he woke and rousing Sal, his wife, he said:

"Old 'oman, I've got the best hoss down at the stable we've ever had. Get up and let's go and see her."

They rose, and when they got near the stable they heard a whicker and Pat said:

"I tell you she is the best hoss I ever saw."

They opened the stable door and, lo, it was old Daisy that he left home with the morning before, and he had spent his bale of cotton in trading.

E. D. POE.

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### "The Fisherman's Luck"

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ARTHUR D. GORE.

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One lovely eve in May

I sat alone, concealed in willows,

And bobbed my hook this way

And that among the nibbling minnows;

Sometimes a fairy boat  
Composed of bloom and broken branches  
Would by me gently float  
And toss like tiny avalanches.

The dull and distant roar  
Of rapids thundered through the stillness  
Whence mellow sweetness bore  
Its sounds from hollows dark and gildless  
To lucent cloudless skies.  
And near me grew in modest patches  
A bloom like Flora's eyes  
Whence came a warbler's song in catches.

Far down the placid stream  
I heard, above the waters' dashing,  
A voice ring out between  
A measured stroke of gentle splashing,  
And looked and saw two forms  
Conversing there with faces beaming  
Like clouds before it storms,  
Or fires at night on mountains gleaming.

Methinks I'll watch them now—  
I'll peep from out my secret hiding  
And hear a lover's vow  
While slowly by me they are gliding.  
"My love, how shady here!"  
He said; and ceased his forceful rowing.  
"Oh simply lovely, dear!"  
Said she; and stroked her tresses flowing.

Not high above them swung  
A tangled braid of Spanish mosses  
To which a jessamine clung

In half a hundred lovely crosses  
Of richest bloom and green.

They both looked up, their boat careening,  
And soon this king his queen  
Had crowned while she on him stood leaning.

And then she made a trace  
Across the Lumbee's waters by her,  
Which mirrored fair a face  
That smiled a smile which drew him nigher.  
In soft and whispered tone  
They poured their love in ardent volumes—  
To his he placed her own  
Fair cheek, and long they stood like columns.

The sun was dipping fast  
And crickets trilled their lonesome chirping—  
The shades were longer cast,  
And weary farmers ceased their working.  
On neighb'ring hills the sound  
Of bells came sweet with cattles' lowing,  
And far off bayed a hound,  
And closer, early cocks were crowing.

But none of these they heard,  
Oblivious they of all around them;  
For nought but stillness stirred  
Where I alone of earth had found them.  
And now he gently pressed  
Her graceful form, caresses giving,  
For she had just confessed  
That single life was not worth living.

The maiden softly spoke:

"Is anybody near I wonder?"

Then something snatched and broke

My pole, and jerked my cork clear under!

"Good evening, friends," I said,

From out my clump of willow rushes.

But, ha! they rowed ahead

Suffused beneath a flood of blushes.

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"Judas"

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"No, sir, thar ain't er dern thing in er name. Ain't I got a mule name Balaam, an' he ain't never spoke er word. Then, my dog's named David, an' he's skeered er a rabbit even. No, sir, the name ain't nuthin 't all. Come on Judas, les go."

The speaker, a tall, rawbone fellow, clad in the rough garb of a mountaineer, stalked out of the little cross-roads store, leaving a crowd of his neighbors gathered around.

"I'll bet my head thet Bill 'll change his 'pinion yit," drawled Sam Crosby, for he was a firm believer in names as indexes of character.

"Aw, go on, Sam, don't be rash," said old man Stevens.

"He knows nobody ain't got nuthin they keer little er nough about, to put up agin that head er his'n," laughed Jake.

"That's all right. Bill Strand'll change his 'pinion some day," said Sam as he picked up his oil-can and went out.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was in the summer that the revenue officers began their search for illicit stills. One or two were found, bnt no arrests had been made. One day an officer in rough mountaineer clothes rode up to a spring and dismounted to get a drink of water. As he was drinking, a tow-headed, barefooted boy

came running up with a bucket. At first sight of the stranger, the little fellow stopped, but seeing no harm in the man he shyly came and filled his bucket.

"What's your name, sonny?" gaily asked the officer, as he started to mount his horse.

"Judas," solemnly answered the boy.

"Well, well. I wonder if you are named after Judas Iseariot," laughed the man.

"Yes, sir," responded the little fellow without a moment's hesitation. "Pap said so."

"What is your 'pap' named?" questioned the officer.

"Bill Strand, but he ain't to home now," answered the boy.

"Where is he?" asked the officer, now interested, for this was the man he was after. He went over to where the boy was standing by the spring.

"He's gone up in the mountains," said Judas, and then the thought flashed across his mind that this man to whom he was talking might be a revenue officer and he knew that all revenue officers were enemies of his father. But the fellow didn't look like an officer. Nevertheless he started to run back home.

"Say, kid, I got something to show you. Come here," said the officer with a merry twinkle in his eye.

Judas stopped and turned to see what it was.

"Come here and sit down and I'll show it to you."

The curiosity of the child was stronger than his fear of the man, so he went and sat down by the big fellow. He didn't look so bad anyhow.

The officer took out his watch and handed it to the little fellow who looked at it in silence for several minutes. He had never seen one before except once when the doctor had come to his house. He had one with a big chain to it. Judas had

wanted a watch ever since that day, and had begged his father to get him one, but the old man laughed at him.

"Where did you say your father was, son?" casually asked the officer.

"I ain't goin' to tell yer," answered the boy quickly and the officer saw the glint in his eyes.

"I'll give you that watch if you'll show me where your daddy is," suddenly exclaimed the big officer.

The boy glanced at him out of the corner of his eyes, but he saw only a big, smiling fellow who didn't look like he would hurt anybody.

"What do ye want to see pap fer?" he asked.

"Oh, just a little business. I've got to get back home to-night, so I haven't time to wait until your daddy comes home," carelessly answered the officer as he cut at the leaves with his riding-whip.

Judas looked at the pretty, shiny watch. It was only a cheap one, but it was a big thing to the boy. Maybe this fellow wouldn't hurt his father anyhow. And the watch was his for a half-hour's walk.

"You ain't going to kill pap is yer?" questioned the little fellow.

"Oh, no, not if I can help it," truthfully answered the man.

"Well, I'll show you whar he is," said the boy, putting the watch into his pocket.

So off they started through the woods, following the semblance of a path. After a few minutes they came to a cave. The boy went in and the officer followed. A few steps along a dark passage way and they stepped out into a large room with a big opening at the top, which let in plenty of light. Old man Strand was busy with his still, and, being nearly deaf, did not hear the couple enter.

