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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 1

"IF I COULD GLIMPSE HIM"

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

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When in the Scorpion circles low
The sun with fainter, dreamier light,
And at a far-off hint of snow
The giddy swallows take to flight,
And droning insects sadly know
That cooler falls the autumn night;

When airs breathe drowsily and sweet,
Charming the woods to colors gay,
And distant pastures send the bleat
Of hungry lambs at break of day,
Old Hermes' wings grow on my feet,
And, good-bye, home! I'm called away.

There on the hills should I behold,
Sitting upon an old gray stone
That humps its back up through the mould,
And piping in a monotone,
Pan, as he sat in days of old,
My joy would bid surprise begone!

Dear Pan! 'Tis he that calls me out;
He, lying in some hazel copse,
Where lazily he turns about
And munches each nut as it drops,
Well pleased to see me swamped in doubt
At sound of his much-changing stops.

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palatial residences. Last year Mr. Sprunt had the honor of entertaining President Taft in this elegant home.

Yonder in the distance is an old moss-covered tree. It is known as "Dram Tree"—so called because tradition tells us that here the old mariners took the last dram on entering the port of Wilmington and the first on leaving.

A little farther down is where the settlement on Town Creek was made, in 1665, by 800 colonists under Sir John Yeamans. This colony did not prosper, some of the colonists going to Charleston, S. C., and some to Albemarle, leaving the river again in the hands of the Indians.

Not far from Town Creek is Big Island. It contains some 300 acres of very rich alluvial soil, and if improved to some extent, would make the finest trucking tract in this section. When there were so many rice fields along the Cape Fear this island was the roosting place of thousands of rice birds. They proved very destructive to the crops, but since the Cape Fear rice fields are things of the past, these little pests have gone to more suitable headquarters.

We next come to a wharf where a little railroad takes the passengers over to Carolina Beach. Here we unload the excursionists, and from now on we can take in the sights to a much better advantage and without being crowded to death.

In rapid succession we pass Gander Hall, deriving its name from the fact that its owner purchased a number of geese, contemplating raising them for the profit to be made on the feathers; but as he did not get the desired results, it was discovered that all his geese were ganders.

We next pass "Sedgley Abbey," one of the finest colonial mansions of the old type. Only its ruins are visible, and current rumor has it that it is still "hanted."

Then we see the slight indications of the spot where the first white settlement on the Cape Fear was made.

The plantations of Kendall and Orton now appear. These

are very valuable, indeed; and, besides presenting a beautiful appearance, have history connected with them which must necessarily be omitted in such a short sketch as this. On the edge of the Orton plantation are the ruins of Governor Tryon's palace. This is conspicuous in the history of our State and nation, as here occurred the first overt act against British rule in the Revolutionary War, and around the name of Cornelius Harnett much of it centers.

The chief seaport of colonial North Carolina was the old town of Brunswick. There it is—nothing but ruins. It has served its purpose and is now a matter of history. In this old town are the ruins of old St. Philip's church. It was built in 1740 out of bricks brought from England. The walls are still standing and in very fair condition. It is the best preserved ruin in Brunswick.

Up to this time our observations have been peaceful, for the most part, but now they take on the most warlike appearance—the Confederate fortifications are ahead of us! Fort Anderson and Fort Fisher. Their names are familiar to every student of history, and especially to the friends of the Lost Cause, as the fall of the Confederacy followed closely after the capture of these all-important positions. As we gaze at the quiet, battered old Fort Fisher, with its peaceful surroundings, we can hardly realize that here, all around us, occurred one of the most desperate battles of the Civil War—that here deeds of valor were performed that have gone down in history, that here so much blood was shed that in front of the fort is known as "Fisher's Bloody Gate."

Let us forget these bloody times and put an end to our horrible meditations and notice the beautiful little steamer that is coming up the river. It is the "Madeleine," on her way to Wilmington. It is commanded by young Captain Harper, the genial son of the more genial captain of our own boat, the "Wilmington."

After the "Madeleine" has passed us, we come to the Government quarantine station. It is complete in every sense of the word, and under the direction of Dr. Brown, the quarantine doctor, splendid results have been obtained.

Three long blasts from the whistle announce that we are about to land at Southport, formerly known as Smithville, named in honor of Gov. Benj. Smith, the first benefactor of our State University. The wind has been strong all the morning, and now, as we are right at the ocean, it is blowing a regular gale. The first attempt at landing is a failure, two ropes being broken in the attempt. With all Capt. Harper's experience the wind and tide are too much for him. As we are turning around to make a second attempt at landing, the wind takes the hat of a passenger clear away. As he sees it floating away he says: "I don't mind the hat, but there are four two-cent stamps in the band." We succeed in landing this time, and we proceed into this typical seaport hamlet. It is a quaint little place, with live oaks and sand in abundance. Nobody works in Southport. The men have a whittling pen and can generally be found around it. These good people get perfectly furious with you if you don't stop and talk with each for at least an hour. The perfect attitude of indolence assumed by the inhabitants of Southport is best expressed by the manner in which a letter was addressed to one of the young men there on one occasion—"Mr. Cape Fear Rivers O'Henry St. G—, President of the Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Exertion, One of The Sons of Rest, Southport, N. C." That's Southport exactly.

The harbor at Southport is said to be one of the very best on the Atlantic Coast. If the Raleigh and Southport Railroad is ever completed this port will rob Wilmington of much of its commerce, as no ship will go thirty miles up the river to deposit its cargo when it can be unloaded here. Along with other boats in the harbor is the Government dredge,

"General Comstock." The broadening of the channel of the lower Cape Fear is being successfully carried on by this large dredge.

Just across from Southport is Bald Head, upon which now stands a friendly lighthouse. In the years gone by this was the rendezvous of the pirates of this section. The famous "Blackbeard" frequently used these parts as his headquarters.

Just across the channel leading into the ocean is Fort Caswell. This was a strategic point which the Federal forces fought hard to capture, and its fall occurred just before that of Fort Fisher. All around us here blockade runners have had perilous experiences; beneath us lie the wrecks of gallant ships, and tradition has it that a Spanish ship was wrecked here containing a large amount of money, and really, a number of Spanish dollars have been washed ashore and duly appropriated by the lucky finders. Within the recent years the Government has greatly improved Fort Caswell and equipped it with the most modern war machinery, and now it compares favorably with the other forts along the Atlantic Coast. For the purpose of planting mines and other incidentals the boat "Gen. G. W. Getty" is used in connection with Fort Caswell. Its dock is in Southport and it is commanded by the polite Frenchman, Captain Eglise. Having made friends with him, it was in his neat little steamer that the trip to Fort Caswell was made. Near Fort Caswell is the Lifesaving Station. It is commanded by Captain Davis. He and his brave men have become famous for their noble deeds in lending the necessary assistance to those in distress.

It is now time to return to Wilmington, and it is with much regret that we leave these interesting and historic localities to be lost again in the mad whirl of business.

DON QUIXOTE AND ITS INFLUENCE ON
SPANISH LITERATURE

BY WILL E. MARSHALL

Thomas Carlyle in his brief summary of the life and work of Miguel de Cervantes speaks of *Don Quixote* as being "our joyfullest, and all but our deepest, modern book." Opinions differ as to whether it is really the "joyfullest" of modern books, for those who look for the soul within have found more sadness than mirth in *Don Quixote*. Certainly, though the humor is of the deepest, "joyful" is an epithet which jars upon the sense in connection with the book. It could have been in no joyous mood that Cervantes, the old, maimed, and needy soldier, set himself, in the sunset of his life, at the close of his hopes and aspirations, to write that burlesque on the chivalric books which is the dirge of chivalry. For none loved a romance of chivalry better than he. He had himself drunk deeply of the draught which had intoxicated his hero. He had been infected with the same disease as the good Alonso Quixano. He had been a knight errant himself, and his own life the very matter of a romance. Can we conceive him, with his illusions spent, disappointed with fortune, a man broken in health and in hope, entering upon *Don Quixote* with a joyful heart? Indeed, we may as truly speak of *Don Quixote* as being the mournfullest of books, since it was written to give vent to a passing humor, which was as much born of a quenched aspiration and a frustrated longing for the chivalric age as of contempt and disgust for the vicious and foolish books of chivalry.

To understand the book, its purpose, and its influence, we must know the author. The life of Cervantes is to the full as romantic as that of his hero, abounding in strange adventures and beset with troubles and rebuffs, borne and encour-

tered with that gallant resolution and gay good humor which is the very essence of the chivalry which he laughed away. Certainly it would be hard to find recorded the life of any man of letters so full of action, so beset with dangers, so chequered by fortune, so varied, picturesque, and adventurous.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was born at Aleola de Henares in the year 1547. His parents, Rodrigo de Cervantes and Leonor de Cortinas, were of pure Castilian stock. They had not the means to give their son a very liberal education, but it is definitely known that he studied under Lope de Hoyos, a teacher of some celebrity in Madrid; and when, on the occasion of the death of Isabel of Valois, Philip II's third wife, Hoyos edited a memorial volume of verse, six of the poems were contributed by Cervantes, his earliest known essay in literature. But his practical education in the knowledge of life—the education which comes from action and hardship and disappointment—still lay before him. At twenty-one he left Spain in the suite of the special nuncio, Giulio Acquavina, who was returning to Rome. Here a new crusade was being organized against the Turks, and Cervantes soon caught the prevailing contagion. He enlisted in a regiment of Spanish infantry and played a gallant part at the battle of Lepanto, receiving wounds, one of which crippled his left hand for life, "for the greater glory of his right," as he phrased it. He also took part in engagements before Navarino, Corfu, Tunis—after which he was for a time again in Italy, and there presumably acquired that knowledge of the language which later bore fruit in the slight coloring of Italian idioms that are to be found in even his best pages. In 1575 he set sail for Spain, but the vessel was seized by Algerine pirates and all on board carried into Algiers as prisoners.

Cervantes's captivity lasted for five years, during which

he showed noteworthy fortitude and intrepidity, offering himself as leader in all attempts of the Christians to escape, attempts always frustrated at the last moment; forced to witness the almost daily atrocities which his owner, Hassan Pasha, practiced upon his fellow-prisoners, and often himself threatened with inhuman tortures, although, through some unexplained influence, the threats were never carried out. Finally, the sum demanded for his ransom, painfully raised by his widowed mother and sister, and eked out by the efforts of a pious friar, Juan Gil, and some Christian merchants in Algiers, was paid, and Cervantes was free to return to Spain. This period of his career deserves to be dwelt upon, for it was here that his character was ripening and the foundation being laid for that wide understanding of human nature which makes his great work a delight to all peoples and at all times. It was this ordeal which waked the soldier, the "mutilated of Lepanto," as he was called, from his dream of romance, and prepared him for transition into the writer capable of the higher and finer humanity of *Don Quixote*.

The plays which he is said to have written in captivity are lost. The earliest known literary efforts after his return to Spain are some sonnets published in 1583, the year before his marriage to Catalina de Polacios Solazar, a young lady of good family from Esquivias, in New Castile. Little is known of the marriage beyond the fact that she bore him no children, and that she outlived him ten years. It is said, however, that while courting her he found inspiration to write his pastoral novel, the *Galatea*, published in 1585. Extravagant, artificial, and affected, like others of its type, it nevertheless served to bring Cervantes into notice. Then followed in rapid succession a long line of dramas—twenty or thirty according to his own account, of most of which, even the titles have perished. The two surviving plays are *El Trato de Argel* (Life in Algiers) and *La Numancia*, which deals with

the siege of Numantia and its capture by Scipio Africanus. The former is an incoherent medley of personal reminiscences, in which demons and lions and such moral abstractions as Necessity and Opportunity are introduced side by side with real characters. *La Numancia* is a tragedy of heroic energy and intense pathos, which has justly excited the admiration of Shelley and Goethe, and is little less than remarkable when we remember that Shakespeare had not yet written, and neither Corneille nor Racine had been born. Nevertheless, it must be recognized that Cervantes was practically a failure as a dramatist, and in 1588 was forced to leave the Madrid stage.

For the next few years he lived in straitened circumstances. In 1588 he received the position of commissary at Seville, under the Proveedor-General of the Indian fleet. He seems to have held this place until 1593. In 1594 he was made tax-gatherer in Granada, but three years later not only lost the position through an absconding subordinate, but suffered a three-months imprisonment besides. In 1605, while residing in Valladolid, he once more appeared as an author, this time destined to win immortal fame. In that year the first part of *Don Quixote* was published, and though received with enthusiasm, it brought no pecuniary reward to the author. After a silence of several years, he produced, in 1613, his twelve *Novelas, Exemplares*; in 1614 his *Viage al Parnaso*, a rhymed review of contemporary poets; and in the following year a volume of mediocre dramas. At this time, while engaged upon the second part of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes learned that a certain Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda—a pen-name, doubtless—had published a spurious continuation, a cynical and amusing volume, which had the effect of spurring on Cervantes to the completion of the true continuation, which otherwise might never have been finished. Cervantes died April 23, 1616, just after completing his last

novel, *Persiles Sigismunda*, which was published posthumously.

To the world, Cervantes is a name forever connected with *Don Quixote*, and but for this one great work, his name would be unknown to-day.

It need hardly be said that the object of *Don Quixote* is satire upon the books of knight-errantry which were so much in vogue in the time of Cervantes, and especially by the Spanish. And, indeed, he himself declares at the end of the work that "he had no other desire than to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry"; exulting in his success as an achievement of no small moment. And such, in fact, it was; for we have abundant proof that the fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain during the sixteenth century as to have become matter of alarm to the more judicious. He conceived that these books were likely to give his countrymen false ideas of the world; to fill them all, but especially the young, with fanciful notions of life, and so make them unfit to meet its real difficulties and hardships. In order to exhibit the absurdity of such works, the author of *Don Quixote* represents a worthy gentleman with his head turned by such reading, and then sallying forth and endeavoring to act in this plain matter-of-fact world (where there are windmills, and not giants; inns, and not castles; estates to be got by hard labor, and not islands to be given away to one's dependents as if by enchantment), as if all that was said in "Amadis de Gaul," and "Palmerin of England," and "Olivante of Laura," were really true. The absurdities into which the poor gentleman's madness constantly hurries him, the stern and bitter satire which is conveyed in these against the books which caused them all, did more toward putting down the extravagances of knight-errantry than many volumes of the bitterest invective. To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the

character of all classes of men, to break up the only reading which at that time could be considered widely popular and fashionable, was certainly a bold undertaking. The great wonder is that Cervantes succeeded. But that he did there is no question. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of *Don Quixote* in 1605; and from the same date even those already enjoying the greatest favor ceased, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to be reprinted; so that, from that time to the present they have been constantly disappearing, until now they are among the rarest of literary curiosities; a solitary instance of the power of genius to destroy, by a single well-timed blow, an entire department, and that, too, a flourishing and favored one, in the literature of a great and proud nation.

One writer on the subject laments that the fine spirit of chivalry should have lost its empire, and that the romance of *Don Quixote*, by its success and its philosophy, concealed under an attractive fiction, should have completed the ruin by fixing ridicule even upon its memory. And Sir William Temple quotes the saying of a worthy Spaniard who told him that "*the History of Don Quixote* had ruined the Spanish monarchy; for since that time men had grown ashamed of honor and love, and only thought of pursuing their fortune and satisfying their lust." But surely such censure is misdirected—surely the downfall of Spain may be traced to other causes. It is not the spirit of heroism which Cervantes would put down. His manly writing can never be accused of that: misfortune had taught him too well in his own earlier days how to appreciate such a virtue. He would teach us that this is a world of *action* and not of *fancy*; that it will not do for us to go out of ourselves and out of the world, and lead an ideal life: our duties are around us and within us; and we need not leave our own homes in order to seek adventures wherein those duties may be acceptably performed. He

perceived that by knight-errantry and romances some of the holiest aspirations of the human heart were in danger of being exposed to ridicule, and so of being crushed; and he resolved, by excess of satire, to put a stop at once to such a danger—to crush those books which were daily destroying that which he held most dear—the true spirit of chivalry, the true devotion of the Christian gentleman. He loved chivalry too well to be patient when he saw it parodied and burlesqued; and he perceived that the best way of preserving it from shame was to throw over it the sanctity of death.

UNCLE BILLY PAYSON'S FLYING MACHINE

BY IAN McIAN.

It was a little weazened old fellow in a faded coat of Confederate gray, with the tiny bronze cross, given by the Daughters of the Confederacy, pinned on his breast, who came tripping as lightly as a boy of twenty up the six steps that led to the store door. He was running through his fingers a strip of red ribbon about six inches long bearing in gold letters the legend "U. C. V. Reunion, Smithville, July 10, 1910."

"By George," exclaimed the storekeeper to the stranger, "there's Uncle Billy Payson back from the reunion. You'll hear strange things to-day," he added with a laugh. "Uncle Billy has Baron Munchausen skinned a mile now, and every time he goes to a reunion he draws a longer bow. There is no subject you can mention that he has not a personal acquaintance with. It's rich to hear him when he cuts loose.—Hello, Uncle Billy! Glad to see you back. Have a good time?"

"Haven't enjoyed anything so much since the battle of Bull Run, sir! How's all the folks? Pleased to meet you, sir"—to the stranger.—"Come around here, Joe, and give a man a chair. Tired? Phew! Left Smithville at an hour by sun and got to Marlboro at six. Met Ike Collins there and drove out with him in an open buggy through this heat. Tired and hot, I reckon."

Uncle Billy interrupted his flow of language long enough to extract a well-worn pocket knife and a plug of "sun-cured" from his pocket, and seated himself in a chair which Joe, the clerk, handed him. Its bottom had long since gone the way of all the earth and had been replaced by two thin boards nailed across the top; the upper slat of its back was repre-

sented by a piece of twine doubled and wrapped around the posts, and posts, rounds and wooden bottom were hacked and carved by the knives of generations of loafers. With the precision of long usage, Unele Billy tilted this wreck back against the counter and hooked his heels over the lower round; then with the knife he made a careful incision into the plug until a generous portion lacked only a quarter of an inch of being cut off, whereupon he withdrew the knife and with a quick wrench twisted the piece off and almost with the same motion carried it to his mouth.

Silence reigned while the knife and the tobacco were returned to their respective pockets and for a few minutes longer, while Unele Billy chewed reflectively. Suddenly, without any perceptible movement of his facial muscles, he spat into the sandbox and resumed his monologue.

"Saw John McLeod at Smithville. Used to be a corp'ral in my comp'ny and I hadn't seen him since the war. I hear he went West and made money. 'Tany rate he lives in Los Angeles and at Smithville he was plumb crazy over them flyin' men that's been showin' off out there this summer. I didn't tell John so, but I'm the only man on earth knows anything about the first acryplane. Don't know who built it—nobody does—but it wan't the Wrights. 'Twas a dam sight better'n anything *they* ever dreamed. It 'ould fly."

Unele Billy wriggled back a little farther in his chair. The storekeeper nudged the stranger, while Joe draped himself gracefully over the corner of the counter.

"It was in 1885, as well as I recollect, that I was prowling around up in the region where Pinehurst is now, though there wan't nothing there then but long-leaf pines and sand. Up there I run across an Englishman named Willson, who had had some lung trouble and had sense enough to cut for the pines, before anybody else discovered that they was good for anything but turpentine. This fellow spent most of his

time progin' round in the woods huntin' an' fishin', an' I got to know him pretty well. I was livin' down in Scotland County then, though it hadn't yet been cut off from Richmond, and I suggested that we take a canoe and fish down the river that far, campin' on the bank at night, for though it was late September the weather was mighty warm. He jumped at the proposition, so just a week later we landed at Yankee Ford, so called because during Sherman's raid, some fellow told a Yankee trooper that the river could be forded there and the Yank nearly got drowned findin' out that it couldn't.

"My house was about a mile from the ford and we hung around there nearly a week, fishin' in the daytime and coon-huntin' in the river swamp at night. This last was a sport that Willson had never heard of before, and he took a terrible fancy to it. I knew where they was several good dogs to be had, and pretty soon we had a pack that I never see the beat of. I don't think they was a night we went out that we didn't bring in at least one, and oftener it was two or three. Sometimes some of the neighbors would join us, and occasionally we'd take a nigger along to carry the axe, but mostly it was just me and him. We seemed to have better luck that way.

"I knew, though, that it couldn't last if we hunted always in the same place, so one night I proposed that we try a new territory. The soil down there is mostly light and sandy, though Scotland, or that part of it, is not in the sandhills proper, but rather on their eastern edge. But, as I was going to say, there are depressions in this sandy soil that are regular bogs. They are usually filled with a dense growth of cypresses, rosemary pines and gumtrees; vines run all among the trees and thick bushes grow everywhere, so these 'bays,' as they are called, are regular jungles. Of these swamps the thickest that I ever saw was the place where I

proposed to hunt that night. It is a curious place called the Round Bay, from its shape, which is perfectly circular, and it is, I should say, five miles around. When the settlers first came into the country the Round Bay was only a fringe of trees surrounding a shallow lake of considerable extent. With the draining of the adjacent farms, though, the lake gradually disappeared until to-day the Round Bay, though muddy, is perfectly free from standing water; but at the time I speak of the lake had not been gone long enough for trees to grow up and cover the bed of the old pond, so that in going through the bay you struck, first, a thicket that a cat could hardly get through, unless she knew the paths. The only way for a man to travel was to walk along the trunks of fallen trees, of which the swamp was full. In this way, if he knew the swamp, he would get through the first third of a mile. Then he would come suddenly into an open space where there were no trees, only low, scrubby bushes and in some places nothing but thick, rank grass. This was a little wider than the strip of trees, but when it was crossed the traveler struck a jungle again. It was a ghostly place to go into at night, but coons are thicker there than fleas on a yaller pup, and Willson was nervy; so we decided to try it.

"It was a starlight night and you could see fairly well in the open. But when we struck that bay—man, it *was* dark! We turned the dogs loose down on the edge of the swamp, hoping that they would catch the coons up on the hill in the cornfield and tree 'em in the open; but as luck would have it, the first one they jumped was a wise old dodger who broke for the bay and made it with a good lead on the dogs. I knew it wan't no use to move till they treed, for they were as likely as not to fetch up within a hundred feet of us; so I slung down the axe off my shoulder and we sat down to smoke. Willson didn't have a match, so I handed him my box, but just as he stuck the fire to his pipe, the dogs cut loose like the

mischief 'way back in the swamp. Willson grabbed his gun, which he had laid down, an' I snatched up the axe, and we both dashed for the swamp. I know the Round Bay like the pa'm of my hand, but even then in the dark it took us some little time to find an opening, and after we found it we had to go mighty slow. From the sound I judged that the dogs must be on the far side of the opening, so I pushed for the middle of the bay as fast as I could. After a while we got through, and as we stepped out into the starlight I says:

"I'm glad there's a stump in here we can cut some splinters off of, so we won't waste time having to look for kinlin'."

"At that Willson stopped dead an' after slappin' his pockets for a minute says, sicklike:

"By George, Mr. Payson, I laid them matches down when we lit our pipes an' I believe I forgot to pick 'em up. Have you got any more?"

"Nary a one," says I. "If you ain't got 'em there's nothin' to do but go back after 'em," says I, "an' as you couldn't get back through there by yourself to save your life, I reckon I'm the man that'll have to go. You stay right where you are, though, 'cause if you move I'll never find you and 'taint any joke to be lost in the Round Bay on a dark night, I can tell you."

"All right," says he, "I'll be right here."

"So I went back and found the matches sure enough, right where we had been settin'. I had made the trip back in pretty good time, but when I started into the bay for the second time everything seemed to hinder me. Bushes caught my clothes and slapped and scratched my face, vines tripped me up; the old log was rotten and slick an' I kept slippin' off; and, dark! Man, you could *feel* the dark. The wind, too, come moanin' through the tops of the pines that solemn and mournful it was fit to freeze your blood. I crep' along like a thief, carefully puttin' out one foot at a time an' feelin' for

a foothold before I set it down; wavin' my hands in front of my face all the time to ward off branches. Suddenly I noticed that the dogs had quit barkin'; but that wan't what made me stop and listen—it was the way they quit. The usual musical bay that announces that the game is treed changed suddenly into sharp yelps, followed instantly by one concerted, long-drawn howl from the whole pack, and then—silence! Absolute silence, dead silence. Not an insect chirped, not a frog croaked, not a twig cracked. Though I could not see an inch before my nose, I knew that I must be within a hundred feet of where I had left Willson standing, but not a movement could I hear from him.

“In that Egyptian darkness the forest lay around me as still as if carved in stone. The very wind whose wailing had a moment before sent cold shivers down my spine, had now died away, and I stood there, straining my eyes and ears to no avail and wishin', hopin', prayin' for some sound, however slight, to break the unnatural silence that had dropped like a pall upon the world about me.

“Suddenly it was broken. My God, how it was shattered! That night is thirty-five years gone, and to this day my worst nightmares are when I wake with that sound ringing in my ears. From the blackness before me, almost within arm's reach it seemed, rose one wild, high, scream, that was not the voice of man, nor beast, nor bird. I tell you, gentlemen, I served through four long years in the Civil War; I once saw a drummer boy have both legs taken off at the knees by a cannon ball, and heard him scream as he rolled on the ground, on the battlefield, and his life blood spouted from the stumps; I have helped hold down men in the field hospitals while the doctors hacked off their limbs; and I have heard them scream; I have seen horses torn by shells, with their entrails hanging on the ground on the battlefield and heard them scream; but never before had I heard the yell of

pure fear as I did that night, and in an instant all the rest were blotted from my memory. One such experience is all that mortal man can stand, and if I ever hear such a cry again, you can remark to the next man you meet—'Old man Billy Payson dropped dead just now.' The thing went clattering through the woods like a living being, returning in echoes again and again, and finally dying away in the sky above, and I was left shaken and speechless, clinging to a little tree that happened to be in reach, with the sweat rolling off my face in great drops. There was a low whine at my feet. It was one of the dogs cowering beside me, with his tail between his legs and crazy for human companionship. Then my voice returned to me, and—

"*Willson!*" I shouted with all the power of my lungs. "Willson, where are you?"

"I got the answer I dreaded and yet expected—an echo and nothing more! I dived headforemost into that jungle and went through it like a weasel. How I did it I don't know yet, but in little o' no time I was out in the opening and hunting frantically for Willson's body. I had never heard a voice like that before, but it never occurred to me that it could have come from any other throat than Willson's. I couldn't imagine what could have happened to him, but of finding him a corpse I felt certain, for I knew that cry for a death yell. But I was mistaken. I didn't find him a corpse, for I didn't find him at all! That place was as deserted as the desert of Sahara. Finally I noticed the dogs, who had all come back by this time, sniffing and growling at some object on the ground. I picked it up. It was Willson's pipe, still warm! A few feet away lay his gun, loaded, but at half-cock, so whatever his mysterious fate he had made no effort to defend himself.

"I got out of that place the best way I could and roused the country. With men and dogs we searched every foot of

the Round Bay from center to circumference, but, beyond what I had already found, discovered no trace of the missing man; and to this date his fate is an unsolved riddle to the negroes of the country round."

Uncle Billy paused a moment and crossing his legs, yawned his "quid" into his hand and tossed it into the sandbox. Joe, by this time thoroughly interested, left his uncomfortable position on the counter and sat down on a box to listen the better. Uncle Billy continued:

"It was a nine-days wonder in the community; every inch of the Round Bay, as I said, was thoroughly searched. We could see where the Englishman stepped out of the bushes and where he stood waitin' for me. Then he had taken two or three steps out toward the middle of the opening; his foot-prints were plain where he had stood still, evidently listening, and that was all! There was soft ground ahead and all around, but there were no tracks. The nearest tree was a good twenty feet away—a little scrubby blackjack. There were no scars on its trunk nor any sign that anything had touched it. Right beside the last tracks was the place where the dogs had found the pipe. The gun was a foot or so beyond the pipe. There were no other tracks except mine, Willson's and the dogs'. It did look like the only way he could have left was straight up. And that was all we ever did find. Willson had vanished—that was all.

"'Course I was left just hung up in the air, so to speak. I nearly went crazy during the next two weeks trying to figure out how the man could have got away. Everything out of the ordinary that happened connected itself at once with Willson in my mind. So when about two weeks later one morning a young Croatan boy came to the door and handed me a note, my mind jumped to Willson at once. The note was curious enough to warrant almost any conclusion. It read:

"Dear Sir I have cot a stray skarecro which is crazy an calling for you pleas come see him.

'Yrs truly

JIM BOWEN.'

"Jim Bowen was a Croatan who lived up in the sandhills fully ten miles from where I then was. However, I lost no time getting ready to go back with the boy, and about one o'clock we drove up to Bowen's house. Have any of you ever been in the sand hills? Queerest country you ever saw. The ground is absolutely as white as snow, and where the sun strikes it, it is blinding. The land is so poor that nothing in the world will grow on it except little, scrubby blackjacks, wiregrass and huckleberry bushes. Only in spots is any attempt made to cultivate it, and thousands of acres have never been taken up at all, but still belong to the government. You can ride for half a day and never see a human being, and men have been lost up there, and died of starvation, simply because settlers are so few that the unfortunates could not find a house. Right in the thick of this wild, desolate region was Bowen's home, and at his house I found Willson that day. I say I found Willson, but it is more correct to say I found what had been Willson. When the Croatan pointed me to a bed on which lay a withered skin stretched tightly over a frame of bones, it was hard to believe that I saw before me my hearty, healthy friend of two weeks ago.

"'He's been out of his head till about an hour ago,' said Bowen, 'but I think he's all right, now.'

"I went up to the bed and the man on it gave me a sort of half-handed smile.

"'D' ye find the matches, Mr. Payson?' he whispered.

"'An' what you reckon I did? I was that excited and nervous and scairt and surprised at findin' him there and tore up in general, that when he asked first thing about them durned matches, I set flat down on the floor and laughed for fifteen minutes! 'Course Willson and the Croatan both

thought I was crazy, and I reckon I was; but I couldn't help it.

"Well, to make a long story short, me an' Bowen carried the sick man down to civilization, for which Bowen got a ten-dollar bill and I got the curiosest story I ever heard. When we had fed him up a little—for starvation was all that was wrong with him—this is the tale that Willson told:

"When I left him in the middle of the bay, he first started to go to the dogs, then remembered what I had told him, and stopped. As he stood there waiting, the loneliness and darkness began to get on his nerves in spite of himself. He stamped about a bit, and whistled a gay tune; but the more he tried to convince himself of the absurdity of his uneasiness, the worse rattled he got; so when that strange yelping of the dogs and the silence that followed fell upon him, he was just in the condition to be scared nearly to death by it, which he was. He stood, as I was doing at the same time, straining his eyes and ears in vain, until some warning instinct prompted him to look up. He was simply paralyzed to discover that some object had come between him and the stars, blotting them out altogether! Almost at the same instant he was struck a heavy blow between the shoulders and pitched forward, only to be jerked erect again and swung off his feet by a powerful, unseen grip on his coat collar. The earth dropped from under him, and that was when he let out the yell that had scared me so. The next Willson knew it was broad day, and a big, florid fellow with tow hair was bending over him holding a vial of some vile-smelling stuff to his nose. He spoke to the Englishman in German, asking him how he felt. Willson answered in the same language that he was all right, and demanded an account of what had passed. He didn't get it then, but he did later, and this is about it: The German, who stolidly refused to give his name, was an investor who had been monkeying with aviation, with a particular eye to mili-

tary manœuvres. He had constructed a machine that would fly, and an engine that would drive her; but gasolene was not his fuel—he had a concoction of his own, that he regarded with the utmost respect. He showed Willson a two-gallon can of it once, with the remark that there were 'a hundred million bushels of thunder weather' tied up in it. But his principal efforts at this time were directed to the solution of the problem of hovering. He had the pretty reasonable idea that a war aeroplane would be no good unless it could stop long enough for the man in it to take aim. To experiment along this line he had to have a lonely country, for he had never a patent—said he wasn't going to patent anything until he could patent all. Somebody directed him to the sandhills of North Carolina, and this predecessor of the Wrights had settled down there and built him a cabin to live in and a shed for his machine. Of course, he made his flights at night, and in some of his wanderings he had found the Round Bay—an ideal place for him to 'light, being as it was a grassy opening surrounded by an almost impenetrable jungle. From this time on he made nightly journeys thither. His hovering idea was based on the principle of a box kite, only for the kite string he substituted a stout hemp rope with a grapnel hook at the end which would catch in the trees. He had a brake arrangement on his windlass to break the jar, so he could stop almost every time within a few feet of a given spot.

"It was on one of these trips, then, that he lowered his anchor; but instead of hooking a tree, he hooked Willson. That gentleman's howl seared him worse than it did me, and his first impulse was to rise; when he found he had a man on his hook he dared not descend, for fear of dashing him to pieces, so he reeled him in, and took him to his sandhill stronghold, where Willson stayed, for the very good reason that he didn't know how to get away.

“And there they were. While we were scouring the country below for the corpse, said corpse, very much alive, was sailing over our heads every dark night; for Willson’s captor had no objection to taking him for a ride; it was safe enough, for if the Englishman had made any struggle he would probably have upset the machine and it would have been all over, but the funeral. There was little danger of discovery from below, for they never flew except on moonless nights, and the German had fitted an excellent muffler on his engine. Willson made the best of a bad job and resigned himself the best way he could; he knew that he would be released as soon as the inventor got his patents and not a minute before; and to tell the truth he soon got so interested in the experiments that he didn’t want to leave, anyhow. He did as he pleased during the daytime, for the German knew that there was no danger of any sane man wandering off into that wilderness of sand and scrub oak without a guide, and that is how it happened that Willson was about a hundred yards away, when the German started to fill his fuel tank, late one afternoon, preparatory to taking a flight that night. He had a high respect for his ‘thunder weather’ and he knocked out his pipe on the ground and put it in his pocket before unscrewing the top of the tank, which he found nearly empty. He then went to the storage tank and drew a couple of gallons of the stuff which he meant to pour into the fuel-tank with the help of a tin funnel. Whether the funnel tipped and spilled a few drops on the live tobacco coals below, or whether the tank leaked, Willson didn’t know. In fact, he is not sure of anything that happened about that time. He picked himself up and stood in the midst of a mist of thick white smoke, with his ears humming like a thousand bumble-bees and his mind in a daze. There wan’t no camp, nor shed, nor German, nor anything else but a hole in the ground. There was nothing for Willson to do but to walk. So he walked, and Jim Bowen found him

wandering about, three days later, half starved and crazy as a bat, with no more idea of where he had come from than a jack rabbit."

Uncle Billy got up, stretched himself with a yawn, and walked to the door.

"Hey, come back here and finish the story. What became of Willson?" shouted his indignant audience.

"Sorry, gentlemen, but you'll have to excuse me," responded the old soldier, "my imagination's give out!" And he vanished down the steps.

TYPHOID FEVER

BY CHARLES E. CHEEK.

Widely distributed throughout all parts of the world, typhoid fever is an infectious disease, caused by the bacillus typhosus, the lesions of which are characterized anatomically by hyperplasia and ulceration of the lymphoid follicles, or Peyer's patches of the small intestines, swelling of the mesenteric glands and spleen and functional changes in other organs. These changes may be slight or altogether absent, or there may be intense localization in the lung, spleen, kidneys, or cerebro-spinal system. Clinically the disease is marked by fever, rose-colored eruptions, diarrhea, abdominal tenderness, tympanites and enlargement of the spleen. However, these symptoms are extremely inconstant and at times the fever varies in its character.

Enteric fever, as it was called by the ancient writers, seems to have been known to Galen and Hippocrates, although it was not until the 19th century that it was distinguished from other acute febrile infections. It was known in the early days of civilization that there were certain diseases which produced temperature, but the nature of this and the infection were not known. In 1829 the name "typhoid" was given the fever by Louis; and in 1839, Pennock and Gerhard in America clearly distinguished typhoid from typhus fever.

Typhoid fever having then been recognized as a specific fever, investigations were made on the subject of its etiology. Its infectious nature and its propagation by fecal discharges of the patient led many physicians, among them Dr. Budd, to suspect a specific infectious agent and to deny its origin *de novo*.

Too much can not be said as to the widespread occurrence of typhoid fever. It prevails especially in temperate cli-

mates, in which it constitutes the most common continued fever. Widely distributed as it is throughout all parts of the world, it probably presents everywhere the same essential characteristics, and the means employed for dealing with it is everywhere the essential index of the sanitary intelligence of the community. Imperfect sewage and contaminated water supply are two special conditions favoring the distribution of the *bacillus*. Filth, overcrowding and bad ventilation are accessories in lowering the resistance of individuals exposed, while from the patient the disease may spread by fingers, food, and flies.

In 1906 this dreaded disease was fatal to 3,169 persons in England and Wales—a death rate of 92 per million of living persons. It destroys more lives according to population in towns than in country districts. The rate was lower in 1906 than in any year but one since 1869, showing by comparison a very marked reduction.

In India it is very prevalent. No race or creed is exempt, and, remarkable to say, in this particular country but few of the cases lasting three weeks prove to be enteric fever.

In the United States typhoid fever continues to be disagreeably prevalent. From 1900 to 1904 the death rate in the registration districts was 33.8 per 100,000. It is estimated from 35,000 to 40,000 persons die of it every year, so that at a very moderate estimate one-half million of persons are attacked annually. It is more prevalent in country districts than in towns. It is usually carried from the country to the towns. What we need both in the United States and Canada is a realization by the public that for its control certain primary laws must be obeyed.

In Germany the larger cities have comparatively little typhoid fever. Hamburg's story as prepared and told by Reincke on the sanitary conditions governing the disease in cities should be read by all people interested in the disease.

In Prussia the death rate has been reduced 66 2-3 per cent in the last twenty-five years, though it is still very prevalent in some country districts.

The death rate in army camps from this disease is appalling. Typhoid fever has been one of the great scourges of the armies, and kills and maims more than powder and shot. The story of recent wars forms a sad chapter in human inefficiency. It will be recalled that in the Spanish-American war the disease committed great ravages among the American troops, owing to the fact that flies had free access to contaminated faecal deposits. However, the Japanese recognized the source of danger, and proper sanitation in their camps reduced the cases of typhoid fever to almost zero.

Almost without exception the disease is in every locality more prevalent in the autumn, hence the old popular name, "autumnal fever." Exhaustive study by Sedgwick and Winslow shows everywhere a striking parallelism between the monthly variations in temperature and the prevalence of the disease. In a few large cities, notably Paris, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York, the curves are irregular, showing, in addition to the usual summer rise, two secondary maxima in the winter and spring; and these authors suggest that epidemics at these seasons are characteristics of cities whose water supply is most subject to pollution. In their opinion, the most reasonable explanation of the seasonal variations of typhoid fever is a direct effect of the temperature upon the persistence in nature of the germs which proceed from previous victims of the disease.

As regards sex, males and females are equally liable to the disease, but males are much more frequently admitted into hospitals. No age is exempt, but it is said to be a disease of youth and adult life. We know, however, that the greatest susceptibility is between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. We have statistics from Johns Hopkins Hospital of 1,500

eases admitted; under fifteen years of age, 231; between fifteen and twenty, 253; between twenty and thirty, 680; between thirty and forty, 227; between forty and fifty, 88; between fifty and sixty, 8; above sixty, 11; age not given, 11. Cases are rare over sixty, although Monges believes they are more common than records show. At periods the symptoms are obscured by complications, and diagnosis is not made until autopsy. There is no evidence that the disease is congenital, even though the mother contracts the disease late in pregnancy.

One attack does not always render a person immune to a second attack. Neither is one person as liable to infection as another. Some families seem more susceptible than others. One attack *usually* protects against a second invasion, but this does not hold good all the time. Some have been known to have a second, even a third, attack. These, however, do not occur within the same year. It is well known that usually within a short time after recovery, the immunizing substance disappears from the blood, yet in most cases the relative immunity lasts for a long time, frequently for life. Explanation for this fact based on experiment has been given in the demonstration that animals which have once reacted to typhoid infections, react in throwing out immune substances more quickly and in larger amounts when danger again threatens.

Considerable importance is attached to the question of mixed infection in typhoid fever. Various cases have been recorded in which it was proved that infection with the typhoid *bacillus* had taken place along with that of other microorganisms; for example, the tubercle *bacillus* or *B. Diphtheriæ*. Apart from the concomitant infections of this type, invasions by micrococci or by the *bacillus coli communis* have been observed in ordinary cases. These various kinds of bac-

teria tend to obscure the presence of typhoid *bacillus*; nevertheless it is often present when least suspected.

The treatment of typhoid fever is more of an experimental inquiry than a specific curative treatment. A definite treatment is becoming less and less remote, and although the attempts hitherto made in this direction can not be regarded as having advanced beyond the stage of experimental inquiry, yet the results obtained are such as to give promise of future success. There is a serum prepared by Chantlerouse by injecting the *bacilli*, obtained by inoculating a special medium, grown artificially, into a horse. Since 1901 he has treated 585 cases, with a mortality of 4 per cent. On the other hand, in another Paris hospital 3,199 cases of typhoid fever were treated with the ordinary cold bath and pharmaceutical preparations, with a mortality of 18 per cent. The result thus appears very encouraging. "The serum," says this author, "exercises a rapid specific action, and the earlier it is administered the more satisfactory the results. The organism, however, must possess the power of reaction and must be injected before the eighth day; otherwise no good can come from the treatment." So we see it requires an early thorough diagnosis by the physician in charge. This is often very hard to make, owing to the numerous complications of the disease and the various modes of onset.

Hydrotherapy is now fast replacing the treatment by drugs, and various antitoxins. Its introduction is due to E. Brand, of Stettin (1661), who showed how the mortality of typhoid fever was lessened by its adoption, and his method was soon followed, in a more or less modified form, by other observers. In England, Dr. Coley most strongly advocated its use. It is recommended to be used whenever the temperature is over 103° or 104° F. This treatment is adopted from the very beginning. Before the patient is put into the bath his face and chest may be sponged with cold water and, if he be weak

and exhausted, he receives some stimulant. The temperature of the bath varies from 65° to 70° F. Care should be taken in removing the patient from the bed to the bath, and a colder bath is applied to his head and face. Various forms of baths have been introduced, but the method must be left to the discretion of the physician in charge. Professor Osler says: "Two advantages are obtained from hydrotherapy in typhoid fever: a mitigation of the general symptoms of the disease, and a reduction in the mortality." "Our experience," says Alhutt, "during the past five years bears out these claims." He adds that the beneficial action is not so much special and antipyretic as it is general tonic and roborant.

The typhoid picture is not so frequently seen. About 6 to 8 per cent more lives are saved while continuing its use. The author says that he prays for a method which, while equally life-saving, may be, to put it mildly, less disagreeable.

Too much stress can not be laid on sanitary conditions governing the spread of the disease. The laity does not seem to realize the importance of disinfecting all the excreta from a typhoid patient. As every case comes from another case, it is absolutely necessary to take every precaution against the spread of the disease. Contaminated water is the main source of typhoid spread, and more cases are transmitted by streams and wells of water than any other source. Therefore, a thorough examination should be made of all water supply, especially of the cities where epidemics are so frequent.

"A JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS"

BY ISIDORE IKENSTEIN.

"Wake up! Wake up, man! I tell you, she's gone! Bestir yourself, or you'll lose the only child the Lord's given you! O, why won't you hurry?"

In such a rough manner Jonathan Balfour was awakened by his wife in the wee small hours of a very dark night. In an instant he was up, dressing frantically, and all the time firing hasty questions at his enraged spouse.

"Which way did she go? How do you know she has gone? Did that scamp of a Quentin make good his threat to carry her off?"

Such were the sounds that disturbed my dreams in the Kentucky home where I had been a guest for several days. Not knowing any other course to pursue, I hastily dressed just in time to let in my host as he came banging at the door.

"Durward," said he, "come with me quickly; take this gun; the Quentins are out, and young Stanford Quentin has eloped with Nellie. Already they must be nearly a mile away. If you are a friend of mine, for Heaven's sake hurry and help me bring her back. For Martha heard the gate click as she went out and then a carriage and several riders passed over the bridge below the house at full speed. Come on!"

Now I understood the ease plainly; the Quentins and Balfours had for over a century been engaged in one of those Kentucky feuds, so common after the war. Stanford Quentin, a young hotblood, had long been in love with Nellie Balfour, and indeed the love seemed mutual. So excited had the Balfours, and especially Mrs. Balfour, been over this "disgraceful affair" that for over a week close watch had been kept over Nellie, so that in pure desperation she at last openly accepted young Stanford, and he swore that he would have her

by fair means or foul. In the Balfour home caution was redoubled, but in spite of this it seemed that the Quentins had carried the girl off to their stronghold.

I took down my gun and, without further comment, followed Mr. Balfour to the Quarters, where he quickly roused the farm hands. After a few moments of bustle we were mounted and off in pursuit.

After a half-hour of fierce riding, during which nothing was heard except the sharp thud of horses' hoofs on the hard turnpike and now and then the metallic click of the iron shoes striking together, we rode boldly up to the enemy's gate, and on up the long driveway to the very house door. Dis-mounting quickly, the overseer raised the old brass knocker and several times let it strike harshly on the sounder beneath, filling the house with ghostly vibrations for several minutes.

Lights began to appear, flitting about on the second floor, and then the voice of old Colonel Quentin was heard from one of the windows.

"What's the meaning of that noise at such an ungodly hour? Who are you, and what do you want?"

Balfour, undaunted, replied not too gently:

"I've come for my daughter you stole from my house; so fetch her down at once before my patience gives out and I come up after her."

At this the Colonel disappeared and the light came bobbing down the stairs. Colonel Quentin, with an old military cloak thrown about him, opened the door and came out on the veranda.

"Balfour," said he, "for a long time we've fought one another, but when it comes to stealing an only child, and that a beautiful girl—well, I'm still a gentleman, sir! But before God, Balfour, I know nought of your girl, and I could vouch with my life that she is not here, neither has a Quentin been engaged in such work. Believe me, sir, this is the truth;

and if I can help to return your daughter to your home, I will banish all enmity and fight by your side."

At such a noble answer to his harsh words, Balfour swung down from the saddle and clasped the Colonel's hand.

"Colonel," said he, "forgive a father's impetuosity, and take a friend's hand once more, for truer spirit I never saw before in any man. Only help me find my child and all will be well between us."

The Colonel gently released himself, stepped back in the doorway, saying: "Just a minute, gentlemen, and I will be with you."

When he reappeared, dressed in a buff riding suit, one of the hands dismounted and held his horse for the Colonel to mount, then springing up behind another of the hands, started after us. The cavaleade rode down the driveway and out on the turnpike towards home again. For it was our plan to return there first, and if nothing more had been heard of the girl, follow the wheel tracks of the coach until we rounded up the culprits.

Again we rode the "planter's gait," so until we reached home, there was no opportunity for conversation.

No sooner had we entered the yard and dismounted, than my good hostess burst out of the house and flung herself weeping into Balfour's arms.

"O, John, John!" she said between her sobs, "Nelly's safe; she's never been out of the house; but John, dear, I was so anxious about her that when I heard the gate click, and immediately after, the sound of wheels on the bridge, I—Oh, what else could I think, John? You'll forgive me, won't you, for sending you on such an unnecessary and dangerous errand? But you're not hurt, are you John?"

We turned aside, and Balfour holding his wife close, gently reassured her that he was safe.

"I'm all right, dear, and indeed it may have been providential that this happened; for tonight I've found a true friend and lost a bitter enemy. Wife, Colonel Quentin has returned with me to aid in the search, but since there is to be no search, have a hot toddy served in the drawing room for three, and prepare the guest room for our new friend. Gentlemen, will you come in and share true Kentucky hospitality and friendship with one who has much to be thankful for?"

NIGHTFALL

BY DEE CARRICK.

The milkmaid, lightly singing at her task,
Has closed her evening song and lowing kine
Are silent in the mead, where all day long
In dalliance, care-free, they browsed amidst
The insects' chirp and wildern beauty's bloom.
The fledgling from the smiling skies has flown
To its umbrageous couch in leafy brake
In forest deep and wild, and yon western
Bow, its golden quiver loosened, has hurled
Its burnished shaft into a farther west,
Vermilion-tinted. Man, once puissant,
Fatigued, has found his pillowed resting-place,
Where in sweet slumbers will he dream till morn;
And eerie solitude, in sable shroud,
Its pensive wing o'er night, low-brooding, shakes,
And lonely lurks beneath the sapphire stars.

But now a cooling wind, in raptured strain,
Like melody divine, awakes the boughs,
As in musk-laden flight it steals along
From leaf to leaf among the startled shadows.
Fair glint the pearls, immaeulate, upon
The glist'ning emerald blade, while rose in
Guilty exhalation yields up its balm;
And on the tranquil, dewy haze, blurred notes
From katydids resound in cadences of praise
In their accustomed prelude to the sky.

In one universal concert to God,
All nature's silver-stringèd orchestra

Pours on the face of night such harmonies,
That charm as when the sea-girt sirens sang
To sailors long ago, their fatal song.
And winds, and stars, and hills, and lavished vales
Of flowers declare nocturnal language,
Which 'neath the cryptic mood of meditation,
Breathe music, passions, powers, subtler far
Than all the turgid vaunts of mart or man.

Ye spirit of the dusky night, sublime,
Eternal essence, empyreal! The shadow
Of the Creator art thou, wherein is
Deeply mirrored His articulate soul.

FIREHAWKS VERSUS NIGHTHAWKS

BY M. T. C.

Napoleon Bonaparte edged up to William the Silent.

"Sir," he queried in solemn tones, "do you love your Alma Mater?"

As the object of the verb *love* in this abrupt question was not Alma Smith, William the Silent did not show vexation. Assuming the dignified, complacent manner which a college Senior always uses in communion with a classmate, he replied:

"Well, being as I have drawn unto myself lacteal fluid from the nourishing breasts of this institution for three and one-half years, I can't but admit that I have a sort of tender feeling for her."

"And you would be willing to die for her?"

"Gladly, sir."

"Come and walk with me, then, Sir Bravo. I have in my head a great *Idea*."

Without another word the two Seniors took the path indicated by Napoleon Bonaparte. Incidentally they soon passed a knot of Sophomores—engaged in an animated but low-toned conversation, which, however, upon the near approach of the upper class men, suddenly became transformed into desultory comments concerning the weather. The heavy eyebrows of Napoleon contracted into one brow, and a stern frown sat upon his countenance. Equally impressive was the expression upon the visage of William the Silent. It was plain the Sophs. were abashed. The passing was without ceremony and the two parties were soon beyond earshot of each other.

"They are doing some petty scheming back there," said Bony. "That's all they ever do. The World thinks they

are the founders and preservers of the ideal college life. In so doing, the World gives them credit for things accomplished that should belong to us. Listen, now; before the morning sun rises that herd will be receiving the glory for some certain feat which we ourselves shall have done."

The face of William the Silent was black with rage.

They had now reached the arch of the main entrance of the campus. Passing beyond this a few yards, they came to the railway station. Here they stopped. Napoleon pointed out to William a newly built structure situated about fifty yards away on the side of the track next to the campus. The building was quite a small affair, which suggested that its functions were rather limited. The very narrow path leading to it evidenced that only one person could conveniently visit it at a time. Some enterprising Soph. had written in a bold hand upon its walls the inscription, *Newish waiting room*.

"There, sir," said N. Bonaparte, triumphantly, "is the inspirer of the great Idea. That structure being *non loco recto*, must be eradicated."

"I pledge my all, my life," said William the Silent.

"Enough; meet me in the room of Rameses II to-night at 11:30. He has the necessary wherewithal."

Just as the silvery moon was setting behind the magnolias on the west side of the campus, Rameses II received the expected guests.

This personage of the Egyptian sounding name very manifestly resembled his celebrated namesake, being possessed of a somewhat stooping figure and sallow cheeks which contrasted peculiarly with a pair of unusually keen and scholarly looking eyes. Nor did they belie his true character. As a student he was unsurpassed in the college, while his abilities as a writer had spread throughout the State.

In a manner which might well have become the first great

triumvirate, the three arranged themselves about the smoking table. Rameses II was the first to speak.

"Well, I suppose you know what's happened within the last hour?"

The other two nodded gloomily.

"Just our luck," continued Rameses, "to have the golden opportunity of the year spoiled by those fool Sophs. They might have known they couldn't go down there fifty strong and carry away that thing without getting the station agent out on 'em."

"The latter gentleman is out doing guard duty with a gun now, isn't he?" asked William the Silent.

"He is. And the Sophs. will keep him there all night. Just listen at 'em, raising the devil out on the campus."

For a moment they thought in silence. Then Napoleon, jumping to his feet, struck the table with clenched fist.

"Fellows, we the triumphant, we the undefeated, shall not be baffled," he hissed. "The great Idea must go through."

William the Silent caught the fierce spirit: "Unworthy would I be of my great namesake to express and enact sentiments other than those thou hast spoken," he muttered.

The genial host was infected: "No Egyptian obelisk, no pyramid of the Nile shall say of me that I am not as the original Rameses II."

So saying, he arose, turned down the light, and picked up a large-sized can of oil. Silently leaving the building, they picked their way across the campus, darting from bush to bush, carefully avoiding all the walks. Occasionally they were hailed by low, expressive whistles. Knowing that these came from the prowling Sophs., they ignored them entirely and crept steadily forward. At last reaching the campus wall, they stopped within its shadow to reconnoiter. A few yards from them, plainly situated on the incline leading up to the railroad track, was the object of their quest. Not

seventy-five yards away on the depot platform and under a great arc light stood the agent furtively watching, and listening to the hoots and shouts of the disappointed Sophomores. Far up the track sounded the whistle of a coming train.

"Sh-s-s-s! I have it," whispered Bony. "That's the Florida Limited. It doesn't stop. We must act quickly. When the engine gets just opposite us the glare of the headlight will be blinding the agent, while we shall be in comparative darkness. We must reach the house and get on the off side of it just at that moment."

With a crash the train thundered by. Like reptiles the boys glided up the bank. Getting on the side away from the depot, they began their work. Quickly the contents of the can were poured out upon the thirsty wall.

A moment later the agent saw three dark figures dart from the shadow of the threatened structure. He was wondering what it meant when a tongue of flame shot up above the roof. Then he knew. From the campus in every direction rose shrill cries of *Fire, Fire*, and soon a motley group, dressed in variegated and impressive night costumes, poured through the gate to witness the conflagration. From the houses of the faculty several ladies sallied forth in great alarm to view the blaze. On determining the exact location of it, however, they invariably decided that the night air was too chilly and hurriedly retraced their steps, strange to say, in evident confusion.

The following morning the President of the institution and several professors were chatting pleasantly at the entrance of Memorial Hall.

"Yes," a gentleman was saying, "I don't know what we would do without the Sophomores. They certainly rid us of a great nuisance last night. Of course they must be severely censured as a class for it. But, oh, well, the Sophs. are all right."

He stopped speaking to return the bows of two of the most prominent Seniors who were passing.

Three minutes later Napoleon Bonaparte and William the Silent walked into the room of Rameses II. The latter looked up inquiringly.

"Just as I prophesied," said Bony.

"Sophs. getting credit for it?"

"They are."

"Oh, World! how often have we gathered thee under our wings as the hen gathereth her brood, and thou knewest us not!" said William the Silent.

"This World and the next. Then shall the true artist be glorified and vindicated by his own good works," said Rameses II.

"A clear case of fraud," said Napoleon Bonaparte.

NEGRO EDUCATION

An Address to the Students of the Normal and Industrial School

BY D. L. GORE.

Students of the Normal and Industrial School and Friends:

In education, we commence first with parents, and especially with the mother (as she is with the child during the first years of its existence, more than the father); she forms the first rudiments of the infant mind, and the child's mind is like clay to the potter, it is easy for the mother to shape it, hence the great importance to all races of having well-trained mothers. And as yours is a school for both girls and boys, you can not be too careful in training the future mothers of your race. Teach them morals, like virtue, truth, honesty, and frugality, also good manners and industry; and while parents come first in the training of the young, teachers come second, and here is your position—the teacher; and oh! may you fill your position well and teach your pupils, both boys and girls, habits of honor, honesty, truth, and sobriety, and that it is an honor to work and a disgrace to be idle. Din this into their ears so that they can not forget it in after years.

The possibilities of life are great. Just keep pegging away, keep eternally at it; work six days each week and save what you can make, clear of expense, and you will get there.

This reminds me. In the panic of 1894, a young man came into my office and dropped into a chair and looked up into my face and imploringly said: "Mr. Gore, when will these hard times get better?" And I said to him: "Young man, when you work six days each week and take care of what you make, they will get better with you." Of course, we have one-talent men, and two, three, five, and ten-talent men, and

we can't all make the same show or same quantity of money as we go through life, but we can each use the talent that God gave us and make the best of our chances, and always recollect that it pays to be honest, truthful and prompt, and we can not *afford* not to be.

Some one said: "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." That was an error. Experience keeps a dear school, and wise men learn in no other. A really bad fool will never learn; no, not even by experience.

It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character, and character is best formed amid those scenes where every working hour is filled with toil, where no flag of truce is ever sent, and where darkness only stays the conflict. Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, and the love that is great enough, and I will raise up from them the best there is in human character.

The good or the bad are neither all in one race, it is with you whether you succeed in life or not. Some one said: "It is not my outlook where I arrive, but it is up to me as to how I strive. See that you act right in all your dealings with your God and your fellow men, and keep eternally at work and your Creator will see that you accomplish the right results.

Life is like the earth after a large snowfall: we are each travelers and we are making tracks in the snow, and our deeds both good and bad are as plainly to be seen daily as our tracks in the snow, and beware, "your sins will find you out."

Young man, young woman, when you graduate you only have the key to unlock knowledge.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
And I linger on the shore;
But the individual withers
And the world is more and more."

And if you do not review your text-books and take on a line of good reading and keep it up, your education will soon vanish.

This reminds me of the old gentleman at Wake Forest. While standing on the east side of the railroad, opposite the college campus, he said: "There is the college over there, and you boys are going to college. I am in the world over here and I am going to the broad world university." And he was right. We are each going to the university daily, and we are absorbing knowledge, and we must see to it that we absorb the good and useful knowledge and leave off the bad.

The greatest help we can render to others is to help them help themselves. Give a man or woman work to do at a fair price, and advise the individual how to manage his or her affairs to advantage. Give him money and you injure him, as a rule. Pay a reasonable amount to all charities and belong to the church of your choice and attend it regularly. We only get out of life what we put in it.

We don't go to school to learn how to live without work, but to learn how to work to more advantage and be able to use the knowledge we get there that we may earn more and have broader and better ideas and live higher and nobler lives.

The power of doing good to worthy objects is the only enviable circumstance in the lives of people of fortune, and if you ever attain to wealth you will find this axiom proves true. A banker said, in sizing up a man who wanted credit at his bank, it was character first, capacity second, capital third, and collateral fourth, and this is a good rule; ponder over it and guide your life accordingly. "Let the young man around town out of a job try a year on the farm, ploughing, hoeing, and ditching; it will give him a new constitution, take the nonsense out of his head, the frog out of his throat, the weariness out of his legs, the corns off his toes, and give him a good appetite, an honest living and a sight of heaven."

We hear of the negro problem. I think there is no negro problem, but it is the white man's problem. When you go to a neighborhood and find a good, honest, working and neighborly class of white people you will find the negroes in that section, as a rule, good people. A good master makes a good servant. This reminds me of the people moving West years ago, and there was an old Quaker who kept the ferry on a Western river, and as the people would cross his ferry he would ask them why they were moving. One told him his neighbors were so bad he could not stand them, hence he had to move. The Quaker said to him: "Thee will have bad neighbors where thee is going." The next one he asked said his reason for moving, his wife and children wanted to go and grow up with the great and growing West, but he did hate to leave his neighbors; he had the best neighbors in the world. The old Quaker remarked: "Thee will have good neighbors where thee is going." Hence his idea was that a man makes his neighbors good or bad, to a great extent, and the white people make the negroes good or bad to a great extent, and the quicker they learn it the better for both races. Some one said if we abused the negro less and taught him more, perhaps the white man's burden would be more quickly lightened.

My father had a saying that he liked the hard-working, honest, straightforward man, whether white, black, red, or yellow. I feel the same way.

I should consider my life insupportable and a burden if I had not an aim to be of service to mankind in my day and generation.

The three greatest perils to the permanency of our government are idleness, dissipation, and extravagance. Ponder over and never forget this and be sure to practice it, and try to live so that when you die your neighbors will be some little better for your having lived.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—
Footprints that, perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother .
Seeing, may take heart again."

We only pass through life once, and you must see that you
leave only good deeds for others to copy after.

RURAL PROGRESS

BY RUFUS BRACKEN PEARSON.

A little reflection will convince one that the welfare of the world at large is dependent on the welfare of the rural districts. For the hand that guides the ploughshare is the hand that feeds and clothes the world. Being aware of this fact, it was with a sense of apprehension that the writer once beheld the flower of country youth flocking off to the towns and cities. For there was a time, not more than ten years ago, when Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" had its counterpart in many sections of the country. And time has proved that those misgivings were well founded. For today the prices of the necessaries of life are soaring skyward because of the fact that the demand for farm products is greater than the supply.

But while the laboring classes are struggling beneath the burden of increased cost of living, it is gratifying to observe the rise of a new order of things in the country. The better element of country people are no longer leaving the farm. Instead, the country is attracting reliable men from other walks of life. The merchant now displays his wares at every crossroads and finds his trade remunerative; well-trained agriculturists are associating themselves with the cultivation of the soil; and a better class of educators are casting their lot with the country people. One would naturally ask the question, What has produced this great change of attitude towards the country within the past decade? The most sensible answer to the question seems to be that the country has become more attractive than it used to be. And it is interesting to consider certain forces which have been at work, and others which are just beginning to make themselves felt, all of which are tending to make the country a more desirable place to live.

Ten years ago cotton and tobacco, two of the leading farm products of the South, were selling at five cents a pound on the average. And any experienced farmer knows that he gets mighty little for his labor raising five-cent cotton or tobacco. For it costs nearly that much to raise them. When the expenses were paid there was nothing left the farmers with which to secure the comforts of life, build more attractive dwellings, and educate their children. And habitual emptiness of the purse was not calculated to inspire them with love for country life. But during more recent years these staple farm products have been bringing higher prices. There is a good living for the country people in twelve-cent tobacco and fifteen-cent cotton, provided they produce the necessaries of life at home. So, from a financial view-point, farm life is several times as attractive as at the close of the last century.

Another important factor in this rural development is the improved condition of the public roads. Good highways of travel constitute one of the very best evidences of permanent progress. Most of the works of the old Roman Empire have long since crumbled, yet her magnificent roads have stood the test of time, and are today indisputable proof of the grandeur of that bygone civilization. And so, to a person interested in rural prosperity, it is gratifying to observe the improved condition of our public roads. All the main lines have been leveled and drained, while in most of the counties the work of macadamizing is well under way. This not only aids the country people in marketing their produce, but is also increasing the value of their property.

But if we except the increased value of farm products, it is likely that nothing has added more to rural attractiveness in recent years than the reform movement in public school education. Ten years ago a kind of crazy-quilt school work was enacted in the country schools for three or four months in the year. But out of this chaos something close akin to

system has developed. At the present time splendid school buildings splendidly equipped are to be seen all over the country. And the Text-book Commission has nearly revolutionized the course of study in the free schools during this time. The improvements made in the text-books are truly marvelous. And better school buildings, a greatly improved course of study, and better salaries, are attracting to the country a better equipped class of teachers. Add to these improvements the fact that all the counties now have State high schools where aspiring country youth are invited to prepare for college, or better prepare for life free of charge, and you will realize that a brighter day is dawning for the country boys and girls.

Nor must the fact be overlooked that other forces of great educative value have been supplementing the work done in the schools. Especially is this true of the rural free delivery of mail. The countryman of today shares all the advantages enjoyed by his neighbor in the city so far as mail facilities are concerned. And there is no question that the newspaper and magazine are enlightening the people on a thousand and one important subjects not included in the text-books. Information and convenience now daily knock at the farmer's door, and they are making country life more desirable.

The country people are learning better how to utilize their resources. Let me enforce this statement with fitting illustrations: A few years ago the wood cut in clearing land was rolled into the log heap and burned. Now it is corded and sold at a good price. Again, many of us remember when thousands of bushels of fruit lay under the trees and decayed every year. But now every bushel of it is either dried, canned, or sold.

But perhaps the farmers have made the greatest advancement along this line in the utilization of their energy—ability to do work. The spell of the noonday shade tree is broken.

All progressive farmers wish to work, and to strike every lick of work when and where it will net them the greatest returns. Let us back to our illustrations. Most of us can remember when the farmers' motto was "Take your time." And they found little trouble in living up to it. In fact, they took so much time that the weeds and grass usually got in their crops before they did. And then it took about four times as long to work a piece of land as it would before it got grassy. That was simply a waste of energy. But today the farmers are more progressive. They have learned that "a stitch in time saves nine." Consequently they utilize their energy by using it at the right time. These are only a few of the many illustrations that might be used to show that the country people are more utilitarian than they used to be. Every resource which they possess they wish to appropriate to some useful end.

Economy, the twin sister of utility, also they are beginning to apply to their mode of living. We see less of uncalled for town-going today than formerly. The people are economizing their time. And they are saving with their money as well as time. It is no longer possible for the sewing machine agent, or stove agent, or some other kind of agent to fool the country people into paying two or three prices for these things—at least not on so broad a scale. The same principle has led them to cut out the middle man in the fertilizer business. As a result the cotton farmers and many of the tobacco raisers are saving several dollars on every ton of fertilizer used. And a dollar saved is a dollar made. Moreover, the country people are beginning to realize the advantage of raising the necessaries of life at home. And when they make a dollar they can lay it up for a rainy day, instead of running off to the store to spend it for something to eat.

Another force which must be reckoned with in this discussion is the Farmers Union. For a long time they stood apart.

suspicious of one another, and ignorant of their strength when properly organized. But enlightenment has placed them on a higher level, and taught them the necessity for united effort. They get their fertilizers at reduced rates because their unions and associations are strong enough to deal with wholesale fertilizer companies. And they are now forcing consumers to let them set the prices on farm products because they are organized, because they are prepared to store the crops away in storage warehouses and dry prizeries, and because they are getting wealthy enough to hold their produce until they can sell it at a reasonable price. And if the Farmers Union will profit by the mistake of the Farmers Alliance and keep out of politics, I believe it is safe to say that the rural sections will hold the key to state and national prosperity.

All these forces working together, are making the country people independent and self-reliant. I do not mean that they are becoming haughty and unobliging. For, in their way, they are as sociable and neighborly as any people to be found. But they are not dependent on any other class of people for a livelihood and they know it. Though panics come and mills shut down, these horny-handed sons of toil go about their daily labor knowing that their means of sustenance are not materially endangered.

It is true that only a beginning has been made along most of these lines of progress. But the country people are not a people to "put their hands to the plow and look back." The "Newground" schooling has trained them so well in patience and perseverance that they will not lightly turn aside from their purpose. Constancy to their ideals of progress will lead them on until the country shall hold first place in material and mental progress as it already does in physical well-being.

Last of all, the Creator has smiled benignly on the country, and made its environment favorable to greatness. "God made the country and man made the town." And as a gen-

eral thing country life is more healthful than city life. Consequently it is more free from disease. There are fewer temptations and worthless attractions in the country to lead the young into vice and crime, and to divert their attention from study. Hence the country is the better adapted to true greatness of thought. It takes the country to produce men of the Jefferson or Lincoln type. Time after time the Savior Himself sought some quiet country place where He could engage in prayer, contemplation, and communion with His All-wise Father. There is more real beauty in the country in a day than can be found in the city in a twelve-month. What city's works of art can compare in beauty and loveliness with God's modest flowers with which He clothes the country for many months each year. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, once said: "I have lived in the country and I have lived in the city, and after all, the country is the place to rear a boy, where he has for his companions the birds, the brooks, the grassy fields, and the lofty, soul-inspiring mountains pointing upward toward God." And when once the country people are fully awake to the problems that make for their welfare, and when they come to appreciate more fully the peculiar advantages and beauty of their environment, they will indeed be a happy prosperous, and contented people.

A FRONTIER SCENE

BY W. B. EDWARDS.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon in August when a vast throng of disbelieving spectators gathered near Medicine Bow, Wyoming, to watch Charles Fearnothing ride the outlaw horse, *Strikestiff*, which had injured and killed many daring riders.

Time for the daring feat drew on; neither the horse nor the rider had yet appeared. Soon a cloud of dust was seen rising, and in came the horse, dragged by another horseman, on his faithful pony. Presently Mr. Fearnothing arrived, apparently more willing to ride the horse than the outlaw was to let him.

The horse was saddled and blindfolded until the daring rider could mount him. Getting firmly seated, Mr. Fearnothing raised both arms, as a signal to remove the blindfold. In an instant the outlaw was pitching with all his might. The excited crowd was hollering, "He'll kill you, he'll kill you," when the daring rider, becoming loosened in his seat, got mad and dismounted very quickly, evidently not caring how he alighted, for the ground flew up and hit him in the back.

The spectators rushed in to see if he were hurt; but before they had reached him, Mr. Fearnothing arose, stood erect, and said, "That is the first horse that has thrown me since I became an expert. If some one will get me a large bottle of liquor I'll ride him yet."

His companion said, "If you get drunk, Charley, and try to ride him, he'll kill you sure."

"Then I'll die happy," was the rider's reply.

A messenger was sent after the whiskey. In the mean-

time, the horse stood there snorting, seemingly to defy any one to attempt to ride him again.

Soon the man came back with the spirituous water. Before they could make any protest, Charles took the bottle, put it in his pocket, blindfolded the horse, and mounted him again. Higher and harder the outlaw pitched, trying to throw the persistent rider. The eyes of the spectators were fairly riveted on the rider and the maddened steed. Still the horse pitched more desperately than ever. The determined rider pulled the bottle from his pocket, and what do you think he did? He rose up in the stirrups, and hit that horse a terrible blow between the ears. The bottle broke into several pieces, and there on the ground lay the liquor. The horse had been ridden.

THE PERSONAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER OF
THE HOMERIC HEROES

BY A. B. COMBS.

"Homer is the poet for all ages, all races, all moods. * * * He is a poet all of gold, universal as humanity, simple as childhood, musical now as the flow of his own rivers, now as the heavy plunging wave of his own ocean." Many who do not know are liable to think that Homer's writings are a mass of unprofitable lore to be left to the specialist and the scholar. But were such a one to get a taste of his masterful epics, he would not stop until he had drunk deep from the Pierian spring. If we read Homer carefully we will find that his characters are live, energetic beings, stirred by the same passions, actuated by the same desires, and prone to the same errors that have been common to humanity through all ages. Homer is the poet of battles, and of home-life as well. He is the poet of wisdom, the poet of mirth. Bravery in a foe is as much respected as in a friend.

In the Iliad, we get the best picture of the Homeric heroes, yet it is no easy task to write a character sketch of each. They are impressed on our minds by the subtle power of the poet, and they cling to our memory, but when we attempt to describe them, we are at a loss. This may be due in part to the fact that the poet displays their character almost wholly in their speeches.

Of all the heroes, both Grecian and Trojan, Achilles is the greatest. In him Homer has summed up the ideal Greek character. He is passionate, and presents a picture of youthfulness and genius peculiar to the Greeks. His great heroism, mighty personality, his passions seemingly controlled by divine reason, and a love for his friend that surpassed

the love of women make Achilles stand out conspicuous among the Homeric heroes.

He is described in the Iliad as god-like, Achilles of the lion-heart, the hero-slayer with a powerful hand and manly breast. He shows a touch of gentleness in giving up the maid Briseis to the heralds of Agamemnon, when he says, "Her I loved e'en from my soul, though captive of my spear." But he also displays an iron will, and a lasting hatred by refusing to be reconciled to Agamemnon, after having been once deceived. "He hath wronged and deceived me once. Again he shall not deceive me." His most striking characteristic in his great love for his friend, Patroclus. He can not rest or sleep, after his friend's death, until he has taken revenge. Even his intense hatred of Agamemnon is overcome by this love.

The character of Achilles unifies the Iliad. The first line sets forth the whole poem. "Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus." Indeed, this wrath and its results form the whole poem of the Iliad. As one writer has put it, the Iliad is a chapter in the life of Peleus's son. First, the quarrel with Agamemnon takes Achilles and his men away from the army. The army is weakened, and only when the death of Patroclus draws Achilles back into the fray is it that the Greeks finally win out. Thus "two passions—heroic anger and measureless love—are the motive forces of the poem."

Homer has given us the unique picture of gods and men waiting on the passions of one man. When Achilles decides to take revenge for his friend's death, he knows that he is going to his doom, yet he holds honor dearer than long life, and chooses death rather than an inglorious life. When he appears before the hosts again he seems, by the aid of the gods, translated. There is a bright flame playing about his head, and, by the aid of Athene, he is as resistless as the

whirlwind. In the last picture we have of Achilles, when he gives the body of Hector to Priam, he is still the same—"swift to anger and haughty, but human withal, and tender-hearted to the tears of an enemy at his mercy." He is the personification of the Hellenic genius—"superb in its youthfulness, doomed to immature decay, yet brilliant at every stage of its brief career."

The next Greek of importance is Agamemnon. He is undoubtedly a great warrior, since he is leader of the Greek forces at Troy. But his greatness as a leader held only so long as he received perfect support from all his men. But when the trying time came, he was weak, and did not know what to do. He very often did the wrong thing, and had to be saved from disgrace, and often from defeat itself by the timely assistance of his under officers and counselors.

That he was careless and insolent about the advice of his officers, and ready to repent when in despair is shown in several instances in the Iliad. At first, Nestor tries to get him not to make an enemy of Achilles, but using his own will, he makes Achilles angry, but when his troops are about to be annihilated, he sees his error, and tries to make peace with Achilles. Repentance will no longer affect the fiery spirit of Achilles, and had it not been for the latter's intense love for Patroclus, this one act of folly, occasioned by his heedlessness of Nestor's advice, might have caused the Greeks to lose out in the war. He again blunders by telling the people that they may go home. They are too ready to do so, and only the wise Odysseus is equal to the occasion.

After defeat, he shows a cowardly spirit by sitting considering the gloomy prospects, while the other warriors fight desperately with the enemy. He is saved from making conditions of surrender with the enemy only by the strong speeches of the other heroes.

He is insolent, and arrogant. His arrogance in the very

beginning caused the plague, the giving up of Chryseis, and the taking of Briseis which finally caused the quarrel between himself and Achilles. He is also selfish. He receives the larger part of the spoil, while Achilles does by far the greater part of the fighting. Achilles in his wrath characterizes him as having the "eye of a dog and the heart of a deer," showy in council, but backward in the fight. Helen gives a more lenient description to Priam. "Chief Agamemnon," she says, "Atreusson, wide reigning, mighty monarch, a good ruler and valiant warrior." Priam evidently envies him, for he says, "Child of happy fate, ruling over many noble Greeks, number of keen-eyed Greeks unsurpassed." One of Agamemnon's redeeming characteristics is his noble love for his brother, Menelaus, which is almost a parallel to the love of Achilles for Patroclus. In all cases of danger, he shields his brother, and restrains him from the fight.

As for Menelaus, he displays more daring boldness than Agamemnon, while he lacks the bad qualities of the latter. We are told that, though young, he was distinguished both in council and in action. In the assembly, he spoke in fluent language. But he was no waster of words, and so spoke briefly but clearly. The first time we see him in the fray is when he fights the duel with Paris. He advances on his enemy like a hungry lion on easy prey. Unlike Agamemnon, he is ever ready to place himself in the greatest danger, but is often withheld by Agamemnon. All in all, he is a man of action, and is a good picture of a brave man fighting a righteous cause.

Paris presents a direct contrast to Menelaus. He is a picture of a man, stalwart and brave in outward appearance, but effeminate in tastes and lacking courage in the fray. He is conscious of his faults, and admits them to Hector, but can not overcome them. We see him first in the front ranks of the Trojans, a panther skin slung over his shoulder, and

armed with a bow and sword. The god-like Paris poises his spear, and in boastful language challenges all the Greek heroes to single combat. The bold Menelaus is the first to step forth. We are told that Paris's heart then failed him, and that he shrank back into the Trojan lines like one recoiling from a snake in his path. Hector rebukes him saying that, though fair in form, he is the slave of woman, and has no strength of mind. He is represented in general as effeminate, and vain of his personal appearance. Even Helen chides him for leaving the battle, but he prefers love, and love's delights to the toil of battle.

In Nestor, Homer has given us a grand old counselor. Agamemnon greatly admires him, and says that if he had ten such counselors, Troy would soon be destroyed. He is prudent at all times, and by far the best orator among the heroes. He is referred to as the clear-voiced, silver-tongued orator of the Pylians. When he speaks, "words sweeter than honey flow from his lips." Besides being a counselor and an unsurpassed orator, he is a bold warrior. Although old, when danger threatens, he is the first on the field, and the last to retreat. He is a man of great experience, having ruled over nearly three generations of Pylians. He has three distinguishing characteristics, wisdom, justice and eloquence, a rare combination. He is experienced in war, and on account of his unwearied activity and courage, he is valued, and loved by all.

Odysseus presents the sage and warrior. He is, indeed, a good leader, and with his motto, "Ill fares the state where many masters rule," he saves the whole army many times from destruction. In appearance, he is lower by a head than Agamemnon, but broader shouldered, and having a fuller chest. He moves through the ranks like a full-fleeced ram that moves majestic through the flock. He is ready at every need, and being a man of many devices, he often saves the

Greeks, even after Agamemnon has given up in despair. "There was never a man durst match with goodly Odysseus in wisdom, for he very far outdid the rest in all manner of craft." When Odysseus came before the assembly to speak, he stood with downcast eyes, motionless, and as one void of sense.

"But when his chest its deep-toned voice sent forth
 With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow
 No mortal to Odysseus could compare.
 Then little recked we of his outward show."

Thus we see combined in this hero, the valiant warrior, the convincing orator, and the statesman equal to Zeus in counsel. He was a man "stern in action, ruthless in his hatred, pitiless in hostility, subtle, vengeful, cunning; yet at the same time the most adventurous of men, the most persuasive in eloquence, the wisest in counsel, the bravest and coolest in danger."

Ajax is the giant of the heroes. Priam asks Helen who the brave and strong warrior is that towers above all. Helen replies that he is "gigantic Ajax, the prop of Greece." He seems to shed a light of triumph on his friends. He is a warrior second only to Achilles in bravery, and he always rejoices when the lot falls to him to fight.

Homer is a poet of every side of life, and hence we find in the Iliad a fool whose object is to produce laughter for the hosts. Thersites of unmeasured words who knew many and disorderly things. We are told that he was the ugliest man who ever came to Troy, and indeed the description given is ludicrous. He had squinting eyes, was bow-legged, and lame in one foot. His shoulders were round and met on his breast. His head was distorted, and sparse grew the hair on it. He attempts to harangue the multitude, and work against Odysseus, but the latter soon hushes him, and brings him to tears by a single blow, at which the people

laugh, saying that "of all the good and wise things Odysseus had done in council, and in war, this was the best."

We have, with the exception of Paris, so far considered only the Greek heroes, but Homer has pictured in striking colors the brave and godlike Hector, the defense of Troy. His knightly kindness in war, together with his intense love for his wife, Andromache, has made this champion of the Trojans dear to us. His dauntless courage never tires, his warlike soul is never wearied. He can not rest, for in his breast burns the fierce ardor of the battlefield, and his soul yearns to aid his friends. One of the prettiest pictures Homer has given us is where Hector comes from the battle to look for the last time upon his faithful, loving wife, and little son. Andromache comes running to meet him with the little Astyanax. In tears she begs him to cease from the fight before it is too late. She says, "Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost, but endless grief." Again she says, "Thou art both father and mother and brother to me." She dreads to think of the future of their son. Hector realizes the danger, but must answer the call of his country, so he bids his wife adieu, and holds out his arms to take his child. but the infant is afraid of the helmet. Hector, laughing, lays aside the helmet, and the young wife smiles through her tears. Hector holds the child in his arms, prays to the gods in his behalf, and then goes away. This is the last time his wife sees him alive. The next time we see her, she is weeping, heart-broken over his corpse, and we hear her sorrowfully murmur,

"For not to me was giv'n to clasp
The hand extended from thy dying bed,
Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day,
With tears I might have treasured in my heart."

Homer's portrayal of women characters is no less striking, and much could be said about them, but such a discus-

sion can not be attempted in this article. We have gone over the main characters which we find in Homer. "Such are the moods of Homer, so full of love, of life, and all things living."

The Wake Forest Student

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OCTOBER, 1910.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

GERALD W. JOHNSON, Editor

The New Year For the seventy-seventh time "the best denominational college in the South" has begun business. Since Wake Forest's doors first swung open, February 14, 1835, the college has never commenced work with brighter prospects. President Potat's address at chapel the second morning amply justified his opening sentence, in which he congratulated his hearers on the fact that they were Wake Forest students. Since last commencement

the faculty has received two additions—Dr. E. P. Morton (M.A. Harvard, Ph.D. Chicago, late Professor of English at the University of Indiana), who will direct the English Language course, and Dr. W. F. Carstarphen, who will join the Medical Faculty, occupying the chair of Physiology. The former will relieve Dr. Sledd, who will hereafter direct his attention exclusively to English Literature. The latter will take over part of the work now done by Doctors Poteat and Stewart. Dr. Carstarphen will report for duty January 1st. Dr. Morton is here now. One of the principal reasons for congratulation is the excellent showing made by the summer law school. Out of fifty-five attorneys licensed by the Supreme Court, last August, twenty-nine were from Wake Forest. Out of the total number who stood the examination Professors Gully and Timberlake "lost" fourteen per cent. Of applicants from other schools twenty-nine per cent failed. A permanent home for the Y. M. C. A. is being prepared. The library has been enriched by the addition of some two thousand volumes since last year. And, last, but by no means least, the Trustees, at their last meeting, found the college in such satisfactory condition financially, that they felt justified in granting to the professors a richly earned increase in their salaries.

In other lines the prospects are quite as bright. The enrollment, while not a record-breaker, is gratifyingly large and the personnel of the Freshman class, in particular, seems to be high. The Literary Societies bid fair to do a notable year's work, and our mind's eye beholds with remarkable clearness, a piece of silverware which has reposed since last Easter in the camp of the Philistines; we are convinced that next Easter the Ark will return to Zion.

But what will bring most pleasure to the heart of the average student is the fact that the athletic outlook is very bright. Mighty men of valor are numerous among the

Newish, and we hope that our football line will begin this fall to take on the appearance it had in olden times, when according to a member of another college team, it was much more comfortable and pleasant, as well as safer, to get in the way of a cavalry charge than to attempt to stop a Wake Forest rush. And best of all, all our athletes are clean men. Professionalism is dead at Wake Forest, and college spirit is flaming correspondingly high. We may not win some games where professionals are played against us, but such a loss is not a defeat; it is a victory of manhood over money, and one of Wake Forest's most precious traditions is the redness of her sporting blood—her ability to die game, to laugh at defeat and come again.

On the whole THE STUDENT thinks that the President spoke as advisedly, as he usually does, when he congratulated the men before him on their membership in the student body of this college. To those who have enjoyed that privilege before this year we extend literally a "glad hand" and bid them welcome home; to the new men we give a welcome just as hearty, with an invitation to join us and labor to keep Dr. Poteat what the Maryland gentleman called him—"the President of the best denominational college in the South."

An Announcement

THE STUDENT takes pleasure in announcing that it has in preparation for the November issue, an article on "The Reconstruction of Korea," by a member of the class of '10, Mr. Konosuke Akiyama. Mr. Akiyama has made quite an exhaustive study of his subject at first hand, and his article, so far as we know, is unique. In view of the recent annexation of Korea by Japan, this should prove a theme of general interest.

A Personal
Word

With this number THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT enters its twenty-ninth year; since its founding in 1882 it has made a record that is calculated to make the new staff think hard upon taking up their work. For twenty-eight years the magazine has steadily advanced, and it will be no light task to keep up the standard set by our predecessors. Nevertheless it can be done, and it is the intention of the present staff to do it. We are not interested in bulk. We prefer a STUDENT the size of a Sunday School quarterly filled with matter of real value, to a two hundred page issue filled with trash. That means that a great deal of stuff that is handed in must go into the waste basket; but if your article finds a final resting place there, don't take it as a hint to quit writing. O. Henry revised his first story thirteen times before it was accepted, but he got four thousand dollars for his last one. Often there is some little blemish in a story that half an hour's work could correct but which spoils the whole thing nevertheless. So if your article fails the first time do not make the mistake of taking that as evidence that the editors think that you are hopeless as a writer. Our aim is to make it a real achievement to land an article in THE STUDENT, and in this endeavor we believe that we are working for the best interests of the contributors, as well as the magazine. Thanks for help in getting out this issue are due, not only to the men whose names appear in the list of contributors, but also to many others who, by submitting articles, even when they were not available, have proved that they have the interests of THE STUDENT at heart.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL H. McCUTCHEON, Associate Editor

As we take up our work for another year, it might be well to state, in a few words, the aim and scope of this department. It is our purpose this year to criticise where criticism is due, and to praise where praise is due, not for the mere pleasure of cutting and slashing, or lauding the work of another, but with the fixed hope that we may raise the standard of excellence of our College publications. Through the criticisms of the Exchange Department of other magazines, we hope to be much benefited ourselves.

The duties of the Exchange Editor are manifold; not only must he notice the material within the magazine, but he must also consider the balance and distribution of the articles, the cover design, and even the departments and editorials. He must criticise with fairness and honesty, the magazines that come to his table, allowing no favoritism or grudge a place in his department. So with an aim of justice and leniency to all, we hope to reach this year the highest place among the college publications of the South.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

J. BOYCE VERNON, Associate Editor.

In our first issue we are glad to give an account of the class of 1910, which numbers sixty-six. Especially are we gratified that most of them are doing something, but this is just the Wake Forest spirit. Many of them are principals of our leading high schools; nearly a score of them are practicing law; a good number pursuing a higher course in the ministry and medicine; while others are actively engaged in business. We are proud of their record thus far and trust that they will live long to honor their Alma Mater as she has honored them.

A review of the class is as follows:

J. M. Adams is at the Crozer Theological Seminary.

K. Akiyama has returned to his home in Japan, where he will enter upon the service of one year in the national army.

W. C. Allen, Jr., has a position with the Government surveying land.

J. J. Best is principal of the Youngsville Graded School.

G. C. Brown is principal of the Graded School at Houston, Va.

S. W. Brewer is in the mercantile business with his father at Wake Forest.

R. E. Brickhouse is principal of Woodland High School.

Dee Carrick has charge of the departments of Science and Latin in the Burlington Graded School.

R. E. Clark is at Crozer Theological Seminary.

J. B. Clayton is an instructor at Mars Hill College.

F. T. Collins will attend the Louisville Theological Seminary.

G. D. Collins goes to the Louisville Seminary.

A. B. Combs comes back to get his Master of Arts degree and also to be instructor in Latin.

P. S. Critcher secured his license in August court and has begun practice at Williamston, N. C.

W. B. Daniels, Jr., is engaged in the lumber business with his father near Henderson, N. C.

C. W. Davis will teach in Leaksville-Spray Institute.

W. C. Duffy is at Johns Hopkins University studying medicine.

Franklin Edwards is at his home, Franklin, Va., with a view to locate soon in law practice.

R. F. Elvington continues his study of medicine at Jefferson Medical College.

R. E. Forchand has secured law license and is at his home, Tyner, N. C., recuperating.

A. R. Gallimore is assistant principal of Fruitland Institute.

W. B. Hampton is doing business with the Government in the census department.

O. V. Hamrick is principal of Whiteville High School.

C. L. Hardy is practicing law in his home town, Tucson, Ariz.

F. T. Holden is principal of Fairmont High School, W. Va.

J. E. Hoyle serves as principal of Murphy High School.

G. H. Johnson is located at Kenly, N. C., where he is doing pastoral work.

R. C. Josey is in business with his father at Scotland Neck, N. C.

J. E. Kinlaw has begun his law practice at Lumberton, N. C.

R. L. McMillan is the popular principal of Philadelphus High School, Red Springs, N. C.

W. E. Marshall is engaged with his father in the Mutual Publishing Co.

B. G. Mitchell, who is a licensed attorney, has begun practice at Youngsville, N. C.

R. P. McCutcheon is serving as principal of Franklin, Va., High School.

E. I. Olive is with the Lakewood Graded School, Durham, N. C.

P. E. Powell is in the tobacco business at Fair Bluff, N. C.

J. G. Prevetie is back with us to complete his law course by the next Supreme Court.

J. M. Prevetie is at Wilkesboro resting with a purpose to locate soon as an attorney at law.

A. B. Ray is back for his Master of Arts degree and to serve as Instructor of Latin.

R. O. Rodwell will go to Richmond to familiaize himself with the automobile business.

A. R. Williams goes to the Bay Leaf State High School, Wake County, as principal.

Carl H. Ragland is principal of Sylva Collegiate Institute.

T. C. White is an attorney at law at Taylorsville, N. C.

H. B. Jones, who was on the *News and Observer* staff last summer, is principal of Lumber Bridge State High School.

E. D. Poc will go to Louisville Theological Seminary.

J. M. Broughton, Jr., is principal of Bunn High School, Wake County.

E. R. Settle will teach in Marshville State High School, Union County, as principal.

P. G. Sawyer is in business at his home, Elizabeth City.

C. R. Singletary is teaching near Lumberton, N. C.

J. R. Stewart is practicing law at Salisbury, N. C.

L. L. Tilley is making good as a lawyer in Durham, N. C.

C. T. Vernon is farming in Person County and will continue his study of medicine one year hence at Jefferson Medical College.

C. E. Check is pursuing his medical studies at University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.

R. L. Wall will complete his medical course at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

W. E. West is preaching at Kernsville, N. C.

W. R. Hill is principal of Lilesville High School.

E. N. Johnson will go to Louisville Theological Seminary.

Rufus Pearson is principal of Slade High School, Rockingham County.

J. L. Jenkins is principal of Southport Graded School.

'06-08. Edward L. Conn, for several years Associate Editor of *News and Observer*, has accepted a position on the staff of the *Baltimore Sun*. We regret to see him leave North Carolina, but glad to see him assume a larger task.

'85. Rev. J. A. Beam has gone to Kentucky to take charge of the Prestonburg Baptist Institute. North Carolina Baptists will welcome him back whenever he desires to return.

'50-52. Elder F. M. Jordan was able to attend the Beulah Baptist Association and made many good speeches on various subjects.

'05. Dr. Wingate M. Johnson has finished an eighteen months' term as resident physician at the Polyclinic Hospital, Philadelphia, and also has just celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday. He will reside in Winston-Salem.

'73. Ex-Judge E. W. Timberlake is the nominee of the Republican party for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

'09. It will be of interest to many to know that Rev. O. W. Henderson, of Baltimore, Md., was married last July. This bare fact is all we know of the occurrence.

Mr. A. D. Morgan (B.S., 1909), has been reappointed Assistant in Biology in Richmond College and is manager of the Richmond Hospital dispensary.

Mr. J. H. Rich (B.A., '98), has removed from Atlanta, Ga., to Winston-Salem, N. C., where he is manager of the Southern Agricultural Advertising Bureau and Publisher of the *Carrier's Messenger*. He retains his interest in the development of good roads and will be North Carolina's representative in the International Good Roads Congress at Brussels, Belgium, July 31 to August 7.

'05. Ben. W. Parham, who has been managing editor of the *Davidsonian*, is called by the Democracy of Davidson to be a member of the next Legislature.

'07. E. B. Earnshaw, our efficient Secretary of the Wake Forest faculty, was married on the evening of Wednesday, June the fifteenth, 1910, to Miss Edith Taylor, daughter of Dr. Chas. E. Taylor.

'05. A. L. Fletcher, formerly of the *Durham Sun*, succeeds V. S. Cochran as Associate Editor of the *Lexington Dispatch* and the *Good Roads Magazine*. The *Dispatch* has the largest weekly circulation of any county paper in the United States. The *Good Roads Magazine* is a live and instructive paper and deserves the hearty support of all good

road advocates. It is doing much to create better highways, and in this connection Mr. Fletcher has a wide field of usefulness. We wish him much success in his new task.

Mr. Herbert L. Wiggs ('07), of Atlanta, Ga., is Secretary and Treasurer of the Broad River Granite Company of that city since 1909. The *Monumental News*, of Chicago, describes in its issue for August, 1910, the properties of the company at Oglesby, Ga., and says that the quality of the blue granite quarried there is the highest for monumental stone in North America.

Rev. Samuel J. Porter, D.D., ('93), Field Secretary of the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board, has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Ralph Harris Ferrell ('07), who secured from the Supreme Court of North Carolina license to practice law at the late August examination, was united in marriage to Miss Belle Willingham, daughter of Dr. R. J. Willingham, of Richmond, Va., on the 14th of September, 1910.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

JULIUS C. SMITH.

—Back again!!!

—Largest enrollment yet!!

—Up to September 19th 369 had registered!

—Best bunch of Freshmen in years—but, as usual, a few need to be caged to keep the cows off.

—The College Chaplain, Rev. W. M. Johnson, made an interesting and most helpful talk in chapel September 7th. His subject was, "Develop the Gift of God Within Thee."

—Mr. W. C. Dowd, editor of the *Charlotte News*, and one of our honored trustees, was a visitor at the opening of the session.

—Dr. S. J. Porter gave a lecture on the "Present Religious Situation in Italy" Friday night, September 9th, and led the chapel exercises September 10th.

—Dr. Edward P. Morton, M.A., of Harvard, and Ph.D. of Chicago, has been elected Associate Professor of English. He comes to us with the highest recommendations as a teacher and scholar, having been Associate Professor of English in the University of Indiana for several years. Wake Forest is fortunate indeed in securing Dr. Morton as an addition to its faculty.

—The Board of Trustees in session at Raleigh, September 9th, elected Dr. W. F. Carstarphen Professor of Physiology, his duties to begin with the Spring Term. Dr. Carstarphen is a B.A. of Wake Forest of the class of '97 and a M.D. of Jefferson. This valuable addition to the Medical Department will strengthen it materially. The

growth of the Wake Forest School of Medicine has been phenomenal. It now ranks with the best in the South.

—An Engineering Course has been added this year. Many students are taking advantage of this, especially of the drawing department.

—The following have been chosen as instructors and assistants:

A. B. Combs and Graham Rodwell, instructors in Latin; A. B. Ray, instructor in the Engineering Department; H. W. Huntley, assistant in Chemistry; J. C. Smith and H. B. Conrad, assistants in English; C. T. Murchison and R. A. Sullivan, assistants in Political Science; Philip Greene, assistant in Physics; C. I. Allen, assistant in Anatomy; J. B. Copple, assistant Librarian.

—The Student Senate Committee, which handles all cases of hazing, is composed of the following:

A. B. Ray, Chairman; Gerald Johnson, Sam Long, F. F. Cox, L. P. Haynes, J. A. Ellis, C. I. Allen, H. B. Conrad, T. J. Osborne and Phil. Utley.

—The Y. M. C. A. held its first meeting Monday night, September 12. A large number were present.

—Mr. Hubert Potcat gave an organ and song recital Sunday afternoon, September 11th. These recitals of Mr. Potcat's are looked forward to with much pleasure and attended by large and appreciative audiences.

—The Athletic Association held its first meeting Monday night, September 12th. More enthusiasm was shown than ever before in the history of athletics at Wake Forest. Short speeches were made by Mr. Hubert Potcat, Graduate Manager R. B. Powell, Professor Carlyle and Professor Crozier.

—Athletics at Wake Forest are now on a firm basis, owing to the fact that the Student Athletic Association is being

backed by the Alumni Athletic Association. This has been wrought mainly through the efforts and generalship of the Graduate Manager, Mr. Robt. B. Powell.

—Football practice has begun in earnest and the prospects for a good team are bright. Phil. Utley, a star of last year's team, has been elected Captain, and "Reddy" Rowe has been engaged to do the coaching.

—The result of the election, September 15th, of the officers of the Athletic Association and managers of the different teams for the year was as follows:

President, F. F. Cox; Vice-President, N. B. Broughton, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. T. Murchison; Manager Football Team, Wheeler Martin, Jr.; Assistant Manager, Mark Chamberlain; Manager Basketball Team, H. M. Beam; Assistant Manager, Royall Holding; Manager Baseball Team, J. P. Tucker; Assistant Manager, C. C. Wheeler; Manager Track Team, J. M. Davis.

—Among the old men who have visited the "Hill" since the opening are: Harvey Vann, Associate Professor of English at Furman; J. A. Campbell, E. D. Poe, H. S. Koonce, A. R. Williams, Jesse Witherspoon, Gene Turner, John Best, C. J. Jackson and Lee White.

—The Senior Class have elected their officers as follows:

President, Asa P. Gray; Vice-President, J. M. Check; Secretary, J. B. Copple; Treasurer, John Bell; Prophet, G. L. Bailes; Historian, G. W. Johnson; Poet, H. W. Huntley; Orator, J. A. Ellis; Testator, T. J. Osborne; Manager Class Football Team, N. B. Broughton, Jr.; Manager Class Basketball Team, John Bell.

—The Junior class officers are:

President, G. M. Beam; Vice-President, Philip Greene; Secretary, C. H. Trueblood; Treasurer, L. R. O'Brien; His-

torian, S. T. Oliver; Poet, Lester Bullard; Prophet, G. C. Kirksey; Class Football Manager, R. P. Blevins; Class Basketball Manager, H. M. Beam.

—The Sophomore class officers are:

President, A. J. Hutchins; Vice-President, H. O. Herring; Secretary, Henry Faucette; Treasurer, W. R. Olive; Prophet, E. F. Aydlett, Jr.; Historian, J. C. Brown; Poet, F. A. Smithurst.

CLIPPINGS

WHO WOULDN'T BE A FOOTBALL HERO?

"Oh! Tom," she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm,—
"They said that in the game to-day,
You'd broken your right arm."

I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound,
Slipped it around her waist.

So, nestling close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face:
"That's great," said she; "not broken,
Nor even out of place."

✽

Illiterate Person.—"I want some graduated sugar."

Merchant.—"I haven't any; you will have to go to Meredith for that."

✽

Query.—If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point?

Answer.—Two in the shade.—*Ex.*

✽

He.—"You are the breath of my life."

She.—"Why don't you hold your breath awhile?"—*Ex.*

✽

We saw a thing
Of greenish hue,
And thought it was
A lawn of grass,
But when to it
We closer drew,
We found it was
The Freshman class.—*Ex.*

✽

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
 One Romeo and Juliet.
 'Twas then he first fell into debt,
 For Romeo'd, what Julie ate.



He sent his boy to college,
 And now he says, alack!
 He spent ten thousand dollars,
 And got a quarter-baek.—*Ex.*



BOUND TO SUCCEED.

"Father, when I graduate, I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph! My son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent at college."



Willie on the railroad track
 Didn't hear the engine squeal—
 Now the engine's coming back,
 Seraping Willie off the wheel.



Little Jack's mother showed him a letter from a "New Aunt," who had attained to this relationship by marrying Jack's favorite uncle.

"Mamma," said Jack innocently, as he laboriously spelled out the signature, "Belle Paine," "does Auntie pronounce her front name in two syllables?"



A SONG OF THE MISTLETOE.

Together in the twilight crooning,
 (Though it was time for me to go),
 We lingered still,—still sweetly spooning,
 I kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.

"Ah, who can tell," I mused (well knowing
 That it was time for me to go),
 "On what proud parent oak limb growing,
 Once elung this magic mistletoe!"

Sudden an angry voice came ringing,
 And in my flight I came to know,
 On just what parent limb was swinging
 At least one kind of missile—*toe!*

THUNDERSTRUCK INDEED!

While on his travels he was thunderstruck at receiving from his wife a telegram, which ran as follows:

"Twins this morning. More later."

*
'TIS SOMETIMES THUS.

I took her out in my new canoe
As the summer's day towards evening drew,
A wooing, bashful lover.
I kissed her on her lips divine,
And asked her softly to be mine—
When the durned old boat turned over.

*
At the International Sunday School Convention at Louisville, in answer to the roll-call of States, the reports were verbally given by the various State chairmen. When the Lone Star State was called, a brawny specimen of Southern manhood stepped out into the aisle and with exceeding pride said: "We represent the great State of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she now has a population of over three millions."

There was a pause of bewilderment for a moment, and then a voice from the gallery rang out, clear and distinct:

"Send that woman out to Wyoming—we need her."

*
"That's right," said the teacher encouragingly to the very small boy who was laboriously learning his A B C's. "Now, what comes after G?"
"Whiz."

*
"How is it that widows marry again?"
"Because dead men tell no tales."—Argonaut.

*
A gentleman of Arizona once hanged himself to the bedpost by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury was:

"Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

*
The court-room was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling-pins and stinging invectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand, undergoing a gruelling examination.

The examining attorney said: "You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Every one expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out:

"I sneezed."



The literary boarder fastened his eyes upon the bash. "Kindly pass the Review of Reviews," he said.



She looked up toward the man standing back of her chair in the box at the opera and said sweetly: "You may look over my shoulder."

"I'm looking both of them over, and they're all right," was the response.



"Darling," he breathed rapturously, "I swear by this great tree, whose spreading branches bear witness to my sincerity—I swear that I have never loved before."

The girl smiled faintly and observed:

"You always say such appropriate things, George. This is a chestnut tree."