"Well, Mr. Strand, how's business?" the officer asked.



The old fellow jumped at the sound of the man's voice and found himself looking into the black muzzle of a "44." He knew that he was caught, for his gun was in his coat by the wall, so he gave up without any resistance.

"How'd you find this place?" he started to ask the officer, but then he saw his son hiding behind some barrels and understood.

"Judas, what 'd you show this fellow whar I wuz fer?" he angrily asked.

Judas only held up the watch. "He gimme this," he said.

Then the old man's rage overcame him and he cursed his son until the boy was in tears; all the way down the mountain he cursed him. Finally the officer reminded him that his son was named after Judas Iscariot.

"That's so. I reckon thar is sumpin' in a name arter all," and the old man with bowed head tramped on in silence.

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### Captain Shuke

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There stands in Lincoln county a large dilapidated old house. It was built during the Civil War by a Northerner who settled in that part of the State. The fertile land of the county was cultivated by slaves. At intervals of several miles a large farmhouse, with outhouses for the slaves, could be seen. Such a house was the one I mentioned in the beginning.

The owner of this home was no other than Captain Shuke. The reader will doubtless remember him through the fame he acquired in the Civil War. It was his vessel that stopped the English ship carrying the two commissioners to England for the purpose of seeking aid for the South. At the request of England, he was retired from the service. He then came South and took charge of his property.

With his slaves he operated his iron factory until the close

of the war. I shudder yet when I remember the stories my grandfather told me about him; how, being angry with one of his slaves, he pushed him through two iron rollers used to crush iron ore, and how he whipped two of them to death, and nearly starved two others in an underground passage.

Then two men were murdered on the third floor of the house. Shuke pretended that he had something for them to do. He called them into the room, closed the door, and committed the crime.

However, he was not to continue in his cruel deeds long. As he walked home one evening from the mill a strange, oppressive feeling came over him. When he entered the hall he found the place as quiet as a place of death. Oppressive silence met him on every side. The servants were not even to be seen nor heard. The throbbing of his own heart in his sin-cursed breast was alone audible to him.

Suddenly, as if from afar, he heard a faint sound. It was little louder than a whisper, yet it was not a voice. The tone was more like that of a violin. It seemed to come and go; first it would sound quite near, then so soft, as if the player had receded upward and left only the faint, sweet tone echoing behind.

The voice gave him to understand that it had come to stay. Perhaps he, in his sleep, heard it no more, then in the midst of his slumbers a faint melody unlike any earthly sound would wake him. As he listened the sound came as if the stars in their flight were pouring forth a flood of music scarcely audible to mortals, then it would sound closer, and he would hear it at his side.

This continued for several months. Not only did the owner of the house hear it, but people for miles around came for the purpose of hearing this strange sound. They could be seen to shake their heads in expression of their fear for

poor Shuke. People began to look upon him as a doomed man. Many avoided him as they would a deadly poison. His slaves were freed by the outcome of the war. Men would not work for him. Servants would no longer do his house-work.

All this time the mysterious thing was acting as strangely as it did the day it came. The sound became more like a child's voice and now followed poor Shuke about the house. It would call the men by name whom he had killed. Finally Shuke became sick. Physicians were called in, yet they could find no disease. As he grew worse, the strange sound became more soft. Several weeks later the neighbors who had gathered around the sick man heard a noise above like some one packing his trunks for leaving. Later in the same day a small, faint voice was heard to say in the room, "Farewell, farewell."

Friends closed the dead man's eyes and laid his body in the small graveyard near the village. The house stands to-day just as it did when they carried Shuke to his grave. No voice has been heard since his death. A visitor visiting the place still hears the piteous moaning of the wind as it passes through the cedar trees in the yard, and he feels the oppressive silence in the large house.

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### We Must Decay

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Soon is past our little day,  
Death with ugly shade divides  
Soul from body and the clay.  
As a canvass painting glides  
Showy scenes that are unreal,  
Only flaming by their paint  
Hiding depths they would conceal;

As some chiseled marble saint  
Staring down the lanes of time,  
Growing chiller 'mid the strife  
Acting out its pantomine—  
Such is life, O such is life!

Soon is past our little day  
Then the grave and then decay.  
G.

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### How the Hunt Ended

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'Twas on one cold, frosty morning in the month of October, when a party of young men started out for a hunt. They had traveled only two miles when they were startled by a sudden barking of the hounds not more than two hundred yards ahead. Being experienced hunters they were satisfied beyond a doubt it was a red fox and began to prepare for the sport. Some of them stopped at the houses near by to procure tow saeks to serve as saddle blankets, knowing if something more than usual did not happen it would be at least noon the following day before they captured their game.

All being ready they proceeded in the direction the hounds had taken. As they rode along in the dead stillness of the night the moon was peeping over the tree tops, lighting the happy sportsmen through the tangled woods. After passing several hours this way, they discovered the dogs had suddenly ceased barking; every one was wondering what could have occurred. Surely it was not a red fox. The younger of the huntsmen asked various and impertinent questions concerning the fidelity of the hounds.

At the close of this discourse they were surprised by the hounds breaking out, as running by sight. Every one mounted and rode off at a rapid rate down the narrow path.

They reached the swamp, where it was very muddy, and the light of the moon was shut out by the tangled branches and autumn leaves. The run of the swamp was only a few rods away, and they could hear the rumbling of the water as it rushed over the dam and poured in a great volume to the river below. Every one eagerly strained his eyes for the crossing, when Dick's horse began to paw and jump as if he had a fit. Leading him very gently up to the hill, after a close examination, he found a large steel-trap clasped around his left fore ankle. Releasing him they proceeded more vigilantly and rapidly, the hounds being almost inaudible.

Just at this point the day was dawning, and the moon was hiding her face from the splendor of the coming day. The excitement ran high! The hounds had ceased to yelp for the third time. Pressing forward with whip and spur they soon reached the scene of destruction where the victim lay bathed in his own blood. They all gathered round the spot the hounds had encircled. Much to their surprise it was not a "fox," and as they proceeded in their examination it was a pitiable sight to look upon. These noble sons of the soil were all in tears. It was Tom's pug dog.

C. W. JONES.

## EDITORIALS

ARTHUR D. GORE

### Academic Costumes

Why not pass aside as a fantasy of decadence and lascivious flower of hothouse civilization this custom of wearing caps and gowns? Shall we continue to make ourselves luminous idiots by aping the customs of those beneath us? Knowing there are two types of minds which reckon with things, and that each has a right to strive after consistent supremacy of its kind, we take the liberty here to disprove this unnecessary practice.

There have always been eccentric people who could succeed by nobody's rule except their own, and also others who worship the babel of momentary fashion. Those who would cock a conceited ear to the public rather than expose their lunacy by acting upon their own convictions are those who confer upon themselves this paraphernalia and trappings so much like savage blazonry.

Can not a student be protected in the sacred right of wearing any article of decent apparel that he chooses, even if it be very costly or cheap? How much confusion and lack of meaning these garbs are liable to reach through a multiplication of arbitrary codes of pattern and coloring!

The holder of an honorable degree will reflect honor upon his institution that conferred it more by appearing as he is, simple, plain, and without affectation, than when disguised otherwise. It is simply a till-filler for the gown-maker, and an ordinary fad among college students who lack enough schemes of distributing the hard-earned dollars so generously provided for their maintenance.

If our magnificent educational system is so worthy of an academic costume, then why not go at the thing in earnest—

why not pay homage to our alma mater worth while by purchasing suitable apparel which will be serviceable elsewhere besides at college? It is true the price has been made low enough to facilitate their use, but what difference to the reasonable and considerate is that? Shall a merchant buy a car-load of toy pistols, or a farmer make himself land-poor because the things for sale are cheap? No! Are you going to do things just because it has been done before, or because of its historical importance? If that is your magnanimous and patriotic spirit, then use it to a good purpose; help the California women save the big trees; help the women of Colorado save the cliff dwellings; lend aid in preserving the palisades of New York, and donate your mite, which heretofore you have been throwing away, to establish a better library, or to erect a Y. M. C. A. building. Do not squander your extra dollars in swelling the pockets of the greedy, undeserving fashion makers, but use a pinch of Benjamin Franklin's economy with your wonted mother-wit and thereby make your alma mater in every respect better than when you entered her halls. Is there any common sense in wearing jeans and a glossy-backed coat four years and paying your board out of the "Students' Aid Fund" and being delinquent in paying incidental fees otherwise incurred, then voluntarily indulge yourself further by flimsily heeding the whims of a few silly classmates? Still this coming commencement will be solemnized in a cloud of black drapery under circumstances half pitiable!

This abominable custom of wearing caps and gowns is a student-hobby, and you can make nothing else out of it. Looked at æsthetically the harmony and symmetry is little short of ridiculous. A short man reminds us of a three-foot block cut from a log five feet through. A tall, slender man resembles a barber's sign draped in mourning. Taken historically and picturesquely, it does not serve to remind us

of the continuity and dignity of learning, but rather of political harangues of the Roman forum. Nor does it recall the honored roll of English-speaking University men, as it rightly should do. Democratically, the per cent of students who attain the distinction of seniordom, as a rule are credited with more sense than to wish to subdue the difference in dress arising from differences in taste, fashion and wealth; neither are they so ignorant as to think that clothing all alike with this grace of equal fellowship will add luster to their native dullness and cover a multitude of sins. This method of disguise may be tantalizing to him who never hopes to rise so high again, to him who aspires only to be accomplished in nothing except his own subject—an ignorant specialist!—prone to monologs in conversation; but to those outside this class we wonder if it is so fascinating. Secret organizations may need regalia to keep them alive, victorious armies may need military displays to excite enthusiasm, but appended decorations, expensive and unnecessary, are distasteful to ambitious college men who promise the future that every walk of life shall feel their shaping hand and manly spirit.

If you want your skirts to rustle like ladies' dresses, then wear a frock and merry-widow hat. If you want to cover your natural angularities, then buy some cotton and twine and remodel your contour to suit your individual taste. If you think the softly flowing sleeves will add mellowness to your speech, then complete the harmony by growing curls. If urbanity and more conciliatory gestures result therefrom, then change your voice an octave higher and discard your masculine apparel entirely.

If this were an involuntary, irrational method of celebrating, it would be excusable, but since it resembles more a forced attempt at enthusiasm quite ungenune, and a striving not to be overtopped by rival institutions in pompous blazonry, there is little left for the observer to experience save a



reckless surge of silent contempt and disgust. And we pity him who can find no worthier and more appropriate way of reverencing and lauding his alma mater than by boring himself several hours in a hot gown and bad-fitting, square-topped cap under a blazing May sun, while his classmates in a winding concourse swelter and scramble along in a procession, doing over the same old things in the same old way. If he is too stupid and inert to be thrilled by the music, sermons, addresses and other exercises without wearing his popular fad he is to be pitied again.

Lastly, the best that can be said in favor of wearing caps and gowns is, that they are in themselves harmless; the second favorable remark (if you dare call it favorable), that they are absurd and absolutely of no actual commercial value. Though like many other things, this craze has the sanctity of generations who have held myths, legends and historic practices as dear and sacred as their religion. But thanks to the sane and progressive, these insignia of affectation and remnants of symbolism have slowly lost ground! The colorless and allegorical is superseded by the concrete; the shadowy, objectless and ridiculous solemnity of the superstitious lovers of symbolism is fast passing away and giving place to the sober and intelligent rituals of educated citizenship. And may the day come apace when the lines between the present and the past will blur this mediæval reversion, for there is little hope as long as our cognizance of the value of the past depends upon the elaborate and unnecessary academic costume, this donning of the four-cornered cap, this wearing of the ostentatious gown so much akin to savage embellishment!

And Emerson's thoughts on this are very appropriate: "Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretention avail nothing. Gowns, and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American col-

leges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year." And to this we add a quotation from Dr. Chas. E. Taylor's article on Caps and Gowns, which was published in the *Wake Forest Bulletin* for October, 1908: "An old-fashioned person, after the procession, (referring to the commencement exercises of a great university), like a gandy caterpillar, had slowly crept through the campus and into the hall, might perhaps, have been excused for questioning the wisdom of engrafting mediævalism upon American institutions and for preferring the virile garb in which Wayland and Swain and Maxey taught and presided to the most subtle creations of milliners with their inevitable suggestiveness of petticoats."

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Heretofore our remarks have been strictly relating to college affairs, but as a dessert we take a little time and space in this last issue to jot down some things which come under our notice. During our year's work not until recently have we been amazed at the remarkable sagacity of some of our college journalists.