A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! something must happen to Ole!'"

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No. 2

TO AUTUMN

E. P. MORTON.

The purpling mists of autumn follow soon
The heats of summer, when the mellowing powers
Of fierce sun's rays through long, slow, shadeless hours
Have yellowed all the corn, and brought rich boon
Of ruddy apples, which the harvest moon
Smiles down on, silvering all those joys of ours—
The stubble fields, the ricks, the rank-grown flowers,
Their reds and browns close-blended, all in tune.

Ripe autumn is the time! I'd rather be
Alive in days of fruitage, than outworn
By winter's cold and spring's raw, thin-clad lea;
In brown October's richness, who's forlorn?
'Tis sweet to hear the languid-sounding sea,
Or watch fair, fruitful Ceres's heaped-up horn.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF KOREA

KONOSUKE AKIYAMA.

[THE STUDENT takes pleasure in presenting to its readers the article below, which we believe to be unique. Mr. Akiyama has made a first-hand study of his subject ever since the Russian war, when the reconstruction of Korea began, his sources of information being contemporary Japanese newspapers and magazines, and government reports. In view of the recent annexation of Korea by Japan the article is peculiarly timely. Owing to the necessary length of a treatise on such a subject it has been thought wise to publish it in two installments of which this is the first; the conclusion will appear in the December number.]

PART I.

The Balkan Peninsula in the West and the Korean Peninsula in the East hold the most peculiar roles on the stage of modern international politics. They as curiously coincide in their geographical and political situation as they are complex in nature. If we pause for a moment and recollect the world's record of the past half-century, we will soon realize how important parts they have played in the arena of the world's politics. It would not be too much to say that the peace of the world is suspended by the two delicate strings of these mysterious peninsulas.

The international concert of Berlin in 1878 seemed to have brought the final solution to the Balkan Peninsula question, in building an effective barrier between Russia's mighty jaw and her prey on the Bosphorus, but, in reality it has not yet been settled. The European Powers are so extremely sensitive as to the Balkan question that a slight quake in the Peninsula soon propagates its vibration throughout Europe. What was the attitude of the European Powers toward Austria when she proposed to the government of the Sultan to

connect Salonika with her railroad? How did they respond to Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina with the approval of Germany? It is still fresh in our memory that the political horizon in Europe was dangerously clouded. I believe that so long as the Balkan question is left as it is now, the European *status quo* will be threatened from time to time.

A like condition clearly exists in the case of Korea. Indeed, the situation of Korea in Far Eastern politics very much resembles that of the Balkans in Europe. Political intrigue and corruption of officialdom in Korea constantly induced strong seducers into the Peninsula and disturbed the peace of the Far East. Within twenty short years Japan has been compelled to engage in war with two great empires for the independence of Korea and the security of her own. After the war with Russia, the situation did not allow, for a moment, to leave Korea in her uncertain condition. It was absolutely necessary for Japan to take some measures for the fundamental solution of the Korean question, to maintain peace in not only the Orient but the world also. Consequently, Japan established her protectorate on the Peninsula—to make her able to stand on her own feet and travel to her national prosperity.

My present aim is not to explain the reason why Japan should protect Korea, but it will not be entirely unnecessary to state briefly the past relation of these two nations to bring forth a clear notion of the subject. The ancient relations between Korea and Japan may be summarized as those which are common to people who inhabit contiguous lands at the corresponding stage of civilization. In other words, they were limited for a long time to mutual raids and plunders. Later the relation became more complex, such as Korea's participation in Kublai Khan's attack on Japan and Hideyoshi's

attack on Korea. But they are relatively unimportant for the present aim, so I shall deal with matters more modern.

It has hitherto never been worth the cost to terminate the independent existence of the Korean nation. Frequent oppressions of armed forces from North and South forced her for a score of centuries to contend with the position of a semi-vassal state to one or another. As she encountered a strong invader from the North, she betrayed her Southern neighbors and declared herself a vassal of China. But as soon as the pressure of China was relaxed, she turned her back on her old suzerain. The fickleness of the Korean nation was repeated again and again, until Japan established a firm relation with her in 1903. It is safe to say that she was not in the modern sense an organized independent nation, though she has endured as the semblance of a nation. Her position in the family of nations was so indefinite and ambiguous that some regarded her a subordinate of China or Japan rather than an independent nation.

Then the question naturally arises, who is the real suzerain of the Peninsula, or is Korea an independent State? In answer to this question I shall quote the incidents which clearly are an answer in themselves. The American schooner "General Sherman" was destroyed by Koreans on the coast of Korea, and twelve American were killed, in 1866. The United States Government presented the matter at Peking because China was supposed to hold some sort of relationship of suzerainty, not clearly understood, toward Korea. China admitted that Korea was dependent upon her in ancient time, but the relation was of such a nature as not to give to China any control over the administration of Korean foreign and domestic affairs. China conclusively denied the existence of any sort of bond which made her responsible for any Korean act. Again, in 1878, the Chinese Government wrote to Mr.

Fred F. Law, the United States Minister to Peking, when he notified them of his recent appointment by his Government as special envoy to Korea, that "Korea is regarded as a country subordinate to China, yet is wholly independent in everything that relates to her government, her religion, her prohibitions and her laws; in none of these things has China hitherto interfered." China declared Korea a subordinate nation in some respects, but Korea herself denied virtually China's claim in her treaty with Japan in 1876. Korea declared in one of the first articles of that treaty that "Korea, being an independent nation, enjoys the same sovereign rights as does Japan." Again, in 1882, the King of Korea wrote to the President of the United States, when their governments were about entering into treaty relations, that "the terms of the treaty should be carried into effect according to the laws of independent States."

The relation between China and Korea was so desultory in its nature that it was a puzzle for a long while to the nations of the world. China showed in its official declaration that Korea was not a vassal State but displayed in its acts exactly opposite. It is a recognized fact that China, having stationed its troops in Korea, constantly interfered in the internal affairs of Korea as late as the Chino-Japanese War. She was the suzerain when it suited her to interfere and not so when it was difficult and dangerous for her to assume the responsibility of suzerainty.

In the court of Korea, a constant strife went on between the Queen, the representative of Min family, which aimed to sustain their country to the suzerainty of China, and Tai-Wau-Kun, the King's father, who was the champion of anti-foreign elements. As a natural result, of course, the interference of China, political corruption, misrule, and insurrection followed one after another. The history of the Peninsula politics during the predominance of Chinese influence

was almost too complex and horrible to be described. During this period, the Japanese influence on the Peninsula went down to its lowest tide—her legation was destroyed twice, her people were murdered and her treaty rights were violated with impunity. At the second destruction of the Japanese legation, the indignation of the Japanese people reached its height. The result was the noted treaty of Ten-Sin between China and Japan and the Protocol of Seoul between Korea and Japan in 1883. The important point of the Ten-Sin treaty was that China and Japan pledged against armed interference in Korea except in pressing emergencies and after mutual consultation. This agreement was a virtual abandonment by China of her claim of suzerainty over Korea for it recognized Japan as a nation which had the equal interest in Korea with China.

On the other hand, the treaty between Korea and Japan, agreed to after a long, troublesome negotiation, promised the following: the payment of indemnity to the relatives of the murdered and the merchants who had been plundered, the punishment of the murderers of the Japanese military attaché, the furnishing of sites for the construction of a legation, the building of barracks for Japanese troops adjacent to the legation.

Thus both the Chinese and Japanese governments clearly settled their long inherent difficulties with regard to the Peninsula and also the latter recovered her treaty rights by the Convention of Seoul. The stipulations of the conventions were ever observed by Japan, both in letter and in spirit, and by China upon the surface at least. For a few years China ceased to flaunt the claim to suzerainty before the face of her neighbors. But she never gave up her pernicious intention toward Korea in her mind, at least. China's representative in Seoul, Yuan Shi Kai, claimed and obtained to a large extent, the place of Chinese Resident of Seoul. His influence

over the Korean politics was so powerful that he seemed to be for a while a director of the Korean Government. His official title was "Director General Resident in Korea of Diplomatic and Consular Relations." He enjoyed special privileges in the Korean court which were not accorded to the representatives of the other Treaty Powers. Of course, none of the Treaty Powers ever recognized the right of the so-called Resident to interfere in any matter in their business with the Korean Government. But it is an undeniable fact that China was exercising her peculiar influence through Yuan Shi Kai over the domestic and foreign affairs of Korea.

In Korean politics, then, the same old strife was prevailing among two different factions for supremacy. So the condition was ideal for the exercise of the usual Chinese diplomacy. In April, 1894, the "Tong Hak" rebellion came. The Tong Hak were religious fanatics, the chief article of whose creed was said to be the extermination of all foreigners in the Peninsula. In June, the rebellion was suppressed by the Korean troops and the Government officially announced that it had come to an end. In the meantime, the Chinese Government sent to Korea 2,000 troops without any previous notice or the mutual consultation, which was stipulated in the Ten-Sin Convention for such a case. This was apparently the violation of the said convention. The Japanese Government promptly remonstrated to the Government of Peking. The Chinese Government replied to the Japanese remonstrance that the troops were urgently needed to suppress the disorder in the "Vassal State." Here, the difficulty arose again. The correspondence between Tokyo and Peking brought no satisfactory settlement—consequently Japan dispatched an almost equal number of troops to Korea according to the terms of the Ten-Sin Treaty.

The situation reached its critical point. The Korean Government having brought the trouble on her own head, was

exceedingly surprised at the Japanese prompt acceptance of the challenge and urged both China and Japan to withdraw immediately their troops from her soil. The withdrawal of Japanese troops, leaving China's action unquestioned, meant actually her recognition of the Chinese suzerainty over Korea, which made the Convention of Ten-Sin become mere waste paper. Naturally, Korea's request was not obeyed by Japan. According to the Japanese view of the situation, there were certain vital questions to be settled before the troops were withdrawn. The Japanese Minister inquired of Korea whether she was a subordinate of China or not. This inquiry caused great consternation in the Korean court. If Korea answered in the negative she would offend China, while an affirmative answer would bring down the wrath of Japan. But after a long consultation she answered in the negative. Consequently the Japanese Minister presented a memorial to the Korean court urging the adoption of certain reforms which, while improving the public administration and promoting the general weal, would prevent the recurrence of disturbances which were a constant menace to the welfare of Korea and her neighbors.

During this critical period, the internal strife between the conservative and the progressive parties also reached its climax. But the progressive party, backed by the dominance of the Japanese, was stronger. While Japanese forces were defeating Chinese on land and sea, an entirely new government was organized with the sanction of the King. The New Government inaugurated the various reforms in every line of her national life, and in August, 1894, the Korean treaty with China was renounced. The following year the treaty of Shimono-seki between China and Japan removed the dominating and baleful influence of China and to Korea the opportunity was secured for an independent and progressive national development under the guidance and by the aid of

Japan. Japan most sincerely wished for the healthy national development of Korea for sake of Korea herself and the peace of the Orient.

Good did not follow—the lack of able leaders, everlasting political intrigue and inability of Korean officials to apprehend the reformation caused internal dissensions which were entirely and characteristically Korean in nature. Some critics maintain that this was partly the fault of Japan, because Japan put Tai Wan Kun at the head of the reform party. Two years after the organization of the new government the old strife between the wife and father of the King arose again. The reform was resisted by the court party, headed by the Queen, Tai Wan Kun's implacable enemy, and the Min family to which she belonged. They planned to overthrow the reform government and recover the lost power. The result was a counter plot, of which Tai Wan Kun was a ringleader, to seize the Queen and her party with the aim of obtaining complete control of the Korean Government for his party. In carrying out this plot, the Queen was murdered by their partisans. This regrettable event was the turning point of the dominance of Russian influence over Korea for the coming ten years.

For three and a quarter centuries Russia had been advancing through Asia at an average rate of 20,000 square miles annually. Now she was endeavoring to secure an outlet on the Pacific for her Asiatic possessions and was extending her custodial policy over Manchuria and Korea. In dealing with the Oriental nations Russia abandoned her traditional policy of patience and adopted a more brilliant but dangerous policy for a swift promotion of obviously selfish schemes by a mixture of threats and cajolery.

In January, 1896, there was a slight uprising in the Northern part of Korea, which was said to be due to Russia's instigation. When the majority of the Korean army was

sent out of the capital to suppress the insurrection, 127 Russian mariners were landed with cannons at Chemulpo and entered Seoul. The next day the King, with the Crown Prince and some of the court ladies, fled in disguise to the Russian legation where they remained until February 20, 1897. It was believed in diplomatic circles in Seoul that the personal safety of the King was not really threatened when he took refuge in the Russian legation. It is evident that the King was intending to overthrow his pet aversion—the reform party—with the assistance of Russia's iron hand. But this intention ended in vain, giving a fair chance to Russia for the attainment of her selfish ambition. During the King's stay in the Russian legation he was entirely in the custody of Russia and lost even the semblance of royal dignity. Russia established a dominant influence over the Peninsula Kingdom and various valuable concessions were made for Russia, among which the construction of a naval base on the Korean coast and the offensive conduct on the northern frontier of Korea were the greatest sources of anxiety for Japan. Russia's diplomacy on the Peninsula was so successful that Japan was forced to abandon the claims she was entitled to by the victory over China. There followed a radical change in the policy of Japan which is described as follows by Hershey:

"In the summer of 1896, Japan formally departed from her policy of the past two decades of uplifting the independence and integrity of Korea by her own efforts and sought the co-operation of Russia toward the same end."

Japan sought the co-operation of Russia on behalf of Korea's independence, relinquishing her special rights over the Peninsula. On June 9, 1896, the Yamagato-Labanoff Protocol was signed in St. Petersburg, which agreed that the Japanese and Russian governments should unite in advising and assisting Korea in her financial, military and domestic affairs. The protocol of June, 1896, was no sooner signed

than Russia proceeded to violate its terms; she controlled the Korean army, placing it under Russian instruction and discipline, and also dismissed J. McLewy Brown from the position of Financial Adviser and General Director of Customs, appointing a Russian, M. Kir Alexeiff, to that office.

Meanwhile, Russia acquired Port Arthur and Dalny which Japan was forced to return to China by the joint interference of Russia, France, and Germany, after the treaty of Shimono-seki. It was desirable for Russia, for the time being at least, to keep with Japan on friendly terms over the Korean question to execute her intention in Manchuria. Japan, also, wished to conciliate Russia, safeguarding her own important, and, indeed, essentially vital interests in the Peninsula. Accordingly there was concluded between the two nations the Nishi-Rosen Protocol of August 25, 1898, which pledged Japan and Russia to recognize the independence of Korea and not interfere directly in the affairs of that country nor take any measure regarding the nomination of military instructors and financial advisers without having previously arrived at a mutual accord on the subject. Thus Russia entered the mutual pledge with Japan on the surface of the protocol paper, yet her dangerous policy of a rapid promotion of selfish schemes was carried on as before. Sixty Russian soldiers, later increased by several hundred more, occupied Yang-Am-Po where the concession of the Korean Government did not extend. Not only that, Russia urged the King to lease Basan-Po for her naval base to connect Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

Meantime, another conflict between Russia and Japan was developing and contributing to the same end—the Russo-Japanese War. Russia's continuance of the military occupation of Manchuria was a constant menace to not only Japan but also to other foreign Powers. The threatening nature of the situation created by the Russian encroachment was as well

understood at Washington and London as at Tokyo. The government of Japan repeatedly intimated at St. Petersburg and Tokyo that her voice must be heard and listened to in connection with Far Eastern questions in which her interests were vitally concerned. But Russia turned to it a deaf ear. No satisfactory answers were given. The military action of Russia over Manchuria and Northern Korea was becoming more vigorous day by day, especially the mysterious mobilization of troops from Port Arthur and Liaoyang toward Feng-hwang-Cheng and Autung, on the Manchurian side of the Yalu River, gave a great anxiety to the Japanese. The negotiation between Russia and Japan over the Manchurian evacuation and the Korean question reached the critical point in the beginning of 1904. In February of the same year, Japan, through the usual diplomatic channels, notified the government of Russia that she would regard diplomatic relations between the two countries as suspended and would regard herself as free to act in her own interests.

Upon the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan, Korea declared strict neutrality, even though she was seeking the assistance of Russia in secrecy. After the victory of the Japanese fleet in Port Arthur and Chemulpo had been reported, the King of Korea gave up his hope in Russia and concluded a defensive and offensive alliance with Japan on the 23d of February, nullifying all treaties with Russia. In August of the same year another convention followed which was the logical sequence and supplement of the former. By these protocols Japan designed to secure necessary reforms in the administration of Korea and the security of the said country against foreign aggression in the future. The most important of all was the prevention in the future of all such experiences as she had passed through the past two decades. After the treaty of Portsmouth, Japan established a protectorate over Korea by the mutual agreement of the two countries and by acquiescence of the treaty Powers.

Now, I should like to call attention to the question of the reformation in Korea, which Japan has inaugurated and is carrying on since the establishment of her protectorate over the Peninsula Kingdom. As is common in all despotic nations, there is no such division in the powers of the Korean government as legislative, judicial, and executive, although there exists a semblance of a cabinet and court of justice; nor exists a distinction between the royal household and state. The Kingdom of Korea seemed to have been the private property of the King—not the King for the people but the people for the King. So it would be proper to describe the character of the ex-King, who has been for more than a generation the chief ruler of Korea, before we enter the political reform. He is a typical Korean—especially in the respect of his weakness of character, his taste for intrigue, his readiness to deceive and corrupt others and himself be deceived and corrupted. He spent his youth under the pernicious influence of eunuchs and concubines, his manhood dominated by an increasing and bloody strife between his wife and father, and his brief period of independence controlled by sorceresses, soothsayers, low-born intriguers and selfish and unwise “foreign friends.” Under such influences as these his amiable and weak nature was rendered deceitful, corrupt, and cruel, yet cowardly. He is a shrewd diplomat in some sense. He will listen to unwelcome advice, even to rebuke, without anger and promise to execute whatever is advised or recommended, but if he meets the protests of the concubines, eunuchs and sorceresses, what he promised is all wiped off the slate. In spite of his natural amiability, he has shown frequently a cold-blooded and calculating cruelty. His mysterious reign has been throughout characterized by his cruelty and his disregard of the suffering of his people. He loves money exceedingly, but he is almost color blind when it comes to distinguishing between truth and false. Some one said that “the

King would rather have one of the government departments pay 20,000 yen in satisfaction of a debt which he owes than pay 5,000 yen out of his own purse."

There is an amusing illustration of the ex-King's way of filling his privy purse. At one time, the large sum of 270,000 yen was wanted in cash to pay a bill for silk and jades which had been purchased in Shanghai for Lady Om. The request was made by the department of finance to exhibit the precious goods which cost so enormous a sum and which were going to make an unexpectedly large drain upon the insufficient revenue, but no goods were shown nor even the bill for them. Investigation showed that it was an effort of His Majesty to obtain ready money.

This wretched person was the sole ruler of the nation; and his train of concubines, eunuchs and sorceresses were the chief advisers of the ruler. The condition of the country can be imagined without difficulty. Of corruption and intrigues there is doubtless enough in all courts—even in the political centers of Republican governments, whether national or local, but the corruption and intrigue in the Korean court are of a peculiarly despicable and intolerable character. It would be tedious to describe the corruption of the Korean court, such as the immorality of the concubines and so-called eunuchs, the open bribery of the court functionaries, superstition of sorceresses and so on. It is said by well-known newspaper reporters that the gifts of his Majesty are appropriated by the court rabble to their own uses. Even dishes and chairs are carried away from the royal household. All appointments of officials have depended on the "gracious favor" of his Majesty and have been dispensed without regard to moral character or any form of fitness or to the real interest of the nation. In reality these appointments were dependent on the amount of the bribery to his Majesty's concubines, eunuchs and others of like ilk. It is no exaggeration to say that some

of the public offices were sold to those who offered the highest percentage of the "squeezes" of which I may speak again. The greatest evil of all was their pernicious influence over the pure state affairs. Their influence over the King's acts was so great that whosoever disagreed with their own interests was easily dismissed from offices. Even the cabinet ministers bribed them in order to secure and hold their offices. It would be nothing extraordinary for them to reject any reform presented to the King by the cabinet ministers. There is abundant evidence throughout the history of Korea of their practice of banishment, and assassination of the genuine, unselfish patriots who wished sincerely good for all. Brave, loyal and good men—rare enough in the Korean history—when they have arisen to serve their monarch and their country, have never been permitted to flourish on Korean soil. The success of their endeavors was always checked by the corrupt court and ignorant and ungrateful populace. It would be the first impression in reading the history of Korea, that suspicion, jealousy and mutual hatred are almost innate in Koreans. It is not too much to say that there are not two leaders who could come together, trust each other, agree together and stand together to fight and work for the good of their country to the bitter end. In the Korean mind the national conscience has not yet dawned; the fundamental principle of ethics, politics and law are little concern to them. I do not hesitate to say that the sole desire of the Korean officials is to use office and influence for the promotion of their own selfish ends—genuine, unselfish and intelligent patriotism, manly courage and readiness to suffer on account of the execution of the most imperatively needed reforms are impossible to find in them.

Upon the establishment of the Japanese protectorate the most urgent reforms were the "purification of the court" and

an effective government which should be free from court intrigue and from the fear of internal treachery, administered by Resident General Marquis Ito. These reforms made possible the inauguration and progress of any measure of reforms. By this measure, carried by Resident-General with great difficulty, an entire separation between state affairs and those of the royal household was established. The King pledged himself that he should decide thereafter all political affairs in council with his cabinet under the guidance of the Resident General; to prevent his concubines, eunuchs and sorceresses from interference in state affairs, and to introduce and foster reforms in every line of the national life. Thus the solemn oath was sworn by the King; however, breach of promise and violation of treaty obligation was easier to him than to smash a thin plate of window glass. His Majesty undoubtedly disliked this change. The absolute separation of the state and the royal household meant the diminishing of the royal power and the enlargement of the government. The courtiers, eunuchs, sorceresses and *yan-l-an* (privileged class of people) strongly opposed this measure and undertook, by the wise advice of so-called foreign friends, to protest against Japan at the Hague Peace Conference.

In July, 1907, three Koreans under the guidance of some foreigners appeared at the Hague Peace Conference with a document bearing the royal seal and an open letter which was addressed to the delegates of the Powers. These men claimed that they had been authorized by the King of Korea to take part in the Conference as the delegates of Korea, and reported well-known falsehoods with regard to the Japanese treatment of Korea. They appealed to all the foreign delegates for pity and relief on behalf of their country. But the facts were too well known to the world. The words of Koreans and "foreign friends" were entirely discredited and their mission ended in failure, miserable and complete; but in Korea itself the results were by no means transient or trivial.

The news from the Hague at once provoked a lively discussion by the Japanese public with regard to the proper treatment of Korea and her King. The members of the Korean cabinet pressed on the King the necessity of his abdication in the interest of the country at large. Meanwhile there was a great stir among the Seoul political circle, but no definite conclusion was reached. Marquis Ito's hope in the King ended and reached the sad conclusion that the King's disease was incurable and the vital interests of Korea as well as Japan demanded the termination of the King's unfortunate and disgraceful career. Marquis Ito, by the instruction of his home government, proceeded to the palace. After more than ten hours of conference between the King, the cabinet ministers and the Resident General, the King agreed to retire in favor of the Crown Prince, with the Convention of July 24, 1907. Thus the most mysterious personage in modern politics was brought to his end and the real effective government dawned in the Peninsula Kingdom for the first time in her history.

The central government of Korea has been called the Council of State before the establishment of the Japanese protectorate. It could hardly be designated whether it was a legislative or judicial or executive body. It is almost impossible to describe the functions of the Council and the extension of its power on account of the want of fundamental law which accurately designates the system of the government. The power of that body and each constituent member was extremely flexible in its nature. It was enlarged one time and decreased another according to the degree of the "gracious favor" of his Majesty and influence of the court functionaries. It was absolutely impossible for Korea to obtain a council which would assume the responsibility for the management of the state affairs.

Upon the arrival of the Resident General a new system was

introduced. The old Council of State was to be called the Cabinet and the president of the Council the Prime Minister. The respective ministers of state should give advice to the King and be responsible for the management of important matters of state. All laws, royal edicts, the budget, the appointments, dismissal and promotion of government officials, amnesty and pardon and other affairs of state should require the deliberation and consent of all the ministers of State as well as the counter-signature of them all. The aim of the new system meant evidently the enlargement of the power of the government in order to enable it to stand free from outward influences. Also, the Resident General recommended Hon. D. W. Stevens and Baron Megatu as the advisers for the Department of Foreign Affairs and Department of Finance respectively.

The close observation of the Resident General soon discovered the lack of the essential qualities in the Korean officials for the speedy promotion of the national prosperity. The government of Korea evidently needed more intelligent and well-equipped officials in every department. Meantime, the abdication of the King followed after the secret message to the Hague and the Crown Prince ascended the throne. The new King at his ascension sincerely appealed to the Resident General for his further guidance and co-operation for the early attainment of the prosperity and strength of Korea, and the promotion of still more intimate relations between Korea and Japan. Consequently the Convention of July 24, 1907, was concluded. This agreement definitely places the enactment of all laws and ordinances, the administration of all important state affairs and the official appointment of the government under the control of the Resident General. It pledges the Korean Government to keep judicial affairs distinct from administrative affairs. Also it agreed that the Korean Government shall appoint to the official positions such

Japanese as may be recommended by the Resident General. Thus the Resident General obtained the ultimate control over the internal and external (by the Convention of November, 1905) affairs of Korea. A large number of Japanese were appointed to the Vice-Ministership and other subordinate offices; and the various important reforms are being carried out satisfactorily by them under the diligent supervision of the Resident General. Whether this action of the Japanese Government will be profitable for the Korean nation, time alone can show.

UNCLE ALEX'S "JEDGMENT DAY"

J. P. TUCKER.

It was just at sunset when down the dusty country road came Delvin and Jack, homeward bound from a jolly afternoon's chestnut hunt under a favorite old tree which stood just beyond the enclosure of the family cemetery.

The boys knew every grave and who lay underneath its sod. One of their favorite places for an afternoon's romp was a plot of grass just behind a cluster of trees bordering on the main road. Here stood two huge pillars of stone, crumpling and weather-beaten—one on either side of the cemetery entrance. On one of them still clung the old iron gate, now flung back to the edge of the road, half rusted through and crumpled with age.

It was to this grass plot that Delvin and Jack decided to go and divide their chestnuts. As they passed the old pillars each boy placed a chestnut on top of one of them, as Delvin said, "for good luck." Seated comfortably on the grass with their nuts piled between them, Delvin proceeded to divide them.

George Burton, commonly called by the negroes of a nearby settlement "Limpj Jim," was on his way home from milking "Boss John's" cows. The road as it wound around the border trees of the old cemetery lay cool and beautiful before him and he instinctively broke into a song which he had learned the previous week at Parson Alex's revival meetings:

"Oh, what will you be when de Great Day comes
Wid de blowin' er de trumpets and de bangin' er de drums.
An' de sinner he git kotch out late
An' dey ain't no latch ter de Golden Gate!"

Jim was progressing well with his melodious strain as he started by the stone pillars at the cemetery entrance. He was startled at what he thought to be a human voice and suddenly stopped. Not a sound could he hear. He set his bucket of milk down in the road and crept behind one of the pillars to be sure that some one had not spoken. It was then that he heard the soft voice of the boy:

"You take that one, I'll take this one; you take that one, I'll take this one."

"Boss John's" milk was left to be lapped up by a stray dog while Limpy Jim tore down the road in a cloud of dust. In less time than it takes to tell it, he was nearing Parson Alex's cabin door, for he felt that at such a time he could be found in no better company than that of his old parson. Jim struck the door head first and went sprawling into the cabin floor. Uncle Alex and his wife were at supper, and the scene which took place when—as the old negro later expressed it—"Here come dat nigger er ridin' de do'," is more easily imagined than pictured. The first sight Jim got of the old parson he was easing out from behind "de ol' 'oman" in a remote corner of the cabin.

"Parson, de Lo'd ha' mercy 'pon us all. I has seen lots er things, but I aint never been scered like dis!"

"Lo'd, Jim! is dat you? I thought de Devil hisself wus er comin'. What ails you, nigger?"

"I aint de Debil, parson, but he liken kotch me comin' down dat road."

"Be better fer me ef he had kotch you!"

"De Day has come! De Lo'd an' de Debil is up at de grave ya'd er countin' out de saints an' de sinners. Dey show has fergot de saying er de ol' Book dat 'one shall be taken an' de other lef'. Dey's gittin' 'em all! I seed de Debil and hear'd de Lo'd."

"You fool nigger, git outen dat flo' 'fore I throw dis here

coffee on ye. De Lo'd's busy er blessin' de white folks an' de Devil ain't wantin' no race ho'ses."

"You ain't seed nothin'. I wus comin' down de road and right at de old gate I heard a voice. Den I stop and I heard—"

"You never hear nothin'. You's allus er hearin' somethin' to scere you. I's jest tired er nursin' your foolishness."

By his unusual antics and excitement Jim soon had the parson by the coat sleeve pacing toward the stone pillars at a lively gait. On reaching the entrance Jim instantly stepped behind one of the stone pillars. Old Alex chuckled at his cowardice.

'Twas not long, however, before Jim had company by his side behind the pillar, and Unele Alex in great excitement stood to listen:

"You take that one, I'll take this one; you take that one, I'll take this one."

"Jim, what I tell you las' Sunday 'bont de jedgment day? Hea it is. Dat show am de Lo'd an' de Devil separatin' de saints au' sinners. Ef ye've trusted in de Lo'd like I has allus done, you ain't much shaky in dis time ob trial, Jim."

And again he stopped just in time to hear Delvin dividing the last few of his chestnuts:

"You take that one, I'll take this one; you take that one, I'll take this one. Now we're through. That's all, isn't it?"

"Yes, but who gets those two at the gate?"

Jim was young and nimble, but for fifty yards he could not see Unele Alex for the dust. And when finally he overtook the old man he was slowing down to meet a crowd of negroes who had gotten together and brought all manner of weapons to help kill the awful they-knew-not-what which had chased Jim. When the negroes saw their parson coming down the road, wrapped in a cloud of dust and at full speed, some of them dropped their weapons and for aught we know

are running to this day. They were certainly never seen again at the negro settlement.

Uncle Alex had little trouble in gaining the audience of his "faithful few."

"My people, I tol' you de judgment was er comin' jes as show as de eas' is from de wes' and jes as everlastin'. Ef de Lo'd and de Devil ain't dividin' dem saints an' sinners den 'taint no sich thing as de Lo'd an' de Devil. De judgment is on us an' we has to—"

Just here the old man was interrupted by one of his elderly deacons:

"My brethren, we has stood shouler to shouler fer all dese pas' years an' now less go 'fo' de Almighty in common an' git our righteous rewa'd."

Then Alex continued:

"Yes, my people, ye ean't 'scape outen dis, so less go and see Him faee to faee, but Lindy," (addressing his wife) "run home an' turn Mas' John's chieken outen dat box an' hide dem viet'als ye got at Miss Lizzie's."

After this, Unele Alex, lagging in the rear, encouraged his old deacon, who was leading the party toward the cemetery entrance. On nearing the pillars, Unele Alex felt no little surprise and bewilderment to see two little boys stretchng to reach the chestnuts they had left on the pillars.

As the negroes started home, Unele Alex broke into a run. One of the party yelled:

"What de matter now, parson?" Only part of his reply came distinetly:

"Lindy * * * dat chicken loose!"

A TRIP TO BLACKBEARD'S CASTLE

G. W. BROTHERS.

As I pushed my small skiff from the wharf at Elizabeth City, the rays of a descending sun fell slantingly through the forest trees upon the rapidly moving Pasquotank. They touched the white caps of the wavelets and made them look like molten gold.

The birds had hushed their songs and were resting quietly in the stately old elms and oaks. My two comrades and I drifted on in silence save one interruption which one of my friends caused by murmuring:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

The current of the stream carried us rapidly on our course; the scenes were continually changing: now a sylvan resort, now a thick and muddy marsh, which was covered with the most beautiful swamp flowers, the odor of which filled the air with fragrance.

We soon came to Blackbeard's headquarters, known around the eastern part of North Carolina as "The Old Brick House." One of my friends suggested that we go up to the old house and take a look at the historical abode of Edward Teach.

We came to the land, and making the boat fast to a cypress knee, we passed through the gate. The first thing of historical interest that attracted our attention was a large stone at the foot of the steps; cut in this stone is "E. T.—1709." After examining this stone we passed on into the house.

Every part of the building bore the signs of antiquity. The walls are several feet thick; the basement and gable ends of the house are built entirely of large and heavy brick, which were brought from England; the front and back parts are partly of wood. A large hall runs the entire length of

the house, from which an old-fashioned staircase leads to the upper floor. The walls of the large front room are finished in carvel paneling. This room has a brick chimney, with a fireplace surmounted by a mantelpiece of beautifully carved wood. On the side of this mantelpiece is a china closet, with a sliding panel opening into a secret closet some six feet square. By touching a spring hidden in the carving of the adjacent room, a trap door springs open. When this secret closet was first discovered there was found in it a pair of bedroom slippers.

Underneath this building is a large cellar, some five or six feet high; it has four windows three feet square, with iron rods about three inches apart. There is a tradition that Blackbeard kept his prisoners in this cellar.

Some people ask what his purpose was in having such large windows, and why the prisoners did not escape; this question can be readily answered when we consider the surroundings at that time; on one side was the Pasquotank River, while on the other was the land, which was in part sheer wilderness. There were great stretches of forest, the haunts of the deer, the bear, and the wildcat; there were great marshes, untenanted as yet save by the birds. Where were the prisoners to go if they escaped? If they entered the forests or marshes they were sure to be torn into shreds by some wild beast, and if they found some means to escape by water, they could have easily been seen from the house.

After the examination of this quaint old dwelling was completed, we decided that it was too late to attempt the journey homeward, so the landlady invited us to stay until morning.

That night we all slept miserably, we could almost hear the coming and going of Edward Teach through the long, dark hall. We lay for hours thinking how difficult it was for people of to-day who live in a world made comparatively clean, comfortable and decent, to imagine the abject misery

to which those prisoners must have been reduced by this loathsome man.

When morning came we were very glad; it dawned bright and beautiful. Rain had fallen during the night and the drops, still clinging to the leaves of the trees, shone like diamonds in the morning sunlight.

The boat in which we had made our trip by sunlight and starlight, was still in the water, moored to the cypress knee; we entered the skiff and began our journey homeward.

JAMES ROBERTSON: A PIONEER TYPE

LEVY CARPENTER.

What constitutes the pioneer type? There were many types of the pioneer just as there are in every community people of many different characteristics. There were a few men in the "advance guard of western civilization" who lived low, mean, sordid lives—deceitful; and some were timid and lazy—shirked their duty. But we love to think of the pioneer as possessing bull dog tenacity, adventurous daring, keen observation and unswerving loyalty to his friends and people. All these qualities, and more, belonged to James Robertson—a splendid type of the western pioneer.

James Robertson was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, in 1742, of Scotch-Irish parentage. His father soon moved to North Carolina, so that James grew up in Wake County and married here. In 1770, when about twenty-eight years of age, he took a prominent part in the Watauga Settlement in Eastern Tennessee, and later he was the leader in the now famous Cumberland Settlement.

Robertson, of course, lived in the forest, and as every pioneer did he learned the language of the woods. He could imitate the call of the owl and of the turkey, and many times he led an Indian to him by the call. His eyes were ever open to danger. The red man had to be very careful, day or night, if he evaded the watchful eye of Robertson.

Robertson was brought up with men who had iron in their blood, and he spent his life under circumstances which test and develop the qualities of hardihood and endurance. Note, for example, the following remarkable incident in his career: When, in the late fall of 1769, after visiting Watauga for the first time, he was returning to North Carolina alone, he lost his way, and because of an accident to his

gun lived for fourteen days on nuts and berries until he fell in with some hunters. But such hardships were the expected, the commonplace in such a life as his.

In the fall of 1780 there were dark days in the Cumberland. The crops had nearly all been destroyed by the freshets; the Indians were slaughtering the cattle and driving away the settlers' horses; and the people themselves were falling at a fearful rate—nearly half the number had been killed. The anxious mother, when her sturdy young son took the trail, told him good-bye as if it was to be the last parting. Such alarming conditions would naturally discourage even some of the bravest hearts. The people met and were about to give up the settlement; but when Robertson jumped up and told them to do as they pleased, but if he was left alone he was determined to stay, the settlers instantly caught his invincible spirit and returned to their posts to do or die.

Naturally everybody, everywhere, loves a brave man; but in those days and among those people the timid, shirking man had no place. Robertson was not foolhardy, but he didn't know what it was to shirk his duty or avoid necessary danger. He dared the red man on his own field; and he conquered. He had great faith; he did not believe there was an Indian bullet that could kill him. For example, we read that at one time the Watauga people had made a treaty with the Cherokees, but before long some lawless man killed an Indian. The settlers were at once threatened with a most bloody and vindictive Indian war. Then it was that the daring of Robertson came to the rescue. Without hesitation he set off alone through the woods to the Cherokee towns, explained the matter to the Indians, and secured peace. He had faced the treacherous Cherokee in his own fastnesses. The Indians were completely captivated by Robertson's very audacity.

Though he be an outlaw the man who lives in the wilds is generally loyal to his friends; so it is not surprising that Robertson was always ready to risk his life for his people. He came not so much as an explorer, but as one seeking a home for his people. He was almost stoical in his belief, unshaken by misfortune and disaster, and of a fortitude rarely equaled; but when his son had already been killed by the Indians and then one night his best friend, Colonel Anthony Bledsoe, was slain, his manly heart was deeply affected.

In spite of his loss at the hands of the savages Robertson was a friend to the peaceful Indian. In 1811, when in his seventieth year, he was asked by the government to take up his abode among the Choctaws and Chickasaws in order to keep them from joining in the Creek alliance in a war against the whites, he said, "Where duty calls there is home." Although old and feeble he left his comfortable home and again encountered the hardships of the wilderness.

Robertson had his defects as every one has, but his life was lived in the open—not hidden by shams and insincerity. He was not polished, but he was true; he was not learned, but he was strong. He had many "winning ways." His enthusiasm was contagious, and he was a born leader. There was something about this quiet, thoughtful man that seemed to compel obedience, and his cool caution, together with his absolute fearlessness, gave him an immediate and lasting influence over the wild men of the border.

THE ADVENTURE OF AN UNWORLDLY PROFESSOR

N. N.

Samuel Westerman Thompson, Professor of Greek in Freshwater University, was puzzled. The August drouth was on, and the old chain and bucket pump in his cistern refused to work. Thompson, who was not a mechanic but a simple college professor, couldn't tell whether the pump was broken or the cistern empty. Mrs. Thompson, a frugal soul, had just finished revarnishing the baseboard in the study, and had gone to a "thimble party," where she hoped to find an ice and a glass of lemonade, leaving her husband busy disproving Wincklemann's conclusions as to the burial place of Herodotus. Thompson kept thinking about his pump—of course it had failed (that is, he had discovered its failure) when he had drained the water bucket to the last drop. Of course, too, Thompson at once grew thirsty. So he went out on the back porch, a broad, flat-roofed, boarded-in one, where the heat of the afternoon sun was most oppressive. There would be shade some day, for the slim little maple in the back yard was almost fifteen feet high, but just now its leaves looked hot and dusty, and in its slender branches a "locust" droned monotonously. Thompson didn't like it out there, but he locked the front door, stripped to undershirt and trousers, filled his pipe, found a hammer and a rusty hatchet in the woodshed, and began to investigate.

First he pried the top off the pump, and by turning the crank a time or two found that the chain was snarled. So he pulled the pump over on its side and pulled up the rest of the chain. The water that dripped from the buckets made dark splotches on the hot boards, but dried up quickly, leaving a pleasant smell of wet pine. The mouth of the cistern

was narrow, but the blackness seemed a relief after the glare of the afternoon, and as Thompson, on hands and knees, peered down into the cavern, he knocked a bit of mortar loose, and it fell into the water with a tinkling, echoing splash that sounded wonderfully cool and refreshing.

Thompson then remembered—his desires aiding, doubtless—that there must be a heavy wheel of some sort that kept the chain taut. He must fish it out somehow; he tried a hoe, but couldn't even reach the water. At last in the woodshed he found an old piece of scantling which looked long enough; at any rate it was twice as long as the hoe handle. After some more rummaging he found some scraps of picture moulding, which he clumsily chopped into short lengths and nailed to his scantling with some ill-assorted nails which he got by breaking up an old goods box.

When Thompson let his ladder down it barely reached into the neck of the cistern, but he laid his pipe aside, swung himself down, and slowly wriggled his way into the cool darkness. As soon as he got below the neck of the cistern, however, a piece of moulding gave way, the too-delicately balanced ladder turned, and Thompson swung heavily around under it, clinging desperately. A moment he struggled, but the ladder slipped a few inches on the sliny floor of the cistern and fell with a crash that fairly bellowed with its pent-up echoes. When Thompson caught his breath after his cold splash he found himself sitting up to his chin in water, clutching to his breast a broken piece of scantling with two short sections of picture moulding clumsily nailed to it. If Mrs. Thompson had been at home she would undoubtedly have shrieked: "Oh, Sam, did you fall? Answer me instantly!"

As it was, after the first shiver, Thompson sat quietly for a few minutes, enjoying the coolness and the relief from the

white glare of the sunlight. If he only had his pipe he would be quite content. As he looked up into the porch he could see a fly or two dart across the quivering sunbeams, and once or twice heard an English sparrow's irritating chirp. At last he rose slowly to his feet, and leaning his longest piece of ladder against the wall tried to climb high enough to reach the neck of the cistern. He did manage to touch it, but it was all smooth and hard, and as he stretched a little farther his ladder slipped from under him and he came down with a splash once more.

As the echoes of his fall died away Thompson thought he heard some one outside, and shouted lustily. But he only deafened himself, and had to clap his hands to his ears until the reverberations ceased. All sorts of stories flashed through his mind—of prisoners left to starve and rot (no rats would bother him he thought grimly), and of dungeons below water level, which slowly filled at flood-tide (he was safe from that fate unless it rained pitchforks). The water seemed colder all the time, and his teeth began to chatter; all that this adventure seemed likely to come to was a prosaic case of pneumonia.

Just then, as he was staring absently up through the narrow opening to the dull browns and grey-blacks of the water-stained shingles on the porch roof, he thought he heard a crackling. He started up, and when the uproar of his sudden movement died away he heard it again. For a long time he couldn't make it out, but at last there came faintly, and as if from a great distance, thin cries, which he finally made out were cries of "Fire!" Then he felt rather than heard a dull rumble which he thought must be the fire engine going past the house to the fire plug just up the street. Next he saw thin wisps of smoke wafted across his little patch of roof; then a blacker, thicker curl, then tiny puffs of flame; then

a hot shingle nail dropped down and hissed faintly as it reached the water.

By this time Thompson was frantic—shouting, struggling, scrambling, in vain attempts to attract attention or to get hold of a projection and pull himself out. Surely they would come to the cistern for water; but no, the porch was all aflame and they couldn't get at the pump. Thompson thought wistfully of his precious manuscripts (they hadn't found a publisher yet, but he cherished them all the more as being esoteric, beyond the common intelligence); of his wife's treasures of family china and plate; of their wedding silver; of all the little things that make one's house his home—of course the people up there wouldn't know what to save and what to leave. They would probably drag out the stove and the dining room chairs. Thank heaven he had no children, no babies to be suffocating or roasting. Ah, but his wife would be sure he was in the ruins.

Just then a chimney toppled over upon the roof of the porch with a great crash, and brought sparks, charred bits of rafters and little fragments of brick down upon him. He cowered to one side for a minute, then, as he saw blue sky above him, took heart and shouted once more at the top of his voice. No one came, though every little while he could hear faint voices, but they would die away almost as soon as he heard them.

Suddenly Thompson, dodging to avoid a brickbat, caught it as it fell, and taking it in both hands flung it up through the opening. Then he groped around on the slimy bottom of the cistern, found more pieces of brick and mortar, and threw them up, shouting wildly with each throw. At last he heard an exclamation, and some one called down to him. The firemen soon dropped him a rope end, and pulled him out, wet and blinking.

One of his colleagues bundled him into a cab, hurried him

off, and lent him some clothes, and in a short time Thompson was back, gazing sadly at the ruins. They had saved those old dining room chairs, but beside them were the drawers and sections of his desk, and a hurried inspection showed him that his manuscripts were safe after all, though scorched and water-stained and scattered. While he was trying even there to sort them out a little his wife's voice sounded at his ear: "I think you might at least respect the privacy of a man's desk! Shame on you!" He looked around and up at her, puzzled; she hadn't recognized him in his borrowed clothes. When she did realize who he was she threw herself upon him, giggling wildly, and saying: "Oh, Sam dear, do you know what I thought? I thought that man was hunting in your desk to see if he couldn't find your life insurance policy so as to know how much I would be worth as your widow. You did take that to the bank, didn't you?"

WAKE FOREST HYMN

G. W. PASCHAL.

God bless Wake Forest dear,
Fair be her name;
Ever may she hold high
Truth's sacred flame.
Truth shall her motto be;
Truth, too, her light,
Leading her noble youth
Forward with might.

She leads where Wisdom's fount
Abundant flows,
Where Freedom's braeing air
Forever blows;
For all the paths of life,
O'er mount, through fen,
She bids her sons become
Strong, sturdy men.

On their twin peaks of fame
Her daughters stand,
Bestowing gracious gifts
With bounteous hand;
Praise, praise their glorious names,
Shout, shout hurrah!
Philomathesia,
Enzelia.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE OLD
VIRGINIA COLONISTS

R. H. McCUTCHEON.

If New England be called a receptacle of Dissenters, and an Amsterdam of religion, Pennsylvania the nursery of Quakers, Maryland the retirement of Roman Catholics, North Carolina the refuge of runaways, and South Carolina the delight of buccaneers and pirates, then Virginia may be justly called the happy retreat of true adventurous Britons, and a paradise for churchmen of easy conscience.

In Virginia the manners of the colonists were those of the less rigid English, rendered still more free and voluptuous by the influence of a softer climate and a more prolific soil. Some emigrated "to escape a worse fate at home"; others sought to repair fortunes by emigration, which had been ruined by excess. Many persons, however, of high character were among the emigrants, and amidst the licentiousness of the Virginia colony were found the seeds of that frankness, hospitality, taste and refinement which distinguish the people of the South to-day.

We now have no such class as that which formerly constituted the Virginia gentleman of chivalrous honor and polished manners, at once high-minded, liberal, delicate and generous. Our best educated men of the last century can not compare with the Lees, the Randolphs, the Jeffersons, Pendletons and Wythes of that period.

Old Virginia society might be divided into four classes—the great planters, the small planters, the white servants or freedmen, and the negro slaves. No hard and fast line can be drawn between the two upper classes, for both alike became land-holders and slave-owners, they mingled together in society and their families often intermarried.

There was very little real money circulating in the colonies, for tobacco was used to such an extent as a medium of exchange that we might say Virginia's current money was tobacco. The prices of all articles of merchandise were quoted in pounds of tobacco. In tobacco taxes were assessed and all wages and salaries were paid. It was exchangeable for whatever anybody wanted in the shape of service or merchandise, and it was easily procured from the bountiful earth.

The most conspicuous result of the absorption of all activities in tobacco planting, and the absence of developed arts and trades, was the non-existence of town life. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there was hardly so much as a village in Virginia. This lack of urban life, in such a great contrast with New England, was deplored by the legislators at Jamestown and Williamsburg; but neither bounties nor orders to build were of avail.

The country store was an important institution in old Virginia. Under some conditions it would have formed a nucleus around which a town would have developed, but in Virginia the store seems to have been regarded as a kind of rival against which the town could not compete. It furnished a number of petty centers which did away with the need for larger centers. The store was apt to be an appendage to a plantation, and contained pretty much every article for which the Virginians had any use.

The life of Eastern Virginia is mainly the life of the different plantations, so a description of an old Virginia homestead may give an idea of the life of the whole section.

Coming up to an old plantation we see in the foreground a colored woman strutting across the yard with a tub of water on her head. Near her is a group of white and black children playing in great glee. In the middle ground is the mansion of the planter, pleasantly situated in a grove of

locusts. The mansion itself is of the earlier Virginia type, and is a slightly modified type of the smaller English manor houses of the Tudor period. It is much wider than it is long, with a great outside stone chimney at each end. These outside chimneys are a peculiar feature in the domestic architecture of the South, and are as characteristic of old Virginia as the house of huge central chimney and small entry way with transverse staircase, was characteristic of early New England.

Under the shade of the porch on a hot day the planter sits, with a pail of water by his side, from which he is accustomed to take frequent draughts. On the right of the house are the quarters of the blacks, where is seen the overseer with some servants.

Since the house is of special interest to us we walk in and note the air of luxury and splendid ease prevailing. In the division into rooms one mediæval English feature which was retained was the predominance of the Hall or Great Room, used for meals and for a general living room. Along with the hall there are about eighteen rooms, upstairs and down. Beside the central hall is a hall parlor, equivalent to a reception room and family sitting room combined. Here we see the great open fireplace, large enough for logs eight or ten feet long. The old brass andirons and the iron fender are in place, and we think of the long winter nights in front of a blazing heap of pine logs.

In the great hall the principal feature is the long dining table of walnut, flanked by benches or chairs. It is covered with a damask cloth of snowy whiteness, and napkins of the same material are abundant. Forks we don't see at all, but silver spoons, knives and salt cellars are abundant.

Going on back to the kitchen through the long latticed porch hallway, we see the fireplace, large enough to roast a full-grown ox. For in the days when pains were taken not

to spoil good meat with bad cooking, the haunch of venison, saddle of mutton or stuffed turkey was not baked to insipidity in an oven meant for better uses, but was carefully turned about on an iron spit, catching rich aroma from the flames, while the basting was judiciously poured from ladles, and dripping pans caught the savory juices. Good cooks were plentiful in those days, for there was always plenty of the very best to cook. It would be hard to point to any part of the earth more bountifully supplied with wholesome and delicious food than civilized old Virginia. Venison, beef and dairy products were excellent and cheap; mutton was less common, but was highly prized. The pork in its many forms was pronounced equal to that of Yorkshire or Westphalia. Delicious vegetables and fruits were grown in bewildering variety, while as for game and fish the fame of Chesapeake Bay is world-wide for its canvas backs, mallards and red heads, its terrapin, its soles, bass, shad and spots, and last, but not least, its oysters.

The various cakes which the cooks of the Old Dominion could make from their maize and other grains have also become famous. To wash down these toothsome viands the Virginian had divers drinks, the best of which were imported. But the good cheer and conviviality aroused by the old Virginia cider, applejack or peach brandy can well be compared with the finest sac or Madeira.

Passing then from the kitchen, with all the pleasant thoughts and memories it arouses, we walk out the back door and visit the slave quarters. Their cabins represent the appearance of a hamlet. These are structures of the humblest sort, built of logs or undressed planks, and afflicted with chronic dilapidation. The cabins usually contain a bed, a few chairs and benches, several pots and kettles, pot racks, a pot-hook, a frying pan and a beer barrel. Their victuals of "hog and hominy," with potatoes and vegetables, are

wholesome and palatable. We see one old fat mammy just lifting an ash cake from the coals and another taking up a pot of ham and greens with lots of pot liquor.

Going out from the two lines of cabins, with their long low benches in front, we see the other appurtenances of the plantation. Tobacco barns, corn granaries, stables, a dove cote, a dairy and sometimes a malt house or country store are scattered around the plantation in no special order.

Slaves are working around the stables and shops, while a great many are at work in the tobacco fields. The domestic relations of the master and slave have become the subject of gross misrepresentations. In nearly all cases the intercourse between the master and slave is kind, respectful and approaching to intimacy. The servants about the house are treated rather as humble friends than otherwise. The slaves generally look upon their masters and mistresses as their protectors and friends. The children play together on terms of great equality, and if the white child gives a blow he is apt to have it returned with interest. At many tables the white children save the best of everything to carry to their various nurses or playmates. These kind acts are always encouraged, and everything like violence or tyranny is strictly prohibited.

The result is that when the young master or mistress is installed into his full rights of property he finds around him no alien hirelings, ready to quit his service upon the slightest provocation, but attached and faithful friends, known to him from his infancy, and willing to share his fortunes wherever they may carry him.

The dress of those in higher society was cavalier and romantic in the extreme. The planter would appear in society perhaps in a coat and breeches of olive plush or dark red broadcloth with embroidered waistcoat, shirt of blue Holland cloth, long silk stockings, silver buttons and shoe buckles,

lace ruffles about the neck and wrists, and his head encumbered with a flowing wig. While the lady of the house might have worn a crimson satin bodice, trimmed with point lace, a black Oriental silk petticoat and silk hose, with shoes of fine leather. Her lace head-dress would be secured with a gold bodkin, and she would be apt to wear ear rings, a pearl necklace and rings set with rubies or diamonds.

The true Virginian took great pleasure in horse racing, fox hunting, cock fighting, and in the rural entertainments or fairs. At some seasons the monotony of rural life was varied by an occasional picnic in the woods or a grand barbecue in honor of some English victory or the accession of a new King. Music also played a more or less prominent part in the pastimes of the South. Boys and girls learned to play on the violin, harp and virginals, and at all the fairs a premium was set on good music. The philosophic Thomas Jefferson, as a dead-shot with the rifle, a skillful horseman and a clever violinist, was a typical son of Virginia.

From the start the churches of Virginia got a strong hold on the people, only because they were ordained by law. The Church of England had been established in the colony first. The inhabited parts of the State were laid off into parishes, in each of which was a minister who had a fixed salary in tobacco, together with a glebe and a parsonage house. There was a general assessment on all inhabitants to meet the church expenses. The established clergy, secure for life in their glebes and salaries, found employment enough in their farms and schoolrooms for the rest of the week, and devoted Sunday only for the edification of their flock. Their other pastoral functions were little attended to. Here the Presbyterian sect got their start. Their clergy labored all through the week with their people, and really became a necessary adjunct to the community socially.

A Virginia church yard on Sunday resembles rather a

race course than a sepulchral ground. The carriages and horses are held or tied in the grove around the church, and the cracking of whips, jests of the colored drivers, neighing of horses, all remind one of a county fair. The ladies come to church in carriages, many with their necks muffled up in silk handkerchiefs, leaving only a narrow passage for the eyes, as if they had the mumps or toothache. The gentlemen ride, and leave their horses hitched to convenient trees. The church bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church, while the steeple is only for ornament.

Three grand divisions might be made of the Virginia church service: 1st. Before the Service, in which there is a general giving and receiving of business letters, reading of advertisements, consulting about the price of tobacco or grain, and settling either the lineage, age or qualities of favorite horses. 2d. In the Church Service proper, in which prayers are read over in haste, a sermon seldom under and never over twenty minutes long is delivered, being always made up of sound morality, or deep-studied philosophy. 3d. After the Service is Over, when for about three-quarters of an hour the gentlemen stroll about the church, giving and receiving numerous invitations to dine. The ladies stay inside the church gossiping until their male escorts call for them. This way of spending Sunday is certainly a pleasant contrast to the Puritan Sunday, and brings out more clearly the tolerant, cavalier spirit of the South.

The hospitality of the Virginian is proverbial. Often the large planters would keep a servant at some cross roads near the house, just to intercept travelers and bring them in to share their good cheer. And when they leave home often would give orders to the principal servant to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords. The poor planters, who have but one bed, would often sit up all night to make room for a weary traveler to rest after his journey.

Such hospitality was not found in New England, nor in the middle colonies, but only in the Old Dominion State.

In the western part of the State, what is now known as West Virginia, there is a great difference in the customs and mode of living. Here we see the pioneer coming from the east with but a few worldly goods, a wife as his only companion, and his ax on one shoulder and rifle on the other. He settles in some deep recess of the mountains where land can be had for almost nothing. In a few days he has a log house and a small clearing. Let us visit him some fine day twenty years afterwards, and we shall find he has eight or ten children—the usual number—a hardy, healthy set; forty or fifty acres cleared and mostly cultivated in corn; a rude square log bin filled with corn erected beside his cabin, and beyond it the rude stable for his horse.

Within the house we see the good wife attired in homespun, surrounded by a crowd of children. She looks strong and healthy, and her daughters as rosy and blooming as the "flowers by the wayside." Her sons are a sturdy set, able already to fell a tree or shoot a deer. The house and furniture are exceedingly plain and simple, being made by the farmer himself. The husband now enters with a deer he has shot. He is fifty years of age and yet in his prime, the very picture of a frontiersman with his hunting shirt of picturesque homespun, and his leather breeches ornamented with variegated friese. He receives you with a blunt, honest welcome, and when he gives you his hand his heart goes with it.

The good wife prepares dinner, a neat white cloth is spread, and soon the table is covered with good things. Your host may ask a blessing—thanks to the itinerating system of the Methodists, and you will now enjoy that plain, substantial meal better than you ever did a dinner in the town. You soon take your leave and with a feeling of profound

respect and admiration for this type of mountaineer, you pass on down the rugged path to the settlement, miles away.

A description of a wedding, from the beginning to the end, will serve to show the manners of our forefathers in the western portion of Virginia. At an early period, the practice of celebrating the marriage at the house of the bride began; and she also had the choice of the priest to perform the ceremony. A wedding engaged the attention of the whole neighborhood and the frolic was anticipated by old and young with eager expectation, partly because a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log rolling, building a cabin, or planning some sort of campaign.

On the wedding morning, the groom with his attendants assembled at the house of his father. Imagine, if you can, an assemblage of people, without a store or tailor within a hundred miles. The gentlemen dressed in shoe-packs, moccasins, leather breeches, leggins, linsey hunting shirts, and all home made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linen gowns, coarse shoes and buskin gloves. The march to the bride's home, in double file, was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of the horse-paths, for there were no roads.

The ceremony of marriage preceded the dinner, which was a substantial backwoods feast, of beef, fowls, venison and bear meat, roasted and broiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. After dinner the dancing commenced, and generally lasted until the next morning. Towards the latter part of the night, if any of the company, through weariness, attempted to conceal themselves for the purpose of sleeping, they were hunted up, paraded on the floor, and the fiddler ordered to play "Hang out 'till tomorrow morning."

About nine or ten o'clock a deputation of young ladies

stole off the bride and put her to bed. This done, a deputation of young men in like manner stole off the groom and placed him snugly by the side of his bride. The dance still continued, and if seats happened to be scarce, which was often the case, every young man not dancing was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls; and the offer was sure to be accepted.

All the time, "Black Betty," the bottle, was circulating freely, and helped not a little to keep the conviviality at a high pitch. The feasting and dancing often lasted for several days, at the end of which the whole company was so exhausted with loss of sleep that several days rest were needed to fit them to return to their ordinary labors.

So we see that in Western Virginia we do not find the polished society man, dressed in imported clothes, visiting around, or playing cards in some tavern as in Eastern Virginia, but rather the plain, hearty, honest, hard-working pioneer of a type which has brought America to the first place among nations and Virginia to an enviable position among her sister States.

AN INTERRUPTED TRAGEDY

LESLIE G. BULLARD.

"I can't imagine what in the world is keeping your pa and Ross so late; they have never before stayed out this late without telling us they would. It is two hours past supper time and they are not even in hearing." Mrs. Angier sat looking into the flickering flames in the open fireplace with an anxious look on her face, while her two youngest children, Fannie and Jack, aged eight and eleven years respectively, were sitting at her knees looking at the pictures in the old family Bible.

The Angier home was one of the few situated in that part of the country—a dreary and thinly settled neck of country known as Panther Creek. The nearest place where provisions might be had was Montrose, a small station situated about eight miles away on the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad. Here all the people for miles around bought their provisions, and to this place Mr. Angier and his oldest son, Ross, early that morning, in company with a few of the neighboring men, had gone to procure the necessary supplies of the family. They had driven a very "tricky" young mule which Mr. Angier had recently bought and which had already run away three times during the short time he had owned her, the last time almost killing Ross, who barely escaped death by clinging tenaciously to the mule's neck. The thoughts of these things added very greatly to the fears of Mrs. Angier. The words of the quotation above were scarcely out of her mouth when Jack's quick ears caught the rattle of a cart in the distance.

"They are coming now, mamma; I hear the cart," said Jack as he scrambled to his feet and hurried into the yard, closely followed by Fannie.

They were not disappointed, for the cart drew nearer and nearer until it stopped in front of the gate and Mr. Angier and Ross were safely home again. By the time the cart was unloaded and the mule put away and fed, Mrs. Angier had warmed up the supper which had become cold from waiting so long, and soon the family were gathered around the table partaking of an eleven o'clock supper.

"Papa, where's Launce," asked Fannie, "didn't he go with you?"

"Yes, dear; but I think he went on home as soon as we got here," answered Mr. Angier.

Launce was a big, muscular, good-natured fellow who lived on the farm adjoining that of Mr. Angier, and always carried the distinction of being the biggest liar in the community. Aside from this he was very witty and was always bubbling over with funny jokes, which readily won him a place in the hearts of all children, and especially in the hearts of Jack and Fannie, who were with him more than any others. Consequently it was very natural for Fannie to ask about her old fun-maker. However, old Launce had one serious fault. He was given to the drink habit, and every time he had a chance he would become beastly drunk; and many were the times he had made himself the laughing-stock of the community by doing some unheard of feat while intoxicated. At such times Mr. Angier took great pains to keep him out of the presence of his younger children. On this occasion he had yielded to his old enemy, thereby causing Mr. Angier much trouble and the delay that we have seen in getting home, and now Mr. Angier was willing to let him stagger on home if he would.

After supper was over and the family had gathered around the fire in the living room, Ross was in the act of telling some little amusing incident of the day when suddenly his mother interrupted:

"What is that?" she demanded.

"What?" asked Ross.

"Didn't you—there it is again," gasped Mrs. Angier.

In an instant all were on their feet listening for the next sound. In a few seconds it came again—a prolonged "Oh—O-O-O-O," as of some one in the distance in great distress.

"For mercy sake! What can it mean?" came from Mrs. Angier.

Her question was unanswered, for no one knew. By this time all were in the yard listening to the dreadful cries, which soon turned into an almost continual howl.

"Ross, get the lantern; we must see what's the matter. Somebody's being murdered in the swamp, and we must prevent it if we can," came from Mr. Angier.

Ross was ready in an instant and as he and his father reached the road other men who had heard the cries came running up, thinking that the trouble was there. Guided by the direction of the noise some half dozen men followed Mr. Angier to the edge of the swamp from which the terrible cries proceeded. When they were directly abreast of the sound, they paused to find some path or opening leading into the swamp.

Just at this spot the long winding road which the men had been following makes an abrupt turn and crosses Panther Creek. The creek itself flows through the midst of a wide, dismal swamp, leaving about a half mile of soft, oozy mud on each side between the stream and the banks. In the elbow of the road is an almost impenetrable thicket of gums and gallberry bushes, in the midst of which is a miry slough. Aside from the very ghostly appearance of the place, the stories told of its supernatural visitations made it a very undesirable place on a moonless night. It was from the

midst of this thicket, out of the very ooze itself, that the blood-curdling cries of a few moments ago seemingly came.

"Men, some poor fellow is dying an awful death in there," said Ralph Simpkins, breathlessly, as he tried to press his way through the thick undergrowth.

By this time two or three men had pushed their way through the bushes and were searching everywhere for the cause of this mysterious noise. After several vain attempts to find anything the men faced each other with horror-stricken faces. Just at this point the noise which had been hushed for a few minutes started up again, but this time it was a strangling, choking moan only about three yards away.

"Men, it's Bill Fowler's ghost," said Nathan Sellers, hoarsely, as each one bounded for the hill where the other men were standing huddled together frightened almost out of their wits, "this is the very spot where he was murdered, and they say he hollered for every breath till old Gilmer choked the life out of 'im."

"Listen!" said Mr. Angier, as the cries began again, "it is the voice of a human being, and if there is a man in this crowd who will follow me, we will find something before we stop."

"Papa, don't go back in there; you'll be killed," begged Ross, who was standing by shaking like an aspen leaf in a summer breeze.

"Yes; yes, son," answered the father, "we must do what we can."

"I'm with you, Angier," said Ben Halleck.

With a good torch apiece the two men again made their way through the tangled bushes. When they reached the interior of the thicket Mr. Angier started in one direction around the marsh, and sent Halleck in another. They had scarcely started when, as Halleck was stooping low to the

ground to go under an overhanging limb, he heard a strangled voice coming right from the surface of the ooze that cried out, "Right this way with your light."

Halleck straightened up and saw in the mud about five feet from him two large eyes shining out from under a shock of towseled, grimy locks and two hands black with mud stretched appealingly towards him. His first impulse was to run, but, recovering himself, he secured a stout pole and threw it at the thing in the mud, which grabbed it and held on with a vise-like grip. Calling Mr. Angier, the two men together lifted the form from the mud by means of the pole which it had seized. When they had wiped the grime from the face they recognized the bulky form of old Launce, whom being now in a thoroughly sober condition, they brought out to the astonished men on the hill.

It seems that when old Launce left Mr. Angier's gate that night, instead of ambling off home, he made for the Panther Creek Swamp with full speed, thinking that he was going home, and did not stop until he had sunk himself over his chin in the oozy mud, where he terrified the community until he was found. He now says the "mud cure" is the best of all remedies for drunkenness.

THE LITTLE REBEL

ARTHUR D. GORE.

Two men sat by a cast-iron heater in the office of Brooks & Sargent one wintry evening and hastened to close their work for Thanksgiving, which was the next day. They had been in the mercantile business together twenty years, and a fair degree of success had been their reward.

After the last entry had been made and the batch of letters had been answered, Brooks filled his brierwood with weed and vigorously puffed wreaths of smoke in a reminiscent sort of way. Sargent, the senior partner, had just finished deciphering a telegram and was drumming on the desk, looking introspectively out at the falling snow. Brooks broke the silence by inviting the elder to move near the stove. Sargent obeyed, and soon they were engaged in a speculative discussion as to the prospects for the ensuing year.

The office door swung ajar and little Elma Sargent entered. With her native vivacity she climbed into her father's arms, kissed him and departed in gleeful haste again to play. Tears were the only recognition she received for her carresses.

The little gravite clock kept up its rhythmical clicking and its oval face was melancholy as it measured the hours of its two companions' lives. Quiet reigned, only when tiny avalanches of hot embers would take place within the cooling stove, or in the distance some urchin's boisterous laughter would echo through the snow-storm.

At length the veteran Sargent recalled himself and began with rambling remarks, which bespoke a struggle of emotions within. Casting his eyes upward he pointed to President Lincoln's picture on the wall and said gravely, "That

and little Elma are, strictly speaking, the extremes of my life."

"Tell me about it, Sarge," said Brooks.

"Well, it was this way. During the Civil War an incident in my life took place which had its termination in a most unique way. Lincoln was President when it happened, that is one extreme we will call it, and we shall learn how Elma figures in the other.

"You remember it was the 14th of November, forty-six years ago, that Sherman burned Atlanta and began his famous March to the Sea. When he left that city he was lost to sight in the deep forests of Georgia, but the eyes of the nation followed him with unwavering faith. On through Macon, Milledgeville, Ogeechee to Savannah the triumphant leader made his way! There General Hardee, with one man to Sherman's four, escaped and marched safely to Charleston. Sherman, on his march from Atlanta to Savannah, lost only five hundred and sixty-seven men. I was among that number, having been cut off from the regular army and barely escaping with my life into the woods. One of those sharp-eyed Confederate guards chased me nearly a mile through the swamps and morasses. It was intensely cold and dark soon overtook me, fortunate for me, though! for had it not, that bloodthirsty Southerner would—he was a twin to you in persistency."

Brooks interrupted him: "You say you were hotly pursued by a Confederate that night, eh?"

"Yes, and he came near overtaking me, too; but I fell in a hole full of snow and he lost me. I was a little in hopes he would find me when I first fell in," Sarge laughed.

"But as I started to say, I wandered through the boggy swamp until I found an old well-beaten trail. This I followed to the edge of a hillside. From there I could see a

faintly glimmering light through the undergrowth and misty darkness. For that very discovery until this moment I thank my Creator! for there begins the story proper.

Upon venturing further, I more satisfactorily ascertained my whereabouts and drew near enough to the house to see its interior. There an old darky slave sat roasting potatoes in the ashes, and, oh, I could not have nodded around them like he did, for my appetite grew spasmodic at the very sight of them! For a moment my wits forsook me and I pondered just what to do. I threw a chip against the window, and it was funny to see how quickly that darky flirled ashes over his potatoes. Then he cocked one ear and dropped his big mouth open in sudden surprise and growing fear. I tapped again and he responded timidly, poking his woolly head out at the scarcely opened door, 'Yessar, boss; is you come?'

I informed him of my distress and desires and that no harm should befall him at my hands. Of this he told the owner of the house and promptly returned.

"'Massa say for me t' ax you is you a Yankee.'

"I replied that I had been, but that the night's exposure had frozen it about all out of me, and that I thought I could be almost anything from then until morning at any rate.

"This settled it, for I had touched their sympathy and—God bless them!—I was accorded the honor of sleeping on the darky's bed.

"Next morning the bustle and stir in the kitchen, rattle of spoons and crockery and familiar grinding of the coffee-mill broke upon my senses. More than my own war songs, the notes of Dixie in a feminine voice sweetly rang in my ears and thrilled me, and my heart was made to swell with dear memories of my mother's voice.

"After breakfast I offered the landlady pay for her kindness to me, but she refused it, saying if I wished to pay her

anything that it could be most effectively done by quitting the Union army. However, I was not going to do that, and to ease my conscience I gave her little girl my last dollar,—and, to be plain with the reader, I slipped my photograph and a rather informal note into the hand of her oldest daughter, who was then about eighteen, I judged, and pretty! I have yet to see her rival! Then I bade the little group farewell.

"But I had not gone more than two miles before I was overtaken by George, the negro slave, who was riding a pretty, black horse. He halted, and grinning from ear to ear, said, 'Ma little missa say gib you dis and fo you to took her hoss wid you to member her.'

"I examined the note he handed me and read these lines:

"This is my pet horse. I am parting with him for your special benefit for I could not see you leave on foot to fight your cause againt this cold world. George is going to help me keep it a secret that I have done this for you. We will pretend that you stole him. Here is fifty dollars to carry you and Dan safely home. I am sorry we did not know your name last night.
Hurriedly, THE LITTLE REBEL."

Brooks slapped his legs in fiftul laughter and jokingly accused Sarge of having met that girl somewhere before and hypnotized her, for no sane woman without reasonable cause would have played the fool like that.

Sarge said, "Yes, I saw her one time at Milledgeville while she was visiting friends there, and that may account for it."

"And Sarge," said Brooks, have you any idea who it was chased you that memorable night?"

"Not the least in the world; but he was a fleet-footed scoundrel. He could leap like a deer!"

"Well," said Brooks, all smiles, and putting his arms about his senior partner's waist, "I am the very fellow; I swear I am the man, and I know how to chase big game yet."

"Good heavens, Brooks, good heavens! who under the sun would have thought it!"

Then they clung about each other like lovers and laughed and wept until little Elma called them to supper. And as they sat down to dine Brooks said enthusiastically, "But, Sarge, whatever became of the 'Little Rebel?'"

Mrs. Sargent beamed with surprise, and her husband, matter-of-factly, nodded towards her and smiled, "There she is."

A REVIEW OF THE RELIGION OF CHINA

G. C. KIRKSEY.

There is no one system of religion which is believed in by the Chinese to such an extent as to dignify it exclusively as the religion of the people. They are liberal in matters of belief so far as to share their worship among the three different systems of Confucianism, Taouism, and Buddhism.

The proportion belonging to each is hard to estimate, for the prudent Chinese does in religious matters as a shrewd Yankee does in business ventures—takes a share in each—and if the three systems be regarded as the counterpart of the life insurance companies of the present day, the motive of the Chinaman in taking out a policy in each and paying the premium will be readily recognized. If Christianity were willing to come in and divide the business and share the premiums, the number of its adherents would be greatly increased. While the inhabitants of China are generally put down as Buddhists, if any one religion can claim them, they should be called Confucianists. A man may be a Confucianist without believing in either of the other two systems, but rarely is one found, however devoted he may be to other religions, who is not also a follower of the Confucius.

The State religion of China, where the Emperor is also the high-priest and worships heaven above under the name of Hwang Tien Shang Ti, is older than Confucius, but his teachings uphold it and have crystallized its forms and beliefs. Many of the older missionaries, as Dr. Legge, hold that Chang Ti, thus sacrificed to by the Emperor, is the true God, and that monotheism was the original belief. To this day sacrifices of sheep and bullocks are made to heaven, earth, the land and the grain, the stars, clouds, rain, wind, and thunder.

However pure the state worship of China was in its origin, the religious belief of the people is now one mass of superstition and fear—fear of things living and things dead, fear of spirits, fear of the influences of wind and water, the position of houses, unlucky days, the influence of stars and the presence of eclipses, until it is well-nigh impossible for any one person to master the total number or comprehend the extent of their superstition.

Two redeeming traits are found in this mass of spiritual corruption. Never, as far as the records show, have human sacrifices been offered, and vice or sensuality in any form has never been deified or worshiped—a striking contrast to the worship of ancient Greece and Rome. Two forms of belief which exert great influence on the Chinese are ancestral worship and the dread of the influence of wind and water.

Ancestral worship is a part of the Confucian system, but is older by centuries than the time of Confucius, and its claims are more binding on a Chinaman than those of any other form of worship. He may sneer at Buddhism, ridicule the outrageous claims of the Taouist exorcists, and may even be brought to see that the teachings of Confucius himself are but moral aphorisms, incapable of changing the life and bettering the future of his disciples; but he will not give up the worship of the ancestral tablet, and the paying of that honor and reverence to deceased parents which is the outcome of filial piety, the root of all Chinese institutions, the bulwark of her government, the strong chain which has bound the people together as a nation.

The worship of ancestors is the real religion of China, and as long as the incense is smoking on the ancestral altar, so long will Christianity find a formidable foe, founded, as this worship is, on the best and most natural instincts of the human heart. In the time coeval with Samuel this worship was common. When a man dies one of his three souls

is supposed to go into the grave with the body, one goes to Hades, and one goes into the tablet, which is prepared for its occupancy by his oldest son. The use of the tablet originated in the Chan dynasty, 350 B. C. This tablet is kept in a shrine—in poorer families in the house, in richer ones in ancestral temples—and offerings are paid to it and worship is daily given.

On the new and full of every moon special offerings and worship are paid, and in the spring pilgrimages are made to the tomb, which is swept and put in repair. There is no need of priestly interference in this worship; the head of the family is the high-priest, and as the older ones die the younger ones take their places in this as in all other family matters.

Ancestral worship binds family ties together; it perpetuates mutual interest, and is the least objectionable and, therefore, the most dangerous form of idolatrous worship. While it is founded on high principles—the reverence and love of parents—it is, in fact, a duty rendered from motives of self-protection and self-interest, for if the tablet is not erected, if the worship be not paid, it is believed that the wandering spirit will wreak its wrath on the offending descendant. The fear of this wrath is more real, more vivid, than the fear of any of the other gods. Ancestral worship has been of benefit to China in this respect: it has preserved the reverence of parental authority, which, reaching upward, has caused national respect for the head of the nation as the father of his people, and it has preserved the position of woman more on an equality with man, and has defined the position of the mother of the family as the wife. Only one "illustrious consort" can be named on the tablet to father and mother, so there is but one wife in the family. Concubines there may be, but they are not admitted into the worship of the ancestral hall, and this one fact has done much to

preserve the legal, social, and domestic position of woman, which is higher in China than in any other Asiatic or heathen race.

The attitude of Christianity to this form of worship can easily be determined when its true character is understood. Dr. E. Faber stated its position when the question was discussed in the Missionary Conference of 1890. He said: "Ancestral worship presupposes disembodied souls to be subject to the same wants as living bodies; it demands real sacrifices to them; it makes the happiness of the living depend upon appeasing the desires of the dead; it is not merely commemorative, but it is a pretended intercourse with the world of spirits; it has developed an extreme view of paternal authority, placing it above the authority of God, and crushes individual liberty; ancestral worship chains millions of people to the past and prevents sound progress."

OVER ON BANJO BRANCH

J. B. ELLER.

Strange things were happening on Banjo Branch. Even Uncle Mike Flynn, the sage of the community, could not fathom the mystery.

"Yes, 'tis strange, 'tis mighty strange," he was saying to the committee appointed to see him.

"Just tell us, then, Uncle Mike, that you'll go and hear Pete Hancy preach next Sunday," replied Taylor Sasser.

"I ain't so sure about that. I can't see much use in it yet. Well, boys, if an angel had told me one month ago that Pete Hancy and Millard Gentry would be preachin' to-day I wouldn't have believed it."

"Neither would I," chimed in Lal Bratton. "But they wuz called in the 'backer patch, and then they wuz called agin' that night after they had gone to bed."

"Did they both hear it?"

"Yes. Pete said it wuz among the trees the first time an' they heard it flop its wings an', then cry out in an un-earthly voice, 'Go preach.' Agin' that night it flopped its wings at the winder an' cried louder than before, 'Go preach.'"

"For my life I can't see why the call came to them old bachelors. Why, boys, there ain't two meaner scoundrels ever danced a jig on Banjo Branch than Pete Hancy and Millard Gentry."

"Don't speak that way about their call, Uncle Mike. 'Taint our business nohow. You know the Epistle Paul wuz called after he had slew most of the children of Israel around Jerusalem and Damascus."

"Yes, there's a heap of them things I don't understand; but on my word this beats 'em all."

"An the Rice family has been called, too," interrupted Taylor Sasser.

"Wuz they in the 'backer patch?" responded Unele Mike.

"No, they wuz at the supper table an' all of a sudden they heard a mighty fluttering an' rushing of wings an' then a voice said to 'em, just like it did to Pete an' Millard, 'Go preach; Go preach.'"

"'Tis strange, mighty strange, boys. Them Rice gals wuz the best dancers on Banjo Branch. They've seen some mighty skeery times, too. I'll never forgit till my dying day the night that old man Rice wuz cut up so bad."

"We've been a mighty bad set on Banjo Branch anyway," solemnly declared Lal Bratton. "It is gittin' high time we wuz all makin' a big start to do better."

"I reckon it is," replied Unele Mike. "I don't want you fellers to think I'm gittin' religious, yet I've been figurin'. We've all been drinking too much bad whiskey. I figured up this mornin' that in the last ten years we've killed four men on Banjo Branch an' that don't count them big rows at old man Rice's an' Hog Shelton's.

"You struck a subject there, Uncle Mike, that I've been tryin' to git at ever since I got here, but I couldn't start," quickly came from Taylor Sasser. "We promised them who appinted us that we'd see if we couldn't git some kind of reconstruction between you an' Hog Shelton."

"Fellers, you know I'm plain in my dealings. While I appreciates your comin' to see me, I don't feel now like your calls nor your mysteries is goin' to hitch me up to Hog Shelton agin'."

"Uncle Mike, you've been enemies long enough. We had a meetin' yesterday at Pete Haney's and everybody said that the most importantest thing they wanted to see wuz you two to make up. That wuz the special benefit this committee was

appointed to perform. You know, Uncle Mike, it ain't goin' to hurt you to be friends with Hog."

"Well, it ain't goin' to do me no good. As I told you, I respects your calls an' your interest, but I ain't goin' to have anything to do with Hog Shelton. He—"

At this moment a man was seen wending his way lazily up the lane. Lal Bratton took a step forward and peered toward the approaching figure. It took but a moment to satisfy his curiosity and he abruptly broke into Uncle Mike's sentence:

"Yonder comes Gar Higgins. I do verily believe he's been called, too. Sallie Rice has seen him goin' toward the Raven Rock every day this week. Everybody thinks he goes there to pray."

"What will happen next?" quered Uncle Mike in astonishment. "Gar Higgins has done more devilish tricks than any ten men on Banjo Branch."

By this time Gar was nearing the crowd. One glance convinced Uncle Mike that something serious was bearing on his mind. Gar began bluntly:

"Uncle Mike, have you seen our old sow to-day?"

"No," replied Uncle Mike. "Is she gone?"

"Yes, I've been looking for her all day. She must have wandered off toward the Raven Rock field."

Without further comment Gar turned off in the direction indicated, while Lal Bratton shot a knowing glance toward Taylor Sasser. He had proceeded but a few yards, however, when he suddenly stopped and, turning around, inquired in a very earnest voice:

"Uncle Mike, are you going to hear Pete Haney preach Sunday?"

Uncle Mike hesitated a minute, then replied:

"I'll go if you will, Gar."

"That's a trade. I guess we both ought to go."

Again Gar turned in the direction of the Raven Rock.

Lal Bratton and Taylor Sasser lingered with Uncle Mike but a few minutes after Gar left, because he now assured them that, according to his promise, he would be at Banjo Branch schoolhouse Sunday morning to hear Pete Haney preach his first sermon. They only stayed long enough to make one more fruitless effort to reconcile him to Hog Shelton and then left him gazing at Gar, who was nearing a woodland about one-quarter of a mile away.

Slowly and with a solemn tread Gar proceeded until he had placed this woodland between himself and Uncle Mike; then he almost flew across the fields. He soon found himself under a large rock whose rugged top projected far out over a ravine and beneath which an opening led into the bosom of the hill. This was Raven Rock; so called because ravens roosted in its crevices. Gar hastily entered the opening and was soon face to face with his pal, Zeke Sutherland.

"Uncle Mike is going," began Gar. I found him easy to work. A committee of our new sect was waiting on him and I really believe they helped our cause. How about Shelton?"

"He's goin', too. I believe they all think the world is comin' to an end."

"We're doing fine, Zeke. Where is Polly?"

In answer to this question Zeke stepped around behind a rock near by and brought forth a large parrot, which immediately began:

"Go preach! Go preach!"

"Wasn't I wise when I bought her in town, Zeke?"

"Your equal don't live. But what shall we do next?"

"From now until Sunday we must train Polly to say 'Be friends.' That's the next important business. Trust me for the rest."

Zeke trusted Gar.

To the delight of everybody in the neighborhood Sunday arrived clear and crisp. As the day advanced a small knot of oddly-dressed people gathered in front of Banjo Branch schoolhouse. Soon men, women and children began to pour in from all directions: some walking; others riding horse-back, carrying babies in front, or wives behind; while still others rode in wagons. Soon the house was crowded and one of the most conspicuous figures near the front was Hog Shelton.

The hour for service arrived, and, though Uncle Mike Flyn had not put in his appearance, Pete Haney mounted the little stand which had been made for his special benefit and the crowd joined him in a familiar hymn. When the song was finished Pete called on a brother to pray. The prayer was short, and after its close the audience had scarcely resumed an erect position when Uncle Mike entered the door. For a moment a hush as still as death pervaded the room and all eyes were turned on him. Uncle Mike looked around blankly for a moment as though searching for a seat. The stillness grew more and more intense until at last Pete Haney relieved the suspense:

"Come to the front, Uncle Mike; come to the front!"

Uncle Mike started to obey and had reached the center of the room when a flutter of wings was heard in the garret and a shrill but unmistakable voice cried out:

"Be friends! Be friends!"

Another deathlike still set in. Uncle Mike stopped and stood there in the middle of the room in helpless amazement. Hog Shelton sprang to his feet and again the voice above rang out:

"Be friends! Be friends!"

This time Uncle Mike broke the silence:

"I ain't afraid of you nor any of your kin, Hog Shelton,

but these supernaturals make me a little trembly. I guess we had better make up."

The two men rushed into each other's arms; and forgiveness was asked and granted on both sides. In the jubilee that followed all present participated, and when the excitement was at its highest pitch Gar whispered to Zeke in the garret:

"Keep her mouth closed, Zeke. It wouldnt do to spoil the game now. Uncle Mike wouldn't leave a greasy spot of us."

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR

D. S. KENNEDY.

On a hot, sultry day last summer, as the sun was setting in the west, I drove up before an old, flat, gray-shingled house, evidently built in the days before the war, when utility was considered the chief asset of a dwelling place. Leaning over the dilapidated fence was an old Southerner, a typical Confederate soldier, tall and lanky, with a straggling gray beard, and a scar running across one corner of his forehead. Having asked if I might pass the night with him, to which he consented, together we put up the horse and made arrangements for the night.

After supper we took our seats upon the porch, where the air was cooler. For some time we talked upon the commonplace topics. Gradually, however, I led the conversation back to the period of the Civil War, feeling that I might hear some interesting reminiscences. What I did hear was a tale of daring and perseverance such as is seldom recorded.

"Well," said the old man, leaning back in his chair and tucking his pipe in a corner of his mouth, "we did some mighty strange things in those days; that is, some of us did and some didn't. I'm afraid we were not all that we are now cracked up to be—about being so brave and wanting to die for our country all the time, and such like. There was one fellow, though, Pete Jernigan—he lives over the swamp here about two miles—that did what you might call a brave thing.

"We were scouting together one day around Richmond in the last year of the war when we were captured and sent to the new prison near Old Point Comfort, on the Chesapeake Bay. There were five or six thousand of us there then, stuck down in a small enclosure of not more than three or

four acres. They had us surrounded by a high wall with a platform around the top, where, day and night, guards kept watch and shot those who even came near enough to touch the wall. To one side of us stretched out the Chesapeake Bay, twelve miles across to the nearest point.

"What water we had came from a small spring in the center of the field, which was always muddy from the continued tramping around its edges. For food they gave us fat bacon of a suspicious odor and wormy beans, not enough to feed a cat.

"As I started to say, Pete Jernigan soon got tired of that kind of treatment and decided to escape if any chance appeared. Pete was one of these fellows that are scared of nothing and are always up to some devilment. He thought for three or four days without hitting on any plan. As I said before, we were shut in on all sides by the high walls of the prison, but on the side towards the bay was a gate opening into another enclosure. This one led down to the water. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon the men were allowed to go down and bathe.

"Pete worked out a plan which he thought would be successful if he could get help. His plan seemed a foolish one to me, but I liked the daring of it. Lying over in one corner of the prison were a few thick boards, left over from some repair work. It was his plan to tie together several of these boards, enough to support his weight, slip away from the prison officials and swim to the eastern shore, twelve miles away. It would be impossible to escape on the same shore upon which the prison stood, for the country around was swarming with Federal soldiers. Several of us tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but he was firm.

"The next afternoon, as the gate swung open and the thousands of men rushed through towards the water, we carried with us three of the heavy planks, unseen in the thick

crowd. Once outside we covered the boards with a thin layer of sand near the edge of the water. Pete himself lay down in a hollow and we covered him with enough sand to conceal him and still not be burdensome. We thrust into his mouth a small reed which had been washed up on the beach, thus enabling him to breathe. When this had been done successfully, we felt relieved, for we had not known what moment some gap in the crowd might let a guard catch sight of us and discover our plan. Nothing happened, however, and the men were recalled into the prison.

"All passed off quietly until the sunset gun boomed and then Jernigan knew that night was approaching. He shook the sand from his face and looked around. Night had fallen, but the moon was shining brightly, and it would have been folly to expose himself at that time. About twelve o'clock the moon disappeared and he was free to pursue his venture. To rouse himself, throw off his heavier garments, fasten the boards together, and launch himself into the water was an affair of a moment only. He soon found himself well on his way towards the distant shore, guiding himself by a bright star dead ahead.

"At six the following morning the rising gun was sounded. The prisoners fell into their respective squads and the roll was called. No one responded to the name of Pete Jernigan. A search was made, but revealed nothing. It was almost impossible that any one could have escaped during the night with the guards posted and watching, yet the fact confronted them. Then an officer found the bed in the sand where Jernigan had lain; a little farther the reed and the imprints of the boards. He informed the chief warden of his discovery. The chief warden at once mounted his observatory and swept the water with his glasses. Far on the other side of the Chesapeake he noticed a dim speck about two miles from shore. Further observation showed this

speck to be a man swimming. I was on the ground below the officer, but I saw a look of admiration for the brave venture flash over his face. Then turning to his fellow-officers, the note of admiration and respect still sounding strongly in his voice, he said:

“Gentlemen, yonder is our man, near the eastern shore. He is now too far away for us to catch him; we will have to let him go.’

“As he spoke these words, a new feeling of respect for him rose up in me, for I knew he had deliberately lied. Pete, in his exhausted condition, was still an hour’s swim from shore, and the prison boat could cover the twelve miles in an hour with time to spare. The chief warden knew this and said nothing.”

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NOVEMBER, 1910.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

GERALD W. JOHNSON, Editor

The Mercenary Spirit in College Athletics

As everybody who is interested in preserving and strengthening college spirit in our institutions of higher learning is only too well aware, professionalism, and the spirit of professionalism, are the greatest dangers threatening college sports to-day. We are glad to be able to say that professionalism is being frowned upon more and more by the leading institutions of the country, and this means that its fate is sealed. Barring

the ineradicable desire to win by any means, there is, indeed, only one reason why practically every college in the State has not long ago joined the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association; and that is the ironclad rule regarding summer ball. It seems a little unfair for a college coach to spend much valuable time and energy training a young pitcher, only to lose him forever, through no fault of his own, as soon as the man has gained enough skill and experience to make him valuable in the eyes of the manager of some league team; but put the case the other way—take a young man who has a strong desire for an education and a powerful arm—and nothing else. Suppose his only chance of getting through college is by paying his own way; as everybody knows, it is harder to get a job in the summer than at any other time; then let some manager come and offer him a good salary—a salary that will go far toward paying his expenses the next winter—to play ball during vacation. How long would the boy resist? And what would he be but a fool to lose the chance of an education simply because he happened to receive his training from a college, instead of a league coach? If all college ball-players were sons of rich men it would be quite another affair; but at Wake Forest, at least, this is far from being the case, and many a student, in every college in the State, risks being ruled off and plays summer ball simply because he needs the money.

But, on the other hand, under the present system the college athletic associations are always liable to be held up by unscrupulous men; and this is becoming more and more common every year. If it is hard for a coach, under the S. I. A. A. rules, to lose a man whom he has carefully trained because the player happens to be hard up for money, what must be his sensations when a man who has learned all the baseball he knows from that coach, deliberately turns upon him and orders him to stand and deliver? This has

happened more than once at this very school. Men have come here with only the rudiments of the game in their heads and the coaches have sometimes spent two or even three years teaching them how to play; and then when they have become crack players, they have the nerve, the ineffable gall to demand that the college violate her word, debase herself, in order to pay them to do what she has taught them. The worst of it is that this practice seems to be getting commoner every year. Having got fifty dollars a month and expenses during the summer, these fellows acquire the idea that they ought to be given the earth with a fence around it. They make their insolent demands, and when they are met with a sharp refusal the chances are that they will go off in a huff to some other school, for the single purpose of trying to defeat the institution that made them what they are. Of course anybody can see that such a man has no business on a college team, which is supposed to be made up of gentlemen. But here comes in the first cause that we named among the dangers to true intercollegiate sport—the irrepressible desire of a certain element in every student-body to win by any means, fair or foul. It must be said to their credit that the college spirit of these gentlemen goes right down into their pockets; they are willing to plank down the hard cash to secure a good player. The trouble is they have a wrong idea of things—they do not realize that to win with a hired team shows nothing but that they have longer purses than some other colleges, and this could be much more easily shown by a contest in piling up the actual cash, the side that built the highest pile of silver dollars being declared champions. In this kind of contest Wake Forest, at least, must decline to enter. If the dispute is as to who has the most money we are ready to admit, right now, that we have none; but if the idea of college athletics is to find in whose veins the sporting blood runs reddest, where college spirit flames

highest, and where college loyalty manifests itself most devotedly, we are with you, and we will be in at the death. But we believe that we express the sentiment of all the colleges when we express a wish to be protected against the false coins that occasionally come into our till. A counterfeit bill ought to be stamped "counterfeit" and then it will no longer be a loss to the honest and a temptation to the weak. An athlete of the character we have described ought not to be allowed to use the training he has received from his Alma Mater as a cudgel with which to crack her head. By concerted action this can be easily prevented. There is already talk of forming a baseball league among the principal colleges of the State. When it is formed, and when the contract is being drawn up, lay this down as a law of the Medes and Persians: *When a man has played on the team of one college, and then goes to another member of the league, he shall not play on the team of his new college for at least two years.* Do this and the problem is solved. It will remove the temptation for one college to buy the players of another, and the fear of having their players stolen being removed will greatly aid all the colleges to root out professionalism in their own ranks. And, most gratifying of all, it will forever squelch the hold-up men.

Sam Jones once remarked that his idea of
 We float what happened in Charlotte, May 20, 1776,
 was a gathering of "a dozen Mecklenburg
 squirrel hunters who tanked up on hard eider and declared
 themselves free and independent of the civilized world."
 Wake Forest can sympathize with the "squirrel-hunters," for
 though we haven't noticed any superfluity of hard eider in
 this vicinity, our literary societies have drunk the far more
 intoxicating draught of victory until they are beginning to

see the landscape revolve like a merry-go-round. In debate Wake Forest to-day stands supreme; everybody denies this statement, but, strangely enough, nobody but Davidson has the nerve to try to disprove it, and Davidson ought not to count, for a Presbyterian, to quote Wake Forest's eminent Chief Bobbitt, "would cross Hades on a rotten rail if any one told him he couldn't."

But even a position as high as the one we occupy has its drawbacks, as the Debate Council have found to their sorrow; indeed, Wake Forest can very aptly sing with the big gorilla in the musical comedy—

"Although I'm the king of the cocoanut grove, I'm lonely."

Like Tennyson's eagle—

"Ringed by the azure world she stands."

But the azure world is not the company we desire; we want to debate, but what are we to do? We have declared ourselves independent of the civilized world, nay, we have challenged the civilized world, but the e. w. politely declines to come down and be killed. The Debate Council this fall has challenged fifteen colleges and universities from Missouri to Virginia, and from Pennsylvania to Louisiana, and in every case, except one, have received a polite note expressing regret that their schedule was already filled when Wake Forest's challenge arrived. In the ease of the honorable exception arrangements were almost completed for a contest in Raleigh, when an athletic team from the institution in question stood that respectable little city on its respectable little head and went off and left it so. Two days later the Debate Council here were informed that "circumstances had arisen which would make a trip to Raleigh impossible." And there you are!

When Rudyard Kipling's "Stalky & Co." wished to work their companions up to such a pitch of exasperation

that they would lose their heads entirely and fight a circular saw, they picked out the most public place possible and went through a particularly irritating pantomime, meanwhile announcing in stentorian tones, "I gloat!" It looks like it is up to Wake Forest.

SAVE THE TREES

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods . . ."

and with them the fools who set fire to the campus. By dropping a lighted match into a pile of dead leaves and letting the fire run around some of our fine old trees, one jackass can undo in ten minutes Nature's work of half a century. Most of these fires are started through thoughtlessness, but some are the result of sheer cussedness. Every student who feels any pride in our beautiful campus should look out for cases of this kind, and unhesitatingly report the offender to the President. It will do the man good, and may be the means of preventing irreparable damage, for the trees are the glory of the campus. It is a poor policy indeed to jeopardize the most beautiful campus in the State merely to shelter a thoughtless student from a reprimand which he richly deserves.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL H. McCUTCHEON. Associate Editor

When an exchange editor attempts to criticise the magazines for competitive colleges for the second issue of his magazine, and finds only four on his table, he naturally thinks there is something radically wrong, either with his own magazine, that other colleges don't care to exchange, or with the other college monthlies, that they are exceedingly slow in appearing.

We praise North Carolina and Virginia to the skies, boost up their colleges, laud their literary productions, and wink at their faults. But of the four exchanges received since the first of the year, we have only one from North Carolina, none from Virginia, and two from Texas. Are we, in the colleges of the Old North State, up to the standard set by the schools of the other States in ability? Of course we are, but what we need is a spur and whip.

We are glad to say, however, that the exchanges received are up to the ordinary run of college monthlies, in short stories especially. Poems, while plentiful enough, seem to be of a lower type, and some, even, without rhyme or meter. In general, we commend the exchanges received, especially for their cover designs and short stories.

Davidson College Magazine opens with a delightful bit of verse entitled "Life." The first story, "Water," is on the much-hackneyed theme of the Black Hand, but deals very graphically with the escape of the hero from them. We notice a code of morals in the Italian, entirely new to us. But the story is well told and holds attention throughout. A short sketch on Poe follows, but there is nothing new or startling in it. "Sea Island Sketches" is a description of

the life on the islands off the coast of South Carolina. "The Evils of Waste in Davidson College" is decidedly out of place in the body of the magazine, and if it should be there at all, at least should come under the editorials. The author has a praiseworthy theme, but goes too much into detail. To mention the time and money wasted by the average college boy is all right; but to add also the waste in the boarding houses,—scraps left on the plates, and sugar in the coffee cups, is carrying it just a trifle too far. The best story is "The Doctor's Story," rather sentimental perhaps, but interesting and pathetic.

The Gold Bug. "The Air Castle," a poem, opens the issue, and is correct in meter and verse. It is a real poem, and is worthy of the author's signature. "Misery Loves Company" is a story of a mixed-up love affair. Two boys are in love with one girl, and two girls are in love with one boy. So the boy and girl left out naturally go together for sympathy, and, as usual, fall in love themselves. "The Evil Influences of Wealth" is a high-flown, oratorical dissertation, beginning with the foundation of the world, and creation of man, and running up through history to the present day. The much-battered trusts, "loathsome giants of crime and colossal robbers," are struck with a heavy hand, and not even the national graft escapes the awful tirade. "The Kingdomless King" is a poem, or rather a "near" poem, utterly devoid of either rhyme or meter. The theme is fine and worthy of much better handling than it received. "Unromantic Love" is the old story of love at first sight. The phrases are a little stilted and the plot is rather improbable.

The Baylor Literary is really literary in the finest sense of the word. The poems are especially good and the stories are up to the best. "More Than Acquaintance," a comedy,

tells how a young doctor falls in love with a girl whom he sees enter the office of Dr. Drew in his building. He meets Dr. Drew, and finds the doctor is the very girl he saw the day before. A mutual friendship, and possibly something closer, springs up as usual. "Greater Love" is a pathetic story of the love of a mother for her only son, whom she hopes to make a preacher. The boy leaves his mother and goes off to play ball, while she is in poverty and extreme sickness. Before he returns, the mother is dead and Dick is left in remorse. "The Eleventh Hour" is a detective story, dealing with the Black Hand organization. It is a strong story, well told, and holds the interest of the reader.

University of Texas Magazine. "The Third Step" has an excellent plot and setting for a supernatural story, and if it were only developed differently would make the best story in the magazine. "The Loser," a story, brings out the true man, who is willing to sacrifice his love and position just to put his rival on a firm footing with the world again. The girl overhears some conversation, finds out the true state of affairs, and in the end accepts the "true man." "The Way of His Forefathers" is a short story, told entirely by the author. It would be far more readable if the characters told the story in their conversation. "The Cub Reporter Makes Good" is a detective story of the usual newspaper style, and the plot is well worked out. We find a clue, follow it up and at last convict the thief. "A Free-for-all Romance" is all the title implies. A Texas business man scares two farmer boys away from his girl by writing a letter to each, threatening them with death in various forms. Both boys immediately decide to go back to their old girl and leave the Texas girl for the Texans. "Jest a Law" tells of an injustice done to a poor man on account of a stolen cow, while the thief gets away free. Everything is righted at last in a grand reunion.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

J. BOYCE VERNON, Associate Editor.

[We are anxious to make the Alumni Department of the *STUDENT* fresh and entertaining. We want it to serve as a medium of communicating the progress made by her alumni to friends however distant. We know there are many who will be glad to communicate with friends long since forgotten, through its columns. To them we have this to say: Tell us in a brief way something of your work or anything that you think will be of interest.]

'08. J. Foy Justice has returned to college to study law.

'83. R. A. P. Cooley is running as an independent candidate with Republican endorsement for Congress from the Fourth Congressional District.

'01. A. B. Harrell is Superintendent of the Graded School at Spring Hope, N. C.

D. H. Jenkins is a prosperous and widely influential cotton manufacturer of Caroleen, N. C.

'97. S. E. Hall is the nominee of the Republican party for Solicitor of the Mount Airy District.

'09. N. R. Webb, who is well remembered here by having made such an enviable reputation on the staff of the *WAKE FOREST STUDENT*, is now with the Bank of Wake studying banking.

'99. Rev. W. F. Powell, of Roanoke, Va., received a call to the First Baptist Church of Greensboro, but his church would not hear to his resignation and he will continue to serve his devoted flock at Roanoke.

'04-6. W. E. Brock is the wide-awake Secretary of the the Democratic Executive Committee of North Carolina.

'07. Rev. Chas. A. Leonard was married recently, and with his wife goes to Lai Chow Fu, China. They spent last year in the Seminary doing work that will be of special value to them as missionaries.

'81. The pulpit of the First Baptist church of Philadelphia was supplied during last August by President E. M. Poteat, of Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

'59-61. Wake Forest mourns the death of one of her honored sons, J. T. Ellington. He was a brave Confederate soldier, a faithful public officer, and a prominent figure in the religious, business, and social life of the State.

'93. Rufus W. Weaver, of Nashville, Tenn., delivered the annual address before the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville on "The Emerging Issue," which appears in the October number of the *Review and Expositor*.

'91. The first of his lectures on the "Gay Foundation," by Prof. J. L. Kesler, may be found in the October issue of the *Review and Expositor*.

'03. Dr. Jas. E. Hobgood is practicing medicine at Caroleen, N. C., establishing himself strong in the respect and affection of the people.

'74. Dr. D. S. Ramsaur is a very successful practicing physician at Blacksburg, S. C.

'87. Dr. David T. Bowden, who received his M.D. from University of Maryland '89, has an extensive practice at Paterson, New Jersey.

'91. R. B. White, of Franklinton, N. C., has the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends in the loss of his excellent wife.

'02-05. Rev. C. T. Tew is one of the leading pastors in the Sandy Run Association. His churches are at Henrietta and Caroleen.

'10. K. Akiyama reached his home safely, Tochigi, Japan, after considerable travel in Europe during the summer and the long railroad journey across the Russian Empire to Vladivostock.

'02-03. Rev. C. W. Payseur is the wide-awake and progressive pastor of the Baptist church at Cliffside, one of the finest mill towns in North Carolina.

'06. The Liberty-Piedmont Institute has opened well. It looks now like the enrollment will be a record-breaker. Prof. Curtis and his excellent faculty have a good grip on the situation, and everything points to a great session.—*Biblical Recorder*.

'08. Rev. H. H. McMillan, who was a former principal of Fruitland Institute, has gone to the Louisville Seminary. "Hud" was a favorite among the boys while in college, and we expect to hear great things from him. He is one of those fellows endowed with many talents.

'03. Prof. E. L. Green, of Raleigh, N. C., was married to Miss Margaret Patrick on September the 14th at Bowling Green, Mo. Their romance dates back several years, and began when they were both teachers in the Baptist College at Blackwell, Okla. He is now teaching at Lucama, N. C.

'05. Many invitations have been received here announcing the marriage of Mr. James D. Proctor to Miss Sarah May Kernodle on Wednesday, the 26th of October, 1910, at Graham, N. C. Mr. Proctor is a prominent young attorney of Lumberton of the firm of McIntyre, Lawrence & Proctor.

'09. Mr. Sanford Martin was recently married to Miss Ava Pool, of Middlesex, N. C. The bride is a popular music teacher in the Middlesex public school. The groom is a licensed attorney and has resigned the principalship of

Wakelon High School and carries his bride to Kansas City, Mo., where he will locate to practice law.

'07-09. We were very much hurt to hear of the death of E. B. Blackmore. He is remembered here as an untiring worker. The obstacles of his college life he met with a courageous spirit. He was much loved by his fellow students for his manly conduct and Christian character. We are deeply grieved over the event, and wish to extend to his loved ones our full sympathy.

'84-86. Buie's Creek Academy has opened with a record-breaking attendance. This school is noted for doing business on a large scale. They furnish students for all colleges in the State. Mr. Campbell is ably assisted by Rev. J. E. Lanier ('09) and Mr. B. P. Marshbanks ('09), both of whom are teachers of the first magnitude. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Campbell is to take the Bachelor of Arts degree here this year with two of his sons.

'86. Dr. C. E. Brewer has received from Gov. W. W. Kitchin a commission appointing him to membership on the organizing committee of the eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry, which is to be held in this country in 1912.

'09. In a recent issue of the *Baptist World* Dr. Prestige had this to say: "One of the most eloquent and brilliant young men at the Seminary, Louisville, is representing the Home Board at the Kentucky Association, Rev. Fred F. Brown. He himself is even a better speech than he can make for his cause. A home board mission school found him in the mountains of North Carolina and fitted him for Wake Forest, where he graduated before coming to Louisville."

'89. Dr. John E. White, for ten years pastor of the Second Baptist church of Atlanta, has declined the call to

Calvary church of Kansas City, Mo. This means that he, with a deaf ear to invitations elsewhere, is going to stay at his important post in "the Gate City of the South."—*Biblical Recorder*.

'89. W. C. Dowd has been nominated for the third consecutive time to the Legislature, and will be a prominent candidate for the next Speaker of the House. *Charity and Children*, speaking of him presiding at the late Mecklenburg and Cabarrus Association, has this to say of him: "He will be the Speaker of the House if he lives when it selects its presiding officer next January. He is a fine presiding officer. He knows the rules, and he has plenty of hard horse sense. He does not stand on technicalities as the manner of some is, but knows how and when to relax. When the necessity for action arrives, however, he takes the bit in his teeth and does the business."

'83. Thomas Dixon's latest drama, "The Sins of the Father," has been before the public for some time, gaining strength and admirers at each production. Some critics have handled him and his play with little mercy, but he seems to know how to retaliate with the same measure. The play undoubtedly excels the Clansman in that it is free of so much race hatred. The Clansman, true to real life in 1865, was conceived in race prejudice. The Sins of the Father is parallel to the history of North Carolina about 1900 with the disfranchisement of the negro. The basis or purpose of it is not to depict history, but he seeks to introduce a vital moral lesson which he handles with great skill, and there is no mistake but that it is driven home to the consciousness of each hearer. The general opinion of all who have seen it is that Mr. Dixon has written something superior to the Clansman. It is now on its Southern tour. Later it will be played in New York and then throughout the country.

'04. Gilbert Thomas Stephenson, who took his M.A. degree here and LL.B. at Harvard University, has written a book entitled "Race Distinctions," which has brought forth many flattering comments from leading journals. The *New York Times* says: "He has not only made a very clear and succinet summary of the various kinds and degrees of race distinction which are permitted or required by Federal or by State enactment in our country, but he has, in a simple, practical and interesting manner, shown the relations of these race distinctions—which may be regarded as largely unavoidable—to race discriminations which are both mischievous to all involved and substantially unavoidable. He discusses the question thus raised in an admirable spirit of fairness and right feeling, and with a good sense that is at once engaging and convincing. He has provided a handbook of information and of reasoning which is almost indispensable to one wishing to deal candidly with the race question of the United States. Such a contribution, and at best complicated, is the more noteworthy as coming from a Southerner." The *Louisville Courier-Journal* also made most favorable comments.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

JULIUS C. SMITH.

—Football!!!

—Three cheers for a winning team!!

—We have made a fine start; just keep it up!

—The first game of the season was on September 24th, when the strong team of Warrenton High School went down in defeat before Wake Forest to the tune of 17 to 0. Eighteen men were given a try-out, and all showed up well. The particular star of the game was Capt. Utley, who went through the line or around the ends for long gains at will. Quarter-back Aydlett piloted his team in a consistent manner. The line-up was:

C., Bagwell, C. C. Broughton; L. G., Green, Ashcraft; L. T., McBrayer; L. E., Betts, Dowd; R. G., Carter, Ramseur; R. T., Riddick, Holding; R. E., Fancett, Mayberry; Q. B., Aydlett; L. H. B., Highsmith; F. B., Murchison, N. B. Broughton; R. H. B., Utley, Capt.

—The second game was with Horner Military School, October 8th, which resulted in another victory for Wake Forest by a score of 28 to 0. The team showed up nearly a hundred per cent better than in the Warrenton game, especially the line men. Twenty-one men were given a try-out. The features of the game were the end runs by Utley and Underwood and the running back punts by Aydlett.

The line-up was: C., Bagwell, Dickens; L. G., Green, Ashcraft; L. T., McBrayer, Holding; L. E., Betts, Dowd; R. G., Carter, Ramseur; R. T., Pointer; R. E., Fancett; Robinson; Q. B., Aydlett, Savage, Betts; L. H. B., Underwood, Highsmith; F. B., Murchison, Broughton; R. H. B., Utley (Capt.), Huntley.

—The result of these games plainly shows that Wake Forest has a team this year that is sure to make a good record. The previous two years' experience, coupled with the revision of the rules, puts Wake Forest on nearly an equal footing with the other college teams. This year's team has been whipped into shape rapidly and in a splendid manner by Coach Rowe. Really he has worked wonders with the squad. He is popular with the players and student body, mainly because he has what the previous coaches lacked, that is, *enthusiasm*—and a plenty of it. "Work, work, work," is his motto, and the man who works and the man who makes a good play is sure to get a friendly pat on the back and an encouraging word from him.

—Football is receiving the support of every class of men in college, as is evinced by the fact that there are two ministerial students on the 'Varsity squad, one of whom is in the regular line-up. The attendance at the two games and the enthusiasm exhibited also tend to prove this. The side lines are crowded every afternoon with students to encourage the players. Those few who are not coming out don't know what they are missing. Come out, fellows; cheer the Scrubs and the 'Varsity; see and hear Coach Rowe teach the players football. It will do you good and the players too.

—The following men are those whom Coach Rowe took to Norfolk to play the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, October 15th: Utley, Capt., Murchison, Underwood, Savage, Betts, McBrayer, Green, Bagwell, Riddick, Carter, Pointer, Faucett, Huntley, Highsmith, Holding and Harwood. Prof. J. R. Crozier accompanied the team as representative from the Faculty.

—The schedule from now on is: October 22, University of N. C. at Chapel Hill; October 29, University of S. C. at Columbia, S. C.; October 31, Citadel at Charleston, S. C.;

November 12, U. S. Training Ship Franklin at Durham; November 19, A. and M. at Wake Forest; and the Thanksgiving game will be played with Davidson at Charlotte.

—W. C. Dowd, Jr., has been elected Captain of the Scrubs.

—Just after Thanksgiving the class football games will be played. As encouragement to class athletics a cup has been purchased on which will be engraved the winners in class contests. Such encouragement as this is exactly what is needed.

—Dr. W. C. Tyree, of Raleigh, has just held here a very successful protracted meeting.

—W. C. Peterson, Jr., is assistant in Biology Lab., W. D. Rogers in Physiology and Histology Lab., and D. F. Smith in Chemistry Lab. Two new sections of English One have been formed and are being taught by Instructors Henry B. Conrad and Julius C. Smith.

—At the meeting held in Danville, Va., in the interest of athletics in the Southern colleges, Wake Forest was represented by Prof. J. Richard Crozier. The object of this organization is to adopt certain minimum rules regarding the eligibility of college athletes. Nothing definite has been agreed upon, but it is announced that a final decision will be reached at the next meeting, which will be in February.

—R. O. Rodwell and P. E. Powell visited the "Hill" recently.

CLIPPINGS

PUZZLED.

"Well," said old Ben Williams, "I've taken a powder for my headache, a pellet for my liver, and a capsule for my gouty foot. Now, what puzzles me is, how do the things know the right place to go after they get inside?"



HIS PLAN.

To dodge his creditors required
Such vigilance and vim,
A motor car he went and hired,
And now they're dodging him!



THE VITAL PART.

Manager.—"We need extra men to take part in the banquet scene."
Hungry Walker.—"Do you serve real food?"



An optimist is a man who never stops to open a sandwich.



NO NEED FOR ALARM.

"She asked me what I thought of you."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, but don't be frightened. I didn't tell her."



LATEST BASEBALL FAKE.

"Well, my boy' what's the matter?"
"Please, sir, I'd like to go to my grandmother's funeral this afternoon, if it doesn't rain."



AWFUL.

"Those blinds look pretty old."
"Yes, they are the shades of my departed ancestors."



LATEST DISCOVERIES IN LITERATURE.

Question: "What was the Renaissance, and when did it enter England?"
Grindstaff: "The Renaissance was a Latin poem, written by Chaucer. It entered England in 1632."

She.—“Are you certain you've never kissed a girl?”

He.—“Well—er—I—no, I never did.”

She.—“Then don't come around me; I'm not running a preparatory school.”—*Ex.*



A SLY SUGGESTION.

They had reached the outer portal of the front door, and were going through the process of parting, very lingeringly.

“When I say good-night to you this evening,” gurgled Mr. Youngslo, “do you think it would be proper for me to place one reverent kiss upon your fair hand?”

“Well,” she sighed softly, as she laid her head quietly on his shoulder, “I should consider it decidedly out of place.”



Three-year-old Tommy knocked upon the nursery door. His little sister answered from within.

“You 'tant 'tome in, Tom.”

Tom.—“But I wants to 'tome in.”

She.—“But I'se got on my nightie gown, and nurse says it ain't nice for little boys to see little girls in their nightie gowns.”

After a moment's silence—“Now you 'tan 'tome in, Tom; I done tooked it off.”



NEWISH TRYING TO ENTER ENGLISH I.

Prof.—“Have you read Macbeth?”

Lassiter.—“Yes, sir.”

“Merchant of Venice?”

“Yes, sir.”

“As You Like It?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Julius Cæsar?”

“No, sir. I haven't read but two books of Cæsar; I'm behind on my Latin.”



UNEXPECTEDLY FRANK.

Maybelle.—“I suppose if a pretty girl came along you'd forget little me, and straightway fall in love with her.”

Percy.—“Nonsense, dearest; you know I never did care a rap for good looks.”

Sewell Ford tells this one about a neighbor of his at Barnegat on the New Jersey coast:

"It was a very dark night and my friend was riding home on his bicycle, which was minus a lamp. He came to a cross-roads, and was in doubt which way to turn. After some fumbling in his pockets he found a lone match, and with it in his teeth he proceeded to scale the sign-post to read the names of the two forking lanes. The pole was an unusually high one, but he managed to reach the top and striking his match, read the words, 'Wet Paint.'"



Green, P. P.—"I wish I could operate a Bunsen burner in my room."

Newish Whitaker.—"Well, you could get the burner all right, but what would you do for your hunsen?"



Prof. Ives on Biology IV.—"Mr. Saunders, how many sets of teeth have you?"

Newish Saunders, just waking.—"Why—er, four, I reckon, Doctor."



"And what," asked a visitor to the North Dakota State Fair, "do you call that kind of a cucumber?"

"That," replied a Fargo politician, "is the Insurgent Cucumber. It doesn't always agree with a party."



Newish Canady, watching football practice.—"My, aren't the varsity running some good insurance!"



One of the aptest classical quotations ever made in Congress was by the late Senator Vance, of North Carolina. The Conger Lard Bill had been overwhelmingly defeated in the Senate a few days before the Paddock Pure Food Bill came up for discussion. Some of the friends of the Conger bill attempted to tack it on to the Paddock bill in the form of amendments, and a very acrimonious debate was the result. In the midst of it Vance somehow caught the chairman's eye and slowly rose, while a hush settled over the chamber:

"Mr. President," he said, "the Conger Lard Bill is dead.

" 'Tis Greece, but living Greece, no more."

And the debate was closed.—*Lippincott's*.



GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Lady Customer, in furniture shop.—"What has become of those lovely sideboards you had when I was last here?"

Salesman, smirking.—"I shaved 'em off, madam."

Though Annie was just turned six and small for her age, she deeply resented any imputation on her size. When one of the older girls, therefore, made some slighting reference to "you kids," Annie turned upon her, quivering with rage:

"Thank you, I'm no 'kid'," she snapped. "My mamma ain't a billy-goat!"



THE COMFORTER.

He was very bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his word of consolation, "for God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."



A love-smitten youth who was studying the approved methods of proposal, asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."



"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and—er—decidedly dis-gorgeous."

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A GLIMPSE OF SHAKESPEARE

JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS, JR.

During the autumn of 1601 Shakespeare and his fellow-players closed up their London theater, the Globe, and traveled in the country. There is evidence that in October they visited Aberdeen, and a short time later, Cambridge. That traveling of this kind was not held in high esteem, and was resorted to by theatrical troupes only in cases of necessity, will be obvious from the following quotations:

A Player, riding with his fellows (in a year of Peregrinations) up and downe the counties, resolved to be merry, though they got little money.—*Jests to Make You Merry*.

Playhouses stand (like Taverns that have cast out their masters), the doors locked up, the flags (like their bushes) taken down; or rather like houses lately infected [with the plague], from whence the affrighted dwellers are fled, in hope to live better in the country.—*Work for Armourours*.

They are no more called Ranek-riders, but Strowlers, a proper name given to Country players that (without socks) trotte from towne to towne upon the harde hoofe.—*Lanthorn and Candlelight*.

The Players * * * making fools of the poor country people, in driving them like flocks of geese to sit cackling in an old barn, and to swallow down those playes for new which here [in London] every punk and her squire can rand out by heart.—*Jests to Make You Merry*.

Probably, however, not all the plays that Shakespeare and his troupe forced down the throats of the "country people" were old; for it seems that one of the plays acted on this trip was the recently composed *Hamlet*. On the title-page of the first quarto (entered in the Stationers' Register July, 1602) appears the statement: "As it hath been diverse times acted

by his Highness servants in the city of London: as also in the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere."

Curiously enough in *Hamlet* (II.ii) Shakespeare goes out of his way to discuss at some length the traveling of the troupe of actors that visits Elsinore; and the inference that in this discussion he has in mind the traveling of his own troupe is well-nigh irresistible.

Hamlet. What players are they?

Rosencrantz. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanced it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Before we allow Rosencrantz to answer this question, let us glance for a moment at the current happenings in the theatrical world of London. In 1600 a troupe of child actors (boy singers in the Queen's chapel) began to act with great success at the Blackfriars private playhouse. In *Jacke Drums Entertainment* (written in 1600) occurs this passage:

Sir Ed. I saw the Children of *Pocles* last night,
And troth they pleas'd me prettie, prettie well.
The Apes in time will doe it handsomely.

Plan. Ifaith, I like the audience that frequenteth there
With much applause. A man shall not be chokte
With the stench of Garlick, nor be pasted
To the barmie Jacket of a Beer-brewer.

Bra. Ju. 'Tis a good gentle audience, and I hope the boies
Will come one day into the Court of requests.

The boys did come into request; indeed, they came into such request that the older playhouses suffered greatly. No less a person than Ben Jonson was engaged to write for the children; and the fashionable audiences that formerly patronized the public theaters, now turned to the private playhouse of Blackfriars.

These facts were well known to every person in Shakespeare's audience; let us bear them in mind in listening to

Rosenerantz's reply to Hamlet's question, "How chances it they travel?"

Ros. I think their inhibition [*i. e.*, the closing up of their theater] comes by the means of the late innovation.

What was this "innovation"? If the reader has not already guessed the answer, he will discover it, I think, in the rest of the passage:

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery [*i. e.*, nest] of children, little eyases [*i. e.*, little eagles], that cry out on the top of questions, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion.

This, then, is the "innovation" that caused Shakespeare's troupe to close its playhouse and "take to the hoofs." The reading of the first quarto differs somewhat from the reading of the folio given above; in the first quarto Hamlet's question is answered thus:

Yfaith my Lord, noveltie carries it away,
For the principall publicke audience that
Came to them, are turned to private plays
And to the humour of children.

Here we have a frank statement from Shakespeare that the success of the boy actors had robbed the Globe of its audiences. Now if the children had attained this success through nothing else than the excellence of their acting and the attractiveness of their plays, Shakespeare could not with any grace make complaint. If, however, the children had used unfair means—that is, had heaped upon their grown-up rivals abuse calculated to injure in a social and in a business way the actors at the Globe—then Shakespeare had a perfect right to complain. He does complain; and though he does so good-naturedly he states his complaint clearly.

Before we examine Shakespeare's complaint let us see what the boys were doing in 1601. Jonson had just written for them two comedies, *Cynthia's Revels* and *The Poetaster*. In both of these plays his attitude towards the public actors was condescending and his language abusive. He termed the grown-up actors "common players" ("a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players."—*Poetaster*, p. 211*); and their playhouses, "common stages" ("servile imitation from common stages."—*Cynthia's Revels*, p. 147; "will press forth on common stages."—*Idem*, p. 176). This term, "common players," was offensive because of the well-known legal statute that classified "common players" [*i. e.* strolling players] with "Rogues, Vagabonds and Sturdy Beggars." And the fact that Shakespeare's troupe had been traveling would make the term especially appropriate to the Globe players.

Furthermore, in *The Poetaster* Jonson represented the Globe players in the character of *Histrion*, a cheap, threadbare actor; and at this character he directed almost unlimited abuse. I give below a few examples of the way in which he attacked *Histrion* and the other public actors.

These players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much (p. 212).

They are grown licentious, the rogues;—libertines, flat libertines! (p. 212).

I am not known unto the open stage,
Nor do I traffic in their theaters (p. 212).

2 *Pyrrhus*. 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player! call him, call the lousy slave hither; what, will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to a man of war? ha!—Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back here * * * you slave * * * you rascal * * * you two-penny tear-mouth * * * you stinkard * * * rogue * * * slave * * * gulch * * * Howleglas * * * you presumptuous varlet * * * vermin * * * etc. (pp. 230-1).

*The page references are to Cunningham's edition of Jonson in three volumes.

Go to, then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager. (p. 232.)

Tuc. I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one; but they say you have nothing but Humours [*i. e.*, "the comedy of humours," of which Jonson was the recognized master], Revels [*i. e.*, Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*], and Satires [Jonson termed *The Poetaster* a "Comical Satyre"].

Ilist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber [*i. e.*, across the Thames at the Blackfriars]: we [on the Bank-side] have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain: all the sinners in the suburbs [*i. e.*, prostitutes, who infested the Bankside] come and applaud our actions daily.

Tucca. I hear you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say [referring to *The Satiromastix*, then being written for performance at the Globe]; I shall be presented by a sort of copper-laced scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! an you stage me, stinkard, your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your *Globes*, and your Triumphs. (p. 232.)

I have stood up and defended you, I, to gentlemen, when you have been said to prey upon puisnes [*i. e.*, minors], and honest citizens for socks or buskins; or when they have called you usurers or brokers, or said you were able to help to a piece of flesh—I have sworn I did not think so, nor that you were the common retreats for punks decayed in their practice. (p. 234.)

Tucca [to *Ilistrio*]. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty—forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; give him in earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave! If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads, to an old cracked trumpet. (p. 231.)

Let us now return to Hamlet and Rosencrantz.

Ham. Do they [*i. e.*, Globe players] hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is air, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle [*i. e.*, abuse] the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers [*i. e.*, gallants] are afraid of goose-quills [*i. e.*, the satire of the boys' playwrights] and dare scarce come thither [*i. e.*, to the public playhouses].

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted [*i. e.*, paid]? Will they pursue the quality [*i. e.*, the profession of acting] no longer than they can sing [*i. e.*, before their voices change]? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession [*i. e.*, the profession of public actor, to which they must shortly succeed].

It is obvious that here Shakespeare had directly in mind the performance by the children of Jonson's abusive plays. In *The Poetaster*, as I have shown, Jonson "berattled the common stages"—so he called them—with vigor, and made the "little eyases * * * exclaim against their succession." We may readily suppose that such abuse from the great Jonson, uttered by a troupe "now the fashion," would serve to "make many wearing rapiers * * * dare searce" go to the Bankside. That such was the case Jonson himself tells us.

Histrion [*i. e.*, Globe players]. O, it will get us a huge deal of money, captain, and we have need on't; for this winter has made us all poorer than so many starved snakes: nobody comes at us, not a gentleman, nor a——. (p. 235.)

This agrees exactly with what Shakespeare tells us:

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

This passage, if it has been correctly interpreted, is one of the most interesting in the plays, for it is one of the rare places in which the great dramatist steps from behind the curtain and speaks in his own character. The wholesome superiority over enemies, and the good-nature in spite of extreme provocation, give us a glimpse of Shakespeare the man that makes us wish we knew him better.

THE REVENGE OF OCONEE SHEIN

J. B. ELLER.

We were five "traveling men" sitting in the lobby of the Swannanoa Hotel in Asheville. Mr. Clark and Mr. Pickens had both told some thrilling experiences bordering on the supernatural when Mr. Watson, the Unceda Biscuit gentleman, knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar and indifferently inquired:

"Did I ever tell either of you fellows about Oconee Shein?"

"No!" came as one voice from all, and Mr. Pickens familiarly added:

"Tell it, Bill. There's always so much real life in your yarns that I never tire of hearing them."

Mr. Watson puffed away a moment longer at his cigar, seemingly wrapped up in his thoughts. He then deliberately threw the cigar in the spittoon and, with an unusually grave expression on his face, began:

"Boys, it is a strange and almost incredible story, but, as I live, it is true. I believe it was in 1880 that my father moved from the Piedmont section to Haywood County. He bought a large mountain farm on Catatochee Creek, and I distinctly remember that the first neighbor who called upon us warned my father against arousing the enmity of Oconee Shein. We began to investigate the cause of this warning, and soon learned that Oconee was the hourly dread of the entire country around us. It seemed that no one had a definite knowledge of her mode of life, yet everybody knew more about her than they wished to know.

"I soon had the opportunity of seeing this mystery, and one glance at her haggard face convinced me that Oconee Shein was not only well advanced in age but that she was part Indian. Rumor had it that Peter Shein, a trapper, had

in the twenties stolen Oconee's mother from the Cherokees in the Cullasagee Valley and carried her across the Cowee and Balsam Mountains to his hut on the head of Catatoochee Creek, where in a couple of years Oconee was born. Moreover, it was generally believed that in his trading expeditions among the Indians Peter Shein had accumulated a handsome fortune, but where or how he kept his treasures no one knew.

"The oldest settlers told us that Peter Shein was cruel to the Indian girl whom he had stolen. Instead of making her a wife he made her a slave. So cruel was he to her that at an early age she died, and, though Oconee was but a child, her chief purpose from that day until her death seemed to have been to avenge the inhuman treatment of her mother. At this early age she swore a terrible oath against the whole white race. As she grew older her hatred grew stronger, and when her father mysteriously disappeared three years later the few settlers near-by knew that he had met his fate at her hand, though she was only fifteen years old.

"After the disappearance of her father Oconee lived a wild, mysterious life. In the late fall she would make her way back through the mountains to the Indians, but she would invariably return with the earliest spring to the trapper's hut on Catatoochee Creek. According to the oldest versions of her life she had from childhood been the dread of every family from the Cowee Mountains to the French Broad River; and her return in the spring had always been the occasion of much speculation and alarm. During the summer months she would rove all over the region just named, and whoever opposed her will never escape her wrath. It was nothing unusual for animals suddenly to fall dead when she passed through a community, or for houses and barns to burn to the ground. The strangest part of it all, however, was that weird, incoherent sounds always accompanied these acts of vengeance.

"There were two extremely strange peculiarities about Oconce. One was that she came and went like a shadow; the other that she possessed a large, glittering eye out of which shone a ghastly lustre so strong that no one dared gaze upon it more than an instant at a time. Old men declared that this eye was not a part of her when a child. Somehow they connected it with the death of her father. They believed that Old Nick had given her a double portion of his spirit after she had murdered the trapper, and that this eye was the instrument of her Satanic power. Our family, however, paid little attention to such talk. All that we were certain of was that Oconce possessed that eye, and we dreaded it.

"Even after I began to work for the Uneeda people I had occasion to ponder over those rare peculiarities of Oconce Shein. I remember that one day in June, 1890, as my train was passing the outskirts of Waynesville I saw the wan, bony form of Oconce walking along the country road. I could not have been mistaken, because I saw that eye shining like the searchlight of an eight-driver engine. I thought no more of the old hag until on leaving the train at Hominy, twenty miles below, the first object that confronted my gaze was Oconce Shein, whose eye was glaring from its socket with that same strange, ghastly lustre. I can't account for the circumstance, yet there is not a traveling man who worked this section before and during the nineties but who could verify this story by his own experience."

"Is Oconce Shein still living?" inquired Mr. Pickens.

"I was coming to that," responded Mr. Watson. "From 1892 to 1895 I worked west of the Mississippi River. During this time I could not forget Oconce Shein. I was always seeing that horrible eye. Every time I would meet a person wearing a diamond of any sort that woman would bob up in my mind. Why this was so I could not explain.

The habit of associating Oconee Shein with every shining scarf pin or gleaming ring grew so terrible that I purposely avoided looking at the hands and ties of other people. When I would be thrown in the society of some dashing drummer where I could not avoid the glare of a diamond, I would be haunted for hours with the memory of Oconee and that eye.

"I had just passed through an experience of this kind one day in May, 1895, when I received a letter from home saying that my brother was seriously ill. I took the first train going toward North Carolina, and on my way home I could think of nothing but that old witch.

"When I reached Clyde I found my father waiting for me, and though I had not seen him for more than two years we talked but little as we rode home. My father appeared to be in a deep study. As for myself, fight it as I might, I could still think of nothing but Oconee Shein.

"When I reached home I was much delighted to find Charley Bolick, a young man friend who had recently finished the medical course at Richmond, visiting my sick brother. After chatting with us the young doctor assured us that my brother was much improved, and rose to go. As he stepped out of the door, however, he beckoned me to follow, and I soon found myself alone with him at his buggy.

"'Did your father tell you about Oconee Shein?' he asked bluntly.

"This unlooked-for question came like a thunderstroke to me. Why should he ask me about a thing that had bothered me so much for the last few days?

"'No,' I answered, 'what about her?'

"'She is dead,' he responded. 'I am so glad that you have returned, old boy. I have a plan on foot that will make us both a fortune.'

"'A plan concerning Oconee Shein?' I asked. 'What do you mean?'

"I want you to help me exhume her," he replied.

"Exhume Oconee Shein?" I thought to myself. "I will help build a stone wall around her grave but never help to dig her up."

"Explain yourself," I demanded after a moment's reflection. "I'm not anxious to mix up with Oconee Shein, dead or alive."

"Here it is, boy," he began placidly. "There is a fortune buried with that woman. All of Peter Shein's treasures are in her grave. That unnatural eye is a pure diamond. I had the opportunity to examine it during her illness. I had planned to prize it from its socket before she died, but was called away to Asheville three days ago, and when I returned she was dead and buried. When I left I thought she would live another week. The only thing to do now is to dig her up and get the eye. Will you help me?"

"At first I flatly refused, but after Charley had told several funny incidents about exhuming dead folks at Richmond I grew braver and promised to help. He then left me, saying he would return inside of two hours.

"I went back into the house, and my mother and sister began to ask so many questions that I had no time to reflect upon the promised undertaking. Almost before I was aware of the fact that time was slipping away Charley called for me. I told my mother and sister that I was going out with the doctor to see a patient, and as it would likely be late when I returned I would go immediately to my old room and not disturb any one. With this I joined Charley at the gate.

"On entering his buggy I found that Charley had provided himself with tools to open the grave, and almost before I was aware of our whereabouts we were drawing up in front of the neighborhood burying ground, which was only about half a mile from home.

"Charley leaped from the buggy, hitched his horse and

led the way to a newly-made grave. There was not the least sign of fear about him. He seemed to have no conscience, no sympathy, no dread. With me it was different. When Charley made some silly remarks about robbing wizards I wished heartily that I had never consented to his plans. But it was then too late to back down, and I was soon busily engaged in removing dirt from the grave.

"Those were awful moments for me. I can never forget, nor can I describe, the feelings that crept over me when my pick struck the lid of the coffin. To add to my horror Charley's actions became more inhuman. When all of the dirt had been removed from the lid, without the least pretense of respect or care he seized my pick and with brutal violence prized open the coffin. In an instant the stiff form of Oconee Shein was before us. I can see that ghastly sight yet. That wan face, the tangled hair, the open mouth, the grinning teeth and that awful eye! These I shall never forget.

"'She is a frightful looking old stiff, isn't she?' said Charley.

"'For heaven's sake, man, don't torture me so,' I cried. 'Do what you are going to do at once. I can't stand this sight any longer.'

"Charley uttered a low, fiendish laugh, and thrusting his hand in his pocket produced a pair of tweezers. In a twinkling he prized the eye from its socket and placed it in my hand.

"'Jump out of here, boy,' he said to me. 'I'll follow.'

"I leaped from the grave, and as I struck the ground above a horrible scream rent the air. I looked back and saw Charley in the clutches of Oconee Shein. I then heard that gurgling laugh and I well knew my friend's fate was sealed. My first impulse was to fly for life. On an instant I had cleared the cemetery fence, and almost in the time it takes

to tell it I was sitting breathless on the side of the bed in my old room, with that diamond eye glaring in my hand.

"I had scarcely drawn a long breath, however, when my window broke in with a sickening crash. I sprang to my feet and hurled the diamond eye through the opening. As the glittering object left my hand a hot breath passed over my face and I heard a mocking laugh following the eye. What happened next I will never know for I fell unconscious to the floor.

"When I regained consciousness the house was ablaze, and I scarcely had time to arouse the family and move my brother to safety before the entire structure crumbled in angry flames.

"Early next morning father and I went over to the cemetery. We found Charley Bolick's horse dead where he had left it the night before. There were no indications of violence. The grave which I had helped open was filled. The mound was smoothed over as though it had never been molested, and we could find no trace of pick or spade. From that day until this I have never heard from Charley Bolick; but I'm positively sure that two weeks later I saw Oconee Shein at the trapper's hut on Catatoochee Creek."

BY THE OLD FODDER STACK

H. F. PAGE.

When the last load of corn was safe in the barn
And the 'simmons were getting sweet,
And the crisp days came when once more our shoes
Felt gracious to our sunburnt feet;
Oh, that was the time to be off with a whoop,
Proud of our new Barlows,
To the sunny side of the old fodder stack,
Way down the long corn rows.

What care if a frost-tough peavine sent
Us tumbling into the dirt,
With sand in our eyes and a laugh on our lips
We were up with never a hurt.
To right, to left, a zigzag route,
We followed a rabbit's track,
And guessed that he was hiding right then
'Neath the edge of the old fodder stack.

Of corn stalks there we built a ship,
With many a mast and sail,
And manned her well with bold seamen
And sent her to sea in a gale.
From some we carved clowns, lions and bears—
All sorts of circus things;
Of others we made—one for each lad—
A set of cornstalk slings.

Then big, smooth pebbles gathered we,
And in the wildest, freest sport
Set them a-sing in the cool, keen wind
And said we were storming a fort.

Some sped away through the old-field pines,
Some through the tall 'simmon tree;
The 'simmons all came pepperin' down—
Who a goodlier sight would see!

O the haze-streaked sky and the leaf-strewn woods,
And the sting of frost in the air;
The lusty shout thrown back from the hills
And the thrill of joy everywhere!
Full many a time since then my thoughts
Have roamed restfully back
To the good, glad days down the long corn rows,
By the side of the old fodder stack.

THE LITTLE STRANGER WITH POINTED EARS

H. C.

Some places boast of their age, others of their population, still others of their wealth, while a few are renowned for the great men they have produced. Harper's Cross Roads was none of these; its singularity lay in the strangers it had entertained. There was a funny little man that dropped down there about fifteen summers ago, and to this day 'Squire Long will swear he had pointed ears, and Doc Harper says he saw his walking stick wiggle along the counter.

But whether man or devil I'll let you decide, telling as I will only the main facts from the tales of the 'Squire and Doc, and omitting such details as occur in the tale of one and are bitterly denied by the other. Well, to the tale.

One night this fellow and 'Squire Long and Doc Harper (Doc Harper was the storkeeper you remember) were sitting about the store with their chairs tilted back against the counter. 'Squire Long was chewing tobacco, as he always did, and leaned forward every now and then to let fly at the low sand box around the stove. Doc Harper, who had been sawing away on the old Wallace fiddle, laid the rusty looking old instrument back in its case and closed the lid.

Have you ever heard the history of the old Wallace fiddle? Well, when old Colonel Wallace lived he had a fiddle that he carried around with him wherever he went. Whenever he went to the store he always tarried long enough to give the crowd a tune. At the mill he always found an audience. But at church was where his powers shone. He took a seat right by the organ and above the voices of the congregation and the twang of Deacon Jones's nose could be heard the shrill screams of the old Colonel's fiddle.

But even at Harper's Cross Roads things sometimes change,

and one still autumn morning Colonel Wallace passed away. Before he left his earthly possessions he had called 'Squire Long to his bedside and intrusted to him his fiddle. Then, seeing Doc standing by his bed he had whispered:

"I give you the music of the fiddle, Doc," and with that he was gone.

Since that time the old Wallace fiddle was the joint property of 'Squire Long and Doc Harper. It was kept at the store, and each took turns playing it at church. Thus the fiddle and its history were known far and near.

All the time 'Squire Long was chewing tobacco and Doc Harper fiddling the little stranger in black was still and said nothing—except when Doc would start up some religious piece, then he would squirm around uneasily and ask if he couldn't play something else.

But now, when everything was still, for it was late, Doc Harper laid his fiddle aside and walked to the door and looked out. The old door slammed shut and he walked back.

"How about a little game er poker, 'Squire?" he asked, and kept his eye on the stranger. But the stranger looked unconcerned.

"Well, pull out your box. Stranger, won't you have er game?"

The stranger nodded, and when Doc had dragged a box from behind the counter drew up his chair in a matter-of-fact way.

"Doc and me'll play partners, if it's all the same to you," said the 'Squire. The stranger nodded and shuffled the cards.

Doc and the 'Squire's code of signs worked like a telegraph line, and they pocketed the pile as usual. But the next time, somehow, they couldn't get together. 'Squire kicked at Doc's shins for not giving him what he wanted. He missed the shins, however, and kicked a board off the box. The stranger leaned back and lit a cigarette unconcernedly. But Doc was

doing his best. He couldn't understand what was the matter. Accidently he turned over one of the 'Squire's cards that he knew ought to have been the ace of spades, and, as sure as you live, it was the deuce of hearts.

Things got worse and worse. These two old veterans were game all right. They played until they were broke, then they put their watches and pocketknives on the pile. Then they began on their clothes, and had hardly enough left to be decent. Finally the stranger piled together all he had won.

"I'll play you this pile for that fiddle," he said.

The 'Squire and Doc looked at each other. They couldn't part with the fiddle, for what would the parson say if the fiddle wasn't in its usual place every Sunday? An idea struck Doc, by which he could keep a clear conscience and have one more chance at the stranger; luck must change some time.

"Stranger, we can't part with it, 'cause it don't belong to neither me nor him, but we'll play you for my share in it." Doc and the 'Squire looked at each other and almost burst. 'Squire did let out a snicker; for what kind of a stake was the music of a fiddle!

He won as usual.

"Here, I don't want this truck," and he pushed the pile he had staked over towards the champions. As Doc slipped into his pants and 'Squire stuck his feet into their familiar abodes the stranger picked up the fiddle.

"Which half is yours?"

"My part is the music of it!" and the 'Squire and Doc rolled over on the floor and laughed and laughed, and when they couldn't laugh any more they stood up and hugged each other and rocked.

All that week they laughed over the way they had outwitted the stranger. Whenever they saw each other a broad grin started, and the first thing they knew they were slapping

each other on the back and roaring, as the onlookers thought, over nothing. But they swore to keep it a secret that a little stranger with a black felt hat and pointed ears had beaten them at poker. And a good thing it was, too, for a reckoning day was coming.

On Sunday it was the 'Squire's time with the fiddle. About 10 o'clock could be heard various shrieks and trills as the 'Squire strove to make the fiddle sound with the little reed organ. The loose little groups of men that had gathered on the outside, taking this as a signal, broke up and wandered into church. The women on the inside stopped their whispering and fidgeting to reach for a song book and look around as a pair of heavy brogans thundered up the uncarpeted aisle.

But for some reason the fiddle wouldn't keep pitch with the organ. It seemed to take delight in screaming forth in some unearthly, ungodly strain when the pious old 'Squire was sure he had it at exactly the right notch. But it was growing late and he stopped his tuning, thinking he would play easy so that his fiddle wouldn't be much noticed.

Deacon Jones arose and, holding the little red book at arms-length in his immense hand, gave out the hymn. The organ started and—what was the 'Squire's surprise when what he meant for "What Can Wash Away My Sins" turned into "Arkansas Traveler" in notes that would have gone through a ten-inch post. And he couldn't stop it! The organ stopped and the deacon turned red. The girls giggled and the boys jumped up on the benches for joy. But the fiddle kept playing "Arkansas Traveler." The 'Squire, who had been doing his best to hold it still, jumped up and threw fiddle and bow across the room. They landed on the pulpit. The bow jumped to the fiddle and never lost a note.

By this time the boys were jumping up and down on the benches clapping their hands; and few feet there were in

that house that were still. Deacon Jones attempted to drown the tune with "Jesus Lover of My Soul," but you might as well have tried to outshine the sun with a lantern. And, besides, Deacon Jones at best could hardly carry a tune in "still water," so he was soon adding to the volume of "Arkansas Traveler" with "Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly." Old Brother Spach started a prayer, but he, too, lost his tune and gave up to avoid a worse calamity.

Meanwhile a crowd began to gather. Deacon Jones stuck his fingers in his ears and ran down the aisle out across the churchyard, followed by a few of the good brethren and sisters. Now the church was given over to jollity. The little boys jumped and shouted and clapped their hands, the little girls laughed and skipped up and down the aisles, but their older brothers and sisters moved the benches back and started up a Virginia reel.

Meanwhile the 'Squire and Doc Harper had slipped out at the window and retired for a conference behind the graveyard fence. The noise from the church reached them and they were half a mind to go back and join in, as "Bow to your partners" floated out over the hills this bright Sunday morning. But at the suggestion of Doc they retreated to his barn, where the music couldn't be heard. Doc was in favor of keeping dumb a little while longer, but the 'Squire was sore uneasy, for it was he who had the fiddle when the devil took it.

"Now, look here, Doc," he said, "ain't it you that made the bargain with the devil? and suppose'n—" Here he was interrupted by the Doc's getting up and going to the door, where he stuck his head out, and as the noise from the church was still in full swing, came back uneasily to where the 'Squire stood against the mixing box.

"Now suppose'n," the 'Squire continued, "the folks would find out that we played poker with the devil and lost the

music of the old Wallace fiddle?" He grew earnest, but it seemed entirely lost on Doc, for again he was on his way to the door. But the same distant hubbub continued, and, as he listened, he caught the faint strains of "Arkansas Traveler." Again he came and sat down, with a look more perplexed than ever.

"Deacon's a pretty good sort of fellow. I'll go with you up there and we'll tell him just how it was and nobody'll ever know he had a thing to do with it, 'eause we'll make him promise not to tell it."

A brief look of relief swept over the troubled face of Doc.

"Well I reckon that's the only thing we can do," he said with resignation. After pausing once more at the door to see if the noise by this time hadn't stopped, arm in arm they wound their way up the hill.

When they came back the fiddle was still and the crowd was gone, but the inside of the church looked as if a hurricane had struck it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

H. F. PAGE.

Often has the slender contribution of North Carolina to our literature been remarked upon. The deficiency of our State in this respect has been the more keenly felt because of its contrast with our achievements in other fields. But we are lighting upon better days. Along with the new life in industry, education and philanthropy has come a literary renaissance. Both within and beyond our borders North Carolinians, during the last few years, have made contributions to letters which exhibit rare talent, and even genius. These have covered a wide range of activity, notably, journalism, fiction and poetry. To present a writer of promise in the last-named field is the purpose of this paper.

In the autumn of 1907 the State, grief-stricken, laid to rest her beloved Poet of the Lumbee. Among the tributes called forth by this loss was one of rare imaginative power penned by James Larkin Pearson.

It may be well, before quoting the poem, to note its interesting points. To personify death in the feminine gender, as Mr. Pearson here does, is a singular departure from conventional usage, and so far as our knowledge goes it is used by only one other poet, Thomas Oeeleve, a writer of the fifteenth century, in his *Lament for Chaucer*. But his conception shows no similarity in other respects to Mr. Pearson's poem. Moreover there is in these verses an appeal convincingly sincere, almost dramatic in its intensity. With many readings the freshness of its suggestion does not vanish—a mark of genuine art.

The entire poem is here given:

THE RIVALS.

Rose-crowned, with lifted veil, and soft, glad eyes,
She met him at the portals when he came;
For she was Life, and he full lover-wise,
Did kiss her hand and fervent love proclaim.

And they were boon companions, Life and he,
And fitly joined in every mood and thought;
They plighted love beneath the forest tree;
In Nature's school together they were taught.

His poet-heart was wakened into song,
Nor ever sang the nightingale so well.
Great thoughts that to eternity belong
From his ripe lips in perfect numbers fell.

But guant-eyed Death sat envious and alone,
Perceiving how the happy pair were blest;
And she into a jealous rage was thrown—
With fleshless palm she smote her hollow breast.

And in that mood Death made an awful vow
To lie in wait where Life and Poet strolled,
That she might flout her kiss upon his brow,
Touch his warm, singing heart and leave it cold.

And even so befell the tragic deed;
From Death's assault there was no arm to save,
And many hearts shall long in silence bleed,
While Life stands weeping by her Poet's grave.

Since the appearance of this poem Mr. Pearson has given us a collection of his verse under the title, *Castle Gates*. While none of the selections in this volume quite equal the one just quoted, there are several of high artistic excellence. He has a good command of poetic diction. His rhythm, even in his less successful verses, is smooth, free and musical. His work is also characterized by a variety of poetic forms, and themes as well. As in the first efforts of all the poets, there are some crudities in his work, yet in the midst of these we are constantly meeting delicate shadings of senti-

ment and clever turns in poetic imagery which promise much, if he will only follow his art with that self-criticising fidelity which has gained for the majority of our poets their permanent places in literature.

In this volume there is quite a number of poems on religious themes. Of these *The Song of the Star of Bethlehem* contains some beautiful touches. In the others there is nothing strikingly original. Nevertheless here and there in them there is a sincere expression of the worshipful spirit, the yearning for the unseen so deeply fixed in the human heart. The following stanzas, taken respectively from three different poems, will illustrate this:

From God to earth the blessings fall,
 From earth to God our thanks arise;
 We can not know His ways withal,
 We only know that He is wise.
 * * * * *

We are weak and we are blind,
 Darkly groping after Thee;
 Maker of the finite mind,
 Lift the veil and let us see.
 * * * * *

Forgive the weak, the faithless heart,
 The failing trust, the broken vow;
 Bid all our questionings depart,
 And let us trust Thee, even now.

These thoughts have been phrased a thousand times, but like the one to which we now turn, taken from *The Mystery of Man*, they never cease to appeal to the serious, questioning mind.

He is an atom of the force
 That palpitates among the spheres,
 Uncertain of his being's source,
 And only sure of death and tears.

In *Memories* there is a tender pensiveness which sets the emotions gently astir. The theme is old yet the poetic move-

ment is so well chosen and the music of the lines so appropriate to the sentiment that it has an abiding freshness.

The empty schoolhouse lonely stands
Upon the wooded hill;
Its inmates gay have roamed away,
Their noisy feet are still.

I pause upon the battered step
That marks the silent door,
And sadly here I drop a tear
For those I see no more.

I see within the dusky room
Their names upon the wall,
And from the floor they walk no more
The strange wild echoes call!

Love Me While I Live is a poem well-nigh perfect in its expression. Its theme has also been used by other poets, but never with better success.

I will not ask that in the future years
When I have passed into the Silent Land,
Thou come to me with kisses and with tears
And proffer love—I would not understand.

I will not ask that wreathed flower be brought
To wither on my coffin and to die;
I would not that my name be proudly wrought
On chiseled shaft uprising to the sky.

I need the comfort that thy smile would lend
In the dark way that I must travel here;
But in that vale towards which my footsteps tend
I shall not heed the falling of a tear.

So if thou hast a blessing to bestow,
Or if thou hast a kindly word to give,
Defer it not till I am lying low
In Death's embrace, but tell me while I live.

Among his various love poems, possibly *The Long Hand-clasp at Parting* is the most original. The situation—which one must read close to get—is a really strong one. It closes with a sentiment which sounds like a far echo from Tennyson's Locksley Hall:

I go not as the thwarted lover goes,
Reeling with frenzy to some midnight den,
To curse my cruel fate and nurse my woes,
But as a man into the midst of men.

There is a winning tenderness in *Oh, to Be Married in May* and *A Bed Time Song* that lingers long after one has read the poems. *Her Wonderful Eyes* has a most charming rhythm, but the effect is weakened by figures that exaggerate too much. We quote the first of these three here mentioned:

O Love, from the South returning,
With all your wanderings o'er,
I give the glad hand of the dear native land,
And bid you a welcome once more.
My love has been faithful and constant,
I have dreamed of you night and day;
And, oh, the sweet bliss of the welcoming kiss!
And, oh, to be married in May!

To have lived in the shadow of sorrow,
To have seemingly loved in vain;
To have wept bitter tears through the joyless years—
Through the pitiful years of pain;
And then to pass from the shadows
And stand where the sunbeams play;
And, oh, the sweet charms of your encircling arms!
And, oh, to be married in May!

The next selection we will give is taken from a poem suggested by a visit to the Congressional Library. The last stanza is especially strong. The lines have caught the spirit of sublimity that breathes in great architecture:

A dream in polished marble! This thou art,
 O temple of the living and the dead!
 Thy beauty charms the eye and wins the heart
 As through thy halls thy thousand lamps are shed.

Oft have I stood upon thy central stair
 And felt the thrill that hath no outward voice;
 A million heavenly beauties mingling there
 Compel the soul *en rapport* to rejoice.

Man's most sublime conception, highest thought,
 Converges there with something of the skill
 By which the circling suns were formed and taught
 To roll submissive to their Maker's will.

But little of Mr. Pearson's humorous verse is successful. It is difficult to make humor poetic any way. Many critics are disposed to place humor as the very opposite of poetry, and give it no place in poetry except for the purpose of contrast. It is peculiarly hard material to manage artistically. Its chief end is to amuse. In one or two instances Mr. Pearson has been successful in this. Witness this stanza from *A Poem to the Poets*:

Rhyming brother, hear my song:—
 If you would capture
 Every one who comes along
 With your rhythmic rapture,
 Be not over-apt to pen
 Everything so plainly:
 Drop a hint just now and then—
 Leave it guess-work mainly.
 He is counted great who sings
 Unintelligible things.

The second poem in the volume is one of his best. The thought is well worked out and moves to a pleasing climax at the close, striking a chord of universal experience, with a touch of tender fancy. We give the last stanzas only:

A little child with beaming face
 Found out the poet's lonely den—
 Brought glad new life into the place,
 And he was moved to sing again.

This time it was a soft, sweet song
 For childhood's tender, trusting years;
 But when the bard looked up, ere long,
 Behold, the world was all in tears.

The first lines of *A Lullaby* are exquisitely charming in rhythm:

Don't weep now, but sleep now,
 And rest your tired eyes. * * *

but they are unsustained by those following. It is one of several good themes touched by Mr. Pearson, which we would advise him to work over. The same has been done with marked success by several other poets even after their defective verses have once appeared in print.

The element of mystery appeals strongly to the imagination and therefore occurs often in our best poetry. This element also finds a place in Mr. Pearson's verse, and he uses it with artistic effect, as is readily seen in

THE EMPTY BOAT.

Broken and bruised on many a cruel bar,
 Over dark waters far,
 Hither alone, in midnight cast afloat,
 Drifted an empty boat.

Slowly the waves retire—the storm has ceased,
 And from the waking East,
 Dawn's radiant finger, poised in ambient air,
 Points to the wreckage there.

An empty boat and one poor broken oar
 Cast upon the shore;
 Answer, O wandering winds of the hungry sea—
 Where may the boatman be?

Another strong quality of these verses is their vividness of description. Such lines as

Dawn's radiant finger poised in ambient air,

indicate a strong feeling for the artistic in language. By its sheer power of suggestion it holds the imagination with the power of perennial freshness. The words support one another in perfect harmony. But there are many lines in Mr. Pearson's work weakened by a failure to make such happy choice of words. This defect we are sure will disappear as he gains the mastery of his art.

From this survey it is readily seen that the author of *Castle Gates* possesses poetic talent above the ordinary. Some of the work he has already done will live in the literature of the State. And when we consider the fact that he is practically self-educated, that what he has already accomplished is only youthful work, and that he is buoyant in spirit and ambitious to achieve, may we not anticipate a richer harvest from his pen in the near future?

THE MYSTERY OF GILES' CAVE

MAC.

"Tom, what've you got in the way of literature to-night? Anything new?"

"Naw, Ben, just the same old 'Seventy-six,'—some 'Jack Harkaway's,' 'Niek Carter's,' and a 'Liberty Boys' or so. Want to read? Pull up a chair and help yourself."

"Where's that bully detective story I didn't finish last night? I don't want any of this old mush. Why don't you read something like Sherlock Holmes or Tom Sawyer?"

"Humph! I hope you don't think I'd waste my time reading that stuff, do you? I don't read anything but the straight goods, fresh from the wild and woolly West. Me for the tall uncut, when it comes to something doing."

"All right, read your old trash if you want to. I don't care. But just let me finish this before you string off too much gas."

For several minutes the two boys read in silence, until Ben finished "The Sign of the Four," threw it on the bed, and reached for his cap.

"Come on, Tom, let's go down to the store and swipe some apples. I'm hungry as a wolf."

"I'm with you," said Tom, "if I don't tear myself away from that confounded old 'Penny Dreadful' pretty soon, I'll not get a wink of sleep to-night."

The two boys walked down the road to the little country store, went in and joined a bunch of loafers around the stove. After some little maneuvering, Ben slipped two apples from the show-case into his pocket, and they started to leave, when old Jonathan Graham came in puffing and blowing.

He was a tall, wiry man, made up of bone and sinew—a born hunter and hard to beat at woodcraft. He answered

the many salutations and thrusts from the loafers in a jocose and witty manner, always leaving the laugh on the other fellow.

"Well, boys," said he, "I've been rambling round right smart to-day. Went around the lower shoal and back up the old log shute to the limestone bench above the river. Been trying to spot some turkeys for Thanksgiving. Didn't find any roosting place, though, 'till I got nearly up to Giles' Cave."

At the mention of this cave, a slight stir was noticed among the loafers, and old "Injun Joe," a half-breed of the Shawnee tribe, suddenly sat up and eyed the hunter with a fierce gleam in his dark eyes. No one appeared to pay any attention to this change except Ben, who always had the greatest fear and dread of the Indian, especially at night.

"And after I'd fixed a good blind out of pine brush," continued the hunter, "I walked on up to the cave entrance and sat down in the cool, damp shade to rest. After a while I heard something move down to the right of the cave, and saw a big cave rabbit run into a clump of alders growing right up against the limestone cliff. I thought I'd bag the rabbit so as not to come back empty-handed, and struck out through the thicket after it. It disappeared into a hole by the rock just before I got there, so I tried to prize it out with a forked stick. But the stick fell through the hole and I heard it clatter on some rocks below. Now I thought that was mighty strange, so pulled some of the trash away from the hole and found what looked like an old entrance to the cave. I didn't have time to fool about going in, so just came on back towards town, and got kctched by the dark, as it was."

When he finished, the topic of the cave was discussed by the loafers. Some said that time and erosion might have concealed the old entrance. Others argued that somebody had committed a crime or hidden something there, and had

concealed the entrance on purpose. Several times "Injun Joe" grunted and at last said:

"Huh! cave no good! Me been there once! Nothing there but ghosts. Better stay away from old cave; fall in big hole and die. Too much ghost!"

At this the loafers laughed long and loud, and some said they were going through the old cave as soon as their fall work was done, just to show they weren't afraid. During this tale Ben and Tom exchanged knowing nods and winks, and soon slipped out and went back to Tom's room.

"Say, Tom, did you notice Injun Joe's eyes and face light up when Graham told about Giles' Cave? And did you see how fierce and wild he looked when he told about the blind cave entrance covered up by trash?"

"Naw, Ben, what're you figuring on now? Some new detective scheme? Why don't you join the Pinkertons and be done with it?"

"Aw slush, you can talk all you please, but I'll bet my hat that Injun Joe knows something about that old cave entrance and what's inside of it, or else he wouldn't have been so anxious to try to scare us out of going there. There might be an old treasure stored up back in the cave, or some Indian relics or idols, who knows? I say, let's go there to-morrow and see for ourselves. Are you on?"

"Shucks, I don't believe there's a thing in the cave; still if you want to go and see, I'm with you. If we should find anything, we'll go halves, as usual, but I'll bet we don't find anything. If we do go, though, let's get an early start, so's to be back by dinner time."

"All right, Tom, I'll bring my flash-light and hatchet, and you get a lantern and pick. We'll meet in the morning by six at the store. Good night! But here, take one of these apples before I forget it. So long!"

The next morning about eight o'clock the boys reached

the cave, found the clump of alders just as Graham had described, and went to work. With the pick they soon made the hole large enough to crawl through, and first Ben, and then Tom, dropped down to the cave floor beneath. Both knew the other cave well and so had no trouble in getting along. After leaving the hole, they lit the lantern and carefully explored the narrow passageway.

Walking very slowly along the down-sloping passage they passed one room after another leading off from the main way, and going they knew not whither. Now a bat fluttered past them, and now a scurry of small rodents passed over their feet. From above the water oozed, drop by drop, and nitre and slime covered the walls and floor. The very dampness clogged their throats and hindered their breathing. Stalactites and stalagmites were passed every few seconds, and once they had to go around a large pillar which had been formed by a union of the two. Every little sound reverberated in ghostly echoes from the vaulted roof. It was just about all the boys could stand. Every new sound startled them, and even the braver, Ben, was almost ready to stop, when all at once the passage broadened out into a large room, at the further edge of which ran a wide and deep crevice in the rock. The boys picked their way gingerly along to the edge of the abyss and stopped. Tom pushed a huge piece of stalactite into the hole, and they waited and waited for it to strike the bottom, but they never heard a sound. It seemed bottomless.

"Ben, it's the Devil's hole itself," whispered Tom, "let's get out of here before we fall in. Ugh!" he shuddered, "let's go quick, too."

But Ben had walked over to the nearest wall of the room and was examining some small niches, hewn out in the wall, that seemed to rise, one over the other, like steps.

"Tom, look here, isn't this an old pair of steps? Here,

you give me a boost and I'll see what's on the other side of that wall. Hold the light a little closer; now push! Good gracious, Tom! Come on up and look! I'll help you."

Tom soon joined Ben on a narrow bridge of rock that led over the chasm to another room. A gulf of blackness, of inconceivable depth, was beneath them. Crawling on hands and knees, they carefully reached the room on the other side. This room was entirely enclosed by what seemed solid walls. Here it was dryer, and in places dust had accumulated. For a moment the boys were demoralized—here was an end of their journey and they had found nothing whatever.

"There's nothing here, Ben, let's try some other lead. What's the use of wasting time in a close room like this with walls all around it?"

"Wait a minute until I look at these walls, Tom. This one looks like masonry. See how it's made? It's been put up by hands. Bring the lantern over nearer."

Tom went over to the wall with the lantern and found it was true. Stones had been laid, one on top of the other, and a thick, strange-looking cement covered all. The stones were so closely cemented together, and it was all so level and smooth, that it might easily have passed for a natural cave wall.

"Tom, take the lantern and go over the lower part of the wall carefully, and hunt for a loose stone or one that we can knock out easily. Let's tear the old wall down and see what's behind it. See if you can't find a *clue* stone somewhere, for if there is anything much behind the wall there must be some way left to get at it. We can't tear down a wall like this without some place to start."

So, slowly and carefully the boys inspected the stones in the wall, but none were found loose, or seemed different from the others, until they met in the center, and almost together found a block of what looked like a stone at first sight, but

on closer examination proved to be of a soft, resinous substance like gutta-percha. It was about five feet from the floor and the same distance from the ceiling. The boys knew at once that this was the clue stone of the wall, so they attacked it eagerly with the hatchet and pick. Soon it had disappeared before their exertions and, without much trouble, they knocked out several stones on each side of the hole, until it was large enough for them to look through.

They picked up the flash-light and, casting its strong rays into the room beyond, saw a fearful and ghastly spectacle, a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Within the room and seated around in a circle, were four Indian chiefs, the sagamores of a now almost extinct race. Ornamented with their huge head-dresses, they sat there with all the stolidness and immobility of the dead, their weapons at their side and scalps and trophies of the chase scattered around. The yellow light seemed to intensify their fierce yet noble grandeur, and throw into strong relief their lithe and powerful bodies.

For only a moment this vision lasted, for a rush of the foulest air ever breathed this side of the lower world struck the boys in the face, and before they could tear themselves away from the ghastly spectacle, they were overcome by the noxious gases and rendered unconscious.

They gradually regained consciousness, but for a while could only lie back and gasp. Ben at last roused himself to action and, finding the air purer, began to tear the wall away with frantic eagerness. He was soon joined by Tom, and in a moment both had clambered into this sepulcher of the dead. Again Ben flashed his light around in the room, but not a sign of Indians could they see. In some unaccountable and mysterious way they had disappeared from the room.

"Why! Why! Where are they?" gasped Tom.

"I don't know," whispered Ben, "you don't suppose they were really alive and ran away, do you?"

"But how could they, Ben? There's no place they could have gone out except where we were, and that hole wasn't big enough then for us to crawl through. Let's bring in the lantern and look around closer."

The lantern was brought in, and with fearful glances around at the dark walls, and keeping close together, the two boys examined every nook and cranny in the room for a possible escape. But not even the slightest crack was found, not even in the roof. The place seemed perfectly tight and strong. Walking over towards the center of the room they saw a pile of glittering weapons and ornaments. Eagerly they pounced upon the relics, and holding them up to the light saw the tomahawks, knives, pipes, feather headdresses and ornaments of all sorts that were lying about the Indians when the light was first flashed on them. At last the boys had really found something tangible.

"But what do you suppose became of the Indians, Ben? We certainly saw them plain enough; it couldn't have been imagination. Why I can almost see them sitting there right now. Do you suppose it was those ghosts Injun Joe told us about?"

"I don't know, Tom. But it couldn't have been ghosts or they'd have taken all these things with them. Let's reason this thing out. They were here, and that we know. They aren't here now, and that we're sure of too. So they must have gone somewhere. But where in the dickens did they go? That's what I want to know. As for ghosts, why—"

But right there he was interrupted by a voice at the hole, and there, with eyes dilated and almost bursting from their sockets, with face blazing with fear and hatred, stood Injun Joe. One wild glance he cast around the room, and uttering a fearful yell darted back to the bridge and leaped into that hellish abyss. This was more than human reason could stand, and, stopping only to grasp the lantern, they fled from

that room of death and mystery, with that awful death shriek still ringing in their ears.

How they ever crossed over the abyss and got down the steps the boys never knew. But get out they did, and that quickly. Outside they stopped not even for the thicket, but plunged on wildly towards home. And not 'till they were lying on the bed in Tom's room did they stop to speak.

"Oh, Tom, what have we done?" cried Ben. "How can we ever forget that awful shriek? Oh, why did we ever bother that old cave anyhow?"

Tom, utterly broken down, could only sob and moan. Never had the two boys been so completely distracted before. The very thought of how they had caused the death of Injun Joe sent icy shivers of fear and horror down their backbones. The disappearance of the Indians was enough to disturb them considerably, but it only needed the death shriek of Injun Joe to drive out what little reason and will power remained. Time and place were forgotten as they lived over, in their minds, the terrible happenings of the morning. And not until Tom's dinner bell rang did they rouse from their lethargy enough to think and talk sensibly.

"Tom," said Ben, "we've just got to tell somebody about this or we'll die. We can't go along this way without people finding it out. It's nearly killing me."

"Me too, Ben. But I'm afraid to tell. They might hang us or do something worse."

"I'm not much afraid of hanging, Tom, but the best way to get out of it is to tell your father all about it. Then they can hunt for some trace of Injun Joe, if there's anything left of him. But we'd better go down and see Mr. Preston while he is at dinner and get him to help us."

"I reckon you're right as usual, Ben, so come on down-stairs and we'll find papa."

They told their story, with many breaks, to Mr. Preston,

but in such an earnest and truthful way that he had to believe it, unreasonable as it seemed. Immediately after dinner he drummed up a band of the most reliable and intelligent men of the community, and they started off to the cave. Among the number were Jonathan Graham and Dr. Philip Polky Green, an eminent American archaeologist connected with the Smithsonian Institution, who was spending the summer in research work in that neighborhood.

With the two boys as guides they found the cave exactly as it had been left earlier in the day. Dr. Green at once took charge of the exploration, and directed the band past the crevice into which Injun Joe had disappeared, to the rooms beyond. He seemed to have formed his theory of the disappearance of the Indian as soon as he heard the story, and now only needed a little additional proof to clinch it in his mind. He noticed the walls, and especially the one partially torn down. He nodded with approval at the four piles of fine, dark dust in the center of the room, and almost shouted for joy when he saw the Indian relics scattered about on the floor. He examined each carefully and made copious notes in a little red notebook. He listened attentively to Ben's description of the appearance and death of Injun Joe. With care he revolved each point in his mind and soon had the complete story. Seeing that all his companions had returned from their search and were only waiting for his opinions, he drew himself up with pompous dignity and proceeded to elucidate:

"This is a very difficult and delicate matter to explain, gentlemen, but since I have given most of my life to just such work as this, I think I can make you understand it fully. I suppose you remember that shortly after King Philip's war, in which he united most of the Indian tribes of this section, the Shawnee tribe was nearly exterminated. Well, my opinion, while entirely theoretical, is this: That some of

their greatest chiefs, seeing the destruction of their people, and finding themselves unable to prevent it, resolved never again to be disturbed by the whites, either in life or death. So they ordered that after death they should be placed in this air-tight cave and sealed up, forever safe from the marauding hands of their enemies. The entrance to the cave was hidden well under brush and debris, and has never been found until yesterday.

"From these weapons and trinkets here, and from what I know of the history of the Indians that once inhabited these parts, I come to the above conclusion, that it must have been a Shawnee burial place. And Ben's story of Injun Joe has clinched that in my mind.

"Now for the disappearance. You see these four piles of very fine dust? Well Tom has just told me that as well as he remembers they are in the exact position the grand old Sagamores occupied this morning. Now just as long as the bodies were preserved in the air-tight room no decomposition could take place, but after they had remained there for two hundred years naturally when fresh air in abundance struck them the decomposition was swift indeed. So while the boys were suffering from the effect of the foul air these bodies were being decomposed by the inrush of fresh air. This, gentlemen, is the only sane explanation I can find to what these boys very naturally supposed to be supernatural.

"As for the half-breed Joe, I am told that he was the last of his tribe in existence, and more than likely the guarding of this sepulcher has been the sacred duty of every true Shawnee ever since it was first made. And when Joe saw how he had failed in his trust, and how the tomb had been broken into and apparently rifled of its priceless relics, his one thought was that his life must pay the penalty. So his great superstitious fear and dread of his ancestors caused him to take his own life by jumping into the abyss.

"Now as for these relics, I claim them in the interest of archæology for the Smithsonian Institution, but," he added with a smile, "you two boys will not lose anything by selling them to the government. Well, if you are all satisfied, we'll take these relics and ourselves to a pleasanter atmosphere outside."

Every one seemed satisfied with the doctor's theory, and all were ready to leave. So they were soon outside the cave and on the way back to town. It was a long time before the boys could forget that blood-curdling death-cry. And often at night they would waken with that shriek ringing in their ears and the image of the four chiefs or of Injun Joe staring them in the face.

But the two boys felt amply repaid for all their trouble and fright when, about two weeks later, they received a letter from Dr. Green containing a check for five hundred dollars, from the Smithsonian Institution, to be divided between them.

AFTER THIS—WHAT?

ROWLAND SHAW.

Instantly his eyes opened, and a man in strange old-fashioned attire stretched himself and rose from the rustie bench upon which he had been lying. He came out from the bushes which had hung over his resting place, and for a moment he stood gazing about. As he looked the beautiful silver moon rose over the quiet city, sending pretty coquettish little beams through the foliage which lined the walks of what was once Wake Forest College campus. Thus he stood for many moments, and as people passed by him, one by one they stopped and gazed at the man in astonishment. But if they were astonished he was dumfounded.

"Pardon me," he said, "but it seems I am out of my neighborhood. Nothing here seems familiar. There are no college buildings, no campus walks. Would you mind telling me where I am and how far it is to Wake Forest?"

"This is Wake Forest," said a sweet young girl, with the most beautiful face The Man had ever seen even in his most fanciful cigarette dreams.

"But—but," he faltered, "where are the college buildings? where are the dormitories?" And he looked about him, and as far as his eyes could see there appeared to be huge buildings one after another, each many stories high, and he knew at once they were factories of some kind—the kind that had made Durham famous.

"Dormitories!" cried the one with the beautiful face, "I don't know what you mean."

"Dormitories," said The Man, "are buildings provided by the trustees. They contain tier upon tier of packing cases for human beings, with special devices for aiding the Sophomores in their work against the Freshmen. I live in one."

"How interesting!" cried the girl, and people who were passing by stopped to hear what this strange man was saying.

"Last night," continued The Man, "I was out with the boys, and I either smoked too many cigarettes or some one doped me. Anyway, I woke up just now and found myself lying on that bench over there. I don't want to go to the president to find out about all these changes that have been made, for I am afraid he will ask me about my chapel absences, and I have been up before him too often now."

"Chapel absences?" queried the sweet-voiced young thing, "where have I heard that expression before? Ah, I know, it was in an old book I found called 'Manners and Customs of the Ancients.' It told in there how that in the ages past all college boys were required to attend every morning what was called chapel exercises. I know what you are," she continued, "you are a modern Rip Van Winkle, only Rip is not in your class at all. You went to sleep in one century and have awaked thousands of years after Halley's comet has changed everything."

"Really," asked The Man in amazement. "On the square? No kidding?"

"Let's see," said the fair damsel, "what century was it when you fell asleep?"

"The twentieth," answered The Man.

"Then I am correct," said she, "for this is the thirtieth."

The face of The Man became radiant with joy, but his countenance suddenly changed. "I was delighted," he said, "because I had gotten out of so many classes, but I remember now I may get shipped for cutting classes, and even at best I will have to stand monthly examinations on all of my work."

All of those who had gathered around to hear what he was saying wanted to know what he meant by "shipped," "cutting" and "monthly examinations"; in fact, every word he

uttered caused fresh inquiry. All of which was very boring to The Man, for he hadn't smoked a cigarette in ten centuries and his longing for one was becoming unbearable.

The girl must have known from the expression on his face what he wanted for she suddenly produced from somewhere among the folds of her dress a box of cigarettes, and extending them to The Man said, "Won't you have one of my dope sticks?"

The Man needed no interlinear translator to interpret that sentence, nor did any of the others in the crowd, and immediately they all pulled out cigarettes and began to fire up. One by one the crowd began to disperse, until finally The Man found himself alone again with the beautiful girl.

"Won't you sit down on the bench and talk to me," he said, "until I can get accustomed to this new order of things?"

They sat down together and The Man turned and looked at her and noticed for the first time that, although she looked to be only at that age when a girl has never been kissed, she was smoking and inhaling a strong Egyptian cigarette without a protest.

He had finished his first cigarette and wanted another. "Will you wait for me while I go to a store and buy a box of cigarettes," he asked.

"Have another one on me," said the Little One, handing him the box. "And, besides, we don't buy cigarettes now. They are free."

"What? Then everybody can smoke whenever they want to?" he asked in amazement.

"Why certainly," she replied. "This is the Millenium, and there could be no Millenium without free cigarettes."

The Man leaned back with a sigh of great contentment. Life was worth living at last. He had waited a long time for this, but it was worth waiting for. He wondered if food

and everything else were as free as cigarettes. Finally he asked.

"Food!" answered she. "We never eat. Eating was such a nuisance and it took so much time. Women had to be bothered preparing meals when they might be sitting down enjoying a nice comfortable smoke."

"For the love of heaven!" said he, "do all women smoke now?"

"Sure," said she, "didn't I tell you this was the Millennium."

"Gee! but this is great," cried The Man. "Girls no longer preach to their beaux about smoking, but are sensible enough to indulge in the pleasure themselves. Nothing could have been done to make man happier than this. But," continued he, "you say you don't eat, what do you do when you get hungry?"

"We smoke one of these cigarettes," answered the girl, handing him another box of cigarettes quite different from the others she had given him. "They satisfy all hunger and save all bother and peril of digestion."

He lighted one of these cigarettes, and after taking two or three inhales from it he began to experience that divine sensation of complete contentment which comes after the satisfaction of a healthy appetite at an old-fashioned picnic.

"If you never eat, how about sleeping?" he inquired.

"Sleeping!" cried the Little One, and she laughed outright, showing that the Millenniumers are not devoid of humor. "Hasn't that little nap of ten centuries been enough for you? No one ever sleeps now."

"You never sleep?" he asked.

"Most assuredly not," said she. "We are kept busy sampling the new brands of cigarettes that are made. Nearly every day a new brand is made. When we grow sleepy we smoke one of these 'Insomnias' and all sleep vanishes."

Thus they sat and talked for some little time until The Man decided he would like to take a little stroll and take a look at the old "burg" in which he had lived ten centuries before.

"Well, what shall I show you first?" said the girl.

"I would like to see first the place where the old Chapel building stood," answered he; and his thoughts instantly turned back to days of yore, and he could distinctly hear through ten centuries of time the ringing of the last bell for Chapel.

"Why so pensive?" said the Little One at his side.

"I was thinking," said he, "of some of my old friends' who would have been so happy could they have lived to see the day when there was no such thing as Chapel exercise."

"But," continued he, as he lighted his fifteenth cigarette, "don't you ever get tired smoking. Don't you get nervous and unstrung? I am beginning to feel the effects of mine already."

The Little Creature shook her head. "Smoke this," she said, handing him still another kind, "whenever you feel that way and in a moment you will feel as though it has been ages since you last smoked. In fact," she continued, "everything is lovely now. The 'God of the things as they ought to be' rules supreme here, and all things are perfect now." As she said this she looked tenderly through the cloud of smoke coming from her cigarette at The Man.

He was beginning to feel that his interest in the thirtieth century was narrowing down to an interest in the beautiful creature beside him, and he was wondering how many centuries she had been living and if she would always be young and pretty, or, as the centuries passed, would she become old, fat and ugly, and before he realized it he was asking her a very improper question.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Sixteen," she coyly murmured. And not knowing whether she meant sixteen years or sixteen centuries The Man was knocked completely out of his course, and he fainted.

When he came to he heard a strikingly familiar voice sounding in his ear, and upon opening his eyes he beheld a still more familiar face bending over him yelling:

"You had better get out of that bed, the last Chapel bell has already rung."

Then The Man fainted again.

ABANDONED FLOWERS

H. F. PAGE.

A few withered flowers
Scattered on the lawn,
Where children played for
An hour and are gone.

To-morrow will others,
With gambols as gay,
Bring hither their posies
And an hour will play.

Only to leave them
Under the trees,
Scattered and dying—
Abandoned—like these.

But in the child-heart
Will live away
The joy of the flowers
And that one hour's play.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF KOREA*

KONOSUKE AKIYAMA.

PART II.

In this connection I will state several reforms which have been worked out by the Resident-General since the establishment of the Japanese Protectorate. The system of the Korean Court was exceedingly complex and extravagant in every way. An enormous number of courtiers and a gorgeous display of uniforms and decorations worn by the court functionaries were thought needful for the courts of the largest and wealthiest nations. Before the so-called "purification of the court" the number of the courtiers and various other functionaries, beside petty officials and hired men, was calculated as large as 560, which was thirty more than that of all the government departments combined. The revenue and expenditures of the court were regarded as a special account. It is an almost unbelievable fact that the annual expenditure of the royal household was well-nigh one-half the entire estimated expenditure of the government. I do not believe that there is any court on the face of the earth which appropriates such an enormous amount of expenditure as the Korean Court; yet this sum of money could not cover the whole expenditure. All manner of irregular, illicit and scandalous ways of obtaining money for his privy purse were practiced by his Majesty and his train. There are innumerable instances of the King's way of obtaining money, but I will omit those on account of the scarcity of space.

The recent condition of the finances of Korea is far more satisfactory than it was before. The expenditures of the court were reduced as far as it does not humiliate the royal dignity, and the government was regulated in combining un-

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necessary bureaus or divisions. The report of 1907 shows that the total estimated revenue for 1907 was 13,189,336 yen, which is an increase of 5,704,592 yen over that of 1906. The total estimated expenditure for the same year is 13,963,035 yen, which is an excess of that of 1906 by the sum of 5,995,647 yen. The excess in the expenditure was due in part to the increase of salaries which was necessary to keep the Korean officials from corruption; but more largely to the reform of the educational organization, the building of roads, of law courts, the extension of the police and judicial system, the founding of hospitals and other various internal improvements. (It is not needful to say that the deficit in the Korean budget is filled up by the Japanese government.)

After the establishment of the Residency-General it became unnecessary, incapable, in fact, for Korea to keep direct diplomatic relations with the foreign powers with a great expenditure. By the Convention of November 17, 1905, both the Korean and Japanese governments agreed that the commercial and diplomatic relations of Korea, with all the foreign nations, shall be executed hereafter by the government of Japan, also the right and interest of the Korean people abroad shall be protected by the representatives of Japan. Her representatives to the foreign powers were recalled, and the expenditure which had been appropriated for the maintenance of the legations and consulates was turned to the improvement of internal affairs.

Again, before the Convention of 1907, the annual expenditure for the maintenance of the standing army occupied 20 per cent of the total expenditure. This expenditure was no small sum for the Korean Government, which was constantly finding a discrepancy in its fiscal system. Not only that, the Korean army was entirely ineffective, both in quality and in quantity, for the safeguard of Korea against her strong neighbors. It was unquestionably advantageous for her to

depend on Japan for a time being at least, for the protection against external encroachment and internal disorders. The Convention of 1907 agreed on this matter, also that the Korean Government should immediately disband her standing army and the provincial garrisons, except the Royal Bodyguard, and should vest the military affairs in the hands of the Japanese military authorities in Korea. Thus the Residency-General is economizing unnecessary expenditures as much as the circumstances allow, and investing it into the works imperatively needed for the promotion of the Korean welfare.

It is difficult to give any adequate picture of the administration of justice in Korea. From the beginning of her national existence any restraints of constitution or any recognized legal code has had no existence on Korean soil. Her political development has never yet attained to that stage when the executive and judiciary branches of government separate and become independent of each other. The judiciary power has always been vested in the hands of the executive officials, and abuses have grown up in consequence of this. Local magistrates were judges of court as well as executive officials, and they were entirely under the control of evil influences, and tried to get bribes or to squeeze as much as they could out of their offices. Under this corrupted and unjust condition the police and the army were always the instrument of the magistrates or judges.

The Korean code, though merely a semblance, was modeled after the old legal system of the Min dynasty in China. The bribing of judges and punishment of accused persons without due trial were everyday occurrences. Other equally deplorable forms of injustice were strictly legal in Korea, such as the infliction of penalty upon the innocent relatives of a condemned criminal, the cruel punishments of crushing the knee-cap, slitting the nostrils, applying hot irons, driving

splinters under the toe nails, the squeezing the ankle and various other painful forms of torture. Immediately after the Chino-Japanese war, 1895, the Korean Government promised to Japan, and inaugurated reforms in the administration of justice, but, like other reforms of that time, scarcely went beyond the mere intention. No improvement was found in this line when the Residency-General was established.

The Korean people have never yet enjoyed the protection of their rights relating to property. Private property has been appropriated by the government without due compensation as freely as if it were natural water. It was quite a common occurrence for the local magistrates or prefects to confiscate private property without any reason whatsoever. In the case of selling and buying or mortgaging a tract of land the parties concerned had nothing to go by but to handle and receive the "bunki," or title deeds, which were generally in the form of a file of documents recognizing the transaction. The country was flooded with forged "bunki" in consequence of this, and there was absolutely no security of property. This mal-administration of justice was not only confined to the case of property, but also personal freedom, even life itself, was not secure.

Korea possessed a law court organization by virtue of a law promulgated in 1895, and according to it the courts are of the following description: (1) Supreme Court of law (tries crimes committed by members of the royal family); (2) Court of Cassation; (3) Circuit Court; (4) The Trade Port Courts (courts of first resort); (5) District Courts (courts of first resort), and their branches when needed. The truth, is, however, that this organization existed only on paper, the only courts in actual existence were the Courts of Cassation and Seoul Court, which were filled with men totally deficient in legal knowledge and training. In the provinces still the

governors, magistrates and prefects were retaining the judiciary powers. In Korea, justice was made the object of ridicule and contempt, both by the natives and the foreigners. By virtue of treaties the foreigners have a right to bring an action to the Korean courts against the natives in some cases, but none of them ever made use of such a right. Whenever a legal question arose between the foreigners and the natives they made them all international questions and brought them to the Resident-General.

The most urgently needed reform in the administration of justice in Korea was the systematizing and promulgation of the law of the land. How this difficult task should be accomplished? What principle should be laid as the foundation of law? These questions were no small matter to the Residency-General. The application of the Japanese code over Korea, or the enactment of an entirely new set of laws patterned after those of the civilized nations, was a comparatively easy task so far as the preparation of a code was concerned. But it would undoubtedly be defective so far as actual reform of justice in Korea was concerned. The Resident-General caused the Korean Government to institute a codification commission, which consisted of both Koreans and Japanese, headed by a Japanese jurist. As the name indicated, the purpose of this commission was to investigate the condition, political, social and economical, of the Korean people, and to promulgate the law on the principle of modern civilized nations. The work of the commission has advanced apace since its organization, and the various laws and ordinances were put in operation recently, and the commission will complete its work before long. The commission has made a great effort and careful investigation of the various established customs and usages pertaining to immovables in drafting the new laws. The new laws are not elaborate in form, however simple, concise and far-reaching in character.

With regard to the court organization, a new agreement was made between the Korean Government and the Residency-General in the beginning of this year. The system of the court shall be largely modeled after that of the Japanese court; and judges and solicitors shall be appointed from both natives and Japanese who have the modern legal knowledge and training.

As I said before, the Korean army and police were always the instrument of intrigue and extortion. Experience shows plainly enough that the Korean army and police could not be depended upon to protect the rights or the lives of their own countrymen. Also these minions of the law were most dangerous to the property and lives of foreigners. Hence the imperative need of a reorganization of the police. On this matter, also, the vital reform measure was inaugurated upon the establishment of the Residency-General. Under the new arrangement all ordinary police work is placed in the hands either of Japanese or of the Korean police, to suit the need of the localities concerned, while the gendarmes are to look after the higher class of the police affairs.

Now I am to pass over to the question of the local government. The Kingdom of Korea is divided into twelve provinces, each of which is still further divided into small administrative districts. Let me call these districts counties and townships, for merely the sake of convenience, though they are not exactly synonymous with those of England and America. The counties are a little over 340 in number, each of which consists of several townships. There is a magistrate in each of these provinces, and he supervises all the prefects of counties and sheriffs of towns in the provinces.

The jurisdiction of the magistrate, the precept and the sheriff was entirely too complex and indefinite to be described. As I said before, in connection with the administration of justice they sometimes exercised the power of tax

collector, and sometimes discharged the duty of judges. It was not uncommon for them to use military force for the execution of the civil service.

The characteristics of the local administration of Korea were acts of oppression and a system of "squeeze" (illegal way of obtaining money from people). The words and actions of the officials were absolute, against which the people had no right to complain, but had to obey blindly. The only way for the people to escape from the vicious practice of the officials was to buy them up with gold or bribery. It was a universally recognized principle in Korea that justice is worth the price; the side which offered the largest bribe of money or influence will uniformly win the case. Also the illegal forfeiture was a common practice among the local magistrates and prefects. There is interesting and rather humorous example for the way of omniverous magistrates in squeezing the people. A magistrate sent a message to a tiger hunter who had recently killed a great tiger, telling him that he deserved a reward for his courageous deed. The magistrate gave the man five yen and seized the game, worth about 150 yen, telling him that the tiger belonged to the crown, so he will take that in the name of his Majesty. This sort of incident was so common in Korea that the people came to regard it as irresistible mishap.

Until the establishment of the Residency-General the practice of selling office was in fact an open secret in Korea. A large part of the revenue of the royal household was derived from this peculiar source. In Korea if a person secured an appointment to a magistracy or prefecture and entered the office he assumed the responsibility for the government to collecting a prescribed amount of tax from his jurisdiction. The right of assessment was entirely vested in the hands of the local magistrate and prefect. Hence neither uniform rate nor fixed system of assessment. If the assessment was

more than the amount prescribed by the government the excess went to the private purse of the assessor (whether magistrate or prefect). In case when the assessment did not reach the prescribed amount the assessor was required to fill up from his own property. So the magistrate and prefect were a sort of constructor for the assessment and collection of tax; their net profit entirely depended upon their capacity to be corrupted and the ability to deceive the people. What was the result of such a system as this? The rich officials and the poor populace was the logical consequence.

It is the recognized principle that the middle class of people is the most healthy, both mentally and physically, strata in a society, and that it forms a framework of a nation. This middle class of people Korea lacks. The caste system in Korea is most abnormally developed, so that the entire populace was divided into two great classes, Yang-ban, the ruling class, and Jio-min, the laboring class. I should not say that the middle class of people absolutely does not exist in the Korean natives, but it is too trifling to form the foundation of society. The Yang-ban should be regarded as the noble or gentry if we consider their rights and privileges in the Korean society. They enjoy the exclusive right to occupy official position no matter how ignorant, debased and demoralized they may be. Since the present dynasty came into power the political power of the Peninsula has always been vested in the hands of this class of people. It is not the least exaggeration to say that the denegeration of the Korean nation was caused by this office-holding class. Some of the Yang-ban were parasites on the King's privy purse as courtiers, and some were holding mere imaginary offices to secure a living. They were throughout Korean history the center of corruption and intrigue and cramping the work necessary for the promotion of national welfare. These dignified, stately gentlemen, self-centered, self-contented, are

not ashamed to live upon their relatives to the remotest degree; and disdained labor, knowing nothing about business. It is a peculiar custom, especially to the Westerner, that the officeholder or prosperous person has a duty to look after his unfortunate (?) relatives. In the residence of Cabinet Minister it is said that always twenty or thirty fine-looking gentlemen are living on the generosity of the master, doing nothing but suck their long pipes. They are not liars from malice, but they are prevaricators by instinct and habit. Even when they wish to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, it leaves their lips beautifully embroidered with fanciful elaborations. With all that they may, according to the accepted standard of their class, be regarded as upright citizens of the Korean Kingdom.

Under centuries of subjection to a ruling class having the character described above the mental and moral characteristics of the Korean people have been developed as might have been expected. The ethnical mixture from which the race has sprung is possessed of fine spiritual and physical qualities. The people are in general of good height, well formed and capable of endurance and achievement in enterprises demanding bodily strength. But they are undoubtedly fond of their ease and even slothful. It is said by travelers that multitudes of coolies and peasants are scattered on the ground and sucking their pipes, or lying prone in the sunshine during the working hours of the day. But it is a generally formed opinion that the lower classes make good workmen when well taught and properly bossed, and their miners, for example, are said by experts to be among the best in the world. They are ignorant, but when well treated they are generally good-natured and docile—easy to control. The prevailing vices and crimes, practically universal, among the Koreans are those which are inevitable under such

governments as the Korean, which degraded the populace for many a century. Their vices and crimes, such as sexual impurity, stealing, brutality, lying and jealousy, are too common among the Korean populace, and they are too tedious to be described here. It would not be difficult to imagine the prevailing condition of the Korean society if we have a slight idea of the degree of her civilization.

Among the various reforms undertaken by the Resident-General the most important one is the codification of the marriage law. In Korea a man of the lower class might have half a dozen wives a year in succession. No ceremony was required, and it was simply a mutual agreement of a more or less temporary nature. It was not uncommon for a wealthy Korean to have a dozen of wives at the same time. In Korea an unmarried man was disdained and called a "chinger" (boy), no matter how old he might be. So parents of well-to-do boys sought for a suitable girl, usually older than would-be bridegroom, if he attained at the age of thirteen or fourteen. The average age of the Korean at marriage was exceedingly less than that of the ordinarily recognized age. The evil result of premature marriage is a recognized fact, so that the Resident-General set a precise limit in the new law on the age of marriageability.

The wealth of the Korean populace can, by no means, be compared with that of the average Japanese. They live in small huts, which contain one or two poorly furnished rooms. Even wealthy Koreans never try to elevate their standard of living on account of the usurpation of the greedy officials. The Korean people in general have slight care in providing for future contingencies. This tendency is clearly shown by the fact that the purchasing power of the peasantry class increases enormously immediately after the crop and two or three months later that ceases almost entirely until the next

crop. A Japanese official, well acquainted with Korean customs, says that they have meals three times a day for two or three months after the crop, but when the provisions become scarce then decrease meals to twice a day. The day laborers do not go to work as long as they have enough to live on, and so when the provisions are exhausted they go to their work again. This prodigality and sloth of the Korean people are not their innate nature but the result of the evil practices of the officials. If their right of property be secured by the law of the land they would strive as eagerly as any civilized people for their welfare, in other words the national prosperity.

The older educational systems of Korea were patterned after that of China, but they were never so thorough and excellent in their kind as were the Chinese. They could be, by no means, compared with that of the Western nations. There were no public schools and naturally no advanced courses were provided, except some few established and maintained by the Christian mission boards. The most of those so-called schools were maintained by a private individual or individuals, and some few were backed by towns and precepts. Throughout Korea the children who were attending at those schools were only five or six per cent of all those who ought to have been in school. The majority of the Koreans had no opportunity to receive even such a rudimentary education as the Korean. The higher culture, according to the Korean standard, was strictly limited to the Yang-ban class.

In Korea any man who knows Chinese fairly well could become a teacher. There was no such thing as the science of teaching, and generally the instruction was wretchedly poor. The instruction in the schools above mentioned was given primarily in easy Chinese classics and elementary arithmetic, and modern sciences, such as physics, chemistry

and physiology were not known among the Korean people. It will be clearly seen that a so-called educated Korean had nothing beyond the ability to read some Chinese poems, to write daily correspondence and to calculate numbers. The Yang-bans are regarded as the highly cultured people, yet their knowledge is limited in the Chinese classics, and nothing beyond. For the applicants to official positions the government required Civil Service examinations. But these examinations were extremely superficial and were not guarded against fraud, so that the selection of successful candidates was too frequently made on quite other grounds than those of superior excellence in passing the examinations. As mentioned before, the surest way to secure office and to enjoy a rapid promotion was the offering of gold pieces. The King of Korea and his government pledged with Japan to reform her educational systems as the primary step of the reformation. But the interest of the King and the court in the educational system was no more to be depended upon than was their interest in any other reform, and the contemplated educational reform remained merely matters of so much paper.

The Korean Government showed her intention of introducing the Western system of education in establishing some primary schools in the city of Seoul, but no further attempt was made for the establishment of the schools outside of the capital, even for the providing of ample equipment for the training of the teachers. It would be absolutely ridiculous to expect the true educational reform when there were no teachers who could give the rudiments of a modern education. In the year 1894, according to authentic statistics, there were scattered throughout the country more than ten thousand schools, but they were entirely unworthy to be termed even schools. The teacher was a sort of village dominie who gathered about him the children of the neighborhood and taught the rudiments of reading and writing the ver-

naulars. Their instruction was deficient even in the barest rudiments of the native language; of a modern education of course there was nothing. It is safe to say that there were no schools in the modern sense in Korea, except a few mission schools and those established by foreigners. The Korean Government seems to have understood one principle, that the success of a despotic government is largely dependent upon the ignorance of the people. It will be clearly seen how the Korean Government realized the importance of the educational work if we consider the amount of money which the government appropriated for this work. After the issue of the primary school ordinance the government appropriated 60,000 yen a year for education, while the appropriation for the standing army was the large sum of 4,000,000 yen. It is almost incredible how niggardly the Korean Government treated the important work of education.

The most urgent need of Korea to-day is the establishment of primary schools throughout the land under definite regulations and displace those existing old-fashioned Confucian institutions by something better. Along with this work a sufficient number of teachers should be trained upon a modern system. It is needless to say that the government must provide for those who desire advanced courses and professional instruction in higher institutions. But we must keep in mind, in providing the means for obtaining the elements of a good modern education, that the government must undertake to produce practical men and able to respond to the most imperative need of the country at the present. Higher instructions, such as metaphysical study and philosophy, are of little need to the present Korea. There is a tendency in Korea that learning and culture were sought only by those who coveted official position, and those who failed to secure office sometimes became practically more worthless for the service of their nation, or even positively mischievous, than

they could have been if left uneducated. That learning is a path to official position is a general conception of the Korean youths with regard to education. Korea to-day more imperatively needs educated men who accept work connected with agricultural and industrial development of the country rather than those who desire to parasite on the people by the means of "squeeze."

Since the establishment of the Resident-General an enormous sum of money has been appropriated for the improvement of the educational system of the country. The primary schools were founded in every principal place in the country, and high schools and normal schools also were opened in a considerable number. Technical schools, such as industrial, agricultural, forestry and medical schools, with thoroughly modern facilities, were founded by the special patronage of the Residency-General. One of the most noteworthy works undertaken by the Residency-General is the establishment of the Korean Hospital, which cost 300,000 yen for its construction. This hospital, to which the medical school belongs, will also take charge of the training of the hygienic and sanitary administration.

The promotion of the Korean welfare and the realization of the hope of Japan are more dependent upon the educational improvement than upon any other single influence. The elevation of the intellectual power of a people is the most important work of all national life. Korea has never realized this. I, not only myself, but foreign critics also, believe that Korea will never realize the importance of education and will never accomplish the education reform without the aid of Japan. Says Mr. Hulbert: "What Korea wants is education, and until steps are taken in that line there is no use in hoping for a genuinely independent Korea. Now we believe that a large majority of the best-informed Koreans realize that Japan and Japanese influence stand for educa-

tion and enlightenment. Russia secured her predominance by pandering to the worst elements in Korean officialdom, Japan holds it by strength of arms, but she holds it in such a way as to give promise of something better. The word reform never passed Russia's lips. It is the insistent cry of Japan. The welfare of the Korean people never showed its head above the Russian horizon, but it fills the whole vision of Japan."

Korea is essentially an agricultural country. About 80 per cent of her population is tilling the soil, and 90 per cent of her annual revenue is derived from the land produce. But the natural resources of Korea have never been systematically developed, and not until very recent date was there even an intelligent estimate of the resources made. The government has never undertaken any measures of improvements for agriculture, and administered according to the temperament and interests of the corrupted local magistracy. At intervals the court officials carried on their drastic method of extortion and plunder among the people. The people at large have continued poor at all times, and have frequently been devastated by famine.

The method of cultivation in Korea is still in its primitive stage. The modern method of irrigation on undrained land and the protection against floods have never been known to the Korean people, and an incredibly large number of acres are left as barren which can be turned into fertile land by a scientific method of irrigation and by protection against floods. The Korean peasant farmers are extremely nonprogressive and too slow to learn; and they have never intended to transform an undesirable environment with the power of intellect. It would be the first impression on the foreign traveler in Korea that there is undeniable lack of vigor to resist the ungrateful nature in the Korean people.

The deforestation in Korea, also, reached a deplorable

condition. The Korean people have never given any attention to the art of growing trees, either for timber or for fuel. The Korean people think that it is legitimate, not only to use their own trees as they please, but also to plunder the hill and mountainsides as their fuel, regardless of ownership, and have practiced this usage for many a century. Hence all over the more frequented parts of Korea the hills and mountains, except a few especially protected, are denuded and barren. In dry seasons there are those chronic water famines, while there are frequent inundations during the rainy season. It is needless to say that the rehabilitation of the forests is a most imperative need for Korea to-day from every point of her national life.

In this connection let me state briefly the model agricultural and industrial station which was established by the Residency-General at Suwan. The object of this institution is to introduce in Korea a modern systematic method of cultivation and industry. The institution imports the selected seeds of crops from the various countries and distributes them among the native farms, and also introduces wholly and largely new products of land. While experimenting with new kinds of products the peasant farmer secures a sufficient guarantee to cover their loss in case of failure. The agricultural school which belongs to the institution accommodates for a large number of the Korean students. The school is divided into two departments: (1) Ordinary department, which is modeled after the modern agricultural school; (2) special department, which aims to train within one or two years practical agriculture and dendrology.

Besides these questions there are innumerable problems which are urgently requiring the immediate attention of the Resident-General. But it is almost impossible to describe in a limited space the chaotic character of the economic conditions of Korea. So I shall leave this topic, simply stating

the works inaugurated by the Residency-General since its establishment: the regulation law of mining, regulation of weights and measures, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the construction of railway and telegraph, the establishment of banks, etc. The fruit of the Residency-General's administration in Korea has not yet ripened as marvelously as that of Lord Cromer's in Egypt, for the new tree of Korea is not as old as the Egyptian tree. So the prospect must be looked for in the future. If the Japanese protectorate will continue to be as effective as it now is the Korean resources can probably be doubled in the near future.

There is no greater need for Korea to-day than spiritual uplift of the people. True and genuine reformation of a nation can never be accomplished from only material side, but both the material and spiritual uplift must go hand in hand. With regard to the religious problem the Resident-General is emphasizing his policy for its advancement no less than the educational reform itself. In the beginning of his administration there was some misunderstanding on the part of some Christian missionaries with regard to the policy of the Resident-General toward christianity. It was due to the instigation of the anti-Japanese Koreans who intended to use Christian churches as an instrument of revolt against the new government. But a thorough understanding has been brought about between the missionaries and the Resident-General not long after, and both the Resident-General and the missionaries are working for the same end without stepping out of their sphere.

The attitude of the Resident-General toward the Christian missionary body was, and is and will be, more favorable than toward any other religious body in Korea. Marquis Ito, Resident-General, expressed both in speech and action his desire for the cooperation of the missionary body for the uplift of the Korean people. For this I will quote his speech

at the tea party of the body of some prominent missionaries in Seoul. It runs thus:

"As the official representative of Japan in this country my principal duty consists in guiding and assisting Korea in her efforts at improvement and progress. I entertain deep sympathy with the people of Korea, and it is my earnest ambition to help in saving them from the unfortunate state in which they now find themselves. You, ladies and gentlemen, are also here for serving and saving the Koreans. The only difference is that, while I seek to serve them through political and administrative channels, you work for the same end by means of religious influence. We thus stand on common ground; we are working for a common object. You will therefore believe me when I assure you that I always take the most sympathetic interest in your noble work, and that I am ever ready to cooperate with you, in so far as my duties permit, in your efforts to further the moral and intellectual elevation of this people. On the other hand, I feel confident that I may rely upon a similar attitude on your part toward my endeavors for the benefit of the Koreans."

In this connection let me quote again the words of the most prominent missionary in Korea, Dr. George Heber Jones: "From the Peninsula," said he, "we watch with intense interest the development in Japan, for Providence has bound up together the destinies of the two nations. Nationally a new life opens up to Korea; Japan has sent her veteran statesman to advise and guide Korea, the man to whom in the largest sense Japan owes so much, the most conspicuous statesman in Asia to-day, Marquis Ito. Plans for the reform of the government, codification of the laws, development of the industry and business of the people, and extension of education, have been formulated, and in a comparatively short time most promising results achieved. In spite of difficulties, which necessarily for the present encumber the situ-

ation, the outlook is most hopeful. As a church in Korea we deliberately stand aloof from all politics, but find our work, as it relates to the production of strong character of honest, upright, true men, most intimately related to the regeneration of the nation. The coming ten years promise to be the most eventful in the history of Korea."

Thus the two parties, political and religious, are in the same opinion and working for a common object—the redemption of Korea. If either one of the two fails to cooperate with the other, whether through misunderstanding, or from any motive whatever, the result will be a great misfortune not only to Korea but also, in a broad sense, to humanity.

In the beginning of the administration of the Residency General, the regeneration of the Korean nation was doubted by many people. Some of them maintained the very pessimistic view that such a nation as Korea can never be reformed. And her rulers and people can never learn how to absorb the light of civilization. Mr. Whingan says in his book on Manchuria and Korea "that if it seems a hopeless task to lift the Chinaman out of his grave it is a hundred times more difficult to change the habits of a Korean. The Korean has absolutely nothing to recommend him save his good nature. He is a standing warning to those who oppose progress. Some one has said that the answer to Confucianism is China, but the best and most completely damning answer is Korea." But the Japanese view of the matter is not so pessimistic as the writer's—at least Prince Ito, who was assassinated by a fanatic Korean at Harbin last winter, had a sufficient amount of hope with regard to the future of the Korean people. But he seemed to have been convinced that the uplifting of Korea can never be accomplished without assistance from the outside, and this aid must be a more rapid process than any religious body can give. The whole Korean nation is infected with the most fearful disease, and her in-

dustrial, judicial and administrative limbs are being eaten up day by day. So the knife of the surgeon is first of all needed, and then the tonic of the physician, wholesome food and fresh air, perfect the cure. Prince Ito, as the representative of Japan, undertook this task with a reasonable amount of hope and firm determination. He entertained the sincerest wishes and profound sympathy for the Korean people and devoted the last years of his life to the redemption of the Korean people. His self-sacrificing efforts for the Koreans often caused even his own countrymen to denounce his policy. But holding a lofty purpose and bright hope in the future, he kept himself aloof from those denunciations and attacks and marched toward his end—the betterment of the Koreans.

The critics often asked themselves, can the Japanese people achieve the reformation of Korea? To such a question no one can answer with a perfect confidence, but I should like to say "yes" to that question, so far as her past record shows. I admit that Japan, in many respects, has not attained the position of the front rank nations of the world. In industry, in commerce and trade, in education and in science and literature—everywhere in these lines there is a great deficiency of leaders and workers even for the supply of our own needs. Yet I have reasonable ground to believe in their ability in management and development of the internal resources and civil government of her weaker neighbor. Fifteen years ago, when Formosa was conceded to Japan from China, the world watched the Japanese exploitation of the island with very doubtful eyes. That island once fell in the hands of France, but she returned it to China on account of the difficulty of controlling the islanders and cost of administration. But as it came under the Japanese control the condition of its civil government, education, industry and commerce was almost revolutionized, and ten years later, the island of Formosa became capable of self support. Japan

herself, for the past half a century, has passed through various critical transitions in her national life, and so done to a large extent a praiseworthy task. I believe that she is entitled to credit for the achievement of the task now lying before her.