It is the critics to which we refer, and especially one who so eloquently exploded his gascons verbosity about a certain editorial, the nature and appropriateness of which his knowledge was too scant (judging from his remarks) to be classed among vacuums. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We note another of those budding young megaphones whom we will name for brevity's sake, Pontius Pilate-Benedict Arnold. He gives a list of a score or more exchanges, but laments that out this number he does not find enough articles to criticise, and as a final resort deliberately turns to congratulate himself publicly on his fiction contributions, unscrupulously condemning the essays and poetry so generously contributed by his fellow-students upon whom the

success of his magazine very probably depended. Do you not call that ingratitude and the spirit of Pilate and Arnold? And we judge from his other statements that this is his first attempt to render suggestions to eliminate the shortcomings of his magazine. In fact, he says it is. Least said would be inevitably against his judgment, for what sensible and enterprising editor would wait until the last issue to instruct his contributors? Besides, he shows very little respect for his faculty editor by discrediting what has passed through that superior's hands as worthy of publication. Evidently there is a screw loose somewhere. And were we assigned the task of finding the default, we would remove this Pilate-Arnold combination, for none but the cowardly traitor and self-congratulating egotist forgets those who have made him to stand upright in his undeserved position.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CARL H. RAGLAND, Associate Editor.

'98-02. A quiet but beautiful home wedding took place Wednesday afternoon when Miss Gladys Sharp became the bride of Prof. S. A. Ives, of Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark. Only the immediate family and relatives of the bride were present. The ceremony, short, but impressive, was performed by Rev. M. P. Davis. The bride is the daughter of Mr. H. C. Sharp, one of the best financiers in Hertford County. The groom is a graduate of several colleges and is a teacher of note, having met Miss Sharp when Professor of Science at Chowan Institute. They took the afternoon train to Raleigh.

'83-87. Dr. J. W. Lynch, pastor of the First Church, Durham, N. C., will preach the commencement sermon before Furman University.—*Biblical Recorder*.

'77-78. Rev. Livingston Johnson, Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention, will preach the annual sermon at Whitsett Institute, Whitsett, N. C., Sunday, May 22d.

'51-56. Dr. Henry Hamilton Harris, familiarly known as Dr. Hal Harris, was a student in Wake Forest College 1851-'56, entering from Wake County. He received his Bachelor's degree in 1856. His professional degree he took later at the University of Pennsylvania. Up to the time of his death he was greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends in and around Wake Forest, near which he resided all his life. He died at his home December 6, 1909, aged seventy-five years. In the latter part of his life he married Miss Person, of Franklin County, who survives him.—*Wake Forest Bulletin*.

'81-86. For several years Dr. Charles E. Brewer, of the Faculty of Wake Forest College, has superintended the flourishing Sunday School at Glen Royal Cotton Mills, near the college. Last year, for attending every Sunday, twenty-eight pupils were awarded Bibles. During the first quarter of this year eighty-three have been present every Sunday, and out of enrollment of 250, the average attendance has been 180. Isn't this a fine record? Can any other Sunday School equal or surpass it.—*Biblical Recorder*.

'04-08. Mr. Charles S. Barnette has been elected to a position on the staff of the *Lynchburg News*. When elected to this place he was holding a position on the *Charlotte Daily Observer*. We congratulate Mr. Barnette on this distinction.

'84-89. Mr. William Carey Dowd, who in December was elected President of the Baptist State Convention, is a newspaper man. He is the editor of the *Charlotte News*. What greater honor could be done Brother Dowd? The beauty about the whole thing is, that Dowd is good enough to hold and well qualified for the distinguished honor. He has the balance of us outstripped. We can never again get in sight of him in this ecclesiastical race. Now, it is possible that such men as Reece, of the *Greensboro Record*; Clark of the *Statesville Landmark*; Robinson, of the *Durham Sun*; Underwood, of the *Greensboro Patriot*, and probably a few others, may not know how to take the performance of a newspaper man breaking into high places, like the honor that has come to Mr. Dowd, but those of us who have in a quiet way held some church office and gone through occasions when a white string tie was in splendid taste, and have been recognized just enough in churchly affairs to have the embarrassment rubbed off, can appreciate this recognition of the press and do considerable rejoicing over it. Brother Dowd made a splendid officer, a fact that all who know him are not surprised

to hear. *The Uplift* congratulates him and felicitates the great and influential body over which he presides.—*The Uplift*.

'83-87. Prof. J. B. Carlyle made the address at the closing of Stem High School on April 5th and 6th. His subject was, "What is Life, and is the Higher Life Worth Living?" It was a fine address and he pleased his hearers, as he always does.

'08-09. Hamlet, April 15.—Ex-Mayor T. G. Wood, Jr., died at the home of Rev. T. G. Wood, his father, near Spring Hill, Scotland County, to-day. Mr. Wood graduated at the Wake Forest law school last June and secured license from the Supreme Court. Soon after opening an office in Hamlet he was elected mayor and held that office until bad health forced him to resign and retire from his practice. Mr. Wood was only about twenty-two years of age. He will be buried at Spring Hill Baptist Church Sunday.—*Charlotte Daily Observer*.

Wake Forest College bereaves the death of one of its brightest young sons. THE STUDENT extends its heartfelt sympathy to the grieved father and family in so great an affliction.

—'90. Mr. James Arthur Holloman, who entered College from Hertford County, N. C., began his journalistic career in Raleigh soon after his graduation. Later he was editor of the *Atlanta Journal*, and about 1900 became editor of the *Jacksonville Times-Union*, but he is now one of the leading turpentine and lumber men in the South. Early in March he suffered the loss of his daughter, who was in school in Nashville, Tenn.

—'91. Dr. John L. Kesler, Professor of Biology and Dean of Baylor University, Waco, Tex., made an important address at the third annual meeting of the Conference for

Education in Texas, at Austin, March, 1909, on "What must be done that the people may enjoy an efficient State Public School system?" This address is published in the Bulletin of the Conference, issued from Austin, January 15th. Dr. Kesler's wide intelligence and enthusiasm are making him an important factor in the educational awakening and development of the great empire of Texas.

—'08. For twelve days Rev. F. D. King, of Jonesboro, N. C., preached morning and night to large congregations, the house being full at almost every service, notwithstanding much of the time the weather was unfavorable. Prayer services at 6:15 a. m., often found the hall crowded. Good congregations attended the services at 8 a. m. It was a meeting of extraordinary power and the preaching was simple, direct, earnest, filled with power. Although this was the second meeting held here by Brother King, there has not been heard the first word of unkind criticism of the man and his methods. He has completely won the hearts of the people, both students and citizens.—*Little River Record, March, 1910.*

—'07. Mr. Edwin Cooke succeeded Mr. Arthur Ranes in the principalship of the Spruce Pine High School. In the *News and Observer* of March 20th, Miss Royster gives an extended account of the exceptionally fine work which he is doing in making the school the center of the community interest and life, in the introduction of art and industrial features, and in the direct cultivation of civic obligation and a public health conscience in the future citizenship of Mitchell County.