On the other hand, it must be understood that the successful achievement of the reconstruction of Korea does not solely depend on the ability of the Japanese, but there are some other factors which are almost equally important with the former—that is, the appreciation and co-operation of the Korean people themselves and the sympathetic attitude of the world. The lack of either one of these certainly ends this great task in failure. I am happy to say that the intelligent and sensitive class of the Koreans are becoming aware of the sincerity and sympathy of Japan and appreciate the work she has done for the Korean nation. December, last, the It-Chin (Progressive) Society, which has one million members in Korea, adopted a resolution for the amalgamation of Japan and Korea. They realized that the prosperity of Korea and that of Japan rise and fall with the same tide. It's contention is that in spite of Japan's protectorate at an enormous cost, the reformation of Korea can not be accomplished at the earliest possible date as long as the present condition prevails, and it would be better to fully abide with the Japanese administration without necessarily ignoring the present Korean dynasty. The It-Chin Society, with the support of two other political parties, presented the memorials and petition to the Resident-General and the Korean Premier requesting them to transmit the petitions to the Emperor of Japan and the King of Korea respectively. But the petitions were rejected by the said officials for some reason which I do not need to conjecture here. Besides that there are many signs of an awakening of the Koreans and the appreciation of the Japanese efforts. I firmly believe that

the time will come when all Koreans will realize that the redemption of Korea must be worked out, in the largest sense, by the aid of Japan.

With regard to the attitude of the powers toward the relation between Korea and Japan, I should say that it has been, is, and will be very friendly. The so-called Far Eastern Powers, England, the United States, France and Russia recognized, in their treaties or notes with Japan, Japan's special interests in Korea and some of them entertain a profound sympathy with her task in the peninsula. I believe that if the present status of the Far East be kept unchanged, the reconstruction of Korea can be, though not fully, accomplished within the coming twenty years, and fifteen millions of unsaved souls may enjoy the blessing of civilization, the fruit of prosperity.

THE MISSING CHAPTER

A. B. COMBS.

Tom Haynes, author, and his artist friend, George Crawford, sat in their dark, dingy room engaged in looking over a mass of manuscript and illustrations. They toiled silently for some time, and then Haynes leaned back in his chair and broke the silence:

"It'll make us famous, George."

"Well, Tom, it is time. We have waited long, and struggled hard."

"It's about all over now, George, old boy. You know, the book will be sent to the publishers in a few days."

"But do you think that my illustrations will take?"

"Why, yes, the book would never succeed without them."

"Well, I hope so. I surely have had great dreams, and I hope we'll succeed."

"Oh, never doubt it."

"But, Tom, let's take a day off. The work's nearly done, and we need the rest."

"All right, George, I'm with you."

"I'm going out in town to see some friends. I take supper up town, too. We'll meet after supper, and go to the park for the evening."

"That suits me exactly. Which park do you want to go to?"

"Riverview. Meet me at Fourth and Walnut, at eight o'clock."

Crawford immediately left the room, and it was not long until Haynes also got up and went out into the city and the crowded streets, where he had so often studied character in the faces of the pedestrians.

At five minutes to eight Haynes found himself in front of

the post-office at Fourth and Chestnut. He had only one square to go, so he slackened his pace, for he well knew the habit which Crawford had of always being late.

As he made his way slowly down Fourth Avenue, he gazed into the passing faces, and smiled in satisfaction, as he thought how carefully he had depicted their character in his book.

As he neared Walnut street he was surprised to see Crawford just boarding a crowded car for the park, and motioning him to come on. He ran and caught the car as it was pulling out.

He was separated from the artist by the crowd, but he could see him standing in the front of the car. When the conductor came to Haynes, he paid both fares and nodded smilingly to Crawford. He was surprised when Crawford turned around, for his face looked worn and pallid, and the smile that he returned caused Haynes to feel uneasy. He wondered that he had not noticed this pallor before, but soon dismissed the thought from his mind, attributing his friend's paleness to overwork.

When the car reached the park, Crawford got off the front end of the car. Haynes, who was standing on the back platform, got off, and went around the car to meet the artist. As the author made his way through the crowd he could see Crawford standing at the entrance of the park and motioning to him again.

As Haynes came near, Crawford began to move off into the park. The author followed as fast as he could, thinking that it was another joke of the eccentric artist. From the time when he had first got sight of the artist in the city, Haynes had not been able to get in easy speaking distance of him. The author tried hard, but, even now, he could not gain on his friend. On through the park they went, by the noisy skating rink, on down the steps to the river bank and

out of the glare of the electric lights. When they had got down to the river Haynes stopped.

"If it's a joke you're trying to play, George," he shouted to the figure ahead, "I think it's gone far enough."

The next moment the author was dumbfounded, for the figure stopped, and he beheld no longer the artist, but the form of a broad-shouldered, athletic looking being which might have been called a man, except that its body was almost transparent, and at times seemed a part of the very air itself. Then the form changed to that of a skeleton, and an unearthly voice, which chilled the author's very heart, came forth, as if from the ground, for there was no human throat.

"Come with me," and the form made as if to say more, but the author had already dashed up the steps into the glare of the lights, and he fancied, as he looked back into the dark, that he could see the apparition vanishing in the air.

He stood there dazed for a few minutes, then caught the car home, and went to bed for a night of terrible dreams.

When he awoke next morning it was Crawford's voice that he heard.

"Wake up, Tom, wake up. I have one of the awfulest tales to tell that you ever heard."

Haynes sat up in bed, while Crawford began in a subdued voice:

"Last night I arrived at Fourth and Walnut a little late."

"As usual," interrupted Haynes, "but let me tell you a little experience of mine."

"Wait a minute. When I came to our appointed place, I saw a something which I thought was you just getting on a crowded car, and—"

"Great heaven, man, stop! I had the very same experience," and Haynes's countenance had become very pale.

The two sat looking at each other aghast for a few moments.

"What do you think it could mean?" said Haynes, finally.

"I don't know. I never did believe in ghosts, but this is a mighty strange thing."

"We both must have been a little off last night. But let it go, we'll have our trip to-night, and to avoid any mistakes we'll take supper together."

"No, that won't do. I'm in for finding out what this apparition means. As I said before, I never did believe in ghosts, but, somehow, I feel that this thing has a meaning."

"But how are we going to find out what it is? That's the question."

"Naturally we were so scared last night by the apparition that we did not wait to hear what it had to say. You remember it started to speak."

"Yes, but do you think it will appear again?"

"Somehow I feel that it will, if we'll go down to the park and hunt it up."

"What shall we do then?"

"To-night you go to the park at the same time you went last night. Go down to the river bank, and keep your eyes open. If the apparition appears follow it, and see what happens. I'll go to the park myself a little later."

"Do you really think we'll see it again?"

"I hope so. I'm anxious to find out what it is."

"All right, then, I'll do what you say, although I have little stomach for such business."

That night, as on the previous night, Haynes got off the car at the park. He made his way through the crowds, looking neither to the right nor left. He went rapidly through the park and down the steps to the river bank.

As he began to get into the darkness he became more cau-

tious, and glanced uneasily about him. Suddenly, as if it came up from the ground, the apparition was before him. It appeared in its skeleton form. Haynes started back involuntarily, but the harsh voice recalled him to his purpose.

"Give heed and learn."

That was all it said. Haynes felt the cold chills running up and down his spine, but looked straight at the apparition. This time he observed in its bony fingers a book, which the thing held up to his view. Haynes almost lost his self-control, for there before his eyes was his own book in print. He could see the title-page distinctly.

The apparition began to turn the leaves. Chapter after chapter passed in review before him. Finally they came to a chapter in the middle of the book. It was Haynes' favorite chapter, and he looked at it now with pride. The bony fingers held the leaves of the chapter together. He looked at it for a moment, and then Haynes heard the voice again:

"This must go," came the voice, and to the author's horror, the apparition tore out this chapter with a quick jerk.

"Forbear!" shouted Haynes, unable to control himself. He leaped at the apparition, but he found himself leaping at space, for the apparition was gone.

"What can it mean?" he muttered, and it did not take him long to get back to the lights.

Lost in thought he made his way home. He got to bed, thinking that he would lie awake till the artist returned, but he fell asleep to dream over and over again his experience of the night.

The rays of sunlight streaming through the shutter awoke the two friends. Each one looked into the worn countenance of the other. They sat up.

"What did you find out?" they both asked at once.

"Oh, George," said the author, lost in his own thoughts, "the thing tore out the best chapter, my prettiest flower."

"Is it possible! And it destroyed the illustration that I would have staked my reputation on."

"What fools we are, George. Here we are talking as if our work has been destroyed, in reality, when we've only seen some old thing that amounts to nothing. I'm going to dismiss it from my mind. There's nothing in it."

"But, Tom, I believe there is. You know how hard I am to convince about such things, but ever since I first saw this thing I have felt that it meant something."

"George, do you think I'm fool enough to leave out my best chapter on account of such a thing?"

"But, Tom, you know that what we sometimes think is our best work does not succeed. And besides, if you'll stop to think about it, neither my illustration nor that chapter of yours is necessary. They are good pieces of work, I'll admit, but out of place."

"Well, maybe you're right about it, but I'd hate mighty bad to see them go to waste. Surely you don't want to leave out that illustration?"

"I do." He spoke with decision.

"Then when the book goes to the publishers that chapter of mine will be missing. Probably no one will ever know the difference."

"Let's shake on that." And, somehow, both seemed relieved.

NOTE.—The artist and author have steadily refused to let any one see the omitted chapter and illustration. Perhaps it is needless to say that their book was a success.

A SUPERNATURAL STORY

IAN MacIAN.

Under the shadow of their own goal-posts the Tigers were making a gallant but losing fight. The ball was on their five-yard line; there were but three minutes to play, and the score stood three to nothing in favor of the Blue and White. The outlook was melancholy indeed.

Campbell, captain and right half-back of the Tigers, settled his headgear with a vicious jerk and balanced himself on his toes, stooping slightly to watch the play. The battered Blue and White quarter-back placed his hand on the back of his crouching center and half-turned to shriek his signals to the back field. To Campbell it seemed that he was signaling in pantomime for, though his lips moved and his mouth was stretched to its widest extent, every vestige of sound was lost in the whirlwind of yells and cheers that came sweeping across the field from the Blue and White supporters on the side-lines. A counter roar came from the other side of the field and Campbell gnawed his nose-guard. The cheermasters of the Tigers were on the job; every student on the field, though he confidently expected to see the ball go over the line within a minute, was yelling his throat out, for that was the tradition of the school. The Tigers always died hard.

So this was the end of it all! The past three months shot through Campbell's brain like a moving picture film—the hard, grinding weeks of practice—the slow evolution of a crack team from a disorganized mob of individual players—the less important college games, from which the Tigers had come off with flying colors—the annihilation of the adventurous prep school teams that had measured arms with them,

and the threatenings and slaughter breathed out toward the Blue and White by the student body as Thanksgiving approached. For three successive years the Tigers, by some fatal mischance, had gone down before the Blue and White on Thanksgiving Day. In every case from all previous indications the Tigers had had the better team; and every time the confidence of the student body had risen high; but every time bad luck had dogged the footsteps of the team, and every time Thanksgiving night had found the college stone-broke. Now for the fourth time the students, judging by the team's previous record, had bet the fillings out of their teeth, and for the fourth time the stakeholders were preparing to deliver to the backers of the Blue and White.

But the troubles of the sporting fraternity were not what made Campbell smile bitterly, as he watched the quarter stoop to receive the ball. A conversation he held with an alumnus of the college some three months before had been ringing in his head during the entire game. Big Mac Dougal, the Tigers' right guard, was the cause of it all, for it was during a visit to his home that the captain of the team had made the acquaintance of Mr. Alexander Vanderdyck, '81, retired capitalist and ex-hero of the gridiron. This gentleman was Mac's uncle and idol, and he never tired of listening to tales of what the older man called "the golden age of football." According to him it had been the habit of the Tigers, in the palmy days when he played center, to clutter up the landscape with the mangled forms of the Blue and White players, and to score and score and score again, until the officials called time on them.

"It wasn't a question of *whether* we would beat them, sir," he informed Campbell one August afternoon on the river, when they were discussing football while waiting for a nibble. "What we gambled on was *how much* would we beat them."

The old gentleman slapped viciously at a yellowfly, and grumbled on, half to himself:

"Ah, but we had men in those days! Tompkins and Wilkins, and Lineberry and Stevens; with that line I could stop an express train. This milksop, kick-and-run business that you call football now—I wouldn't give a snap for it. I did hope to see the Tigers put it on 'em one more time before I die, but I've given it up. As soon as a blue and white stocking appears on the field you fellows begin to shake in your boots. You don't play football now. Here's my nephew, MacGregor, has seen his colors go down in defeat three consecutive times and hasn't ever even been knocked out."

In spite of his chagrin Campbell smiled at the idea of anybody short of Hercules attempting to paralyze the hundred and ninety-eight pounds of bone and brawn that composed "Infant" MacGregor. The taunt, however, was too bitter to be swallowed in silence. Campbell, with more loyalty than prudence, rose to the defense.

"But you must admit, Mr. Vanderdyck, that the last three times we have had unusually bad luck. Three years ago we lost the ball on a fumble when we had it on their five-yard line—"

"Huh!" snorted his auditor.

"And, then, year before last we had them jammed up against their own goal-posts, when our captain lost his head and biffed one of them in the face, and the referee disorganized our whole team by putting him out, although they had slugged him a dozen times before that."

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"And last year's game, you remember, was played in a pouring rain. Everything was so wet and slippery it was impossible to hold the ball. Even then we would have tied the score if our quarter, in trying for a field goal, hadn't

dropped the ball in a puddle, so that it didn't bounce. You must admit we've had hard luck."

"Yes, but my point is, why don't the Blue and White have some hard luck too? Oh, rats! It's not what you've had that counts, but what you haven't had, and that's the guts! That's what's the matter with the Tigers. They're big enough and fast enough, Lord knows, but they won't get into it. They could mop up the earth with that little team if they half tried. Pshaw! Don't say Tigers to me!"

"Why, Mr. Vanderdyck, you are the last man I ever expected to hear go back on the team! As great a benefactor as you have been to the college, I thought you would always believe in it. Besides, we are going to win this year, anyhow."

"Win," growled the benefactor. "I am interested in the college, and that's what makes me take it so hard. Boy, I'll tell you what I'll do. Mac and the president and some of the trustees have been after me the last year or two to build a new dormitory. If you fellows beat the Blue and White Thanksgiving Day I'll do it."

Surprise struck the captain dumb.

"But you must keep quiet," continued Mr. Vanderdyck. "I'll have no extra coaches or professionals. This is just a little deal between you and me. If I hear that it has got out at college it's all off."

* * * * *

Three minutes to play! The game had begun badly for the Tigers. When they received the kick the interference had not worked at all, and the man was downed before he had advanced twenty yards. Then came a battle royal, but, foot by foot, the Tigers ramméd the ball up the field. Wild-man, their little quarter-back, was using his heavy line for all that it was worth, hurling it with shattering force against the Blue and White tackles and guards, to open a path for

the flying backs. When the first quarter was over the ball lay on the ten-yard line and the Tigers were jubilant.

But on the first down in the second quarter, as Campbell, with the ball tucked safely under his arm, was following MacGregor's plunging bulk through the melee, he became conscious of a smothered yell, and the next instant he was buried under an avalanche of blue and white jerseys that struck him from the side. The right tackle had given way, and when the pile of players was pulled off him he was discovered writhing with pain from a twisted knee—useless. Right there the trouble began. The Blue and Whites saw their chance, and the instant the ball was snapped they burst like a tornado on the new tackle, who was at best a poor substitute; he went down like a ten-pin, and the charging mob struck Wildman before he could deliver the ball. When the mess was unsnarled the ball was discovered with a Blue and White player curled round it like a caterpillar, while Wildman was lying white and still, knocked out. Another quarter was sent in, but the mischief was done. Before they realized what was happening two forward passes, a long end run and a marvelous drop-kick by the Blue and White quarter had done the work, and the score stood three to nothing.

There, in spite of the Tigers' utmost efforts, it had remained; and now the ball was on their five-yard line again and there were but three minutes to play.

The ball was snapped. Campbell saw the great muscles spring up under the canvas jackets before him as the lines surged together. He was only dimly aware that Mac had swept his opponent aside like a straw and was cutting a wide swath through the mass of players. What centered his attention was the Blue and White half-back nipped between center and the other guard. He was struggling furiously to free himself. He had the ball. Campbell crouched for a plunge at his legs, but in the same instant he realized that

something else had happened; the ball had slipped from the man's side and was in the act of falling to the ground. It struck and rebounded squarely into Campbell's arms.

It is only at such moments that we gather any conception of the speed with which the human brain works. In the same instant that he felt the ball in his hands there recurred to the captain the sight of MacGregor plunging through the line, and the broad road he left behind him. Like a flash he whirled and dived through the gap. A dozen hands were stretched to stop him, half a dozen bodies hurled themselves at him, but he was too quick. Before the Blue and White team could gather their senses the agile half-back was through the line and tearing up the gridiron toward their own goal, with a clear field before him.

Campbell himself hardly knew how he got there, but he knew that the twenty-five-yard line was under his feet and that there was not a soul between him and the far-away goal-posts. Only the ends were dangerously close behind, but both were tremendously fast and they were slowly but surely gaining on the flying figure with the ball. But Campbell knew nothing except that the forty-yard line was behind him and the goal was looming larger every instant. Center line and the numbers monotonously ticked off in his brain began to decrease. Forty-five, forty, thirty-five—the drumming of feet behind him was a roaring in the runner's ears; he felt, rather than saw, the mob of dancing, howling maniacs on the side-lines; the goal-posts towered almost over his head, the line was scarcely ten yards away; one more prodigious effort, and suddenly some unseen, terrific force struck him from behind, and his legs were clamped together with bands of steel; the ground flew up to meet him and the world went out in darkness.

* * * * *

Campbell had just been swept over Niagara. He was in

the whirlpool below with the thunder of the cataract bellowing in his ears, and the full force of the torrent bursting upon his face; he was choking, suffocating, drowning. He opened his eyes and looked up into MacGregor's. MacGregor's arm was under his head and the cataract was reduced to the trickle from a sponge, which the head coach was squeezing above his face; but the roar was unabated. It was changed though; the captain could distinguish articulate words; they sounded like "Rahrahrah, rahrahrah, rahrahrah, *Campbell, CAMPBELL, CAMPBELL!*" shrieked by a thousand throats. The doctor, who had been poking Campbell in the ribs with his forefinger, rose with a grunt. "'S all right," he announced, "just had the wind knocked out of him."

"How is it, Mac?" asked Campbell faintly.

"Pretty good," broke in the coach. "It was a touchdown all right; he tackled you too late, but you didn't have three inches to spare. Better shove it a little further over next time."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In answer to our inquiry the author of "A Supernatural Story" explains that in his interest in the football game he forgot to insert the part of the story whence it derives its name. The supernatural part lies, not in the bad luck of the Tigers nor in the mischance of the Blue and White, the superhuman strength of Mr. MacGregor, nor the extraordinary run of the captain, but in the fact that Mr. Vanderdyck kept his promise!

The Wake Forest Student

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DECEMBER, 1910.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

GERALD W. JOHNSON, Editor

The College Man in Public Life A few days ago some one in Wake Forest made the remark, apropos of the election of Dr. Sikes to the North Carolina State Senate and Dr. Wilson to the governorship of New Jersey, that there seemed to be an epidemic of political fever among the collegians, and the remark, considered in the light of recent campaigns, was quite natural. To the supporters of the "old-line" politicians two college professors running for political

office at the same time would seem to be enough to constitute a Pharaoh's plague; and that is exactly what they were, for in both cases they swept the country as clean of votes as the locusts did Egypt of grass. The amazement of the voters at the idea of an academician running for political office, however, is an interesting commentary on American politics. It is generally admitted that college professors, as a class, are among the sanest and most conservative of our citizens. Of course a jackass under a mortarboard will occasionally startle the country with his bray, but the very fact that he is noticeable proves that he is an exception to the rule. That the professor is wise is taken for granted when he is given his position. The fact that he is able to keep his temper in and, as in the case of Dr. Wilson, exercise authority over the turbulent world of undergraduate life, shows that he is not a man who is likely to lose his head in a crisis. And yet the spectacle of a man of this type, sane, solid, wise and cool, running for an office of public trust is regarded as a phenomenon!

When Dr. Wilson opened his campaign his opponents gave him ten speeches in which to "blow up." As a matter of fact it was on the other side that the explosion took place; but isn't it curious that old politicians, accustomed to judge men, should make such a mistake? Of course it proceeded from the fact that the Governor-elect is not the type of man that usually makes a successful politician in this country. This is a humiliating admission to make, but it is true; the highest type of our citizenship is exactly the type that is most rare in our public life. It almost justifies the British taunt that democracy selects the most cunning rather than the ablest, because a gentleman always dreads to run the gauntlet of lies and abuse that is an invariable feature of our political campaigns. These two instances of Dr. Sikes and Dr. Wilson are good illustrations of this point; in both cases

the college men came out only because their patriotism overcame their distaste—they looked upon themselves, and the country regarded them somewhat in the light of Arnold Winkelrieds; somebody had to break the line of spears, and they offered themselves as targets for the sharp points of villification and abuse, that the people's cause of good government might triumph.

But, after all, there was a gem in the toad's head in this fact—the people knew their friends. The cry of "Academician" was absolutely disregarded. Why should a scholar not be a statesman? argued the average man, and found no answer to his question. Both Dr. Wilson and Dr. Sikes have been for many years students of history and economic conditions. They have the theory of government at their fingers' ends; they know exactly where every nation of the world has made its successes and its failures; yet the very years of study that have given them this information are the principal arguments used against them. What would you think of a man who argued against a doctor that he had spent the last six years in a medical school learning and testing the theories of medicine? Yet government is just as truly a science as medicine, and not a whit more simple nor more easy to learn. A man might possibly learn medicine by practice, but think of the enormous boom in the undertaking business that would be caused thereby. The average statesman does learn government by practice which is the *raison d'être* of socialism, anarchism, nihilism and most of the other "isms" with which our long-suffering country is afflicted. Undoubtedly there would still be freak opinions were all our officers economic students, just as people still die in spite of educated doctors, but we believe that the political mortality would be greatly reduced. We trust that it will be distinctly understood that we do not mean by this that every township constable should be selected from among the mem-

bers of a college faculty; but we do believe that if we had a good many more men of the stamp of Sikes and Wilson among our governors, congressmen and legislators we would be spared many an official blunder that has cost us dear. The law is a great profession, to be sure, but we do not think that our legislative bodies should be composed exclusively of lawyers any more than of doctors. A few lawyers are necessary to cast the bills in proper form, and the law, as a profession, is entitled to representation; but we can not but believe that the average layman is as capable of clear thinking, even on governmental problems, as the average lawyer; and above all do we maintain that the man who has spent years studying those very problems is quite as well qualified to attempt to solve them as the average lawyer, who at best can give only a part of his time to the study of economic conditions.

Now that the attention of the public has been called to the college professor as a possible statesman, we believe that the doctors will come into their own. At least here's hoping.

Wanted: Professor Carlyle is making a great to-do just
A Dictator now over the endowment, and after meeting
 him you are an extraordinary man if you do
 not go away firmly convinced that the fate of the nation depends upon Wake Forest's getting that money. Professor Carlyle is doing a great work, and we would not obstruct his course for the world, but, with all due respect for his opinion, we want to take a different view. Heaven knows we need money at Wake Forest, but there is one thing that we need still more, and that is a mighty man of valor; a man who hasn't any friends and doesn't want any, who just loves to make himself hated by the world in general and the breath of whose nostrils is the smoke of battle. Such a man

could do more good here in a minute than half a dozen new professors could in a month. He could correct abuses of years' standing; effect in five minutes reforms needed for a decade, and make the Wake Forest campus the most beautiful place in North Carolina; and students, faculty and citizens would curse his memory through generations yet unborn. The editor of the *STUDENT* is by no means the man to go looking for

"The bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth."

but he can't help enjoying an imaginary picture of a few of the smallest details of this hero's crusade. In the first place, he would clean up the heaps of rubbish piled all around, particularly the lumber piled behind the gymnasium and the sills in the middle walk (by the way, what in the mischief were the things ever put there for, anyhow)? Then he would complete the wall around the campus. This would fetch a howl from the trustees, but he would snap his fingers at them and go on like the great Pan, spreading ruin and scattering ban, if need be, but adding immensely to the appearance of the place, nevertheless. Next he would put an effective stop to the custom some of the citizens have of using the walk from the tennis courts to the chapel as a public driveway, so that those gentlemen who have the habit of undressing in the dormitory and going to the bathroom mantled in a bath-robe and a blush could dispense with the latter, being no longer in fear of meeting the beauty and the chivalry of Wake Forest out for a drive. Finally he would sentence any man who drove up to church on Sunday and hitched his horse to a shade tree to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

From these trivial matters he would proceed to others of greater moment. He would open the reading-room—but hold! Alas! that is just what he would do. We have it on good authority that the paths of glory lead only to the cemetery, and at the library is where our hero would meet

his Waterloo. All else might be effected with but passing protest, but when the palladium was attacked the fiery cross would be passed around, the clans would gather, the people would revolt. No mortal might withstand the fury of the outraged keepers, and even our demi-god, like all his predecessors who laid profane hands upon the sanctum sanctorum, would be "hurled with hideous ruin and combustion down to perdition." Selah! Or, to put it in more expressive language, wirra, wirra!!

Pax Vobiscum This issue of the *STUDENT* closes the editors' work for the fall term. This article is the last to go in, and as we pen these words we think, with a curious mixture of relief and regret, that, from now until January, there will be a great calm. Within a few days after the December issue appears the students will be scattered to the four winds for the holidays. But before they go the *STUDENT* desires to give each one its blessing and a spiritual Christmas gift. Peace go with you, gentlemen, and with all to whom these presents may come. First, to our own family, the staff, whose energy, faithfulness and loyalty are responsible for whatever of merit there may have been in this fall's work, we give our best wishes for a happy and restful Christmas, for, from the Faculty Editor down, they deserve it. We agree with Mrs. Browning that the best gift of all, for them, is out of our power to give. If we had our choice we would give to our beloved—sleep. Next to our grave and reverend fellow-Seniors we give our permission to forget, until January 3d next, the dignity that appertains unto their estate, and urge upon them to embrace the opportunity, et cetera, and make of themselves as many kinds of fool as shall be convenient or necessary. To the Juniors we give a command that they shall not fail to use any and all

stray bunches of mistletoe according to the approved manner and custom. To the Sophomores we give the right to double all scores made by the Wake Forest football team and to halve those of opponents in discussing the fall's athletic record, as well as the right to lie as much as shall seem necessary or safe in prophesying the results in basket and baseball. To the Freshmen—no, we are at Wake Forest—to the Newish we give the joyful anticipation of shortly seeing persons more miserable than they themselves are—the “Christmas gifts.” And to the Faculty we give our permission to shut the reading room at any or all hours, with full assurance of no howl raised by a pestiferous and irreverent scribe. And to one and all we wish a huge Christmas turkey with all the proper appurtenances and accessories thereto. While in our mind's eye rises the vision of the head of the house giving the carving-knife a preliminary stroke on the sharpener, preparatory to plunging it into the ruddy brown breast before him, we raise our hands for one final benediction; and it is the Scotch King's grace:

“Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.”

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL H. McCUTCHEON, Editor

It is our purpose this month to criticize, not only the college magazines, but the magazines from high schools as well. A gentle hint to an unpretentious, yet worthy high school magazine, is worth far more than a whole bookful of seathing criticisms or high-flown praises to some college magazine that feels its importance too much to profit by either praise or blame.

One general criticism we have to offer is that there is a decided scarcity of stories, and, indeed, in only one or two exchanges have we found stories that are even readable. Many of the stories have good themes, but seem to lack the very essentials of a story. A mere succession of events, without plot, climax or "denouement," ought to find no place in a college magazine. And it is to the discredit of the student body, as well as to the editorial staff, to allow them a place in their magazine.

In most of the magazines there seems to be a general lack of balance. Often we find twice as much space taken up by the Editorial Department as by the Literary Department; and two-thirds of the latter will be filled with some dry oration or essay. More good stories and good verse are what the majority of the editors need to keep a more even balance within their magazines.

It has been a source of wonder as well as amusement to us to note the number of editors on the staffs of some of our exchanges. When we pick up some little exchange from our table and find on the editorial staff ten and often twelve names, we wonder how such a small magazine could possibly need so many editors. Even the magazines from the Uni-

versity of Virginia and the University of South Carolina have only five or six on the editorial staff, and they set a most enviable example for all to follow. About the only solution we can find is, that it is an attempt to get all the literary writers of merit in the college on the staff of the magazine, and in nearly all such cases the only contributors are the editors themselves. Then the editors rage and storm, declaring that the student body won't support their magazine, that only six per cent of the boys ever contribute to its pages, and ask, "How can we maintain a good, up-to-date magazine without the support and contributions of the boys?" The answer is, they have at least seventy-five per cent of the fellows who *can* write, on their staff.

The *Trinity Archive* has an attractive cover design this month, but we would suggest that four different kinds of type on one page are too many. The magazine, as a whole, is the best that has come to our table so far, and we commend it especially for the perfect balance of stories, essays and poems. "The Inheritance of the Spirit" is, to say the least, an unusual story, but it falls down in the last part. "At a Molasses Boiling" is merely an excuse to work in two ghost stories that are not at all above the ordinary. The dialect is well handled and the conversation good. "Weariness" and "The Demagogue" we take the liberty to reprint elsewhere in this issue. "Anecdotes of a Southern Trip" is a succession of humorous events on a baseball trip. The caricatures are fine and the jokes well told.

The *Carolinian* contains three really readable stories, which is more than we can say for the most of the magazines on our table. We are glad to see that the martyr, Father Damien, is remembered in verse, although the poetry is far from perfect. The editorials of the *Carolinian* are short and to the point. We are glad to note a tendency to encourage the right sort of reading in our Southern colleges.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine, although presenting a good appearance from the outside, is exceedingly poor within. There is simply no attempt at balance—the body of the magazine being made up of orations, essays and poems. Not a story in the whole issue. There may be some excuse for this, on the grounds that this is the first attempt of the editors, or that story-writing is an unknown art to them. But now-a-days, a college magazine without stories is far from perfection. We don't blame the editors for "cussing out" the student body for lack of support. It's only natural that if the student body won't support their own representative publication, it will never reach the high standard of excellence that so many exchange editors love to talk about.

The *Spectator* from Louisville, Kentucky, High School, seems to run mainly to editorials. These occupy about twenty pages, while there are only eight pages of stories and poems. This proportion ought to be exactly reversed. The first poem, "Where Knowledge Comes From," is a cracker-jack for a High School boy, and is by far the best thing in the magazine. "The Thin Dog," while humorous, contains just a trifle too much monotonous repetition. In "The Sheriff of Smoking Hollow," the author lost a good chance to write an excellent story, just by killing the boy sheriff. Remember that in a good short story you must first tie the knot—that is, get your characters in some sort of a predicament; then proceed to untie it—or get them out of the predicament. The untying of the knot is where the true test of the story writer comes in. And if this story could have ended by the sheriff capturing the outlaw single-handed, and bringing him to justice, it would have read much better. It is never fair to the reader to arouse his sympathies for some young, curly-headed fellow, and then to kill the hero without a single good reason. In the Editorial Department we find a high-flown invocation to the muses and gods on

Mt. Olympus, in which by sheer *tour-de-force* the names of many of the old mythological heroes are worked in. There is too great a tendency to use large words, stilted phrases, and to write in a "grandiloquent" style. Why not come down to earth and write for us poor mortals awhile, instead of climbing to heights unknown, from which you are liable to topple.

The *Messenger* is an ideal High School magazine. It is by far the most attractive magazine on our table and is certainly to be highly commended for its selection of cover design. Of the four short stories in the *Messenger*, the best is "Jerry's Unfortunate 'Possum Hunt." What we said about the story in the *Spectator* might apply here as well. The author ties the knot well—we can almost see the dogs chasing some strange animal around on the haunted mountain at midnight, but after such a vivid description, we don't like to find that it is merely a human being and nothing supernatural after all. The editorials are short, but occupy about the right amount of space in the magazine. We are glad to see so many stories and poems. This shows that the students have the interest of their magazine at heart.

Exchanges received this month are: *Winthrop College Journal*, *The College Reflector*, *The Acorn*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *The William Jewell Student*, *The Trinity Archive*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Mercerian*, *The Carolinian*, *The Baylor Literary*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Spectator*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Susquehanna*, *The Messenger*, *The Emory and Henry Era*, *The Furman Echo*, *University of Texas Magazine*, *The Chronicle*, *The Collegian*, *Black and Gold*, *Owachita Ripples*, *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Mercury*, *The Lenoirian*, *Isaquenna*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Gold Bug*.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

J. BOYCE VERNON, Editor.

- '87. Dr. E. H. Bowling commands a large practice of medicine in Durham, N. C.
- '89. A. L. Betts, who is traveling agent for the *Biblical Recorder*, is meeting with fine success in his work.
- '88-90. Rev. J. R. Edwards assumes charge of the Baptist pulpit at Apex, together with his churches at Sanford.
- '72. D. W. Bradsher is the capable and popular clerk of court of Person County. This position he has held uninterruptedly for many years.
- '98-00. We congratulate J. H. Cannady, a prominent merchant of Kinston, N. C., who was recently struck by one of Cupid's darts, resulting in a happy marriage.
- '09. Chas. T. Bell has decided to locate in his home town, Morehead City, in law practice. "Chas." was once Business Manager of the *STUDENT* and did the work creditably. We wish him abundant success in the legal profession.
- '07. Dr. Jas. W. Vernon gave up an appointment as Resident Physician of the Polyclinic Hospital, Philadelphia, and is now assisting Dr. Isaac M. Taylor as Surgeon in the Broadoaks Sanatorium, Morganton, N. C.
- '96. Cary Public High School is flourishing under the management of Prof. M. B. Dry. This school is sending nearly as many students to the different colleges of the State as any other high school, and in no case is it excelled in the preparation of its students.
- '01-2. Rev. C. Almon Upchurch is doing excellent work as the pastor of the First Baptist Church, Kinston, N. C. We noticed with pleasure that he received a heavy pounding

from the members of his church at the beginning of his pastorate there last summer.

'10. One of the most studious young men of the class of 1910 is R. H. Shanks, who is teaching mathematics in a degree-conferring college at Williamsburg, Ky. His splendid record in college entitles him to a good position and we are glad to know his work there is gaining hearty approval.

'93. E. Y. Webb wins again his seat in Congress. He is a wise legislator, having sane views on all political questions. His legislative ability and the confidence and affection his people have in him will probably send him to Washington many more times.

'99. Dr. W. A. Bradsher is enjoying a large and lucrative practice of medicine at Roxboro, N. C. It will be remembered that he won a notable honor in making the second best average in the North Carolina State medical examination when licensed. He was married last July to Miss Anna Merritt, one of the county's most gifted teachers.

'89. The money is already raised for the erection of a new Baptist church in Goldsboro to take the place of the old one, which is too small to serve the Baptist cause there under the leadership of its beloved and aggressive pastor, Rev. G. T. Watkins. It will be a large brick structure, covering the same site, and it is claimed that few churches in the State will equal it in beauty and seating capacity. He is also to be favored with a new parsonage.

'88. Claude Kitchin returns again to the National Congress from the Second District. With his large legislative experience and his ability as a strong debater, he bids fair to become a leader of the coming Democratic House. By the number of terms the people have entrusted their affairs to him is good evidence of their appreciation, and equally shows his superior fitness over other men.

'99. A matter of peculiar interest to North Carolina Baptists is the coming of Rev. J. Clyde Turner to the First Baptist Church of Greensboro. While in college he was catcher of the baseball nine and orator of his society. He will resign the pastorate of the First Church in Macon, Ga., in time to begin the work in Greensboro by the first of the new year.

* * *

The following are Wake Forest men who were elected to the Legislature at the recent election:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

- '89. W. C. Dowd, of Mecklenburg County.
- '07. W. H. Weatherspoon, of Scotland County.
- '03. J. C. Sikes of Union County.
- '04. Ben W. Parham, of Davidson County.
- '03-5. E. G. Roberts, of Buncombe County.
- '03-5. T. J. Markham, of Pasquotank County.
- '90. W. A. Devin, of Granville County.
- '99-02. L. H. Allred, of Johnston County.
- '99-02. W. S. Privott, of Chowan County.
- '99-00. T. O. Rodwell, of Warren County.
- '95. J. L. Cornwall, of Nash County.
- '80-1. W. H. McNeil, of Moore County.
- '96-7. E. R. Wooten, of Lenoir County.
- '83-5. J. F. Spainhour, of Burke County.
- '05. B. H. Crumpler, of Sampson County.

SENATE.

- '92. Dr. E. W. Sikes, Wake Forest, N. C.
- '06. B. T. Holden, Louisburg, N. C.
- '05. M. Leslie Davis, Beaufort, N. C.
- '91-3. A. Paul Kitchin, Scotland Neck, N. C.
- '93. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., Greensboro, N. C.
- '03-5. R. D. Johnson, Warsaw, N. C.
- '99-01. V. B. Martin, Plymouth, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

JULIUS C. SMITH.

—Exams!!!

—But then—Xmas!!

—How the fall term has flown!

—The result of the football game with Carolina on October 22d was not quite so favorable as we hoped for, but the men put up a better game than did the last year's team. Wake Forest weakened at the last and allowed Carolina to pile up the score to 37 to 0. The *Washington Post* said, however, that the fight made by Wake Forest was one of the pluckiest ever put up by a light team against an opponent that so overwhelmingly outweighed it.

—The next game was with the University of South Carolina on October 27th, Carolina winning by a score of 6 to 0. This score was made by two drop kicks from the field. Carolina got no nearer to our goal than the thirty yard line. It is not our policy to try to put up excuses for losing a game or to attribute it to a raw deal, but we take this opportunity to state, as an item of news, that Captain Utley was put out of the game during the first three minutes of play for alleged slugging, and that Wake Forest was penalized during the game to the extent of two hundred and fifty yards. Utley was in the game long enough to get his name in the *Columbia State* as a star. The same paper stated that the work of Betts, at end, was superb. Aydlett's ability in running back punts was also mentioned.

—Just two days later, October the 29th, with the team in a battered condition, Citadel, of Charleston, S. C., was tackled. Citadel came off with the honors by a score of 9 to 5. They won the game in the first three minutes of play

by a series of forward passes and quick team work. Wake Forest came back strong and Huntley carried the ball over for a touchdown. The only scoring after this was a drop kick from the field by Citadel.

—On Thursday night, November the 10th, there was a mass-meeting of the student body for the purpose of arousing some enthusiasm over the game with the United States Ship Franklin in Durham on Saturday, November the 10th, and to induce as many to go as possible. More enthusiasm was exhibited than at any other meeting of a like nature this year. Short patriotic speeches were made by C. C. Wheeler, J. C. Smith, C. T. Murchison, R. S. Pruett, G. L. Bailes, W. M. Scruggs, and J. P. Tucker. These were responded to by Coach Rowe, H. W. Huntley, Joe Pointer, and Manager Martin, as representatives from the team.

—The mass-meeting must have done some good, for when the special train for Durham pulled out, nearly 200 students were aboard. Soon after we got to Durham and let them know we were there, the sailors put in their appearance 500 strong, with a sixty-piece band. Durham entertained us royally. Everywhere could be seen the old gold and black of Wake Forest and the blue and white of the Navy. At the new athletic field that afternoon Wake Forest played their best game of the season. It was a hard-fought battle from beginning to end, but absolutely clean. The rooting of the sailors was systematic and the music of their band was good, but it did not drown out the enthusiastic support of the Wake Forest students. The cheer leaders for the occasion were J. P. Tucker, C. T. Murchison, and R. S. Pruett. We followed our leaders and rooted like demons. The team felt our presence, and, consequently, every man on the team played star ball. It is hard indeed to pick out individual stars, but it was plainly evident that Savage outpunted his opponent. The work of Utley, High-

smith, and Robinson deserves creditable mention. The score was 11 to 0 against us, but we were more than satisfied with the showing our team made.

—The biggest celebration of this term was held on the night of November the 8th, over the election of Dr. E. W. Sykes to the State Senate. He was carried to the scene of the celebration in a buggy drawn by enthusiastic students. He made a speech in the glare of the big bon-fire, expressing his appreciation of the hearty support of the student body.

—Rev. C. G. Hounsell, missionary to Korea, spent several days on the Hill recently, and while here made several interesting talks on the work in that foreign field.

—President Winston, of the Y. M. C. A., is to be congratulated on the interest taken in the work under his leadership. The services were led on Monday night, October the 31st, by R. R. Blanton, whose subject was, "The Test of Great Manhood," and on November the 14th by E. B. Jenkins, whose subject was, "Our Differences in Religion."

—The anniversary marshals from the Phi. Society are: H. B. Conrad, Chief; C. J. Edwards, and O. B. Moss.

—The spring term Senior speakers from the Phi. Society are: J. B. Vernon, J. R. Carroll, and T. S. Teague.

—On Thursday evening, November 17th, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Sledd entertained the English IV class and the young ladies of the "Hill." It was the most enjoyable social function of the season.

CLIPPINGS

When Omar smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
'E 'eard men sing by land and sea,
An' wot 'e thought 'e might require
'E went and took—the same as me.

A LECTURE ROOM BALLAD.

When Plato taught the ancient Greek
'E 'ad a string of yarns to tell,
'Bout one for ev'ry page he'd speak:
The Greek 'e 'eard and laughed like 'ell.

The Greek 'e knew them yarns was dead,
And Plato knowed 'e knew, w'ats wuss;
But 'is exam is o'er 'is 'ead,
And so 'e laughed—the same as us.

So when "The Doctor" springs some tale
That's kicked about since Gawd knows when,
We do not yawn to show it's stale,
But laugh like 'ell—the same as then.

—*Trinity Archive*, Jan. 1898.



WHAT THE PROFESSOR ASKED.

The new professor in the girls' college was a German and not fluent with the English language. So when Miss Ellis had not been proficient in her recitation the good-hearted professor made up his mind to help her a bit after the class had been dismissed. And to the amazement of the class the professor asked:

"Miss Ellis, may I, after the class has gone, hold you for a few minutes?"



It happened in Topeka. Three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle proprietor saw to the right of him a big sign, "Bankrupt Sale," and to the left, "Closing Out at Cost." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door in larger letters, "Main Entrance."

FACULTY DISCIPLINE DEPARTMENT.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

[As everybody who has ever heard Dr. Poteat make a speech in chapel knows, this is a Christian college, and therefore it behooves everyone connected with it to be most punctual in attendance upon religious exercises. Effective measures are taken to insure the presence of the students at chapel, but of late we have noticed with pain an increasing laxness on the part of the faculty in this regard. We have gone to the trouble of collecting the following horrifying statistics, the publication of which we earnestly hope will redound to the soul's good of our revered professors.]

During the month of November chapel absences have been recorded against members of the faculty as follows. Will they please call at the office of THE STUDENT on the twenty-third of this month, between the first and second periods, to explain?

Brewer	2
Carlyle	11
Crozier	10
Cullom	10
Gulley	6
Gorrell	12
Highsmith	7
Ives	11
Lake	9
Lanneau	12
Morton	7
Paschal	12
Poteat	3
Powers	12
Royall	4
Sikes	6
Sledd	12
Stewart	9
Taylor	11
Timberlake	4
Coach Rowe	5

It may be of interest to the students to know that the time record is held by Professor Highsmith, who got through in 3 minutes 19 seconds. Other records are: Highsmith 4:16, Taylor 4:39, Poteat 5:23, while Dr. Cullom made the worst record of the month, having taken six minutes and thirty-one seconds on one occasion.



THE CAMPUS.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 4

DR. CALVIN JONES

C. E. TAYLOR.

[Dr. Calvin Jones owned the farm on which the College is now situated. This interesting article is a reprint from THE STUDENT of January, 1891.]

For many years such brief histories of the College as have appeared in catalogues, newspapers and THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, have contained the statement that in August, 1832, a farm of 615 acres was purchased from Dr. Calvin Jones by the Baptist State Convention as a site for the new college. The chairman of the committee that made the purchase was the eminent William Hooper. The choice of the location was made, however, by Elder John Purefoy, the father of Elder James S. Purefoy.

The dwelling house of Dr. Jones originally stood on the site of the dormitory building. When the latter was erected the dwelling was moved out of the campus. For many years it has been the home of the family of the late Elder W. T. Walters. The college well, the great elm which overshadows it, and the oaks around the dormitory building were among the belongings of the old-fashioned home of a North Carolina country gentleman.

Doctor Montague, who died a few years ago at Wake Forest, knew Dr. Calvin Jones intimately, and has often spoken to me about him. He represented him as a man of high character, of large general culture, and of public spirit. For some years a school for young ladies was conducted at Dr. Jones' home, and an aged lady who was educated there has

told the writer that the Episcopal Bishop would make his annual visitation to the school for the purpose of confirmation.

Last July there appeared in the *Evening Democrat*, of Memphis, Tenn., an extended account of the opening of the Bolivar Asylum, and, among other addresses, one from Judge Sneed, of Memphis, in which he refers to the late Calvin Jones, on whose farm the institution was located.

It is a remarkable coincidence that two great public institutions, one in North Carolina and the other in Tennessee, should be located on tracts of land which had been, successively, the homes of the same man.

An extract from Judge Sneed's address, portraying as it does the character of the man whose home was once among the oaks of our campus, is worthy of reproduction here.

"In conclusion, fellow-citizens of Hardeman, allow me to indulge in a reminiscence of the long ago, which you, at least, will appreciate. Fifty years is a long lapse of life to look back upon. By standing here upon the playground of my youth, and contemplating the changes that time and progress have wrought, I can but contrast the picture this spot presented fifty years ago with its appearance today. That was a long time ago for a man looking so young and having no wrinkles on his heart to have been in his 'teens.' I am, indeed, older than I seem, but—

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently—not smiting it—
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

"Yonder stood a cottage which was the abiding place of hospitality, charity and all the golden virtues which decorate the higher Christian life. It was the home of filial affection and parental tenderness—the common resort of the most elegant and cultured society—a place from which no poor man

was ever turned comfortless away; the happy homestead of a happy household. The grand old master of that house has long since passed over the river, and his gentle and loving wife now sleeps by his side. In life, both were loved and honored for all the graces that adorn human character and win human respect and admiration. In death, both are remembered by the rich and poor as examples of all that was noble, philosophic, gentle and humane. Though long since retired from public employment, and enjoying with ample wealth around him the *otium cum dignitate* of the typical Southern planter, he had, in earlier life, filled high positions among his countrymen—a major-general in the War of 1812, a great journalist and physician of pre-eminent ability.

“I was for a long period of my student life an inmate of that cottage and treated as one of the children of the family. A thousand years of life’s changes and revolutions could never efface the impressions I then received of the moral and intellectual character of the grand old man. He had been a deep student of science, history and philosophy. His mind was a treasure house of knowledge, gathered from books, from foreign travel and from his close fellowship with the great men and statesmen of the country. And yet, with a splendid capacity for the higher achievements of statecraft, he cared not for the tinsel of rank or the prestige of office, but preferred in his late years to tarry beneath his own happy roof-tree and to watch the development of his children; to educate them in virtuous principles; to do his duty well as a neighbor, a friend, a philanthropist, and to enjoy through the lengthening shadows of a useful life the sweet companionship of his loving wife. He was what Carlyle would call ‘one of those noble, silent men—scattered here and there—silently thinking, silently working, whom no morning newspaper makes mention of—the salt of the whole earth. Blessed and blessed forever is the country where they most

abound.' And yet he was my Gamaliel, my oracle, from whom any docile youth could learn 'the wisdom of the wise, the strength that nerves the strong, and the grace that gathers around the noble.'

"In broad philanthropy and charity, in learning and culture, I thought him the greatest man I ever saw, and in Roman virtue, severity of morals and dignity of character, the most august and admirable.

"I particularly remember his tender sympathies for that unfortunate class whose reasons were overthrown and his theories upon the treatment of mental diseases. And now, as I look upon the splendid pile which has taken the place of that happy homestead, and reflect upon the noble and Christly purposes to which it is today dedicated, I can but think if that grand old man, with all his tender solicitude for a better and a holier treatment of the mind diseased, could revisit the ground on which his happy homestead stood and see the changes for himself, he would rejoice that things are just as they are. All honor to the memory of Gen. Calvin Jones."

In order to remove any doubt as to whether the General Jones, so eloquently portrayed by the speaker, was identical with the Doctor Jones whose name is connected with the traditions of Wake Forest neighborhood and with the cradle-days of the College itself, I wrote to Judge Sned, and received the following courteous reply:

MEMPHIS, TENN., August 24, 1890.

PREST. C. E. TAYLOR, *Wake Forest College.*

DEAR SIR:—Your note of recent date, addressed to Busilyn, my home post office, near this city, came duly to hand. The "Gen'l Jones," to whom allusion was made in my remarks at the dedication of the Asylum at Bolivar, is the identical "Dr. Calvin Jones" to whom you refer. He was an eminent physician in his earlier years, but we always knew him here as "General Jones." I have often heard him speak of Wake Forest as a former home, but I did not know of the interesting coincidence to which you refer, until your letter advised me thereof. He was in the service of the United States in the War of 1812 as Major-General of

North Carolina troops, and hence the title of "General," which, with most of his friends, seems to have overshadowed the professional title. He was a friend of my grandfather, the late Chief Justice Taylor, at Raleigh, and of my father also, the late Major Junius Sneed, of Salisbury, who (with the late Judge Badger) was one of his aides-de-camp during the British war.

Very truly yours,

JOHN L. T. SNEED.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE—ITS BIRTH

[Taken from an address delivered by Jas. S. Purefoy, February 4, 1884, on the occasion of the semi-centennial of Wake Forest College, and published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT of February, 1886.]

Previous to 1830 there were in North Carolina several Missionary Societies. In Greenville, March 26-29, 1830, these were merged into the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina. In the constitution framed at the organization at Greenville one of the primary objects of the Convention was to be "the education of young men called of God to the ministry and approved of by the churches to which they respectively belong." The next question seems to have been, "Where shall we educate them?" We had no schools. At the meeting of the Convention at Rives' Chapel the secretary in his report mentioned the case of two young ministers who were being instructed gratuitously by Brother George W. Thompson, "as the Convention had no school of its own."

All seemed to be at once convinced that a school must be established, and a manual labor school was proposed, by whom is not certainly known. Dr. William Hooper, chairman of the committee on education, recommended the purchasing of a farm for the purpose of establishing a manual labor school, and the following resolution was passed:

Resolved unanimously, That the Convention deem it expedient to purchase a suitable farm, and to adopt other preliminary measures for the establishment of a Baptist literary institution in this State, on the manual labor principle.

A committee was appointed to secure an act of incorporation in behalf of the institution, but they made no report.

A committee was appointed to raise two thousand dollars by subscription for this purpose, fifteen hundred of it having been pledged for it at the Convention at Rives' Chapel in 1832. Elder John Purefoy was one of the committee, and

a near neighbor of Dr. Calvin Jones, who owned the farm where the College now stands. Dr. Jones held his farm of 615 acres at two thousand, five hundred dollars, but for the cause of education he proposed to Elder Purefoy to give the Convention, through the committee, five hundred dollars and sell the farm for two thousand dollars. Elder Purefoy recommended the farm to the committee, and it was purchased by the Convention for two thousand dollars.

It seems clear from what I have already said that the North Carolina Baptist State Convention was the mother of Wake Forest Institute, now Wake Forest College. In November, 1833, the Convention met at Dockery's Meeting House, in Richmond County, where Stephen A. Graham, Joseph B. Outlaw, Alfred Dockery, David Thompson and Samuel S. Biddle were appointed a committee to procure a charter for Wake Forest Institute with forty trustees, nine of whom should constitute a quorum to transact business. The school went into operation in February, 1834, with twenty-five students. On September following there were seventy students in the Institute. Rev. Samuel Wait was the first Principal of the Institute and held the position honorably for eleven years, when he resigned.

At the Legislature of 1834-35 a charter was obtained for the Institute; but here the prejudice that had existed long before in the minds of certain men in power in North Carolina by which men were imprisoned and otherwise punished for no other crime than that they were Baptists, showed its cloven foot by pressing upon this literary infant in such a way and with such force as to nearly press the life out of it. I quote from Dr. Samuel Wait:

It was during the session of 1833 and 1834 that we obtained from the Legislature of our State a charter for our school. The majority in the Commons on the final passage of the bill was quite respectable, but in the Senate there was a tie, and Mr. William D. Mosely, to his lasting honor be it said, gave the casting vote in our favor. This charter cre-

ated a Board of Trustees, composed of such persons as were desired, with certain provisions for perpetuating themselves; allowed the institution to acquire funds to the amount of fifty thousand dollars; continuing the obligation to pay taxes the same as on all private property, and to be in force and continue twenty years and no longer.

Was ever a charter given more meagre or lean than this? Just think of it—a tie in the Senate; only \$50,000 allowed; taxes on all the property to be paid; twenty years lifetime allowed, and no longer; and but for one man, I must say, the *Honorable* William D. Mosely, our new-born child would surely have been crushed to death!

The trustees who became the foster-mother of the babe came near destroying its precious life by administering to it an overdose of paregoric. Although composed of the very best persons of our denomination, they were not used to nursing infant institutions. They put

Board at \$5 per month, 10 months.....	\$50.00
Latin and Greek tuition, \$2 per month, 10 months.....	20.00
English branches, \$1.50 per month, 10 months.....	15.00
Washing, 75 cents per month, 10 months.....	7.50
<hr/>	
Total	\$92.50
Labor of students, 3 hours a day for 250 days at 3 cents an hour..	22.50

which left only \$70 for expenses of a student a year.

Provisions advanced—pork 9 cents a pound, flour \$11 per barrel. Crops failed, expenses were heavy, and the income not much more than half meeting the expenses; the babe was found to be in a comatose condition. Strong stimulants and cataplasms had to be employed. Yes, the manual labor system had to be abolished. The horses, mules, cows, farming utensils, and so forth, had to be sold out at auction. Board and tuition had to be raised to living rates. In 1838 a new charter was obtained and the school arose up out of its long slumber to find that its name had been changed from Wake Forest Institute to Wake Forest College. From that mem-

orable date in 1838 the sick child began to grow, and now at the end of fifty years, this semi-centennial day in 1884, it has grown to be a man in stature, a man of renown among men, spreading its benign influence upon thousands and for thousands of miles around.

A DAY AT WAKE FOREST

[The following is a letter written by a student at Wake Forest Institute to the *Recorder*, the issue of April 1, 1835. This graphic description of student life during the first session is worth presenting to our readers.]

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE, March 14, 1835.

BRO. 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 bell 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 rooms, 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 its head from behind the distant forest the Virgil class, to which I belong, commences recitation. 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 recitation—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 3 o'clock, when the bell rings long and loud 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, though 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 positions 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 cornstalks, 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 on the 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't 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 and hard blows. Our chief sets the example,—

*"Nec non Æneas opera inter talia primus
Hortatur socios, paribusque accingitur armis."*

Blistered hands we consider here 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 executions, I will state that two of our corps yesterday mauled one hundred and twenty 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 a 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 now calls again to study. There is no place like Wake Forest at night. The stillness of the graveyard possesses the whole of the outdoor establishment. It is now night—the pale-face moon is shining beautifully, and all without is absolute solitude, save when a solitary student is heard winding his way with his 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 on the trees. 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.

WAKE FOREST AND THE BIBLICAL RECORDER

(1834-1850)

BY J. H. G.

I have spent some leisure days and nights during the Christmas season just past in looking over the first fifteen volumes of the *Biblical Recorder*, a field of investigation new to me, a labor combined with unalloyed pleasure to one of some antiquarian tastes. For two weeks I have been associated with those brave spirits who have contributed in the greatest measure to strengthen and establish the great principles and institutions of the Baptist Church in North Carolina. My companions have been such heroes of faith as Wait, Armstrong, Meredith, Culpeper, Dodson, Skinner, the Purefoys, Thompson, Jordan, Owen, Crenshaw, Fuller, and Yates,

Sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their thrones.

I have been a witness of the struggles and triumphs of the Baptist leaders of three-quarters of a century ago who "through faith wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong, turned to flight the armies of the aliens and all obtained a good report through faith." No honor or meed of praise that we can grant to them can be too great for their labors and sacrifices, for we ourselves are reaping of the abundant harvest of which they went forth weeping sowing the precious seed.

The *Recorder* was during all this period the true and steadfast friend of a small institution deeply in debt whose success was greatly in doubt; and if un failing and unalloyed devotion in time of dire need be characterized as a benefaction, our denominational paper may well stand among the honored benefactors of Wake Forest College. Nothing can more ade-

quately describe the inner history of the early days of Wake Forest than the frequent communications to the pages of this paper, and a most valuable contribution to the story of the Baptist work in this State would be made by the publication in full of all references to the college. We can here simply make excerpts here and there.

In a letter of December 30, 1834, we are told that "the following plan for the college building was submitted by Mr. Ligon, architect: The whole front is 132 feet in length; the center building 46 by 61 feet and the wings 43 by 45 feet, contain fifty-three rooms. The center building is three stories and has the following rooms, viz: The first floor is a chapel 57 by 42 feet and 18 feet pitch. The second floor contains a philosophical and chemical room and a library room 42 by 25 feet, 10 feet pitch, and a lobby 42 by 8 feet. The third floor contains two society rooms 43 by 26 feet, 10 feet pitch, with arched ceiling and a lobby 43 by 8 feet. The wings are four stories. The first and second stories are 10 feet pitch, the third and fourth 9 feet pitch. There are 12 study rooms on each floor 13 by 15 feet and a lobby 10 feet. The building is to be completed by January 1, 1837, and the payments to be made in three annual installments, the first on January 1, 1836. The report of the Agricultural Department satisfied the Trustees, there being a balance of a few dollars in favor of the Department. The Steward's Department is not so cheering, it being heavily in debt. The Literary Department exceeded the expectations of the Trustees. Upon the whole, it may be said all the departments are in a flourishing condition."

An editorial note in the same issue tells us that "the building is to cost \$14,000. The subscription list, we understand, is to be raised to \$15,000 and Bro. Wm. H. Jordan has been appointed agent. We are told that 160 students have made application for admission the next session."

In a communication by President Wait, of January 8, 1835, it is stated that the total expenses of the institution for the first year amounted to \$4,833.50 and "the income from the students and donations when all collected will reduce the debt to \$1,182.22."

On April 8, 1835, the editor observes that "it is confidently expected that the resources of the Wake Forest Institute will soon be sufficient to employ one or more theological professors whose time and labor will be devoted exclusively to theological instruction."

An interesting note with regard to the name *Wake Forest* is written by Geo. W. Purify in a letter of March 31, 1835. Some "suppose that the name *Wake Forest* is applied exclusively to the Institute, which is far from 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."

In the issue of May 27, 1835, we are told of certain slanderous reports by the enemies of the college and of a meeting of the student body to correct them. The feeling of loyalty and devotion of these students is well reflected in two of their resolutions: "*Resolved*, That we are perfectly satisfied with our present situation and that we are happy as students of the Institute. *Resolved*, That we are determined that no one shall slander us or the Institute with impunity."

In a letter of April 22, 1835, we learn of the formation of an Anti-Coffee League among the students and a list is given of those who have foresworn the use of this beverage. It is of interest that the list is headed by Wm. T. Brooks, afterwards an honored member of the faculty.

A list of the classes in the Institute is given in the issue of June 22, 1835. It is as follows: Three classes in English Grammar, classes in Geography, Orthography, Historia Sacra (2 classes), History of the United States, Cæsar, Vir-

gil, Sallust, Cicero, Greek Testament, Greek Reader, Natural Philosophy, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Declamation.

There is an interesting account of the first celebration of the Literary Societies in the paper of July 29, 1835.

Four letters concerning the remarkable revival in August, 1835, appear in the issues of September 2, 9, 16, and 23, in the last of which there is an interesting account of the formation of the church at Wake Forest.

Agent Wm. Hill Jordan writes on October 1, 1835, that he has on hand "conditional subscriptions of \$100, valid on the basis that \$5,000 be raised in this way. Bro. Charles Skinner, in addition to his other benefactions to the school, headed this subscription with the sum of \$200, and some of the most liberal subscribers to former subscriptions have subscribed to this plan. If I shall be able to secure these subscriptions I shall have obtained \$8,000 for the school."

A long editorial appears on November 18, 1835, in which the writer praises the "firm, mild and efficient discipline," the religious atmosphere that prevailed, the building of the college edifice, and the large number of students, concluding thus: "We have now said more in behalf of this institution that we have ever allowed ourselves to say before. * * * Our apology is that we could not in our opinion do justice to truth, merit, and the cause concerned and say less."

A lengthy letter appears on April 27, 1836, by W. H., setting forth in admirable terms the twofold aim of the Institute: (1) Thoroughness of Instruction. (2) Religious Influences.

The first mention we have of the donation of an estate to the college occurs in the account of the death of John Blount on May 25, 1836. "His estate, which will amount probably to \$8,000 or \$10,000, he has directed to be invested for the benefit of his widow during her life, after which period it is to pass into the hands of the Trustees of the Wake Forest Institute."

That the editor still favors the establishment of a theological school at Wake Forest is shown by a stirring appeal on June 28, 1836.

The account of another revival occurs in the paper of September 14, 1836.

At this time there was widespread dissatisfaction with the Manual Labor Department, and three letters by "Carolinus" of drastic import appeared on October 3, 10 and 17, 1836. A supposedly conclusive reply is made by "Amicus" on November 2. This communication stirs up the religious wrath of one "Philo-Carolinus" on November 16, 1836, in which he gives a picture of the arduous duties of the student of those days: "The student is in the chapel in the morning by the time he can see. The services in the chapel and recitation keep him busy till breakfast. The morning lesson then demands his attention. At 11 o'clock he recites, and from the recitation room the bell calls him to dinner. After dinner he devotes his time to the afternoon lesson. At three he recites and at four the bell calls him to the labor of the field. At seven o'clock he returns. He then attends to evening prayers, after which the bell calls him to supper, and he finds himself over his lesson for sunrise recitation at 8 o'clock. Now if we allow him seven hours for sleep, the arms of Morpheus will have claimed him quite as soon as he shall have finished his lesson." "Amicus" is, however, not to be outdone and has the last word of the controversy on December 7.

A most optimistic editorial appears on December 21, 1836, dealing with all phases of college life and recommending the institution to all Baptists.

I have not had access to the complete files of the *Recorder* for 1837, but from the issues examined we note that a vigorous campaign for payment of existing debt was carried on. A note by H. A. Wilcox, the agent of the Institute, appears

on January 13, 1838, urging payment on subscriptions to the fourth installment.

In the issues from January 20 to March 14, 1838, appear eleven long communications by "Amicus," describing in a capital way all things connected with the Institute. Letter 1 treats of the aims of the institution, and gives an account of its short history. Letter 2 urges its claims for support upon the denomination. Letter 3 treats of the physical, healthful, and moral advantages of the place. Letter 4 gives a detailed account of the expenses, comparing them with the charges at other institutions. Letter 5 describes the courses of instruction, Letter 6 the government of the students as a whole, and Letter 7 of the younger members of the student body. Letter 8 discusses the Manual Labor Problem. Letter 9 explains the religious influences. Letter 10 answers the many objections and criticisms by the unfriendly, and Letter 11 makes a strong plea for endowment and patronage. "Let it be remembered," says he, "that if the Wake Forest Institute is suffered for want of support to languish and die, it will not die alone. With it must die the hopes of the Baptist denomination through the State. With it, too, will expire the reputation of those by whom it was projected and established. Their honor is pledged and depends upon its advancement."

On June 16, 1838, appears a well-written report on the Institute by Chas. W. Skinner. In speaking of the importance of the school he says: "On the success of the Wake Forest Institute depends very much the prosperity of the Baptist cause and of the cause of knowledge, improvement and correct principles among us. Indeed it may be said to be the hope of these causes in the State. Let the Institute fall and they will languish, droop, and die." He states that \$8,000 had been paid on buildings, leaving unpaid \$7,000,

to which is to be added \$6,000 or \$7,000 for the two residence buildings just about completed.

The clearest and fullest report of the Institute Committee up to this time is contained in the issue of January 5, 1839. The committee, consisting of T. Meredith, S. Wait, and A. Dockery, announce the division of the institution into the *Collegiate* and *Academical* departments and the division of the latter department into the *Classical* and *English*. The discontinuance of the Manual Labor Department was mentioned, both on account of the little or no revenue derived from it and the existence of public sentiment against it. The tuition fees and other expenses had been raised, owing to the general advance in prices, but these fees are shown to be lower than those in other colleges. The salaries of the faculty are described as lower than prevail elsewhere, but "the faculty are all personal friends of the school and are all willing to make personal sacrifices for its support." "To the Baptists of North Carolina," the article continues, "the Board would state that having reared a school adapted to the existing wants of the denomination, they now make this appeal for their prompt support. If they rally for its maintenance it will prosper; if they neglect it, it will decline and die."

A ringing appeal for help, written by President Wait, who had just taken up the duties as agent, is to be found covering almost the entire first page of the *Recorder* of February 23, 1839. "All the buildings," states he, "are completed and everything in condition for the best work. Will not the brethren raise off of the Trustees the burden of debt? We are now, in the providence of God, called to make a little sacrifice. If we do this, the college will be more prosperous and useful than under a burden of debt, and will move on with a surer prospect of success."

Another appeal is made by Dr. Wait on April 20, accompanied by a commendatory editorial.

A good outline of the more important college regulations appears in the issue of February 29, 1840. The divisions of the students into the four classes of Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior is announced. The possession of a good moral character is strenuously insisted on. The entire cost per session is stated at \$137.

The editor, Dr. Meredith, on August 29, makes a short but effective statement about the necessity for immediate payment of subscriptions "to save the institution from disgrace."

Passing over the next three years, filled with hard work for the liquidation of the debt, we turn to the files of 1844 and read a letter of earnest entreaty by Dr. Wait, published in the *Recorder* of February 3 and February 10. Hear his words: "Let the instructors give up in despair, let the classes be disbanded and let all this be trumpeted throughout the land and who will be able to estimate the disaster that would follow? I can not suppose that our brethren and friends will allow it, but surely any one can see that all this may be, if nothing be done to prevent it. The Trustees have taken hold of an important work, and surely we ought not to forsake these brethren. It can not be right to stand and look on and see them struggling under their mighty load and reach out to them no helping hand. Think, brethren, think, I pray you, of this case."

We learn by two letters of July 6, 1844, that Dr. Wait is still in the field and with him are associated Elders E. Dodson, R. McNabb, J. J. Finch, Q. H. Trotman, and A. J. Battle. There has just been instituted a movement for the immediate raising of \$9,000.

A proposition is made by Elder McNabb on July 27th that \$1,000 be raised by \$20 subscriptions. Short and piquant letters occur frequently, written by E. Dodson.

A hopeful letter of Professor Owen, with regard to conditions of college affairs, appears on May 31, 1845, and a letter is also published on January 26, 1846, telling of Dr. Wait's resignation of the Presidency and of the appointment of Geo. W. Thompson as agent of the college. Mr. Thompson at once pursued his agency with vigor, and on May 9 of that year he tells of his house-to-house canvass, urged on by the necessity for early payment of the debt, "for the debt of the institution rests entirely upon the shoulders of a few of our most praiseworthy Baptist brethren. In fact a suit has already been instituted against them for the recovery of the money, and the debt must and will be paid, though it cost them each a personal sacrifice."

Geo. W. Hufham writes a letter in the issue of June 27, 1846, offering to be one of 150 to pledge \$100 for the college.

Elder Dodson makes continuous appeals in notes of May 30 and July 4.

One of the most striking and practical letters is from that splendid spirit, James S. Purefoy, who sounds a strong note of courage, as he tells of the magnificent work already done by the college. He mentions the two debts of \$10,000 each, demanding that they be paid. "We have no fears as to the safety or permanency of the college, for these brethren who are sustaining it with their names as securities would pay the whole debt rather than see it fall. But, brethren, would it be *just*, would it be *right*, for them to pay it? The answer of every Baptist in North Carolina certainly is, No!"

D. S. Williams, in a letter published September 5, 1846, breathes the same spirit of triumphant faith. "Tell it not to the world, neither breathe or whisper it again, for the college must not sink for want of funds, for I know that there are those who will spend the last dollar before they will see that infant crushed in its cradle."

As we learn in a strong letter by Agent W. H. Jordan, of

April 3, 1847, there remained \$12,000 to pay off the indebtedness. He continues: "Brother Thompson and myself have pledged ourselves to each other, with the help and blessing of God and the liberality of our brethren and friends, to relieve the college of debt."

In a subsequent letter by W. H. Jordan, of April 17, 1867, the names are given of those who subscribed \$300 each to relieve the college debt; they are Wm. Crenshaw, Samuel Wait, Foster Fort, David Justice, Wm. H. Crenshaw, R. T. Sanders, and W. H. Jordan. He entreats the testing of the Hufham plan. "Public sentiment is now with us. The institution is prosperous. Now is the time to pull with a quick, strong oar. NOW the work must be done."

Although from now on the letters are more and more infrequent, the work of collection was, we learn, vigorously prosecuted, and we hear the first note of triumph in an editorial of June 23, 1849: "We learn that the proposed amount of funds has been secured by subscriptions and otherwise, so that the debts of the college are now in a fair way of being speedily liquidated." And the faith of these devoted men of God was rewarded by the successful raising of the burden of debt in 1849. The middle of the nineteenth century, therefore, saw the college free of encumbrances to pursue its mission of usefulness till the present day.

No one can read these old letters without being moved by the spirit of earnest consecration to the beloved college, and during these years of trial the *Biblical Recorder* stood bravely by the struggling cause and deserves the gratitude of every Baptist and friend of Wake Forest.

OUR COLLEGE

PROF. L. R. MILLS.

[Reprinted from THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT of February, 1884.]

It is said that in the part of Wake County bounded by Neuse River on the south, the Franklin line on the north, Horse Creek on the west, and Smith's Creek on the east, the original oak forest was unusually fine. On this account this section was called the Forest of Wake, or Wake Forest. Hence the name of our college.

Elder Wait, in his "Origin and Eearly History of Wake Forest College," says: "When (in 1831) it was finally settled that an institution should be established upon the Manual Labor Plan, we began to look around for a suitable site. Many places, as was to be expected, were recommended. This farm (upon which the college now stands) was then owned by Dr. Calvin Jones. The Doctor's main estate was in West Tennessee. He had, for some time, desired to dispose of his possessions in North Carolina, that he might live in his other home in the far west. In this farm were a little more than six hundred acres. * * * Finally, during the sitting of the (North Carolina Baptist State) Convention, in August, 1832, at Rives' Chapel, Chatham County, N. C., we were given to understand that the premises could be purchased for two thousand dollars. All felt convinced that the time had now come to close the contract. A subscription was immediately commenced, and I think fifteen hundred dollars were raised on the spot. * * * The farm was purchased in August [1832] * * * Some of the Board [of Trustees], Bro. Armstrong particularly, were for commencing operations on the first Monday in February following. I told them that would be impossible. We lacked the

requisite funds. Nor had we time to make the preparation, even if we had the funds. * * * The conclusion was to appoint a committee to rent out the farm, to the best advantage they could, for that year [1832], and request me to continue my agency for the Convention another year, and do what I could, in the meantime, in collecting funds and any kind of furniture for the comfort and advantages of the institution."

During the year Elder Wait received many articles of furniture and bedding, and about two hundred dollars in money. There were no suitable buildings for the college and the principal was forced to resort to many expedients. We shall let him tell some of them to us: "The former owner of the premises we now occupied had encountered much expense to provide for the comfort of his servants. I found seven good, substantial log cabins, made mostly of white oak, with hewn logs; good doors, floors, roofs, and, with one exception, windows. These were washed out cleanly and whitewashed. Good, new furniture was provided for each house. And, although it was known that the cabins were built originally for servants, and occupied at first by them, I never heard of the least objection to them from any student. * * *

"The only place I could convene the students for morning and evening prayers or lectures was the building erected by Dr. Jones for a carriage house, 16 feet by 24."

The exercises of the school began the first Monday in February, 1834, and about seventy students were entered upon the rolls the first term.

During the winter of 1833 and 1834, a charter was obtained from the Legislature for Wake Forest Institute. So narrow-minded and bigoted were our legislators that they gave very few privileges to the Institute. The charter allowed the Institute to hold fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, but did not exempt its property from tax. On its final reading in the Commons, the majority was quite respect-

able, but in the Senate there was a tie. Mr. William D. Mosely, Chairman of the Senate, gave the casting vote.

The first meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the Institute, Saturday, May 3, 1834. The following members were present: John Armstrong, John Culpeper, Sr., Charles W. Skinner, Aaron J. Spivey, Wm. Crenshaw, W. Roles, John Purify, Thomas Crocker, Allen Bowden, Jas. B. Outlaw, Turner Carter, Daniel Boone, David L. Thompson, D. L. Williams, Alfred Dockery, and Amos J. Battle.

"The meeting was organized by calling David L. 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, after much deliberation, was accepted."

"A committee was created, consisting of Messrs. Carter, Dockery, Outlaw, Skinner, and Spivey, whose duty it was to present a plan of the building necessary for the successful prosecution of the objects of the Institute, and to report on Monday next."

After discussing the report of the Committee on Buildings, made the following Monday, the Board passed the following resolutions:

1. That so 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.
2. That the Executive Committee be instructed to have prepared a draft of the building and to estimate the probable cost of constructing it of brick and also of stone, and report at the next meeting of the Board.
3. That the Executive Committee be instructed to take measures for the immediate erection of the following houses: One two-story house 50 by 30, 8 houses 26 by 12, having ten-foot sheds and stack chimneys.

Elder John Armstrong was appointed agent to present to the people of the State the object of the Institute, and to solicit aid for the erection of the above-named buildings.

Before adjourning the Trustees took up a collection. C. W. Skinner and D. L. Williams gave \$500 each, and many others gave \$250. These subscriptions were payable in five annual installments.

At the next meeting of the Board, held at Cashie Church in Bertie County, November 3 and 5, 1834, Elder Armstrong reported that he had secured subscriptions to the amount of \$13,500, payable in five annual installments. He was requested to continue his agency until February 1, 1835; and Elder Wait says that he increased the above amount to about \$17,000.

At the same meeting a letter from Captain Berry was read, proposing to build the houses at the Institute, and the draft for a brick building presented by him was accepted with some modifications. The walls of the brick building were to be 42 inches thick at the base and fourteen on the last story. But at the meeting of the Board held at the Institute, December 22, 23, 24, 25, 1834, the above action was rescinded and the plan presented by Mr. Ligon was adopted. Capt. John Berry contracted for the erection of the brick building, as presented by Mr. Ligon's plan, for \$14,000. It was to be completed by January, 1837, and the money was to be paid in three equal annual installments, beginning January, 1836.

During the year 1835 seven of the Trustees resigned, and there was much dissatisfaction among our people about the Institute. The Trustees made mistakes in trying to keep a steward's hall, and in placing the charges for board, tuition, etc., too low. I copy the following rates from the records of the Board:

Board, per month	\$6.00
Tuition, Latin, Greek, etc., per month.....	2.00
Tuition, English, per month.....	1.50
Washing, per month	1.00
Room and firewood. <i>gratis</i> .	

During the year 1835 the price of all kinds of provisions advanced about 100 per cent and it was found absolutely necessary to raise the price of board to \$9 per month. And yet the steward's hall did not make expenses by several hundred dollars.

Besides, it was supposed in the beginning that the students' daily labor on the farm would go a long way towards paying their board. After a close examination of their accounts for that year, I find that they made on an average for a year's work four dollars and four cents.

The year closed with the Institute in debt to the teachers, the steward, and the treasurer. And the Board of Trustees, in session, November 26, 1835, "*Resolved* that the Building Committee be authorized to borrow the sum necessary to make the first payment due Captain Berry by January next."

At a meeting of the Board, March 10, 1836, Skinner, Dockery, and Hooper were appointed "to adopt the best means for raising the sum of \$16,666.67, for the purpose of endowing a professorship." The above is the first mention made of endowment in the records.

The committee to audit the treasurer's report and other claims against the Institute reported December 30, 1836:

We find that the Institute is indebted, up to the close of the last session of the present year, the following sums to the following persons: To Samuel Wait the sum of five hundred and seventeen dollars and four cents. To reduce his balance to that sum he has relinquished four hundred dollars of his salary for the year 1835, and two hundred dollars of his salary for 1836, and his claim to one hundred dollars loaned to the Institute in 1834, with this understanding, that the Trustees are to pay to the treasurer of the Building Committee of the Institute the sum of five hundred dollars as a donation from him. To William Crenshaw, treasurer, two thousand three hundred and seven dollars and ninety-one cents. To Charles R. Merriam, steward, five hundred and eighteen dollars and twenty-six cents, making together the sum of three thousand three hundred and forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents. To discharge the debts in part we have in balances due from students for 1834, 1835 and 1836, two thousand four hundred and seventy-seven

dollars eighty-six and one-fourth cents, and a firm trust in the goodness of Divine Providence to crown with ultimate success our efforts to pay the balance of eight hundred and sixty-five dollars thirty-four and three-fourths cents.

The records of the Board of Trustees during 1837-38 give no information as to the financial condition of the Institute. The balance was on the wrong side and exact bookkeeping under such circumstances is not pleasant work.

Bro. H. Wilcox, agent for the Institute, attended the session of the Chowan Association in 1838. Bro. Charles W. Skinner, Chairman of the "Committee on the Wake Forest Institute," presented a lengthy report, published in the *Biblical Recorder*, June 16, 1838, and from it I select the following:

The subscriptions taken some years since for the purpose of erecting buildings amounted to about \$21,000; of this sum about \$13,000 have now been collected, leaving \$8,000 yet unpaid. Of the money collected, part had been paid out for improvements before the College building was erected. This building cost about \$15,000, of which \$8,000 is paid; leaving yet unpaid about \$7,000. It will be seen, therefore, that the amount of subscriptions yet unpaid exceeds the debt now owing for the building by \$1,000. But it is probable that there will be a loss on the subscriptions of at least \$3,000. It will then fall short of paying the debt about \$2,000. Besides, there is a debt on the Institute, which it has not the probably available means of paying, about \$3,800.

The Association paused and allowed the agent to take subscriptions, which amounted to about \$1,800.

During the year 1838, there was great stringency in the money market, and many of the banks had "suspended specie payment." On account of this stringency in money matters but few of the subscriptions for the building were collected. The Trustees held many meetings with slim attendance, and often without a quorum. They borrowed some money from the bank to meet the third payment on the building—how much their records do not show. They abolished the Manual Labor Department, laid off the present village, and sold most of the lands belonging to the farm. The steward's hall

was done away with, and students were allowed to board wherever they wished. The following were the college charges for 1839:

Tuition per year	\$45.00
Room rent	2.00
Bed and bedding	4.00
Wood	2.00
Servants' hire	2.00
Deposit for repairs	2.00
	<hr/>
	\$57.00
Board and washing, per month.....	8.00

At the above rates for room rent, the Trustees could not possibly receive more than \$192 for the rent of two-thirds of a building which cost them \$15,000. Still they made great progress in their management during that year.

December 26, 1838, the Legislature amended the charter, changing the name of the Institute to Wake Forest College, allowing the Trustees to confer the usual degrees, to hold six hundred acres of land, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars free from tax, and extending the time of the charter fifty years.

In 1840 quite a number of debts had accumulated against the college. The records do not show what amount. There was a debt of \$1,750 due the Bank of the State of North Carolina, and a much larger amount due Capt. John Berry, the builder of the college building. About the close of the year the Trustees borrowed \$10,000 from the Literary Fund of the State, and paid "the debts due the bank, Mr. Dennis, Messrs. Dunn, Brownly & Co., and a part of the Berry debt."

From this time till June, 1848, quite a number of agents were appointed. Some declined to serve, and others labored but a short time. The interest had been paid regularly on the debt due the Literary Fund, but the "Berry debt" had grown slowly. The liabilities of the college were about

\$20,000, and the various agents had obtained subscriptions to the amount of \$10,000, on condition that they should be null and void if the whole amount was not raised. The State was pressing for a return of its loan, and Captain Berry wanted his money. It seemed as if the college would have to be sold. Dr. Hooper, President of the College, and Bro. W. H. Jordan, President of the Board of Trustees, resigned. The Trustees adjourned without making any arrangements to meet their obligations.

On Friday after commencement Dr. Wait went down to see Bro. J. S. Purefoy, who lived then at Forestville. After talking the matter over, Bro. J. S. Purefoy subscribed \$1,000 and Dr. Wait \$500. The next day they went over to Bro. William Crenshaw's and he subscribed \$500 for himself and \$500 for his son, Dr. W. M. Crenshaw. And then William H. Jordan, W. T. Brooks, Wm. Jones, and J. B. White subscribed each \$500. Bro. G. W. Thompson, the agent at that time for the college, hearing of this, went to the house of Bro. David Justice in the dead of the night and waked him up out of bed, and told him what the brethren had done. And Brother Justice subscribed \$500—making in all \$5,000.

Bro. G. W. Thompson continued the agency, and at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, held June, 1849, the committee to ascertain the amount of the subscriptions "reported that the subscriptions came short of the debt \$1,713." Thereupon the Trustees sold the "south brick house," now occupied by Dr. H. W. Montague, and made up the deficiency. At the same time Brethren G. W. Thompson, J. S. Purefoy, and N. J. Palmer were appointed agents to collect the subscriptions and pay the debts of the college. Bro. J. S. Purefoy paid the note to the State and left it on file in the Governor's office. There were thirty signatures to it. The Berry debt was paid in full the same year. While Brother Purefoy was collecting those subscriptions, Bro.

Barclay Bowers, of Warren County, gave him ten dollars—the first money for the endowment of Wake Forest College.

I.

The records of the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, held May 3, 1834, show: That Rev. Samuel Wait, A.M., was elected President and Professor of Moral Philosophy and General Literature; Rev. Thomas Meredith, A.M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Rev. John Armstrong, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages; Chas. Merriam, Tutor of Husbandry. The salary of Elder Wait was one thousand dollars, board of himself and family, and house rent. The salaries of the other professors were eight hundred dollars each. The Tutor of Husbandry was to receive two hundred dollars.

Elder Meredith did not occupy his chair, but sent in his resignation July, 1835.

Elder John Armstrong graduated from Columbian College. He was a man of fine personal appearance, and very considerable ability. He traveled as agent for the college during the year 1834. He discharged the duties of his chair very acceptably from January, 1835, to July, 1837, when he was given leave of absence for two years to travel in Europe. At the expiration of his leave of absence he sent in his resignation.

March 10, 1836, the Board of Trustees passed the following: "*Resolved*, that the Secretary give notice in the *Biblical Recorder* that the Wake Forest Institute is now full of students, and therefore can take no more at present." The number on the rolls was one hundred and forty-two—the largest number ever reached till the session of 1877-80.

During 1836 J. T. Graves was employed at a salary of six hundred dollars. He was afterwards President of Baylor University, Texas, for a number of years. H. A. Wilcox, of Brown University, was employed at the same time. Both of these retired at the close of 1837.

In 1836 Mr. John Blount, of Edenton, willed his estate, subject to a life interest on the part of his wife, to the Institute, to be used in the education of young ministers. It consisted of real estate and slaves, and was estimated at from ten to eleven thousand dollars. Comparatively little was ever realized from this bequest.

The Board of Trustees enacted a large number of regulations for the government of the students. I select the following as a fair specimen:

No article shall be purchased for any student of the Institute unless an order be received from the parent or guardian definitely limiting the amount of money to be laid out, and also defining the article to be purchased. * * * No student is allowed to go to a store unless accompanied by some member of the Faculty.

It will be remembered that this was before the days of "moral suasion, sugar plums and candy."

November 27, 1837, John B. White, A.M., was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, at a salary of eight hundred dollars and board; Daniel F. Richardson, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages, at a salary of seven hundred dollars and board.

November 27, 1838, Stephen Morse was appointed Principal of the Preparatory Department, at a salary of eight hundred dollars. And on the 19th of December following George W. Thompson, of Wake, was made Tutor in the same department, at a salary of six hundred dollars. It seems probable that he remained till the close of the spring term of 1839, when he retired and his place was filled by the appointment of Elder W. T. Brooks. Prof. D. F. Richardson resigned during the latter part of the year 1839.

June, 1841, Professor Morse resigned, and June 13, 1843, William Hayes Owen was elected Professor of Ancient Languages, with a salary of eight hundred dollars.

At the June meeting, in 1844, nineteen vacancies in the Board of Trustees were filled by the election of new members.

Dr. Samuel Wait resigned November 26, 1844. Elder William Hooper, LL.D., was elected President of college, October 17, 1845. He resigned June, 1848. Then there was an "interregnum" of one year—Prof. J. B. White being President *pro tem*. June, 1849, he was made President.

November 10, 1849, Elder W. T. Walters was appointed Tutor of Mathematics, with a salary of three hundred dollars. June, 1850, B. W. Justice was appointed Tutor, with the same salary.

In 1850 Elder W. H. Merritt, of Orange County, willed the college six hundred and sixteen acres of land, which was sold for two thousand dollars.

October 22, 1852, J. B. White resigned the Presidency of the College, but not his Chair of Mathematics. J. J. Brantley was elected President. He declined to serve, and in December, 1852, Elder T. W. Tobey was elected President. He declined; and on October 14, 1853, Elder W. T. Brantley was elected President, the committee to correspond with him being instructed, in case he declined, to tender the position to Elder T. G. Jones. Both declined. At the same time Prof. J. B. White resigned his chair. Prof. W. H. Owen was President *pro tem*. from October 14, 1853, to June, 1854.

In June, 1850, the Board of Trustees took steps for raising an endowment. After various futile efforts to secure an agent for that object, Elder J. S. Purefoy agreed, October 19, 1850, to serve. During 1851 and the first six months of 1852 he received subscriptions to the amount of eight thousand dollars.

October 8, 1852, Elder Washington Manly Wingate was appointed a general agent. At the June meeting of the Board in 1854 he reported that he had collected in cash

\$2,641.85, and secured in subscriptions \$29,230, making, with the subscriptions secured by Elder J. S. Purefoy, \$39,873.85. At that time it was in contemplation to raise only \$50,000. Dr. Wingate was then made Professor of Moral Philosophy and President of the College *pro tem*. Elder P. S. Henson, at that time teaching in Chowan Female Institute, was elected Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He declined to accept the position.

At the same meeting, Elder T. H. Pritchard, who had just graduated from the college, was appointed general agent. He served ten and a half months, and secured in subscriptions and cash about \$9,000, and collected on subscriptions previously given \$2,777.

Dr. P. H. Mell, of Penfield, Ga., was elected President of the college, and offered a salary of \$2,000. Thereupon the Trustees and friends of the college determined to raise half of this salary by private subscription. Dr. Wingate, who had just been made President of the College *pro tem*, and whose salary was only eight hundred dollars, subscribed one hundred. Dr. Mell did not accept.

Some time during the fall of 1854 the Executive Committee elected Dr. E. A. Crudup Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology. He, failing to accept, they elected William Gaston Simmons to that chair, and he began the discharge of his duties the beginning of the spring term of 1855. Professor Simmons graduated June, 1852, and was employed as tutor for the scholastic year 1852-53. After that he read law and had just obtained his license when he was recalled to the college.

November 18, 1855, Elder John Mitchell was appointed general agent.

Elder W. M. Wingate was made President June, 1856.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in the Baptist church in Raleigh, Friday, November 7, 1856, "A com-

mittee, consisting of J. S. Purefoy, J. J. James, W. M. Wingate, and John Mitchell, was appointed to mature a plan for raising an unencumbered endowment"—without scholarships. Their plan being approved by the Board the morning of the 8th, the committee immediately brought the matter before the Baptist State Convention, which was in session in the Commons Hall of the capitol. "The amount proposed, independent of former subscriptions and scholarships, was to be \$50,000, to be taken in subscriptions of not less than \$100, which were to be paid if that amount could be raised within three years—otherwise to be null and void. Our readers will scarcely believe us when we say that about one-half (\$25,000) was raised within the period of one hour. * * * Two brethren subscribed \$5,000 each; five \$1,000 each; five \$500 each; a few \$200 each; and a large number, perhaps thirty or forty, \$100 each." * * * A meeting was also held on Sunday night in aid of the effort now being made by the Baptist church of this city to build them a new house of worship. * * * The amount of the subscriptions made by the church and visitors reached \$13,000."—*Biblical Recorder*, November 13, 1856.

Elder John Mitchell continued his agency till June, 1858. He secured more than enough subscriptions to complete the \$50,000 mentioned above. The books of the treasurer show that he made large collections of cash from the subscriptions given to him and other agents.

At the close of the year 1858 Profs. W. H. Owen and W. T. Brooks retired from the Faculty. Their places were filled by the election of Brethren S. P. Smith and R. H. Marsh, graduates of Chapel Hill.

At the end of the fall term of 1859 Messrs. Smith and Marsh retired, and Elder William Royall, of South Carolina, was elected Professor of Latin and James H. Foote Professor of Greek.

The selection of tutors was generally referred by the Board of Trustees to a committee. The records of the next meeting of the Board would say: "The committee to select a tutor reported and report received." Hence I have been unable to mention the names of many of the tutors in the list of officers.

In the first number of this article I stated upon what I thought reliable information that the debt due the State for money borrowed from the Literary Fund was paid in 1849. The bulk of it was paid at that time. But a close examination of the treasurer's books revealed the fact that the final payment, amounting to \$3,103.01, was made June 20, 1860.

After the resignation of Elder John Mitchell no other general agent was appointed. Mr. W. M. Faulkner served two years as collecting agent. The treasurer, too, made collections by correspondence and local agents.

Mrs. Rebekah Blount died in 1859, and the Blount estate came into the possession of the Board. The negroes were sold in 1860, and the bonds for the purchase-money were due in 1861. On account of the Civil War some of these bonds proved to be worthless. There was collected, however, in Confederate money the sum of \$8,710.13. The Blount estate, the Mims fund—\$500 in Confederate money, and the Merritt bequest were given for the purpose of paying the tuition of young ministers.

As early as October, 1852, the Board of Trustees had ordered all endowment funds to be invested in North Carolina State bonds. The books of the treasurer show that he invested the funds in State bonds as fast as they were collected.

In view of the Civil War the Board of Trustees passed, May 27, 1861, the following resolutions:

1. "We will continue the exercises of the college unless, in the estimation of the Faculty, the number of students become too small.

2. "We will give the Faculty all the income from the tuition and all the interest arising from the endowment actually collected during the current year, except three per cent of the same, which shall be used for the improvement of the college building and campus."

In May, 1862, the exercises of the college were suspended. The passage of the Confederate Conscription Bill made all the students except five liable to military duty.

On the first day of the following November the Board of Trustees resolved that:

1. "The relation between the Faculty and Board of Trustees is suspended, and that it would be inexpedient and improper to pay any salary at this time.

2. "We recommend that our funds be invested in Confederate bonds, bearing 8 per cent, and that we procure them as soon as possible."

In accordance with the foregoing resolution Elder J. S. Purefoy, Treasurer, invested the following funds in Confederate bonds:

State bonds	\$35,600.00
Premium on the same	7,000.00
Merritt bequest	2,600.00
Blount estate, Confederate money.....	8,710.13
Mims fund, Confederate money	500.00
Interest, Blount, Mims and Merritt funds, Confederate money,	364.50
Interest from endowment, Confederate money.....	1,386.91
	<hr/>
	\$56,167.54

Elder Purefoy was opposed to investing in Confederate bonds. So thoroughly convinced was he that it was bad policy to do so that in spite of positive instructions he held:

State bonds, known as Cape Fear and Deep River Navigation bonds	\$28,000.00
Craven County bonds	500.00
	<hr/>
	\$28,500.00

About \$25,000 of the bonds of individuals, given for endowment, were not collected, and the most of them remain to the present day in the safe of the treasurer.

From 1848 to 1858 a large number of schools of high grade sprang up among the Baptists all over our State. We may mention Oxford Female College, the Metropolitan Female Seminary in Raleigh, the Chowan High School at Reynoldson, the Beulah High School at Madison, the High School of the Eastern Association at Warsaw, the High Schools at Taylorsville and Franklinton. The file of the *Biblical Recorder* for those years shows year by year a surprising increase in the number of schools among the Baptists, and that they were schools of high order, having a large number of pupils and giving employment to many able and energetic teachers. How much of this was due to the crusade for education preached for ten years in our churches and from house to house by such agents as J. S. Purefoy, W. M. Wingate, T. H. Pritchard, and John Mitchell, we can not tell. If we could calculate and measure accurately so subtle a thing as influence, we would probably find that the crusade for endowment gave the cause of education a greater impetus and did more towards calling into existance the schools mentioned above than any other one thing. Of this we may be sure, that notwithstanding nearly all of that endowment was lost in the terrible convulsions of our Civil War, the beneficent influences of these efforts remain till this day.

III.

November 2, 1862, the Board of Trustees reconsidered its action declaring its connection with the Faculty of the College suspended, and resolved to pay one-third the salaries of the professors provided they would hold themselves in readiness to resume their chairs whenever, in the judgment of the Board, it should be expedient to begin again the exercises of the College. The officers were paid one-third of their salaries

in Confederate money from that time till the close of the war. But no salaries were paid from the close of the war till the Board thought it expedient to resume the exercises of the College.

In February, 1863, Prof. W. G. Simmons and Dr. William Royall opened a school for girls in the College building. They obtained a liberal amount of patronage, but the price of all kinds of provisions rose so rapidly on account of the depreciation of the Confederate money that charges for board and tuition, which seemed to be reasonable at the beginning of the session, when taken for five months, yielded no pay at all. The school was discontinued at the end of the first session.

The Confederate States authorities took possession of the College building in June, 1864, and used it as a hospital till the close of the war.

In the preceding article we were led into an error from the way in which the Treasurer's report was recorded. The statement should have been thus:

Whole amount of endowment collected, together with the Blount, Merritt and Mims estates, and interest and premium received in Confederate money, \$56,167.54. Amount invested in Confederate bonds, \$27,667.54. Leaving in Cape Fear and Deep River State bonds and Craven County bonds \$28,500. Of the amount invested in Confederate bonds it seems that only \$17,500 had been in State securities, and that the remainder was Confederate money received as interest, and from the Blount, Merritt and Mims funds. In other words, the Trustees invested only \$17,500 of good money in Confederate securities.

Elder J. S. Purefoy says that we are mistaken in saying that he disobeyed the order of the Trustees requiring him to invest in Confederate securities, he persuaded them to modify their action and invest only a part.

The Board of Trustees met at Forestville, November 4, 1865. They resolved "that the thanks of the Board are due the Treasurer (J. S. Purefoy) for the faithful manner in which he has preserved the funds of the College during the war."

The outlook was very gloomy. The part of the endowment saved from the wreck of the war was invested in State bonds, and it seemed probable that the State would not be able to pay them. The College building was out of repair, our people were reduced to abject poverty, and then there was no money in the country. The Trustees adjourned without taking any steps toward reopening the College.

In September, 1865, Profs. W. G. Simmons and J. H. Foote opened a school for boys in the College building. In January, 1866, Prof. Foote retired from the school, and Dr. William Royall and Prof. W. B. Royall came to the assistance of Prof. Simmons.

At the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in May, 1866, the Treasurer was ordered to sell the State bonds and invest the proceeds in stock of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, provided it could be done "dollar for dollar or nearly so."

The Trustees met at the College October 11, 1866. Prof. Foote sent in his resignation. The country had made a large cotton crop, which was selling for 35 to 40 cents per pound. The people were very much encouraged by the large receipts for their crops, and it seemed as if they would speedily restore their wasted fortunes. Elder R. B. Jones was appointed agent to raise an endowment for the College. Dr. Wingate, Dr. Royall and Prof. Simmons were requested to resume their chairs, and W. B. Royall and L. R. Mills were elected tutors.

Elder R. B. Jones, though feeble and almost incapacitated for work by consumption, pressed his agency with remark-

able success. In a little more than six months he secured upwards of twenty thousand dollars in pledges.

A great many friends of the College felt that they could surely give one or two hundred dollars for its endowment, as cotton was worth 35 cents per pound. But 1867 was the most disastrous year to the farmers ever known. The cost of making the crops was very great, and the yield was not one-half the average. Side meat was 30 to 40 cents per pound and cotton netted about 10 cents. Probably two-thirds of the subscriptions made to Elder Jones were never paid. The Faculty subscribed \$1,750, and paid it after a long struggle. Three citizens of the College Hill gave \$1,750. Elder Walters paid \$500 in wood to the members of the Faculty; Elder Brooks sold land to pay his subscription of \$500, and Elder J. S. Purefoy paid \$750 in goods to the Faculty as his subscription.

At least one member of the present Faculty has a very vivid recollection of the year 1867. Had he purchased side meat at wholesale his salary would probably have bought 2,000 pounds. He gave Elder Jones 867 pounds of this imaginary meat, and tried to live on the remainder, 1,133 pounds. Well, he made out somehow, but he had to borrow money when he went home to see his mother in vacation.

Elder Jones died in December, 1867, and Elder R. R. Overby was appointed agent. He pressed his work with great energy, and, if we take into account the condition of the country and other unfavorable circumstances under which he labored, his success was remarkable. He reported in June, 1869: "I have taken notes amounting to \$16,625. Cash collected, \$2,597.74." With this report he handed in his resignation as agent.

The condition of the College during these years was very critical. The number of students varied from 60 to 80. The Trustees were under obligations to furnish tuition gratis

to young ministers. Many scholarships sold before the war, the money for which had been lost, were in the hands of guardians and administrators, and they were asking that the tuition for these be furnished or the money returned. The return of the money would have produced bankruptcy. Ministers and students on scholarships made about one-fourth of the whole number of students in College. The income from the endowment did not amount to probably more than one-half the tuition of these students taught gratis. The cost of living was high and the salaries of the Faculty small and paid very irregularly. "*Non unquam gravis aere domum mihi extra redibat.*"

In August, 1869, J. C. Scarborough was appointed tutor. He served two years. Dr. William Royall resigned his chair June, 1870, and August 12th following C. E. Taylor was elected to the chair of Latin.

Elder John Mitchell served as agent for the endowment during 1872. Diligent search has failed to find the exact amount of his work in cash and pledges, but it is evident from the books of the Treasurer that his work placed far more money in the treasury than Elder Jones's or Elder Overby's agency. Our people had recovered to some extent from the losses of 1867, and seemed better able to pay.

In the fall of 1872, C. H. Martin was appointed tutor, and served two years. Elder J. S. Purefoy resigned as Treasurer of the College, and Elder W. T. Walters was elected to that position.

In 1873, Dr. Wingate and Elder F. H. Ivey made a vigorous canvass of the whole State with a view of raising the endowment to \$100,000 during that year. The pledges were conditional—to be null and void unless the whole amount required was pledged. A large amount was subscribed, but not enough to complete the \$100,000, and the movement was a failure.

A railroad depot was built at the College in 1873. The citizens paid one-half the expense and the College the other half. The College has been more than reimbursed the money it paid by the rise in price of real estate which it has sold.

In May, 1874, Elder J. S. Purefoy went North, and, after a hard struggle, laboring off and on for two years without pay, he put into the endowment about \$9,200. This, following after the failure of 1873, encouraged the hearts of the friends of the institution and probably saved it from suspension.

In the fall of 1875, L. W. Bagley was appointed tutor. He served two years.

Prof. C. E. Taylor was agent for the College during 1876. He put into the endowment about \$8,000.

At the close of 1870 Elder W. T. Walters died. He left the College \$1,000 in his will. Prof. W. G. Simmons was appointed treasurer in his stead.

In the first half of 1878 Elder J. D. Hufham labored as agent in the Chowan Association. He secured about \$12,000 in pledges, and doubtless would have raised \$20,000 for the endowment of the Chowan chair had not sickness in his family made it necessary for him to resign.

W. L. Poteat and N. Y. Gulley were appointed tutors for the fall term of 1878. The latter served until June, 1879.

In 1878, Col. J. M. Heck and John Williams, of Raleigh, erected the Library Building, at a cost of about \$10,000. The erection of this building gave new life to the institution and started it on the road to success. It is doubtful whether the same amount of money given it in any other direction would have produced as great results.

In January, 1879, Dr. Wingate called a meeting of the Executive Committee, and laid before them the importance of building a suitable chapel for the College. The committee

requested Elder J. S. Purefoy to begin canvassing at once for the money to put up such a chapel. Dr. Wingate died a few weeks afterwards, and when the corner stone was laid in the summer of 1879 the building was named the "Wingate Memorial Chapel." It cost about \$12,500.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in 1879, Dr. E. T. Winkler was elected President of the College. He declining to serve, Dr. T. H. Pritchard was elected.

Elder C. W. Scarborough was appointed tutor at the beginning of the fall term of the same year. During the scholastic year 1879-80, Dr. Pritchard spent the greater part of his time canvassing for students. The catalogue for 1880-81 shows the results of his labors in this direction—181 students, the largest number ever entered at the institution.

In June, 1880, Dr. William Royall was elected Professor of Modern Languages.

Dr. Pritchard resigned June, 1882, and Elder A. C. Dixon was elected President of the College. He declined to serve, and Prof. W. B. Royall was made chairman of the Faculty.

During the year 1881 Elder J. A. Speight was agent for the endowment in the Chowan Association. He secured in cash and pledges about \$6,500.

In October, 1882, the feasibility of raising the endowment, amounting then to about \$54,000 to \$100,000, was impressed upon the heart of Prof. Taylor. After talking the matter over with the members of the Faculty and other friends of the institution, he decided to go on a tour of observation about the first of November. At the meeting of the Board of Trustees held during the session of the Baptist State Convention, he was appointed general agent for the endowment with authority to appoint sub-agents and to dis-

pose of all old notes secured by former agents as he might deem best.

His plan was to secure the amount necessary, \$46,000 in cash and pledges, payable on or before the last day of December, 1883; all pledges to be null and void, and the money paid to be returned, if the whole amount was not paid in by the close of that day.

During the year 1883 he traveled over the greater part of the State and made two short trips North, where he received generous aid. It has been a matter of surprise to us that a man of his physical strength should have been able to perform the amount of work that he did in fourteen months. The sum of money raised by him was more than the whole amount of endowment paid in before the war.

The whole amount was raised and the agency closed up at 11 p. m., December 31, 1883. The report of the Treasurer at next Commencement will show a little over one hundred thousand dollars in the endowment fund.

November, 1871, the railroad stock was sold at \$45 per share, and the endowment fund was, in cash, \$13,140. This amount was immediately invested in Raleigh city bonds at \$90, and the endowment thereby became nominally \$14,600.

In June, 1872, the Treasurer reported the total endowment fund of the College as follows:

Raleigh City bonds, worth par.....	\$16,250
W. and W. Railroad stock.....	1,000
	<hr/>
Total productive fund.....	\$17,250

The slow but steady growth of the endowment may be seen from the following statement:

June 1, 1875	\$23,204.18
1876	27,954.18
1877	31,554.18
1878	39,718.06
1879	42,871.88

1880	46,458.88
1881	48,113.88
1882	50,678.27
1883	59,800.05

In the foregoing sketch we have tried to state bare facts and to leave inferences to be drawn by the reader. As often as we have felt tempted to compliment the Trustees, the members of the Faculty and agents for the endowment, we have been restrained by the thought that their works praise them better than any words of ours could.

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE—WAKE FOREST
COLLEGE

J. A. DELKE.

[Reprint from THE STUDENT, April, 1891.]

"And scenes long past of joy and pain
Come wildering o'er my aged brain."—*Scott.*

In response to a recent suggestion of Dr. C. E. Taylor, I purpose furnishing some "crumbs of reliable information," some "facts and incidents"—*Quorum pars fui.*

And now, as I open wide the chambers of memory, a bright and ever-shifting panorama of the varied past meets my gaze. As I pause in the ante-room of 1834-5, then enter its sacred portals, I see before me young and merry faces in the glad springtime of life. Distinct to my view are A. J. Askew, B. F. Atkins, O. H. Prince, M. M. Wise, J. L. Pritchard, C. Skinner, Wm. Jones, Jno. Watson, G. L. Wyche and others. The last three were my classmates—two little boys, two grown men; three of the four have passed over the river as have all the others named above; and I know not that there are living any who were there during the first session (1834) save myself; I am left, the "last leaf on the tree." With dimmed eyes I turn from the sad picture with the wish, if it be God's will, we may all meet above.

I now copy from an autobiography written ten years since:

"In June, 1834, my father, Rev. James Delke, carried me from Murfreesboro, N. C., to Wake Forest, Wake County, N. C. Here opened up the first general trouble of my life. Hitherto, like other boys, I had suffered the petty annoyances and vexations incident to childhood (I was not yet thirteen), but these were short-lived, transient, compensated

in some way, so as to leave no impression. But when I found myself far from home and mother and sisters, surrounded by unfamiliar faces and chilled by unsympathizing hearts, making a hasty but close calculation of what I had left and what was around me, I took my first practical lesson in Loss and Gain—to me, at that time, an unknown rule. I well remember the utter hopelessness and crushing despair which, like a cloud, shut out the past, darkened the present and enveloped the future, when, for the first time, I heard a class in Latin recite—I shall never forget it—the first chapter in Cæsar's Commentaries. Imagine, if you can, the consternation of a wrecked and starving mariner cast on an unknown island, assailed by a curious throng, his ears stunned and his senses bewildered by their incomprehensible jargon, and you will have a faint conception of my unutterable distress. Had the Latin been pronounced then as it is now, the last feather would have broken the camel's back. As it was, giving way to hopeless despondency, I wept! I had wept before, but my home-tears were April showers that hurried lightly down my cheeks, barely wetting the surface; but these exile-tears, wrung from a bleeding heart, flowed like molten lava, scorching furrows as they lingered on their way. But I *lived, learned, was conquered.*

“The next day my father left me—left me alone, though in a crowd, the most insupportable of all loneliness. I, however, entered on my assigned labors with the determination to apply myself diligently, if not looking to the benefit to be derived therefrom, at least considering that I should have less time to count the imperceptible revolutions of the wheel of time.

“Boarding houses have been and are still generally not only noted, but some of them notorious, for feeding the mind more than the body, teaching ‘The young idea *how* to shoot’

without furnishing the necessary pabulum for the growth of the muscles. And though we were not, like Smike and his companions in suffering, subjected to the tri-daily regimen of treacle, yet we were furnished at breakfast with a dish which we called Hodgepodge, similar, I suppose, in its ingredients and getting up to Shakespeare's Hodge pudding. At any rate, though highly flavored, it was not sweetly savored. I shall not recount the many pranks, both harmful and harmless, which, in common with schoolboys, we perpetrated to our own amusement and to the annoyance of others—'Let the dead past bury its dead'—yet they have often since then been repeated when I, in the role of teacher, have witnessed them with far different feelings from those that prompted their performance when I was an actor.

"The most objectionable feature connected with this school was its manual labor department. Its sapient founders, putting their wise heads together, concluded that the physical needed culture, development, as well as the mental; and that a giant intellect might not be cramped in a dwarfed body, it was thought necessary that the two, mind and body, should move on *pari passu*, and thus secure what is so desirable, *mens sana in corpore sano*.

"Again, they argued that the scheme was desirable, as many would thus be enabled to obtain an education who would otherwise be barred from this privilege, not having the means to defray the necessary expenses of board and tuition. Some who were too poor to pay anything might be admitted as regular hands during the crop season, taking as remuneration such instruction as they could receive when not necessarily engaged in their labors. A few were enlisted as carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. The majority, called 'field hands,' were called out daily (Sundays excepted) three hours *ante* sunset, and these laborers in the fields of Cere

received for the sweat of their face the paltry sum of two and one-half to four cents per hour. If this be deemed poor pay, it was, like the preacher's salary and preaching—poor work, too. A very little knowledge of arithmetic will enable us to see how far this went toward diminishing the current expenses. I remember that Dr. N. B. Cobb (before he was a D.D.) told the Chowan Association that he had examined the books of the institution and found a credit against my name of \$3.62.

"In June, 1837, one year before Wake Forest Institute was incorporated as Wake Forest College, I matriculated in the Freshman class at Chapel Hill, N. C.; yet, though not at any time a student of Wake Forest College, at a meeting of the Alumni Association I was unanimously made an alumnus of Wake Forest College.

"Twenty-five years after leaving Wake Forest I came from a distant State to visit the scene of my mental and physical training. How changed! The past lived only in memory, save a few scattered oaks now classic in history, under whose friendly shade I had so often refreshed my weary limbs, and to whose sympathizing leaves I had told the sorrows of my aching heart; and even these sorrows, deep as they were, have long since been entombed with the fallen leaves! Oh, if these trees could find voices what strange strains would they tell of the old long ago!

"The skill of the horticulturist has embellished the grounds which once resounded with our merry shouts by day and which we stealthily bisected at night by a rail fence, whose demolition and restoration to its proper place we cheerfully accomplished the next day for the pleasure afforded us in its secret construction.

"What is now called the Dormitory was not then begun. This, with the more recent structures, known as the Heck-

Williams building, the Wingate Memorial Hall and the Lea Laboratory, have supplanted the double-story, plain building in which we learned the 'rudiments'—and *rude* they were, but *meant* well. The town at present occupies, in part, the ground where we took our first, and some of us our last, lessons in husbandry."

This is not the end, but I will make it so.

EMERGING FROM THE ABYSS

[An interview with Dr. William B. Royall.]

At the close of the Civil War things in North Carolina were about in the same state as in all the rest of the Southern States. It was a general wreck. Conditions in relation to educational institutions were as disastrous as in any other sphere of our life, and the prospects for a resurrection were bad.

The exercises of the College were suspended at Wake Forest in 1862, and not resumed until 1865. Part of this time the dormitory was used for a Confederate hospital, and when college reopened the building was in a very dilapidated condition, the roof, in particular, being in very bad shape. It looked as if there were no hopes of a resumption of work at any early period, but in the autumn of 1865 Dr. Simmons and Major Foote, who at the end of the war composed the Faculty, undertook to do work on a small scale with some twenty students, a large per cent of them being Confederate soldiers. At the same time I began a country school in the neighborhood, in an annex to the old hospital, simply because I did not know what else to do. I began with twelve pupils in the old Lodge building at Forestville. Parents hesitated about sending to me at first, for there were grave doubts as to my ability to maintain discipline; but I had just come out of the army, where orders were orders, and before long I had soundly thrashed the whole school. Result: a flood of pupils of all classes, from geography, arithmetic and grammar to advanced classes in Latin, Greek and mathematics. At the close of the year such of the Trustees as could come together invited me to join the gentlemen at the college in their work, as Assistant Professor of Languages. Major Foote discontinued his work in connection with the College

to enter business, and my father, with Professor Simmons and myself, constituted the teaching force for that year (1866).

There was saved of the endowment fourteen thousand dollars, which was invested in Raleigh and Gaston Railroad stock, from which, however, there were no revenues. The College was entirely dependent for expenses on what it received for tuition fees. At the beginning of 1867 Dr. Wingate resumed work as President and Professor Mills joined the Faculty as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. When the first dividend was received from the Raleigh and Gaston stock the money was invested in repairing the College building, especially in putting on a new roof. About 1867 or '68 some effort was made to increase the endowment; quite a number of notes were given, from which, however, there were only meagre receipts. The salaries of the professors were, of course, very small, being derived for the first year or two simply from the tuition fees, some of which were paid not in money but "in kind," that is, in wood, flour, etc. The first payments were made in gold, on account of the huge premium on coin. But in spite of their meagre salaries the Faculty subscribed liberally to the first endowment, and paid.

During these first years the old curriculum was displaced, and after long labor we got it into embryonic shape. In payment of my first year's salary Dr. Brooks gave me sixteen acres of land, across the railroad from the College property, which he valued at five hundred dollars. Later I returned this tract to the College at the same price. On those sixteen acres now stands the business part of the town of Wake Forest. The professors never knew when they were going to get their salaries. My father had several country churches by which he supported himself principally. Professor Sim-

mons had some property in Montgomery County and here which helped him make ends meet, and Dr. Wingate served churches.

After Dr. Wingate returned in 1866 salaries were put nominally at twelve hundred, one thousand and six hundred dollars. In the Endowment Movement of 1867-8 Professor Mills and I subscribed two hundred and fifty dollars each, out of six-hundred-dollar salaries, while the others gave five hundred each.

We made both ends meet by plain living. For instance, for vehicles we used, besides some buggies pretty nearly run down, carts made of goods boxes set on wheels. However the Endowment Movement met some small success; the funds rose from fourteen to forty thousand dollars, and things were slightly easier.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AT WAKE FOREST

G. W. GREENE.

[Reprint THE STUDENT, June, 1891.]

Twenty-five years ago, during the first week in August, the now venerable John Watson, of Warrenton, had been to Salem to place a daughter or a niece in school. Returning, on the train near Greensboro, he found a small boy of fourteen—*green* in other respects besides name—trying to find his way to Wake Forest College. He knew that he must go to Raleigh, but beyond that he knew not which way he was to go. The good man took the boy in charge, brought him on to Forestville, and there put him in charge of Rev. A. F. Purefoy, who introduced him to Wake Forest. Grateful to a kind Providence, who then, and in all the years that followed, raised up friends for the simple country lad, and has all the while led him by ways unexpected and sometimes mysterious, I look back across the quarter of a century and find, not only in myself, such changes as to make me almost doubt my personal identity, but I find changes equally wonderful at Wake Forest, the village, the people, the campus, the buildings, the Faculty, course of study, the outlook. To mark this contrast to the readers of THE STUDENT, it is necessary for me only to tell what there was then, for they know what there is now, and can form their own conclusions.

We got off at Forestville then, for there was no depot at Wake Forest. Returning once after a winter vacation, I got off at Forestville at 7 o'clock on a cold winter night, with a crippled man, Capt. R. M. Staley, of Wilkesboro. He had urged the conductor to stop at the College and put us off, as he could not walk so far at night; but the conductor

said it was positively against orders, and he could not help us. Once or twice a day every boy walked to Forestville to interview old Mr. Wyatt on the subject of mail, the post office at Wake Forest not being established till along in the 70's.

Gay Jones was then master of transportation from Forestville to the College, and many a "shin-plaster" did he earn by transporting the trunks of the boys on his small ox-cart. I started to write dime and nickel, but I remembered that nickels were not then in circulation and dimes were very rare, but, instead, small paper bills, 5's, 10's and quarters, vulgarly called "shin-plasters."

Coming up from Forestville the first house we saw was that of Mr. Holding, standing where it does now, but it has been considerably enlarged. The next house was that now occupied by Mrs. Baker, which has been but slightly altered. In those days it was occupied by Dr. Royall. There was then no building from that to the old Purefoy store, the only store in the village, where could always be found, ready to wait on the boys, Mrs. Purefoy, the wife of the late Rev. J. S. Purefoy, one of the best women I ever knew, the friend of every boy who behaved himself with an approach to respectability, but a terror to evildoers. The Purefoy Hotel was then occupied by the family of Rev. J. S. Purefoy; the brick house where Dr. Fowler now lives, by the family of Maj. James H. Foote; the house now belonging to Prof. Poteat was then vacant and not so large as it is now, but was afterwards used as a boarding house by Mrs. A. D. Green, now of Louisburg; the large house known as the Battle House was then a boarding house, kept by Mrs. Battle, the mother of Drs. A. J. Battle, of Johnston County, and J. T. J. Battle, of Greensboro. The former of these was my room-mate for a time and my classmate, and the

latter was still too small to go to college. The wife of one of the professors, who now has grandchildren, remembers how I, "a barefoot boy," climbed the trees in the Battle orchard one summer vacation day, when she was a young lady, to get fruit for her and her mother. Only two trees of the orchard remain. I remember well how it delighted me, still scarcely more than a boy, trying to preach among strangers in Tarboro, to see the familiar face of that mother in the congregation. These were all the houses south of the campus except that of Mrs. Raburn, which was greatly enlarged and improved during the time of which I write. West of the campus lived Drs. Wingate, Walters and Brooks, in the houses still standing and but slightly changed. North of the campus the first house was that now used for the post office, which has been turned around and greatly altered. It was then occupied by five Rowland brothers from Henderson, who did their own cooking and much studying, and laid the foundation of the thrift which has made them all prosperous business men, two of them wealthy bankers in Texas. Across the street stood then, as now, the house of Prof. Simmons, which has since been greatly improved. Above that there were only three houses, that of Mr. J. M. Brewer, in which I boarded the first term and which is still much the same; that of the Misses Hicks, always a model of neatness and comfort, and the present residence of Dr. Taylor, then unoccupied, which has been much enlarged and improved. The only other residence in the village was that now occupied by Mrs. Wait, which was then vacant, but was afterwards the first residence of Prof. Mills. On the rear of the lot of Mr. J. M. Brewer stood a small house then used as a church by the colored people, but it was soon moved away and their present excellent house of worship was built. Such was the village in the fall of 1866. Across

the railroad, where now stands the depot, the hotel, the stores and numerous residences, was then an old field covered with pines.

The change in the population has been no less striking than in the number and character of the buildings. To some of our readers I can make this difference evident, in no more striking way than by saying that the number of resident young ladies was never more than five, and often only three. The consequence was that if a gallant young man wished to visit a lady he must make an engagement weeks ahead. Before Anniversary was past every young lady had engagements for every night of Commencement. Seeing this state of things, in the early spring of '69 a boy who was not yet large enough to visit the ladies, asked one of the most popular ones (remember they were all three *most popular*) if he might call on Saturday night preceding Commencement of 1870. She consented; the thirteen months passed around; the boy was not grown but about to graduate, and the engagement was kept. I have reason to believe that engagements of a different character were made in those days—some kept and some not—but of these I had no reliable information, and so can not speak with confidence.

The campus was then scarcely more than half its present size. The street ran straight from the Purcfoy Hotel to the post office. Some of the old oaks still remind me of how I lolled on the grass in their shade on warm spring days, studied astronomy and watched the girls going along the street to school. Between this and the railroad was an old field dotted with pines and seamed with gullies. We could always tell when the editor of the *Recorder* had passed by on the train, for these pines and gullies were a favorite theme with him. The favorite game played along this street

was "bandy," sometimes called "shinny." Great ingenuity was exercised in providing sticks properly curved to strike a small rubber ball lying on the ground. The heroes of the game were A. C. Dockery and a young man named Rheinhardt, who afterwards went to Davidson and graduated in 1870, while the class he left graduated in 1871, and was reported to have entered the Presbyterian ministry.

Presently baseball attained great popularity. At first the ground was in front of the residence of Mrs. Simmons, but one Saturday morning F. P. Hobgood, in the left field, was trying to catch a fly, when the sun blinded him and the ball struck his eye and hurt it very seriously. To avoid this difficulty the ground was located in front of where Dr. Fowler now lives. Several match games were played there. They would seem quite tame affairs to modern players, but to us they were matters of great interest. I remember one between the Wake Forest Club and the Neuse Club in which I acted as umpire. I can see yet Mr. Hunter, the father of W. B. Hunter, then a man of middle age, standing on the first base, catching the ball and putting our boys out. I think both E. S. Dunn and J. J. Dunn, who had recently left College, were on the Neuse nine. Most of them were older and stronger than our boys, John E. Ray being the youngest man on the team. He came to College the next year. I remember none of the Wake Forest team except the lamented Robert S. Pritchard, who was among the foremost in whatever he undertook. Our boys were beaten, but they played a very interesting and creditable game.

The one old building was abundantly sufficient for the demands of those days. The gymnasium was used as a chapel; Prof. Simmons taught mathematics in the room now occupied by Prof. Beckwith, and science in that now occupied by Prof. Carlyle. When Prof. Mills entered the Faculty

his room was north of Prof. Carlyle's, while that of Prof. W. B. Royall was south of Prof. Beekwith's. Dr. Royall's room was on the southwest corner of the third floor, and Dr. Wingate's was on the southeast corner of the second floor. The popular dormitories were on the upper floors of the building, so as to be near the society halls on the fourth floor. One society always endeavored to have all the rooms on the fourth floor occupied by its members. I never knew but one man to room on the first, and he was a one-legged man from Wilkes, named Ferguson, who found it difficult to climb the stairs with his crutches.

There was a little wooden house about twenty steps from the northwest corner of the building. During the first year Prof. W. B. Royall wisely kept us small boys under his eye in this building. There I listened to classes reciting in Greene's English Grammar and Greene's Analysis, and learned more about the English sentence from hearing these recitations than ever before or afterwards, till I began teaching English Grammar.

The exercises of the College were resumed in September, 1865. Before yet the smoke of the conflict had cleared away the men who had spent the years appropriate to school-life on the tented field began to gather around the place long ago consecrated to sacred learning, and to ask the opportunity of doing some of the preparatory work interrupted by the war. At first Dr. William Royall and Major James H. Foote were the instructors. At the beginning of 1866 Major Foote retired and Prof. Simmons returned to the work of the days before the war. The number of students increased beyond expectation, and when I came in 1866 Prof. W. B. Royall had taken a place in the small Faculty as tutor. Presently the Trustees asked Dr. Wingate to resume his place as President, but for a year or more there

were no students ready for the classes of his department. A little later Prof. Mills was added to the Faculty as Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, and afterwards he was put at the head of the School of Mathematics. These were the men who struggled and toiled through the years of privation and sacrifice. What it involved to remain here during those hard times, with meagre salaries promised and only partially paid, when the College had practically no endowment, and often financial disasters were threatening its overthrow, those who live in more prosperous times will perhaps never fully know. But they remained and toiled, and laid broad and deep the foundations upon which have been built the enlargements already accomplished, and the future is bright for yet greater things in the years before us.

I have already mentioned some of the men who were in College during those four years. I have also intimated that many of them had spent in the war the years appropriate to school days. From these and other causes it came about that a large number of the younger men who are now prominent in Baptist affairs in the State were among my fellow-students. What giants of debate we had in the society in those days! J. C. Scarborough could speak as loud then as now, and with as much point and force, and he always spoke. Robert S. Pritchard, who lived only a year after graduation, always spoke on the other side, and, while their style of speaking was widely different, it was difficult to say which was ablest in debate. C. Durham was then laying the foundation for the speaking which he is now doing all over North Carolina—moving the associations and churches from mountain to sea. W. H. Pace and W. D. Trantham and D. A. Covington, in debate and in business, were preparing for the brilliant course which they are now running as lawyers. H. A. Brown, low of stature and so nicknamed Zaccheus, spoke

less fluently, but even then his words of sober wisdom indicated what has been realized in his life as the popular preacher and model pastor in the city of Winston. Others were more quiet, but none the less faithful and active and zealous members, and have become prominent and useful men in their several walks of life. There was J. B. Brewer, the wise president; Dr. R. P. Thomas, the discreet critic; my classmate S. W. Brewer and R. E. Royall, who showed their preference for a life of quiet usefulness rather than of exciting publicity; another classmate, J. P. Potent, who left before the Senior year because he could not make senior speeches; J. P. Spencer, who memorized the text of Vergil before he translated it; W. C. Powell, the faithful member; C. L. Powell, afterwards the missionary to North Africa; A. T. Simpson, who located Webster's birthplace among "the *magnanimous* mountains" of New Hampshire; the lamented J. T. Wescott, the great debater and popular preacher; S. W. Wescott, the earnest and pious; N. B. Cannady, whose delight it was to tease Wescott; John E. Ray, the beloved friend of my last year; C. L. Clay, my fellow-lover of mathematics; A. C. Dixon, the polished speaker when yet a boy.

* * * But the list grows beyond my space. Others were here—earnest, zealous, faithful; some of them since famous. How we loved our societies! How it spurred our ambition to work for class honors, that our society might have the greater share!

In the other society were equal numbers, equally promising, and since equally famous, but a little less known to me as a schoolboy. Among them I think of W. R. Gwaltney and H. M. Cates, who came back to finish the course interrupted by the war. F. P. Hobgood, the successful teacher of girls; Pennington, of Alabama, the great laughter; H. A. Foote, the accomplished editor; A. N. Hicks, the perfect gentleman,

whose career was so brief; W. A. Pool, whose zeal in study rendered him almost blind; C. M. Seawell, my dear friend and classmate, who died before the next Commencement; M. L. Fowler, orator of our class; William Bland, even-tempered "old Brother Bland"; C. C. Newton, the beloved missionary in Africa; H. C. Olive, genial and friendly.

Thus their names and faces come back to memory, and I could fill pages with incidents and characteristics of these boys, the promise of their boyhood and the usefulness of their manhood. Passing over many equally worthy of mention, I call up, in conclusion, Jesse Wheeler, who worked his landlady's kitchen garden, and who, in reply to an urgent request to play baseball, is said to have reasoned: "It is natural to suppose, Mr. Hicks, that a man in a vegetable garden, with a weeding hoe in his hand, can exercise the vital parts of the physical man better than a man with a bat in his hands striking at the ball."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF EX-PRESIDENT TAYLOR

[The following facts concerning the raising of endowment and buildings during the seventies and eighties were gathered from several interviews with Dr. Chas. E. Taylor. Owing to Dr. Taylor's well-known modesty, the article is perhaps not as long as the reader could have wished. The editors believe this apology due for the apparently disproportionate brevity of this article as compared with the others.]

I.

EARLY EFFORTS.

Few who have not personal recollections of the period can have any idea as to the financial condition of the people of North Carolina for several years after the close of the Civil War. Not only was money scarce, but the country was in so disordered a condition as to render it very difficult to make anything which could be sold, whether in fields or factories. In spite of these conditions, almost continuous efforts were made to supplement the small endowment which remained after the war. The records of the Board of Trustees show that agency work was entered upon and prosecuted with varied success by Dr. W. T. Walters, in 1866; Rev. R. B. Jones, 1867; W. M. Wingate and T. B. Justice, 1869; W. H. Avera, E. Dodson, R. R. Overby, J. A. Delke, A. M. Poindexter and John Mitchell in 1870. In 1872 was the Memorial Movement, corresponding to a like movement of the same name in Virginia in behalf of Richmond College. Rev. F. H. Ivey, a man of unusual gifts as an orator, assisted Dr. Wingate in this movement. The results were meager; but, perhaps, the movement itself was successful in arousing interest and somewhat increased patronage.

II.

WINGATE MEMORIAL HALL.

The day after Dr. Wingate died, a cold, blustery day in March, 1879, Dr. William Royall, Prof. Mills and Dr. Taylor sat in the angle in front of the library, at the foot of the steps leading up to the Euzelian Society hall, and talked. There was a decided disposition among some of Dr. Wingate's friends to bury the body of the dead president in the campus, in front of what is now the Administration building. This Dr. Taylor opposed, on the ground that it would not be wise to set such a precedent; he suggested that the body be buried in the cemetery and that a monument be erected to Dr. Wingate's memory on the campus in the form of the sorely-needed chapel, for which Dr. Wingate had been appealing to the people less than three weeks before his death. The plan was assented to by all, and the three professors, with Dr. Simmons, who had come up while the discussion was going on, then and there subscribed five hundred dollars each for the project, borrowing the money from the endowment at six per cent. These, by the way, are the only debts ever owed the College by members of the Faculty. To this Mr. Leigh, of Rolesville, added one thousand dollars, the largest single subscription given the building. This is why the small chapel bears the name Leigh Hall to this day. Rev. Jas. S. Purefoy, an old man then, but still active and vigorous, undertook to raise the rest. The building was erected by Mr. Jacob Allen, with brick made on Richland Creek, where the clay-holes are still to be seen. The work was roughly but cheaply done, the whole cost being about twenty thousand dollars.

III.

THE ENDOWMENT.

Wake Forest College emerged from the Civil War with \$14,000 and one leaky, half-roofless building, which had been used as a Confederate hospital. An old dilapidated fence ran around the campus, on which cows were allowed to graze at one dollar a month. The road ran straight through and the lower edge, where the pump-house stands now, was cut up by the old clay-holes where the brick for the Dormitory had been made. Soon after the war Col. Heck, of Raleigh, employed Mr. Engelhart, an expert landscape gardener from Canada, who got the place in somewhat more presentable shape. The County Commissioners closed the road through the grounds, but even then it ran around the front in a long curve. The present stone wall created the first angles. A conductor on the old Raleigh and Gaston, Capt. Ward, gave Dr. Taylor \$25 for an iron vase to be set on the front corner. Others gave similar vases which were set on the posts of the eastern gateway.

In 1873 Dr. Taylor started a campaign in North Carolina, while Jas. S. Purefoy went North. Each raised about \$10,000, a large sum in those days. It is interesting to note that what Dr. Taylor raised came, for the most part, in thousand-dollar gifts, while Mr. Purefoy's subscriptions ranged from five dollars to a thousand.

For several years after this little was done. An agent worked in Granville County, in the old Flat River Association; he got a great many promises but many of them were worthless. Years later there was a pile of notes five inches high. When Dr. Taylor began his campaign for the first hundred in the Treasurer's office, few of which were ever paid.

and asked him to do what he could for the College. He did not take a note during the whole campaign, but got a number of authorizations to draw at sight through banks; none of these drafts were returned unpaid. The conditions were that sixty thousand dollars should be raised by January 1, 1884. In January, 1883, Mr. Bostwick gave ten thousand dollars, which has since been worth sixty thousand. Before starting on the campaign Dr. Taylor went to see Mrs. Waitt, an aged lady who lived in Wake Forest, and with whom he was accustomed to have family prayers on Sunday afternoons, to ask her to follow him with her prayers. She responded that she couldn't pray until she had given something, and handed him a silver dollar. Thus a poor widow, Mrs. Griselda Waitt, has the honor of having made the first contribution in that movement for the endowment of Wake Forest College.

In despair of raising the whole amount required in North Carolina, Dr. Taylor started for New York. In Richmond Dr. J. L. M. Curry recommended him to see Mr. Jabez A. Bostwick, a wealthy Baptist in New York. When he reached the city he had a statement printed, setting forth the conditions in as few words as possible; these he mailed with requests for brief interviews. About half of these were answered, and of these, half very courteously declined. From the interviews obtained not much resulted. At that time people were overwhelmed with appeals from the South. In nearly every case, however, the representatives of the college were received with all possible courtesy. Occasionally the only help given was friendly advice. "Have you money enough to get home, Purefoy?" said Dr. Thomas Armitage on one occasion. "Yes." "Well take the next train." Sometimes, however, the path was not so smooth. "So you're from North Carolina, trying to raise money up here,

are you?" said a wealthy Baptist banker. "Well I have in that safe several \$100,000 North Carolina bonds. When you have recovered sufficient honesty to pay those bonds I may give." These were "Special Tax Bonds."

Mr. Bostwick was too busy to grant an interview, but suggested that Dr. Taylor write him a statement of the needs of the school. "I wrote by the method of compression," says Dr. Taylor. "I wrote the article three times, and squeezed out every unnecessary word." That day it turned bitterly cold. There were ten inches of snow in New York. After mailing his letter Dr. Taylor called a cab, drove to the Cortlandt street ferry and came home. Within a week after he arrived he received a package containing ten thousand-dollar bonds of the Standard Oil Co.

The last of the \$100,000 was raised in December, 1883. It had to be in cash or its equivalent. So on December 31, 1883, Mr. W. H. Pace, Prof. Simmons, Jas. S. Purefoy and C. E. Taylor gathered in Prof. Royall's room and stayed until midnight counting up. They turned in drafts on banks, and then Mr. Purefoy and Dr. Taylor gave a mortgage on their personal property covering the amount, which was about ten thousand dollars. Telegrams from all over the State poured in, showing the general interest taken by the people. About 10 o'clock a man with a red tippet and high boots, stumbled in. He was a messenger from Mr. Webb, of Nash, bringing a note and an executed mortgage for one thousand dollars. It is doubtful if the moral influence of this campaign was not worth more than the money, first, in interest and second, in confidence. It taught the people to say "our college."

In 1885 Mr. Bostwick created the Bostwick Loan Fund for indigent young men by a gift of ten thousand dollars. In 1886 Mr. Bostwick made a gift of fifty thousand dollars.

These donations were secured through Prof. Taylor, who had then become President. In July, 1890, with the desire of helping the College to do its growing work and, at the same time, of stimulating our people to self-help, Mr. Bostwick offered to add one-half to whatever amount up to fifty thousand dollars might be raised for endowment by March 1, 1891. In response to this invitation the Board of Trustees at once inaugurated a canvass of the State. This was conducted by the President of the College, and when the offer expired about twenty-six thousand dollars had been secured. It may be doubted whether as many individuals ever gave in any one movement for an educational purpose in North Carolina as contributed during this last canvass.

IV.

INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE BOSTWICK BENEFAC-
TIONS.

[Interview with Dr. Taylor.]

I was in New York in January, 1886 (?), and went to see Mr. J. A. Bostwick and told him the good he had done in 1884. I got a note from him by special messenger to come to his home at 800 Fifth Avenue at 7 a. m. Seven o'clock in the morning in January in the latitude of New York is both dark and cold. I got up at 6 o'clock and walked to the Elevated R. R. and went to his house, which was on Fifth Avenue, diagonally across from the entrance to the park. He was up, dressed, and nicely groomed—a characteristic of the man. I was ushered into a reception room, and when he entered he stuck a lighted match to the fireplace and lit the gas-logs (the first time I had seen that). We had a conversation, and, as he was a business man, I made a brief statement of my case. He, naturally, asked a few business questions. After I got home he sent \$10,000.

I met him a number of times after this. I saw him at his country home on Long Island Sound. His yacht was at the foot of his grounds, which were very beautiful. After one of these visits he gave us \$50,000 in railroad securities which he later took up, but put securities of equal value in their place. The Faculty sold these securities and invested the proceeds in a cotton mill in Raleigh.

He aided us again by giving dollar for dollar in a subsequent campaign for endowment. He died at his country home. His stable and coach-house caught fire after midnight and he went out to assist in saving his vehicles. In pulling out one of the carriages he was caught between the carriage and the wall and was seriously hurt. He died that night.

An intimate friend of his in Brooklyn told me that Mr. Bostwick intended making a new will that very day and that he purposed to make a bequest to Wake Forest College. Mr. Rockefeller told me on one occasion that Mr. Bostwick would provide for Wake Forest. At any rate Mr. Bostwick is our largest benefactor.

V.

LEA LABORATORY.

As well as I can remember it was in the winter of 1888 that the suggestion was made to me by Rev. J. H. Lamberth, of Reidsville, that Mr. Sydney S. Lea, of Caswell County, might possibly be induced to give large assistance toward the erection of a building for scientific instruction, which building had for two or three years been a necessity for the growing work of the College. Mr. Lea had already helped generously in the movement of 1883 for the endowment, and, as he was a man of considerable wealth and had no children, I felt very hopeful that a personal appeal to him might be fruitful.

If I remember correctly, it was in January, 1888, and the coldest day that I can remember, that I drove from Yanceyville to Mr. Lea's home. After a brief interview with Mr. Lea and his wife they promised to take the matter under consideration. Not long afterward he informed me that they would give a sum of money (I think it was eight thousand dollars) deposited in a bank in Reidsville, upon which he was drawing interest, on the condition that the Trustees would pay him during the life of himself and his wife the same annual interest. The Trustees agreed to this, and the money was paid into the treasury. But, before the building was completed, Mr. Lea removed this condition and gave the sum outright.

It was, I believe, during the following summer that while riding with this gentleman he turned to me and asked me:

"Do you know how and why I really came to give the money for the building?"

I told him that I supposed there were a number of motives combined which had led him to give the money.

"Yes," he said, "but the main one was that my good wife asked me to do it after your visit to us."

The building, which bears his name, was erected in accordance with the general suggestions of Professor J. R. Duggan and plans furnished as a gift to the College by Mr. J. Appleton Wilson, a distinguished architect of Baltimore.

THE LIBRARY

[In 1878, through the munificence of Col. J. M. Heck and Mr. Jno. G. Williams, the present Library building was erected. The editors have been fortunate in securing a biographical sketch of Mr. Williams, written by his daughter, Mrs. Ella Williams Primrose. They were also promised an equally sympathetic account of the life of Colonel Heck, but unfortunately the article arrived too late for publication. They therefore are obliged to present simply the bare facts of his useful life.]

I.

JOHN G. WILLIAMS

By MRS. ELLA WILLIAMS PRIMROSE.

It is a great achievement when one attains success in life and becomes prominent, winning the confidence and esteem of his fellow-men after an early life of careful training and education, but how much greater is the achievement for one to reach this goal deprived of these early advantages. Such can be said of the subject of this sketch.

John Griffith Williams was born in New York City Christmas day, 1827. When quite a small boy, only six years old, he came with his parents to Raleigh, North Carolina, and made there his lifetime home. Without advantages of an education in schools he acquired by close application to such books as came within his reach a large fund of useful information, and in his intercourse with men a valuable knowledge of human nature, which served in his after life to win for him a remarkable success. His father came from Karnarvenshire, Wales, and died when Mr. Williams was very young, and upon him fell the duty and labor of love in caring for his mother. To-day, in our city cemetery—Oakwood—may be seen a neat monument marking the resting place of his mother, put there by his own efforts, at the early age of fifteen—thus showing a devotion and ambition quite unusual in one so young. When a mere



WINGATE HOUSE

THE LIBRARY



COLLEGE PLAZA

THE HALL

COLLEGE PLAZA

THE CAMPUS

TJO

lad he clerked in a country store and while there his faithfulness and painstaking care in every minute detail won for him a position as trusted clerk and later the chief clerk in the Raleigh post-office. It may not be amiss to relate here an incident which illustrates this painstaking care, to show the value of such. To the Raleigh post-office there came from this little country store such neatly and carefully tied packages that the postmaster's attention was attracted by it. He made inquiry regarding these packages and found by whom they were put up. He remembered, and when later a vacancy occurred in his ranks and he was easting about to find one to fill the place, his mind turned to the lad in the little country store to whom his attention had been previously drawn; so he wrote and offered him the place. He accepted, and thus the young man was led into a field of broader service and found a stepping-stone to a greater life. A number of years later, with the savings which habits of strict economy had enabled him to make, Mr. Williams engaged in the business of banker and broker and made a marked success. After the close of the Civil War he organized and conducted as President and owner "The State National Bank," of Raleigh, which for years was one of the strongest and most prosperous banking institutions in the South. Thus, by wise management, thrift and industry he rose to fortune. He was naturally prudent and careful, but never close or oppressive in his dealings. He was always polite and charitable in heart, hand, and mind; if he ever thought evil of his fellow-man his tongue never spoke it. As regards his deeds of benevolence and charity, they were large and constant. His sympathy was great for those who were honestly struggling to make a way in the world, and his desire was to aid such to his utmost; he seemed never to forget the rock out of which he was hewn, nor the friends of his early days. He had been poor himself; he had toiled for his daily bread; he knew

what it was to need a friend, and he was not loath to show himself friendly. Especially was he kind to the widow. I have often heard him say he never refused a loan of money to a woman, above all a widow, and not in a single instance had he lost by it.

Mr. Williams had a wonderfully keen knowledge of human nature; he was seldom mistaken in his estimate of men, and when he was assured in his mind of their honest worth and capacity he often backed his judgment with large pecuniary assistance. Applications to him for benevolent and charitable purposes were rarely made in vain; he gave with large-handed liberality. Perhaps the crowning act of Mr. Williams' liberality—manifesting in a large degree his love and loyalty to his church and State—was his contribution of one-half the sum to build and equip the handsome edifice known as "Science Hall" at Wake Forest College. By this act he aided in a work for the good of both the present generation and future posterity, and has linked his name for coming ages with that institution of learning. Thus it was reserved for the unlettered boy and afterwards the well-informed, experienced and large-hearted man, who had not had for himself the advantages of schools and colleges, to prove to be one of the foremost and sincerest friends to learning in North Carolina. "Few know of life's beginnings—men behold the goal achieved." An example like this should be commended to the youth of the day, as worthy of emulation—and constitutes an inheritance beside which fine gold itself grows dim. Many years ago the Baptists, realizing there was no female school in Raleigh of their denomination, felt the need of such, Mr. Williams and several others united in buying a place and organizing what was then called "The Baptist School," under the management of Mr. F. P. Hobgood. This, I feel, was the nucleus, the outcome of which is manifesting itself to-day in "Meredith College." Mr. Wil-

liams was ever the friend to learning. His smaller and private donations the world has never known, but in our city, yea, even in our State, there are many who owe much to the generosity of John G. Williams.

Besides Mr. Williams' unusual "big-heartedness" he possessed such qualities as made him a universal favorite, always bright and cheerful, genial and warm-hearted, ever ready with a joke and a kind word for every one. In early life he became an earnest member of the Baptist church and was always deeply interested in its support and prosperity, and other denominations felt the benefit of his love and sympathy. For a number of years he was Treasurer of the Baptist State Convention, and many times when the Boards were in need of funds it was his pleasure to advance the means required to support the missionaries in their fields of labor and to maintain the young ministers at college.

In 1852 he was married to Miss Miriam Carson White, of Raleigh. To this happy union were given seven children, who live to-day and love and honor the memory of their parents.

II.

COL. J. M. HECK

Jonathan McGee Heck was born in Magnolia County, West Virginia, May 5, 1831. After going through the best schools the neighborhood afforded he sought higher learning in Rector College. After leaving college he entered the law office of Hon. Edgar C. Wilson, in Morgantown, the county seat of Magnolia County, where he acquired a large practice. On March 10, 1859, he was married to Mattie A. Callendine, a descendant of the Scudder family of New Jersey. He was elected Colonel in the militia and had a fast company, called "The Heck Riflemen."

He was a firm believer in the sovereignty of the States. At first his home and property were in the North, but every

conviction of duty to his country being with the South, he left his home and his wealth, came to Richmond and cast in his lot with her. He received his commission as Colonel from Governor Letcher, of Virginia, and was sent by General Lee to raise and equip a regiment. No better regiment was collected than the Thirty-first Virginia. With this regiment he marched to meet McClellan. Having been allowed, through the kindness of General McClellan, to bring his family through the enemy's lines, he located in Raleigh, where he has since resided. He purchased a health resort, Jose's Springs, in Warren County, and generously threw it open to many homeless refugees who were then seeking refuge in North Carolina.

Crushed, but not broken, by the issue of the war, he set himself to help in the building of the New South. With Hon. K. P. Battle, W. J. Hawkins, and P. B. Williams he started a movement to people the deserted plains of the South with Northern emigrants, and thus not only build up the South, but heal the strife between the two sections. He became interested in Southern farming and mineral lands, and his wealth now consists of large and valuable iron properties in North Carolina, copper in Virginia, and coal in Tennessee. As his fortune rose he was a liberal contributor to many causes for his town and State, he with Mr. Williams giving the money to build the handsome library and society halls at Wake Forest College, helping to establish a woman's college in Raleigh, assisting in the reorganization of the State Agricultural Association, and offering a handsome house and property for a North Carolina Confederate Soldiers' Home. A Baptist and a member of the First Baptist Church at Raleigh, he was honored by his denomination, by being made President of the Baptist State Convention and the State Sunday School Convention.

Colonel Heck never sought or held any political office in

North Carolina, but few men have had her interest more at heart, few made her welfare more their first thought, and few will leave a deeper impression of noble manhood and unfaltering integrity upon her annals.

HISTORY OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

BY SECRETARY W. R. CULLOM.

The Baptist State Convention of North Carolina was organized in Greenville in 1830. The purposes of this organization, as stated in article 2 of its constitution, were threefold: (1) "The education of young men called of God to the ministry, and approved by the church as to which they respectively belong; (2) the employment of missionaries within the limits of this State; and (3) a co-operation with the Baptist General Convention of the United States, in the promotion of missions in general."

From this simple statement of purposes it will be seen that one of the original and primary objects of the Convention was to provide the churches of the State with a capable ministry. And through the fourscore years of its history this object has held a conspicuous and honorable place in the work of this Convention.

When we read that Thomas Meredith, the author of the Constitution of the Convention, "was an apprenticed tinner boy in Philadelphia when Dr. Staughton took notice of him, and educated him at Columbia College," we will not be surprised at the conspicuous place he gives to ministerial education in that document which has had such a mighty influence in moulding the ideals of North Carolina Baptists. In his comment on this constitution, as he sends it out to the Baptist churches of the State, Dr. Meredith says further, "You will learn from the subjoined constitution that the primary objects of this Convention are, the enlightenment and intellectual improvement of the ministry, and the supplying of destitute churches and sections of country within the limits of the State."

Like every other worthy enterprise or institution, the

Board of Education has had an evolution all its own. In this evolution several distinct stages may be marked.

ANTE-WAKE FOREST WORK.

The beginning of Wake Forest was by no means the beginning of the work of ministerial education. Southern men were found in the classes at Columbia College, at Princeton and at Brown. The more common method, however, was for a young minister to associate himself with a settled pastor to study and work with him as a matter of preparation for his life work. In the minutes of the second meeting of the Convention, held at Cross Roads Church in Wake County, 1831, we find the following resolution: "That the Convention accept the offer of Elder J. Armstrong to educate young men of the ministry, and that the Board be authorized to send such young men as they may approve, to him, or to some school, and to defray the expense, as far as the funds of the Convention will admit." Mr. Armstrong was a pastor in New Bern and had been educated at Columbia College in Washington, D. C. He was ready to share his attainments with his younger brethren of the ministry.

This same session of the Convention (1831) adopted the regulations for receiving young men under its tuition that have been followed ever since. They are as follows: "As we wish to be distinctly understood on the subject of education we agree to the following rules of admission: The young preacher shall appear before the Board of the Convention, at a regular meeting, where he shall present a certificate of his regular standing and correct deportment in a regular Baptist church in this State; and also a written license from his church to preach. The Board shall then proceed faithfully to examine the brother touching: 1st, his Christian experience; 2d, his call to preach; 3d, his views of doctrine; and if found corresponding with the holy word, they shall

pass an order for his education, as their best judgment shall direct."

On August 7, 1832, William Jones and Patrick Conely appeared before the Board for examination "respecting the proficiency which they had made in their studies." They were in school with Bro. Geo. W. Thompson. Their examination was satisfactory and they were placed back with Brother Thompson under the general supervision of Bro. John Purefoy. During this period there was no Board of Education as such, but the Board of Managers had charge of the educational as well as the missionary work of the Convention.

In his report on education in 1833 Dr. Thos. Meredith laments the scarcity of beneficiaries, says the education fund now amounts to a "considerable sum," and expresses the hope that the "Wake Forest Institute will soon furnish to young ministers the means of obtaining a substantial and sufficient education."

EARLY WAKE FOREST ERA.

In November, 1834, the Convention met with Cashie meeting house in Bertie County. For the first time a report on the Institute appears. The report says: "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." Two of these students were beneficiaries of the Board.

In 1835 it was on motion, *Resolved*, "That the brethren who wish to become beneficiaries of this Convention be examined before the Convention." Bro. Thomas McDaniel accordingly presented himself, was examined and received by the Convention.

The appropriations were larger then than at present, as seen from a minute of the Convention of 1836, where it is recorded that \$95 are appropriated to each of three beneficiaries.

In 1837 the special committee on the proficiency of the beneficiaries is discharged and the whole matter is referred to the Board of Managers. In these early days of the Institute ministers paid tuition as well as other students. In 1843 a motion is passed by the Convention that the Treasurer be "authorized to pay the board and tuition of Bro. M. T. Yates, beneficiary at Wake Forest College." In 1844 we find for the first time a special committee on beneficiaries. In this same session (1844) two resolutions are adopted. The first one was introduced by Rev. J. C. Furman, to the effect that "ministerial education has not received the attention it deserves." The other was introduced by Rev. J. B. Jeter, of Virginia, "That ministerial education is of vital importance in the great evangelical enterprise of converting the world to Christ."

ATTEMPT A SEPARATE BOARD.

All through these years there had been just one Board of the Convention, called a Board of Managers. In 1846 the Committee on Organization recommended the appointment of three Boards, viz: Home (State) Missions, Foreign Missions, and Education. In 1847 Professor White reported that three efforts had been made to organize this Board of Education, all of which failed. The failure is attributed to the long distance to be traveled for reaching the meetings of the Board. The matter is therefore left in the hands of the Board of Managers with the understanding that the members of the faculty will give as much attention to the matter of collecting funds as they can.

In 1857 we find for the first time a separate report on

ministerial education in the Convention at Raleigh, and for a few years after this the Board of Managers would report on the facts of the year on this subject and then these facts would be referred to a special committee on ministerial education.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In 1862, at the meeting of the Convention held at Wake Forest, the Committee on Separate Boards reported as follows: "Your committee are of opinion that it is advisable to have two Boards, consisting of seven members each; one to be located at Wake Forest College, and called the Board of Education; the other to be located in Goldsboro, and called the Board of Missions." This Board was appointed by the Convention and was composed of Elders W. M. Wingate, W. T. Walters, T. E. Skinner, J. D. Hufham, W. Royall, W. T. Brooks, and Bro. W. J. Palmer.

In the report of the Board of Managers to this session (1862) is this sad minute: "Early in May it became necessary to suspend the operations of Wake Forest College, owing partly to the Conscription Bill or Law, which included most of the students in attendance * * * With this suspension falls for the time being the *most prominent object* which the Convention sought to promote. Most of the beneficiaries who were connected with the College last year are now or have been usefully employed as teachers, colporters, or privates in the army. One noble and generous-hearted youth, a beneficiary, fell while in process of preparation to meet the invading foe and was brought back to us with the dying request to be buried in the College graveyard, thus showing his love for the sacred spot.

"It will be the duty of the Trustees to say, in their judgment, when it will be prudent and expedient to resume the exercises of the College. We pray God that the time may

not be distant when the merry laugh of the student may be heard in the campus."

Of course under these circumstances there was not much for the Board of Education to do. But at the meeting of the Convention in Raleigh in 1863 the following resolution was passed: "That the Board of Education be instructed to appoint an agent to canvass the State, and to solicit funds for the education of the children of indigent, deceased, and disabled soldiers, to invest said funds in any way that they may deem proper, and report it to the next session of this body."

In 1866 the Board of Education reported that at their last meeting strenuous efforts were made to secure an agent, but without success. It was resolved, however, that applications for admission to Wake Forest College by indigent young men who had the ministry in view should be favorably entertained by the Board. Brethren in different parts of the State were solicited to exert their influence and energies on behalf of the Board. On the strength of this three young men had been received.

In 1867 the report to the Convention was written by W. B. Royall as Recording Secretary of the Board. The report states that Elder W. T. Brooks, the President of the Board, had consented to give as much time as he could command from his other duties to the work of soliciting funds for the Board. In 1868 there were eleven beneficiaries, and among the number C. Durham. In 1869 Rev. W. T. Walters was acting as Corresponding Secretary of both the State Mission Board and of the Board of Education. The latter paid \$500 of the salary.

In 1871 the Treasurer of the Board (Dr. W. B. Royall) reports, among other contributions, two barrels of flour sent in by Bro. P. A. Dunn.

THE INDEPENDENT SECRETARY.

In December, 1874, there was a joint meeting of the Boards in Raleigh, and at this meeting it was agreed that each Board might employ its own secretary if it saw fit. Following this action the Board of Education employed Rev. C. T. Bailey, pastor in Warrenton, to devote as much time as he could spare from his pastoral work to the field work of the Board. He was paid a certain per cent of his collections.

From the days of Dr. Bailey to the present incumbent there have been eight men to serve in the office of Corresponding Secretary. In 1876 Prof. L. R. Mills succeeded Dr. Bailey. Professor Mills attended many associations, visited many churches on Sundays, and under his administration the Board took on new life and greatly enlarged its work. Soon after he took charge there were thirty men at the College preparing for the ministry. In 1880 the Convention instructed the Board to "receive every suitable applicant studying for the ministry." Nineteen men were then receiving aid.

For many years prior to 1880 the reports to the Convention on this work had been prepared by Dr. W. B. Royall, the Treasurer and Recording Secretary. In 1881 Dr. Chas. E. Taylor became Corresponding Secretary of the Board and served in that capacity until he was elected President of the College in 1885. Under Dr. Taylor's administration the Corresponding Secretary began to make the report to the Convention for the Board, and such has continued to be the custom to the present. The work was greatly enlarged while in Dr. Taylor's hands. In 1882 forty men were aided—thirty-four at Wake Forest, four at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and two at Wakefield Academy.

In 1885, when Dr. Taylor became President of the College, Rev. R. T. Vann, who was then pastor of the church at Wake Forest, was elected Corresponding Secretary of the

Board and served in that capacity as long as he lived at Wake Forest. In 1886 there were forty-two (42) ministers at Wake Forest, of whom thirty-three (33) were receiving aid from the Board. On January 1, 1888, Dr. Vann was succeeded in the office of Secretary of the Board by Dr. John Mitchell, who served for a year or two, and was followed by Prof. J. B. Carlyle, whose term of office was short, but quite successful.

In 1891 Dr. W. R. Gwaltney, the College pastor, became Secretary of the Board, and served most acceptably until 1894, when Dr. John Mitchell moved to Wake Forest and began a second term of service.

The question of requiring the young men to give their notes for all money paid out on their behalf by the Board had been raised a number of times. During Dr. Mitchell's second term of service this plan was adopted. In 1896 there were thirty-six men aided, and at the close of the session a debt of \$1,200 was reported. In 1900 thirty-eight men were aided, and the treasury showed a small balance due the secretary.

In July, 1901, the present incumbent, W. R. Cullom, succeeded Dr. John Mitchell. At the close of the first session the Board borrowed \$750 to meet its obligations. At the close of the next session we borrowed \$500. At the close of the third session the Treasurer of the Convention allowed us to overdraw our account a little, and in this way a debt was avoided. From that time to the present we have closed each session without debt. The number of men aided by the Board at one time has gone as high as sixty-five (65). We have found it necessary more than once to withdraw the aid of the Board from brethren because of conduct unbecoming a minister of the gospel, or lack of application to his work, but in no case have we had to decline aid to a man when he has shown himself worthy.

Several years ago in the Convention at Winston the plan of requiring the young men to give their notes to the Board was rescinded and the old plan restored. A separate account is now kept against each man and he is left free to send in money to the Board as his circumstances may allow. If he finds himself able to pay he can do so; if not it is not reckoned against him.

BEQUESTS.

Several friends have remembered the Board in their wills or while they were living, and the income from these bequests and donations has augmented to a considerable degree the annual assets of the Board. Among these friends may be mentioned Brother Delke, of Asheville; Mrs. Swepson, of Raleigh; Mrs. Shaw, of Warrenton; and Brother Slate, Brother Smith, and Brother Oliver, of Stokes County. The last three have contributed to a fund which bears the name of Bro. Jas. F. Slate, as he was the principal originator of the fund. This is a sort of emergency loan fund for young ministers and is serving a most useful purpose.

Thus it will be seen that in weaving the fabric that constitutes the present Baptist life in North Carolina the work of the Board of Education has had no small part. We are entering now on the day of larger things in every sphere of life. Never was there greater need for men of deep and thorough consecration, of genuine and broad scholarship, of full and rich manhood than to-day. It is still the province of the Board of Education to seek under God to be useful in discovering and in helping to send out into the work of the kingdom men of this type.

THE STUDENTS' AID ASSOCIATION

EDITORS THE STUDENT.

GENTLEMEN:—Your request for information concerning the Students' Aid Association has been received, and, although long-continued feeble health unfits me for the task, trusting to your charity and that of your readers to overlook awkwardness and rambling, I attempt to comply with your request.

From the memorandum you left me, I understand that you wish me to tell of "The Origin of the Idea," "The Organization," "Who Helped in the Beginning," and "Who Were First Contributors."

The origin of the idea, as it appears to me, was about the same as the origin of the call to any other great or sacred work, and not altogether "of the earth earthy." But there are, I think, various incidents and circumstances in the life of one called, which lead up to, prepare and help him to realize the importance of the work to be done; open his eyes to see the need of it and impel him to action. I am sure in this case, at least, this is true.

Let me relate a bit of my early, and continued, personal experiences leading up to the origin of this idea in my mind.

In May, 1864, when, at the age of 17, I was called to take up arms in defense of my State and country, I had attended only parts of nine terms of three months each of the commonest of common schools, in which I had been taught as good as nothing and had learned but little more. The last term attended was in 1862, at the close of which I was employed by the depot railroad agent at Dudley, N. C. The agent being engaged in merchandising, which required most of his time, soon put me in entire charge of the depot. I boarded in his home, and his good wife was exceedingly kind to me. They had a fine library, to which I was given free access, and soon acquired a fondness for reading and a desire for education; though never dreaming that it was in my reach. Going into camp, I had to leave these books; but subscribed for a newspaper, the *Confederate*, then published in Raleigh by Col. Duncan K. McRae. This being about the only paper coming into our camp, I had to read it aloud to the boys. This, of course, was a great educational help to me, and intensified the desire for education.

On reaching home, in May, after the war, with nothing except the dirty clothes I had on, I saw and felt more than ever the need for education. The parting words of my father to me when I started to camp were: "When a man is old enough to take up arms in his country's defense, he is old enough to be a free man, and I shall, therefore, not expect any help from you hereafter." Now he assures me that he really meant what he said, and that I must hereafter "shift for myself." Finding employment on a neighbor's farm, which had been swept clean

of about everything, as had all other farms in General Sherman's track, by working hard, early and late, we produced an excellent crop. I was to have \$10 per month and board with the family for my services. At the end of the first month he paid me three pigs, which he valued at \$10. These I presented to my father. At the end of the fourth month, seeing no way to get the \$30 then due me, I proposed that, for my board, I would feed his stock, get in the wood for the winter, and attend a school then ready to open near by. Understanding this proposition to be not only satisfactory but gladly accepted, I entered the school at once, now October 1st. Everything was satisfactory, as I had no reason to doubt, until, beginning to feel that my clothes were not nice enough to appear in the Christmas entertainment and frolics then being planned for by the young people of the community, I applied for at least half of the balance due on my summer's work. I knew he had the money in hand at the time, or I would have hesitated to press him for it; but you may imagine my disappointment when bluntly he put me off "till January 1st," on which day he presented to me an account for three months' board at \$10—\$30—asking for a settlement. I had carried out my part of our contract. I had fed the stock, I had gotten up the winter's wood, and had never heard a breath of complaint. He had left me almost in entire charge of his three-horse farm through the summer. Father had been a lifelong believer in him as his best friend. He had all my life seemed to be ready and anxious to befriend me. Then why this treatment, none of us could understand. I have never to this day received another cent for that three months' hard, conscientious summer's work. Having come to this, I saw that I must move; and more and more my need of education. I applied to the teacher for a letter, which he cheerfully gave me. The next morning I went to Dudley, where I found the depot agent ready to give me work, which at a very small salary barely clothed and fed me, for a year.

The next Christmas (1866) I visited an aunt (my mother's sister), living near Mt. Olive. Passing through that village I met Rev. John T. Albritton, who I learned had prepared to open a school there in a few days. I allowed him to read the letter of my late teacher. When he finished reading the letter he handed it back to me, saying, "You are the very young man I want in my school, and if you will arrange to enter on the opening day your tuition shall cost you nothing." My heart leaped for joy! How deep down in my heart I did then and always have thanked this good man of God for this kind offer, I never will be able to express in words. We parted, and I hurried on to my aunt's. In our chatting, that night after supper, she drew from me the story of my late experience up to and including my meeting of Rev. Jno. T. Albritton, in Mt. Olive that day. Her husband was present, and they both listened with intense interest. I asked them to suggest a place where I could get board, that I might take advantage of the offer of Mr. Albritton.

We retired late, for them, that night. I occupied a room adjoining that of my uncle and aunt. I slept but little. Through the wall I could hear low voices which I recognized as those of uncle and aunt in earnest conversation. Next morning, at the breakfast table, while my aunt was pouring the coffee for about a dozen of us, she began, addressing me: "Jimmie, me and Henderson got to talking about you after we got to bed last night, and we thought, as we are going to send three of the children to Mr. Albritton's school, that may be you would not mind staying with us and going to school with them. If you will, we will board you and attend to your clothes, just like one of the family, for \$9 a month, and you may pay us when you get able." It is needless to say I did not need another morsel of breakfast. I was full, and replied: "My dear Aunt Theny and Uncle Henderson, you will never know, for I can not tell you, neither can any one else, how I do thank you for this offer, and I accept it with inexpressible thanks." Breakfast over, and a short chat with the cousins, I started for my baggage. Passing through Mt. Olive, I met Mr. Albritton, informed him that I accepted his proposition, and would be on hand on opening day, then hurried on, returning to my new home that night with all my earthly possessions, except the clothes I then had on, wrapped in a newspaper. This was January 3, 1866.

Now I was ready, and entered the first day of the first session of Rev. Jno. T. Albritton's school in Mt. Olive, where I buckled down to study and allowed nothing to prevent my getting all possible out of the school.

The session closed about June 1st. I must now begin to earn something. Out of what I had been able to gather of evenings and Saturdays I had kept myself in passable clothes and had paid half my board bill during school. I found that I had also made friends.

The largest dealer in that half of the county, who had several experienced men in his employ, desired my services, for which he offered me a salary of 33 1-3 per cent larger than he was then paying or had ever paid to any man. I regarded his offer, coming as and when it did, as the highest compliment he could have paid me, and sincerely thanked him for it. But his business was carried on in a large brick building, which was divided into two stores by a partition from front to rear, down the center. Midway down the partition was a large door connecting the two stores, and all the clerks were expected to serve customers in either or both stores. In one store was kept a large general, miscellaneous stock of goods; in the other were whiskies, wines, etc., of all kinds at wholesale and retail. I informed the proprietor that if he would arrange it so that my whole time and attention might be given to the general store, and that never at any time or for any purpose was I to be expected to enter the other store, I would accept his proposition;

otherwise I could not. This he declined and our negotiations ceased. That same day I met a lawyer from Goldsboro, who was in the village on a business mission. Learning that he had quite a lot of copying to do, I solicited the job and secured enough, which I finished in a week, to settle the balance of my board account, pay for a suit of clothes, etc., and a trunk to put them in, and a ticket to Wilmington, arriving there about June 20, 1867. Here I hoped to find employment which would enable me to lay up enough to finish my education.

In Wilmington I found scores of young men from the country, whose parents, having been wealthy, had reared them in ease and luxury, but having lost all as a sad result of the war, these sons must now seek employment, and were looking for the soft, easy, shady places in the city.

Finding there were many applicants for every opening, I decided to "cut rates," and thereby secured a position as general supply in a large wholesale and retail milling, grain and feed establishment, until I could prove my worth, for simply my board and clothes. Buckling down to business, I soon had the building cleared of apparently a half century's accumulation of cobwebs and the house put in order, besides waiting on customers, loading drays and doing anything else to be done. The bookkeeper, considered one of the best, was drawing a salary of \$125 per month. I watched him "over the shoulder," when I could do so "unbeknownst to him," and entertained myself, when opportunities permitted, in reading over the business letters and invoices, studying expression, style, form, etc., until when the bookkeeper resigned I was able to prove my ability to do the work, and was installed in the position, though at a smaller salary. This position I held for more than four years, when I resigned to go to Wake Forest.

(Please pardon a little personal interpolation.—After I had been at college more than a year, a dispute arose over an account which had run through the whole of my charge of the books, and contained almost daily entries. The matter of settlement was referred to arbitration; a committee of five, consisting of two bank cashiers, two wholesale grocers—considered the best accountants in the city—and the chief deputy sheriff, who was considered, at untangling and straightening disputed accounts, the best man in the county. After they had gone through the books from beginning to end, they wrote me, every member of the committee signing the letter, complimenting my books for style and the neatness and accuracy with which they had been kept, and upon the fact that they had scrutinized every entry in the disputed account from beginning to end and had not detected an error.)

When appointed bookkeeper, I began to draw a very respectable salary, most of which was placed in bank, to be added to, until enough was accumulated to complete my education, which I was more and more

feeling the need of as I grew older; in my conducting of the business correspondence and purchasing of stock, in my Sunday School work, and in my social life in the city. The fact is, in everything I felt unfinished.

Having fully determined, about the first of 1871, that I would spend the next year in school, I consulted my pastor, Rev. J. C. Hiden, of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington. He was from Virginia, and informed me that he purposed attending the meeting of the General Baptist Association of Virginia in Petersburg in May, and asked me to accompany him, where, he said, he would introduce me to Dr. J. L. M. Curry, president of Richmond College, whose advice he suggested that I seek and follow. I accompanied Bro. H., saw Dr. C. with whom I was delighted, but who, after quite a lengthy interview, suggested that I go to Wake Forest College. I was prepared to expect him to advise me to go to Richmond College, and was surprised that he did not; but decided at once to act on his advice. When the fall term of 1871 opened at Wake Forest, I was there, having just passed my twenty-fourth birthday.

On applying for admittance at Wake Forest, however, I received a stunning "set back," being informed that the preparation I stood in need of to enable me to enter the very lowest college class, would require at least two years of study to acquire. I was green, really too green to realize how green I was. Serious thoughts as to what I should do began to puzzle my brain. I had saved up scant means to carry me through four years; but it will require six. "Hadn't you better stop here and turn back?" "Your old employer wants you, the job is still open, why not return to it?" And you know "you received a better proposition than the one you left, this is still open to you, and is a most excellent opportunity; wire at once your acceptance." "If you get this position it means you can add to what you now have and be worth, in dry cash, at the end of six years, \$6,000 or \$8,000 and 'owe no man anything,' while if you remain here to work out an education, at the end of six years you will have nothing and be heavily in debt."

These arguments were hard to resist. ("Where sin abounded grace did much more abound.") But an irresistible conviction forced the decision to enter the very lowest classes in the Preparatory Department, and go as far as my means would carry me, even should that be only through the Preparatory Department, rather than turn back at this point. At first I found these lowest prep. classes much too advanced for me; but by hard study I pulled through the department on schedule time, with, I suppose, about as good as average marks.

Soon after settling down to real work, and becoming acquainted with the faculty, students and several of the good citizens of the village, I

began to think my environments ideal, and to wonder why so few young men were there. The roll all told this year, including preps., numbered only sixty-one, the Senior class only three. At Trinity, Davidson and the University, I learned, the showing was no better. Then I began making some calculations as to the need, in our State, for educated men to fill the places of judges, solicitors, lawyers, doctors, ministers of the gospel, senators, congressmen, legislators, teachers, managers of railroads, and numerous other important positions in which education is a vital essential, and it appeared to me that vacancies were occurring in these ranks, by death and otherwise, at a much more rapid rate than were all our educational institutions turning out educated men to fill them. Then, too, realizing these conditions, and seeing that so many young men would, after coming to college, remain only one or two terms, I could not but urge those at college to allow nothing to prevent their return, and insisted always, that they spend much of their vacation time in earnest endeavor to induce other young men to come with them.

There was a lively society spirit among the students then, and every student was proud of, and an earnest worker for, his society. I begged them to wake up the boys at home, bring them in and initiate them into their societies, and not wait to "leg," at the train, any "newish" who might chance to drop off. What I advised the other students to do, I did, and when my diploma was handed me, there were perhaps two hundred of the brightest and best young men in the State who could have pointed to me and said, "He made an honest effort to get me to go to college," and there were twenty-three then students or had-been students, at Wake Forest, who could have said, "I am not sure that I should ever have seen Wake Forest but for him."

It was during the summer vacation of 1875 that I wrote to a personal friend, a bright, promising young man in Wayne County, endeavoring to induce him to accompany me to college in the fall. He had assured me that his anxiety to do so was intense; but want of means would prevent. Hoping to be able to help him, I decided to call and see him on my way from Wilmington to college in the fall. I knew his father, and that he was financially able to educate his son; but as the father had never spent a day in school, and could neither read nor write, and cared nothing for "book learning," how to approach him was the puzzle. I knew that his eldest son was a model young man; I knew he was his father's stand-by; that with his assistance the excellent three-horse farm had been paid for and improved, and the large family, mostly girls, had been reared, and quite a nice surplus laid up for future needs. After interviewing the young man, it was decided that I should talk to "father." I found the old gentleman "dead opposed" to his son's even thinking of "spending money and time at such foolishness." He would

not agree to furnish him one cent, either by gift or loan, for such a purpose. He acknowledged all the blessings and help and comfort his dutiful son had been to him, and could not see how he could have gotten along as well as he had, without him. While I was pleading with all possible earnestness, and piercing him with these points, the young man came in and the father turned from me to his son, saying: "I'm tired of hearing all of this mess about going to college. I don't want to hear any more of it. I've got along without any education, and I can't see that you have any use for more than you've got." Then the father proposed to the son, then about twenty-four years old, that if he would "quit this nonsense about education," and agree to settle down and go to work, he would give him, then, his part of the land, and his choice of the three horses, and help him to build a house and barn, etc., but he would not give him, or lend him, a cent for spending on an education. The young man, of course, saw nothing else to do but to accept the situation and give up his ambition for an education. The old man went out about this time and the young man, with large tears flowing down his rosy cheeks from his large manly eyes, embraced and thanked me, saying: "If I could I would take half their value for the land and horse and go on with you; but I can't use them for that." Then, after a moment's pause, he said: "I would decline father's gift and go in debt for the money, with which to secure an education, if I only knew where I could get it, but I don't know where I can borrow it." These words pierced me to the quick, and as soon as he had finished them, I said: "We *ought* to have, and we *must* have, a fund at Wake Forest for the use of just such young men as you." To this he replied: "I think so, too. If you had, I certainly would try to get the use of it, and would not only pay it back with interest, but would ever be grateful for its use."

The idea struck me then and there with such irresistible force and conviction, that I at once determined to go to work, and never hold up, until we should have a fund at Wake Forest College to lend on easy terms to worthy young men needing such assistance in their struggle for education.

In my endeavors to persuade young men to go to college, I found the want of means was the principal trouble in the way. Young men of intellect and promise, "diamonds in the rough," were anxious, but without the means, and nowhere to get them. Many would borrow if possible, but knew not where to look for it, and I could not inform them. Never, however, until now did it occur to me as a distinct duty of the friends of the college to provide a fund for this very purpose. I could plainly see what a blessing it would be to the young men in preparing them for usefulness as citizens; I could see how it would help our then struggling college in not only adding to her treasury the amount of tuition fees it

would bring, but the moral support of the class of young men it would assist not only in the student body, but also in their lives hereafter. And I could see the great need of our State for more and better educated men in all walks of life, and that as citizens their influence would be felt in all right enterprises. The more I thought of it—and it would not leave my mind—the more the reasons multiplied, each one urging me to action, until it appeared to me so plain that I felt confident so plain a duty had not passed the notice of all the colleges, and that there must be at some college somewhere such a fund in use. Then remembering that I had left in my room at college a directory of the educational and denominational institutions of the whole country, I purchased a five-dollar bundle of postal cards as I passed through Raleigh, and as soon as I reached college, directed the cards, one to each college and each denominational State secretary until all were directed; then I began writing and mailing them. On those cards I outlined the idea plainly but briefly, asking if they had a fund of the kind at their college, or if they knew of one at any college, to let me know, etc. I received several replies, but while many of them were forcibly impressed with the idea, not one had ever heard of anything of the kind. My object in this card writing was to find a model to organize on at Wake Forest. I felt sure I would find it, but failed. I then consulted with members of the faculty, some of the citizens of the village, and many of my brother students, finding them, without exception, ready to join in the work. I then prepared, in duplicate, a heading for a subscription blank for pledges. Edgar E. Folk, one of my classmates, with one blank, canvassed the Phis., while I, with the other, canvassed the Eus. Nearly every student pledged at least one dollar, to be paid as soon as we organized. Every member of the faculty agreed to become a life member at ten dollars, and quite a number of the citizens pledged ten dollars each. A meeting was then called, to be held in the college chapel, Tuesday evening, November 30, 1875. This was a large and enthusiastic meeting, attended by every member of the faculty, about every student, and a large number of the citizens of the village and others. Prof. W. G. Simmons was called to the chair, Mr. Chas. F. Reid was asked to act as secretary, and, after prayer by Dr. W. T. Brooks, Mr. Denmark was asked by the chair to explain the object of the meeting, who, after a brief explanation, presented an outline of a constitution, which he read. This constitution was then read, discussed, amended and adopted by sections, and then adopted as a whole, and the organization of the

NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST STUDENTS' AID ASSOCIATION

was then completed by the election of officers, resulting as follows:

Board of Directors—Rev. Thos. Henderson Pritchard, D. D., Prof. William Gaston Simmons, Rev. James S. Purefoy, Prof. Luther R. Mills,

Rev. C. T. Bailey, James William Denmark, John E. Ray, Rev. William T. Brooks, D.D., Rev. Adison F. Purefoy, William O. Allen, Dr. George W. Purefoy, Jr., James A. Kelly, Prof. William B. Royall, Charles F. Reid, Prof. Chas. E. Taylor.

Executive Officers—Prof. William Gaston Simmons, President; Prof. Charles E. Taylor, Vice-President; Charles F. Reid, Recording Secretary; James W. Denmark, Corresponding Secretary; William O. Allen, Treasurer; Prof. Luther R. Mills, Auditor.

Standing Committee—Prof. W. G. Simmons, chairman; Prof. Chas. E. Taylor, Rev. W. T. Brooks, D.D.

On motion, a committee of two, to be composed of the President and Corresponding Secretary, was appointed to prepare and secure the ratification of a charter by the next General Assembly, which was to meet in January, 1877.

The Association then adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

As soon as adjournment was announced, John M. Davis, a student who had walked all the way from the mountains and was working hard with his axe to make his way through college, rushed to the Treasurer, handing him a dollar. Mr. Davis had, from the first mention of the idea to him, been about the most enthusiastic supporter the idea had among the students, though there was unusual enthusiasm among them, and had declared that he intended, if possible, to pay in the first dollar, and at his success he overflowed with expressions of his delight.

Immediately the other students paid their pledges, and by sundown the next day—December 1, 1875—the Association was ready to begin business.

The first note laid before the Standing Committee for approval was by Barney Hamilton Phillips, of Johnston County. This note, endorsed by his former teacher, Hon. John C. Scarborough, as security, was at once approved by the Board and cashed by the Treasurer, February 15, 1876. Anticipating, and relying on, this arrangement, Mr. Phillips had joined his classes at the beginning of the spring term.

Professor Simmons, having prepared the charter, the Corresponding Secretary took it to Raleigh in February, 1877, and laid it before the General Assembly, then in session. It created some discussion because of its novelty, but no opposition. Senator Liles, of Anson, was so impressed with its importance that he moved to amend by adding the name of his pastor, Rev. Needham B. Cobb, to the list of charter members, which was agreed to, and the charter as amended was unanimously adopted by both houses, coming out endorsed as follows: "Read three times and ratified in the General Assembly, this 5th day of March, A. D. 1877."

Immediately after the ratification of the charter, the Corresponding Secretary had a small, pocket-size pamphlet printed, containing the

Act of Incorporation, the Constitution, a List of the Officers, A Circular written by Prof. W. G. Simmons, President, explaining the objects, aims, needs, etc., of the Association, and a table of figures prepared by the Corresponding Secretary, showing the work, in theory, which might be approximated in practice.

In the summer of 1877, the Corresponding Secretary having finished his course in college, decided to spend a week or more in Chapel Hill, visiting his friend, Rev. A. C. Dixon, who was then pastor of the Baptist church there. He took with him a pocketful of the pamphlets he had prepared, which he handed out, with his compliments, among the professors and citizens of the village, assuring each one that he was ready to receive contributions. Prof. A. F. Redd and Rev. Geo. W. Purefoy, D.D., were the only two who on that visit became life members by the payment of ten dollars each, though several other smaller amounts were handed to the secretary.

Desiring to be at the opening of the fall term of his Alma Mater, the Corresponding Secretary returned to Wake Forest a few days before the opening. While at the college, on this visit, he received a postal card which it took him quite a while to interpret, and which, because of its peculiar chirography, and the prominence of the writer, he carried, as a curiosity, in his pocket until it was worn out. This card, being interpreted, read:

"Dr. Br. Denmark, Sec.

"Please mail, with my compliments, a copy of yr. Aid Fund pamphlet, etc., to my good friend, Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Deems, pastor the Church of the Strangers, New York. Success to you.

"Yrs., TH. H. PRITCHARD."

This request was at once complied with, and with the pamphlet the secretary wrote a short letter, mentioning the request of Dr. Pritchard that it be sent with his compliments, and suggesting that we would be glad to enter his name on our list of contributors, and that a life membership fee was only ten dollars.

Though Dr. Deems did not reply to this request, nor acknowledge the receipt of the pamphlet, yet there is plain evidence that the seed fell in good ground and brought forth "an hundred fold." Its impression was indelible; for we find in the *Alumni Quarterly*, Vol. 1, No. 2, University of North Carolina, January, 1895, under heading, "The Deems' Fund," on page 60, a letter beginning and in part as follows:

"CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS,
NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1879.

"TO PRESIDENT BATTLE.
"MY DEAR SIR:—Enclosed find my check for \$300.00. . . . I wish it to be the beginning of a loan fund, the money to be lent to the

students attending the University of North Carolina. * * * It is a small fund. * * * It may grow larger if the Lord prospers me. * * * It is my memorial to my first born, Theodore D. Deems, who was born at Chapel Hill and fell at Gettysburg. * * *

"I am, your old preceptor,

CHARLES F. DEEMS."

Other amounts were added to this fund, for we find: December 14, 1880, his birthday, he sent \$100.00, and December 30, 1880, Dr. Deems wrote:

"TO PRESIDENT BATTLE.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Last night when I returned home from church I found on my desk the following:

"MY DEAR DR. DEEMS:

"Herewith please find my check for ten thousand dollars as a subscription to the University of North Carolina, as an addition to the "Deems' Fund," to be loaned to indigent students of the University.

"Very truly yours, W. H. VANDERBILT."

In the same *Quarterly*, I find on page 70: "He (Dr. Deems) was a member of the council of the University of the City of New York, and here he established a fund to help worthy poor young men."

The report of Geo. C. Sprage, Registrar of the New York University, covering loan funds in said university up to "close of 1909," says: "The system of loaning money to worthy students to enable them to cover their expenses while in college was inaugurated by the university twenty-two years ago. The first fund was founded by the late Dr. Charles Force Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in 1887. This amounted to \$800.00, and for ten years was the only loan fund open to students." He further notes that two other loan funds have since been established: One in 1896, \$5,000, by Miss Helen Miller Gould, and the latest in 1905, \$5,500, by The Sisters of the Strangers. He says: "New York University has loan funds amounting to more than \$16,000," (this includes the above amounts) and that "more than two hundred students have received assistance since these funds were established. Few, if any, of whom could otherwise have taken a college course."

The secretary had sent one of the 500 postals to Boston University, and had also received a reply. Now he sent one of the pamphlets to that institution, from which, in a few weeks, he received an acknowledgment in the shape of a small pamphlet almost like the one he had sent; with a note explaining that they had just organized an association to secure a fund to be loaned to indigent worthy young women to assist them in their course at Boston University. There are now several loan funds in the different colleges of this university, aggregating several

thousand dollars and assisting more than one hundred worthy young men and women every year.

These incidents show that the idea took at once, and the heaven worked, and is still, and will continue, working, until a college of any great reputation without a loan fund will be an exception to the rule.

As to who helped in the beginning, I will say, every member of the faculty, every student, and every citizen of Wake Forest helped in the beginning, and all these were first contributors.

As to what the fund has done, I have to refer you to those at the college who have had the management and oversight of the fund, to tell you what they know, which will be but little as compared with the real blessing it has been to humanity—the young men and women are helped, the college is helped, the State is helped—all lifted higher, and shedding a lifting higher influence which is constantly lengthening and broadening. We may keep records and books to show results in tables of figures what we are accomplishing. But there is, we are assured, another record kept, one we do not and can not really see down here. When we get up there may we find our record there so kept that we shall be greeted as good and faithful servants, and be invited to share in the joys of our Lord.

J. W. DENMARK.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 10, 1911.

The subsequent history of the Students' Aid Association has amply fulfilled the highest expectations of its founders. By careful business-like management and generous donations the funds at the disposal of the Association have constantly increased until now they amount to over \$20,000. The Secretaries and Treasurers who have served during these thirty-five years are W. O. Allen, W. B. Royall, W. C. Powell, R. E. Royall, W. T. Ferrell, J. B. Carlyle, and E. W. Sikes. It is impossible with the documents available to give a complete list of the beneficiaries, but we may safely assert, after examination of the partial records, that they number between one and two thousand, and among them occur the names of some of the most brilliant and useful sons of Wake Forest. As I glance down the list of 1892 my eye falls upon the names of two prominent lawyers in North Carolina, of one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of the

South, and of a scholar of national reputation, adorning the faculty of a great Western university.

It is equally impossible to present a list of the munificent donors to the Association. Among those whose gifts figure most largely should be mentioned Dr. Matthew T. Yates, from whose estate the Fund received \$4,350; Gen. Julian S. Carr, who contributed \$1,100, and Mr. George Watts, of Durham, with his gift of \$500.

THE GYMNASIUM

In 1900 the need of a gymnasium was so urgent that the Trustees ordered the erection of a suitable building at a cost of \$12,000. Part of this sum was contributed by the generous friends of the College, the largest single gift—five hundred dollars—being that of Mrs. Alderman, of Alcoola, S. C.

THE ALUMNI BUILDING

J. H. G.

The Board of Editors of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT have asked me to write a brief account of the construction of the Alumni Building. I venture to do so after considerable hesitation, owing to the fact that I shall have to make some mention of myself in the undertaking. If, however, the reader will pardon this unavoidable egotism, I shall endeavor to state some facts with regard to the erection of an edifice which ought to be dearer to the hearts of the sons of the College than any other, owing to the fact that more of the alumni aided in its construction than in the building of any other edifice that adorns the campus.

The movement toward putting up the Alumni Building was launched at a meeting of the College Alumni at the Commencement of 1903, and Professor Carlyle was asked once more to serve his Alma Mater by securing the funds for its erection. A committee of five, I believe, was appointed by the Faculty to co-operate with Professor Carlyle, of which committee I was a member. I was asked to serve as Treasurer, and as Professor Carlyle and I were the only officers of the committee, it came to pass in the process of time that the committee was practically narrowed down to two—the Collector and the Treasurer—"the Foreign and Home Missionary"—as one of the good ladies of the town facetiously characterized us.

For about a year there was little for either of us to do. Neither the plans nor the location of the building had been selected, and it was absolutely impossible to secure any funds until there was visible evidence of the building that the Alumni were to erect, although we had hoped to secure a thousand dollars or more before the work should definitely

be begun, for how could any sane men venture upon an undertaking estimated to cost \$22,000 without a considerable sum on hand?

I have lying before me now a slip of crumpled paper—a leaf torn from the official paper of J. B. Carlyle, containing the names and amounts of those who made the first contributions: Prof. J. O. Atkinson, F. W. Day, J. E. Garrison, Mrs. D. S. Vann, John Pullen, Jesse McCarter, and E. B. Fowler. The total amount of the above contributions was \$45.00, and with this meager sum or just a little more on hand, the months rolled by. At last this condition of things became unbearable to the energetic spirit of Professor Carlyle, and with his true Scotch determination he announced in no uncertain tones that the building must be begun at once or the project would fail *in toto*. What! begin with no funds? Yes, begin and the funds will come in, for Wake Forest men have never deserted the cause of their College!

So with strong faith in the brethren we had the plans prepared; but I must confess that when I first took a look at the handsome drawing of the architect—a building that eclipsed all the other college buildings in gracefulness and size—I grew frightened for once and said: "We can't do it." It was about the first of May, 1904, that the committee of the Faculty formally chose the site of the building. There was some division of sentiment at first, for it was felt that the most suitable place was near the Wingate Building, corresponding in the south to the Lea Laboratory in the north of the campus. But the site being somewhat low, the ground uneven, and the prospect of sewer accommodation uncertain, it was at last decided to place it in its present situation. Thirty-six thousand brick were ordered, a carload of lime also, the mason was engaged, and with this pressure at home acting as a spring-board, Professor Carlyle went out "among the brethren" and by the time the necessary excavations were

made and the masons were at work on May 14, 1904, enough money had been raised to pay for material and work as far as the ground floor of the building.

The corner-stone, contributed by the Senior Class, was laid at the Commencement of '04. Dr. Taylor, then President, in the presence of a large number of persons who had just left the graduation exercises, declaring it "well and truly laid."

During most of the summer of 1906 very little work was done at the building itself, but Professor Carlyle was now busy securing subscriptions; bids for material had to be submitted, brick and lumber were ordered and all things were made ready for a new start. Neither of us knew anything about building at that time, and it was urged that we ought by all means to secure a superintendent; but after various attempts it was found that the cost of such a man would consume so great an amount of funds that we did not feel justified in this expense. Therefore, sitting upon the foundation walls one sultry summer day with all the ground around covered over with raw material, Professor Carlyle and I laid the three planks of our platform: (1) We will do our own building and though we may make a few mistakes we shall never make the same mistake twice. (2) We will make every dollar count. (3) We will not go into debt, but will pay as we go.

In September, 1904, work was again started and continued until the snow and ice of a very hard winter drove us from the field of building operations. By this time the structure had reached the second story. All winter we were kept busy securing material for uninterrupted work in the spring. To give one item: the stone work for the handsome front and for the window and door-sills was ordered at a cost of \$2,000, and when it was ready for delivery there was barely \$300 in the treasury. We pledged the Wise Granite Company that

thirty days after the delivery of the stone at our station the money would be paid, and this material came to hand at once. Professor Carlyle started afresh on his campaign and, after a magnificent effort of collecting, all the money was on hand in thirty days save \$150, which was advanced, and of course soon afterwards paid back to us.

In March, 1905, brick work was begun again, consisting of repairs to the walls, owing to the exposure to the weather, and of the completion of the brick work to the second story. Lack of funds and difficulty in getting material compelled us to call a halt to the work for a few months, but on July 1 of that year a large force of hands was at work and the last brick was laid on September 5, 1905. As the contract for laying the brick was at \$3.50 per thousand, it was necessary to compute the number of brick laid, which my books show to be 337,868.

In November, 1905, the roofing was done by John T. Jones, of Raleigh, at a cost of nearly \$700. The stand-pipes for the plumbing were put in in January, 1906. The plastering occupied the months of January, February, March, and part of April. The metallic ceilings were installed in March. The painting of the interior part was done in April and the first days of May. The tablets were put into place on the second week in May, and the entire building was completed and paid for to the last dollar by May 22, 1906, almost exactly two years after the first shovelful of dirt was thrown for the excavation.

It would be impossible to tell of the many experiences passed through during these two years, of the many discouragements, and also of the joy of achievement. I shall narrate only one instance. Tired out and discouraged after an unusually wearisome and apparently unsuccessful trip, Professor Carlyle met with me one morning as I was walking among the masses of brick and lumber, for the workmen had

left, funds were low, and it looked as if after all failure was confronting us. Two or three small checks were all that the trip had yielded and we were afraid to look into each other's face, well knowing what was the thought in our minds. No darker hour had fallen upon us than that, and we left the ground in silence. Just after dinner my faithful friend and co-worker met me again on that spot, but there was a new spring in his step and a new life in his face, for he handed me a check for \$1,000, contributed by that devoted alumnus, Hugh Scott, of Reidsville. All honor to the generous giver. He heartened us for the successful completion of our labors and inspired us with a confidence in the sons of Wake Forest, which never deserted us.

A few facts may be of interest in conclusion. The total cost of the building was \$16,066.78. The number of contributions to this fund was over 600. There was the utmost variety in the amount of donations. At the bottom of page 17 of my memorandum book is recorded the handsome sum of a thousand dollars, and two lines above occurs the name of a colored man of this community followed by the sum of one dollar. Few were the gifts that did not mean a genuine sacrifice for the giver and a supreme test of loyalty to the mother college. Although it is not possible to give a list of all the contributors, it is but just to mention the names of those who helped most generously in the work. The two largest donations were of a thousand dollars and over by President T. J. Simmons and Major Hugh Scott. Those whose contributions range from \$500 to \$1,000 were: Dr. J. T. J. Battle, Mrs. C. W. Blanchard, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Maj. J. M. Crenshaw, and Messrs. D. L. Gore and W. C. Powell. The gifts of the following alumni ranged from \$100 to \$500: P. R. Alderman, E. F. Aydlette, J. W. Bailey, J. G. Brown (not an alumnus but one of the best friends of the College), Judge C. M. Cooke, H. C. Dockery,

J. M. Doekery, W. E. Daniel, C. J. Hunter, Ashley Horne (another liberal friend though not an alumnus), E. B. Jones, W. N. Jones, Claude Kitchin, I. M. Meekins, B. F. Montague, John Mitchell, G. A. Norwood, G. W. Paschal, R. B. Powell, W. R. Powell, J. M. Parrott, R. E. Royall, F. M. Simmons, E. W. Timberlake, S. C. Vann, J. E. White, and J. L. White.

It should be noted, in conclusion, that of the gifts made by the Faculty of the College that of Dr. G. W. Paschal was the largest, as he made the liberal contribution of over \$250 to this object. In justice to Professor Carlyle it ought to be stated that all the money necessary to supply his place in the teaching of Latin during the campaign was furnished from the collections made, so that the College was not called upon for any expense whatever in connection with the erection of the building. We gratefully acknowledge also the kindness of Mr. C. W. Barrett, of Raleigh, the architect of the building, who contributed generously by the remittal of a great part of his fee and also aided the committee by personal advice whenever it was needed and requested.

THE HOSPITAL

[Interview with Prof. J. B. Carlyle.]

There are two noteworthy things in connection with the building of the Hospital. In the first place it was the easiest money I ever raised for the College: the people fairly fell over each other in their eagerness to contribute. In the second place, the name of every person who made a contribution to the Hospital is preserved in visible form in or about it. The Hospital was erected by gifts from six persons giving one thousand dollars each and by one hundred persons giving ten dollars each in the name of a wife, a sister, or a daughter. More than once I have watched a student standing before the bronze tablet on which these names are engraved, and seen his face brighten as his eye fell on his mother's name.

The six contributors of a thousand dollars each are: J. S. Purefoy (through Mrs. W. O. Allen and Mrs. A. V. Purefoy), Dr. John Mitchell, H. C. Bridger, R. L. Bridger, W. C. Powell, F. C. Ferguson.



CAMPUS SCENES

THE SUPREME EFFORT

[An interview with Prof. J. B. Carlyle.]

This movement was launched at the session of the Baptist State Convention held in Greensboro in 1906. I began the canvass the day after that session. The first cash payment was \$5 from J. B. Perry, a merchant, of Youngsville. The last subscription was a hundred dollar check from L. H. Caldwell, a merchant, of Lumberton, on December 30, 1910—opened and closed by the merchants.

The number of givers was about eighteen hundred and the amounts given ranged from fifty cents to five thousand dollars. The givers represented all religious faiths, and none. Among them was a Congregationalist of New England—now a citizen of North Carolina; a number of Episcopalians; a large number of Methodists and Presbyterians; a small number of Primitive Baptists; and two Jews. Of the latter I desire to say, that one has contributed to every object for which I have solicited funds.

An examination of the list of subscribers shows that the sum oftenest found is \$25. There are probably two hundred \$100 gifts; twenty-five \$500 gifts; two hundred \$50 gifts; the remainder is in \$25 and smaller gifts.

The class of givers showing most sacrifice in pledging and conscientious purpose in paying was the students of the College. It is probable that, at the ultimate conclusion of the movement, these boys out of their meager incomes, preaching, teaching, practicing law, within a year or two after graduation—and many of them before the completion of their education—will contribute more than \$10,000. Among all the giving in the history of the College none possesses more heroic elements than the giving of the Wake Forest boys in this supreme struggle.

Among the givers especial mention should be made of Doctor Thomas Jeffries, the sable-hued janitor, whose bombastic language and sage sayings have interested and amused Wake Forest students for more than a generation, who was a contributor of ten dollars toward this fund. Among the list of our subscribers stands the name of the Governor of our great commonwealth, but in awarding praise it is to be questioned whether he deserves more than Doctor Tom, who gave out of his meager pittance.

Mention should be made of the gift of Mrs. D. S. Vann, who has been identified with the College almost since its beginning. Her cheery disposition and abiding interest in the welfare of the students have left pleasant memories in the hearts of many of the boys who have been here in the last forty years. She was an interested contributor to this fund.

The boarding-house keepers, the best friends the students have, who come close to their lives and leave an indelible impress upon their hearts, subscribed liberally. The Baptist preachers of the State subscribed almost to a man; every Wake Forest missionary on the foreign field subscribed, as did the two Wake Forest chaplains in the United States Army, one of the latter sending his check from the far-away Philippines. In the case of the preachers, particularly, many of their subscriptions represented a real sacrifice. They were all the more appreciated because they were the expression of loving hearts.

Even before the collection of the pledges has been quite completed, on turning through the list one finds several names that have already passed into history. Below is the list of our dead:

T. G. Wood, Jr., a young lawyer of Hamlet and a young man of rare promise.

C. E. Timberlake, a druggist, of Youngsville.

Rev. G. S. Jones, mention of whose benefactions will be found elsewhere in this magazine.

- Rev. R. R. Moore, also mentioned elsewhere.
Rev. A. B. Caudle, of Wadesboro.
R. O. Fry, a lawyer, of Troy.
Rev. D. S. Kennedy, of Duplin County.
Rev. E. A. Poe, of Burke County.
Guy Carter, a lawyer, of Surry County.
O. M. Sanders, prominent planter, of Wingate.
E. C. Strayhorn, insurance man, of Thomasville.
Rev. J. B. Boone, former General Manager of the Thomasville Baptist
Orphanage.
W. G. Allen, road supervisor of Wake County.
Rev. A. D. Hunter, of Cary.
J. W. Atkinson, of Fayetteville.
L. D. Baucom, of Apex.
Rev. C. B. Justice, of Rutherfordton.

BENEFACTORS NOT PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED

It has been considered no more than just this month to devote the space usually occupied by the Alumni Department to short biographical sketches of a few of the men and women who have contributed generously to the College, but whose names have not appeared prominently in the preceding pages of this magazine. They have been divided into two lists: first, are those who have contributed five thousand dollars and over; second, those who have given from one to five thousand. The one who has given as much as five thousand dollars is:

Mrs. V. B. Swepson, wife of Mr. Geo. W. Swepson, left cotton manufacturing property in Alamance County to the Board of Education. This and the Melke Fund go far to the support of the Board of Education.

Messrs. H. C. and R. L. Bridger are brothers living in the town of Bladenboro, between Lumberton and Wilmington. Beginning soon after the war, they operated turpentine distilleries. Later they went into lumber business and then into banking. They are noted for contributions to missions and education. No worthy call appeals to them in vain.

Mrs. W. H. Wiggs is a very prominent member of the First Baptist church in Atlanta. She is largely interested in the work of Dr. Len G. Broughton. She is possessed of much wealth and of great liberality.

Mr. D. L. Gore, of Wilmington, is a large wholesale merchant, noted for his various benefactions. His generosity stops not with large enterprises, but small needs also appeal to him.

Rev. G. S. Jones was another graduate of the class of '67. Soon after graduation he married Miss Maggie French, whose brother was his college friend. He spent his life in

Hendersonville engaged in Sunday School work under the American Sunday School Association. He was a liberal giver to many enterprises. His death occurred June 8, 1910.

Mr. A. C. Melke, a man of German birth; engaged in the mercantile business in Lumberton soon after the war; converted under the preaching of F. M. Jordan; and afterwards devoted his entire wealth to the cause of the kingdom. He left ten thousand dollars in property in Asheville to be devoted to the purposes of the Board of Education of Wake Forest.

The list of contributors of one thousand dollars and over follows:

Mr. Hugh R. Scott, of the town of Reidsville, is prominently identified with the banking and professional life of his town. He was an honored member of the State Senate in 1881 and again in 1883. His devotion to his Alma Mater was shown by his willingness to be the first man to give one thousand dollars to the Alumni Building.

Mr. F. C. Ferguson, of Rocky Mount, is a prominent cotton manufacturer. His interest in Wake Forest has been shown in liberal gifts both to the Hospital and the Educational Fund.

Mr. E. B. Gresham is a prominent hotel man of Charlotte and Mount Airy, Ga., is noted for his interest in athletics while in College. Since graduation his interest in his Alma Mater has in nowise abated.

Mr. Carey J. Hunter is a prominent insurance and business man of Raleigh, and is also very prominent on the Board of Trustees. He is a liberal giver to all worthy objects.

Mr. I. M. Meekins, of Elizabeth City, is widely known as an attorney and eloquent speaker, and at present is Assistant District Attorney of the Eastern Federal District.

Mr. W. E. Daniel, a prominent attorney of Weldon, was for several years an active member of Board of Trustees. His career as a Solicitor was very successful. The *Howler* of 1910 was dedicated to him.

Rev. R. R. Moore, who was a student with Professor Mills at the close of the war, never lost interest in the welfare of the college and gave liberally to its every call. He died during the year of 1909.

Mr. W. C. Powell, brother-in-law of Dr. W. B. Royall, father of Robert B. Royall, is at present President of a large bank in Jacksonville, Fla. He is a liberal giver to all religious enterprises, and has been especially generous to Wake Forest.

Gen. J. S. Carr, of Durham, a prominent Methodist layman, has given to many benevolent enterprises in our commonwealth. It is no surprise to those who know him that he included Wake Forest in his benefactions.

President Thomas J. Simmons, of Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga., a son of the late lamented W. G. Simmons, of our own Faculty, was the largest contributor to the Alumni Building. He has devoted his life to the higher education of women, in which he has been eminently successful.

Mr. A. D. Ward, of New Bern, is a very prominent lawyer of that city, noted for his generosity in support of all religious enterprises. He is a member of Board of Trustees and donor of the Ward medal, given for the best oration delivered by a member of the Senior class.

Dr. John Mitchell, familiarly known as the beloved disciple. No man of his generation was more tenderly loved or respected. His presence in the home of Dr. Chas. E. Brewer was a benediction to the College community. He showed his interest in the College by leaving a liberal bequest for the Hospital.

Maj. J. M. Crenshaw, who was the first student to matriculate at the opening of the College on 11th of February, 1834, never forgot his love for his Alma Mater. Every passing year showed a deeper token of his appreciation of the worth of the College, and a generous bequest in his will was the proof that the College was uppermost in his last moments of a long and useful life.

Among the men who wrought worthily and well in the earlier struggles of the College the name of *Rev. J. S. Purefoy* stands high. It is the purpose of this article to mention only the gifts from him in the last twenty-five years. In his will he made provision for a gift of one thousand dollars for the establishment of a hospital for the use of the College. This amount, through the generosity of his daughter, Mrs. W. O. Allen, and Mrs. A. V. Purefoy, was made effective after his death.

The Wake Forest Student

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JANUARY, 1911.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

GERALD W. JOHNSON, Editor

The Benefactors' Number The story that THE STUDENT brings to its readers this month is not complete and never can be. We call this issue the "Benefactors' Number"; it would more properly be called the "Large Givers' Number," for were we to try even to name all the persons who have contributed to the College we could fill a magazine twice the size of this. Wake Forest has been supported by the small contributors. Of course there have been a few large gifts, such as Mr. Bostwick's and Mr. Rockefeller's, but

these can be counted on the fingers of one hand; the bulk of the endowment and all the buildings except two—the Lea Laboratory and the Library—were raised by contributions ranging from five dollars to five thousand dollars. At first sight this utter dependence upon the five-dollar men would seem to be a misfortune, but, under the circumstances, we sometimes think that it is the greatest blessing that the College could have received. Of course we would like to have rich friends, for we are sorely in need of money; but, on the other hand, were Wake Forest given a million dollars to-day, it would be lifted forever off the people's hearts, and being relieved of the burden of its support, they would tend to lose interest in the institution, a tendency which could not fail to act against the best interests of the College. When a man goes down into his pocket to support a thing he naturally has a lively interest in its welfare; and as long as a denomination has to pay the bills of a school they are going to see to it that as far as possible all obstacles shall be cleared from its path; furthermore, they are going to compel the school to be run right, and, most important of all, having done this, they will send their sons there. With such influences guiding, controlling, and impelling it, what college could fail to become a power in the Commonwealth? The omnipotent Average Man is behind Wake Forest; therefore, the Governor of North Carolina, the Attorney-General, one United States Senator, two Congressmen, eight State Senators, the Speaker of the State House of Representatives, and twenty-one members of that body belong to Wake Forest to-day.

This necessity of depending upon ourselves for help, we believe, is largely responsible for the spirit of loyalty to their Alma Mater that is a distinguishing characteristic of Wake Forest men. We defy any one to show a finer picture of devotion than that of four hundred students, many of them working their way through college, and practically all sons

of poor men, answering the appeal of the College with more than ten thousand dollars. As far as money is concerned, we are poor still, as colleges go; but if loyalty, a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion, that does not count the cost, may be considered wealth, we are rich indeed.

There is another class of benefactors whose names in that connection are little known to the outside world, but who, nevertheless, probably gave more to Wake Forest than all the rest combined. These are the men who, having no money, gave their lives to the upbuilding of the College. After all a man may give his money and remain comparatively disinterested toward the object of his benevolence; but "greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life" for a cause. We believe that these words of the Lord are applicable here, for all men are agreed that it is much easier to die for an ideal than to live for it. And we know that more than one life has been laid on the altar of this College. But unfortunately these men are the very ones of whom it is most difficult to write any adequate appreciation. Their work was done so quietly, their self-effacement was so complete, that oftentimes we never realize what they have done. It is only by blurred and hurried glimpses that we can attain to even the faintest realization of the trials and hardships they underwent in the sacred name of education. Samuel Wait carrying his family over the country in a rickety wagon, collecting blankets for the newborn Institute; Jas. S. Purefoy, driving old Bob through storm and shine, up and down the war-wrecked State, by herculean efforts raising ten thousand dollars from a ruined people; Charles E. Taylor, writing his appeal to the New York millionaire, praying a while, then cutting out an unnecessary line; praying a little more, then cutting a little more—these are pictures of everyday martyrdom, not perhaps to be placed in Fox's book, but sacrifices of life never-

theless, lasting over long and weary years. Here is the secret of Wake Forest's success. Here is the reason for the rise of the tiny manual training school into the great college. This is why we have turned out, not Kitchens and McNeills and Dixons alone, but Yateses and Pritchards and hosts of other knights of God, as well. It is because of the lifelong service and loyal devotion of men like these

"who humble and nameless
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it consecration,
Others call it God."