—'05. Rev. Edward Long, pastor of the Baptist church at Marion, N. C., will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon at Fruitland Institute, April 24th.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

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ROGER P. McCUTCHEON. Associate Editor

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"Men, brother men, that after us yet live,  
Let not your hearts too hard against us be."

—*Francois Villon.*

For the past year, now, we have been reading college magazines, and "Lo, there is not one perfect." It would be unreasonable to suppose that college magazines could ever attain perfection, absolute perfection. And a blessing it is, to be sure, that faults creep into the very best ones. Consider for a moment what a calamity would befall the world of college journalism if all the magazines were perfect. Such a state of affairs would mean the instant decline, nay, the destruction, of the Exchange Department, for who could write the same vacuous praises over again every month? Truly the world would be the poorer.

We are inclined to be somewhat pessimistic as we review our work for the past year. Almost we are persuaded to consider college magazines under three heads, neurotic, erotic, and tommyrotic, after the manner of George Bernard Shaw's sweeping classification of modern drama. It is not recorded to which class Mr. Shaw referred his own works. We are at a loss to decide just where *THE STUDENT* belongs. For a long time it has been our desire to criticize our own magazine, and now, when the opportunity presents itself, we can not resist saying that entirely too much of *THE STUDENT* lies perilously near to the "tommyrotic."

In the first place, we can't boast much of the poetry we have published this year. The quantity of our verse has been abundant enough; the quality of it has not been exceptional, to say the least. The gracious Muse seems to have deserted our domain for a season. Our environment would



seem to be peculiarly felicitous for the production of poetry; all that is lacking is the poet.

And yet, when we take a broader view, there is little, very little, real poetry appearing in any of our exchanges. *The Carolinian* contains perhaps the best poems we read. We have followed the work of Mr. Gonzales with interest and pleasure. Once in awhile *The University of North Carolina Magazine* publishes some very acceptable poems. There is always a good bit of verse in *The University of Virginia Magazine*. The rest, with now and then a rare exception, contain verse of a decided mediocre quality. The most of the verse lacks the luster, the polish. We are too easily contented when we get our rhyme and meter somewhere near correctness, and are unwilling to go further, to add the final gleam, the telling gleam, to our lines. We are usually correct, but too often coldly correct.

Sometimes our poets are inclined to choose too lofty themes, ignoring the obvious fact that their wings are not yet ample enough to sustain them amid these rarified atmospheres. Who cares anything for a college boy's solution of such weighty and mighty questions as, "What is Life"? And yet this is a favorite theme. One excellent thing about the "Vignettes in Ebony" of *The University of Virginia Magazine* is their delicious freedom from all such pretentiousness.

Again, our own magazine has at times been deficient in its essays. Now public opinion (or better, the opinions of the various Exchange editors) will have it that essays are necessary to every magazine in order to effect a well-balanced issue. Too often the case has been that the essays are injected in frantic attempts to secure this "balance," not from any intrinsic literary merit of their own. We have had but one or two really good essays all year.

Beyond a doubt the best college essays appear in *The Trinity Archive*. Here we find a freshness of theme and an

originality of treatment that is tremendously effective. *The Acorn* always has a passable essay in it, and *The Converse Concept* usually gives us something good in this line. As a rule, the general level of essays is a trifle higher in the magazines which our fair sisters get out.

The usual college essay is merely a result of compilation, too often unskillful compilation, of uninteresting facts about dead subjects. There is a hopeful tendency, however, on the part of a few of our exchanges, to desert these main-traveled roads, and to blaze out new paths for themselves. Every State and every college has its own heroes, its own traditions, its own atmosphere. A college magazine can do no better than to awaken interest and perpetuate information concerning its own peculiar distinctions. *The Baylor Literary* is among the number of magazines which prefer to contribute to knowledge rather than to assemble it. At times some of the monthlies from the industrial schools contain articles of interest and value. *The College Reflector* usually has some good sensible essays, and we generally find something of value in the *Red and White*. We confess we find these superior to the usual "speeches" which are put in to effect a balance.

But when it comes to fiction, we beg to assert, modestly and yet firmly, that we are rather well pleased with our own magazine. If college boys can not write the best poetry, and if they do not write the best essays, they come near writing the best stories. We have taken much pride, pardonable pride, in the brand of stories which *THE STUDENT* contains.

We find it to be the unanimous opinion of the other exchange editors that the so-called college-love-story is, putting it mildly, *persona non grata*. We venture to say that almost every one of them reads these stories, notwithstanding their numerous protestations to the contrary. We would even

hesitate to say that a deep sense of duty is the sole cause of their reading. For our part the college love-story has been an infinite source of amusement. This may be a fearful admission, but we confess to a great interest in the way of a college man with a college maid.

But there is one type of story which we do not like in the least—the usual Civil War story, told by the well-known and faithful colored servant. Of late, fashion seems to have decreed that an old “mammy” is the correct narrator. Formerly the “valet” was, we believe, preferred. The story has not changed essentially, though, and when we have read it once we have read it for all time. It seems strange to us that the story is still being told. We even found a rank example of it in the *Trinity Archive*, which ought to know better.

A unique series of stories has been appearing in the *University of Virginia Magazine* for some time, under the general title of “The Scarlet Fairy Book.” We had occasion in a recent number to notice one of them at length; but we wish to repeat our appreciation. Another series, in no wise similar to the foregoing style or tone, but which have afforded us much amusement, is the “Billy Brint” series in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. These we have liked immensely. They are bright, sparkling, and fresh. We are glad to notice that these series are as near as any of the best magazines come to publishing regular serials. Now and then in some of the smaller magazines we have seen a continued story, each installment of which covered nearly three pages. Surely such things ought not to be.

As a rule immaturity would seem to be the chief fault of most of the unsuccessful stories, those stories which nearly make a success and yet fall short of real excellence. This immaturity is most of all evident in the treatment of scenery, local color. So few stories are laid in the fitting scene.