**One Word
More**

We can not allow this issue of *THE STUDENT* to go to press without expressing our heartfelt thanks for the uniform courtesy, and ready and able assistance, with which every request of the staff has been answered by those whose help has been necessary in getting out this number. Every inquiry we have made has been promptly and cheerfully answered, sometimes at the expense of no little time and trouble to our friends. Besides the list of contributors and the Faculty and citizens of Wake Forest generally, especial thanks for access to various documents are due Mr. Carey J. Hunter; for information and assistance of various kinds to Mr. J. W. Bailey and Rev. Livingstone Johnson; and for the use of their files to the *Biblical Recorder*.

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MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS
AND AS
GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA,
THIS NUMBER OF THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE EDITORS.



Governor William Walton Kitchin.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 5

SKETCHES

Governor William Walton Kitchin

William Walton Kitchin, Governor of North Carolina, was born near Scotland Neck, October 9, 1866. He was educated at Vine Hill Academy and Wake Forest College, where he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1884. At college he made a record as a speaker that has seldom been surpassed. After graduating he studied law, first under his father, Hon. W. H. Kitchin, then under Hon. John Manning, at the University of North Carolina. He located in Roxboro in 1888, and was made Chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee in 1890. He was the nominee of his party for the State Senate in 1892. The same year he married Miss Musette Satterfield, of Roxboro. The successful candidate of his party for the Fifty-sixth Congress, he made such a record there that he was elected to every succeeding one up to the Sixtieth, when he withdrew from the National House of Representatives to become Governor of his native State, in 1909.

Wake Forest feels a just pride in being able to name among her sons the First Citizen of North Carolina.

William Carey Dowd

William Carey Dowd, Representative from Meeklenburg County and Speaker of the House of Representatives, was



William Carey Dowd.

born in Moore County, March 21, 1865, the son of J. C. and Henrietta (Rives) Dowd. He was educated at Carolina Military Institute, and Wake Forest College, where he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with the class of

1889. He was famed while in college for his ability as an athlete. He and Hon. E. W. Sikes, present Senator from Wake, were the guards on the famous football team of 1889, that won the championship of the South. But Speaker Dowd's ability only began with his bodily strength, as is evidenced by the fact that he was First Debater on the Anniversary of 1889, and Associate Editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT the same year. On November 23, 1892, he married Miss Eloise Jordan Butt. They have three children.

Mr. Dowd is now president and general manager of the News Publishing Company and the Textile Publishing Company, both of Charlotte. He has been president of the North Carolina Press Association and the State Democratic Press Association. He was a State Senator in 1895; a delegate to the National Democratic Convention, 1896 and 1900; an Elector of the Sixth District, 1900; Representative in the General Assembly from Mecklenburg County since 1907; he has been on the committees of Finance (as chairman), of Rules (as chairman), Education, Appropriations, Counties, Cities and Towns, and is, in the present General Assembly, Speaker of the House. He is particularly interested in legislation affecting education and charitable institutions.

As a fraternity man Mr. Dowd is Chancellor Commander of the Knights of Honor. He is a deacon in the Baptist church and Moderator of the Mecklenburg and Cabarrus Association, and has twice been elected president of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention.

One of the Speaker's marked characteristics is his loyalty to his Alma Mater. He has been for years a trustee of this college, and among all our alumni is one of the heartiest supporters of any movement for the advancement of Wake Forest. It is with great pleasure, therefore, as well as with no small pride that the STUDENT extends to the State of North Carolina, as well as to Mr. Dowd, its congratulations on his recent election to his high office.

Marion Leslie Davis

Marion Leslie Davis, Senator from the Eighth, was born August 9, 1879, the son of John D. and Elizabeth (Webb)



Marion Leslie Davis.

Davis. He was prepared for college at Beaufort High School and was graduated from Wake Forest with the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1905, and the Bachelor of Laws degree in 1906. He was President of the College Y. M. C. A. in 1904, Senior Speaker and Commencement Orator in 1905, member of the Glee Club 1903-06, Assistant in the History Department 1905-06, Chief Marshal Anniversary 1904, and, according to his friends, a great

ladiesman all the time; but he is unmarried to this day.

He is at present junior member of the law firm of Abernathy & Davis, in Beaufort. He has held various offices in the city of Beaufort, including Town Attorney, was Attorney for Carteret County in 1907, was elected to the General Assembly as Representative from Carteret County in 1907, and to the State Senate from the Eighth District in 1910. He is interested in much local legislation, education and pensions for Confederate soldiers. He is a Mason, Odd Fellow, Woodman of the World, and Knight of Harmony. Mr. Davis is a deacon, clerk, chairman of the Board of Trustees, and teacher of the Baraca class in the Baptist church

of his home town. He was superintendent of the Sunday School for about six years, and is now moderator of the Neuse-Atlantic Association. And last, but not least, he is now President of the Wake Forest College Alumni Association.

He is on the following committees: Fish and Fisheries, Insane Asylum, Institution for the Deaf, Journal, Judicial Districts, Legislative Apportionment, Military Affairs, Public Health, Revisal, Shellfish (as chairman), and Printing.

Franklin P. Hobgood, Jr.

Franklin P. Hobgood, Jr., son of Franklin P. and Mary Anne (Royall) Hobgood, Senator from the Twenty-first Dis-



Franklin P. Hobgood, Jr.

trict, was born in Granville County, North Carolina, Dec. 17, 1872. He was prepared for college at Horner Military School. He then entered Wake Forest College, where he was graduated in 1893 with a B.A. degree, being Valedictorian of his class. Later he went to George Washington University, where he was graduated with a LL.B. degree.

Since his graduation he has practiced law in Greensboro, N. C., and is in the forefront of the legal

profession of that city. He is a Senior Grand Deacon of A. F. & A. M., Past Grand of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F., Past Councilor of the Jr. O. U. A. M., and a member of the Baptist church. He was married October 9, 1907, to Miss Luey McGee Glenn.

He is on the following committees: Appropriations, Education, Election Law, Game Law, Institution for the Deaf, Insurance, Judicial Districts (chairman), Judiciary, and Military Affairs.

Benjamin Thomas Holden

Benjamin Thomas Holden, Senator from the Seventh District (counties of Franklin, Nash, Wilson—two Senators),



Benjamin Thomas Holden.

was born in Franklin County, March 1, 1883. He is a son of John M. and Maggie A. (Bragg) Holden. He was educated at Youngsville High School 1900-1901; Wake Forest College, from which he was graduated in 1906 with a Bachelor of Arts degree and in 1907 with with a Bachelor of Laws degree.

While in college he was quite popular, his sunny disposition gaining for him many friends. He was an "all round" college man, a star member of the baseball team, Anniversary Debater, and Commencement Orator in 1906.

As a fraternity man, Senator Holden is a member of the Knights of Pythias and Masons.

In 1909 he was elected on the Democratic ticket to the State Senate from the Seventh District, and re-elected to the present 1911 Senate.

He has served on the following committees: 1909—Library (chairman), Corporations, Counties, Cities and Towns, Judicial Districts, Judiciary, Revisal, Salaries and Fees

(chairman); 1911—Corporation Commission, Education, Election Law, Institution for the Blind (chairman), Institution for the Deaf, Insurance, Judicial Districts, Judiciary, Printing, and Fish and Fisheries.

He is now a prominent attorney at Louisburg, N. C.

Rivers Dunn Johnson

Rivers Dunn Johnson was born December 29, 1885, in Wilson, N. C. He is a son of Seymour Anderson and Annie



Rivers Dunn Johnson.

Elizabeth (Clark) Johnson. He was educated at Warsaw High School, 1900-01, James Sprunt Institute, Kenansville, N. C., 1902-03, and Wake Forest College 1904-05-06. Two years later he returned to Wake Forest and entered the Law School, receiving his license to practice law in February, 1909. While in college he was President of the Sophomore class and Anniversary Marshal. He is now engaged in the practice of law in Warsaw, N.

C. He is chairman of the Board of Governors of the Warsaw Commercial Club, member of the North Carolina Bar Association, Executive Committee Fifth Judicial District, Masons; Senior Deacon, Junior Warden, Senior Warden from November 1, 1907, until present time, Baptist church. He was Mayor of Town of Warsaw from May 1st, 1909, until November 7, 1910.

Senator Johnson has delivered several historical addresses within the last two years, among which have been an address before the Confederate Veterans' Reunion of Duplin County; Veterans of Companies B and E at Wallace, N. C.; "Early Settlers of Pender County" at the annual picnic at Rocky

Point, N. C. He was elected to the present Senate from the Tenth District on the Democratic ticket and holds the distinction of being the youngest member of that body, being twenty-five years old barely in time to be sworn in.

He is serving on the following committees: Banks and Currency, Corporation Commission, Counties, Cities and Towns, Engrossed Bills (chairman), Insane Asylum, Internal Improvements, Penal Institutions, Revisal, Salaries and Fees, and Shellfish.

A. Paul Kitchin

A. Paul Kitchin was born near Scotland Neck, North Carolina, in 1873. He is a son of the late Hon. W. H. Kitchin. He was educated in the local schools and at Wake Forest College. He was elected on the Democratic ticket to the General Assembly of 1909 as Representative from Halifax County, and has now been elected to the State Senate of 1911 as Senator from the Fourth District. He is serving on the following committees: Claims, Congressional Apportionment (chairman), Counties, Cities and Towns, Election Law, Institution for the Deaf, Judiciary, Privileges and Elections, and Shellfish. His home is in Scotland Neck, N. C., where he is a prominent attorney.

Van Buren Martin

Van Buren Martin, Senator from the Second District (Counties: Beaufort, Dare, Hyde, Martin, Pamlico, Tyrrell, and Washington; two senators), was born March 3, 1883. He is a son of J. V. and Ida (Stancell) Martin. He was educated at Conway High School, 1896-1897; Whitsett Institute, 1898-1900, and Wake Forest College where he was graduated in 1903 with a Bachelor of Laws degree. He immediately entered upon the practice of law and is still in that profession at Plymouth, N. C. He is an Episcopalian.

Mr. Martin is an Ensign in the Fourth Division, North Carolina Naval Brigade. He was elected to the State Senate in 1909 on the Democratic ticket and re-elected to the present (1911) Senate. He has served on the following committees: 1909—Commerce (chairman), Corporation Commission, Fish and Fisheries, Game Laws, Railroads, Shellfish, Education, Revisal, Privileges and Elections; 1911—Appropriations, Congressional Apportionment, Fish and Fisheries (chairman), Game Law, Insane Asylum, Judicial Districts, Judiciary, and Salaries and Fees.

He is especially interested in drainage of swamp lands of Eastern North Carolina.

Enoch Walter Sikes

Enoch Walter Sikes, representing the Sixteenth District in the North Carolina Senate, was born in Union County,



Enoch Walter Sikes.

May 19, 1868, the son of John C. and Jane (Austin) Sikes. He was prepared for college by Prof. O. C. Hamilton, of Stanly County, and took his Master of Arts degree from Wake Forest in 1890. He represented his literary society in various contests, and was a star of the first magnitude on the gridiron. After leaving here he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University in History and Economics. At present he occupies that chair

in Wake Forest College. In 1900 he married Miss Ruth Wingate and has two children.

Dr. Sikes is particularly interested in legislation concerning the teaching of agriculture, methods of taxation, legalized primaries and greater efficiency in State government. He has contributed frequently to current periodicals articles on various literary and historical subjects; as a speaker he is well known all over the State; and he has written two books—"From Colony to Commonwealth," and "The Confederate Congress." He is also editor of the Baptist Historical Papers.

He is on the following committees: Appropriations, Congressional Apportionment, Distribution of Governor's Mes-

sage, Constitutional Amendments, Education, Finance, Insane Asylum (chairman), Institution for the Blind, Internal Improvements, Pensions and Soldiers' Home, Public Health, Public Roads, Library, and Printing.

John Martin Wagoner

On August 18, 1876, *John Martin Wagoner* was born in Alleghany County, North Carolina. He was educated at



John Martin Wagoner.

North Wilkesboro Academy, Laurel Springs Academy, and Wake Forest College. He attended Wake Forest Law School and secured his license to practice law in February, 1904, and since that time has been actively engaged in his profession.

He was married on February 28, 1906, to Miss Venie Edwards and has one child. He was a member of the Congressional Executive Committee of the Eighth North Carolina District from 1906 to

1910; also chairman Republican Executive Committee of Alleghany County in 1908 and re-elected to that position in 1910. He was elected to the present 1911 Senate from the Thirty-fifth District on the Republican ticket. Notwithstanding the fact that the Democratic candidate from the Thirty-fifth was elected in 1909 by a 500 majority and all the surrounding counties went overwhelmingly Democratic this election, Senator Wagoner was elected by a majority of 144. This speaks well for Senator Wagoner.

He is on the following committees: Congressional Apportionment, Constitutional Amendments, Federal Relations, Game Laws, Propositions and Grievances, Public Buildings and Grounds, Revisal, and Shellfish.

Linville H. Allred

Linville H. Allred, Representative from Johnston, was born June 14, 1876, at Charlotte, N. C. He is the son of a



Linville H. Allred.

Methodist clergyman, Rev. B. C. Allred. He was educated at Holly Springs High School, and Trinity College, where he lacked one year of graduation. He studied law in the Wake Forest Law School, being licensed in 1903. He was Superintendent of Youngsville High School for several years and Mayor of the city at the time. At present he is Town Attorney of Selma. He married, December 23, 1908, Miss Myrtle May, of Spring Hope.

Mr. Allred is now Chairman of the Board of Stewards of the Methodist church of his home town; he is a member of the Jr. O. U. A. M., of the Odd Fellows, and High Priest of the Royal Arch Masons, of Selma, as well as District Deputy Grand Master of the Twelfth Masonic District of North Carolina.

He is serving on the following committees: Internal Improvements, Enrolled Bills, Corporation Commission, Corporations, Courts and Judicial Districts, Judiciary No. 2, and Privileges and Elections.

Richard Lane Brown

Richard Lane Brown, Representative from Stanly County, was born October 1, 1887, in Albemarle, North Carolina. He



Richard Lane Brown.

is a son of J. Milton and Mattie (Anderson) Brown. He attended the Albemarle Graded School, Trinity Park School, Welsh Neck Military School, Hartsville, S. C., and Wake Forest College, where he was graduated in May, 1908, with a Bachelor of Laws degree. Since graduation he has practiced law in Albemarle, N. C.

He is a member of the Woodmen of the World, Knights of Pythias, and Lutheran church. He was married in 1909 to Miss

Lila M. Asbury and has one child. He was page in the Legislature in 1899, clerk to Senate Finance Committee in 1909, elected to the 1911 General Assembly on the Democratic ticket.

He is on the following committees: Judiciary No. 2, Courts and Judicial Districts, Military Affairs, Printing, Library, and Insane Asylums.

John Lee Cornwell

John Lee Cornwell, son of Amos H. and Clementine (Gillespie) Cornwell, was born in Cleveland County, near Shelby,



John Lee Cornwell.

September 4, 1872. He attended only the county free schools before entering Wake Forest College, in 1891, where he was graduated in 1895 with the Bachelor of Arts degree. In the latter year he held the position of Associate Editor of the *WAKE FOREST STUDENT*. He married, in October, 1897, Miss Annie Lylian Griffin; they have five children.

Mr. Cornwell is at present a bookkeeper and a Commissioner of the town

of Spring Hope. He is a member of the Baptist church, and of the fraternal orders of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Junior Order, and the Modern Woodmen of America. He was elected to the Legislature of 1911 as Representative from Nash County.

He is serving on the following committees: Banks and Currency, Claims, Corporation Commission, Internal Improvements, Propositions and Grievances, and Salaries and Fees.

Buck Hillary Crumpler

Buck Hillary Crumpler, Representative from Sampson County, was born June 20, 1883, in Sampson County, North



Buck Hillary Crumpler.

Carolina. He is a son of A. C. and Mattie L. (Tatum) Crumpler. He was educated at Salemburg High School, 1897-1899; Beulah Academy, 1898, and Wake Forest College, from which institution he was graduated in 1905 with a Bachelor of Laws degree. Since then he has practiced law at Clinton, N. C. He was elected to the General Assembly of 1909 on the Republican ticket and re-elected to the 1911 Assembly.

He has served on the following committees: 1909—Judiciary, Corporations, Printing, and Courts and Judicial Dis-

tricts; 1911—Courts and Judicial Districts, Federal Relations, Insane Asylums, Institutions for the Blind, Judiciary No. 4, and Election Laws.

He is a member of the Baptist church. He is married and has two children.

William Augustus Devin

William Augustus Devin, Representative from Granville County, was born July 12, 1871, in Granville County, North



William Augustus Devin.

Carolina. He is a son of Rev. Robert I. and Mary (Transon) Devin. Was educated at Horner's Military School and Wake Forest College. Studied law at University of North Carolina. While in college his splendid physique enabled him to win fame on the athletic field. He was a star member of both the baseball and football teams. He was also Vice-President of his Literary Society, Commencement Marshal, and member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity.

He is now a member of the I. O. O. F. and the Baptist church, in which he is an active member, serving on Finance and Missionary committees. He is an ardent advocate of the Laymen's Missionary Movement and has delivered a number of addresses in that cause. He is also the author of a valuable essay on the Battle of Guilford Courthouse. He was married, November 29, 1899, to Miss Virginia Bernard and has one child.

He is practicing law in Oxford, N. C., where he is prominently associated with the professional and business life, being a member of the Board of Governors of the Granville

Commercial Club, Graded School Board in 1901, Mayor of town of Oxford, 1903 to 1909; Board of Town Commissioners, 1909-1910; chairman County Democratic Executive Committee, 1910; chairman County Board of Elections, 1906-1908; Captain of Company E, Third Infantry, N. C. N. G., 1901-1906. He was elected to the present General Assembly on the Democratic ticket, and is especially interested in good roads, schools, taxation, and pensions.

He is on the following committees: Claims, Constitutional Amendments, Fish and Fisheries, Institutions for Deaf and Dumb, Judiciary No. 1, Military Affairs, Revision of Laws.

Walter Raleigh Johnson

On February 22, 1867, *Walter Raleigh Johnson*, son of Littleton and Sarah (Woodward) Johnson, was born, near Windsor, Bertie County, North Carolina. He received his education at Windsor Academy; he never finished his course, but began to read law, taking his license through the Wake Forest Law School. He has served as a Commissioner of the town of Windsor, and was in the Revenue service under Cleveland. He is an Odd Fellow and has held the office of Grand Herald in the Grand Lodge, as well as those of Grand Sentinel and Grand Marshal in the Grand Encampment. He was married, June 27, 1895, to Miss Georgie May Brown, and has six children. For some years he was editor of the *Windsor Ledger*. In 1910 he was elected, on the Democratic ticket, to the Legislature as Representative from Bertie.

He is on the following committees: Counties, Cities, Towns, and Townships, Courts and Judicial Districts, Election Laws, Fish and Fisheries, Judiciary No. 1, Privileges and Elections, Enrolled Bills.

Thomas Jarvis Markham

Thomas Jarvis Markham, Representative from Pasquotank, was born in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, November 8, 1882. He is a son of Thos. C. and Olivia (Brett) Markham. His early education was obtained at Tillett's Select School, Elizabeth City, N. C., and his higher education at Wake Forest College, where he was graduated in 1905 with a Bachelor of Laws degree, soon after which he entered upon his career as lawyer in his native town.



Thomas Jarvis Markham.

He has served as clerk of United States Circuit and District Courts and attorney for the Merchants' Association. He is a member of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, holding the title of Paxon; Chamber of Commerce, Methodist church, in which he is secretary of the Board of Stewards and Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was secretary of the Pasquotank Democratic Executive Committee, and was elected to the 1911 General Assembly on the Democratic ticket.

He is on the following committees: Courts and Judicial Districts, Expenditures of the House, Fish and Fisheries, Oyster Interests, Privileges and Elections, and Judiciary No. 1.

William Hamilton McNeil

On October 8, 1869, *William Hamilton McNeil* was born, in Moore County, North Carolina. He is a son of Alexander and Julia (Rowan) McNeil. His first education was re-



William Hamilton McNeil.

ceived at the public schools and Cameron High School. He then attended Wake Forest College for two years, but went to the University of North Carolina for his B.A. degree in 1887. He was First Marshal at Commencement and won the Greek medal in 1883. After graduation he studied law

at the University Law School, and since his admission to the bar has been engaged as a lawyer and editor.

In 1898 he purchased the *Carthage Blade* and has owned and edited it since. He is also engaged in farming and is a grower of the famous Moore County dewberry, and other general crops. He has taught school for a while, and was for several years Superintendent of Public Schools of Moore County. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias and Presbyterian church. He was Mayor of Carthage for several years. Mr. McNeil was elected to the 1911 General Assembly as Representative from Lee and Moore counties on the Democratic ticket, and is especially interested in good roads and all other interests for the upbuilding of North Carolina.

He is on the following committees: Counties, Cities, Towns and Townships, Health, Judiciary No. 2, Printing (chairman), and Federal Relations.

Benjamin Wingate Parham

According to his own account, *Benjamin Wingate Parham* "happened to Granville County November 4, 1883." Horner



Benjamin Wingate Parham.

Military School was his first fountain of knowledge; afterwards he came to Wake Forest, graduating with the B.A. degree in 1904. Although not himself an athlete, he always took a great interest in intercollegiate contests, being president of the Athletic Association. Quite a prominent speaker in the Phi society, he was at the same time Editor of the *STUDENT* and one of the charter members of the Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity.

After graduation Mr. Parham taught for a while, holding the position of Principal of Liberty-Piedmont Institute for two years. Later he took a course in the Harvard Law School, coming back to Wake Forest for his license in the summer of 1908, since which time he has been practicing law in Thomasville, N. C. In 1910 he was made a member of the State Democratic Executive Committee, and in November of that year was elected to the Legislature as Representative from Davidson County.

He is a member of the committees on the Judiciary, Election Laws, Propositions and Grievances, Public Roads and Turnpikes, Printing, Corporations, and the Institution for the Blind.

William Scott Privott

William Scott Privott, Representative from Chowan County, was born at Rocky Hook, Chowan County, March



William Scott Privott.

23, 1878. He is a son of John M. and Susan C. (Bunch) Privott. Was educated at Elm Grove Academy, 1893-1897; Edenton Academy, 1897-1899, and Wake Forest College, where he was graduated with a B.A. degree in 1903. His main characteristic while in college was his ability as a speaker, being Anniversary Orator and Commencement Speaker. He then studied law at the Wake Forest Law School, and since his admission to the bar has

been actively engaged in his profession at Edenton, N. C. He was married, on December 26, 1907, to Miss Cora E. Marshbanks.

He was elected to the General Assembly of 1909 on the Democratic ticket and re-elected to the present Assembly of 1911. He has served on the following committees: 1909—Fish and Fisheries, Oyster Interests, Manufactures and Labor, Enrolled Bills, Constitutional Amendment (chairman), Federal Regulations; 1911—Appropriations, Education, Election Laws, Federal Relations, Fish and Fisheries, Judiciary No. 2, Military Affairs (chairman), and Regulation of Liquor Traffic.

He is especially interested in legislation affecting drainage and fish. As a fraternity man Mr. Privott is a member of the Unanimity Lodge No. 7, A. F. & A. M., Junior Warden, also a member of the Baptist church. During the prohibition campaign, in 1908, he delivered several addresses in favor of temperance. He was made Captain of Company I, Second Infantry, N. C. N. G., in 1910. He is secretary and treasurer of the Edenton Bar Association.

J. Coleman Ramsey

J. Coleman Ramsey was born at Walnut, Madison County, on August 10, 1879. He attended Bell Institute and Weaver-



J. Coleman Ramsey.

ville College. He studied law at Cumberland University and Wake Forest College, taking his license in 1907. Mr. Ramsey was Mayor of the city of Marshall in 1908, and has been County Attorney of Madison County since 1907. He served in the Spanish-American War. He was elected to the Legislature from Madison County on the Republican ticket, in 1910. Mr. Ramsey is a member of the Methodist church, and is Chancellor Commander of

the Knights of Pythias. "He is a fine young fellow," according to Judge Jeter C. Pritchard.

He is on the following committees: Constitutional Amendments, Expenditures of the House, Health, Insane Asylums, Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Insurance, Judiciary No. 2, and Penal Institutions.

Wade Reavis

Wade Reavis, son of Charles S. and Esther (Seagraves) Reavis, was born at Hamptonville, N. C., December 20, 1876. He attended East Bend High School and Yadkinville Normal School, and was graduated from Wake Forest College with the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1898. He was County Superintendent of Education in Yadkin County in 1899 and 1900. In 1902 he took his B.L. degree from Georgetown University, and in 1910 was elected to the Legislature from Yadkin County on the Republican ticket. He is interested in any legislation tending to advance education, especially free school books. He is opposed to double taxation and is an advocate of legislation in favor of labor, especially in the mines, as well as various local laws affecting Yadkin County. He is a member of the Lone Hickory Lodge, No. 512, A. F. & A. M.

He is a member of the following committees: Education, Health, Judiciary No. 1, Manufactures and Labor, Privileges and Elections, Library, Corporations.

Henry Craig Richardson

Henry Craig Richardson was born in 1881 at Marshville, Union County, North Carolina. He attended Dr. Stallings' Grammar School and Marshville Academy, graduating there in 1902. He taught for several years and then entered the Wake Forest Law School, being admitted to the bar in February, 1908. He was made City Attorney of Forest City, May 2, 1908, which position he has held ever since. He was elected to the Legislature from Rutherford County on the Democratic ticket in 1910. He is an ardent advocate of good roads and an earnest supporter of education as expressed in the betterment of the common school system in this State. Mr. Richardson is a Methodist and a member of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, as well as Chancellor Commander of the Knights of Pythias.



Henry Craig Richardson.

He is on the following committees: Judiciary No. 2, Mines and Mining, Courts and Judicial Districts, Engrossed Bills, Insane Asylms, House Journals.

Gallatin Roberts

Gallatin Roberts was born at Flat Creek, North Carolina, October 26, 1878. He is a son of J. R. and Mary Elizabeth



Gallatin Roberts.

Roberts. In 1895-'96 he attended Weaverville College, in 1897 Washington College (Tenn.), in 1898-'99 King College (Tenn.). He was Annual Debater at King College, 1898-'99. He entered Wake Forest Law School in 1902. Since he was admitted to the bar he has been practicing law in Asheville, N. C., where he has figured prominently in large lawsuits, and was Attorney for Buncombe County in 1907-1908. He delivered a Fourth of July oration at Morgan Hill,

N. C., in 1907. Mr. Roberts was elected to the present House of Representatives on the Democratic ticket from Buncombe County, and is especially interested in a law for protection and encouragement of sheep raising in Western North Carolina, good roads, initiative and referendum, and an agricultural school for Western North Carolina. He was married in 1907 to Miss Mary A. Sams and has one child. He is a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge and Presbyterian church.

He is on the following committees: Banks and Currency, Constitutional Amendments, Counties, Cities, Towns and Townships, Education, Federal Relations, Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and Judiciary No. 2.

T. O. Rodwell

T. O. Rodwell was born in Warren County, North Carolina, February 17, 1870. He is a son of William Brown and



T. O. Rodwell.

Mary D. (Edgerton) Rodwell. He was educated at Macon High School and studied law at Wake Forest Law School, being admitted to the bar in 1900. Since that time he has been actively engaged in the profession of the law. He was Mayor of the town of Littleton, N. C., in 1903.

Mr. Rodwell has served several terms in the House of Representatives. He was elected to this position on the Democratic ticket in 1907, 1909, and for a third term in 1911.

He has served on the following committees: 1909—Judiciary, Military Affairs, Claims, Courts and Judicial Districts, Privileges and Elections, Propositions and Grievances, Public Service Corporations, Regulation of Liquor Traffic (chairman); 1911—Constitutional Amendments, Courts and Judicial Districts (chairman), Regulation of Liquor Traffic, Regulation of Public Service Corporations, Judiciary No. 1.

Mr. Rodwell is especially interested in legislation affecting education and temperance. He is a Methodist, and is now practicing law in Warrenton, N. C.

John Cuthbert Sikes

John Cuthbert Sikes was born in Union County, North Carolina, August 31, 1880. He is a son of John C. and Jane



John Cuthbert Sikes.

(Austin) Sikes. He attended the Wingate High School, Wingate, N. C., 1896-1898, and later Wake Forest College, from which institution he was graduated in 1902 with a B.A. degree, and 1903 with a LL.B. degree. While in college he was famed for his ability as a speaker and his devotion to athletics. He was Anniversary Debater, Senior Speaker, Commencement Orator, won a Debater's medal in 1899 and was manager of Athletics in 1902-'03. He

obtained his license to practice law on his twenty-third birthday, August 31, 1903.

Mr. Sikes is a grandson of Hon. Cull Austin, who represented Union County in the General Assembly in 1864-1876 and 1879; a brother of Dr. E. W. Sikes, present Senator from Wake County, and junior member of the law firm of Redwine & Sikes, of Monroe, N. C. He was married, June 20, 1906, to Miss Maggie Harwood Crowell and has two children. He is a member of the Baptist church. He is a trustee of the Wingate High School, the first student to become a trustee. On June 10, 1910, he delivered an oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate Monument.

He was elected to the 1911 General Assembly as Representative from Union County on the Democratic ticket. He is on the following committees: Banks and Currency, Courts and Judicial Districts, Engrossed Bills, Judiciary No. 1, Salaries and Fees (chairman), Library, and Printing.

Joseph F. Spainhour

Joseph F. Spainhour, Representative from Burke County, was born June 7, 1856, in Burke County, North Carolina. He attended Wake Forest College from 1883 to 1885. His



Joseph F. Spainhour.

reputation as a debater while in college is still familiar to every member of the Euzelian Literary Society. He has practiced law for years in Morganton, N. C.; was Solicitor of the old Tenth District for four years and has been Solicitor of the Fourteenth District for ten years.

He was elected to the General Assembly in 1901 on the

Democratic ticket, and has now been elected to the 1911 Assembly. He is on the following committees: Education (chairman), Finance Committee, Courts and Judicial Districts, Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Appropriations, Revision of Laws.

John T. Thorne

John T. Thorne was born in Greene County, North Carolina, June 22, 1873. He is a son of Joseph and Henrietta



John T. Thorne.

(Moore) Thorne. He attended the public schools until 1890, when he entered Farmville High School. In 1894 he entered Wake Forest College and went to the University of North Carolina the following year. At present he is engaged in farming and the fertilizer business. He has been a notary public for the past eight years and was Mayor of Farmville in 1909 and 1910. He is especially interested in prohibition and Torrens Land Title

System. He is a trustee and steward of the Methodist Episcopal church, also Sunday School superintendent.

He was elected to the present House of Representatives from Pitt County, and is on the following committees: Banks and Currency, Immigration, Education, Counties, Cities, Towns and Townships, Institution for the Blind, and Insurance.

Walter Herbert Weatherspoon

Known to fame at Wake Forest as "Big Spoon," the Representative from Scotland, *Walter Herbert Weatherspoon*,



Walter Herbert Weatherspoon.

was born in Durham County, February 7, 1884. He was prepared for college at Cary High School, and was graduated from Wake Forest in 1907 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Few men have left a better record as speakers in college. Mr. Weatherspoon was not only a noted orator in his society, but was an Anniversary Debater in 1906, helped win the second Wake Forest-Mercer University debate in 1906, and was one of the orators at Commencement

in 1907. He was also a member of the Glee Club for four years and president of the Y. M. C. A. in 1906. He took his law license a year before his graduation and after that event settled in Laurinburg, where he was married July 28, 1909 to Miss Maude Lee.

Mr. Weatherspoon is a Democrat, a member of the Laurinburg Baptist church, Recorder of the town of Laurinburg, and Chancellor Commander of the order of Knights of Pythias of that place. He is on the following committees: Constitutional Amendments, Internal Improvements (chairman), Propositions and Grievances, Judiciary No. 1, and Regulation of Public Service Corporations.

Emmet R. Wooten

Emmet R. Wooten, Democrat, Representative from Lenoir County, was born at Fort Barnwell, N. C., November 2, 1878. He is the son of Jno. C. and Mary (Cobb) Wooten. He was educated at a private school in Kinston, Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina. He studied law under Judge A. C. Avery and at the University Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1900. He was County Attorney in 1903-'04 and Attorney for the city of Kinston, 1904-'05-'06. He was elected to the House in 1909, and was on the committees of Salaries and Fees (chairman), Counties, Cities and Towns, Privileges and Elections, Education, Insane Asylums, Corporation Commission; 1911—Appropriations, Banks and Currency, Corporations (chairman), Courts and Judicial Districts, Education, Fish and Fisheries, Judiciary No. 2, Propositions and Grievances, and Trustees of the University.

He was married April 20, 1904, to Miss Nannie Cox and has two children. He belongs to the fraternal orders of Kappa Alpha (college fraternity), Odd Fellows, and J. O. U. A. M. Mr. Wooten is a trustee of the University of North Carolina, and was a member of a special committee appointed by the Governor to visit and report on the affairs and condition of the University.

Thomas Walter Bickett

BY E. W. SYKES.

The ancestors of *Thomas Walter Bickett*, Attorney-General, were pioneer settlers in Union County. They were of the



Thomas Walter Bickett.

stern Puritan type that produced strong men and women. He entered Wake Forest College in 1886 and was graduated in 1890. He taught for three years and then began the practice of law, first at Danbury, Stokes County, but removed later to Louisburg, Franklin County. Here he married Miss Fannie Yarborough, daughter of Colonel Yarborough.

Mr. Bickett has not been in public life long. He has recognized that law is a jealous mistress and per-

mits no rival. He has been a student of the law all these years. At the same time he has been a public-spirited citizen and labored to uphold his town, especially its schools.

Having been a faithful servant over a few things, his fellow-citizens chose him to represent them in the General Assembly of 1907. In this body he won recognition at once by his brief, pithy remarks. There was a freshness about his style and a purity and raciness about his wit and humor that was unusual in that body. In his attitude on public questions he was sane and conservative. He did one thing that will entitle him to be held in loving regard by the people of North Carolina. During the summer he had visited the hos-

pitals for the insane and familiarized himself with their needs. He then drew a bill appropriating \$500,000 for the care of the insane. In a few brief remarks he won the support of all parties. The measure was passed heartily. It was the largest appropriation made in a decade.

At the State Democratic Convention in Charlotte in 1908 he was nominated for Attorney-General. Mr. Bickett was already favorably known to the legal fraternity and to the members of the General Assembly, but he was not known to the people of the State. In this convention he made the speech nominating Mr. Ashley Horne for Governor. This was done so well that he became at once a favorite with the convention. Up to this time his name had not been before the public for any office, but when the time came to nominate for the office of Attorney-General the convention chose the "man who nominated Mr. Horne."

It is a mistake, however, to say that Mr. Bickett was a "Dark Horse." The selection of the Attorney-General is practically left to the lawyers in a convention. The layman realizes his unfitness to select the man for this position. Mr. Bickett had already won the esteem of the legal brotherhood by an address delivered before the Bar Association at Wrightsville in 1906 on "The Personality of the Judge," an address that the lamented John Charles McNeil pronounced to be the best he ever heard.

The speech nominating Mr. Horne was not the cause of his own nomination. It was rather the occasion. His address before the Bar Association had won for him the esteem of the lawyers; his address before the convention won the endorsement of the convention.

In the campaign that followed, Mr. Bickett treated public questions in a new light. He was a product of a new regime. Mr. Bickett was not hampered by old time issues. He could make a speech and leave out the negro, reconstruction and

other threadbare topics. His place in the campaign is well described by H. E. C. Bryant, than whom there is no better reporter in the State. Writing of his speech at Winston-Salem he said:

"Mr. T. W. Bickett made the best speech heard here this campaign. He was eloquent, forceful and conservative. There was no cant or hypocrisy in what he said. Democracy was his theme, and he preached an apathetic audience into a state of real enthusiasm. Mr. Bickett is getting more glory out of the canvass this year than any other man in North Carolina. * * * His fine common sense, charming, gracious manner, rich culture, learning, and plain, simple honesty are being appreciated by those who hear him. * * * The campaign speeches that he is now making will make him the leading man of his age in the State. His friends are proud of him. Able, highly educated, modest, prudent and vigorous, he is the most striking figure in the political contest of the hour in North Carolina."

Furnifold McLendon Simmons

Furnifold McLendon Simmons, Senator from North Carolina, was born in Jones County, January 20, 1854. He entered Wake Forest in 1868 and remained as a student two



Furnifold McLendon Simmons.

years. He afterwards became a student at Trinity College, and was graduated from the latter institution with the degree of A.B. in 1873. Trinity College bestowed upon him, in June, 1901, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Although he took his academie degree elsewhere, Senator Simmons has always been loyal to Wake Forest and especially to his society—the Philomathesian, in whose hall his portrait occupies a conspicuous position.

Senator Simmons was admitted to the bar in 1875, and in 1886 was elected to Congress from the Second District. In 1893 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue. In the campaigns of 1892, 1898 and 1900 he was Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee. He was subsequently elected to the United States Senate, taking his seat March 4, 1901.

Claude Kitchin

BY W. ALBION DUNN.

Hon. Claude Kitchin, the third son of the late W. H. Kitchin and Maria Kitchin, was born in Scotland Neck, N. C., on the 24th day of March, 1869. His youth, till he was



Claude Kitchin.

fifteen, was spent at home. He attended the local schools, winning the friendship of his neighbors by his lovable character and his splendid talent, receiving the laudation of his teachers for his excellent scholarship and manly deportment.

At Vine Hill Male Academy he not only proved himself a good student, having won the Latin Medal, but early manifested the instincts of the orator and debater, winning in a contest, participated in by boys much older than himself, the medal offered for the best declamation; and this medal to day is Mr. Kitchin's most prized possession.

At the age of fifteen he entered Wake Forest College where, even until this day, fond memories of the life he lived there linger about his Alma Mater, who is as proud as his constituents of her noble son and gifted leader. He was graduated with honor from Wake Forest in 1888, and subsequently took a position in the office of the Register of Deeds for Halifax County, acquiring in that capacity much valuable information which has stood him in good stead during his later years.

While at Wake Forest he met Miss Katherine Mills, the oldest daughter of Prof. L. R. Mills, a young lady of many charms of manner, refined in taste, lovable in character, of a sweet and winning disposition, cultured, and possessing those traits which not only combine to make woman man's best helpmeet, but stirring the soul to its utmost in life's great struggle; and on the 13th day of November, 1888, at the age of nineteen he was married to that young lady, she being at that time eighteen.

While in the office of the Register of Deeds he took up the study of law, and in January, 1890, he was admitted to the bar and returned to Scotland Neck to practice his profession.

At the bar his studious habits, his winning personality, his great learning, and his high sense of honor soon won for him a State reputation in the legal profession, and he was recognized as a leader at the Halifax bar, of which it has always been said there is none stronger in the State. Mr. Kitchin is a lawyer whose heart is in his work. He loves his profession. In his work he cultivates those graces of dignity, honor, and courtesy that should ever bind brother to brother. He ever

holds up to the profession high ideals, great principles of honesty, justice and liberality, ideals and principles that should commend themselves to every lawyer who loves his profession and is proud of its prestige and past history.

While Mr. Kitchin owes much to Halifax County, Halifax County owes more to him. To him more than to any other is due the credit of ridding Halifax of negro domination and Republican misrule. Just beginning life, without means, except the meager income from his profession, he devoted his whole time and spent what money he had to stimulate his fellow-citizens to action. It is not strange, then, that in 1900, at the age of thirty-one, when a leader was sought to succeed the negro Congressman of the Second Congressional District, all eyes turned to this peerless young leader, and he received the nomination and thereafter was elected and duly entered upon his duties, and for four consecutive terms he has been returned to Congress, in which body he has ever safeguarded the interests of the people and promoted the welfare of his constituents; year after year he has met bravely and courageously the responsibility that has been his, and whoever has dared to invade the sacred rights of the people or trample under foot the sacred principles of the Constitution has found a foeman worthy of his steel. He won national reputation by his characterization of Theodore Roosevelt. That speech, for its biting sarcasm, its vigor and its force ranks second only to Blaine's "Conkling's Turkey Gobbler Strut." He is recognized as one of the strongest men of the minority in Congress and stands first in the North Carolina delegation.

Mr. Kitchin's home life is ideal. His marriage has been blessed with seven children, and when he is at home from the labors of his official position or back from some hard-fought legal battle he is at his best surrounded by his lovely wife and beautiful and happy children.

As a man he leads the pure and simple life, as a husband

and father he is devoted to his family, as a neighbor and friend he is self-sacrificing and liberal, as a citizen he is public-spirited and zealous, as a lawyer he is profound and studious, diligent and faithful, as a statesman he is a wise councilor and a patriot. His personal character is without reproach; as lawyer, man, father, statesman, he measures up to the eulogy of the Latin poet, "*Justum ac tenacem propositi virum.*" May his years be lengthened that he may continue his usefulness and good works, reflecting honor upon his family, his State, and his nation.

Since the above sketch was written, Mr. Kitchin has been the recipient of another honor. He has been appointed to membership on the most important committee in Congress—the Committee on Ways and Means. This appointment is an eloquent tribute to the value of his long and distinguished services in the councils of State.

Edwin Yates Webb

BY R. F. BEASLEY.

Edwin Yates Webb, elected to Congress from the Ninth North Carolina District when thirty years of age, and just re-elected for his fourth term, has made a record that disproves the prevalent belief that a member of Congress representing the minority party, and especially if he be from the South, can do little more than draw his salary and whine for an occasional grab from that particular expedient of squandering public funds known as the "Pork Barrel." He has shown that a member who has the real public welfare at heart and the brains and energy to assert himself, can not only do much for his own section, but can affect to some degree general legislation. As boy, student, and man of affairs Mr. Webb has always gone with his sleeves rolled up, and on his election to the fifty-eighth Congress he merely pushed them up a little higher and kept at it. His first work was to introduce a bill providing for the erection of a monument on the battlefield of King's Mountain, and he laid the foundation for the success that eventuated in an appropriation of \$30,000 for such a monument by preparing and delivering a speech that at once became an authority on this important battle of the Revolution. He next took up the matter of securing certain legislation for the benefit of the cotton farmers and manufacturers of the South, and his agitation grew into beneficial results. On the important legislation known as the "Pure Food and Drug Act" he made his mark, and he was foremost among those who unhorsed Mr. Roosevelt in his efforts to put Arizona and New Mexico into the flag as a single star. He secured an amendment to the criminal code making it impossible for the Federal Government to indict State election officers who are faithfully discharging their duties under the State laws. He made what has been called the first prohibition speech delivered in Congress.



Edwin Yates Webb.

His energy and talent have been so fully demonstrated to his colleagues that they selected him as a member of the Judiciary Committee, and his service has been notable on this committee, especially in behalf of the Appalachian Park bill.

But while giving his attention to general legislation and studying questions that relate to the welfare of the whole country, he has not been idle in affairs relating only to his home people, having secured extension of the rural mail service in his own counties and succeeded in getting a good appropriation for a public building at Gastonia and practically the same for Hickory. No member from North Carolina is more popular among his home people, and he has made an impression upon the country at large. Last winter a veteran newspaper correspondent of Washington said in an article in the *Washington Post*:

"The Ninth North Carolina District has started out right if it will but keep it up. Its Representative is a young fellow of as much native ability as Joseph G. Cannon, and of more native ability than the present—and for nine years last past—titular 'leader of the House.' He is a better lawyer than either of these veterans and a far better popular speaker. He is serving his third term, though but thirty-six years old. He is a member of the Judiciary Committee and stands fair in rank of promotion."

Personally Mr. Webb leaves nothing to be desired, affable always, straightforward and sincere, he is what is termed an all-round man. He is capable of a great deal of work in any direction that he desires to turn. For instance, he pursued courses in literature, law, and matrimony almost simultaneously, having completed the first at Wake Forest in 1893, the second at Chapel Hill in 1894, and the last in the same year, when he was happily married to Miss Willie Simmons, daughter of Dr. W. G. Simmons, of Wake Forest College. Immediately on settling in his native town of Shelby for the practice of law he began an uninterrupted growth in his practice, the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and in the service of his community, party and State. His continued success is assured, and whatever it may be it will be deserved.

Judge Charles M. Cooke

Charles M. Cooke, son of Captain Jones and Ann (Kingsbury) Cooke, was born in Franklin County, North Carolina, March 10, 1844. He was reared on his father's farm and received his early education at Louisburg Academy. He entered Wake Forest College at an early age, but when the Civil War began, he answered the call of his State. He served in Company I, Fifty-fifth Regiment of North Carolina, C. S. A., Davis's (Mississippi) Brigade, until in January, 1865, when it was transferred into Cooke's Brigade. He rose to the rank of lieutenant, and made a splendid record as a soldier.

Soon after the war he entered upon the practice of law, and has had marked success. In February, 1866, he married Miss Bertie Person. Judge Cooke is a Democrat in politics, and has served his party in many prominent positions, some of which are here mentioned. He was delegate to the National Democratic Convention which met in Baltimore in 1872; Senator from the Seventh District in 1874-75; Solicitor of the Sixth Judicial District in 1877; elected to the House of Representatives in 1878; Speaker of the House in 1880; again Representative in 1889. In 1902 he was made Judge for the Fourth Judicial District. He has for many years been on the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina.

"Judge Cooke, in the enjoyment of mature manhood, the affection of a large circle of friends, the confidence and esteem of all the people, engaged in the highest vocation to which the State can call her citizens, illustrates the virtues of his ancestry and exemplifies the value of a life devoted to high ideals and noble aspirations."

Judge George W. Ward

By HIGHT C. MOORE.

Hon. George W. Ward was the oldest of six children, three of whom died young; the others are still living. In his early youth the family moved to Perquimans County. Here, in addition to the wholesome influences of a good home and a godly community, he was given excellent educational advantages in the Belvidere Academy. Not encouraged early to take a college course, he had reached manhood before he entered Wake Forest College. Perhaps he was thereby all the better qualified to utilize the opportunities that came to him there. His stay of four years in college was marked by hard work and high aspiration, both in classroom and literary society. In 1889, esteemed alike by faculty and students, he graduated with the Master's degree.

After spending a year at Chapel Hill, he was granted license to practice law. He at once opened his office in Elizabeth City and soon had a full practice, the auspicious beginning of a strenuous and useful life.

In 1894 he was the Democratic candidate for State Senator, but with many other good men he went down before the Fusion tide.

He was later elected as the Solicitor for his district, a position which he held with credit and acceptability for several years. During this time he conducted successfully for the State the prosecution of Wilcox for the murder of Miss Nell Cropsey, a notable and hard-fought legal battle which attracted attention throughout the country.

Chosen to a Judgeship in our Superior Courts as successor to Hon. George H. Brown, he has since been directly under the public eye in this high official capacity. Courteous and considerate in his personal relations, discriminating, honest and fearless in his official life, he links with a true judicial

temper a sane enthusiasm and a sound common sense, and is proving a credit to the bench and an honor to the State.

Though called to the strenuosities and publicity of an official career, he is very modest and retiring, is devoted to home, and loves the quiet life. Already he has brought honor to his family, his Alma Mater, and his fellow-citizens; and still other laurels are awaiting him in the yet-to-be.

James L. Webb

BY DR. R. T. VANN.

James L. Webb was born at Webb's Ford, in Rutherford County, November 12, 1853. When the lad was about ten years of age his father moved to Shelby, and so he hails from Cleveland County. He attended the public schools in Rutherford and Cleveland, and was prepared for college at the Shelby Academy. From this school he entered Wake Forest College, where he remained three and one-half sessions. Soon after leaving college he became editor of the *Shelby Banner*, and meanwhile began the study of law under Honorable Plato Durham. After a year with Mr. Durham he spent another year in Judge Pearson's famous law school at Richmond Hill. He was licensed by the Supreme Court in 1877, and entered at once upon the practice of his profession. While yet a schoolboy, young Webb took a lively interest in politics and in public affairs generally. He left college when within five months of graduation, surrendering his chance for a diploma in order to assist Plato Durham in his canvass for Congress. He served his adopted town as Alderman for four years and as Mayor for two terms. Six years after his admission to the bar he was elected to the State Senate from the district composed of Cleveland and Gaston counties, and was re-elected two years later. His ability as a campaigner and organizer soon won recognition from his party leaders, who made him Chairman of the County Executive Committee and kept him in that position for eight years. During Mr. Cleveland's first term he appointed Mr. Webb Post-office Inspector, which position he held until the beginning of the next administration.

But during all this time he had continued his regular practice at the bar, and when in 1892 Hon. Frank Osborne was elected Attorney-General, Governor Holt appointed Mr. Webb to succeed him as Solicitor of the Twelfth Judicial District.

So well did he represent the State in this office that his people elected him to succeed himself for three consecutive terms.

He was still serving as Solicitor when, in 1904, Governor Aycock appointed him to the Judgeship of his old district to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Hoke, who had been elected to the Supreme Court bench. At the regular State election in 1906 he was elected to succeed himself as Judge, his term expiring in 1914.

In Judge Webb's mental character the qualities of orator, advocate and judge are combined and balanced to an unusual degree. He is fluent, forcible and persuasive on the stump; alert, logical and convincing at the bar, and on the bench he is calm, clear, and comprehensive. Notwithstanding his digression into politics, from the beginning of his career the law has been his mistress. He loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and, therefore, loves the fundamental principles and the practice of jurisprudence. He presides with ease and dignity, with courtesy and firmness. While always considerate of the amenities due to the bar, he is never unmindful of the high responsibility of his office in conducting the business of his court. He is quick to see the point of an argument or of a case cited, and ready to apply it to the case at hand. Just and compassionate, he administers the law with an even hand, as one that "loves mercy" but who "will by no means clear the guilty." He has worn the ermine so worthily that he could probably retain his office for life if he should so desire.

In form and features Judge Webb presents a pleasing appearance. He is above medium height, with a figure erect and symmetrical and a graceful carriage. In social life he is kindly and genial. His democratic spirit makes him a friend and companion of every good man.

This writer first met him at his home in 1873 while on a visit to our mutual friend, Rev. A. C. Dixon. At that time

he was not quite twenty years of age, but seemed to be entertaining serious intentions concerning Miss Kansas, daughter of W. P. Andrews, of Shelby. And events justified the forecast, as five years later the two were happily married. The Union was blessed with three children, Ralph, Madge and Fay Lamar. Four years ago a deep and fadeless shadow fell upon the hearts of the parents when Ralph passed into the spirit land from the threshold of a brilliant career. In November, 1907, Fay Lamar became the bride of Mr. O. Max Gardner, a rising young lawyer of Shelby, who was organizer of Bryan clubs in the State colleges last fall. Miss Madge is still unmarried.

Judge Webb is an enthusiastic Mason, having attained the Royal Arch Degree in that order. While still a lad he was baptized by Rev. N. B. Cobb into the fellowship of the Shelby Baptist Church, where for years he superintended the Sunday School and where he still holds his membership.

H. F. Seawell

H. F. Seawell, United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina, was born in Duplin County, August 8, 1869. He is a son of Dr. V. N. and Ella



H. F. Seawell.

(Croom) Seawell. In securing his earlier education he attended Clement High School, Wallace, N. C., the Goldsboro Graded and Wakefield schools. He entered Wake Forest College in 1890, but only took special work and left without a degree. He then worked on his father's farm in Moore

County and began the study of law at spare moments. He taught school at Clarksville, Va., for a year and still continued his study of law. Having reviewed the course under Dr. John Manning and James E. Shepherd he secured his license to practice law in September, 1892, and immediately after entered upon his successful career as a lawyer at Carthage, N. C.

In 1894 he was elected Solicitor of the Seventh District and served four years. He was married in 1895 to Miss Ella McNeil. They have three children. In 1898, and again in 1902, he was nominated by the Republicans and Populists for Judge of the Superior Court, but was defeated at the polls. In 1904 he received the Republican nomination for Congress from the Seventh District, but declined the nomination. Upon the death of Judge Purnell, United States District Judge, he was nominated by President Roosevelt for that position; but President Taft succeeded Roosevelt on March 4, 1909, and he did not receive the appointment, but without having made application for the place, Mr. Seawell received President Taft's nomination on March 1, 1910, for his present position of District Attorney, which nomination was subsequently confirmed by the Senate.

Raleigh is designated by the Attorney-General as his official residence, but Carthage is still his home, where he is one of Carthage's most distinguished residents. Mr. Seawell's career is a splendid example of the rise of the self-made man.

Isaac M. Meekins

Isaac M. Meekins, Assistant United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina, was born in



Isaac M. Meekins.

Tyrrell County in 1875. In 1893 he entered Wake Forest College and was graduated from that institution in 1896 with a LL.B. degree. While in college he made quite a record as a speaker, having been Second Debater at the Anniversary of the Literary Societies, and in 1895 represented Wake Forest in the intercollegiate debate held by the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, in which debate the different colleges of North Carolina participated, and won the medal on this occasion.

When he graduated at Wake Forest he was a licensed attorney, having passed the Supreme Court examination in February of that year. He immediately began the practice of law in Elizabeth City, N. C., and has met with unusual success.

Mr. Meekins has been Superintendent of Public Instruction for Pasquotank County, City Attorney of Elizabeth City and Mayor of that city. In 1896 he was nominated by the Republican party for Solicitor of the First Judicial District, when nomination was considered equivalent to election. In 1900 he received the Republican nomination for Congress from the First Congressional District. He was appointed

Postmaster of Elizabeth City in 1903 and served nearly six years. In 1904 he again received the nomination of his party for Congress, but was again defeated at the polls. In 1905 Mr. Meekins delivered the Alumni Address at the Wake Forest Commencement, and just afterward, accompanied by Dr. W. L. Poteat, made a tour of the British Isles and a portion of the continent of Europe. In June, 1910, he was appointed to his present position of Assistant United States District Attorney.

Mr. Meekins has shown his love for his Alma Mater in many ways, the most notable of which is his generous gift of over \$1,000 to the endowment of the College, mention of which was duly made in the Benefactors' Number of the STUDENT which has just been published. As is evidenced by the important position which he now holds, Mr. Meekins is one of North Carolina's ablest lawyers and is an eloquent speaker. Wake Forest is glad to call him one of her sons.

John Hosea Kerr

BY ROBERT N. SIMMS.

The subject of this sketch springs from very distinguished families. In the list of his ancestors are to be found the names of Hon. James Kerr, for many years a member of the



John Hosea Kerr.

Senate and House in the North Carolina General Assembly, and who drew the statutes fixing the laws of descent; Rev. John Kerr, who was for many years a member of Congress and who was also a leading factor in the establishment of the

Missionary Baptist Church of the South—a man of great reputation for oratory and of pre-eminent influence; Calvin Graves, Bartlett Yancey and Judge John Kerr, whose names need but a mention to recall the prominent part they have played in the history of this State.

John Hosea Kerr was born in Caswell County, December 30, 1873. His father was John Kerr and his mother Elizabeth Yancey.

He entered Wake Forest College in 1891 and was graduated from that institution in 1895. His college career was a distinguished one. He was first debater of the Euzelian Society in 1895 and also Class Orator and one of the Commencement speakers chosen by the faculty. He also enjoyed the distinction of winning both of the Thomas Dixon medals as essayist and orator.

The Law School was established at Wake Forest while Mr. Kerr was a student. He took the first lectures which were delivered, was one of the first licentiates of the College, and is the first one who is now practicing in this State.

Immediately after his graduation Mr. Kerr settled in the town of Warrenton and formed a partnership with Mr. T. M. Pittman for the practice of law, which partnership continued for ten years. Since 1905 he has practiced alone at Warrenton.

He has at all times been an active political worker and has been no small factor in changing his county from a stronghold of Republicanism to a stronghold of Democracy. For the past two years he has been the Chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee. He was for several years Mayor of the town of Warrenton. He was defeated by the Fusionists for the Senate in his district in 1897. He was District Presidential Elector in 1904. In 1907 he was appointed to fill the vacancy in the solicitorship of his district and was, at the election next thereafter ensuing, elected to

the office of Solicitor, which he has ever since filled with great credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of his constituents.

On February 15, 1898, he was married to Miss Ella Lillian Foote and his home is blessed with two boys.

He is an active member of the Baptist church and may always be found on the side of the right. A man of the highest integrity and above reproach, a fearless prosecutor, a lawyer of learning, an orator of rare power of persuasion, he is of necessity a strong and potential factor in the life of his community, which already embraces a large section of the State. His Alma Mater may well be proud of the record which he has made.

OTHER WAKE FOREST PUBLIC MEN

[In connection with the names of the alumni, who are now serving the State officially, we have attempted to make here a record of the alumni who have achieved prominence in public life, both in this and other States. The editor, however, does not profess to give here an exhaustive list, and would welcome any corrections or new names from any alumnus.]

Allred, L. H.—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Bailey, L. J.—member N. C. General Assembly (1874).

Banks, T. J. ('48-'51)—member N. C. Senate (1888).

Beasley, R. F.—member N. C. Senate (1903).

Bennett, J. N. ('56-'57)—member N. C. General Assembly (1874); member N. C. Senate (1876-7, 1888-9).

Bernard, C. M. ('75-6)—Solicitor.

Bernard, Germain ('39-42)—member of N. C. General Assembly (1879); member N. C. Senate (1881).

Bickett, T. W. ('90)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907); Attorney-General of N. C.

Bland, J. T. ('76)—member N. C. General Assembly (1885).

Boddie, N. W. ('41-5)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Bolton, M. ('81-2)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).

Bond, W. E. ('37-)—Collector U. S. Internal Revenue (1866-79); Collector U. S. Customs.

Boushall, J. D. ('86)—member N. C. General Assembly (1899).

Bright, S. W. ('50-1)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Britt, E. J. (1900)—member N. C. General Assembly (1903 and 1905).

Brown, R. L.—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Bryan, A. B. ('98)—member N. C. General Assembly (1899 and 1905).

- Bullard, V. C. ('98-00)—member N. C. General Assembly (1903).
- Carlton, D. L. ('98)—member N. C. General Assembly (1901 and 1903).
- Carlton, J. W. ('00-01)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).
- Carter, D. M. ('43-4)—member N. C. General Assembly.
- Carter, J. G. ('02-3)—member N. C. Senate (1907).
- Clifford, J. C. ('92)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907).
- Cooke, C. M. ('60-1)—member N. C. General Assembly (1893 and 1895); Speaker of the House of Representatives; Secretary of State; Judge of the Superior Court.
- Cooper, F. R.—member N. C. Senate (1893).
- Cornwell, J. L. ('95)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).
- Covington, D. A. ('70-3)—member N. C. General Assembly; U. S. District Attorney.
- Cox, E. V. ('95-6)—member N. C. General Assembly (1897).
- Crumpler, B. H. ('05)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909 and 1911).
- Daniels, S. G. ('78-9)—member N. C. General Assembly (1905).
- Daniels, W. E. ('78)—member N. C. Senate (1907); Solicitor.
- Davis, J. J. ('46-7)—member U. S. Congress; Justice of the Supreme Court of N. C.
- Davis, M. L. ('05)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907); member N. C. Senate (1911).
- Devin, W. A. ('86-90)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).
- Dixon, Thomas ('83)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Doekery, A. S.—member N. C. General Assembly (1903); member N. C. Senate (1909).

Doekery, T. C. ('41-6)—member of State Senate Mississippi.

Doekery, O. H. ('41-6)—member N. C. General Assembly; member U. S. Congress; Consul-General to Brazil and Rio Janeiro.

Dowd, W. C. ('89)—member N. C. Senate (1893); member N. C. General Assembly (1907, 1909 and 1911); Speaker of House of Representatives (1911).

Durham, J. B. ('69-71)—member of Arkansas Legislature for two sessions.

Duskin, G. M. ('53-5)—member of Alabama General Assembly; U. S. District Attorney.

Eddins, E. F. ('85)—member N. C. General Assembly (1897 and 1907).

Ellington, J. C. ('59-61)—member N. C. General Assembly (1905).

Ellington, J. T. ('59-61)—member N. C. General Assembly (1881).

Faireloth, W. T. ('49-54)—Chief Justice of Supreme Court of N. C.

Flemming, J. L. ('89)—member N. C. Senate (1905 and 1907).

Foote, J. H. ('49-52)—member N. C. General Assembly (1874 and 1875); Assistant U. S. Marshal.

Foushee, H. A. ('89)—member N. C. General Assembly (1899); member N. C. Senate (1901 and 1905).

Fowler, J. E. ('89-91)—member N. C. Senate (1895); member of General Assembly (1905); U. S. Congressman.

Freeman, H. F. ('69-71)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Gavin, J. A. ('95-8)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).

- Giles, J. A. ('97-8)—U. S. Assistant District Attorney.
- Godwin, A. P.—member N. C. Senate (1907 and 1909).
- Graham, Stephen ('36-7)—member N. C. General Assembly.
- Gulley, N. Y. ('79)—member N. C. General Assembly (1885); member N. C. Code Commission (1903-1906).
- Holbrook, J. A.—member N. C. General Assembly (1905).
- Hall, S. E. ('97-01)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).
- Hamrick, J. Y. ('75-8)—member N. C. Senate (1895).
- Hanes, F. W.—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).
- Hankins, G. F.—member N. C. General Assembly (1905 and 1907).
- Harris, C. U. ('99-03)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907).
- Harris, F. R. ('86-8)—member N. C. General Assembly (1901).
- Hasten, G. H.—member N. C. General Assembly (1905).
- Hayes, T. N.—elected to State Senate (1909).
- Henry, J. P. ('44-7)—member General Assembly of Mississippi.
- Henry, P. T. ('41-5)—member N. C. General Assembly (1859-1869).
- Hobgood, F. P., Jr. ('93)—member N. C. Senate (1911).
- Holden, B. T. ('06)—member of N. C. Senate (1909 and 1911).
- Howard, W. O. ('88-91)—member N. C. General Assembly (1895).
- Hunter, A. B. ('77-8)—member N. C. General Assembly (1903).
- Ingram, S. M. ('34-5)—member N. C. General Assembly.
- Jackson, J. ('35-6)—member N. C. General Assembly.
- Johnson, R. D.—member N. C. Senate (1911).

Johnson, W. R. ('97-00)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Jones, Walter—member N. C. General Assembly (1905).

Jones, E. B. ('77)—member of General Assembly (1885); member N. C. Senate (1892); Judge of Superior Court.

Jordan, J. P. ('44-7)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Justice, E. J. ('87)—member N. C. General Assembly (1899 and 1907); Speaker of House of Representatives (1907); member N. C. Senate (1903).

Keener, W. L. ('98-03)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907).

Kennon, J. G. ('56-7)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Kennon, T. S. ('53-4)—member N. C. General Assembly (1874 and 1884).

Kerr, J. H. ('95)—Presidential Elector (1904); Solicitor of 2d Judicial District, N. C.

Kitchin, W. W. ('84)—U. S. Congressman; Governor of North Carolina.

Kitchin, Claude ('88); member N. C. Senate (1897); member of Congress from Second District, North Carolina.

Kitchin, A. P. ('91-3)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907, 1909); member N. C. Senate (1911).

Kornegay, W. H. ('84)—member of Constitutional Convention of Oklahoma.

Lea, B. J. ('49-52)—member General Assembly of Tennessee; Attorney-General of Tennessee (1878-1887); Justice of Supreme Court of Tennessee (1890).

Lindsay, R. W.—member N. C. Senate (1895).

Mangnum, W. P. ('48)—Consul and Consul-General to China and Japan (1861-1881); member of Royal Asiatic Society.

Markham, T. J. ('05)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Martin, C. H.—member of Congress.

- Martin, V. B.—member N. C. Senate (1909 and 1911).
- McAden, R. Y. ('49-53)—member N. C. General Assembly; Speaker of House of Representatives.
- McClees, J. ('36-41)—member N. C. General Assembly.
- McCrackan, D.—member N. C. General Assembly (1907).
- McDaniel, J. A. ('84-9)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907).
- McIntyre, Stephen ('93)—member N. C. Senate (1899 and 1901).
- McNeil, J. C. ('98)—member N. C. General Assembly.
- McNeil, W. H. ('80-1)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).
- Meekins, I. M. ('96)—Assistant District Attorney of Eastern Federal District.
- Merritt, F. L. ('89)—member N. C. General Assembly (1893).
- Midyette, G. E. ('99-00)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907).
- Mitchell, C. W. ('77-81)—member N. C. General Assembly (1905); member N. C. Senate (1893, 1895, 1903 and 1907).
- Mitchell, J. F. ('86-90)—member N. C. General Assembly (1895); member N. C. Senate.
- Morris, J. P. ('98-01)—member N. C. General Assembly (1903).
- Moye, A. J. ('74)—member N. C. Senate (1897).
- Mull, O. M. ('03)—member N. C. General Assembly (1907).
- Murphy, T. J.—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).
- Newsom, J. F. ('71-3)—member N. C. Senate (1897).
- Norment, W. S. ('52-3)—Solicitor.
- Olive, P. J.—member N. C. General Assembly (1905).

Parham, B. W. ('04)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Parker, J. H. ('73-4)—member N. C. General Assembly (1897).

Patterson, W. N. ('43-4)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Pearson, J. H.—member N. C. General Assembly (1901).

Phillips, J. Y. ('71-5)—member N. C. General Assembly (1883 and 1885).

Powell, T. F. ('59-61)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Privott, W. S. ('99-02)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909 and 1911).

Ramsey, J. C.—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Raynor, J. T. ('34-5)—member N. C. General Assembly.

Reavis, Wade ('98)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Reece, W. L. ('83-4)—member General Assembly (1901).

Richardson, H. C.—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Riddick, I. G. ('84)—member N. C. General Assembly (1903).

Roberts, Gallatin—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Rodwell, T. O.—member N. C. General Assembly (1907, 1909 and 1911).

Sanders, O. M. ('82-4)—member N. C. Senate (1895).

Scarborough, J. C. ('66-9)—State Superintendent of Public Instruction (1877-1885); Labor Commissioner (1890).

Scott, Hugh R. ('75)—member N. C. Senate (1881 and 1883).

Seawell, H. F. ('91)—Solicitor; U. S. District Attorney.

Sentelle, R. E. ('96-01)—member N. C. General Assembly (1905).

Settle, D. A. ('56-7)—member N. C. General Assembly.

- Shepherd, J. C.—member N. C. General Assembly.
Shepherd, M. ('97)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).
Sherrill, C. A.—member N. C. Senate (1909).
Sikes, J. C. ('03)—member N. C. General Assembly
Sherrard, J. V. ('40-1)—Solicitor.
Sikes, E. W. ('91)—member N. C. Senate (1911).
Sikes, J. C. ('03)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).
Simmons, F. M. ('68-70)—U. S. Congressman; U. S. Senator.
Simms, R. N. ('97)—member N. C. General Assembly (1901).
Spainhour, J. F. ('83-5)—member N. C. General Assembly (1901 and 1911); Solicitor of 14th District, N. C.
Stancell, S. T. ('41-2)—member N. C. General Assembly (1862 and 1864).
Steele, W. L. ('39-40)—member N. C. General Assembly; U. S. Congressman.
Tayloe, D. E. ('47-8)—member N. C. Senate.
Thorne, J. T. ('94-95)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).
Tillette, D. H.—member N. C. General Assembly.
Timberlake, E. W., Sr. ('69-74)—Judge of Superior Court of North Carolina.
Turner, R. W. ('98-00)—member N. C. Senate (1907).
Utley, C. H. ('93-9)—member N. C. Senate (1897).
Vann, C. S. ('74-9)—member N. C. Senate (1901, 1903 and 1905); member N. C. General Assembly (1907).
Vann, J. E. ('81-6)—member N. C. General Assembly; Solicitor for Hertford County.
Wagoner, J. M.—member N. C. Senate (1911).

Wallace, D. R. ('47-50)—Superintendent of State Lunatic Asylum, Texas; honorary member of the American Medico-Psychological Association.

Ward, D. L. ('76-81)—member N. C. General Assembly; Superior Court Judge.

Ward, G. W. ('86-90)—member N. C. Senate (1893); Solicitor; Superior Court Judge.

Weatherspoon, W. H. ('07)—member N. C. General Assembly (1911).

Webb, E. Y. ('93)—member N. C. Senate (1901); U. S. Congressman from 9th District, N. C.

Webb, J. L. ('73-4)—Solicitor; member State Senate (1883 and 1885); Judge of Superior Court of North Carolina.

White, R. B. ('91)—member N. C. Senate (1903).

White, W. P. ('83-4)—member N. C. General Assembly (1903).

Williams, H. S. ('98-99)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909).

Williams, S. E. ('78-80)—member N. C. Senate (1905).

Williams, W. R.—member N. C. Senate.

Winborne, B. B. ('71-2)—member N. C. General Assembly (1895, 1905 and 1907).

Winston, P. H. ('41-4)—member N. C. General Assembly (1850-54); Commissioner State Board of Claims (1861); Financial Agent between N. C. and C. S. A. (1863); President of Council of State (1864); member State Convention (1865).

Wooten, C. S. ('95)—member N. C. General Assembly (1895).

Wooten, E. R. ('96-7)—member N. C. General Assembly (1909 and 1911).

THE INFLUENCE OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
UPON THE CIVIC LIFE OF THE STATE

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

Wake Forest College is on the point of celebrating its seventy-seventh anniversary. Its founding was almost coincident with the Constitutional Convention of 1835. This is more than a coincidence. We should rather say that the founding of the College was a very important detail in the great popular movement which had continued with increasing force through two decades and which culminated in that Convention. In the political world the people were beginning to find themselves and to demand for man as man, irrespective of the accidents of his birth or circumstances, a larger share in the government. Likewise in the educational and religious world there was a break with convention, a break in the direction of progress, owing to exactly the same spirit that was moving in the political world. The denominations were beginning to make provision for the education of the young men and young women of their following according to their own ideals. And the significant thing is that these ideals were not those of bigotry or narrowness. On the other hand, it was felt that education was hampered at the institutions that existed at that time, in some instances by an Old-World ecclesiasticism, and where this was wanting, by a species of antipathy to religion that was arrogantly presumptuous in its pretensions. And it was believed, and with good reason, that men and women should no longer be of necessity subjected to influences of either kind in the course of their education. Hence the denominational colleges came into existence. Among them, the first of its kind in North Carolina, was Wake Forest College. It marked a new departure, a

break with the restrictions and the authority of the past, and the establishment of an independent center of influence, in all of which it was impelled by the spirit of the era.

It has been necessary to say this much by way of preface in the effort I am making to discuss the influence of Wake Forest College upon the civic life of the State. It must be evident to every one that, where so many currents of influence unite, it is very difficult to say just where any has its limits. Wake Forest College is only a tributary to the general movement that burst its barriers in 1835 and has since continued with increasing volume. From the educational side other colleges have helped to swell the current. And yet, while we must despair of tracing the limits of the influence of the College upon the civic life of the State, there are some unmistakable signs that it has been training its students for better citizenship and leadership, and in addition, has exercised through its officers a most wholesome influence upon the body politic.

And first it needs to be said that perhaps no college in all the country does more to prepare its students for active political life than does Wake Forest. It shares with all colleges, large and small, State and denominational, in the effort to foster the virtues of patriotism, honesty, service, and all the other political virtues, and in this has no peculiar claim to excellence. But it is not going too far to claim that in the training her students get in political matters, as members of the literary societies, Wake Forest does excel. These societies have now and have nearly always had a free field of action. There are no fraternities to engender class distinctions and aristocratic cliques. Hence the College community is a genuine democracy, a democracy which finds organized expression in the two literary societies, of the one or the other of which every student is a member. In these societies men come to love the democratic ideal, and in after years each

according to his influence spreads it abroad. Let no one despise the influence of the College in this respect because it is intangible. The State has a great asset in the genuine democratic spirit, all-embracing, free from priggishness, bigotry, envyings and jealousy, that is so bountifully present at Wake Forest. It has contributed no little to our civic life. Again, the important position of the literary societies, together with the fact that almost all the student honors are connected with them, gives added emphasis to the work in them. Social and political questions, which form almost wholly the topics for debates, are studied with a zest and thoroughness that is unusual. The result is that most of the students leave Wake Forest with an intimate understanding of the questions that concern the State and the Nation, and with ability to discuss them.

Another general way in which the College has contributed largely to the social and civic life of the State has been by cultivating ideals of freedom of thought and respect for the views of others. The College, though a Baptist institution, has known how to make men of all creeds comfortable within its walls. The same spirit of tolerance and respect is exercised by the students in their attitude towards their fellows of other political parties. In all the history of the institution I have never heard of one student's trying to insult another because he did not belong to the dominant political party, except in one instance. Then the offender was promptly knocked down, and this ended the matter. In society and athletic honors party affiliations are not called into question. I have often heard students say that they had come to Wake Forest because of its reputation in this regard. There can be no doubt that liberal recognition should be given to what Wake Forest may have been able to accomplish in bringing about among its students this tolerance. It is a distinct contribution to the civic life in a section where prejudice

and passion are too often even to this day appealed to rather than reason and discussion.

Turning now to a little more detailed consideration of the activities of Wake Forest officers and alumni in the things that make for the betterment of our State, we may dismiss the period before the War. Our College was only a quarter of a century old at the opening of that great struggle, and though doubtless its influence was felt, it was not generally recognized.

After the War, Wake Forest was the first college in the State to reopen its doors to students. Its teachers were few, the courses of study limited, the number of students small. But for all that those were the days of great things. There was heroism among members of the faculty that shall not be forgot. And the students had come up to prepare themselves to do something for the betterment of poor, defeated, humiliated, impoverished North Carolina. Oh, those souls pregnant with celestial fire! Among them was John C. Scarborough. He became Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina with the beginning of Governor Vance's administration in 1877 and served for eight years. He was again elected to the same position and served from 1892 to 1896. The State had had one great Superintendent of Public Instruction—Calvin H. Wiley. He had lived to see the Literary Fund of the State, which his labors had kept intact through all the vicissitudes of the War, embezzled by the black hand of Reconstruction. The result was that when Scarborough entered the office he found little or no reserve fund to help the State in its sore need. And yet with a stout heart he set about the reorganization of the work. Money had to be got, and, even more important than this, interest had to be created in education. So the voice of Scarborough was heard in every county of North Carolina preaching the gospel of common school education, a gospel not believed by many

of the great and mighty of that day. But the common people heard him gladly. And well they might, for their burden was on his heart. He plead for a chance for the waif, the orphan, and the boy with one gallows. A heart with less love, sympathy and fortitude might have given up in despair. But his zeal was unflagging. Nor was his accomplishment meager. He set the State on its way towards better free schools, and though with greater resources we now have better schools, the people will not forget how much they owe to John C. Scarborough.

A laborer in the same field, though not in an official way, but one fired by a zeal and love like unto Scarborough's, was Dr. Thos. H. Pritchard, President of the College from 1879 to 1882. He spent much of his time while he was thus connected with the College in canvassing the State and making educational speeches. It is perhaps necessary to remind some of my readers that Dr. Pritchard had more power with an audience, perhaps, than any other man who ever lived in the State. And his was a day when people depended much more than they do now on the utterances of the pulpit and platform. Everywhere he went Dr. Pritchard was greeted by large audiences. A little boy ten or eleven years old was in one of those audiences, and so impressive and clear was the speaker that his words found lasting lodgement in his mind. The speech was not a plea for collegiate education. That was dismissed with the statement that any boy in North Carolina, however poor, could get a college education if he really desired it. The speaker had been a poor boy, one of eleven children, had been robbed of the first five hundred dollars he had made, and yet he had got an education. His theme was general education, especially industrial education. Every one of the speaker's garments, those he could name and those he could not, were made outside the State. His poor, distressed wife, after repeated efforts and the most exact measurements,

had failed to make him a shirt that would fit. (That great man's wife making a shirt!) There was no man in North Carolina who could set Greek type. And so on. But a better day was coming. The women of the State were aroused to the importance of education, and they could be depended upon to bring the men to the proper views. It would be hard to overestimate the influence for general education that Dr. Pritchard exercised. His fame as a speaker brought him greater audiences than would have heard any other man, and he had the skill to gain an interest in his cause that no other man has had. Just how great was that skill may be indicated by the fact that his words made such an impression on the mind of the little country boy that after the lapse of more than thirty years, in which that boy has heard hundreds of speeches of which he remembers not a word, he can still, as he has had occasion for it, repeat almost word for word the speech of Dr. Pritchard.

It was the work of our next College President, Dr. Charles E. Taylor, *quem superstitem esse vehementer gaudeo*, to bring into clear objective the claims of the common schools as opposed to the higher educational institutions as recipients of the State's bounty. Until his day the old heresy that education should have its foundation in the air was propagated with a good deal of complacency in North Carolina. Its creed was that the State should furnish educational leaders and that they could be depended upon to do all that was needful for the education of the masses. This was the doctrine proclaimed *ex cathedra* by those in high places. The farcicalness of all their claims was shown by Dr. Taylor in his papers, "How Far Should a State Undertake to Educate?" published in the *Biblical Recorder* and in the *News and Observer* in 1893 and 1894, and read all over the State. Besides, they had the advantage of being interpreted to the numerous

Baptist associations of the State by Dr. Columbus Durham, a most forceful and influential speaker.

"Whatever else it has accomplished," Dr. Taylor writes, "the Southern idea in education has never succeeded in educating the masses of the people." And again, "Those who travel to any great extent in the State, and are brought into contact with the people in the rural districts, know far better what the real illiteracy is than can be discovered from any tables and statistics. There are multitudes, white as well as black, who can neither read nor write. And many of these people have little desire that their children shall learn. They are content with low ideals, and know little of the higher conceptions and ambitions of life." He quotes the words of Bishop McTyeire, as follows: "It is too serious a farce, though one can hardly help smiling at the preposterous absurdity of offering free university tuition where free common schools can hardly run four months in the year." Such were some of the words with which Dr. Taylor assailed that Pharisaism which in North Carolina was in that day content to devour the children's bread and for a pretense repeat its *credo*. But since the day of Dr. Taylor's series of articles one hears that creed less often. The old heresy that the supreme need is for educated leaders is in the last stage of decadence. Had Dr. Taylor's articles done nothing else, they would entitle him to immortality for exploding this superb folly.

But Dr. Taylor must not be thought of principally as a destroyer. His more important work was as a creator. The people were led to see as they had never seen before that the great duty of the State in education was not to the few but to the many, and further, that if the common schools were to be fostered by the State they must receive contributions directly and not trust to the medium of large grants to higher education. This theme was caught up by many of the influential young men of the day, and was diligently propagated by

many editors of religious and secular papers. The common schools are now run for at least four months in the year in every county in the State, and the State has made a good beginning—let us hope only a beginning—and is appropriating directly to them \$200,000.00 annually. And in this connection it is pleasing to note that it was a Wake Forest man who was perhaps the most ardent champion of this appropriation in the Legislature. This was Hon. Stephen McIntyre.

Such in barest outline has been the work of three Wake Forest men—Scarborough, Pritchard and Taylor—in behalf of the State in its most important function, that of education. In actual accomplishment and in forming and moulding public opinion we do not know where any other three men can be found who have done so much for the people of North Carolina. Time would fail me to speak of the numerous company who have received their education at Wake Forest and with the ideals of these three men have gone out to serve as county superintendents and principals of high schools and leaders in educational thought and progress.

Perhaps some have interpreted my theme in such a way as would have confined me to a discussion of the influence of Wake Forest men who have been honored by their fellow-citizens with public office. But I must be content to say very little about this. It must be evident to every one that no college has a right, if it keeps within the proprieties, to favor any political creed that is a matter of public discussion and party difference, nor has it any right to use its influence to secure political preferment for any of its alumni. I have indicated above why conditions at Wake Forest College especially favor the development of the highest type of citizenship, men with democratic ideals and well equipped for leadership. We are pleased to believe that it is because of this training that so many of our alumni have come to the front in recent years in the political world. We might go

on to enumerate the congressmen, the judges, the solicitors, the legislators, and other high officers of our State who have been students at the College. Perhaps the number would be so large as to suggest that there is some relation between the training they receive here and the success they have attained. This suggestion might be strengthened by the fact that these men are found in all political parties. And yet while the general inference would perhaps be overwhelming, we are not disposed to lay emphasis upon his Wake Forest training in the case of any individual. The elements that make for a successful political career are many and college training is only one of them. We may mention, we hope without incurring any ill will, that the leader of the triumphant forces in the last prohibition campaign in the State was a Wake Forest man, Mr. John A. Oates.

But while we are far from making a boast of the fact that any prominent State official was a student of the College, we do not conceal our satisfaction that the day has past when it can be successfully urged against any one that he was a Wake Forest man. Many of us remember when it was not so, and this fact was made much of in an effort to turn students elsewhere.

The work of Wake Forest men as editors must also be left without discussion, not because their number has been few or their influence small. On the other hand, many have become editors and exercised a great influence which doubtless in part represented the training received at the College; but here as in the case mentioned above it is difficult to make definite statement.

I will close this article by relating an anecdote that will illustrate the influence of the College in an unostentatious way, but in a way that is constantly pursued and is of even greater value to the State than anything yet mentioned.

A certain district of the State was famed for its lawless-

ness. At a central point in that district thirty years ago men and women would gather on Sunday afternoons for revellings, drinking, cock-fights, and such things. The State used all its power in an effort to break up this nuisance, but constable and sheriff could do nothing. The abuse grew from month to month. After this had continued for a considerable time there came into the community a Baptist preacher trained at Wake Forest. He had no great endowment. But he took his Bible and began to preach near the scene of the revellings. Within a few months this humble preacher had accomplished what the great State of North Carolina with the expenditure of much money and with all her force of men and resources had been unable to accomplish. The community became orderly, the men and women were gathered into the church, and from that day have been law-abiding citizens. They have done more. They have developed their community, built nice homes, and established good schools. At this very moment several boys from that very section are in Wake Forest College.

Let the incident related above serve as an indication of one way in which Wake Forest and the other denominational colleges are exerting an unbounded influence for the bettering of political and social conditions in North Carolina. And we commend a consideration of these things to those who have thought that the State in its educational policy should have no regard for the denominational colleges.

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FEBRUARY, 1911.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JULIUS C. SMITH, Editor

In the Service
of the State

The large number of Wake Forest men in the service of the State at present, is attracting no little attention, and hence—this issue of the **STUDENT**. In the three-quarters of a century of Wake Forest's existence, she has furnished to the State, to the South, to the Nation, men in every walk of life—able men, men who have not only done credit to themselves, but reflected

honor on their Alma Mater. Let us briefly survey the field of human activity and see what Wake Forest really has. It is an indisputable fact that Wake Forest men, such as A. C. Dixon, Len. G. Broughton and John E. White, stand in the forefront of the religious world. In the realm of education there are Dr. W. L. Poteat and others as notable. But why name the rest? We are aware of the fact that other Wake Forest men, whether in business, in medicine, in the law, or what not, are just as eminent in their spheres. In the service of the State Wake Forest men have always had a place. Those earlier representatives in positions of public trust, served their State worthily and well. Their examples and records helped others to mount to positions of like honor; consequently, the number has steadily increased until now—now! It is phenomenal! We can more easily answer the question as to what we do not have, than what we do have. We are proud to claim His Excellency, the First Citizen of North Carolina, a prince of public men; the Attorney-General; the Speaker of the House of Representatives; and twenty-eight other members of the General Assembly. Out of the two United States Senators, one of them is ours; also two Congressmen. Coming back to our own State, we have three Superior Court Judges, two United States District Attorneys, and several Solicitors; all of whose euts and sketches appear in this issue. There are others too numerous to mention, holding positions not quite so high. This is not limited to North Carolina, as there are many Wake Forest men holding high positions of public trust in other States as well. These men hold their positions by virtue of their efficiency as men and as politicians. Wake Forest College trains politicians. Did you know it? You may ask, how? In the literary societies and in college life in general, because *here*, "Every tub stands on its own bottom." In other words, this is strictly a democratic institu-

tion. Every man of force in the literary societies has his following. Therefore, a skillful politician has ample opportunity for the development of his abilities in that direction. A successful college politician invariably makes good as a politician in the State. We may safely say, without fear of contradiction, that these men holding positions of public trust owe a large part of their success to their college political training. The Roman ideal was that every man lived for the State. This ideal has permeated our political and governmental ideals to a certain extent, but it ought to be as much our ideal as it was the Romans', for truly there is no nobler calling, no calling that is more clearly our duty, than to live for the good of our State. May Wake Forest attain her high ideal of continuing to furnish for the service of the State, able, clean, princely men.

**The Honor
Committee**

Wake Forest has taken another step forward in instituting an Honor Committee, whose duty it is to handle all cases of cheating on examinations and quizzes. Systems of similar character, meeting with varied success, are prevalent among many of our colleges, but it is believed that this system is founded on right principles and will work successfully. The organization is modeled after—yet is an improvement upon—the present Senate Committee, which has worked so well in exterminating hazing. The main difference between the two is that the Honor Committee is bound by a constitution and has a representative from the Freshman class, while the Senate Committee has neither. The movement for organizing the committee originated among the Senior class. Committees were appointed by the President of that class, who drew up the constitution and nominated the committee; both passed the student body in mass-meeting without a dissenting vote.

As to the personnel of the committee. It is composed of a chairman from among the graduate students; six Seniors; two Juniors; a Sophomore; and a Freshman—representative men from all classes in college, men in whom the student body has the utmost confidence, and in whose hands they are willing to place this all-important matter.

As to the workings of the committee. They sit behind closed doors in judgment over all cases of cheating on examinations and quizzes. Evidence is obtained by whatever means possible. The accused is allowed to face his accuser, the committee seeing no reason to the contrary. The penalties being warning, publication, notification of the professor that the culprit does not deserve to pass, letter to parents, expulsion—left in the discretion of the committee.

It is a painfully certain fact, however flatly it may be denied, that cheating is one of the greatest—if not the greatest—evils existing in the institutions of higher learning, and it must be exterminated if it takes a ton of nitro-glycerine to do it. We believe, however, that Wake Forest has struck a happy plan which will completely solve the problem. Composed of such men, based upon such effective working principles, and with the student body behind it, the Honor Committee is bound to be a success. Here's hoping that it will, and that by this measure Wake Forest will set the pace for the other colleges in upholding common honesty and respectable manhood.

**One More
Word** We desire to express our hearty appreciation of the co-operation of Senators M. Leslie Davis and E. W. Sikes, and Dr. G. W. Paschal in the formation of this issue.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL H. McCUTCHEON, Editor

THE ACORN.—In our list of exchanges from women's colleges, *The Acorn* stands high. In such matters as typographical accuracy, tasteful covers and proper arrangement of material, it has no superior. But in one respect *The Acorn* is a perpetual disappointment to us—that is, in its stories. In the December issue, for example, there are four pieces of fiction, of which only one, "A Double Mistake," has even a rudimentary plot. The other three are the merest incidents. "The Summons," indeed, is hardly qualified to aspire to that title. All are mere enlargements of the sort of writing represented by the "Sketches" department. We regret this state of things the more on account of the excellent craftsmanship displayed in these articles; what there is of them is well written, almost brilliantly executed, and betrays no little style—a phenomenon in a college magazine. One thinks regretfully, on laying down the magazine, of what stories these women could have written, had they only had something to write about!

On the contrary, when it comes to essays, *The Acorn* never fails. There is only one in the December issue, but "The Development of Public and High Schools in North Carolina" is handled very well indeed. The single poem in the magazine is also very good, except for the false rhyme in the twelfth line. We believe that the department of "Sketches," delightful though it always is, shows an unhealthy tendency to overrun the entire magazine. The departments are well edited, but disproportionately heavy, there being twenty-seven pages of contributed matter, exclusive of sketches, and twenty-five pages occupied by the departments.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE.—There is a marked tendency among most of our exchanges to set the *University of Virginia Magazine* on the pedestal of perfection, and to assume too much the “stand-off-and-look-on” attitude of the inferior. We acknowledge with all fairness that the place it has won among the college magazines of the South is indeed an enviable one, and while we can not claim to be an equal, yet it seems to fall to our lot to criticise as well as praise. A lack of balance in the magazine is noticeable at the first glance at the contents—there are two stories, five poems and three long essays. We do not believe in sacrificing the short story for either essay or poem, and yet we find this done by many of our exchanges. “At Sunset” is an exceptional piece of verse, simple yet wonderfully vivid. The two stories, “The Voice” and “A Day Early,” are hardly worth mentioning, but “Southern Journalism,” a running history of the Southern editors and their work, is well written and of much value to the journalistic world. “Breton Notes” is a collection of weird tales of strange visions seen before death, of apparitions and ugly dwarfs—all characteristic of the superstitious Bretons.

SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE.—It is most gratifying to an Exchange Editor who is just over a siege of dry and uninteresting reading, to find before him a magazine so purely literary and so far above the ordinary, in appearance and general tone, as the *Sweet Briar Magazine*. It would be a real pleasure to forget our duties as critic and read this magazine for what there is in it; but since it is decreed that we must criticise and not read merely for personal pleasure, half the enjoyment of reading is lost. Every article, whether verse, essay or story, is handled with exceptional skill and all tend to show the high regard for literary merit at Sweet Briar. And we wish to compliment the Board of Editors for their good work done in putting out such a praiseworthy magazine

the first month, even if they had to compose the greater part of the articles themselves.

"A Comparative Study of Moliere's *L'Avare* and Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*" is valuable for its donation to literature at large, as well as interesting to the casual reader as a comparison of the two well-known plays. It shows the result of much intensive study and a clear understanding of the two dramas. By far the best thing in the magazine is "The Phoenix Song," a poem of the old Saxon times. "He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last" is an amusing story of the comet. It deals with extremes too much, but presents a ludicrous account of the "awful fate" to befall us with the "coming of the comet."

RANDOLPH-MACON MONTHLY.—It was a great disappointment to us in glancing through the contents of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for December, to find only two stories, one essay and three short poems. We usually look to the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for something good and plenty of it, and since we found so little of it we naturally expected something exceptionally good. But again we were doomed to disappointment. And, lo! that is not all, for at the very start we are greeted by the hideous monster, "Extravaganza," and turning over several pages the horrible apparition "Phantasia" meets our gaze. How any sane man could write under such silly and absolutely meaningless *nom de plumes* is a mystery to us; but yet it is done, and we can only wonder "what manner of men they be."

The one redeeming feature of the magazine is "Consecration," a poetical invocation to the old masters of language and music "that we like stars in Art's high heavens may shine!" We must admit that the author of "The Soul Extractor" has an imagination just a *trifle* less terrible than Poe's; but in his descriptions there is a tendency to use too many adjectives, and to repeat some favorite adjective several

times on the same page but in entirely different connections. For example, we find a *dank* creek, a *dank* scene, and a *dank* mould, all on one page. But the story, though unreal and impossible, is well written and holds the reader's attention without effort. The story, "Chieftain of the Shades," is a forced attempt at the supernatural. And while the story is good, we would recommend that the author try a less hackneyed theme.

THE TATTLER.—The December *Tattler* from Randolph-Macon Woman's College is especially full of good stories, both long and short, and we welcome it to our table as a new exchange. There is a spirit of college enthusiasm behind this magazine, and it is well supported by a majority of the girls. The articles are arranged in good order within the magazine, but the balance is a little heavy in favor of stories. Still we would rather find six stories and one essay than *vice versa*. The longest and really the best story is "The Need of Miss Calotty." It is too slow in action, but is told in an easy running style. "Just Chums" is the story of a boy and his dog. A prim "Miss Louisa," the boy's guardian, and her brother make up an old quarrel through their common love for the boy. The shorter stories are really incidents or narratives, and should find no place in the magazine except in a "Storiette" department. The editorials are well written and the departments full, with the exception perhaps of the Exchange Department, which does not carry its discussions enough in detail to really help the magazine criticised.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

GERALD W. JOHNSON, Editor

—Since the Legislature opened, Dr. Sikes' classes have been meeting at night from 6:45 to 8:15, thus enabling the Senator from Wake to attend the sessions of the General Assembly and lecture to his classes at the same time. The classes always see his departure on the Shoo-fly with a high degree of satisfaction. "Weeping shall endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!"

—The basket-ball team, contrary to the expectations of many, made an excellent beginning, defeating Guilford January 21st by a score of 18 to 16. He is a bold, not to say reckless prophet who ventures to predict any athletic record in this column, so we shall desist, contenting ourselves with the statement that we have a speedy team in B. Holding, center; Beam and Turner, forwards; R. Holding and Dowd, guards.

—The baseball and track teams are still in too nebulous a condition for any statement to be warranted beyond the fact that so many candidates have not appeared in many moons. Although at the time these lines are written the baseball squad has not been on the field, Assistant Coach Benton has for some days been warming up an imposing array of pitchers in front of the Gymnasium. Even now may be heard the occasional crack of a bat and the jingle of broken glass—the batsmen are at their cheerful habit of using the dormitory windows as a backstop.

—Track is on a boom this year. Captain Murchison has between thirty and forty men out every afternoon, and it will be hard luck if some college records are not broken this spring.

The Freshmen, in particular, seem to be interested in this airy sport and several members of that class bid fair to make some of the 'Varsity men hustle to hold their places. It is whispered around that Messrs. Davis and Murchison have designs upon the State championship again.

—Early last fall the Senior class unanimously decided that it would be incumbent upon them to leave some sort of a memorial to the college this spring, and a committee was appointed, with Mr. J. C. Smith as chairman, to select some fitting gift. In January, Mr. Smith presented to the class a representative of the Suffolk Marble Works, who submitted designs for a drinking-fountain to be erected on the campus. The designs were accepted, and contracts were signed for the fountain to be in place by May 19, Commencement Day. The fountain will be of highly polished marble, will stand five feet four inches high, and will have two cocks with automatic cut-offs. It will be placed a few feet north of the present well, and will no doubt add much to the appearance of the college plaza.

CLIPPINGS

NO TELLING HOW SOON.

"So you don't guide hunting parties any more?"

"Nope," was the slow rejoinder from the man whittling in front of the village store; "got tired of bein' mistook for a deer."

"How do you earn your living now?"

"Guide fishin' parties. So fer nobody ain't mistook me for a fish."—
North Beach Cynosure.



HIS DEFENSE.

It was shortly after midnight, and the colonel had caught Rastus red-handed.

"Well, Rastus, you old rascal you," said he, "I've caught you at last. What are you doing in my henhouse?"

"Why, Marse Bill," said the old man, "I—I done heerd sich a cacklin' in dis yere coop dat I—I thought mebbeh de ole hen done gone lay an aig, an' I—I wanted ter git it fo' yo' breakfas' while it was fresh, sah."—
Harper's Weekly.



FIRST AND LAST.

"Not guilty," the prisoner said,

But he spoke as though telling a fiction.

"Thirty days," said the judge with a frown,

And he spoke with an air of conviction.



THE DEMAGOGUE.

(To T. R.)

O smile and bow and lift your hat, and stand without the way,
For a man comes near, devoid of fear, and greater than tongue can say.
He builds a lordly castle where Wren but built a shed;
He has ten thousand proverbs for each word that Plato said;
He wins a splendid victory where Napoleon met defeat,—
The greatest man in all the world is passing through the street.
Then bow anew; such men are few; a Samson is to pass,
Who works a million wonders—with the jawbone of an ass.

—N. J. White in *Trinity Archive.*

C. I. Allen to Green.—I wish you would tell me the difference between "sight" and "vision."

Green.—That's easy. I am a vision; you are a sight.



GETTING ALONG BACKWARD.

"How iss your boy Fritz getting along in der college?"

"Ach! he is halfback in der football team and all der way back in his studies."



WAS HE AN INFANT PRODIGY?

"Young man," said a rich and pompous old gentleman, "I was not always thus. I did not always ride in a motor car of my own. When I first started in life I had to walk."

"You were lucky," rejoined the young man. "When I first started I had to crawl. It took me a long time to learn to walk."



FIRST CALL FOR BREAKFAST.

On a Pullman sleeper at seven o'clock in the morning, when the passengers were about ready to leave their berths, a baby in the state-room began to cry lustily. Just at that moment the porter opened the door and sang out: "First call for breakfast."



A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Scene.—Steps at Meredith College.

Dramatis Personæ.—First step, Wake Forest Newish W—; sixth step, Meredith Newish —.

On the campus a patent arrangement for sprinkling the lawn.

W— (making conversation).—I see you have a new—er—hose supporter.

—.—SIR!!!

(Curtain.)



A LECTURE ON ENGLISH.

As the Senior wrote it in his Chemistry Lab. book:

Ex. LXXX.

Done as directed.

As it looked after Instructor Huntley corrected it:

Ex. LXXX.

DID as directed.

As the Senior wrote it next time:

Ex. LXXXIV.

This experiment has been did as directed.

In a New Brunswick village a town character who preferred emphasis to the verities, was a witness in a petty trial involving an auger. He positively identified it as the property of the party to the suit.

"But," asked the attorney for the other side, "do you swear that you know that auger?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known it?"

"I have known that auger," said the witness, impressively, "ever since it was a gimlet."



ONE MILLION DOLLARS REWARD.

The above amount will be paid to any person who will inform Instructor Huntley where he can obtain the following supplies which have been called for by Freshmen on Chemistry I Laboratory:

Grindstaff—Some red participate of mercury.

Hipps—A pneumonia trough.

Whitaker—A little hydraulic acid.



In the coming winter hoiled shirts will be largely superseded by fried and scrambled ones. Cuff links, wherever possible, will be poached, as heretofore.



Prof.—Who was Minerva?

Soph.—The goddess of wisdom.

Prof.—Why was she called the goddess of wisdom?

Soph.—She was unmarried.



FINANCE.

We scarcely like expressing an opinion as to whether man or woman is the more susceptible of being bribed. We admit that it has been said that every man has his price. At the same time it can not be denied that every woman has her figure.



Ignorance is bliss! Jever notice the similarity between a zero and a halo?



For whitening the teeth, special small brushes made for the purpose are coming into widespread application, though the traditional custom of leaving the teeth overnight in a glass of water is one which will die extremely hard.

NO ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

As the train neared the city the colored porter approached the jovial-faced gentleman, saying with a smile:

"Shall I brush you off, sah?"

"No," he replied, "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."



THE FUNNY MAN.

This world is so crowded with things that amuse,

There is really no reason for woe.

And the man that gets sore at a baseball score

Is the funniest thing I know.

—*Chicago Tribune.*



IN THE HALL OF FAME.

Some gratifying conclusions may be drawn from the solemn vote by which eleven names were recently added to the list of Americans who have achieved lasting fame. Analyzing the vote, we find, for example, that Harriet Beecher Stowe is exactly thirty-nine and four-tenths per cent more famous than Andrew Jackson. Now the battle of New Orleans is as well known as Uncle Tom's Cabin. Hence, the author's superior renown must be attributed to her gentle, seemly deportment as contrasted with the violent and profane habits of the general. This should have a powerful and salutary influence upon ambitious youths, teaching them that, as they value enduring fame, they must avoid anger and cuss words. Again, we find that in five years the fame of Edgar Allan Poe has risen from eight minus to nineteen plus—that is, in 1905 he lacked eight votes of being famous at all, whereas, by this year's ballot, he is famous with nineteen votes to spare. As any accomplished mathematician will figure out for you, the increase is simply prodigious. Foreign critics have long regarded Poe as the finest of American poets. This dazzling spread of his celebrity in the United States, therefore, indicates a rise in poetic appreciation upon which the country may be congratulated.

From the same vote, however, other conclusions of a less gratifying nature may be drawn. This balloting was participated in by one hundred college professors, editors, authors and jurists. Unfortunately we have forgotten what person and his money were separated when this Hall of Fame was established—*Saturday Evening Post.*



Gerald J., on Chemistry Lab.—Huntley, give me some more of that consecrated sulphuric acid.

THAT TRYING TELEPHONE.

Several evenings ago, says Tit Bits, a young man repaired to a telephone office and rang up his sweetheart at her residence.

"Is that you?"

"Yes, George, dear," came the reply.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, darling."

"I wish I was there."

"I wish so, too."

"If I were there do you know what I would do with you, my darling?"

"No, George, I do not."

And then somehow the lines got mixed, and this is what she heard: "Well, I'd pull her ears back till she opened her mouth, and then I'd put a lump of mud in it. If that didn't answer I'd give her a sound thrashing."

And then Marian fainted.

Now they never speak as they pass, and the man who was talking to his farrier about a balky mare says that anybody who will advise a man to put his arms round the neck of an obstreperous horse and whisper words of love in its ear ought to be hanged to the nearest lamp post.

—*Lexington Dispatch.*



Clara.—Why did you break your engagement with Jack?

Vera.—What good is a man with rheumatism in both arms?



THE MICROBE'S SERENADE.

A lovelorn microbe met by chance,
 At a swagger bacteroidal dance,
 A proud bacillian belle; and she
 Was first of the animalculæ,
 Of organism saccharine
 She was the protoplasmic queen,
 The microscopical pride and pet
 Of the biological smartest set.
 And so this infinitesimal swain
 Evolved a pleading, low refrain:
 "Oh, lovely metamorphic germ,
 What futile scientific term
 Can well describe your many charms?
 Come to these embryonic arms,
 Then hie away to my cellular home

And be my little diatome!"
 His epithelium burned with love.
 He swore by molecules above
 She'd be his own gregarious mate,
 Or else he would disintegrate.
 This amorous mite of a parasite
 Pursued the germ both day and night,
 And 'neath her window often played
 This Darwin-Huxley serenade.
 He'd warble to her every day
 This rhizopodial roundelay:
 "Oh, most primordial type of spore,
 I never met your like before;
 And though a microbe has no heart,
 From you, sweet germ, I'll never part.
 We'll sit beneath some fungus growth,
 Till dissolution claims us both."

—From *Life*.

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THE SEA FLASH

H. F. PAGE.

On such a night, when earth's dread moods were new
To me, the clouds hung low about the east.
Ever a flash that moved but never ceased
Behind the treetops played. Uneasy blew
The wind. Deeper the pitchy darkness grew.
Upon the blast storm-voices loud increased,
Until it seemed some demon rout released
Stalked through the air ill deeds to do.

"The sea-flash?—Mother, can you tell me more?"
Then first heard I the story of the sea:
How sailor lads, that night, afar from shore
And home, on waves were tossed, and mayhap might
Be lost. A sadness then came over me
Which evermore returns *on such a night!*

THE SHORT-STORY AND THE NOVEL

R. L. McMILLAN.

Thousands of years ago gray-bearded shepherds, seated on some high rock whence each could watch his flock grazing quietly on his own hillside, told to each other tales which their fathers had told them. To-day, in a country store or village post-office, may be seen a crowd of loafers listening to some humorous, warlike or weird tale told by one who feels the responsibility of his exalted position. Thus through all the ages the tale-teller, interrupted at times by wars and other hindrances, has kept his place; and his art has neither gained nor lost in lustre or interest.

But from this changeless art of tale-telling have sprung the two mightiest types of prose fiction: the short-story and the novel; differing from each other and resembling, but very little, their progenitor.

It is not our purpose to trace the history of the short-story and of the novel from their earliest beginnings, nor to study the technicalities of these two popular forms of literature, but it is rather to draw some comparisons between these two forms of fiction as they appear to the student and reader of to-day.

But first, let us see what the two terms "short-story" and "novel" signify. Literally speaking, according to Mr. Hopkinson Smith, "a short-story is something more than incidents and descriptions. It is a definite thing. * * * It is such a reality that a man who reads it would carry away a definite impression." Again, from Mr. Esenwein: "A short-story is a brief, imaginative narrative, unfolding a single predominating incident and a single chief character; it contains a plot, the details of which are so compressed, and the whole treatment so organized, as to produce a single im-

pression." In its general sense, we shall define the short-story by illustration, which, though illogical, is the surest method of making clear any idea. If asked, "What is a short-story?" we would only refer the question to Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*, to Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, or to one of Maupassant's matchless stories. This reference to short-stories of established merit we give as a general definition, and this we shall follow rather than the literal meaning.

In a literal sense, "a novel is a work of fiction in prose, based on a plot of greater or less intricacy, and exhibiting more or less perfectly pictures of real life, representing the passions, and especially that of love, in a state of great activity." But suffice it to say that Scott's *Ivanhoe* is a novel, so is Dumas' *Count of Monte Cristo*, Dickens's *David Copperfield*, and Cooper's *Deerslayer*.

Now, let us take these two types of prose fiction, the short-story and the novel, deal with them in what we consider their general meanings and note a few peculiarities. Both have come from the art of tale-telling, though composed of more elevated English. Each deals with characters, plots, and settings. In the short-story and the novel are depicted the characters, 'manners, morals, and devilties of some age. Sometimes vivid, impressive characters are created, while at others the men and women are mere nonentities and the plot or setting predominates. In brief, the short-story and the novel are more closely related than any other two forms of literature, both dealing with human beings more or less realistic and with circumstances and conditions sometimes normal but usually imaginative.

So much for the similarities between the short-story and the novel; now we shall see a few divergencies. A novel of considerable length is seldom read at one sitting, except by the man who makes reading his business; the 'busiest man

usually completes a story at one sitting, because the perusal of a short-story rarely requires more than two hours for an ordinary reader. A novel may have, and usually does have, several prominent characters, while the short-story has one predominant character. The reading of a novel is often interrupted by worldly affairs, and for this reason it lacks unity of impression; the short-story causes a single impression, because it holds the reader, body and soul, until the end is reached.

We may live with a character in a novel for many weeks before we become thoroughly acquainted with him; before we learn his high moral traits, see the result of his diabolical plans or recognize his physical courage. Who is Gurth when we first hear him discoursing with Wamba about the encroachment of the Normans and the Norman customs? Only a Saxon swincherd who every day goes with his hogs to the large oak groaves where the swine crack acorns and hide, all but their tails, in search of the tender roots. Why, if he were not talking with the humorous Wamba, the son of Witless, we would hardly remember the fellow's name. But what is our opinion of Gurth when we have finished reading *Ivanhoe*? We have been with this stalwart Saxon slave for many days; we have seen him on the highway valiantly defending himself and his charge against Locksley's men; we know that he is ready to shed every drop of his faithful blood in the service of his young master, and when we close the book we readily admit that he is one of the greatest characters in the greatest novel ever written.

As another character take Cooper's immortal Leatherstocking. When we first meet him in *Deerslayer* we admire this daring young pale-face with a hawk's eye and a steady nerve who creeps out upon the war-path with his red friend, Big Serpent. We are glad to learn of this brave young pioneer whose God is seen in nature, whose couch is the spot

where night overtakes him, whose canopy is the blue heavens, and whose music is the sound of the wind in the forest trees. But after we have gone with the pathfinder through five volumes while he pushes farther and farther west, striving to get away from the noise of the market place, and at last when we see the old trapper dying at an Indian camp on a Western prairie we more than admire this man, we esteem him; we love and reverence him like a father.

The same may be said of almost every character in a novel; we must live with him before we learn him.

But this is not true of the short-story. There are no round-about delays. Every word in the story plays an important part in forming a definite unity. In a character story, the characters must be unique and original; they must catch the eye at once. There is no time to ride along beside the stranger for half a day and study his dress and manners. The man reveals his character in his own words or in some hurried action. The short-story-writer has no time to lose, so he must use striking characters and striking experiences. We enter at once into the heart of the story and unusual forces are brought to bear upon somewhat unusual circumstances, so that the development may be swift.

Though the typical short-story has a character, a plot, and a setting, in some of our best short-stories two of these are obliterated and the third, alone, affords the required unity of impression. Take, for example, Poe's masterful story of the Spanish Inquisition—*The Pit and the Pendulum*. A man lies strapped upon his back in a foul pit inhabited only by himself and an army of large rats which creep out of the crevices in the upper part of the well to steal away the captive's food. While the glittering blade on the swinging pendulum lowers nearer and nearer its victim we do not know whether Bill Smith or John Jones is going to be the sufferer; neither do we care. We only know that a human being

suffers untold agonies. The personality of the sufferer is obliterated while the plot is everything.

There are other stories in which the characters and the plots almost fade away while the back-ground or setting comes into prominence. Many of Bret Harte's stories are of this type.

So we see the short-story-writer has many privileges in which the novelist can not indulge. We only ask of the short-story-writer that he portray for us human life, human actions or human environment or all of these in a vivid, graphic picture. Every writer is a painter. The short-story-writer, with a master's hand, hurriedly but carefully delineates a miniature of a striking, highly-colored landscape; while the novelist, after months of tedious toil, unveils his masterpiece, the setting sun in all its glory or the tumbling billows of a ceaseless sea. Again, the short-story-writer and the novel-writer may be compared to two hunters. The novelist, in character portrayal, is like a squirrel-hunter who has the squirrel up a tree from which it can not escape. So he walks around the tree, takes a shot from one side, re-loads, takes a shot from the other side, and continues this performance until the squirrel is in his pocket. The short-story-writer is like a bird-hunter, and, furthermore, one who hunts only for single birds. With a whirr and a flutter the quail leaves the wire grass and darts for a thicket. The hunter has only one shot before the bird enters the woods, but in an instant the gun is against his shoulder, its report is heard and the dying bird blinks its eyes before us. Just as we see one hunter's squirrel and the other's quail, even so do the writers of the novel and the short-story present their characters.

As we have had a few comparisons of the short-story and the novel, now let us see the relative standing of the two to-day. If we were to discuss the development of these two

types of prose fiction we should tell how the short-story and the novel have won lasting places in the literary gallery. Every one who delights in the perusal of good literature reads stories and novels. The old standard novels are read and re-read with great and greater delight and the new novels and magazine stories are devoured as fast as they come from the press. The great critics and professors of English discuss and teach the novels and short-stories as fast as they are issued; the schoolboy, after finishing the *Post*, begins in *Henry Esmond* where he left off; the passenger, oblivious of his companions, the engine's whistle, and the panorama of hamlets, fields and woods which hurry past him, turns leaf after leaf of *The Shepherd of the Hills* and lives in a kingdom all his own; the sunburnt farmer, who "hates the name of fiction," comes in at noon from the parched fields and resumes the continued story in the *Atlanta Constitution*, while his daughter, seated in the kitchen by a cooking dinner, dreams of the land of Lorna Doone.

But, though the short-story and the novel are both demanded and enjoyed by the reading public, the short-story is the more popular of the two and more typical of the present age. This is a commercial age and only women, teachers, journalists, and lazy men have much time for reading. The successful lawyer, doctor, merchant or farmer has at the most, only an hour or two a day to spend in reading fiction. This busy man wishes to read something which will draw his mind from his work and something which he can finish in an hour. So he picks up the *Cosmopolitan*, *Scribner's* or some other such periodical and begins a story. This man wishes to lose himself and be filled. "Reading maketh a full man," but filled with more than information; full of emotion, full of desire, and full of imagination. The reader of a short-story is hurled into the midst of hurried action and for an hour his whole being is surcharged with an im-

aginative current. This is a distinct advantage which the short-story has over the novel: its brevity and its power of sudden distraction of attention appeal to the busy man.

Again, from the great list of short-stories the reader may select the exact kind of prose fiction which his mood calls for. If late on some howling, stormy night one wish to read something horrible one may take Poe's *The Black Cat*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, or *A Descent Into the Maelstrom*. If he care to read a story filled with suggestive pathos and deep sentiment, let him select Thedor Storm's *Immensee*. Perhaps the reader would rather dip into the strange beauty and mystery of those twilight places where "the vagrant imagination hovers for a moment, then flutters on." Then he may lose himself in Hawthorne's *Snow Image* or Poe's *Silence, a Fable*. In short, there are as many types of short-stories as there are varieties of human emotions, and one may at any time read either the story which will divert or the one which will intensify the feelings. And this is another advantage which the short-story has over the novel.

Finally, what shall we say as to the future of the short-story and the novel? This is an age of fiction. The call for good fiction has not yet sounded its loudest. But before another quarter of a century has passed there will be a wilder clamor for stories and novels than has yet been sent forth by the reading public. But, after the height of their fame has been reached will the popularity of the short-story and the novel rapidly wane? So long as men are interesting to one another, so long as the infinite complexities of modern emotion play about situations that are as old as the race, just so long will there be an opportunity for the free development of the short-story and the novel as true literary forms.

"A RAG, AND A BONE, AND A HANK OF HAIR"

M. T. C.

"My affection for you, I insist, Miss Gregory, will stand any test. If heartfelt assertions, constant attention, sincerity of word and manner, fail to convince you, name but a task, however great, and I will undertake it."

Miss Gregory smiled easily. A girl who has dwelt for seasons many in a college town has a habit of smiling easily.

"So, Mr. Combs, you stand ready to prove your position by undertaking any task. Are you sure?"

"Sure? Why I shall not only undertake it; I will accomplish it. I would do, even the impossible for you."

"Very well then, Mr. Combs. I have you a task." She smiled and waited a moment to give him a chance to recant. But he was firm.

"I would not have you do anything impossible, so do not be uneasy. It is this. While I was out watching football practice the other afternoon, a certain unrestrained young Freshman very gallantly kicked the ball in our direction, the said ball, Mr. Combs, hitting the young lady who stands before you right on top of the head. Now whatever other people think about the matter, my head is not a goal post. Nor have the jokes and gibes of my friends succeeded in thoroughly healing the ultra-vibrated surface of my coco. See?"

Mr. Combs saw, and hissed out something about stranglings and murders.

"Be patient," she continued, "do not do anything rash. I only want an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. I would suggest that you have this young man's head shaved. Will you do it? His name? It is Gray."

"Why you are a trump, a genius. What a lark! Of

course I'll do it. And I'll come and tell you about it in the morning, with a lock of his hair."

He left her, and it was yet early.

Later on in the afternoon Miss Gregory again sat on her sofa, just large enough for two in the cozy corner of her parlor. Beside her this time sat one very serious young man whose name was not Combs, but Harrill.

"Miss Gregory, you can't imagine how worried I am every time I think of the near approach of commencement."

"Why, Mr. Harrill, how surprised I am. You should be delighted at the thought. You graduate, I understand, with honors."

"Oh! you don't, Miss Gregory, you don't understand. It's the attachments—er—ah, an affection, don't you see. May I not tell you?"

This reminded Miss Gregory of recent events.

"Oh, Mr. Harrill, do you love little adventures, little things that you can remember after you leave college?"

"Passionately fond of them, passionately," reiterated Mr. Harrill, who had visions of a stroll down towards the pond.

"Well, then, listen," she said. "While I was out watching the ball practice a few days ago,"—her face here lost its flashing animation taking on a look of unutterable anguish.

"Oh, yes, I remember; why don't you come oftener?"

"But think how rudely I was treated this time. Listen, a handsome laddie out there hit me right on top of the head with a football, and laughed, laughed, oh so cruelly, right in my face."

"Who is he? Where is he? I'll fix him."

"Oh, don't hurt him, not for the world. It's all just in fun, you know. What do you think of shaving this young gentleman's head? Don't you think it would be a very appropriate mode of punishment considering the crime?"

"Capital, capital, first rate. Nothing more to the point

could be thought of. Indeed I'll do it myself, this very night."

"Report to me in the morning then, and say, don't forget to bring a lock of his hair."

"I won't."

The afternoon waned, and evening; night was on.

Miss Gregory and Mr. Wallin, romping about the yard in the moonlight, were having a most joyful time. Mr. Wallin, whose given name, by the way, was Henry, was a carefree, sporty sort of a young fellow, and so could not be blamed when he introduced into the conversation the subject of football.

It interested her, and she began to talk glibly. She had talked of the same subject before, and had no difficulty in describing vividly how she had gone out to see the boys practice, and, Oh! how embarrassed she was made to feel when, having just applauded a good play, an awful ball that had gone away up high in the air had hit her right on top of the head.

"And oh, Henry," she said, "you must be my knight and avenge this insult to your princess."

"I'll thrust him through, sweet princess," said Henry.

"Oh, don't do that. But, Henry, don't you think it would be just lots of fun to shave the top of his old head?"

"It would be a treat for a king. Did you say it was Gray? Oh, yes, a fresh guy. And you want a lock of his shaven hair to-morrow morning? Good; rest satisfied sweet princess. I'll make his dome look like a full moon in May. Good-bye."

The night grew apace; a lone owl hooted from the belfry; from the many windowed dormitory not a single light glimmered.

Asa P. Gray, Freshman, convicted felon, thrice-doomed wretch, was slumbering the fateful moments away.

Heaven preserve the silken locks of the sleeping youth, for outside under the dark magnolias, shadowy figures are approaching. Like spectres they glide into the great hall of the dormitory. Before the door of the doomed man they halt for a moment and listen intently. Then there is a tiny glimmer of a lantern, a flash of a steel instrument, and the door flies open. The figure lying on the bed, dimly visible by the pale light that steals in through the window from the watching stars, slumbers on nor dreams of danger.

Noiselessly the intruding spectres move toward him. They are near the bed. Crouching an instant like tigers they spring forward upon it. There is a muffled exclamation, a dismal creaking of springs. The victim is helpless.

The lantern flashes out again. In its light stretch forth the greedy, clutching fingers of Mr. Combs. They close upon the crown of Mr. Gray's head. But horrors! they only slip and slide upon a surface of unbroken smoothness; what a cold, clammy slipperiness is there? The lantern is brought closer. Not a wisp of hair in sight. Not a single silken lock.

"Newish, where's your hair?" thunders Combs in the tone of an elephant.

"Good gracious," quoth the frightened Asa; "I'm a poor bald-headed man. I never had any hair."

And it was so. Not balder than Asa's head is the dome that surmounts the great capitol at Washington; not balder is the heathen Chinese without a queue; not balder is the tender maiden's cheek, nay, not even the sole of her foot.

For a moment friend Combs stood in bewilderment; then by the dim flickering light of the lantern, which imparted a ghostly hue to that weird assemblage, he emitted a strange oath.

Then beckoning to his confreres he went forth with them

into the hall and into the night, leaving the room to darkness and to trembling Asa.

Twice more that night were similar scenes enacted about the person of the terrified Asa. As a result, the effect they had upon him was most pitiable. The next morning he was heard gibbering to his fellows of horny-handed devils that had invaded his room and kept him bound all night, amusing themselves by prodding his bald head alternately with red-hot bars of iron and sticks of ice.

At ten o'clock sharp, in the morning, the door bell of Miss Gregory's home rang vigorously in response to the firm hand of Mr. Combs. The look that Miss Gregory saw on his face when she came out to meet him was an unusually stern one. It was evident that he was thinking deeply. She ushered him into the parlor and had just succeeded in getting him cheerful, when the door bell again rang, and in came Mr. Harrill, of former acquaintance.

Each of the two gentlemen looked a little surprised at the presence of the other, but conversation was again progressing finely, when the door bell rang a third time, and in walked the pleasing figure of Mr. Wallin.

The vivacity of Miss Gregory now knew no bounds. She gathered her knights about her in a small semi-circle, treating them one after another with the most dazzling smiles imaginable, which dazzling smiles were promptly appropriated and paid for by a deluge of capacious grins from the semi-circle.

Then Miss Gregory manufactured one smile so marvelous in its qualities that it could be used with equal effect on three persons at one and the same time. Harrill swore, in his heart, that this particular facial contortion was meant solely for him, so swore Combs, so swore Wallin.

To accompany the performance of this great achievement

(I call it great with all due reverence) Miss Gregory remarked sweetly:

"Oh! I saw something so funny this morning. A Freshman with his head shaved!" Just think of it!"

"She thinks I succeeded, and she's indirectly congratulating me." So thought Combs, so thought Wallin, so thought Harrill.

But she was continuing, "You know I have a sort of strange custom of noticing the color of every one's hair I meet. And ridiculous as it is, I got to wondering what could have been the color of this man's hair."

"Now she is challenging me for the actual proof that I did it. I guess I shall have to show up what I brought. These other fellows won't catch on." So debated to himself Mr. Harrill, so Mr. Combs, so Mr. Wallin.

And suiting the action to the thought, Mr. Combs dived into his pants pocket, Mr. Harrill into his vest pocket, and Mr. Wallin into his coat pocket, each one producing at the same time a huge wad of hair.

"Just about the color of that, I bet a nick," said Harrill, winking knowingly at Miss Gregory.

"Oh, no, the color of that I wager," said Combs.

"Both of you are wrong. I know it was quite this color," said Wallin.

Into each of the hearts of the three knights had come a deathly chill, but they now pompously threw into the lap of the young lady for her inspection their burdens of hair. And the color of one was an ash gray, resembling the hair of Pete, the near by cobbler; and the color of another was bright red, resembling the shock that belonged to Tom Jeffrey, the college janitor. And the color of the last was dark brown, resembling the hair of Rounder, Mr. Harrill's pet collie.

Miss Gregory was trained to look for the unexpected. But

holy of holies! to be presented with unmistakable evidence that a bald-headed Newish had not only grown three crops of hair in one night, but had grown them all a different shade! 'Tis not remarkable that she gasped, and came near fainting. She was a sensible girl, however, and fainted no more than was absolutely necessary.

When her thoughts had sufficiently recuperated she arose to the occasion and recited rapturously: "Oh, my; Oh, my; I shall die; I shall die. Whoop!"

And away she flew in a maze and whirl like rose leaves caught in a whirlwind.

When her footsteps had died away upon the stairs, the three looked at each other foolishly, and departed each his own way.

Time passed. I will not say how much. But a great discovery had been made in the scientific world. This discovery was nothing more nor less than a remarkable hair tonic, which had the power of growing hair on all surfaces, even door-knobs.

It is needless to talk further. Everybody is acquainted with Velvet Gloss Hair Tonic, discovered and prepared by Messrs. Harrill, Combs, and Wallin. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try it.

THE PIRATES OF THE AIR—A TABLOID DRAMA OF THE YEAR 1920

W. EDGAR WOODRUFF.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A bedroom in Theodore Van Slyck's palace on the Hudson. Van Slyck seated on side of bed, dressed in pajamas. A dozen or more servants crowd about the bed, all talking at once.

COLORED GARDNER. Yes, suh, I seen him. Indeed, suh, I seen him wif muh own eyes. He look jes lack er Roosian anarches, suh!

VAN SLYCK. Hush up all of you! Now, Sam, it seems you are the only one who saw the affair. All of you keep still while Sam tells me what he saw.

SAM. Yes, suh, I shore seen him, suh. I'd been out a little late, an' as I come eround de house, suh, I seen two men in er flyin' merchine flop right down ter de windo' whar Miss Genie sleeps. De gemmun what look lack er Roosian jes push his han' up lack dat, an' de windo' opens, an' right in he went an' foteh Miss Genie out, a-kickin' an' a-screamin' in his a'ms. Then he said somethin' ter de gemmun what run hit an' away they fly wif yer gal, suh. Et's what yo' calls a kidnabbin', suh. Oh, Lawdy! Oh, Lawdy!

VAN SLYCK. Why in thunder didn't you call an officer? Why didn't you shoot him? Why didn't you make an alarm? Why didn't you—

SAM. Well, suh, I did, suh, but dey war elean gone afore I could git de allarum ter go off.

VAN SLYCK. Which way did he go?

SAM. He jes' banished away, suh.

VAN SLYCK. Here, Kanffiman, you go to the garage and get the high-power biplane ready—and be sure you pnt plenty of gasoline in the tank—while I go down stairs and notify the authorities.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The wireless telephone office on top of the International Aerial Police Station, Niagara Falls, N. Y. The chief of police has just been summoned to the office. An operator with a receiver to his ear sits in one corner.

OPERATOR (reading off message). American millionaire's daughter kidnapped by aeroplane. Passed over Falls making north by west fifteen minutes ago.

CHIEF. Who's the message from?

OPERATOR. The customs officials. The father and an officer were in hot pursuit—were just about to hook the outlaw's 'plane in fact—when something went wrong with their motor. They landed on the American side to get another 'plane. The villain then flew straight ahead, eluded our fleet of "smuggle chasers," and got away.

CHIEF. 'Phone the garage to make ready a fleet of ten 'planes. We will catch the scoundrel if we have to play tag with him around the pole.

ACT III.

SCENE.—The House of Representatives in session. A Congresswoman from the State of Arizona is just concluding a four-hour effort.

CONGRESSWOMAN. I repeat, the bill proposed by the Congressman from Indiana is far too modest in its demands. An appropriation of fifty million dollars is far too small an amount to put into an increase of our aerial fleet. We ought to expend twice that amount. Smugglers in aeroplanes are entering our unprotected borders every night of the world, laden with precious cargoes on which they pay not one cent of duty. Because our present fleet is inadequate to patrol our aerial borders Congress has thrice been forced to reduce the tariff on all articles whose light weight and great value make the business of aerial smuggling profitable. (Groans from many Representatives), and still this shameful smuggling goes on. ("Good, let her continue," this from

the Freetraders.) Last year we faced a deficit of seventy-five millions, and it was all largely due to a decrease in revenue on goods that are now being smuggled into our country in airships. Our factories are idle; our laborers out of employment, all because we have ceased to protect them. Let us rise from our lethargy and put a stop to this evil. (Loud cheers from the Representatives of the Interests.)

Worse still, these vultures of the air are snatching our children from our very arms, eluding the few officers now patrolling our borders, and making good their escape. (Sobs from the suffragist Representatives.) From the remote corners of the earth these pirates flash back their demands for kingly ransoms. I tell you the country is groaning under a piracy worse than England under the ravages of the Danes in the days of Alfred the Great. At this very moment throughout the length and breadth of the land the newsboys are crying an "Extra," which brings the sad news of a new addition to this appalling list of crimes. A New York millionaire's daughter was this morning kidnapped by one of these villains. He eluded the officials in broad daylight and escaped into Canada.

I tell you, fellow Congressmen and Congresswomen, the country demands that we act. I appeal to you, my sisters, to cast your ballot as one for this measure and, by so doing, protect our beloved country from bankruptcy, our manufacturers from enforced poverty, and our sons and daughters from the kidnapper's thralldom. (Sobbing, with her face in her handkerchief, she sits down.)

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A small town in Canada. Eleven aeroplanes are at rest in the street in front of a church, into which the kidnapper has been forced to retreat. A dozen officers rush up the church steps; the aerial freebooter, with his victim, opens the door and faces them. They arrest him.

GENEVIVE. (Sobbing, rushes into her father's arms.)
Father, dear, I'm so glad you came!

VAN SLYCK. Stop crying, my child, you are safe at last!

GENEVIVE. Yes, father, now I'm safe, let me introduce my husband, Roland Rockaway—and father, I'm so sorry to have given you all of this trouble. Will you forgive us?

VAN SLYCK. (Whispering to Genevive.) The joke's on you. I knew you kids never would get married if I didn't oppose it. (Aloud to Roland), I congratulate you, sir, on the speed of your new 'plane. She certainly is a swift one all right.

(Curtain.)

THE SOURCE OF THE PICARESQUE IN SPAIN

LEE McBRIDE WHITE.

The picaresque or the literature of roguery had its origin in Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century. The life of the *picaro* [rogue] attracted the attention of a few men, literary disposed, who sought to satirize the social conditions existing in Spain in this century, and also the customs and manners of the people. To do such a thing was to call down upon one's head the everlasting censure of the church—unless, of course, the book had been approved by the censor.

Previous to the appearance of the *picaro* in Spanish literature, the romance of love and adventure had a great vogue. Of these chivalresque novels, the only one which is worth reading is the *Celestina*, or *Tragicomedia de Calisto Melibea*.¹

"Simple life and passion was its subject, not extravagant adventure, and observation its instrument, but in emotion it attained a deeper reality than any sought by the romances of roguery. The low life centering around the wily *Celestina* had all the traits of the best picaresque fiction, while the higher life involving lovers entirely transcends anything in the tales of the anti-heroes."² Still one may see in what direction the tendency was.

In the writing of this book, de Rojas brought a conscience to his work. In assuming this point of view, he was the first. He, by this moral attitude toward his characters and by his perspicuity, and by his love for the subject with which he busied himself, would be ranked by Tolstoi, certainly, as a man of genius. The one book which preceded the *Celestina* was *Amadis de Gaula*, which was instrumental

¹Published, 1499, at Burgos. Its author was Ferdinand de Rojas. It was translated into English by James Mable, 1622.

²Chandler: *Romances of Roguery*, p. 185.

in introducing, to the public, characters such as are found in the Knights of the Round Table.

Now, the brief mention here of this period of Spanish literature will serve to introduce one to a closer study of the times, the conditions which gave rise to the chivalresque novel, its subsequent loss of favor, and later the rise in popular favor of the picaresque story.

The *Celestina* was published at Burgos at the end of the fifteenth century, to be exact, 1499. This part of the century had brought many new and interesting subjects to the public attention. Ferdinand and Isabella were the greatest monarchs of Christendom, and Spain, the most envied of all countries. Such a wonderful discovery as the new world, and soon thereafter, the establishment of colonies, and the mining of gold and silver in Peru, Ecuador, and other parts of South America, opened a new field to literature. Thus it was that the novel of adventure obtained a high prestige in Spain, as well as in other countries. Therefore it is not surprising that the story of love and adventure should hold in rapt attention the readers of that day, for was it not the Golden Age of all times, when new worlds were finding places on the map, and heroes of sea voyages were plentiful; when knight and citizen ventured forth to see new and wonderful continents?

But even with all these discoveries, the first quarter of the new century witnessed in part the decadence of the chivalresque novel. Henceforth the tendency was toward realism, to get away from artificiality, to touch society, to know the people who composed this society, to analyze the influence of manners and of custom. All these contributed to the development of the picaresque novel. The middle of this century marked the end of the influence of the *roman à clef*, because the tale was too remote from the persons of everyday life, was in fact too exaggerated. "As in the drama the

mask with its solemn ceremony gave rise to the comic anti-mask, so in fiction the story of the hero produced the story of the rogue."¹ And again, "from the matchless knight or noble who was all perfection, it passed to the sharper, destitute of grace."²

Many stories of the early sixteenth century prepared the way for the coming of the picaro. Such were *Dit sur les etates du monde*, or the *Dance of Death*; also *Roman de Renart*, "with its masquerade and bold parody, and its rogue hero, the fox, went a long way toward preparing for the advent of the picaro." Says Chandler again, "fraud and deceit were glorified ironically; no class in society was exempted from attack, and the spirit of chivalry already found a foe." The fablian of the *Three Thieves of Jean de Boves*, or that of the *Blind Men of Campeigne*, by Count Barbe, "were episodes ready made and to hand for appropriation by the novel of the anti-hero," as were the *Gesta Romanorum* and some of the *Ceuto novelle antiche*. However much was the influence of these stories upon the development of the gusto picaro type, one certainly must see that the direct source was in the life of the time. To quote from Chandler: "From the court to the kennel truth was subordinate to policy, intrigue and sharpening was the rule, people lived from hand to mouth and for today, and the spirit of chivalry eloquent in the old romances and incarnate in Charles the Fifth, remaining without employment under Philip the Second, turned to roguery. The rim of the horizon had begun to contract, and the field of adventurous exploit was more than proportionately diminished. Where Charles had been magnetic, Philip was sombre and cold. He dipped the pen where Charles had wielded the sword, and the bulwarks behind which he fought were files of official paper. The father had been a leader,

¹Chandler: *Romances of Roguery*, p. 14.

²*Ibid.*, p. 15.

an inspirer of men; the son was a bureaucrat. But omniscient as was his bureaucracy, the country already drained of its men and resources was left to languish in exhaustion. * * * Pity disappeared, although the shadow of it lingered in the popular treatment of beggars. These could outvie their own Italian brethren. Their name was legion. As in Italy, they congregated before the church doors and monasteries. They thronged the highways and plied from town to town, chanting their prayers. Somehow they lived, and while thieving never came amiss to them, they were chiefly recipients of charity. Something of pity must have excited such almsgiving, but in the main it was the result of a peculiar system. As the martial power had been shrinking, the ecclesiastical power had expanded. Across the peninsula, near ten thousand religious houses swung each day their bells to matins and to vespers, and thousands on thousands of men and women passed their lives in devotion there, dependent upon their private fortunes or more often upon pious bounties for support, * * * They—the monks and nuns—were the chosen seekers after a heavenly salvation, one of the conditions of which was charity. It was the business of the poor, in their very necessity, to furnish the opportunity for fulfilling that condition. Indeed, it was regarded almost as a providential provision that there should be any poor at all, else how could the religious houses achieve everlasting bliss? The monasteries, therefore, did dispense charity. The beggar and the vagabond need never faint by the way, although the *hidalgo* or the rogue in his pride might.”

Then, further, there is another sentence which is pertinent: “In Spain everything favored beggary and vagabondage, from the advantages to be derived from this self-seeking scheme of charity to the climate itself adapted to an outdoor life. While the percentage of illegitimacy was always large,

¹Chandler: *Romances of Roguery*, pp. 24, 25, 27-30.

infanticide in Spain was uncommon, abandonment taking its place. And these neglected children, joining in bands for juvenile depredation, were feeders for companies of elder rogues. So great a scandal had they become, indeed, that in 1552 the Cortes was brought to consider them in a petition requesting the appointment of special officers to have charge of collecting and providing with work the little rascals, who were running wild."

With this résumé of the direct source of the picaresque, let us give our attention to a discussion of the chief book of this type and its author.

The book, in its great influence on this kind of literary work, was *Tarzarillo de Tormes*, credited by the best scholars of Spanish literature to Hurtago de Mendoza Diedo. Mendoza was a man of splendid gifts and broad knowledge of Latin, Greek and Italian, as well as a thorough acquaintance with the best in his own language. It was his constant search of knowledge, that led him to collect many valuable manuscripts from the Acropolis of Athens and deposit them in his own library. These manuscripts form a part of the valuable collection in the Escorial in Madrid. These facts are interesting to note, because they give one an insight into the splendid scholarship of some, at least, of the men of the sixteenth century, in Spain.

It does not matter what book was the precursor of the *Lazarillo*, because one needs only to remember that the *Lazarillo de Tormes* represents the best in picaresque fiction. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, speaking of the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, says: "Whoever wrote the book, he fixed forever the type of the comic prose epic as rendered by the needy, and he did it in such wise as to defy all competition."¹

Since the *Lazarillo* holds such an important place in the

¹Fitzmaurice-Kelly, James: *Spanish Literature*, p. 160.

literature of roguery, it would be well to give a synopsis of the story.

Lazarillo, or "little Lazarus," as he is sometimes called, is the autobiography of a boy, who was born in a mill on the banks of the Tormes, near Salamanca. His mother was not a woman of unquestioned character. She had no scruples about letting her little son do as he pleased. Hence it does not surprise one when one day a blind beggar comes to the inn, where the mother works and persuades her, with little trouble, to let her son go with him. In fact the mother is delighted, because she thinks the opportunity for her son to see something of the world an excellent one. But when the time comes for Lazarillo to go, the mother is not altogether unfeeling. The position of the beggar was the lowest in the social scale. But no matter, the boy makes the best or the worst of it. He is quick to learn and to adapt himself to his new surroundings. His observations are worth noting because he sees, with open eyes, the different states of society and he has the faculty to divine what should be a just estimate of it. He has exceptional opportunities, for he is in service successively of a priest, a friar, a seller of indulgences, a chaplain, and an *alguazil* (wine inspector.) Then he settles down from the most disgraceful motives as a married man. The story comes to an end without giving one a reason to expect its continuance.

The book is short, but the story is always interesting. Lazarillo, with his faculty of keen observation, can, from his point of vantage behind the scenes, give us a pungent satire on the conditions of society. The author, whoever he may be, is a genius. His keenness of insight, the simplicity with which he presents his characters and the different episodes of the story and the characters themselves in their naiveness are indeed enjoyable.

The earliest edition of this book appeared in 1554. It

was often reprinted. It was well received both at home and abroad. Many imitations of it were put on sale in the early seventeenth century, for instance, "*The Lazarillo of Manzanares*," in which the state of society in Madrid was satirized. This imitation—a very bad one, it must be said—was attempted by Juan Cortes de Toloso. It was first printed in 1620.

It would be well here to mention other types. The Spanish rogue took his birth in the bed of the river Tormes. Now in France, a type was developed, an almost perfect type, in *Gil Blas*. In Germany, there was *Grimmelshauen*; in Denmark, the Dutch brought forth, as their type, *Nicholas Heinsius, Junior*. England had developed, about the same time as the picaresque was developed in Spain, a species of her own, the result of native conditions. The English picaresque has been treated from Chaucer to Dickens. The first book to appear in this country was Nash's *Unfortunate Traveller*.¹

The importance of this species of character to fiction and to the drama can not be too much emphasized. Such a man as Lope de Vega, in Spain, was interested in the hidalgo, or *picaro*, on account of his importance in the drama; such men in England as Awdley, Middleton, Rowley, Greene, and others, treated the type as a stock character. This side of life is interesting to study (1) on account of its picturesque figures and (2) its absurd and sometimes nonsensical views of life, although one should be cautioned not to study the character merely as a criminologist would, but as the psychologist.

The study of the picaresque should be a comparative study, because the development of this *genre* was not due to one country, as the study of the style, say of John Lyly, would not be so very profitable if one did not take into consideration

¹*The Unfortunate Traveller*, by Thomas Nash, 1594.

the same artificialities characteristic of other languages, such as one finds in the *préciosité* of the French and *marinism* of the Spanish.

It is worth while noting, in conclusion, that no such thieves as those treated in the *Celestina* or the *Lazarillo*, found places in poetry. The reason is obvious enough, picaresque sayings, the deeds and escapades of the anti-hero were not artistic, they were "of the earth, earthy"; consequently, they would be ranked low in the scale of art, even if it at all considered from that point of view.

A CLOSE CALL

J. B. ELLER.

It was Sunday night. George Smith and I were sitting in our room at the Jackson hotel in the town of Gainsboro. Suddenly we heard a heavy footfall on the stairway, a thud, thud in the hall, and unexpectedly our door flew open. A large, dark featured, man stepped inside, gazed around blankly for a moment, and began bluntly:

"What in the deuce are you fellows doing in my room?"

"I beg your pardon," answered Smith. "The landlady assigned us to this room yesterday."

"That's just like her," retorted the stranger. "Every time I'm away she messes up my room with a team of agents. Dodgum such a place anyway."

Our newly made acquaintance turned and left the room as unceremoniously as he had entered it, and Smith and I dismissed him from our minds.

However, we had the opportunity of seeing this stranger again next day before leaving for the country. He came to our room early next morning and, introducing himself as David Swan, begged our pardon for his rudeness on the previous evening, saying that he was worn out from a tiresome journey. He then inquired about our business. When we told him that we were selling books he told us that, as he was idle that week, he would like to take a few orders among friends near town. We accepted his explanations and gave him an order book, thinking no more of the affair.

As Jackson County was very rough and thickly settled, Smith and I decided to travel on foot that week. Smith was to work Roaring River Valley; I was to work the hill country north of the valley and meet him on the head of Lick Creek Thursday night. With these plans in view we

left Gainsboro together early Monday morning and traveled about a mile to where our road forked and there, bidding each other good luck, separated.

I soon found that the country which I was to work was not only rugged, but that the people were wildcatters and counterfeiters. Before reaching my territory I was warned by one of the best citizens of the county to be careful in my actions and give no opportunity for suspicion. I followed his advice and had no experience worthy of comment until Wednesday.

A short while after noon on that day I had entered a home and was talking to the lady of the house, a Mrs. Kent, when a red faced man with thick matted hair, small black eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, came in. Calling the lady "mother," he asked where he could find an auger, and then turning to me began rudely:

"Who are you, and where are you from?"

I politely told him my name and business.

"I don't see who needs books in this country," he continued. "You ain't sold any, have you?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I'm doing a good business."

"Who are some of the folks takin' books?"

I showed him the names of several neighbors, and though he asked no further questions he did not appear satisfied and left the room abruptly. I felt uneasy after his departure and bidding the lady good-bye, was soon on the road again.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house when my attention was attracted by a small stream falling over a high rock. I lingered a moment gazing on the water and, then, led by some inexplicable impulse, followed a path that led around the rock. I soon discovered that the stream after falling, ran into the hill. My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused and down the stream into the cave I

went. I had not proceeded far, however, when I heard the sound of gruff voices in conversation.

"He said he was selling books, but I believe he was spying," one was saying.

"If them detectives is in here agin, Bill Kent," the other responded, "I'm in for lynching 'em. Where did you leave 'im?"

"I left him at the house not more than five minutes age."

Casting a hasty glance about my dim surroundings, I saw a couple of five gallon kegs in a crevice of the rock, and a small pipe extending through another out of which thin smoke was curling. Though I could not see the men, I realized my mistake in a moment. I knew I was in a wildcat distillery, and rapidly retraced my steps. I knew I was in great danger, and on reaching the road I took no time to ponder, but ran for two miles at a break-neck speed, avoiding houses by going through woods. During the rest of the afternoon I traveled as fast as I could, going in an opposite direction from the cave all the time.

A little before sunset I found myself on Sandy Creek, nearly ten miles from Kent's. I called at a Mr. Pygram's for lodging, and was taken in without a murmur. I had scarcely taken a seat when Mr. Pygram turned to me and said:

"Have you heard about that detective gittin' killed?"

"No," I replied. "Who and where was he?"

"They killed him on Lick Creek this morning; but I didn't get his name."

"On Lick Creek?" I asked. "What was he doing there?"

"They told me up at the store that he said he was selling books, but they knowed he lied. They said he dodged around over there last week."

I thought of Smith at once. I knew he had been killed. Tomorrow was the day he and I were to meet on Lick Creek.

Of course he had been mistaken for a detective and shot. I must do something.

"Are you sure that the man was over there last week?" I asked.

"All I know is what they said at the store."

"What have they done with the man they killed?"

"He's still where they killed him. They're expectin' the coroner to hold a caucus over him about dark."

I then told Mr. Pygram of Smith, saying that I believed he had been mistaken for a detective.

"It ain't but three miles over there," he answered. "We'll ride over and see about it. I want to hear what the coroner says, anyway."

"Will it not be dangerous for me?"

"No. I'll fix that all right."

My friend saddled two horses and mounting them, we started for the scene of the murder. As we left the creek and entered the hill country, I began to fear that we were going in the direction from which I had recently come, but I strangled my fears and kept bravely on. Between sunset and dark we reached our destination. We found the dead man lying on his face near the house with two rough looking men standing by.

"What was that man's name?" began Mr. Pygram before we alighted.

"Swan," came the answer from one of the men.

"This fellow here with me thought he might be his pardner and we come to see about it."

I tried to sign him to hush but to no avail. I realized that the way he was introducing the matter would entangle me. I saw in a moment that the dead man was the fellow Swan to whom I had given an order book Monday, and that he was using my business as a disguise. Of course this was getting me in deep water.

"I don't know who's pardner he is," continued the fellow on the ground." "Bill Kent said they wuz some more of 'em out. One wuz at his home this mornin'."

The other fellow looked at me out of the corners of his eye, and turning around, started in the direction of the house.

I knew that I must get away from there. Alighting, I examined the dead man only long enough to find out that it was Swan and not Smith, and mounting my horse again, I said to Mr. Pygram:

"He is not my friend. Let's go."

"I've not even seen the dead man," Mr. Pygram answered. "You know I'm not going yet."

About this time four men stepped out of the house below. I recognized Bill Kent as one of them. I didn't take time to parley, but turning my horse, started off in the direction from which I had come.

"Shoot him! Shoot him!" rang out Bill Kent's voice. "That's the one who was at my house this morning. Shoot him! Shoot him!"

Bang! Bang! Zip! Zip! Pistols roared and bullets whizzed. I lay flat on my horse's neck and applied the whip freely. It happened that in the growing darkness every bullet went wide of its mark and I escaped unhurt.

How long the shooting continued and how soon Mr. Pygram followed, I do not know. I do know, however, that I left Lick Creek in a hurry. I did not even stop at Mr. Pygram's home, but followed the creek to the river, took the road leading down the stream toward Gainsboro.

About ten o'clock that night I came to the home of the gentleman who gave me such good advice on Monday, and there stayed till morning. Early next day I started for town leaving the horse which I had ridden with this gentleman.

I had been in my room at Gainsboro but a few minutes

when Smith came bounding into my room like a crazy man.

"By George!" he began. "I heard you were killed on Lick Creek.

"Not quite," I answered, "But I had a close rub."

"I've been up all night," he broke in. "All the folks in Jackson County couldn't keep me here another day. I leave this afternoon."

I didn't endeavor to persuade him to stay. At one o'clock we left Gainsboro, going in the opposite direction from Lick Creek.

TO PEGGY IN CHURCH

IAN McIAN.

I once stood upon a sand dune by the hazy summer sea
And watched the white-sailed ships creep slowly by;
While the little waves would rush up to my feet with curls of foam,
Then back into their mother's arms would fly.

Oh, the sea was calm and peaceful as I looked across the waves
Where the ever-changing shadows formed and fled.
But always a flash of whiteness where a far-off whitecap fell
Proved Atlantic only sleeping—never dead.

Ah, your eyes are deeper azure than the sunlit summer sea,
And your presence speaks of Sabbath-day repose;
But too well I know the dimple that betrays your inmost thoughts
Of the fly on snoring Deacon Jones's nose!

THE LAKE PHELPS DRAINING PROJECT

W. C. ALLEN, JR.

Reclamation of swamp lands by drainage has been known for a long, long time, but it is only in recent years that it has been practiced extensively. In former times the neglect of this matter might be accounted for by the absence of the modern machines built for that work, in use at the present time. But now, since we have all proper means at our disposal, there is no excuse for neglecting our swamp lands any longer, and the people all over this country, and especially in this State, are realizing the fact, that not only it ought to be done, but that also there is untold wealth realized from a little proper drainage. And it can now be said to the credit of the people of this State, even if they did a few years ago receive the idea with derision, believing that the swamps were only good for the timber they produced, that they are now bestirring themselves, and the results of their labors can already be seen if one will only take the trouble to travel in the tidewater region of this State.

Our people may be slow to act, and they may let a few choice plums go by before we realize it; we may and have let our friends, the Northerners, get ahead of us a few times in some of the work, but when we do recognize the value of it, and once get to work, there are no harder or better workers to be found anywhere.

There is no doubt whatever about the fertility of these swamp lands when once properly drained, for it is virgin soil, being the deposit of years, or even ages. Their value as farming land is great, so great, that Lake Mattamuskeet in Hyde County, a very large lake, having a large deposit of mud in its bed, is actually to be pumped dry with steam pumps and kept dry by the same means, only for the farm-

ing land which was covered by the water. This is an expensive method of drainage, but the land is so valuable that it will warrant the expense.

I have made a trip around Lake Mattamuskeet, and there is a solid stretch of farms completely around it, and better farms I have never seen. Better corn is grown there than is grown in the corn belt of Illinois. I questioned one farmer as to how he grew such good crops, expecting to find that he used some costly fertilizer, and to my amazement I found that he used no fertilizer at all. Imagine then the fertility of the soil in the bottom of the lake.

It is the best trucking land to be had, these swamp lands. It is no difficulty at all to grow two crops in one season. Of my own personal knowledge plenty of farmers raise a crop of potatoes, and then plant the fields in corn and peas. Farming like that is farming that means money, and when all the swamp lands of this State are producing their two crops a year, then I expect to see North Carolina take her place as one of the richest States in the Union.

Drainage is badly needed in this State. I have walked across corn fields knee deep in water, caused by a long wet season, with no provisions for carrying off the surplus water. The United States Government has seen the need of the people, and under the Department of Agriculture it has started a Drainage Department. Its business is to make preliminary surveys of lands that need drainage, and if the draining of it is feasible, is to furnish plans and specifications to the people and let them do the work. The method of making these surveys is to be the main content of this essay.

Last summer the Drainage Department determined to give some schooling to those who expected to take up civil engineering as a profession, and at the same time do some work. The Lake Phelps Drainage Project was picked out as being a good example of this kind of work, and as I was fortunate

enough to be in the party, I will give an account of the work there, which is typical of all work of this kind.

Lake Phelps is a lake about eight miles long and six miles wide, situated partly in Washington and partly in Tyrrell county. Its outlet, the Scuppernong River, flows into the Albemarle Sound. For the last five or six years the farmers near and around the lake have not been able to raise a crop on account of the high water. So they petitioned the government to aid them, and it responded by organizing the Lake Phelps Drainage Project.

Of course the first thing to do was to make camp. The camping place was on the north side of the lake, ten miles from Creswell, the nearest railroad point, and was located in a pleasant grove, where breezes from the lake were constantly stirring. There were two sleeping tents, one cook tent, and a stretched fly for the dining room. There were nine men in camp, including the cook.

The first main problem to solve, was the area of the lake. It was determined to do this by the method of triangulation. For that, a base line had to be established, and knowing the length of the base line it was easy to determine the area of the numerous triangles, into which the lake was divided. The base line had to be straight, and had to be level, and it had to be measured very accurately, for a slight error in the base line was magnified in all calculations based upon it. The line was made level by driving stakes twenty-five feet apart from one end to the other, and then driving them to the same level with the aid of the level instrument. Finding the area by triangulation was more suitable for this lake than the common method. The shores of the lake were covered by a dense growth, and it was not feasible to chop clear a path entirely around the lake, since it was between thirty and forty miles around it.

To be able to get a clear view across the lake, and to every

point on its shores, cypress trees were cut down to within ten feet of the level of the water, and platforms built on the stumps, on which to mount our instruments. Flags were placed around the lake at intervals of about a mile in high trees. Here an interesting little calculation came in. On account of the curvature of the earth, we had to place the flags at least thirty-five feet above the ground, because the curvature of the earth increases as the square of the distance. All that we had to do then was to mount our instruments on the platforms, and read the angles to each flag, and by the formula of a side and two angles it was easy to calculate the area of each triangle and from that the total area of the lake.

The next question was to find the amount of water in the lake. This was very easily done. Soundings were taken across the lake about a quarter of a mile apart. It was a rather tedious job, but at last it was done, and the average depth was found to be eight feet. We already had the area, so it was an easy matter to calculate the total amount of water in the lake.

Now the next great question, and the greatest one, was to find out how much water ran into the lake in one year, and also to find out the watershed surrounding it.

The plan followed in doing this was to start from each one of the flags and go at right angles to the shore line until we reached the watershed, which was easily detected by the level.

Now, it sounds easy as I have just stated it, but the first line we ran, at the eastern end of the lake, ran through reeds that were just as thick as they could be. It took two days of hard work to go three and a half miles through this thicket; the water was about ankle deep all the way. The level showed a slight rise from three and a quarter inches, then it began to drop. The point at which it began to drop

marked the place where the water turned and ran away from the lake, and that was the watershed.

At the next station, a mile along the lake shore, we started again. Our way led through reeds again, but it was only for about a mile, and then we came into what is known as savannah land. There are no trees on a savannah, nothing but low, bushy briars, and here the water was about knee deep, and it was terrible walking. We went four miles before we found the watershed.

At the next station, after going through a thin fringe of woods, we were again in the savannah. Until we reached the western end of the lake we had nothing but savannah. There was no chopping to do, but it was spongy and soft, about knee deep in water, and occasionally places were several feet deep. These holes were caused by fire. In an extremely dry year this water all dries up, and everything is as dry as powder, and when it catches fire, it sometimes burns holes several feet deep, which are a menace to surveyors.

The west end of the lake was the worst place imaginable. It was in a forest, and the trees were bound together with huge masses of vines and briars. Some of these briars were as large around as your arm, and covered with tremendous thorns. One day only six hundred and forty feet were covered in the whole day. A week was spent on one line only a mile or two long.

When these lines were finished it was a very easy matter to trace the watershed around the lake and calculate its area. From the records taken from the weather department, the rainfall for a year was determined, and knowing the area of the lake, and the area of the watershed, it was an easy matter to get the total amount of water going into the lake in one year. It was ascertained that there were no springs feeding the lake, so there could be no error in the amount of water calculated.

There were nine canals leading from the lake, all dug with slave labor before the war. The channel of the Scuppernong River was barely traceable to the lake. The fall from the lake to the river on each of these canals had now to be ascertained. Cross sections of each had to be made. The rate of flow of the water in each had to be measured. Cross sections of the river were taken at regular intervals down to where the first canal entered it. The fall from the lake to this point was also taken together with the rate of flow of the water. With this data it was possible to find out just how much water was being carried out of the lake in a year's time. The amount of water accumulated in the lake in a year was known, so there only remained to calculate the size of a canal to be dug which would carry out the water which the river and the other canals did not do. When that was done, there only remained the problem of locating the canal, and this was easily done by means of the level.

When that canal is dug the farm lands around that lake, which to-day are too wet to farm, will once more regain their old-time, good condition, and the Department of Agriculture will have answered the call of the afflicted people.

THE GHOSTS OF THE GUEST CHAMBER

S. C. J.

Last summer I bought one of those old Colonial mansions in Charleston, South Carolina, expecting to live in comparative seclusion and study. The house was furnished but had not been occupied in several years. It was reputed to be haunted, but I wouldn't let the man from whom I purchased it tell me anything about the ghosts, and, as I had no faith whatsoever in any such foolishness, I unhesitatingly took up my abode there.

About half-past ten o'clock, the very first night I spent there, I was sitting just outside the front door, when I was startled by a woman's scream. I was on my feet in an instant. The cry seemed to have come from the front room upstairs. I boldly went upstairs, but a search failed to reveal anything amiss. In an hour or so I went to bed, and heard nothing more of a startling nature that night.

I have much curiosity and *was* fairly brave, consequently the next night I stationed myself in the room from which the cry seemed to have come the night before. I lit the gas and turned it low, then sat down to await developments. It is not extra good nerve tonic, this waiting for ghosts, and I have to admit I was a little shaky. It was nearly half-past ten.

I could hardly believe my eyes! There in the middle of the floor stood a man in the dress uniform of a colonel and a woman in her night robes. What a villainous expression on the man's face and how pale the woman's!

"Who was the scoundrel that just jumped out of that window?" he demanded.

"You lie! no one was here," was the answer.

"No one here! Think I am blind and deaf, do you? No

one here! Well, explain what you are doing up here in the guest chamber in such clothing."

He jerked his sword from its scabbard and ran her through, uttering:

"You infamous harlot!"

She screamed. I expected to see the woman lying dead on the floor, but instead I saw nothing except a dull stain on the carpet. They had disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared. With wobbling legs and hair sitting straight up I managed to get to the stain and examined it. It was *real blood!* It stuck to my fingers! I could smell it! My hair sat up a little straighter, and I fled from the room. Without getting a hat or shutting up anything I made a dash for three blocks, to the home of the man from whom I bought the place.

He must have seen that I was pale and anticipated the object of my visit, as his quick question was:

"Have you seen it?"

"Have I seen it? I reckon I have! But tell me, did an army officer last occupy that house?"

"Yes, one who was stationed at the fort."

"Did he kill his wife?"

"Yes, came in unexpectedly one night and—you know the rest."

"Does that thing happen *every* night?"

"Yes, every night, just as you saw and heard, and the blood stain is always there."

"My God!" was all I could say.

Do I believe in ghosts now? I do. Did I go back after my belongings? Not on your life. I put several hundred miles between me and that place before the next night. Oh, horrors! will he keep on murdering her through all eternity? Invariably at half-past ten every night I imagine I hear that woman's unearthly scream.

THE UPLAND GENTIAN

H. F. PAGE.

Paler art thou than those of thine own kind
Neath other skies, but not less fair. And yet
Thy graces are not such as most would set
In high regard. Unless first I chanced to find
Thee, I saw naught in thee of charm, but blind
To that which now I most admire, regret
Alone I felt; for I elsewhere had met
Thy sisters whose blue-purple tints remind
One of soft skies fresh-steeped in wine. But seen
Again, on me thou turned'st a rare, sweet blush
Which never ceased elusively to flush
And fade as fell the varying light atween
Thy folds. Then charm on charm began to throng
Mine eyes—I could not look too long.

EUGENICS—ITS PROGRESS AND ITS ARCH ENEMY

—
SIDNEY A. EDGERTON.
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About a half century ago John Ruskin, who was the real founder of our modern political economy, made one profound observation which is worthy of much reflection in the simple but compact declaration, "There is no wealth but Life." Just a few years ago another writer expressed the same idea in his words, "This last lustrum has enabled us to make an astonishing discovery, of which neither Adam Smith, nor Cobden nor Malthus dreamed—that a nation is composed not of property nor of provinces, but of men."

We speak daily of our country's possessions, but we sometimes forget that possessions imply a possessor. Wealth, as Ruskin has so happily phrased it, is "the possession of the valuable by the valiant." In government there is the enormous complication involved in the fact that man is capable of making external acquirements—material possessions and spiritual possessions which are of real value on account of what they mean for life but are after all only a secondary wealth, inasmuch as "the true function of government," to quote Ruskin again, "is the production of human worth." As the Athenians used to say, it is "not mass but mind that makes a nation great."

Bearing in mind this definition of wealth, which is being recognized more thoroughly every day, let us consider briefly what are the nation's natural resources?

In the first place, we find that so far as physical health is concerned, the great majority of human beings are healthy at birth, and are endowed by nature with good physical equipment for the duties of life. According to Dr. Chas. W. Saleeby, of Edinburgh, this is true of perhaps ninety per

cent. Even in the city slums, where physical environment is notoriously unsanitary, the children of the poor have a new hold upon life to a wonderful degree, for they are remarkably normal at birth. Those few who do have dwarfed bodies and a proneness to disease may be safely accredited to post-natal influences; for the parental deterioration which has been acquired is seldom transmitted. Even tuberculosis, that dreaded disease which loves the dark, damp places, and which was once supposed to be handed from parent to child, is now known to be spread solely by post-natal activity and not by hereditary power. The old bubble of heredity has long since been pricked.

Another natural resource is that of mind; that capacity for a constantly developing intellectual activity whose limit is unknown. Universally the mental and psychical is being recognized as the essential thing to which the body is held in subjection as servant. As Professor Forel puts it, "the brain is the man"; or to be still more specific, we may say, "the nervous system is the man," for the sole instrument of dominance in the human species is in the mind, with all its attributes. Man lives not by brawn, as do the wild beasts and animals, but more nearly by brain alone, and if we may venture to improve on Ruskin's words, let us assert, "There is no wealth but mind."

To follow the discussion of life as wealth, let us inquire how our wealth is being and may be increased. It is not so much an increase in number of people, but rather an improvement in quality which we desire. We are coming to apply the principle of intensive cultivation to human life. This we are doing in several ways.

For one thing, the parasite and the parent of the parasite are being branded by society; it matters not whether they be at the top or bottom of the social scale, whether in the weak or the strong political party. Modern civilization is realiz-

ing that the all-essential thing about the reproductive germ is—its quality. Our social leaders are more and more unanimously insisting that only pure and clean lives must be transmitted.

Again, education is coming to have a closer, more practical relation to race problems. The old process of education was positively harmful to the well-being of the child. As one writer has aptly put the matter, "Many teachers use a system of cram and emetic—filling the brain with useless facts, the memory with dead words, and then applying the examination to make the brain give up as it had received." It was this system which used to drive sixty per cent of the children from the public schools before completion and aroused the truant spirit in such a multitude. Education now means the careful provision of a suitable environment—plenty of fresh air and wholesome food, more intelligent mother-love and a more sympathetic schoolmaster—definite instruction in practical, useful subjects, with special stress on physiology and social science—not in a mere packing or cramming process, but an environment designed to help in the expression, or—sometimes—in the repression of inherent potential character, recognizing frankly that men are created neither free nor equal. Whenever we can, by means of scientific race culture, give education the proper subjects to work upon we shall have realized what may now seem a veritable Utopia, though, of course, education alone can not achieve our ideal of race culture for just the same reason that we can not polish silver and pewter alike.

Moreover, this Eugenic idea is being put into practice by the adoption of measures which will give protection to prospective mothers. The nation is learning to recognize their rights to public care and proper attention. As a French writer once put it, "The dregs of the human species—the blind, the deaf mute, the degenerate, the epileptic—all are

better provided for than our mothers." But the new spirit of universal brotherhood is causing these old conditions to pass. Along with the education of our children there is an education and protection being given to the mothers of the nation. Many of the domestic magazines give a page or more to mothers' problems, and there are at least three publications exclusively devoted to such questions, with special reference to biology and social hygiene.

In the next place, let us notice to what an encouraging extent the great racial poison, alcohol, is being discarded. The W. C. T. U. is fighting it, vigorously, as are many other organizations, along with the medical profession. This is so universally agreed to be an enemy to Eugenics that I shall leave it undiscussed. Likewise the State is seeking to reduce the birth rate among criminals. Despite all the discussion among criminologists who talk of a system of reforms, we can not have constant culture in the race until parenthood is absolutely denied to criminals.

As a people, Americans are coming to recognize, along with many European peoples, that if the wealth of any nation is to be most rapidly increased its citizens must know that the making of minds and souls is the most lucrative of all fields. Human life must come to be regarded as more sacred than ever. In every person is a holy of holies, and all history teaches us that human life consists solely of quality and individuality. We are learning to seek the intensive in life. Money, lands, and political power are gravitating to their proper spheres. Human worth is being valued as never before and the age is seeing the wisdom of Ruskin's words when he suggests that we must "cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric states from whence they came; and that, while the sands of the Indus and the adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she,

as a Christian mother, may at least attain to the virtues of the heathen one, and may lead forth her sons, saying, "These are MY jewels."

But agreeing that our wealth lies in the culture and development of the race; allowing that the natural resources for racial prosperity are great; recognizing that the race is being materially improved by the forbidding of parenthood to the parasite and to the social scavenger; by improvement of physical and biological education; by the protection of mothers and by crushing alcoholic poison and criminal parenthood there is left one great racial enemy and wealth-destroyer, viz:—WAR.

It is this last which has put such a drain upon ancient nations and, to my mind, it is the racial cost of war which makes universal peace an absolute necessity, and this for the reason found in these words of Sophocles, "War does not of choice destroy bad men, but good men ever."

Benjamin Franklin once said, "There is one effect of a standing army which must in time be felt so as to bring about the abolition of the system. A standing army not only diminishes the population of a country, but even the size and breed of the human species. For an army is the flower of the nation. The most vigorous, stout and well-built men in a kingdom are to be found in an army, and these men, in general, can not marry." To these words the President of Stanford University adds: "What is true of a standing army is still more true of those armies which fight and fall, for those men who perish are lost to the future of civilization, they and their blood forever."

War always calls for the best man. In science this factor is called a "reversal of selection." The word of the Roman war-call was "Send forth the best ye breed." It was the "viri" who went to war and the "homines" who remained at home. Thus the "vir" was lost, and only the "homo"

was left; therefore the sons of real men gave place to the sons of scullions, stable boys, slaves, camp followers, and to the residuum of those whom a great victorious army does not want. The fall of Rome was not due to luxury, effeminacy, corruption, the wickedness of Nero, or to the wickedness of Constantine's descendants. It was decreed, however, when the real men fell in war or remained in foreign colonies. It was then a lower type of Roman who remained at home, and this new type repeated in Roman history its weakling parentage. One historian tells us that "out of one hundred thousand strong men, eighty thousand fell in battle. Out of one hundred thousand weaklings, ninety to ninety-five thousand were left to survive." Rome fell in influence and in power for the same reason that any other nation would fall. The decline of a people can have but one cause—the decline of the type from which it draws its sires. A herd of cattle can degenerate in no other way and a race of men is under the same laws. The empire perished for the want of men.

In the Wurtz gallery in Brussels is a wonderful painting dating from the time of Waterloo, called "Napoleon in Hell." It shows that famous marshal with his arms folded and face unmoved, slowly descending into the land of the shades. Before him, filling all the background of the picture, with every expression of countenance, are the men sent before by the unbridled ambition of Napoleon. There were three millions and seventy thousand—so history tells us—more than half of them Frenchmen, the elite of Europe.

Of course the picture does not show them all. They are only hinted at. The whole story is too long and too familiar to repeat. But we all know how conscription followed victory. "Let them die with arms in their hands. Their death is glorious and it will be revenged. You can always fill the place of soldiers." These were Napoleon's words when Dupont surrendered his army in Spain to save the lives of a

doomed battallion. More conscription. Then the destructive battle at Wagram. On to Moscow amidst misery until six hundred thousand proud men were diminished to twenty thousand famished, frost-bitten, unarmed spectres. The human harvest was at its very worst, and victory and conscription debased the human species and resulted in a crippled nation."

Such disastrous results are known, not in Rome and France alone, but to a like degree will sooner or later come in any nation which sends forth its choice young men to the bloody fields of slaughter. Bloodshed is the dearest price a race ever paid, whether for peace, for wealth, or for liberty. The thrilling stories of war are in themselves a crying plea for international peace. It is the earnest desire for international arbitration which is calling men to study these sad pictures. Life is our only real wealth and war is its great arch enemy. Our Master said: "I have come that they might have life and have it more abundantly." Therefore we do well to insist that every man, every woman, every boy and every girl study and agitate these questions, remembering that a much more abundant life can not exist in all its beauty until the race develops in power, in purity and in love and when men cease to be slaughtered by the merciless teeth of war. These alone will help us to arrive at the poet's ideal, "One law, one God, one element and one far off divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

"WHAT WAS IT?"

J. P. TUCKER.

It was in the lonely, almost unhabited mountains which join the north boundary of Buncombe County that Julius and I were forced to discontinue our journey for the night and seek shelter. After discussing our prospects for some moments and finding ourselves altogether at a loss as to what we could do, we were indeed happy to hear the distant strokes of an ax. No time was wasted in finding the way around a bluff whence this welcomed sound had come.

Sufficient light was left to surprise us with the appearance of an unusually well-constructed house. In a section so remote from civilization we expected to find nothing more than a rude log cabin. On the front steps, with an arm full of wood, stood a tall, heavy-built old man, who was apparently even more surprised to see us than were we to find him. I drove as near the house as the road would permit and before I had stopped Julius called to the old man:

"Hello! Can you give us lodging for the night?"

He seemed not to hear the call and went into the house with his wood. But when he returned a moment later he came to the road's edge to talk with us. I was struck with his first appearance. His clothes were dirty and wrinkled, but his face bore marked traces of a well-trained intellect.

"What did you say, young fellow?"

"We are strangers in this part and afraid to try that road at night. We'd like to put up here until day."

"Hang, if you boys aren't in a bad fix! I don't run a hotel here, in fact I haven't kept anybody in this house for ten years, but I guess I'll have to keep you boys to-night. Drive out there to the house and put up your horse. You'll find corn there in the bin."

I shall never forget how good these words did sound. We drove to the barn, comfortably stabled our horse, and returned to the front walk to find the old man kind enough to escort us in to roaring log fire.

The house was clean and the scanty furniture in order, but the absence of the dainty touches of a woman's hands was very noticeable. The supper we ate that night is scarcely worth mentioning here. It is amusing to me to this day to hear Julius, who lives to eat, tell about that supper. The house was poorly lighted and the nearer we were to that bright, crackling fire, the more comfortable we felt.

Half past eight o'clock found the old man, Julius and me ready to be seated before the fire for a chat before bed-time. On one side of the room all the chairs were placed, and on the other was a very comfortable looking sofa. This looked especially inviting to me and I made my way toward it. But the old man sprang forward and caught me by the arm, at the same time telling me as he looked toward the sofa:

"Come back! You can't sit there! I don't dare sit there myself. Sit on one of those chairs!"

We pulled our chairs up to the hearth. Julius and I expected some great stories from our host and indeed we were not disappointed. Julius was free to open the conversation:

"Do you live here alone?"

"Yes, I live here all alone," replied the old man. And he told us many stories of his life—far too many to relate here—some exciting, some ridiculous, some sad. It was somewhat perplexing to us to see him stop ever and anon and stare at that sofa. There was one fact very noticeable to both of us. The old man always failed to mention his wife. His face was stern and hard, and wrinkles told of much worry and, perhaps, grief. The very fact that he did not mention his wife made us the more anxious to hear concerning her. Julius felt no delicacy in questioning the old man.

"Is your wife still living?"

The bare mention of her seemed to shock him, and make him restless and uneasy. He peered for a moment into the fire, scratched his head, then pulled the fire together with his big iron poker and went out of the room, as we supposed to get some wood. Julius took advantage of the opportunity to examine the sofa. He approached it and started to sit down, but something pushed him away. He jumped from its reach.

"Golly, I can't see it, but there's somebody sitting on that thing! Do you see it?"

Just here the old man returned smoking a big cob pipe, resumed his seat and with eyes fixed on the sofa began his answer to Julius's unwelcomed question:

"Well, boys, I'll tell you about my wife. She was a Virginia girl, as fair and sweet as ever lived. When I married her I brought her to a nice little home in Weaverville. I was a leading physician and everything was bright for my future. One darling child was born to us and we were all happy together. But by and by an old-time thirst, acquired while at college, came back to me and, like a slave to his master, I yielded to it. For a short time it had little effect, but later I found myself, fool that I was, at the absolute mercy of this demon.

"One night after I had mistreated Nancy in my craze, she came to me and pressing those warm tears to my bloated face she begged me not to drink any more. Boys, the Devil himself could not have resisted that plea. I promised her that I'd never again take a drink. But I had broken that promise too many times. She knew me too well; and after talking it all over we decided that the only thing to do was to move far away from town, so that I couldn't get whiskey. So we packed up and moved away up here.

"For months I went without my drink. Little Ethel

began to love me again, Naney seemed happy and our home once more was full of joy. I vowed to my wife that I'd never again touch whiskey and she told 'me how it would break her heart if I ever should. I kept the farm in nice fix and made plenty for us to eat. But one night my little Ethel was taken sick and I was forced to get the old mule and go to town for the doctor. Ah! That night."

Here the old man paused and turned deathly pale. From the sofa came a noise as if to echo what he had said:

"Ah! that night! That night!"

Julius and I didn't need any one to help us move our chairs to the opposite side of the hearth, next to the door.

"Boys, that night I have cursed ten thousand times and more. I met up with an old friend of my saloon days and that's about all I remember. How I got home I shall never know. I only know that next morning I found little Ethel—"

Again came the voice,

"Dead, killed by you in your drunken craze."

He paused and gazed into the fire as if afraid to look either at the sofa or at us. For a moment everything was silent. Julius and I began to feel restless and somewhat nervous ourselves. The old man was worked up to a state of restless agony and the very atmosphere seemed charged with fear. He moved his chair closer to the fire and started again:

"And my wife, my wife's heart was almost broken, and she went back to her people. She was good to me. I'm sorry she left me. No one has heard from her since she went away. I suppose—"

"Ah, Joe, you suppose, you suppose! Your lies are as cold-blooded as your murders were. For lo! these fourteen years I have been your solo companion. I was caged within your flesh and bones by almighty God. You have made me your slave by day and by night. You have sacrificed

your own comfort to hide me. I ought to have been the faithful watch dog of your bosom, but you have kept me chained and starved; I should have been your open free guide to the right, but you have imprisoned me within the thickest, hardest walls of your very soul. More than once have I whispered that I was steadily growing into your master. Tonight you are my victim. You know full well that—”

Just here the voice ceased. The old man was looking steadily at the sofa. The light from the smouldering fire cast a deathly paleness upon his face as he turned to us. His voice was weak and trembling. I shall never forget the horrible, unearthly expression on his face—a veritable picture of the Devil himself.

“Oh, for God’s sake shoot it before it tells you the rest! You have your pistol there! Shoot it! There, there it sits!”

“I can’t see anything to shoot! Where is it?” shouted Julius as the old man seemed to be yielding more and more to the power of this mystery. The voice had ceased. We saw the old man fix his eyes on the sofa and become as still as death. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and cried again to us to shoot. Julius offered to shoot wherever he designated.

“There, there on this end of the sofa! Shoot it!”

Julius leveled his pistol and fired. Much to our amazement, the old man himself, pressing his hands to his heart, with an unearthly shriek, fell, dying at our feet.

THE FORMING OF THE THIRD TRIUMVIRATE

MURCHISON.

Good qualities can not forever go unrecognized. This is why there was a triangular attraction between Rameses II, Napoleon Bonaparte, and William the Silent.

After three years of incidental association with William the Silent, Rameses II began to find that in him were germs of originality which needed only fertilization from his own rich brain to develop into creatures of wonderful structure and purpose. Accordingly these two by working together turned out a kind of dual product which would be seized upon with great avidity and applied to real life by the practical Napoleon.

The three, being thus invaluable to each other, nourished the triangular attraction until it grew into a close affection. In fact there needed but one concerted, decisive act, just one more tie, to make them a unit inseparable and insoluble.

On the night in question (it was at night, the wee, sma' hours), they were sitting in the room of Ramseses II. Silence and abundant smoke wreaths betokened an atmosphere of deep thought. The result was soon manifest, and came directly from William the Silent.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he asked, "that it is entirely possible even in these latter days to form a triumvirate as of old?"

The germ was sown.

Rameses II made no sound, but in his eyes there came a depth and brightness which betrayed sudden commotion within.

"Triumvirate, triumvirate," he muttered at last, "a binding together of three,—but wherefore? Must there not be

a great common purpose, some mighty undertaking? It can not exist otherwise."

Into the countenance of Napoleon Bonaparte there came a light as of the noonday. It was the call of the spirit of action.

"An undertaking, a purpose," and his voice became agitated. "In a room on the first floor is being held an unlawful assemblage. A bunch of more than one Freshmen are engaged, sirs, in making candy. Feasting, rioting! The traditions of the college are mocked. The Sophs. are degenerate. The responsibilities attendant upon us as Seniors demand that we act. Are not these causes enough for a triumvirate? I call upon Cæsar and Pompey, if it be not true."

But the spirits of the dead had already worked sufficiently upon the valorous minds of the other two. William the Silent was rapidly muttering to himself nonsense about fuse plugs and fire-extinguishers.

Ramsceses II, who knew the strange ways of William, at once began to interpret:

"Oh, yes. I see; lights can not be put out in distant rooms except by means of fuse plugs. Those Newish undoubtedly love darkness better than light, for their deeds are evil. And the fire extinguishers!

Oh, yes; I see,—they must have water to mix properly the candy. How stupid I was !"

Napoleon Bonaparte laughed as gleefully as ever he did after a great victory. Placing himself at the head of the column, he led the way to the first floor.

In all the rooms except one was silence. From this issued sounds of subdued merriment, and melodious tinklings, and savory smells. Napoleon listened for a moment, then glanced significantly at a large brass concern in the corner.

"I will play this heavy artillery through the window from

the outside. A helping hand here. Now to your posts all. Remember that forty centuries look down upon you tonight."

But be patient for just a moment, reader, while we describe to you the festal room, the scene of such unwarranted and inappropriate joy.

How tastefully arranged is the glistening tinware and china! Pans, percolators, bottles and pitchers sit in comely rows upon the table and mantelpiece. And how inviting their contents,—creams and butters, spices, sugars, and flavorings. In the grate the coals are glowing, sending forth a genial warmth and varicolored glow into the room.

Willie, a ruddy-faced youth with flaxen hair, is preparing a concoction that would inspire the God of thunder to write love poetry. Charlie, another Freshman, has just taken a steaming mixture from the coals and is pouring it into a shallow vessel to cool. He smiles happily as he watches the surface of the liquid cream thicken, giving off the while a most fragrant odor. One or two others presume to be busy at odd jobs about the room. On the bed dozes a peaceful-faced Junior waiting patiently for the coming repast, and congratulating himself that at last he has discovered a basis upon which to work out the real value of a Newish.

But to our story once more!

The Junior had dozed to the limit of his patience.

"Say, when are you fellows going to have something to eat? I'm tired waiting."

"It'll be ready in just a minute," replied Charlie, setting aside a dish; "just as soon as this cools."

But just at this juncture the proceedings were interrupted by a sepulchral sounding voice which floated in through the window, saying:

"Well, if you are ready, we are too."

And with the voice there came a flicker of the lights and then darkness; while through the darkness, piercing it like a

sword, there hissed a snaky, frigid stream. The disaster that followed in its path is beyond description.

In a moment the eulinary table was swept of its precious burden. The floor became the grand mixing bowl, and the solution that was formed therein was strictly extemporaneous. The proportion of its elements can never be known. Rich cream joined forces with thin water; flavoring extracts, sugar, condiments, chocolates and sauces all mixed in riotous and shameless confusion.

Still the water played on. In spite of the darkness it seemed able to pry out every nook in the room. It found the bed, ever an attractive place, and gurgled happily down through its cottony depths, greatly to the consternation and discomfiture of the peaceful Junior.

The despair of the Newish was peculiarly well marked and genuine. After the first startled shrieks they made a few frantic efforts to flee the room. But every exit seemed guarded by Oceanus with all his legions. Then, becoming hopeless, they sank down behind every available cover, such as table, chairs, and bed, and humbly awaited their fate.

When Napoleon Bonaparte at the window felt that the pellucid stream from his fire-extinguisher was becoming weakened from much use, he delivered the terms of surrender.

"Creatures of sin and iniquity," he thundered, "make you this tabernacle of the Ages a den of thieves and corruption? Speak. Do you here swear to the unknown god who has punished you, to walk hereafter circumspectly in all your ways?"

"We swear it, sir; we swear it," came the answer in four voices from as many corners of the room.

Then, after he had sent a farewell spurt to every corner, Napoleon considered the work well done, and ended the deluge.

When he and Rameses II returned to the room of the latter, they found that William the Silent had preceded them and was busy writing on a large sheet of paper.

"What in the deuce do you think you are writing?" asked he of Egypt.

"I have just finished drawing up the articles of agreement which bind in solemn compact the following parties, namely: Rameses II, Napoleon Bonaparte, and William the Silent; the causes and needs of such compact being duly set forth, also its purposes to do good to humanity; the articles also clearly demonstrating the salutary effects of such a compact by a concrete example. By the terms of the pact the organization shall be termed and known as the Third Triumvirate.

"Sign right here, gentlemen."

A SNOWBIRD'S THRENODY

DEE CARRICK.

A fluffy patch of pulsing blue,
With throat and breast of white,
Into a cedar near by flew
To settle down for night.

A thoughtless urchin down the lane,
With rifle at his side,
Heard pure and sweet its good night strain,
And soon its form desiered.

With murder-aiming eye he shot,
And hushed its song for aye,
It fell into a hidden grot
And mouldered in a day.

The od'rous bloom has passed along
Where journey all things fair,
The other warblers piped their song
Upon a vernal air.

But still at eve I miss that note
Among the cedar trees,
And that low hymn that used to float
As gentle as the breeze.

For these lute strings are like the sands,
Its soul forever fled,
But planted in my bosom stands,
A memory of the dead.

A COMPARISON OF NEW ENGLAND AND SOUTHERN COTTON MILL TOWNS

J. B. COPPLE.

When we begin to investigate these two types of cotton mill towns we are surprised to find such a radical difference in the two parts of the country. These differences are chiefly differences in operatives, child-labor laws, size of families and length of hours.

In the New England cotton mill towns the operatives are practically all foreign immigrants, and this greatly hinders the progress of democratic ideals. All classes of immigrants go to the factory towns of New England, and the work of assimilation is necessarily slow and often not accomplished in any degree. This state of affairs tends to foster foreign communities and may become a real source of danger to the American Commonwealth. In the South the cotton mill towns are American communities as much as any part of the country is American. Immigrants are not encouraged to enter these communities and consequently they do not come. Immigrants are coming into the South to do agricultural work, but only to a very limited degree are they entering our factories.

Sanitary conditions in the mills of both sections, although they are not what they should be in many cases, are much better than in the home workrooms which the mills have displaced, and seem almost ideal compared to the sordid, dark, crowded tenement house workshops. The dust, the odors and noises are all evils, but none of these things sap the vitality of the human body as the terrible conditions in the tenement houses of our great cities, where whole families live and work in one room.

There is a great difference in the child-labor laws in these

two sections of the country. In the New England States the bitter struggle has been fought and won by the supporters of the child-labor laws. The struggle was between private and public interests, and the public interests triumphed, and to-day no manufacturer in New England has any desire for the Southern privilege of employing children or for lengthening hours. In the South the struggle against child labor is still on, and although not definitely settled, the supporters of the child-labor laws are making great progress. One great hindrance to the crusade against child labor in the South has been that many of the operatives have come in from the farms, and having been accustomed to see their small children work in the open air they do not object to seeing them work indoors.

Along with the early employment of children goes the early retirement of adults. From statistics we learn that there are few men either in New England or Southern cotton mills over forty years of age, and that those who are over forty are mostly sweepers or engaged in other work of that nature. The strain of the work wears men out before they are forty, and their fingers are no longer nimble enough to keep up with the work. This is a sad condition, for in many cases the households are upside down. The women do not drop out of the factory at the early age at which men do, and in these cases the men do the household work and the women do the factory work. It is a serious loss to a man when he is reduced to the "toting" of meals to those of his family who are at work, and it is a sad condition for a woman when she is kept all day from those of her family who are at home.

In one respect the condition of Southern mills is much better than the New England mills, and that is that the sentiment against mothers working in the factory is much stronger in the South. The operatives who have come in from the farms have never seen their mothers work any-

where except in the home, and they will not allow the mothers of their children to work in the factory. One young operative says: "If my wife has to go into the factory we shall go back to the farm."

The average family in the Southern cotton mill town is from two to three times as large as the family in New England mills. Perhaps this is one reason why child-labor legislation has been slower in the South than in New England. The parents could more nearly support themselves with the earnings of their children and so avoid work themselves.

The number of working hours is greater in the South than in New England, and this has a tendency to weaken the efficiency of operatives and break them down before their proper age for retirement. Men should not be worked so long each day that their usefulness is destroyed when they reach forty or forty-five years of age.

The school system in both parts of the country is the one encouraging feature of the situation. In the New England towns compulsory school laws are the rule, and practically no children are employed in the mills until after the fourteenth year. In the South compulsory school laws are fast gaining ground, and the agitation against child labor is wonderfully increasing, with the encouraging result that the school systems are being improved and the children compelled to attend school a specified time before being employed in the mills.

MOSES AND ELIJAH

W. L. SPENCER.

Moses and Elijah were twins of the blackest color imaginable. They were the most neglected, the most ragged, and the dirtiest of their species. Most people thought that they were exactly alike, and it was only Mrs. Newton, known among the negroes as "Mis' Sally," who seemed to see that Moses was just a trifle taller, and that Elijah was decidedly the lazier of the two.

Miss Sally often had them to do errands for her, and for these services she always rewarded them with a shiny, new nickel—sometimes a dime. Needless to say, Moses and Elijah were her devoted slaves.

One day when Miss Sally was walking along the village street she saw the twins among a crowd of little negroes scarceless less ragged than themselves, talking excitedly, and, it seemed, disputing.

"She ain't none er yo-all's Mis' Sally," Elijah was saying, "an' she ain't ax yo-all ter tote de watah ter de graveyard."

"An' she's gwine let me tote de flow'rs nex' Sunday," chimed in Moses. "Yo-all kin go an' ehun fer Mis' Bettie ef yer want'er, but yer dassent teeh nothin' fer Mis' Sally's flow'r. We's gwine ter pull de weeds out'en Mis' Sally's flow'r gawd'n en go wid'er ter de cem'tery."

There was an expression of pride and triumph on each black and grimy faee which made their jealous enemies burn with a desire to serve Miss Sally, and Miss Sally alone.

During the time Moses and Elijah were weeding the violets and lilies of the valley in Miss Sally's flower garden several of their tormentors peered enviously through the cracks of the wooden fence, and one of them said, jeeringly:

"Whut der yer call dem t'ings? Flow'rs? Mighty li'l

ole flow'rs! Yer ought ter grow 'em lak de fo'ks does whar we wuks at!"

The twins looked at him threateningly, and he seemed in all haste to be gone. After they had gone Moses said:

"Dem fo'ks is got big raid roses in thay gard'n."

"An' yaller 'uns, too," added Elijah. That was all they said, but evidently they were thinking, for the next day their mother came to Miss Sally and told her that the boys were in jail for stealing red and yellow roses from a neighbor's yard. She said she had looked everywhere, but the roses could not be found. Miss Sally sent their mother away, telling her that she would investigate and help her to get them out of jail.

The next Sunday Miss Sally went to her husband's grave alone, carrying the water jug and flowers. When she came back she went straight to the sheriff's office.

"I wish to pay the fines of the two boys, Moses and Elijah," she said. Great tears stood in her eyes, and her lips trembled. The sheriff stared at her in amazement.

"If you will go out to the cemetery and look at the grave in my lot," she said, "you will understand."

The twins had decorated the grave of Miss Sally's husband with the red and yellow roses, for the stealing of which they were in jail.

The Wake Forest Student

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BUSINESS MANAGER

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MARCH, 1911.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JULIUS C. SMITH, Editor

"Among the
400"

On the morning of February 14th Dr. Poteat made the announcement in chapel that the enrollment of the College had now reached four hundred. This was greeted with thunders of applause, and that night a bonfire celebration was held. It has been the highest ambition of those most intensely interested in the welfare of the College for the enrollment to reach that figure.

It has been attained. We are truly "among the 400." It is interesting to note that this occurred on the seventy-seventh birthday of the College. In February, 1834, Wake Forest College began its noble career with one teacher, the carriage house of Dr. Calvin Jones as recitation room, chapel and study hall combined, the whitewashed cabins formerly occupied by Dr. Jones's slaves as dormitories, and an enrollment of twenty-five. The story of its struggle for existence, its gradual rise, bought with sweat and blood, has been forcibly impressed upon the people of the State by the January issue—the Benefactors' Number. At the end of seventy-seven years Wake Forest stands as a splendid testimonial of a supremely heroic struggle, with a faculty of nearly twenty-five able professors, seven handsome college buildings, an endowment of over \$400,000, and a splendid student body numbering four hundred. Wake Forest was the first denominational college to be established in North Carolina. The continual canvass for both students and endowment had a wonderful influence on the State by creating a spirit of enthusiasm for education, and consequently, other denominational colleges began to spring up. By being founded first, Wake Forest took the lead, and through the fierce fight that the denominational colleges have had she has steadily held the lead. It is with no spirit of egotism that we proudly pronounce Wake Forest the best denominational college in the Carolinas at least. Who said failure to the denominational colleges?

The College
Folio

We are glad to welcome into the circle of college magazines the *College Folio* from the University of the Philippines. The appearance of this magazine, whose contributors are all native undergraduate students, yet whose English is hardly inferior in point of style to that in the general run of our college

magazines, has attracted much attention in America, and has called forth a favorable editorial in the *Nation*. The material in the *Folio* is considered by the *Nation* to be more "wholesomely interesting" than the material in our magazines. They confine themselves mainly, and very sensibly so, to native subjects, and in particular, to the preservation of native traditions and songs which the advancing civilization will eventually consign to oblivion. It contains, for example, a Cagayano labor song, a very interesting account of the Filipino passion play, and descriptions of folk-dramas, marriage customs, etc. Not all is this however. There is some literary criticism, an appreciative essay on a contemporary Tagalog novel, and a plea for a purely native literature in English, in which language the article says, "will be presented the irresistible arguments of a Filipino Burke, and in its dancing trochees and gliding dactyls will some day lisp a tropical Herrick." In commenting on this the *Nation* very cleverly remarks, "we promise to welcome the little brown Herrick when he comes; let him lisp as tropically as he pleases, but spare us from a Filipino Burke!—all the arguments that are really irresistible are the exclusive property of his opponents." We send our greetings across the seas to our co-laborers and wish them much success.

Our Policy We have noticed that some of our exchanges have had their hearts sorely troubled over the paucity of poetry in our magazine. With no spirit of retaliation whatever, we should like to let our policy be known in regard to this matter. It is merely this. If we can't publish a piece of verse in our magazine that is far superior to the general run of the so-called "near poetry" that is filling up space in many of the college magazines, we do not care to, and will not publish any. Let no one delude himself into believing that Wake Forest is entirely destitute

of muses. Far from it! We are overrun, yea, persecuted with the same type of "near poetry," sentimental, slush, etc., with which some magazines are filling up their blank spaces, but we are not at all envious of their position in inflicting the reading public with it. Let them publish it if they like; we have no objections,—“but not us!” We hope that we are understood.

Save the
Trees

Any one who feels the least bit of pride in our beautiful campus is bound to agree with us that the promiscuous tacking of signs on the trees in the campus should be stopped. This practice started with a few posters advertising basket ball games, but immediately signs of other and more elaborate characters began to appear, until now at every junction of the campus walks the trees are burdened with heterogenous collections of signs, from the original basket ball poster to ten by twelve feet clothing ads. It is bad enough, in all conscience, to have the advertisements of the Pharaoh's plague of clothing drummers, etc., daubed upon the organ in chapel, the college buildings, etc., but when it comes to killing the trees in the campus, we think it is time to call a halt. It is indeed a bad policy to jeopardize the most beautiful campus in the State merely to accommodate advertisers.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL H. McCUTCHEON, Editor

We wish to welcome the usual exchanges to our table this month, and take great pleasure in noting the unusual number of good stories and poems with which they abound. The editors seem to have settled down to good hard work, and the only general criticism we could offer would be that they should use more discrimination in selecting their material. It is better to have a few good articles than to spoil the whole issue by one poor one.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.—The *Wofford College Journal* for February, stands high among our exchanges in material, balance and arrangement, and we welcome it to our table as a regular exchange. We are glad to find at last one really good poem, "Oh! What Is Life," in this issue, but in "The Reward" there is a defect in the meter in the fourth line. "Clarice" is a well written story, but is slow in action and old in theme. "The Queen of Eldorado" is not, as we might infer from the title, a western story, but is rather a southern story, with a good picture of southern life. By far the best story in the magazine, is "Up the Hudson." The close is a trifle weak but does not mar the rest of the story. "The Bequeathed Ideal" is the sad story of a beautiful courtship, broken up by death. The "Clippings" are well selected and add a zest to the whole magazine.

FURMAN ECHO.—In criticising the *Furman Echo* for January, we are at a loss to know what course to pursue. We must admit that the one story, "The Saving Power," is far above the ordinary in plot and action, and one of the best stories we have read in an exchange this year. But the whole magazine can not rest on the merits of one story, and there is

nothing else worthy to be placed beside it. We have had the dark side of city life, with its pertinent problems, so vividly portrayed in Josiah Strong's "Problems of the City," that there is little new or instructive for us in "The American City." We recognize, however, that the problem of the city is a live issue right now, and we commend the editors for inserting this article. As for the three poems which we find bunched together at the beginning of the magazine, we can only say with Shakespearc, "Words, Words, Words!" and in mighty poor combinations at that. The one redeeming feature of the magazine, besides the story before mentioned, is the Departments, but we would suggest that the editor be more careful in his quoting. The exchange editor certainly has a happy knack of criticising favorably, or not at all.

THE SKIRMISHER.—The *Skirmisher* from V. P. I. comes to us this month brim full of good stories, local sketches, jokes and poems. "Reminiscences" is a humorous account of a "Rat's" experiences at V. P. I. It is, of course, local in color, but ought to be instructive as well as interesting to the Sophomores of other schools. "Hasbagen's Comet" is another comet story with a joke to it. "Resolutions for the New Year" is a sing-song poem, hardly worthy of a school boy's pen. "Love as a Chemical Element," is just the kind of humor we like to find in a college magazine. It shows preparation and is decidedly new and unique. We can hardly commend the editors for publishing a story like "Only a Joke." It is never fair to the reader to get him intensely interested and almost excited over what is, apparently a terrible crisis, and then to inform him without a clue before hand, that it is only the *bed-ticking*. "The Story of the Empty Sleeve," while it can not rightly be called a story, is an interesting account of the deeds of a civil war hero, who, like the poor, will always be with us, it seems.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.—The *Guilford Collegian* for

January, has as its initial number the much hackneyed theme of New Year's resolutions, which no one ever expects to keep. "Miss Telina's Bear" is hardly worthy of the name of a story, having no plot, but abounding in faulty construction and awkward phrases. The conversation is put in separate paragraphs and quotation marks are not even in their place, which is a reflection on the editorial staff. "To the Song Sparrow" might well be termed a *near* poem; and we were much relieved when we were through reading it. The article entitled, "Hannah H. Osborne," is well written and is commendable in tone, as its aim is to preserve some of the traditions and history of Guilford. The lady's portrait appears as a frontispiece. This article is the only redeeming feature of the issue. Of the departments we consider the exchange department the best edited, but all are far above the literary contributions.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

J. BOYCE VERNON, Editor.

'99-03. Rev. Ernest M. Harris is pastor at Woodlake, Ky.

'00-03. Rev. Jev. J.M. Haymore is pastor at Prestonsburg, Ky.

'83. Rev. Edwin S. Alderman is pastor of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky.

'09. Mr. J. H. Beach is assistant principal of Prestonsburg Baptist Institute, Ky.

'00. Rev. T. S. Crutchfield has accepted the pastorate of the Western Avenue Church, Statesville, N. C.

'04. Mr. G. T. Stevenson has located at Winston-Salem, N. C., to practice law.

'05. Mr. P. C. McDuffie has established himself very successfully in the practice of law in Atlanta, Ga.

'05. Mr. W. L. Wyatt is succeeding admirably in business with the firm of Job P. Wyatt & Son, of Raleigh, N. C.

'97. Rev. Charles L. Greaves leaves the city of New Bern to accept the pastorate of his former church in Hawkinsville, Ga.

'77. "The Scientific Presumption Against Prayer," an able article by President William Louis Poteat, may be found in the January issue of the *Review and Expositor*.

'99-02. Mr. Robert Henry Burns was married on December 28 to Miss Bessie Kendrick, of Gaffney, S. C. Mr. Burns is at present superintendent of the Roxboro graded school, which is in a flourishing condition.

'09. We congratulate Rev. Herbert Wayland Baucom

on his marriage to Miss Addie Tyner. They belong to the best Baptist families of our State, and a host of friends join with us in wishing them a long, happy and useful life.

Mr. A. J. Fletcher, who has had a very successful period in editing the *Apex Journal*, returns to college to study law.

'80. Col. H. Montague, who is a member of the Governor's Staff with rank of Colonel, has had twenty-five years of successful practice in law at Winston, N. C., his practice in his chosen specialties being about the largest in that section of the State.

'94-5. Mr. J. T. Thorne, a member of the legislature from Pitt County, was married recently and brought his bride with him to the Capital City, making his wedding trip and attendance upon the legislature coincide.

'97. Mr. G. E. Lineberry, who has been field secretary of the Baptist Secondary Schools of the State, has been engaged by the trustees of Meredith College to solicit subscriptions for the endowment fund of that institution.

'08. Mr. Herbert Peele, a former editor of *THE STUDENT*, and winner of the Senior Orator's medal, has been very successful as a teacher. For the first two years after his graduation he was principal of the Sardis High School, Timmonsville, S. C., and is at present Superintendent of the Andrews District Schools, Andrews, N. C.

In the organization of the Carteret County Chapter of the Wake Forest Alumni Association in Morehead City, N. C., December 28, Mr. Chas. T. Bell ('09) was elected President; Mr. James Morris, of Atlantic, Vice-President; Mr. Claude Wheatley, of Beaufort, Secretary; Mr. U. E. Swann, of Beaufort, Treasurer.

'05. Mr. F. D. Swindell, of Wilson, made the address to the Daughters of the Confederacy in his city on the occa-

sion of the anniversary of the birth of Gen. R. E. Lee. The admirable address is printed in full in the *Wilson Daily Times*, of January 20.

'88. We rejoice in the convalescence of Dr. J. W. Lynch, whose sickness, though not severe, was very long drawn out. The brethren of his church have not been idle, however, but have added materially to the work of repairing the church.

We note with sorrow the death of Mr. Geo. E. Hunter, of Raleigh, on January 2. He was very prominent in the political circles of Wake County, and a member of the Board of Directors of the State Prison. The county has suffered a distinct loss.

A series of books entitled the "Fundamentals," which had their birth in a desire of Dr. Amazi Clarence Dixon and others to give to the ministers something very much needed without any cost attached, are being sent out by the Testimony Publishing Company, Chicago. These books, it is said, contain the essentials of our faith as stated by our greatest thinkers. The project is fathered by two Christian laymen, and the books may be had by applying to this address.

ANNIVERSARY NOTES

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

"My feet hurts, and nobody loves me" read the note that a citizen of Atlanta left last summer, to explain why he had killed himself. It is wonderful how the pathos of that terse sentence strikes home to every Wake Forest student the morning after Anniversary.

* * *

In the beginning we wish to warn all to whom these presents may come that this month this department is written solely for the eyes of alumni, and those who have attended an Anniversary at Wake Forest; we advise all others to turn to the Clippings Department, the content of which is never, like this, caviar to the general.

* * *

Anniversary is like Christmas, it is hard to tell exactly when it begins. Of course the 17th of February, like the 25th of December, was the officially recognized day; but everybody knows that Christmas can never be confined to a single day; neither can Miss Anny. We think there is another striking similarity between the two occasions in the fact that both begin in the market-place. Just as the holly wreaths in the shop windows are the forerunners of Christmas, so the descent upon Wake Forest of a Coxey Army of agents is the first sure sign of Anniversary. Visiting cards and stationery men show up first; then come the representatives of the shoe and clothing houses, and by the time the gentlemen's-furnishings people arrive, the floodgates are fairly open—candy men, flower men, hat, shirt, sock, and tie men, they come, not single spies, but in battalions, and of a truth he is an unusual student who is not beguiled. When Caddell

& Company appear to be carrying a different line every day; when the sample room at the hotel is permanently decorated with a frieze of neckties that would make a rainbow ashamed of itself, when every morning the Howler tree "blossoms in purple and red" with advertisements—then be sure that the Great Day is at hand.

* * *

Did you ever notice the self-importance of the absurd little engine that draws the "Shoo-fly" as it comes into the station yard, groaning and panting at its heavy load of three coaches, like Hereules bearing up the sky? As it rolled in Thursday evening, February 16, 1911, it seemed ready to burst with conceit, the very smokestack had a rakish angle, such as Wheeler Martin's hat can never hope to attain. And it came to a standstill with an elephantine sigh as if it felt relieved of a huge responsibility. And it was. For five long minutes visitors spilled out of every car down into the howling mob of students on the yard, and when the train finally continued its journey the crew, to a man, sighed thankfully, "Praise the Lord, that's done once more." Among the visitors was the basketball team from A. & M., who had come to try conclusions with the Tigers in the Gymnasium that night. It is asserted that taciturn Manager Beam broke all the seven seals of silenee at once, when he saw the crowd that at eight o'clock had taken every seat, jammed the balconies, and stood ranged along the walls wherever there was standing room. It is even reported that he used strong language in his delighted surprise, saying softly to himself, "Gosh ding!"

* * *

Whatever the management may have thought of the record breaking crowd, Wake Forest was certainly pleased with it. As the visitors came in, every young lady moving as ealmly as if it were her eustom nightly to eross a floor under the admiring stare of eight hundred maseuline eyes, and every

student who had an unusually pretty girl, making only partially successful attempts to keep from strutting; as the reserved seats on the west side of the Gymnasium gradually filled, and the lights gleamed on laces and silks and fair faces; and finally, as the Tigers, in their spick-and-span new uniforms, ran out on the floor amidst a roar that made the building rock, the collective soul of the student-body was filled with a large content. Anniversary had begun at last.

* * *

As for the game, from the the sportsman's point of view, it was a farce. But as this was only the fifth time our Farmer friends had been on the floor perhaps it should be set down to their credit that the score was only thirty-three to six. Nevertheless it was a victory over our ancient rival and the greedy flames of the bon-fire consumed with equal joy all our old scores against A. & M., and all the Faculty wood not under lock and key.

* * *

A phenomenon beside which an earthquake would have been commonplace occurred on Friday—the weather was superb! It is said, indeed, that Doctor Tom stoutly refused to be convinced that Anniversary has passed, because it didn't snow. The cause of this remarkable event has not yet been determined exactly, several adoring swains each maintaining against all the world that the pleasant day was due to the presence of his particular lady. As soon as the confusion resulting from this dispute can be straightened out, and the goddess who brought the sunshine definitely identified, the faculty will doubtless send her a pressing invitation to be present hereafter on all such occasions. Perhaps it should be mentioned in passing that there are cynics who declare that the clear sky was due to the fact that the weather man paid us a visit the night before, and departed

convinced that Wake Forest was already wet enough for his intervention to be entirely unnecessary.

* * *

At any rate the day was mild and sunny, enabling the ladies to wear their very largest hats to the chapel in the afternoon, to hear a spirited debate on the subject, "Resolved, That United States Senators Should Be Elected by Direct Vote of the People." Messrs. J. B. Eller, of Buncombe County, and C. R. Sharpe, of Davidson, declared that they should, while Messrs. C. T. Murchison, of Georgia, and B. V. Ferguson, of Rockingham County, violently insisted that they shouldn't. The debate was stirring from the very beginning, and grew heated toward the close. At no time could the audience say definitely who had won, and when President Osborne arose with the ballots in his hand, they were still in suspense. The negative, however, had it, by a vote of two to one.

* * *

A list of the notables who passed out of the door after the debate would occupy more space than the staff allows to this department. The *Biblical Recorder* knows them, however, for Editor Hight C. Moore was there, busily taking notes.

* * *

The orations Friday evening were delivered by Mr. J. Powell Tucker, of Buncombe, who spoke on "America as a World Power," and Mr. William G. Moore, of Caldwell, whose subject was "Direct Legislation; the Safeguard of Democracy." The chapel was crowded to its capacity. Some time before the orations began the marshals were scurrying in every direction searching for chairs, and even then some of the late comers had to be turned away. The cynics referred to above say that some of these were not as much disappointed as they appeared, for the special train from

Raleigh had come in shortly before, bringing in its intoxicating load of femininity, and it is just possible that while the majority of the crowd was in the chapel there were speeches made in dim corners of the library that would have made the efforts of Messrs. Moore and Tucker look pale and insignificant by contrast. However, that may be, the reception in the society halls after the orations was a distinct success, in spite of the jam and the fact that the murmur of voices and laughter swallowed up the frantic playing of the orchestra, stationed on the floor of the library, as the sea swallows a pebble cast into it. One feature that deserves notice was the entire absence of those persons of questionable breeding, whose presence has too often marred similar events in the past. At midnight that part of the crowd that had not already departed to smaller affairs in various homes in the town, adjourned to the station to see the special off.

* * *

Officially, Anniversary was then over, but in reality the holiday extended over Saturday and into Sunday. Though many of the guests left Friday night a large number stayed over for the Carolina basketball game Saturday night. This was somewhat more hotly contested than the A. and M. game, being, in fact, the roughest basketball that has been played on Wake Forest's floor this season. Several players received minor injuries, R. Holding, in particular, being temporarily paralyzed by a blow in the pit of the stomach, and one Carolina man finally wrenching his knee so badly that he had to retire from the game. Otherwise the contest was a splendid one, though after the first five minutes the result was never in doubt. The final score stood thirty-eight to fifteen in favor of Wake Forest. Some astonishment and no little amusement was caused by the entrance, just before the game began, of an old-gold-and-black clown

and an extraordinarily attired gentleman, solicitously escorting a lady clad in deepest mourning, who carried a Carolina pennant and wept profusely as the massacre proceeded.