Local color is too often applied in the *pointilliste* manner. Too often does the writer fail to make his scene distinct enough to be impressive. *The Sweet Briar Magazine* has been particularly happy, so far, in its stories. They have been impregnated with an odor all their own, and stand out in marked contrast to the stories in *The College Message* or *The Winthrop College Journal*, or a dozen others we might mention.

Then, again, there seems to be a widespread and unfortunate penchant for stories of the "Lady or The Tiger" type. As a rule it is very seldom that one of these stories makes any strong impression. It is a dangerous device to leave the reader wondering how the characters meet the issue, and yet we find this device widely employed.

But we have filled up our space; otherwise it would be easy to prolong this charming discussion much further. It seems sufficiently obvious that these various imperfections can be removed by more careful work on the part of the editors and contributors. And in conclusion we would beg the college students to come to a fuller realization of the opportunities which are waiting for them in their own college magazine. Slowly but surely the college magazine is coming into its own. Already it is a power to be reckoned with, not only as an outlet for the budding literary lights but as a criterion of the college which it represents; for a college is judged by the magazine it keeps.

The following magazines have been received regularly for the past year:

*The Red and White*, *Trinity Archive*, *College of Charleston Magazine*, *the Limestone Star*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *The Collegian*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Pine and Thistle*, *The Mercerian*, *The Randolph*

*Macon Monthly, Hendrix College Mirror, Wofford College Journal, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Baylor Literary, University of Virginia Magazine, Central Collegian, The Susquehanna, William-Jewell Student, Converse Concept, Clemson College Chronicle, Furman Echo, University of North Carolina Magazine, Davidson College Magazine, College Message, Guilford Collegian, Southern Collegian, University of Texas Magazine, Criterion, State Normal Magazine, Palmetto, Southwestern University Magazine, Emory and Henry Era, The Acorn, Maryville College Monthly, McGill Martlet, The Carolinian, The Athenaeum, Defiance Collegian, Newberry Stylus, Andrew College Journal, Old Penn Weekly, The Spectator, High School Enterprise, The Oasis, Dahlonaga Collegian, The Gold Bug, Cardinal and Cream, The Chimes of Shorter College.*

### A Minor Poet to Himself—A Reply

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What profits else, when God has put a flame  
In this poor breast that kins me with the sky?  
It doth not shine so far, nor mount so high,  
Nor so intensely burn, nor bear such name  
As those enskied with mankind's proud acclaim.  
This is an unbought gift that none can buy  
With treasures—since thou gav'st it. Lord, shall I  
Complain that thou has not vouchsafed me fame?  
Yet tho' they glow no brighter, these mild gleams  
Suffice: take, merchant, thy world-wealth. Be mine  
The unfettered soul that soars above a king's,  
As high as that blind bard's, who in rapt dreams  
Saw seraph-trodden uplands, splendors shine,  
And God's own glory gild archangels' wings.

—R. E. G., in the *Carolinian* for January, 1910.

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### Greenery

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Winter brought thee low—  
Ah! the winds did blow!—  
Eyes of maids like ice were blue,  
And men's hearts were cold.  
Now the snowy hue  
Of the wild, of the wold  
Yields to thee.  
Where thou art, Love doth unfold  
All his mystery.  
Hearts of men and maidens glow  
Warm and bold. Soon 'tis told—  
Love his revelry doth hold  
Only when the greenwood tree  
Weareth leafy livery.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

### Bits of Clay

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God was at work in his shop one day,  
Shaping three bits of soft, wet clay—  
The Devil in passing stopped by the way,  
And asked Him what He was making.

"A Woman," said God, as He touched one pile,  
"To teach Man how to look up and smile,  
"And lift him out of all that is vile."  
Straightway the Devil fell quaking.

"A Woman," said God, as He touched another,  
"A girl, blue-eyed and without a mother,  
"Adrift in the world with no elder brother."  
A tear fell on the Devil's cheek.

"A Woman," said God, as He touched the third,  
"As wild and as beautiful as a bird,  
"Built like a serpent, and careless of word."  
Then laughed the Devil, shriek on shriek.  
—E. S. M., in the Trinity Archive.

# CLIPPINGS

## IN THE SPRING.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,  
But the older married brethren—what may they be thinking of?  
They may rise with hearts of gladness and with souls buoyed up by hope,  
But they sniff the air with sadness when they smell house-cleaning soap.  
—*Chicago Post.*

## FULLY SATISFIED.

"I took that girl from Denver to lunch after the theater. Say, she ordered mushrooms and lobster."

"What do you think of that?"

"Why, that's all right. I was afraid she'd call for porterhouse steak, or pork chops."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

He—"We'll have to hurry, dear. Do you mind being pressed for time?"  
She—"For time? Oh, no—not even for eternity."

## CAUSE SUFFICIENT.

"Why do people read the advertising section in the magazines?"

"Say, I guess you never tried to read the other section."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## ST. IVES.

As I was going to St. Ives  
I met a man with seven wives,  
Each wife had seven rats,  
Puffs, curls, braids and hats,  
Rats, curls, hats, wives,  
How many were going to St. Ives?

## POINTS OF VIEW.

"Does your wife object to dinners?"

"It all depends," said Mr. Meekton, "on whether the cause is a baseball game or a matinee."—*Washington Star.*

## UNDYING LOVE.

Youth: "Own up! You don't hate me, do you?"

Beauty: "To tell the truth, I hate you like sin!"

Youth: "Oh, my darling! How happy you make me!"—*Smart Set.*



## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

## WOMEN AND THE PAPER.

To the weather first she turns,  
Which is scheduled, so she learns,  
To be fair.  
Rain predicted makes her pout,  
Though she isn't going out  
Anywhere.

Next the dry goods ads she reads,  
Thinking of her many needs,  
As to dress,  
Reads them all with comment sage,  
Then inspects the woman's page,  
More or less.

If a serial there be,  
Carefully the same must she  
Next peruse.  
After which she may, perchance,  
Take a hasty little glance  
At the news.

—*Washington Herald.*



## APPRECIATION.

"That successful poker player certainly paid a tribute to his winning game when he selected his handsome home."

"How so?"

"Don't you know he built it on a bluff?"—*Baltimore American.*



## THE ULTIMATE CONSUMER.

I crave no boundless hoard  
Of things I can't afford,  
No gold or gear,  
No jewels fine,  
No lands or kine,  
No treasure heaps of anything.  
Let but a room or two be mine,  
Where I may breakfast, lunch or dine  
Quite regularly,  
And feel care free.  
And when I go home at night,  
To meet the smiling face of her;  
To hear the kettle sing, the kitten purr;  
To know that in the ice chest—padlocked tight—  
A sirloin steak awaits my appetite.

I pray not for  
Great riches nor  
For vast estates and castle halls,  
Nor palaces with arrased walls;  
I pray not that  
Men tremble at  
My power of place  
And lordly sway;  
I wish to say,  
With simple grace,  
That, I don't hanker after gold,  
Or pearls or rubies bright,  
Or tapestries bedight,  
Or things in casks and kegs,  
Or wines and cordials suave;  
I would be satisfied if I could have  
A plate of ham and eggs.



## ORIGINALITY.

"It was Satan," said a mother to one of her children, "who put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Perhaps it was," replied the hopeful, "but kicking her shins was my own idea."—*Exchange*.



"She's going to compel him to marry her."

"How?"

"Bring a union suit."



## HER EASTER HAT.

Her Easter hat,  
So neat and pat,  
Sat lightly on her tresses;  
And breezy dips  
From April's lips  
Kissed it with their caresses.

Her Easter hat  
So lightly sat  
That I forgave her yearnings;  
Altho it lay,  
I'm free to say,  
Quite heavy on my earnings.

## WHY HE WAS WELCOME.

The prodigal son came hesitatingly to the front gate.

His father saw him, recognized him, and rushed out to welcome him with joy. "I'm glad to see you come home in rags!" exclaimed the father. "The neighbor's boy got home yesterday in his college clothes!"



## SURE.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my little girl happy?  
 Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could 'a seen her when I proposed!



## FEMALE CHANTICLEERS.

Alas! That the women should crow over men,  
 They simply won't do as they us'ter;  
 They not only want to pose as the hen,  
 But wear what belongs to the rustler.



## EXCELLENT CONNECTIONS.

"He claims to be connected with all the best families."  
 "Oh, he is—by phone."



## MORE INTERESTING.

Fair Girl: "My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?"

Gallant Youth: "Not particularly; but I would like to know if he still has it."—*Catholic News*.



## NO PLACE FOR POLITICIANS.

"Senator," said the interviewer, "it is rumored that you intend to retire from politics."

"Well, well," replied the Senator, "it's queer how rumors start. I suppose this one grew out of the fact that I attended church with my wife last Sunday."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



## AN OMEN.

We are not superstitious  
 But we warn you, as to that,  
 That the coming of the comet  
 May presage a Halley hat.

## NOT AFRAID OF BURGLARS, BUT—

"John! John!" said Mrs. Pridworth, "get up. I'm sure I hear a burglar downstairs."

Mr. Pridworth drew the quilts up a little farther and pretended to fall asleep again.

"John!" whispered Mrs. Pridworth a moment later, at the same time giving her husband a vigorous shake, "I have just heard that noise again. I'm sure it's a burglar. Are you going to get up?"

"Pshaw," he answered, "you're nervous. There's nobody in the house. Go to sleep and don't disturb me any more."

He had begun to hope the trouble was over when Mrs. Pridworth sat up in bed and asked:

"Did you hear that?"

"No."

"You're not telling me the truth, John Pridworth. You're afraid to get up."

Then she stepped out on the cold floor and in tones that were burdened with scorn, said:

"If you're too much of a coward to do anything to protect your own children and your property, I'll go downstairs myself. I'll show those burglars that there is at least one man in the house!"

Then John Pridworth raised himself on one elbow, and pretending to listen for a moment, said:

"Yes, I hear it now, Mary. It sounds like a mouse right under our bed."

After his wife had leaped back into bed and had hidden herself under two quilts and a blanket he heard her plaintively say:

"John, if you love me, please don't leave me alone even to get up and turn on the light."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



## "WHAT'S SHUSE."

Wifey (red hot)—Don't try any evasion with me, sir. Where-have-you-been?

Hub (maudlingly)—M'dear, wha's shuse! If I ansh'er your ques'un, you will ques'un my ansh'er.—*Boston Transcript*.



## ACCUSTOMED TO LUXURIES.

Mr. Courting (exhibiting penknife)—This handle is pure silver. What do you think of that?

Little Girl—Huh! That's nothing. Sister's teeth is on a plate of pure gold.

## TAKING IT LITERALLY.

"If the world were to come to an end to-day, would it find you prepared?" demanded the evangelist.

The editor blanched. "After we've used the biggest type in the office to put headlines over the South American war. Good Lord, no!" he cried. His dismay was pitiful, yet not more pitiful than genuine.—*Puck*.



## HOW IT CAME OUT.

You praised her stately slenderness  
 In golden hours;  
 You spoke with soulful tenderness  
 Of leafy bowers.  
 You called her your divinity,  
 Your heart's desire;  
 You looked into infinity,  
 And strummed love's lyre.

Yes, it was most inspiring, too,  
 When you would say  
 For her you'd work untiring to  
 Your latest day.  
 She should not soil her dainty hands  
 Nor have a care,  
 You would fulfill her least demands  
 With promptness rare.

But, ah! the years have quickly run  
 Their beaten track,  
 Say, how about those yarns you spun?  
 Alas! Alack!  
 To-day I heard your darling make  
 A slight request,  
 Then you replied: "For goodness' sake,  
 Give me a rest!"



## WINDING UP AFFAIRS.

"It wasn't much trouble to wind up poor old Sleszem's affairs when he died."

"No?"

"All the property he left behind was a silver watch."

## ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

Friend—Did you lose anything in the Bustall bank?

Depositor—Not a cent.

"Well, well! If you knew the thing was going up, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife some blank cheeks. She went shopping."



## A GREAT SURPRISE.

Papa—Ruthie, I shouldn't be surprised if God would send you a little baby brother before long. What would you think of that?

Ruthie—Oh, papa! I think it would be perfectly lovely. And say, papa, let's you and me keep it a surprise for mamma!—*Life*.



## HEARD IN THE HOUSE.

"I have the floor," shouted the carpet.

"Go ahead," returned the wall paper, "I am up against it."—*Baltimore American*.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. M. BROUGHTON, Jr.

—Commencement!!

—"Here's to the class of '10!!

—The graduating class numbers sixty-three.

—Examinations are posted to begin on the 9th, lasting until the days of the Commencement exercises, which are the 18th, 19th, and 20th.

—The Baccalaureate Sermon and the Literary Address will be delivered by Dr. Geo. W. Truette, of Texas, who is one of the foremost preachers in the South. The Alumni Address is to be made by Mr. John A. Oates, of Fayetteville.

—Commencement speakers have been named by the Faculty as follows: H. B. Jones, F. T. Collins, A. R. Williams, E. N. Johnson, Dee Carriek, and E. I. Olive.

—The Senior class has voted to observe the usual custom and wear caps and gowns throughout the graduating exercises.

—Rev. Baylus Cade, of Shelby, delivered three lectures here on Sunday, April 17th. He discussed in general the subject of miracles and their relation to christianity. Mr. Cade is one of the best thinkers in the Baptist denomination of this State, and his lectures were of the most scholarly type.

—The spring medal contests are being held in the two societies this month. At the time of our going to press two of these contests have been held in the Euzelian Society, the Sophomore and the Freshman. The winner of the Sophomore medal is Mr. W. G. Privett, of Iredell County. Mr. W. M. Seruggs is the fortunate winner of the Freshman medal.

—On the night of April 7th a most delightful musical recital was given in the chapel by the Misses Harriett Day, Anna Read, and Elizabeth Futrell, of the faculty of Meredith College. This concert was given under the auspices of the Glee Club, and proved to be a rare treat for all who attended. The duets by Misses Day and Read, and the instrumental solos by Miss Futrell were special features of a most attractive program.

—Mr. John A. Oates, of Fayetteville, was a recent visitor of the "Hill," and made an interesting talk to the students at chapel. Mr. Oates is one of our most prominent alumni and it will be learned with pleasure that he is to become a matriculate student again to the extent of taking the Summer Law Course.

—The Oxford Singing Class was with us during the month and were heard by an audience that completely filled the chapel. The singing of these bright children has a peculiar charm for us all, and their coming is always looked forward to with much pleasure.

—There was quite a serious fire in the town during the latter part of April, when the large planing mill, owned by Mr. Moses Fort, was burned to the ground. The splendid power plant, which belongs to the town, on account of its proximity to the mill was in great danger of being burned, but fortunately escaped with slight injuries. The student body was out in full force and rendered valuable service in saving adjacent buildings.

—Our ball team won a great victory when they defeated Trinity on the home grounds by the score of 4 to 3. The celebration that followed on the night of the victory has not been equalled here in years. Enthusiasm ran high and far into the night the bonfires blazed. The Faculty were called out and speeches were made from the steps of the gymnasium.



Mr. Paul Powell acted as master of ceremonies and his introductory speeches have rarely been surpassed in their grace and eloquence (auctioneering brand). Speeches were heard from members of the Faculty, Mr. Rob Powell, graduate manager, and others. The snake dance was given by the students around a huge bonfire, and the heart-stirring scene closed with "Big" Powell singing a parody of his own composition with accompaniment by the negro band!

—The members of the ball team were treated to a delightful banquet on Saturday night after the Trinity game. The banquet was given the team by Mr. Rob Powell at his elegant home, and every man was enthusiastic in his praise of their splendid host. The occasion will be long remembered by all present.

—The class ball games are being played while the team is on their trip. The first of these was between the lawyers and the doctors, two games being required to decide the winners. The first game resulted in an eight inning tie, but in the second the doctors were more fortunate, winning by the score of 5 to 3.

—The annual Faculty-Senior game, as usual, proved the most interesting of these contests and was witnessed by nearly two hundred spectators. The game was won by the Seniors by the score of 17 to 8. With plenty of runs and hard batting, not to speak of numberless errors, the game was full of interest from beginning to end. Professor Highsmith was on the mound for the Faculty, and his pitching was of a high order. Dr. Brewer held down first base in his usual fine style, while Dr. Poteat, who started out playing right field, could not locate the sphere when at the bat, and was retired to the bench, giving place to Dr. Paschal. The line-up was as follows: Faculty, Highsmith p., Hampton c., Brewer 1b., Earnshaw 2b., Powers s.s., Timberlake l.f., Nowell c.f., Poteat and Paschal r.f., Jones sub.

—The Track Team met A. & M. College at Raleigh during the latter part of April and were defeated by the very narrow margin of eight points. The team was greatly handicapped on account of the fact that Hutchins, one of its strongest men, had been sick for several days and was in no condition for the meet. The two teams will meet again about the first of May out here, and there is every reason for believing that our team will have no trouble with the Farmers on that occasion. A meet has also been arranged with Washington and Lee, this to be held on our own grounds. The fact that the Wake Forest team, with only a limited number of men, took third place in the all-Southern meet at Charlottesville has given us a good reputation through the South, and the managers are already receiving invitations to take part in meets next spring.

—At this time the ball team is on its Southern trip, and it is expected that they will break even with the teams played. Edwards has recovered from his sickness and is now back in his old place, thus adding much strength to the team. The two great games which are to be played in Raleigh with Trinity on the 23d and Carolina on the 30th are looked forward to with great interest, and arrangements are being made to run special trains from here on both occasions.

—Prospects for the Wake Forest football team for next fall are splendid, and every indication points to our having a team on the gridiron that will rank with the other colleges of the State. Manager Willis is already at work on the schedule, and even now he is sure of having games with some of the strongest teams of the State. It is probable that a Thanksgiving game will be arranged with Davidson. Several of last fall's 'Varsity will be back and Graduate Manager Powell has given assurance that a competent coach will be on hand at the first of next session.

—Wake Forest was honored by the presence of Congressman E. Y. Webb on Sunday, April 24th. Mr. Webb is one of the most distinguished of the alumni of the College, and his talks before Prof. Carlyle's class in the morning and at the church service at night were greatly enjoyed. At the latter service he spoke delightfully of his trip to Hawaiian Islands.

—The splendid victory of the Wake Forest Ball Team over Carolina at Raleigh, on April 30th, was a triumphant finish of a most unusual season. Though beginning with a succession of defeats the team kept bravely at work, and before the close of the season proved themselves more than a match for such teams as Trinity, Guilford, and Carolina. Much praise is due each member of the team for his hard work and interest in each game. To Graduate Manager Powell, who so generously and so heartily cooperated with Manager Check in the arrangement of games, is due great credit. He never wavered in his loyalty to the team and whatever honor they have won is largely due to his untiring efforts.

—On the night of April 29th the *Student* staff had a delightful stag banquet at the Hotel Giersch in Raleigh. A tempting menu was served and the entire evening was a most enjoyable one. Business Manager Brewer acted as toast-master, and a number of catchy responses were made by Editors McCutcheon, Ragland, and Broughton. Editor Gore's response was in the form of an excellent poem rendered in honor of the occasion. The banquet room was tastefully decorated, the color scheme being blue.