* * *

But, being the best of good things, Anniversary had to have a time limit, and the last scene of this eventful history took place at Number 41 Sunday. The last of the visitors and practically the entire college were waiting on the yard and scattered over the hill when the train arrived. There was a mighty scramble at the car steps, a throwing about of luggage, and a shouting of Ethiopians loading the same; there was a great handshaking, a few kisses—some say a few tears—and a tremendous waving of handkerchiefs cut short by the shrill whistle of the conductor. Then the train pulled out, bearing the last of Anniversary with it.

* * *

And there was a great calm.

* * *

Now every student has marked a red cross on his calendar at April 17th, Easter Monday, and the Athletic Association and the Debate Council are each whetting a long and murderous-looking knife; one casting malevolent glances toward Raleigh and A. and M. College, while the other looks with purposeful eye toward Greensboro and Davidson.

CLIPPINGS

WITH A LITERARY FLAVOR.

She was a charming debutante, and he was a somewhat serious chap. Conversation was rather fitful, so he decided to guide it into literary channels.

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied. "I love books dearly."

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous description."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak,' and his noble 'Bride of Lammermoor'—where in the English language will you ever find anything more heroic? You like them, I am sure?"

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion?'" he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted hastily, "that is one of the best things he ever wrote."—*Selected.*



ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

"See here, Mister Casey," said Pat to the tax assessor, "shore and ye know the goat isn't worth \$8."

"Oi'm sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law." Producing a book, he read the following passage: "All property abutting on Front street should be taxed at the rate of two dollars per foot."—*Success Magazine.*



The college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.—*Ex.*



Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses,
For while he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.—*Ex.*

IN THE STREET CAR.

Big Man (with a grouch).—Will you be so kind as to get off my feet?

Little Man (with a bundle).—I'll try, sir. Is it much of a walk?

—*Cleveland Leader.*



THAT LEGENDARY BRITON.

One of the most striking examples of the obtuseness of your typical Englishman for certain brands of our American humor was the acceptance of the limerick:

There was a young man from Savannah,
Who slipped on a vacant banana.
The words that he said
When he fell on his head
Wouldn't do for a Sunday School banner,

by a visiting subject of His Majesty.

The limerick was recited to Johnny Bull, who showed no signs of perturbation; but fully twenty minutes later he drawled: "Do you know, old fellow, I don't think the chap in the poem came from Savannah at all? I think that was just put in to make the rhyme."—*Boston Record.*



LIMIT ON ECONOMY.

Stories on stingy folks are many, and a Kansas editor writes that he thinks this one "the best," so far:

"A young clergyman was complaining to a friend that his congregation was made up of tight wads. 'They are so stingy,' he said, 'that when I ask them to sing "Old Hundred" they sing "The Ninety and Nine,"'

But here comes a Billville editor who complains that a contemporary "borrowed a box of matches from us and we don't see any light to get them back."



Daughter—Father, you shouldn't have kicked George last night. I know you nearly broke his heart.

Father—I didn't come anywhere near his heart!



"Well-preserved woman, isn't she?"

"Yes, she's a splendid example of the conservation of natural resources."

NOT PUT HAPPILY.

Here are a few specimens of advertisements written by people who were evidently not adepts in the business:

For sale—Baby carriage, slightly used. Going out of business.

Just received a fine lot of Ostend rabbits. Persons purchasing will be skinned and cleaned while they wait.

No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other.

Wanted—A good girl to cook, and one who will make a good roast or broil and will stew well.

Wanted—A competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker.

Wanted—A boy to open oysters fifteen years old.

Lady whose husband is going abroad wishes to meet with another, to be her companion during his absence.

For sale—A piano by a lady with carved legs.

For sale—A brindle bulldog. Will eat anything, especially fond of children.



Mary, on her pretty arm,
Found a little flea;
Every time she grabbed at it,
It would "23."

Fido saw her acting up,
And the cause he knew—
Fido smiled and said, "Ah, ha,
Mary's got 'em, too."—*Ex.*



A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
Said the flea, "Let us fly."
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.—*Ex.*



THE ONLY ONE LACKING.

"Why are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"
"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."



An exchange says that matches are cheaper than gas. This can not mean the kind that are made under the parlor gas.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

"Remove the sting of a wasp or bee with a watch key, pressing the place with it; then rub the sting with a slice of raw onion, moist tobacco, or a damp blue rag."—*Daily Mirror*. Press gently, dry, dust with boracic powder, and return it to the bee (or wasp).—*Punch*.



Notice.—There was a brain in the Psychology class yesterday!



The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are shivering limbs of shameless trees—
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?



Names of Senior all remind us
We can give our names renown,
And departing leave behind us
Books for sale, and caps and gowns.—*Ex.*



Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt;
For when Mary's beaux went in,
Why, the little lamp went out.—*Ex.*



We will never buy your dry goods;
We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.

You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hand or other fad;
We will never trade at your store,
If you don't give us your "ad."



GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

If Eve had been afraid of snakes
As women are of mice,
We wouldn't have had to pull up stakes
And moved from Paradise.—*Ex.*

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

One hundred years ago to-day,
 With wildernesses here,
 With powder in his gun, the man
 Went out and got the deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed
 And on another plan;
 With powder on her cheeks, the dear
 Goes out and gets the man.—*Ex.*



Sing a song of sixpence, a stomach full of rye,
 Four and twenty keyholes dance before his eye.
 When the door is opened, his wife begins to chin,
 "Isn't this a pretty hour to let a fellow in?"—*Ex.*



There's always some class to Dr. Morton's zeros, and often the whole class.



WITH THEE AND WITHOUT THEE.

To —

Cool is the pebbled brook,
 Warm is the southern sea,
 Fresh is the mossy nook,
 Whene'er I walk with thee.

The brook is cold and drear,
 The sea is all forlorn,
 Lifeless is the bough and spare,
 When thou are gone.—*Ex.*



Sophomore.—Just think of it—a full Christmas dinner for a quarter—
 soup, turkey, plum pudding, pineapple, coffee—"

Freshman.—Where?

Sophomore.—I don't know where, but just think of it!



EVEN THEN.

City Nephew.—Now, look here at this ancient statue, uncle. It represents a Greek athlete throwing the discus.

Uncle Hardapple.—By cracky! So there were cats yowling in the alleys even in them old days!—*Chicago News.*

"When I arose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "some one threw a base, cowardly egg at me, and it struck me on the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked the fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."



Mother, may I go out to spin?

Yes, my darling daughter;

Spend your time in the limousine,

But don't go near the chauffeur.



"Razor all right, sir?"

"My good man," said the customer, "if you hadn't mentioned it, I should never have known there was a razor on my face."

"Thank you, sir," said the tonsorial artist, delighted.

"No," added the customer, reflectively, "I should have thought you were using a file."



He (after embarrassing silence).—Don't you think the floor is unusually flat to-night?



Miss Fraction leaned over and touched Miss Whole Number on the arm. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"



"Give me a kiss," he begged for the fourth time that evening.

"You ask too much, Tom," she replied coyly.



Problem for Freshmen: A clock runs eight days if wound once. How long will it run if wound every day?



A tactless Northerner said to the Southerner in pure malice:

"You must have felt cheap when you found yourself licked."

"No," courteously replied the Southerner, "not cheap, exactly. We felt like Lazarus."

"Lazarus? In what way?" gleefully asked the Northerner.

"Because he, too," replied the Southerner, "was licked by dogs, sir."



WEARINESS.

Let us rest, let us rest, let us rest,

O winds that forever upstart,—

Let us sleep on the old Sea's breast,

Let us die on the old Sea's heart.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

In twilight and dusk and morn,
And the ceaseless change of the tide,
We are ever by Vandal winds upborne
To be hurled on the gray shore side.

We are weary of tempest and shock,—
Let us rest; let us die; let us sleep,—
So sang the waves of Hatteras rock
To the winds of the open deep.

—*Trinity Archive.*



CAUSES OF THINGS.

Reverend Gentleman.—Do you know, my friend, that half the cases of cancer are caused by people smoking those foul, dirty, short, black clay pipes?

Son of Toil.—And do you know, Guv'nor, that 'alf of the black eyes are caused by folks not mindin' their own business?

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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WHEN SPRING DAYS COME

N. N.

When spring days come, the warm, soft, deep blue sky,
The plump red robin's cheerily piping cry;
The noisy, gossiping blue-jay's brilliant crest;
The lark's clear call, the flicker's strident jest,
Are hopeful signs old winter now must die.

The delicate blue hepatica now doth vie
With sturdy bloodroot white; bare rocks are dressed
With fragile wind flowers, by the sun caressed,
When spring days come.

On high dead limbs, the busy red heads rest,
And pick and dig to hollow out a nest,
Or whistle shrilly as they plunging fly,
Because old winter has at last passed by,
When spring days come.

RESTRAINT IN WORDSWORTH

H. F. PAGE, M.A., '09.

We are so prone to speak of the tameness and passiveness of Wordsworth, the simplicity of his life, the serenity of his poetic moods that we are in danger of overlooking the depth and virility of his nature. Beneath the pensive reserve, which is undoubtedly uppermost in his poetry, if we but search carefully, we will discover traces of a strong personality whose more radical tendencies are held in abeyance by a finely balanced interplay of reason and moral judgment.

In Wordsworth the ordinary buoyancy of boyhood was combined with a rare poetic rapture. A bewildering delight in the beauty and mystery of the world took absolute possession of him. The sleeping lake, the thundering cascade, the misty vales, the sky-reaching summits, winds, clouds, stars—every grand aspect of nature filled him with

*"The first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with a glorious universe."*

At this point it is not hard to conceive that the development of his genius might have taken the direction of Keats' sensuous æstheticism or Shelley's ethereal speculation. In essence surely he is not far from either. But fortunately he was saved from the extremes to which these poets went. Was this the result of a spontaneous unfolding of his nature, or the outcome of a restraint more or less consciously imposed?

A careful reading of Wordsworth will discover that he is often at odds with himself. His nature has in certain directions a strongly impetuous side, especially marked in boyhood; it also has a prudential side. These naturally at

variance set up a struggle, the result of which was, that impulses and emotions tending decidedly toward the chaotic were held in abeyance by a finely poised judgment—a victory which Byron never achieved. A very fortunate thing in Wordsworth's case is that it does not dwarf his genius in the least, but only serves to direct it into saner and more practical lines.

This explains his poetical creed. Heightened emotion and imagination with him are to be used in so far as they teach the understanding and elevate the soul. To accomplish this we must suppress the erratic tendencies of passion, emotion and imagination, and subordinate them both to moral and artistic judgment.

Just how early in youth this conception matured in Wordsworth's mind is difficult to say. Traces of it are found in some of his earliest poems. In *The Prelude* there are unmistakable evidences that he reached it through a conscious effort. From that mood when he held

"Unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure, from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters colored by impending clouds"

he passed into one of deeper and more contemplation. Very likely this meditative mood had dawned upon him gradually as he became more acquainted with humanity and came into a fuller realization of its limitations and needs. Just here a minor note of pain and disappointment over the unideality of humanity begins to enter his lines. He begins to see man as he is, and with perplexed questionings search for what he should be. This search now and then bears the touch of pessimism, but only a touch. In nature is discovered a source of strength divine, sufficient to upstay the soul of man.

"Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
 Like harmony in music; there is a dark,
 Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
 Discordant elements, and makes them cling together
 In one society. How strange that all
 The terrors, pains and early miseries,
 Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
 Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
 And that a needful part, in making up
 The calm existence that is mine when I
 Am worthy of myself! Praise be the end!
 Thanks be the means which Nature deigned to employ."

Here are evidences of a strong nature, suddenly shocked at finding itself at variance with an unideal world, but which accepts its lot with a calm, optimistic resignation. Nature has furnished to him the assurance and solace that he needs. And for many years after, when disillusioned, jaded and despondent over hopes unrealized, to her he returns to find "Undreamed of access to the life of things." It is for this revivifying access his soul is constantly yearning. From it the restrictions of narrow circumstance would shut him, but it is through the very struggle that the richness of his poetic genius unfolds.

His hope of finding a congenial atmosphere at Cambridge was sadly disappointed. The littlenesses and impositions connected with the then existing system of instruction were irksome to his tastes and disposition. On first consideration this appears unfortunate. Yet, in all probability, it was the very circumstance needful to direct his genius into its own proper field. He himself takes quite an opposite view, frankly confessing that he was at fault and upbraiding himself for inattention to his class duties.

"For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,
 Was a spoiled child, and, rambling like the wind
 As I had done in daily intercourse
 With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,
 And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the air,
 I was ill-tutored for captivity.

To quit my pleasure and from month to month
 Take up a station calmly on the perch
 Of sedentary peace. These lovely forms
 Had also left less space within my mind,
 Which, wrought upon instinctively, had found
 A freshness in those objects of her love,
 A winning power beyond all other power."

But we can pardon him for slighting the classroom, if more studious habits should have erased the freshness of those "lovely forms" in which his soul found its supreme delight, and have replaced it with the bookish rhetoric and pedantic sterility, in which his predecessors and some of his contemporaries abound. Of course, this reveals Wordsworth in positive rebellion against restraint, but who can say it is not a rebellion that kept for him the possession of his own kingdom? The point, we are conscious, is a debatable one. Yet there is much to be said in support of the claim, that if he had forced himself into subjection to the uninspiring routine of the scholar's life as it existed at Cambridge, much of what we look upon as finest in his work would have been lost to us.

In the complex life of London the genius of Shakespeare had found its thriving place. So with Dryden, Addison and many another.

Thither came Wordsworth. For the first time he touched the restless life of the great city. About him surged the tide of business, pleasure and vice. But his sensitive spirit shrank from its revolting revelations.

"I heard and for the first time in my life
 The voice of woman utter blasphemy—
 Saw woman as she is, to open shame
 Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;
 I shuddered * * *
 Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,
 And ardent meditation. Later years
 Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,
 Feelings of pure commiseration, grief

For the individual and the overthrow
 Of her soul's beauty; further I was then
 But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth
 The sorrow of the passion stopped me there."

Those last lines are significant, and to the point of our present discussion. The "distress of mind that ensued upon the sight" in the case of another—a Byron for instance—would have drawn forth an outburst of passionate revolt, futile in its rage. But in Wordsworth there is a calmness, a sanity that bids us hold on to faith in humanity—bids us return to that unflinching source of help found in Nature.

"A safeguard and defense
 Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,
 Coarse manners, vulgar passions that beat in
 On all sides from the ordinary world."

Thus we see added to the rapturous myth-making mood of Wordsworth's youth the more discordant impulses felt on the initial touch with the life of his age, and both of these softened and fused together under the influence of a faith in an all-pervading goodness sensibly present in Nature, and through which the purification of the soul is assured, but assured only to those who enter into a constant companionship with her and conform to her mild but firm restraints.

While this mood was in its maiden freshness he went to France. The break with the old order of things going on there had a peculiar fascination for him. Notwithstanding his marked tendency toward passive meditation the elements of a revolutionist were in his blood. There was in him something of the soldier. His sonnet *To the Men of Kent*, and the martial tone of several other poems prove this. He himself tells us he ever felt a haunting sense of joy in the wild dash of battle, if some great issue were at stake, and that he "could not read the tale of two brave vessels fighting to

the death without feeling more pleasure than a wise man should."

This confession viewed in the light of his decided sympathy with the cause of the Revolutionists gives us a situation in some respects parallel to that of Byron in Greece. For awhile he was upon the point of losing that poise of judgment and self-restraint so characteristic of him. Whether his narrow escape was due to his own prudence more than to the solicitations of his friends is not quite clear. His own words lean decidedly to the latter conclusion, yet leave room for some debate.

"I revolved
 How much the destiny of man had still
 Hung upon single persons * * *
 Not doubting at that time
 But that the virtue of one paramount mind
 Would have abashed those impious crests—have quelled
 Outrage and bloody power * * *
 In this frame of mind
 Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity
 So seemed it—now I thankfully acknowledge,
 Forced by the gracious Providence of Heaven—
 To England I returned, else * * *
 Doubtless I should have then made common cause
 With some who perished; haply perished too,
 A poor, mistaken, bewildered offering."

But the anarchy, brutality—all the darker aspects of the Revolution, hopeless in their trend, soon became manifest. Once more his faith in humanity was shaken. The promise of an ideal democracy seemed irretrievably doomed; but as in the instance of contact with the wickedness of London he once more reverts to Nature for new consolation and new strength. But this is done with the greatest difficulty. His mind deeply perturbed will not readily return to the tranquil poetic mood of former days. Here the gentle influence of his sister, Dorothy, appears with most happy results.

"Then it was,
 Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good,
 That the beloved sister in whose sight
 Those days were passed * * *
 Maintained for me a saving intercourse
 With my true self * * * preserved me still
 A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
 And that alone my office upon earth."

At this stage there is a marked change in Wordsworth's attitude toward Nature and Man. In early boyhood the grand things of Nature made to him their strongest appeal; in early manhood the large, the more radical and more idealistic movements of society. But now he is beginning to see the infinite in the trivial. The obscure haunt of a wayside flower, the vanishing tints in a cloud, the dying note of a bird, and the thousand and one little happenings in Nature and in the daily routine of human life with him take on new significance. In this mood he begins to produce those exquisite little flower lyrics and masterpieces of idyllic, pastoral verse in the ballad and other measures.

Through the restraints of circumstances, providentially ordered, he has entered the field most suited to his genius, well fitted by his experience to exercise a sober self-control both in his conduct and in his art.

However, in regard to the technique of his art he is yet in the questioning attitude. He had long chafed against the restraints of the old poetic school. Ultimately he came to the conclusion that there should be no "essential difference between the language of prose and of verse." This view, while freeing him from one harmful restriction, subjected him to another, namely, the clothing of poetic thought in idioms too narrow for it. In such a case there is only one result—the poetry vanishes and leaves nothing but prose, or something even more insipid. Undoubtedly his own work suffered from this, yet some of his very finest passages in which

there is a "noble plainness" possibly would never have been written should he never have felt the strictures of this dictum.

At this point it is proper to mention the friendship of Coleridge, and note that through contact with his finer creative imagination, and more deeply penetrating critical judgment Wordsworth was drawn from his extreme views as to the medium of expression poetry should employ. No doubt the excellence of much of his later work is due largely to this helpful association.

So far, roughly following a chronological order, we have traced the development of Wordsworth's life and art, and found that the element of restraint, either from one bearing or another, has been uppermost in directing and maturing his genius. And now it remains to turn to some special points of criticism that do not fall strictly under this category, and yet are within the range of our theme.

Wordsworth seems never to have completely mastered the art of excluding the irrelevant from his poems, especially the longer ones. He was too fond of including every detail in thought and scene. If he had possessed greater tact in selection and exclusion many of his poems would have been immeasurably improved. The restraint of the blue pencil is too irksome to him. He is most susceptible to this danger when he is meditative and philosophical as in *The Excursion*. Some of his longer narrative poems, *The Waggoner* for instance, are almost entirely free from this fault.

A careful reading of the last named poem will convince one that Wordsworth's oft-mentioned lack of humor is due not so much to a real lack, as to what we may term a dwarfed humor, the result of a suppression of a real genuine vein which only needed sufficient indulgence to give it a decided place in his verse. A few other poems of his have traces of the same quality.

The relationship of thought to scenery is another striking

phase of our study. Wordsworth had a strong appreciation of all things beautiful. Can we conceive of a mind filled with more lovely forms of Nature minutely remembered in every detail and shading? And yet, many another poet whom we rank far below him has given us scenes and types more clearly drawn. Why this difference? It is not hard to discover. Instinctively we do not turn to his most elaborate descriptions for his finest poetry, but to those in which the many less striking details are vaguely suggested by the mention of a few impressive ones, or are entirely suppressed. There is more description in *An Evening Walk* than in *Tintern Abbey*. Both deal practically with the same situation, so far as scenery is concerned, yet how great the distance between the poetic value of the one and the other! Wordsworth's more mature judgment had learned the lesson of artistic restraint in dealing with scenery and in his practice we see him transferring the same principle to the realm of thought and emotion. How often, when reading one of his best productions, do we experience the delightful, indefinable sensation of a world of beauty held just beyond us? We turn from a poem on a mountain daisy, a bed of daffodils, the call of the cuckoo, or a solitary Highland maiden with no distinct impression of individualizing characteristics as related to a scene, but something infinitely better. Ours has been a soul-vision. The inner eye and inner ear have had glimpses of and caught echoes from the inner life of things—a life awe-filling, surpassingly beautiful.

"Have not we too?—yes, we have
Answers and we know not whence
Echoes from beyond the grave

* * *

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God—of God they are."

Throughout Wordsworth's better work there is a spiritual uplift peculiarly his own, one which would vanish if the more human emotions were to intrude. Instinctively we feel that the absence of humor and the suppression of sentiment have their richest compensations. Even when he is describing situations where human feeling tend toward the violent, we feel them held under a restraint that keeps the spiritual ever uppermost. This combined with his classical purity of style gives us Wordsworth at his best.

At these heightened moments in his poetry we are conscious of the inevitable appearance of another kind of restraint. One, however, arising from the limitations of language and therefore out of the pale of arbitrary control. The supreme test of a great poet is to feel that his lines are put to the strain by the fervid pulsings of thought and emotion. This we can claim for Wordsworth. There are certain themes to which he gives the master touch. In his verse the kinship between the soul of Nature and the soul of Man, the quiet beauty and joy of the simple life, an assuring faith in a benign intelligence, overruling all things to some ultimate good, have their most perfect expression.

"We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish—be it so!
Enough if some things from our hands have power
To live and act and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope and faith's transcendent dower
We feel that we are greater than we know."

THE EARTH AND THE FOOLNESS THEREOF

P. P. GREEN.

It was 2 o'clock and a dark night. All honest men had been abed for hours with the usual exception of the Triumvirs. I was plodding homeward from an executive session, meditating on the painful lack of taste of the average student. I had labored for two weary hours pointing out to those Philistines the advantages of painting Prexy's cow green, rather than red. Any one ought to see that green would harmonize better with the cow's complexion and the landscape. But they insisted they wanted no harmony, but riot and discord, and in the end after explaining to them their lack of brains, I was forced to compromise with one side green and the other red. I was thinking that the resulting hybrid appearance would prove very distressing to Prexy's æsthetic sense, when he viewed his cow from dead ahead or astern the next morning.

But as I passed the library a still, small noise came out of the darkness and brought my meditations up with a jerk. There, standing out clear-cut against the blackness of the reading-room doorway was a two-inch circle of light about the keyhole. In that circle were finger tips industriously manipulating some device in the lock.

Of course, as all the world knows that reading-room was a stench in the intellectual nostrils of the entire college community. There hadn't been a current number of a magazine in that room for two months. For at that time the librarian and the curator of the library had been at first puzzled and then alarmed at the sudden popularity of the reading-room among the college *canaille*, who began to frequent it in droves. To a man familiar with the workings

of original sin this could only mean a *risqué* magazine. Forthwith these worthy guardians of the student morals set about to prune the subscription list. As it requires time to get a ponderous intellect in tune with a problem, they prudently rooted up the tree of evil by stopping the entire list, pending the investigation. At the end of two months they were still making a noise like a muckrake and had discovered nothing save a much underlined article on "Painting From the Nude" in the *Westminster Review*. Of course, if they had read anything besides the soberly judicial title of "The Common Law" they would probably have remarked that this wasn't the millenium anyway, and would have dropped the rake. But they didn't. Meanwhile the students quoted Dante, and ran around in circles emitting loud cries.

All this and more flashed through my mind as I stood there in the darkness watching that two-inch circle of light and those swift, nervous finger tips. It was all true and cussable, but could this thing be? Was it possible that such a viper had nested in the bosom of a Christian college? I was hurt and indignant that a student should have the vileness unspeakable to stoop to an act of common burglary, and what was worse, be so utterly devoid of the Higher Thought as to steal a back-number magazine. He must be suppressed. I took aim with the paint can. But a voice from my inner consciousness stayed my arm. I needed that green paint for the chapel seats. It was none of my business anyway, so I passed by on the other side and on up to the fourth floor hall window of the dormitory, where I could see better when the burglar got inside. When I looked down, he had already prevailed upon the lock and was in the reading-room. A glimmer of light flickered and dodged crazily about the room, and several times in and out the door communicating with the main library. It was all very puzzling, so I went to bed.

The following morning the general trend of student activity was noticeably toward the reading-room. Some early bird had entered to find the curator carefully tearing his scanty hair, and muttering softly in a strange tongue, while the librarian drooped in his chair, and—so it was reported—looked very tired and worn. Some say he slowly shook his head four times and passed his hand across his corrugated brow each time. He spoke not at all. It was evident that he was much perturbed.

The reading-room was one broad expanse of green baize table-tops, and not a magazine in sight. Venerable reference works were labelled "Junk," and extending entirely across one wall in staring red characters was an ironical request that the honorable faculty would please refrain from purloining magazines from that room until further notice.

"The earth and the foolness thereof," I quoted from *Rameses II.*

DEVELOPMENT OF MEDICAL ALTRUISM

CARL A. MURCHISON, B.A., '09.

The relation existing between medicine and religion is that of a common desire to lift the animal world onto a higher elevation. But they are not the same force. They are two different forces operating on opposite sides. Originally they were a single impulse, but the evolution of economic efficiency forced them apart. Since then they have been combining and rebounding, and the radius of the revulsion is the radius of the world's history. The mutual passion to better the conditions of nature is the necessity which results in the missionary idea. The Christian missionary dynamic originated with Christ. Medical altruism was born in Greece four hundred years before Christ. Thus the latter is a development which is at least in embryo before the Christian ideal is conceived.

On the outside surface and in the mucous membrane of all healthy persons can be found the microbes of practically all the infectious diseases. If the membrane should at any time become weakened, they sink into the flesh, and disease is the result. Thus disease follows sin after all. But we discover the arbitrary element in nature itself.

But an insect with a sharp bill can inject the microbe through the membrane, and disease occurs where there has been no sin. The role medicine has played in eliminating this possibility is embraced in the term, medical missions. This principle should be recognized, because its analogy in religion is known as Christian missions.

This hypothesis should be borne in mind: Medicine is the result of a union between religion and philosophy. At the time of union religion was a combination of theology and

witchcraft. Philosophy reacted with these two elements of religion, and the result was that theology developed into our own pure religion, while witchcraft grew into scientific medicine. It was like turning electricity into a bowl of water. At one pole is given off pure hydrogen, while at the other pole oxygen is set free. Keeping this hypothesis plainly before us, we are ready to trace its development.

Every condition and social organism of men is represented in the evolution. It is better to begin with the lowest.

In Africa there existed a very hazy classification of beliefs and fears. But standing out distinct from all the rest there is a witch doctor. This being is the direct representative of evil powers and hideous shapes. Over against this witch is another class, more religious, but far from representing anything beautiful. But this latter group are worshiped and sacrificed unto with food offerings. Thus in this lowest form of society we see the first part of our hypothesis: the hybrid existence of theology and witchcraft.

The North American Indians had reached a slightly higher form of development. Their "medicine man," who communed with the Great Spirit, was a noble character. He rose clear-cut above his fellows, strength and character chiseled on his front, the setting sun to which he prayed, a fitting background to the American prophet of his people. But over against this lovable representative was another type of "medicine man," whose characteristics were cunning and lying. This last was the healer, the "witch," of the American tribes. So in this higher stage of society we again find religion and witchcraft closely bound.

In Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is this statement: In contemplating the religious system of the Aztecs one is struck with its apparent incongruity, as if some portion of it had emanated from a comparatively refined people, open to gen-

the influences, while the rest breathes a spirit of unmitigated ferocity. It naturally suggests the idea of two distinct sources, and authorizes the belief that the Aztecs had inherited from their predecessors a milder faith, on which was afterwards engrafted their own mythology.

As Prescott wrote his history in 1843, this was perhaps the best explanation he could at the time offer. The "gentle influences" which he noticed composed the Aztec religion. The "unmitigated ferocity" was the operation of their system of witchcraft. At certain periodic times they had a custom of selecting the most handsome and well-favored young man in all their kingdom of several million, and making him the representative of their God. For one year he received every courtesy and consideration due a supreme being. He was worshiped and held the scepter of power over physical and psychical Mexico. One month before the end of the year four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the principal goddesses, were selected and given to him as his wives. At the end of the year he bade adieu to his fair partners, was transported in a barge across the lake to a temple, which was built on the summit of a huge pyramid. Here he was received by six priests, who stretched him upon a jasper sacrificial stone, cut out his heart, and holding it first toward the sun, cast it at the feet of the deity which to them was the soul of the world, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration.

In this case religion continued only up to the time when the victim said farewell to his wives. When the procession started across the lake, religion was left behind, and witchcraft began. So in this nation also there is a close union of religion and witchcraft. There is no visible possibility of their separating as yet, though Mexico had a civilization just as advanced as that of Egypt.

In India the Brahmins are the professional theologians.

But they have also a medical bible which they call the "Ayur Veda." The Hindoos believe that this book is a revelation. This excites the jealousy and rage of the Brahmins, and as a result there is a rupture here between theology and witchcraft. This is interesting because it seems that thus separated, they should develop along separate lines. But this is not the case. The people still think of them as representatives of the Supreme Being. The only explanation is this: They have not yet been separated through clear thinking. Philosophy has not yet appeared in India.

This latter might be questioned on the hypothesis that the Hindoos reason, and that it is impossible for reason to exist without philosophy. Very well. The Hindoos conceived the human body to be composed of three substances—vita, pitta and kafa—wind, bile and phlegm. These all occurred in a certain proportion. Thus when the body became disordered it was thought that one of these essences was in the wrong proportion. Massage was one of their methods of coaxing back the right proportion. They also practiced the laying on of hands by the priest, and thus the modern faith cure began. But what caused the breaking of the proportion of essences? Now we are going to see the quality of the Hindoos' reason. Let us grant that they believed the proportion to be broken by demons which got into the body. Now, if the demon has broken the proportion, does the demon cause the disease which follows? That would be our way of thinking but to the Hindoo the disease itself is the demon. So they implore it to leave the body and then threaten it with destruction. As the "Ayur Veda" says: "Having made obeisance to the fever, I cast him down below." Such reason has no more philosophy in it than the human sacrifice of the Aztecs. But it is not to be laughed at. He "is just touching, though he may only touch and let go, a line of thought which points,

albeit vaguely and most crookedly towards something like mental independence."

Let us now examine the highest form of the old civilizations, the Greek. A good introduction is from Doctor Osler. "Crude and bizarre among the primitive nations, these ideas of disease received among the Greeks a practical development worthy of this great people. There have been systems of so-called divine healing in all the great civilizations, but, for beauty of conception and for grandeur of detail in the execution, all are as nothing in comparison with the cult of the son of Apollo, of Eseulapius, the God of healing. To him were raised superb structures which were filled with the most sublime products of Greek art, and which were at once temples and sanatoria. The elaborate ritual of the cure is well described in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes. Real cures were often effected, and the inscriptions tell of the touching and simple faith which, then as now, forms so important a factor in the healing of many diseases."

We are now in the midst of the first great crisis in the intellectual history of the human race. Plagues and disease were abroad over all the earth, and medicine in the greatest country in the world was not advanced beyond that of the savage tribes. In I Samuel, v and vi, while the Ark of God was resting among the Philistines, we read of the breaking out of the Bubonic Plague, from which over fifty thousand people died. It is only one instance. All over the world people were dying by the million. The human race was beginning to diminish, and witchcraft had proven itself powerless to cope with the situation. It was five hundred years yet till Christ, and no man cared whether the world died or not.

We started out on the hypothesis that philosophy would separate witchcraft from the theological religion, and start the two out on different lines of development. Philosophy

is now born in Greece. So far the medical profession have sent human life and human aspirations begging by attempting to eliminate the arbitrary element from nature, and find it in the shadow land of evil powers. But now the Greek people are being pulled one way by the metaphysical and dialectical discussions of the Eleatic philosophers, and another way by the semi-historical methods of Herodotus and Hecataeus, and a new age is dawning.

We are now entering the first renaissance of medicine. It begins in the fifth century before Christ, and continues till a hundred years after Christ. It is brought about in this way. In the temples we have mentioned erected to the god of healing, there were priests, who themselves, were representatives of the god. Working under them were many underlings or servants who did the real work of healing. They had the same relation to the priest as the modern valet has to his master, and they knew his every weakness as well as strength. The new philosophy was abroad in Greece, and it was natural that these servants in their private meetings should talk about the new way of reasoning, just as the modern laborers in their noon-time groups, discuss socialism and class distinctions. These noon-time gatherings of our time have resulted in labor unions and a Socialist political party. Something similar is about to happen in Greece. Reasoning along as clear-cut lines as their brains would allow, these burden-bearers of Esculapius, intuitively at first, felt something wrong with the system they were serving. This intuition reacted again with the new learning, and conviction and then knowledge were the result. Something is about to happen now. There is more than one form of socialism, though the substance is always the same. These toilers under the shadow of the temples revolt in a body. The phenomenon has occurred. Philosophy has separated witchcraft from religion. What is the next step? These new

thinkers combine their old knowledge with new observation. They discover the arbitrary element in nature itself, and scientific medicine is the result. Hippocrates was the great leader of this period.

There are two great vital phenomena of this movement. The first, the birth and reaction of philosophy, we have discussed. The second is of even greater significance. It is this: after the separation of religion and witchcraft, witchcraft immediately has a new birth and rapidly develops into science, while religion dies completely. Every living trace of both the Greek and the Roman religions soon disappeared, while the witchcraft which was united with them had a wonderful development. This latter phenomenon should be remembered with the hypothesis on which we started.

But the period was one of doubt and unhappiness. Old beliefs were being challenged, and old idols were being broken. The hundred years before Christ was a photograph of the eighteenth century after Christ. Outwardly there was feasting and merriment and frivolity, but beneath it all was a great unrest, and a kind of questioning dissatisfaction. In the midst of this Christ appeared. There was no fixed system as yet in either religion or science. No wonder the people called him Lord one minute, and with the next breath acclaimed him the Great Physician! No wonder that with the third breath they cursed him and then slew him! It was a period of uncertainty. Fear and hope were one, and the result was determination and frenzy. There were wonderful cures by this wonderful Man of Galilee, and it is not the purpose of this paper to explain them. We simply want the phenomena. As a matter of fact he was not a physician, for he did not use the methods of the past, nor advanced methods, which could be used in future developments. He healed leprosy, but he did not prevent leprosy. He was born in a bad period, but the nature of the period resulted in

the psychical tension which has since held him lifted up as the Lord of perfection.

In 131 A. D., Galen was born. He fixed the scientific system as Chaucer later fixed the English tongue. There is now a crude organism of scientific medicine, as the result of the efforts of the first medical missionaries who revolted from witchcraft seven hundred years before.

But a system introduces a new phenomenon. A system implies authority. As soon as science became an authority, the established church adopted it as its own. We are now getting to something interesting again. The act of adopting the system would be interpreted as an open declaration that the system would be defended by the church. Now what have we? We find an *established* religion and a *complete* system of science having the same relations to each other that once existed between *unestablished* religion and *unestablished* science, or witchcraft. Indeed a very interesting development. What a magic cloak is authority! It oppresses, and the prophet is called into life; it suppresses, and the clear-cut lines of eternal truth are revealed unto us!

We are now in the midst of the Dark Ages. We see authority getting in its work. What a work it is! How many chains go into its making! How shortsighted have been men from all time! A mere animal guides its footsteps by the experiences of yesterday. But a man seems never able to trace the future by the bitter periods of the past. The altar fire of clear thinking, which had just begun to flicker, is now swept entirely away by a deluge of ignorance and oppression. History has stepped backward and witchcraft is flourishing again. In this time Cornelius Agrippa wrote: "In almost all places of study a damnable custom is growing, in that they bind with on oath the scholars which they receive, never to speak against Aristotle, Boethius, Albert, or any other of their scholars being accounted a god, from

whom if a man differ a finger's breadth in thought, immediately they will call him *Heretike* and worthy to be burned."

Montaigne also: "It is not enquired whether Galen has said anything to the purpose, *but whether he has said so and so.*"

Dissection was forbidden by the clergy of the Middle Ages, on the ground that it was impious to mutilate a form made in the image of God. But this did not apply to the rack and the wheel. What a magnificent distinction! In the reign of Philip II of Spain, a famous Spanish doctor was actually condemned by the Inquisition to be burned for having performed a surgical operation. As in the early period plagues began to break out over the world, and there was no one to stay them. The Bubonic Plague in Central Asia killed twenty-five million. It is claimed by experts of the present day that the blind man on the street, the deformed child in the hospital, every abnormality of birth, all these physical horrors with which we are familiar, can be traced back to the medical practice of this terrible time. Authority has done this.

The unrest became even greater than in the century before Christ. In the Bible we read of people who went to the pool of Bethesda to be healed. In France during the Middle Ages insane human beings were bound down to the rocks of the beach, while the waves of the Atlantic broke over them, in hopes that the madness might be washed away. For a man possessed of an evil spirit, this was the cure: "Tie him to an upright post, and burn a fish under his nose." Such a time could well dream of a New World beyond the sea, where there were springs of perpetual youth, where disease was not known, and the fragrance of the Indies floated on the atmosphere. The reason for this was because philosophy was dead. Medicine is the result of a union between religion and philosophy. Witchcraft and theology will con-

tinue forever without philosophy, just as a brick will exist forever in a vacuum.

But there is a lot of illogical thinking concerning this period. A recent writer, whose name I will not call, said the following in a magazine article: "Had Hanneman and Stephenson, Herschel and Edison lived in the Middle Ages their genius would have availed mankind nothing. The slow world was not ready for them, and it would have crushed and silenced them as it did Galileo and many another brave spirit that was born out of time. They would have gone under, and shouts and hymns would have celebrated another triumph of authority and orthodoxy. Authority was the Juggernaut beneath whose car all the best and boldest spirits were crushed in the sacred name of religion."

Such thinking is a kind of frenzy which never recognizes real values. There is no more philosophy in it than there was in the science of the Middle Ages. Authority did not crush these bold spirits. It was the oppression of authority which forced them up above their fellows, and made them prophets.

In the sixteenth century, after a rest of fourteen hundred years, the second renaissance begins. Galileo in Italy and Kepler in Germany revolt from the established system, just as a few Greeks did over two thousand years before. Galileo and Kepler are the founders of the second school of medical missionaries, and are also the medium through which the old school of prophets continues. But the new philosophy met bitter opposition. Massaria, a professor at Padua, in the sixteenth century, said: "I would rather be wrong with Galen, than right by accepting the new views of the times."

In 1717 Lady Mary Montague, whose husband was ambassador in Constantinople, discovered the inoculation of smallpox. She stated it in a letter to Miss Sarah Chiswell. Later she came to England and introduced it. Remember,

smallpox alone up to this time had destroyed more people than now exist in America. But when she introduced a remedy, the medical fraternity cursed her. The clergy were horror stricken at thus taking events out of the hands of Providence. But she persevered. Her grandson, William Stuart, a young vicar, had two thousand persons inoculated at his own expense. Only two died, an old man and an old woman past eighty. This was the medical missionary idea full grown.

Medicine was now again free from authority, and it began to develop with great strides. In 1798 Jenner discovered vaccine, a great improvement on Lady Montague's inoculation.

Pasteur, within our own lifetime, has discovered that microbes cause disease, instead of being caused by disease. If he had stated such a principle in the fifteenth century he would have been burned at the stake. Kepler and Galileo were the missionaries who cleared the way for him.

In 1900 an American Commission, composed of Drs. Reed, Carroll, Agromonte and Jesse Lazear, were sent by the government to the island of Cuba to discover the cause of yellow fever. They thought the mosquito carried the microbe, but they could not prove it. To substantiate the claim on September 13, Lazear let himself be bitten by a mosquito, on the 18th he was sick, on the 25th he was dead. He was a medical missionary of the noblest type.

A few years ago the Rockefeller Institute for medical research was established. It has discovered preventives for dozens of diseases, and already has been the direct savior of thousands of lives.

These are only a few simple illustrations which reflect the high development of scientific medicine. At the same time religion has been developing just as rapidly. It is no longer

authoritative, but the voice of the whole people, uttered both in protest and in aspiration.

Although religion and medicine are developing along widely separated lines, a new relation has sprung up which has not appeared before in the history of the world. It is medical missions in conjunction with Christian missions. It is not known exactly what caused this movement. But it has grown out of the same environments, forces and conditions which in the eighteenth century brought about the great flood of sentimentalism in literature. It is a humanitarian and brotherly impulse rather than divine. That is why it could not appear till after such sentimental philosophers as Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury.

But leaving philosophy out of it, it is a beautiful relation. To heal a man's body so that he may experience every thrill of life, and at the same time so tune his higher self that he is expectant of everlasting joy after death would be the very culmination of the lofty ideals of Christ. It would seem it had been reserved for us to bring this about, and that it will be our privilege to see religion and medicine developing side by side, but each following the banner of a free intelligence and high thinking.

All this has commenced within the last hundred years. Dr. Parker went as a medical missionary from America to China in 1834. In a short time his hospital was overcrowded, and he was literally overwhelmed with applications.

In 1839 Dr. Robert Kally went from London to Madeira as a medical missionary. He became one of the greatest forces in the missionary world.

In the Philippine Islands the Baptists have recently established a training school for girls.

In every important country and tribe on the globe, there are medical missionaries at work. This is a matter of common knowledge, and needs no more than a mere statement

here. Everywhere the people flock to the strangers who can heal the pains of the body.

This is what the altruistic idea has grown into up to the present. It is very well diffused over all the world.

This is the situation: In the countries from which the mission is sent religion and medicine develop entirely apart, thus insuring a healthy growth. But in the countries to which the mission is sent, the natives see religion and medicine as one. The healing of the medicine appears to them the influence of the God, which the religion represents. Thus they will at once place the arbitrary element in the God, instead of in nature. This was the conception of the Greeks and also of the tribes outside the direct line of civilization as we have already seen. This, of course, will finally lead to interesting results.

Suppose a plague breaks out which the medicine can not stop. If the new awakening in the East shuts out Western civilization, but retains what it already possesses, will another Dark Age spread over the East?

FRANK MORGAN, CO. D, 26TH N. C. REGIMENT

A. J. FLETCHER.

There was deepest gloom among the soldiers of the Twenty-sixth Regiment. The word had been passed that sixty soldiers were to be shot in retaliation for some trifling offense alleged to have been committed by the Southern Army in its care of Federal prisoners. Sixty soldiers to be shot! And for an offense of which they were as innocent as unborn babes!

Each member of the Twenty-sixth received the edict in gloomy silence. They were used to slaughter and bloodshed. Afraid of death? No one who followed them through the Civil War, through the bloody scenes of Chickamauga and Gettysburg, and saw with what reluctance they laid down their arms at Appomattox, would accuse them of that. Heroes all, if unsung, were they.

For six weeks they had lain in the musty cells of a Federal prison. Among their number was a young lad of nineteen. This was his third year among "the dead and wounded," and it had served to develop the latent manhood in him. Three years before, a lad of sixteen, he had enlisted as a volunteer under the immortal Vance, and no engagement of the Twenty-sixth during the entire three years of fighting had found him negligently absent from his post of duty. He afraid of death? Oh, no! he and death had been companions. Once at Gettysburg it brushed close—very close—to him, leaving his arm straight and limp. How many times it had passed him mercifully by—well, he could not say. Tonight he was among the number who were to take their chances on the little black and white balls. Would he hesitate?

The bright, honest face of the young man had attracted

the eye of the Union surgeon's daughter, Jennie Langston, a beautiful girl of eighteen. Their acquaintance had been of but a few weeks, but between them had sprung up a mutual admiration and understanding, and her true heart beat in terror for him at the risk he was running.

"Don't do it, Frank," she pleaded. "Take the oath of allegiance, won't you? It will never be known away from here." Her look of intense anxiety told Frank of the earnestness of her request and her beautiful eyes eloquently pleaded her cause.

"Why, Jennie, how could you ask it? Desert the cause for which I have fought and suffered, desert the land that gave me birth, the home that sheltered me and the friends and comrades for whom I have risked everything and for whom I would willingly give my life this moment? You don't know what you're asking, Jennie."

"But Frank," the voice was insistent, pleading.

"No, Jennie," and he pushed her gently aside.

"Frank Morgan."

"Here."

"Fall in line," gruffly commanded the sergeant.

The hat was passing and each soldier, as the bearer passed, reached up and drew. Slowly down the line it came, leaving some faces white and others relieved. Frank drew. The ball was black!

A few moments of preparation followed. Jennie signaled Frank from a shaded recess in the corner of the dimly lighted hall.

"Here is a rope ladder, Frank. The guard is on the other side of the building and will not return for ten minutes. And here is a suit of citizen's clothes. The way is open to the street, and in this garb you will escape detection. Take them quickly. Please, Frank."

Jennie waited for his answer.

"No, Jennie, I can't. Good-bye."

Frank joined his comrades.

"Right face, forward, march!"

The line filed out into the night, and was soon lost to view. Only the lights from the pine torches, as they played into ghost-like shapes and figures on the trees and undergrowth, in the hands of the guards who were keeping the condemned prisoners in line, told the remaining prisoners, as they crowded the windows of their cells, the direction in which their comrades were being carried.

After a hard three-mile walk or more over hill and valley, through wood and field, the squad came to an abrupt halt in a ravine, black and rugged. The condemned prisoners were formed into a circle. The sergeant stepping to the center, said:

"All who will renounce the Confederacy, swear allegiance to the Union flag in return for immunity, step forward."

Not a man moved. Instead sixty throats cheered lustily as Frank Morgan started the old war song of the South:

"Old Lincoln and his hireling crew
Can never whip the South,
Shout, shout the joyous notes of freedom."

"Corporal close in your men. Hang the prisoners by their thumbs. Maybe they won't sing another tune in a few minutes," sneered the sergeant. Promptly the order was executed.

"All who will renounce the Confederacy, swear allegiance to the Union flag in return for immunity, step forward," repeated the sergeant, after taking the prisoners down and forming them in a circle as before. Again the cry rang out:

"Old Lincoln and his hireling crew
Can never whip the South,
Shout, shout the joyous notes of freedom."

"Corporal, line these men up. Aim at the heart, men; steady now. Ready, aim——"

The thundering gallop of a bunch of cavalry burst on their ears and each Confederate heart leaped with joy as the horsemen rode into and scattered the Union guard. Frank Morgan seized the reins of one of the horses, as the rider slipped off and into his arms, and pressing her frantically to him, he whispered:

“Jennie, God bless you!”

TO BE RUDE, O I MEANT NOT

H. F. PAGE.

Out of the glare
And dust of the street,
Three little tots came
On light tripping feet,
Into the cool,
Green shady nook
Under my window.
(Who but could look?)

Laughing, they tumbled
Into the clover,
Again and again—
Many times over,
Frightening the busy
Work-a-day bees
Into the bloomy,
Tall lilac trees.

Little they recked how
Their rollicking play
Set my thoughts roaming
Fields far away;
Nor did they guess I
Spied on their fun,
Till one of them saw me
Then off in a run,
Tripped like shy fairies
To some other nook—
(To be rude, O, I meant not—
Who but could look?)

MORAVIANS IN NORTH CAROLINA

HENRY CONRAD.

"We had a little love feast; then near the Christ child we had our first Christmas eve in North Carolina, and rested in peace in this hope and faith." And a later writer says:

"All this while the wolves and panthers howled and screamed in the forests near by."

Such is the way in which the little body of Moravian missionaries, having traveled for six weeks in the dead of winter from Pennsylvania to North Carolina, spent their Christmas in 1753. At last they had found the hut which the early German explorers had built for their reception, and what did it matter that the dirt floor of their humble shelter was cold and cramped? What did it matter that the wind whistled through the broad cracks, and brought with it the howl of the wolf and the panther's cry from the depth of this virgin forest? As they looked at the wooded foothills stretching out to the west, and caught the scent of the broad, clear creek, winding its way through the fertile valley to the south, they felt that they had come in truth to the land of promise. This region they called "Wachan," or our "Wachovia," which means meadow stream. Their little settlement they called Bethabara.

Once settled they began with their accustomed system and industry to make this wilderness into a Fatherland. And in 1754, with the great strain of clearing land and building houses, we find the record of the operation of a carpenter shop, a tailor establishment, a pottery, a blacksmith shop, a shoe shop, a tannery and a cooper shop.

But graver problems than clearing forests and plying their trades were soon to occupy the thoughts of our little colony.

The influences which caused the Indians to side with the French, and attack the unprotected English settlements of the North traveled southward slowly. But when the outbreak did come, it was with the same Indian cunning, deceit and cruelty as in the North that the Southerners had to deal. Helpless pioneers whose houses beyond the edge of civilization had been robbed or threatened, sought safety in Bethabara. With their characteristic thoroughness the men of Wachovia made their plans. They were not panic-stricken by the rumors that reached them from all sides, but continued to run the mill and push forward the work on the triangular stockade that surrounded the colony.

The people of Wachovia had been well known among the red men for their hospitality, and no savage that came within their borders left with an empty stomach. But now, when not even a semblance of neutrality could longer remain, the "good people with much bread" disappeared, and in their place arose a stockade, which not even a spy was allowed to approach.

Finally the much feared advance was made. As the Indian spies approached they were promptly fired upon. The volley from the guns of the sentinels was replied to by the war-whoop of the Indians concealed in the woods, and the diary says it sounded like "the howling of a hundred wolves." But the stockade held out and it was some time later when all was quiet that scouts from the settlement discovered tracks of Indians in all this section, a large company having encamped for six weeks a short distance from Bethabara.

Much has been written of the New England pilgrim attending to his religious duty with his gun on his shoulder as he trudged along over the snow. Should the artist of the future depict these godly men in the forests of North Carolina, he will show how with equal piety they did not neglect their religious duty. With his Bible in his hand and

his trusty rifle on his shoulder, with the most pressing dangers about him, the inhabitant of Wachovia went to his usual place of worship. Or again, the picture may be drawn showing the congregation devoutly singing and praying in the church while in front are stacked the guns, the sentinel pacing up and down to guard against sudden attacks.

The month of March (1759) was a month of terror. Many refugees poured into Bethabara, and brought their tales of woes and suffering. One man escaped alive from an ambush into which his party had been led, and pierced with arrows, one of which protruded from his back, he wandered all day and all night through the wind and rain, finally reaching Bethabara, where the arrows were extracted by the skillful physician, Dr. Bonn.

A large body of Cherokees having lost a distinguished chief determined to take revenge. When stealthily surrounding the fort they heard a trumpet sound out in the stillness of the night, and thinking their plan had been discovered, they hastily retreated. The trumpet was really that of the night watchman, who was only announcing that another hour had passed. And that trumpet continued to blow until a few years ago, when the night watchman was replaced by his more modern brother, the city police. But the red man, with all his cunning, deceit and cruelty, was driven farther and farther back by the inroads of the Anglo-Saxon, and it was not long before he was pitied, rather than feared.

About this time another element asserted itself in Bethabara. This was composed of those settlers other than Moravians, and those within the church that desired more individuality in their personal interests. For it must be remembered that individuals could not own land in Bethabara, only lease it from the Church under certain conditions. Municipal government and Church government were inseparable, officers of the Church were officers of the town. The

Church also kept a heavy hand on all business interests of the town, and was certain to crush any enterprise that might be regarded as exciting competition. It was for this element that a town was founded three miles north of Bethabara, in the summer of 1759. This town was called Bethania, and was situated on the sloping hillside north of Black Walnut Bottom.

During this summer in which Bethania had been founded and when everything was looking prosperous, a deadly plague visited the settlements and carried off as its victims the best and noblest in the whole community. The minister, the physician, and the most prominent man of business were among the first to go. Winter came and put a stop to its ravages, but not until twelve of the staunchest men of the little colony had been claimed.

The founding of Salem marks an important epoch in the history of the Moravians. The name Salem (peace), was given by Count Zinzendorf before his death. The town was begun in 1766 and pushed rapidly forward.

It had always been understood that Bethabara and Bethania were to be merely villages. Bethabara means "house of passage." But with Salem it was quite different. Its site was selected with care, and the Moravians went to work with the intention of making it a stronghold for Moravians in North Carolina. Bethabara, which we have learned to know as a place in which occurred many interesting and thrilling events, gradually fell to the background, and after this Salem assumes first place and preserves the nucleus of the Moravians.

Now comes the memorable period of 1776. The Moravians were sorely troubled during these times. Their conscience forbade them carrying arms or taking the oath of allegiance. The Regulators accused them of aiding the Tories, and the Tories accused them of being in sympathy with the Con-

tinental forces. The truth of the matter was that they were hopelessly divided among themselves and a "Hurrah for Washington!" was sure to be answered by a "Hurrah for King George!"

One writer speaks of Wachovia as being "in the very theater of the war," for though the Moravians did not bear arms, they served the government efficiently in other ways. It was their horses, supplies and provisions that were destroyed at Camden. It was their homes that Pickens' army plundered. It was Salem that furnished a recruiting station for the army with which Greene was to outgeneral Cornwallis. It was Wachovia that was ransacked as Cornwallis came through with his army.

The last event of the war that affected Wachovia was the battle of Guilford Courthouse. After this the town was filled with stragglers and wounded. But the greatest hardships had been passed. The preliminaries of peace were signed in Paris, January 20, 1783, and July the 4th was appointed as a day of rejoicing. On that morning the people of Salem were awakened by appropriate trombone music. In the afternoon a happy love feast was held and all voices joined in singing:

"Peace is with us! Peace is with us!"

In the days following the Revolution we notice several little items that help give us an idea of the life and industry of the place.

A new tavern was built in Bethabara.

The pottery interest is especially mentioned in 1777, and when the ware was taken from the kilns great crowds gathered to purchase.

In 1778 mention is made of the beginning of the infant school.

The most notable event during the close of the century

was the visit of President Washington to Wachovia, May 31 to June 2, 1791. The President with his secretary, Mr. Jackson, came from Salisbury with a number of servants. True to the custom, he was welcomed with music, and a committee was appointed for his reception. The next day an address of welcome and loyalty was read and the President responded with a short address of appreciation. On June 2, the President and his party left, bearing a favorable impression of the industry and cordiality of Salem. Among the things of which Salem boasts today is the room still preserved in which George Washington slept.

In 1800 the Salem church, one of the most pretentious structures in the State at that day, was founded. It is still standing today and for over a century its organ has furnished music for worshipers, and its silver bell in the clock of the tower has broken the stillness with its musical sound every quarter of an hour.

Eight years ago the centennial of the founding of the Salem Academy and College was celebrated. Today it is still the pride of every Moravian's heart and its daughters have filled the most influential homes in the land, in the Governor's mansion and in the White House. Within its walls is a polish which only time can give.

Passing over a half of a century we find Winston founded in 1849. This town was built on the north side of Salem with only a street between them. It is sufficient to say that though they both have but one post-office, each is nevertheless distinct, with its own city officials and separate census.

Now came a time which again tried the souls of our little town that had braved Indian wars and Revolution. This was the time of the Civil War. Opposition to bearing arms had so entirely disappeared by 1831 that a company of riflemen was organized in Salem, and in the years from 1861 to 1865 no braver men bore the musket than the men from

Wachovia. Though no actual warfare occurred in this region a paragraph from the memorabilia, a record of current events kept by the Bishops, of 1861 will bring their feelings vividly before us.

"The present year has witnessed the commencement of a fearful and calamitous war between two different sections of our once united and prosperous country. When and how the strife will end is known only to God. Preparations on a gigantic scale have been made by both parties for the contest, which betoken an obstinate prosecution of the war on the one part and an energetic and determined resistance on the other. Already some of the fairest portions of our country have been ravaged by the destructions of war; fields have been laid waste, homes demolished, villages consumed, and districts that smiled as the garden of the Lord have been trampled down and made desolate by the footsteps of the contending hosts. Battles have been fought and victories won, but sad and numerous have been the instances of individual suffering and distress, few of which have ever been published and some of which can not easily be imagined."

On April 10, the Federal troops, under General Stoneman, arrived and days of thieving and plundering followed. Houses were entered, drawers broken open and everything of value taken. It was as great a relief when Stoneman left as in the Revolution when Cornwallis withdrew his troops. The records of this time are filled with the hardships of those at home and the tales of suffering of the returned soldier.

The days of reconstruction are familiar to all, but it was not long before the supremacy of the white race was manifest and things were once more running smoothly, but that the hands of progress had been turned back fifty years.

I have attempted to give you a glimpse at the German and English manuscripts in the Wachovia archives at Salem, but before we leave the subject of Moravians in North Caro-

lina, let's take a peep at modern Salem as we pass down Main street.

The first thing that attracts our attention is an immense coffee pot, ten feet high, mounted on a post about eight feet from the ground, that for over a hundred years has been the sign of the tin shop. As we pass on down, noticing the names prominent in early Wachovian history, speaking to us from shop windows, we pass under the porches that extend out over the sidewalk and catch the aroma from Winkler's bakery, which for generations was the only bakery in town. Down farther we pass the stately old Salem Academy and the room in which George Washington slept. The houses, for the most part, are brick with weather-boarding on the outside. The roofs which cling close to the eaves, as if afraid to peep over, are covered with immense moss-covered shingles or clay tiles. The door opens right out on the street with no porch, only a step down to the sidewalk. Let us watch that door. The top half swings open, for all the doors are of two halves, and a great big *Frau* looks out with two or three little *kinder* peeping out on each side. A man about twice as big around as tall, with a jolly red face and a belly like a German beer barrel waddles down the street. A "*Gut morn'in'*" is exchanged and he is invited to try a sugar cake that has just come out of the oven. We, too, are invited in, and after eating a square foot of old German sugar cake and drinking two mugs of coffee, we go home feeling that we have seen a picture from an old story-book.

THE ROSE AND THE THORN

CLAUDIUS T. MURCHISON.

He had gone forth in the first freedom of his young manhood. For one day, at least, he was free from the restraint of the recitation room and the Sophomore-ruled campus—this youthful Freshman of innocent face and light-some manner.

The sweets of the great State Fair were before him, and in his pockets the money jingled. Truly, pleasure unspeakable was his today; what joys, what anticipations! As he steered through the holiday throng, jostling the pretty girls and throwing confetti, his bosom swelled deliciously.

Above the noisy hubbub of the merry crowd, there came to him in appealing, clear-cut tones, the voice of one crying.

"Come and see the diving ladies. Beautiful as mermaids, more graceful than Venus rising from the ocean foam. Come and see them sport through the clear and transparent waters. Only twenty-five cents. Right here!"

Ah! this was something worth while. Did he not know it from a long ago experience at the seashore? And in his eyes there came a strange glitter.

Quickly he passed up his "two bits," and was admitted into the canvas domains of the diving ladies.

What a feast of good things awaited him there! Girls more lovely than scarlet sunbeams, and arrayed in similar materials.

He gazed upon them as they stood in a small group at the head of a long rectangular pool of water. Occasionally one would go and peer over the brink, smiling saucily down into the water at her own reflection and throwing dainty kisses at the images of the spectators standing upon the sides

of the pool. Our friend saw that one of these kisses was intended for him, and his heart leaped up into his mouth.

It was plain that the performances were about to begin. Where should he take his stand that he might to most advantage see all possible? He was a sensible youth and did not wish to miss a single feature of that which he had paid for, and which was undoubtedly his.

Truly, the ideal vantage point was on that incline which rose from the water's edge at the end of the pool just opposite the diving board. Here he could miss nothing, and would not be bothered as no one else seemed to care for that position. There he took his station, the fervid glow of the pioneer upon his cheeks.

A man with a megaphone called a signal. The first diving lady tripped forward, poised for a moment upon the end of the board, then she looked into the face of the youth. Into her eyes came a deep, soulful longing; her lips opened in a smile; lightly, almost imperceptibly, she swayed toward him, then raised her lily arms above her head, and springing forward, circled gracefully through the air and glided into the water.

At this stage the youth was completely entranced. He crept nearer the edge. Ah! happy thought, she was swimming towards him, sporting capriciously about in the transparent element, as free, as beautiful, as the queen of mermaids.

Again the man with the megaphone called out, saying in loud tones, "Everybody look out now for the running Australian splash."

That sounds ominous. Look up fair youth. Do you not see that the people are stepping back from the water? Oh! merciful mother, the nymph in there has enchanted him! Ye tender-hearted creatures of the air, sound your warnings. Haste! But it is too late.

There is a commotion at the other end of the little lake. A diving lady of sturdy proportions springs forward like a deer. She speeds along the running-board, and with a mighty leap springs far out over the water. Look! how strangely she is preparing to dive. She has the same attitude a fat gentleman uses in striking the sidewalk after he has stepped upon a banana peel. Thus does she smite the water. *Splash-h*—and the canvas walls echo—*Splash-sh-sh-h*, and the neighboring hills re-echo, *Splashh-sh-ss-h!* And from the point of concussion there whips forward a mighty stream of virgin water. A moment! and, alas! Oh, deluded youth, the flood gates of Heaven are opened upon thee. The bung-holes of the great deep are unplugged, and upon thy luckless head and beautiful raiment fall the rapacious torrents.

The descending streams chill the warm current of thy joy, and the love-light in thine eyes is extinguished. The thirstings of thy soul are quenched, and thy hopes are melted as snowflakes. The smile of thy countenance is washed away, and thy garments are made clean in the whirling eddies that course down thy youthful form.

When the disturbed waters returned in peace to their channel, so that the mischievous nymphs might again float therein, the youth arose to wend his way homeward.

At the apex of the tent, far beyond reach, a chorus of sprites assembled and sang in unison:

“He is likened unto a man who built his house upon the sand. And the rains came, and the floods descended, and it fell; and great was the fall thereof.”

WHAT TIME THE MEADOW DAMPS WITH THE
FIRST DEW

H. F. PAGE.

What time the meadow damps with the first dew
I heard it in the woods, a note that ran
The old sweet way, through many a span
Of melody: at first, slow, melting, true
To oft-tried stops; then, from half-hush, anew
It rose with wonder new, such as great Pan
Might pause spell-mute to hear; then once again
It changed, as if some fleeing joy earthward to woo.

And thus it died. And with it all that choir
That haunts the woods grew silent as the night
Came down. But long the passion of the song
Lived on in me, and with it deep desire
For some unvisioned good, some dream-delight,
Filling the life that is, with purpose strong.

FOUR CIGARETTE STUBS

H. C.

One, two, three, four, turn; one, two, three, four, turn; one, two, three—Gresham was on his fifty-second round from one end of the room to the other.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked, closing my book with a slam.

"Nothing to do," he answered curtly.

"Come walk with me down to the Administration Building."

I had long given up all hopes of studying in the room where he paced up and down like a caged lion. Without a word he picked up his hat and started with me across the campus.

As we entered the President's office it took but a glance to tell that something was wrong. A faint ray of relief seemed to light up his troubled face as he saw us.

"Come in, Taylor, you and Gresham."

He motioned us to seats. For a minute or more he fingered his pen and let his eyes rest on the blotter of his desk. By this time I had forgotten what I came for. Gresham pricked up his ears and his previously blank face bore a trace of interest.

"Taylor," he began, turning his piercing eyes toward me, "we want the aid of a discreet, conscientious student. The English I examination questions have been stolen and we have just three days to recover them."

This came like a bomb. My heart jumped, then it sank with the hopelessness of the case.

"Isn't there some way to avoid those questions?" I asked.

"Absolutely none," he said. "The spring examination

must either be a mere farce or the college disgraced by its becoming known that the questions were stolen. It is forty-eight hours too late to get up new questions and have them printed."

I glanced at Gresham. His eyes were wide open, his nostrils expanded and his face slightly flushed.

"Well, Doctor, Gresham has had a little experience in detective work"—I remembered his finding my watch that had been stolen from the bath room—"and if you'll take us into your confidence we'll promise to do anything we can and be particularly careful about keeping it secret."

"Now remember, I'm putting the name of the college in your hands; and I believe you love it as well as I do. Come out here in the reception room." He led the way to the large room in front of his private office.

"Yesterday afternoon about two o'clock the papers arrived from the printer at Raleigh. Different members of the Faculty came in and got theirs until about four, when mine were the only ones left. The manuscript lay on top and I distinctly remember crushing it in my hand and dropping it into the little heater." Gresham stood off in the corner taking in the whole room.

"It never occurred to me," the President continued, "until about six when I heard Dr. George warning one of the instructors to be careful what he did with his manuscript. Then I rushed in here and looked in the stove, but it was gone. It must have been taken between four and six." With this he gazed helplessly around to Gresham. I half suspected that he was already aware of Gresham's superiority over me in the detective line.

Now Gresham stepped to the stove. He seemed to take in every little dent and dusty spot at one glance. He slid the top to one side, struck a match and lowered it into the

dark opening. We watched him as he reached down and drew forth a cigarette stub.

"When was the last fire in here?" he asked.

"Yesterday morning about nine o'clock the janitor burnt some trash in there." Dr. Lewis was plainly interested in the stub.

"Was there anybody in here between eleven and four—I believe you say you were out from four to six—anybody that smokes Murad cigarettes? any of the Faculty?"

"There's no member of the Faculty that smokes cigarettes at all, and I'm quite sure nobody but the Faculty were in here between ten-thirty and four yesterday."

Gresham turned the stub lightly over in his hand, peering into the end, examining the cork top, and looking carefully at the depressions made by the fingers that held it.

"We'll keep that for future reference," he said as he picked a little box from the waste basket and dropped the stub in it.

"We'll go down to the college store and see who bought Murad cigarettes yesterday," Dr. Lewis suggested enthusiastically. Gresham frowned, but we three walked together down to the little college store. Dr. Lewis called the clerk aside.

"Mac, do you remember to whom you sold Murad cigarettes yesterday?"

"In the morning I sold a pack to Beck and Albright, and after supper Robbins sold some, but I have no idea who to."

"Thanks, ever so much," said the Doctor as we turned to go. "Now we'll go up to see Beck and Albright," he said to us when we were on the outside.

When we arrived at Beck's room a loud "Come in here" greeted our knock. We found him with his feet up on the mantelpiece, a book between his knees and a Murad cigarette smoking between his fingers.

"The librarian told us you had a copy of Swinburne that

you were probably through with and would let us have," said the Doctor, evidently proud of the ruse. We had turned to go when Dr. Lewis stooped and picked up a bit of paper from the hearth. With a "Many thanks" we went out, leaving Beck to relight his cigarette and guess the true purpose of our visit.

"Look what I have," and as soon as the door shut behind us the Doctor held up the little slip, evidently the remains of a paper that had been burnt, for its edges were charred. On it could be distinctly seen, "Spring Examination on English I" in the writing of Dr. Lewis.

"That's strange," said Gresham. "Last year were the questions printed?"

"Yes. The year before, however, they were mimeographed. I remember that warped "S" in "Spring" too well for this to be passed off as an old examination. And besides, we have the cigarette proof."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Gresham half to himself, turning over a stub in his hand.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"While you all were looking for Swinburne."

"We've positive proof that Beck did it," said the Doctor, "but let's go over and pay Albright a visit to ease our conscience. I can't imagine Albright in anything like that, for he certainly seems to be an honest man. I started to ask his help, but since you came in I decided you would do as well."

Albright we found with his head between his hands over a book on the table. A package of Murad cigarettes were on the mantel. He seemed glad to see us, but was evidently greatly surprised. I can imagine his bewildered feeling when we left.

Again in the hall Gresham carefully examined another cigarette stub. How he got it I'm sure I couldn't tell.

"Well, Gresham, I'm certainly obliged to you for your

part in this. I'll send for Beck to come to my office tomorrow and have a talk with him."

"Are you sure it's he?" Gresham asked doubtfully.

"Certain. The cigarette clue proves that it was either Beck or Albright. Beck is taking English I and a part of the paper which he burnt to avoid discovery was found in his room. I do not doubt that he has the questions memorized. He's a sharp one; he's been reported to me once before for getting aid on a quiz. Albright's not taking the course would eliminate him if his character didn't."

Dr. Lewis turned to his office and we walked on toward the dormitory. Gresham walked with his chin on his chest, not saying a word. As we were about to enter the building he looked up with a jerk.

"It's not right, Taylor, that Beck should suffer for this. For the Faculty to expel a man for cheating of which he is innocent is no small matter. And yet I have nothing but a cigarette stub. Come, go back with me."

The President was somewhat surprised at our early return, and still more so when he learned our purpose. But both of our pleas for Beck not to be summoned before the next afternoon finally prevailed, and with a disagreeable frown he consented.

All that afternoon Gresham was away from his room. That night when he came in I was in bed. He turned on the light, wrote a short note, sealed and addressed it, and went to bed. In the morning he mailed it before I had a chance to see the address. He went on class as usual, but I detected a little nervousness in all his manner.

About two-thirty he asked me to go with him into the President's office. There was a restless anxiety on the part of the President as he invited us in.

"Well, I reckon I may mail this now," he said, holding up a letter stamped and addressed.

"You needn't mail that quite yet," said Gresham. "The man will come in here in ten minutes and confess."

Something, I know not what, barely escaped being said by the Doctor, but he fished a cigar from his pocket and began to smoke violently. Gresham picked up a catalog from the table and began to look over it. The stillness was broken only by the clock's ticking, short puffs from the Doctor's cigar, and an occasional leaf turned by Gresham. I hardly breathed.

An age passed before the long gaunt hand of the clock crept up to nine. Steps were heard. My heart jumped to my throat. The Doctor's cigar was withdrawn from his mouth, and he fastened his startled eyes on the door. Gresham quietly turned. The door opened and Wallace, the pet of the Freshman class, walked in. It first occurred to me that this was not the one, but his nervousness and Gresham's look convinced me.

"Doctor," you could have heard a mouse breathe, "it was too great a temptation. But when I took it to my room I realized what I had done and before I saw more than the title I wrote you a letter. It was mailed this morning at five o'clock. I didn't sleep any last night."

Dr. Lewis turned to his desk where his morning's mail lay unopened. He selected a letter, opened it and drew out a crumpled sheet and a sheet of note paper. After a glance at each he turned to Wallace.

"Mr. Wallace, I had determined to expel the man who took the examination questions. But there is a quality second only to honesty, and that is a ready willingness to confess and amend, at whatever cost, one's faults. In the presence of that, so far as the college is concerned, I pardon you. Honesty is not dependent upon promise nor its responsibility avoidable by the absence of one. Therefore I do not desire a promise for greater care in the future. But in this little world of ours, bounded by the campus wall, where mistakes

are easily made and as easily forgiven, you have been given a lesson. May your manhood profit by it. You may go."

When the door had closed and the tension somewhat relieved, Dr. Lewis turned to Gresham to know how the guilty one had been discovered. Gresham carefully laid four cigarette stubs on the table.

"Do you see any difference in these?" he asked. "Now this is the one found in the stove. And this, the one picked up in Beck's room. Look how the tobacco in this one is compact and reaches to the end. And in Beck's the end is empty and misshapen. One has been rolled and the other hasn't. An old smoker always rolls his Turkish cigarettes. He has gotten the habit from the round Piedmonts or Old Mills. A novice never does.

"And notice where it was held. See the slight round depression on the top of the one found in the stove. That was held between the thumb and first finger. Beck's was held between the first and second fingers. Notice the long cross-wise depressions on both sides. Albright holds his very much like Beck, but you see he has a tighter grip and takes a longer hold on it with his lips.

"Since this stub didn't come from the college store it must have come from Raleigh. The only students to come in the morning were Craig and Wallace, both of whom are extremely interested in English I. I went to see each. Craig has never smoked a cigarette in his life, so that dismissed him. And notice this stub that Wallace smoked. The same little round depression on top—the brand mark was turned down this time—the same compact end, and about the same distance moistened by the lips. This last is not very evident on a cork tip except through a hand magnifier."

The old Doctor looked up at Gresham incredulous.

"You're a genius," he said.

As we turned to go out we saw him reach for a letter stamped and addressed and tear it into a dozen pieces.

TYGART'S VALLEY, WEST VIRGINIA, PRIOR TO 1850

FLOYD T. HOLDEN, B.A., '10.

The Tygart's Valley in West Virginia occupies a tract of land extending north and south a distance of about sixty miles, while its breadth is from twenty to thirty. Its area is about fifteen hundred square miles. The surface is varied by extensive valleys and rugged mountain ranges clothed, for the most part, by forests, from which descend strong mountain streams fed by plentiful rains and heavy snowfalls, caught and condensed by the Greenbrier and Cheat Mountains lying to the east. The Tygart's Valley River is the main stream. There are numerous tributaries, nearly all of which furnish excellent power for water mills that have been built along them from the time shortly following the early settlements.

The first white men to make settlements in the Tygart's Valley were David Tygart and Robert Files with their families from the South Branch of the Potomac. This was in 1753. In about one year from that time the Indians made a raid into the valley and murdered all the Files family except one child, who fled to Tygart's, three miles away, and warned them in time to allow their escape across the mountains to the South Branch settlements. It was nineteen years from this time before permanent settlers came; but Tygart had fixed his name to the main stream of the valley, though his stay was fleeting and years passed before civilized man reclaimed what he had once held. Indians continued to menace the country until near the close of the Revolutionary War. The last massacre perpetrated was in 1782, in Barbour County, five miles from what was, thirty-five years later, my grandfather's home.

No people ever faced a more difficult situation than was found in conquering the wilderness of that section. The only roads into the valley from the settlements of the east were the old Indian trails: the Horseshoe Trail and the Seneca or Shawnee Trail. It was impossible at any time during the early attempts at settlement to bring wagons over such roads, and travel, at best, was by horseback for the women and smaller children, and afoot for the men. Tools and utensils were exceedingly scarce and correspondingly valuable. The first requisite was a good rifle and a supply of ammunition; the second necessary article was the axe, which really might be said to hold equal rank with the rifle. Sometimes a settler would be the fortunate possessor of a frow and an auger. A kettle or two, a few pewter or wooden platters, and perhaps a wooden ladle comprised the stock of kitchen utensils of the most fortunate settlers of those pre-revolutionary days. After the settler found a suitable location for his cabin, he cut down trees enough to build into a rude hut, which was one story, of course, covered with rough boards or slabs split from white oak. To hold the boards in place, heavy poles were laid on them and held in position by rocks. There are accounts of bears and panthers tearing up roofs to get into the houses in the absence of the inhabitants. The floor at first was the earth pounded down solid. Later, as the settler prospered, he split more slabs and made a puncheon floor.

Food was sometimes an uncertain quantity, the whole diet depending upon the efforts of the father or older sons. Fish were usually plentiful in the streams, while the forests contained large numbers of deer, bears, and smaller game; but when bread gave out months before a new crop of corn could be grown, meat diet became nauseating because of its sameness, especially when there was no salt for seasoning. It even happened not a few times that the father would be so

disabled by accident or sickness that hunting or fishing was out of the question. At such times suffering was endured patiently and uncomplainingly until relief could be had from some far off neighbor or from what often seemed an interposition of Providence. A few instances are recorded of herds of deer breaking into the growing corn about the time of roasting ears, and utterly destroying the crop. The Pringle brothers had their first crop of corn destroyed by a herd of buffaloes.

Any sort of supplies from the outside world in those early days had to be bought at Williamsburg, Va., or Baltimore, Md., later Winchester, Va., and Cumberland, Md. At first the only produce taken to market consisted of ginseng, furs, and skins. As soon as possible the settlers began the cultivation of flax, from which all their clothing was made. If there was a surplus of flax beyond the needs of the family, it became a source of barter. It was taken to market either as raw flax ready for spinning, or in the shape of skeins of flax thread, or it was woven into linen cloth, which was sometimes bleached before marketing. The trip to market occurred yearly, usually in the fall, October being preferred, and was an event of great importance to every member of the family, although only the father or oldest son went. A caravan or train was made up from several localities. The skins, furs, ginseng, and linen or flax, being made into bundles and marked so as to indicate ownership, were placed on pack-horses, or, later, in wagons. The whole caravan, camping out at night and setting sentinels, would be weeks on the trip to and fro. After the towns of Cumberland and Winchester became the places of barter each family usually did its own marketing, at most not more than three or four neighbors combining to take the journey. In the early days the purchases of the settlers were confined to salt, gunpowder, rifle flints, and such hardware as was absolutely necessary,

as axes, hooks for the cranes, iron for the blacksmith shop, if there was one, scissors, hunting knives and tinder boxes. When the settlers felt themselves able to afford the expense, candle-molds, a cooking utensil or two, a saw for household use, and a few other articles would be added. Anything in the way of food beside salt was very seldom bought on these trips. Very old women have told that they heard their grandparents speak of having bought a little tea occasionally. These conditions of marketing continued as stated until about 1840, when regular roads were surveyed and built from Winchester and Staunton to Parkersburg. Teamsters then took up the business of marketing for different neighborhoods. Heavy wagons drawn often by four horses were loaded with articles for market, and on the return the purchases were distributed to the parties sending the orders, for which the teamster received a certain established price on the hundredweight.

Each early home in the Tygart's Valley was a factory in itself. Here were made nearly all the articles of food and clothing. Materials for illumination, herbs for rough and ready treatment of diseases, various agricultural instruments were all prepared in the home. Through the long winter evenings, lighted by the grease lamp or tallow dip, the mother and daughters spun into thread for linen the flax which had been broken, swingled, and hackled by the father or sons during the day; and when it became possible to raise sheep, the work of the winter evenings would often consist of picking, carding, spinning and weaving the wool into cloth for garments. Linen, as before mentioned, was long the chief fabric for clothing. Sheep could not at first be reared, as wolves were too great a menace. Even down as late as 1840 sheep had to be folded at night, in some sections, in order to protect them from wolves and bears. Weaving was carried on through the winter all day and often late into the night,

and came to be one of the fine arts—in fact the only fine art generally known and practiced among these people. In woolen fabrics there were linsey, jeans, and flannel for clothing, counterpanes, coverlets, and blankets for bed covers. The artistic came out in the production of the bed covers: there were various and beautiful designs, each having a specific name, such as Huck-a-back and Satin Stripe, Stair-step and Honeycomb, Birdseye, and many others. These designs were woven into coverlets and counterpanes, and were even carried over into the weaving of linen tablecloths and towels. The designs could be used for either double or single web. Each family had a set of designs called *drafts*, and handed them down from generation to generation as priceless heirlooms. This weaving was done on the cloth or carpet loom—a rather large wooden machine. Special fabrics had special looms, such as the fringe loom for weaving the foundation of a knotted lace, and a suspender loom on which were woven with linen thread, not only suspenders, but belts and saddle girths as well.

Shoes and stockings were made at home also. At first the only covering for the feet was the moccasin; then, as the hunter became the farmer, and something more substantial was needed to protect the feet from stones and from cold, shoes were adopted. Sometimes the father was the shoemaker and worked up deer skins into some form as best he could. After some decades hides of beeves or deer were tanned “on the shares” at some tannery in the valley, or leather was bought at Winchester on the autumnal marketing trip, and a traveling shoemaker making the rounds of the settlement would spend a week in the home and make shoes for the whole family. The shoemaker was paid in bacon, corn, maple sugar, maple molasses, flax, linen, wool, leather, or whatever could be agreed upon. Money was not abundant and the shoemaker could conveniently use all articles of food or

clothing. The hose were knitted by hand from woollen or mixed woollen and flax yarn. Hats and caps were home products as well as other articles of clothing. For quite a number of years the only headdress for men was the cap made usually of the pelt of the raccoon, squirrel, or wild cat. Great skill was often shown in the preparation of the skins for this purpose. The hides were tanned so as to save the fur and at the same time were soft and pliable. The women wore comforters or hoods knitted at home by means of large wooden knitting needles. As soon as the clearings became sufficiently large, the settlers introduced rye and wheat for breadstuff. From the straw of these grains the women plaited braid and sewed it into hats for summer wear for themselves and the men. The shapes assumed by these cumbersome affairs, especially after an exposure to a heavy rain-storm, were sometimes very ludicrous; but that never worried any one in the least. Although straw hats could be made, the men did not always take kindly to them, but wore the skin caps the year through. The first Revolutionary soldiers from what is now West Virginia wore squirrel-skin caps with the tail as a plume. These caps and hats gave way largely before the War of 1812 to hats bought at Winchester and Baltimore, and from that time on the spring bonnet began to grow in importance until it filled a large space in the thoughts of the belles of the third, fourth, and fifth decades of the nineteenth century, to say nothing of fashion's mighty sway since.

The preparation of the food supply for the various seasons was as strenuous a matter as was that of furnishing clothing. I have mentioned corn, wheat and rye as breadstuffs; for years corn was the only bread grain. Gradually the other grains were introduced and very successfully grown, in spite of the Hessian fly, rust, and late frosts, although there were times when these dangers seemed to threaten the

very existence of the smaller grains. The implements of harvesting and threshing were quite primitive: the sickle, the flail, the threshing floor, the winnowing apparatus, all were of such a nature as to make the crops small because of the heavy labor and length of time required to take care of a crop of wheat or rye. There was another grain, however, that produced well and was easily cared for. This was buckwheat, which has since made for itself a very wide market in the large eastern cities, especially that grown on the high lands of the valley. There were two seasons of the year when buckwheat was king: hog-killing and maple syrup seasons. The harvesting of the crop of rye or wheat was painfully slow when compared with modern methods. A man with a sickle could not hope to reap in a day more than forty dozen sheaves, or enough to yield fifteen bushels of grain when threshed. This was a high standard and not often reached. One old pioneer wheat grower is said to have been able to reap that much in a day for six days together; but the legend further relates that in order to get an early start each day this old pioneer slept in the edge of the field under a beech tree where the knees of the roots made his bed an uneasy one and roused him at earliest dawn to make a scant breakfast of the remnants of the supper of the day before which had been sent to the field. The threshing of rye and wheat took place in the barn or upon an outside threshing floor, and was carried on all day long for weeks at a time after the corn was all shucked and stored in cribs. The monotonous thump, thump, thump of the flail could be heard from "morning's first blink" till dark.

The pioneer's first bread was made from meal pounded from corn in a mortar fashioned from a stump hollowed out for the purpose, perhaps by fire. As soon as possible rude mills were built near waterfalls or mill races were dug to lead the water from some point in a stream to a place farther

down the valley to fall over or plunge under the huge wheel of a grist mill. Men went for long distances with their bags of corn on horseback and even on foot, taking two days and more for the trip where the distances were greatest. Sometimes a flood would tear out the dam, or the flume, or even the whole mill itself, or at rare intervals drouths would so diminish the streams that they could not furnish power to grind. On such occasions the old mortars again came into use, and if the corn was not too much seasoned, or in other words, if it had been shucked only a week or two, it could be grated into meal fine enough for mush or corn cakes. Grating corn into meal was rather a late practice, as graters were made from sheet tin punched full of holes with the ragged punctures outward, so that the ear was cut into meal by rubbing it along the surface of the metal thus roughened. The first graters were made from discarded coffee pots or tin buckets, and as these were scarce graters were not plentiful. There were hand-mills, too, that could be used when water-mills could not run; however, these were few in number, as the cost of such a piece of apparatus was considerable. The upper and nether stones had to be of a particularly hard grit, and must be carefully dressed. These had to be set in a heavy slab of oak wood about nine inches thick, three feet broad and six feet long. The stones were each about three inches thick and two feet in diameter. In either end of the thick oak timber was a trough to hold the corn, which was fed by handfuls into the mill through an opening in the center of the upper stone. The fineness of the meal was regulated by a device for raising or lowering the upper stone. The labor necessary to produce enough meal for bread by any of these makeshifts was prodigious.

The bread was often baked in the rudest and most primitive ways, in the ashes, on a chip, on a smooth hot stone, on a

shingle, sometimes on a hoe. A pot or small kettle was often used to bake a loaf that would last several days. There was sometimes this inconvenience in using the pot: nearly every other kind of cooking must wait until the bread was done, as one pot constituted the whole stock of cooking utensils. Toward the opening of the last century Dutch ovens were used by many families, both in roasting and in baking.

There were other foods to be provided besides bread: there were meats, dairy products, sugar, and, after the opening of the nineteenth century, molasses, fruit butters and preserves and pickles, and other miscellaneous articles to furnish the farmer's larder. Each one of these foods occupied an important place, and received great care in every stage of preparation. By Christmas in many homes there would be in the kitchen, on a shelf suspended from the joists, a row of big cheeses ripening for use next spring. When April came the same shelf would be piled three deep with large sugar cakes made during the open weather since the first of February. The sugar camp was a regular feature on every farm and was the source of a rich harvest of sugar, both loaf and crumb, and of a plenteous supply of delicious maple syrup. Another molasses was made in September from sorghum cane. Ginger cakes and molasses sweetbread were regularly provided in every household where cane molasses was made.

Not only were all articles of food and clothing made in the home, but a vast number of miscellaneous products were turned out: soap, brooms, rope, hand-rakes, baskets, chairs, tables, in fact nearly everything used in the house or in the field. In my childhood home, stored in attic and outbuildings, were the necessary appliances for carrying on all the before-mentioned industries: looms, wheels, reels, warping bars, mortars, pestles, hand-mill, graters, cheese-presses, butter stirs, molasses skimmers, flails, frows, sickles, cider mauls, sausage stuffers, flax-break, scutching knives, hackles,

swingling-boards, hand-cards for wool, grain-cradles, gear-horses, cloth and carpet shuttles, weaver's reeds, apple-frames, bed-corders, etc., all having been in constant use for years before the close of the period discussed; some had been in use when the nineteenth century opened.

Education among the early settlers was very much neglected. One authority says that there was scarcely one book to each family of pioneers. From my own research it would seem that at first there were no books at all except a Bible here and there, with now and then a *Pilgrim's Progress*, or some volume with outlandish title, as in one case, *The Dialogue of Devils*. In spite of unfavorable circumstances, however, many of the people by 1800 could read and write, and gradually, as nature began to smile with abundant harvests, men desired their children to know more. Colporters began to cross the country, leaving Bibles, Testaments, and other religious books, as well as tracts behind. Subscription schools were opened and were patronized for about three months in the year, but not regularly from year to year. Reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic to the "double rule of three" was the extent of the instruction when it was at its fullest. A little history was worked into the reading and spelling lessons, geography was glimpsed at occasionally in the same way. The mention of geography brings to mind a unique occupation: there would pass through the country, occasionally, in the latter part of the period under consideration, some fellow teaching "geography singing schools." The teacher had two charts, one of the United States, another of the world. With these charts before the class the teacher would put the names of States and their capitals into a metrical form and sing the combination to some old tune used in religious worship. Names of large cities, together with their location; names of lakes, rivers, and mountains also went into the songs. Regular singing schools were popular

all through the period after the opening of the third decade of the last century, and after the struggle for mere existence gave place to an assured living. The teaching of other subjects than the ones mentioned did not enter the minds of these people. If one may trust legends and reports the teachers were usually either cranks, idlers, or both. Whipping and flogging seem to have been considered cures for all ills. At times these seem to have been administered on general principles at the opening of the day's session, especially.

The pioneers of Tygart's Valley gave far more attention to religious matters than to educational interests. Churches were early organized with preaching not oftener than once a month, and the services were held at some home, inside if it were winter or the weather bad; in some near by grove in warm, fair weather. The Baptists and Methodists were in the lead, although after the opening of the last century there were a goodly number of Episcopalians and Presbyterians. A large majority of the Baptists took the anti-mission position and successfully held their own until near 1840, when the Missionary wing began to grow at the expense of the "Old Side," or, as they were pleased to call themselves, Primitive Baptists. Services among the Baptists were held on a certain Sunday of each month and the Saturday preceding. The Saturday meeting was partly occupied by business which came after a long sermon. The men and women occupied different sides of the house, the men to the right and the women to the left. Husband and wife separated at the door and chose seats according to individual notions. The people often went early on Saturday and stayed awhile after services to exchange small talk and gossip. The Sunday service was very long. Occasionally there would be two preachers besides the regular pastor. Each would take an hour or an hour and a half to tell the patient congregation all he knew of some subject. The religious convictions of the

people were of the sternest type, no compromising with anything they thought evil, but there were some strange mixtures, as, for instance, Baptist deacons, Methodist class leaders, and prominent members owning and operating distilleries and selling apple brandy as the main business of their lives; however this did not obtain prominence until well into the last century, as apple orchards had to be grown and fruit become plentiful before brandy could be made in any quantities. Though distilleries were common, and every family kept a supply of apple brandy, drunkenness was not a common vice; on the other hand, there were large numbers of men and women who boasted that they had never tasted intoxicants and intended never to do so—a glorious boast well founded.

Aside from the question of intoxicants the religious sentiments of the people held them, as a rule, strictly to fair dealing, helpfulness, clean living, and other sturdy virtues. The doctrines of sin, salvation, hell, heaven, future rewards and punishments were emphatically taught and fully believed. The members of the churches attended services somewhat more faithfully than is the case now-a-days. There is a well authenticated instance of a good Methodist lady who, although living seven miles from church, often walked to services in summer, sometimes alone, and who was not deterred from her custom even when a big black bear ambled across her path one Sunday morning.

The social side of life was very much restricted at first. Men came together only to help in some heavy work or to plan for common defense, but when nature was conquered, social life had a chance to develop. There were corn-huskings, log-rollings, quiltings, wool-pickings, and, later, apple-cuttings. The difference between social affairs of 1800 and those of 1850 is illustrated by the difference between the plain weddings common in 1800 and the elaborate ceremonies that had come in by 1850. About the year 1800

John and his sweetheart, Prudence, had arranged to get married as soon as John could spare a day from his work. One fine spring morning John rode up to Prudence's home to take his lady love to the preacher's to have the wedding ceremony performed. Prudence was milking. She finished, washed her hands, put on a clean sun-bonnet, mounted behind John and rode away with him to the minister, who performed the ceremony according to law. John and his bride returned before noon to her home. Prudence proceeded to help her mother get dinner while John went back to his cabin and clearing. They began housekeeping next day and were settled married folks in a week. By the year 1850 quite a different story would be necessary to describe the same fateful event in the home of John and Prudence's son, whose daughter was married that year.

These people of Tygart's Valley, in spite of some defects, were strong, sturdy, and praiseworthy. Like many another community of sturdy people this beautiful valley has sent out sons and daughters who have done well their part in life and have left the impress of their character upon the world's work.

ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER

D. S. KENNEDY.

(Translation from Catullus.)

Through many lands and troublous waters borne,
O, my brother, to thy resting place I come
That I may lay upon thy grave, forlorn,
Gifts that to the power of time do not succumb.

And o'er thy silent dust I cry and mourn,
'Wailing Fortune, which o'erlooks the lives of men,
And which from me thy form well-loved has torn,
Blasting hope that I thy face might see again.

So now upon this mound these gifts I lay;
Take them, O my brother, for upon them fell
My tears, that I might thus neglect repay.
Rest in peace. Forever hail, and fare thee well.

THREE EXPRESS PACKAGES

E. A. HARRILL.

I was sitting in my room on a cold November night, musing over the incidents of the day, when suddenly without knocking, my friend, Dr. Pothers, entered.

"Excuse me, Bob, but I want you to go with me to the hotel."

"What's doing over there, Doctor?"

"Not a thing, just thought you might want to kill some time. You're doing nothing."

"Not a thing. But I ought to be at work."

Three traveling men were vying with each other in the art of joke cracking when we entered the lobby. We sat down without speaking, and were listening to some really great experiences when Mr. Thugs, the express agent, entered and took a seat near the stove.

"Cold night, Doctor," he exclaimed, as he took his pipe from his pocket.

"Yes, and I'm hoping not to have to make a trip to-night. Have you heard from Captain Spranes to-day?"

"He's better, so his son said. He was over after some express."

"I'm glad to hear it. The old fellow like to have died the other night."

"Jim carried him two gallons of whiskey this evening, though I doubt his ever getting it."

"He'll be better off if he doesn't," answered the Doctor.

The traveling men had left the room one at a time. The Doctor, Mr. Thugs, and I were the only occupants, when a stranger entered and inquired what time number eighty-four left for New York. He seemed to be in a great hurry, bustled around for a few minutes, and walked out.

"That's the fellow," spoke up Mr. Thugs, "he got off thirty-six late this evening and called for some express. You can watch him, for something is dead wrong."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why, he had three packages with at least three gallons in each."

"Blind tiger, I reckon," said the Doctor. "And he's running a bluff by inquiring when eighty-four leaves for New York."

"He's carrying the team back now. But the liquor, he carried that off to the jungle."

"Where was the express from?" I asked.

"From Wilmington, I think," answered Mr. Thugs. "Let's watch him. I suspect there's some fine wine near."

"We'll keep a lookout for him," the Doctor said. "And I think we can do his port justice if we ever find it."

As we arose to go Mr. Brown, the hotel manager, came in with the evening paper.

"Don't be hurrying off, fellows. I came in to discuss pellagra with you, Doctor."

"See anything new about it in the paper?" asked the Doctor.

"Nothing more than four or five deaths reported from it."

"You know as much about it as any of us I suspect, Mr. Brown," answered the Doctor.

"I pity others then," said Mr. Brown. "And speaking of pity made me think of it. A young girl disappeared from near Wilmington yesterday and can't be found. She was to be married right soon, and the young man whom she was to marry isn't feeling so good."

"Tough luck," said the Doctor. "I reckon we can leave on that, and I'll discuss pellagra with you later, for it's my bed time."

On the way to our rooms, the Doctor suggested that we

spend the coming Sunday afternoon by taking an old-time hickory-nut hunt. So we parted for the night.

It was nearly sundown on the following Sunday afternoon when the Doctor and I were climbing slowly up the wooded hill that lay a mile without the town. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"Can you detect an odor in the air?"

"Yes. There's a dead horse near."

The Doctor made no answer, but moved slowly ahead.

"Heigh! here's where the scent is, in this old stump hole."

"What? and here's a ribbon, too."

"No, that's more of a cord than a ribbon," said the Doctor.

"Cord or ribbon, I can't stand the stink any longer," and I turned to go.

"Pshaw," said the Doctor, "I mean to see what's in this place. I'm of the opinion that a child is buried here."

"You'll never get it up without a spade or shovel, then." But he was already moving the fresh loose dirt with a stick.

"Come on back," he urged. "Here's a box, sure. The scent's stronger, too."

By this time he had taken out two or three rocks, also a plank two or three feet long.

"Don't you see the moisture on that plank?" he said.

"Yes."

"I can't convince you, by my word, that one crime after another is committed and concealed in this little town, but I reckon this proves it."

After we found we could do nothing without tools, I promised the Doctor that I would work with him all night to solve the mystery and we left, only to return at seven o'clock with shovel and pick.

The Doctor was digging away: "There, I struck a box sure enough."

"Wait," I said. "Let me get this lantern so it will give light before you pull it up."

"All right, but we may not need so much light on the subject."

"Go ahead, I'm not afraid of a dead dog in the light or dark. Come on out with it."

"Express package," the Doctor exclaimed, setting it out to one side. "And here's another further down, and another—three in all."

I immediately opened the first and looked. Down went the lantern and back I jumped.

"What is it?" asked the Doctor.

Never had I looked on a sight so awful, so horrible, and so gruesome. The box contained the head of a woman, on which death and decay had played their part to paint a picture which human eyes seldom gaze upon. By this time it had begun to rain, and I asked:

"What shall we do, Doctor?"

"My God!" he exclaimed. "I've seen awful sights, but this is the limit."

He picked up the lantern, stepped back and opened the other two packages.

"And, here's the entire body in these," he muttered half to himself.

"I've stayed here long enough, Doctor. What are you going to do?"

"The devil. Nothing's going to hurt you. Besides, you promised to stay with me."

We moved a little farther up the hill, and sat down.

"Here's the whole thing, in short," began the Doctor. "You remember last night at the hotel, Mr. Thugs told us about that fellow getting three express packages late in the evening. The fellow who came in the lobby and asked when eighty-four would leave for New York?"

"Yes, I remember."

"We thought his express was wine. Mr. Brown came in and told of the lady near Wilmington having disappeared. These packages were from Wilmington."

"What about it?" I asked.

"Let's go and report to the police; find out where the devil bought his ticket to, and we'll be the Sherlock Holmes of this affair."

"Good, I'm with you."

"Yes, getting away from here," exclaimed the Doctor as we started up the hill. "But you came near leaving me, you tender scamp."

We found on the express register that B. B. Smith had received the three packages from Wilmington. The Saturday evening's paper gave us the name of a Miss Laurens who had disappeared, and whose whereabouts were baffling the detectives. The depot agent found, upon examining his files, that he sold a ticket to Norfolk, Va., on the above-mentioned night, and not to New York.

"That's enough," said the Doctor. "We'll wire Norfolk and catch the scoundrel. He's making for Liverpool."

The police prepared the dismembered body and shipped it to Wilmington. All the town's people were congratulating the Doctor and me upon our detective ability, but more especially were they discussing the greatness of wireless telegraphy. The right man had been sufficiently described by wireless, and on an out-bound ship, one hundred and fifty miles off Cape Henry, had been apprehended and sent back on the in-coming liner the next morning.

It was the next Tuesday at noon, when I happened to meet the Doctor at the freight depot, that he said:

"See here, the more I think about our discovery, the more horrible the recollection of such a sight becomes. To think the devil would stop this near to hide his crime. Awful!

Did you see what the *Wilmington Star* had to say about it this morning?"

"No; tell me."

"She refused to marry him; and he pretended to take her to a house party. On the way he committed the crime."

"What a heart! Nothing is too bad for him," I said.

The office boy had come up and handed a telegram to the Doctor. It read thus:

"You and your friend kindly asked to appear * * *"

"Bob, we'll catch thirty-six," said the Doctor as we left the platform.

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JULIUS C. SMITH, Editor

The Student
File

THE STUDENT file! There has been none. There is not a complete one at present—but *there will be*. In speaking of this matter Dr. Poteat remarked in his characteristic manner, "The idea of a publication not having a complete file of its own! Why, it is ridiculous!" We agree with him thoroughly as far as he goes, but he does not go far enough. We should like to

add to that remark, "It is a disgrace." With bowed heads we blushingly acknowledge this sad state of affairs. When we realized these conditions, do you suppose we remained in a state of passivity, just resigned to our disgrace? By no means! With Dr. Gorrell as the instigator of the movement, his untiring energy and push behind it, it was determined upon to secure a complete file, not at some future time, but *at once*. Dr. Taylor, through his kindness of heart and undying love for everything pertaining to the good of the college, kindly consented, for a nominal sum, to part with bound volumes of *THE STUDENT* containing a complete file to 1897, and also a number of loose copies of later dates. During his administration as Faculty editor, Dr. Gorrell has been saving copies and collecting old ones. On March 10th, with this heterogeneous mass as a working basis, the checking up was begun, and when completed it was a surprise, an agreeable one, to discover that there were only seven copies missing. We breathed a breath of relief, but at once began a crusade to "run down" the missing links. Dr. Poteat's "sanctum sanctorum" was invaded and three prizes were the result. The oldest number missing was October, 1900, and we were expecting to experience some difficulty in securing it, but Professor Timberlake, the editor-in-chief for that year, resurrected it and graciously contributed it. This is the present status: Three numbers missing out of the thirty years of the magazine's existence, and heretofore no file kept. Marvelous, we call it! The almost complete file is now in Dr. Gorrell's recitation room, safely locked in a handsome oak-stained case, with substantial glass panel doors. This case was secured through the kindness of Mr. Holliday. The present staff claim no special merit for this achievement, yet those before us have come and gone without making any efforts in this direction. We have done this simply because we consider it our duty to the magazine and to the College.

But woe unto any staff that may come after us who should not continue the good work! Remember! Three numbers missing. We are depending upon the Alumni to send them in at once. They are: *May, 1906; October, 1908, and January, 1909.* Who will be the first to help us?

The Spirit of Restlessness

The spirit of restlessness that so pervades the student body is indeed noticeable. It does not manifest itself outwardly on all occasions, but it exists nevertheless. Occasionally, however, it does break forth, and by some overt act, too familiar to all students to be mentioned, sets this respectable little college on its respectable little head. It is not the object of this editorial to attempt to justify any of these acts, but merely to show that there is a definite cause underlying the whole matter. There are two types of college students that exist in the popular imagination. The first is the dare-devil, with trousers rolled half way to the knees, socks of variegated colors, a loud suit of clothes, a hat slouched into exherciating shape, a cigarette cocked in one corner of his mouth, a revolver either in his hand or in an easily accessible position, and the general "devil may care" air. That type, we are loath to admit, does exist. The other is the "Ichabod Crane" from the backwoods, with sallow complexion, dried up from over study, presenting a repulsive aspect, with no interest in college life, or anything else, for which ordinary mortals care. We likewise hate to admit that this type exists. These two extremes, however, do not represent the average college student. Far from it! What would a college be if they did! Yet the administrative authorities of the various colleges treat the student bodies as if they all belonged to this latter class. Right here at Wake Forest, for example. How many lectures have we had here this year? How many lyceum at-

tractions and other entertainments of this type that normal human beings demand in order to exist? As we can not answer these questions other than by saying that there have been absolutely none, in order not to embarrass ourselves before the public, we shall not answer them at all. The sole source of entertainment is the athletic contests. Not one drop of cold water would we throw on them, for interesting indeed they are, but——. Is it a wonder then that in a representative student body of four hundred that this spirit of restlessness occasionally overflows its bounds, and we wake up some morning and find that something a little more than a practical joke has been perpetrated? Instead of attempts being made to remedy such cases, they are being encouraged. Remove the cause and the effect will be removed.

College Politics

As the spring term draws towards its close, the spring elections draw near, and you see a fellow student button-holing another in a serious manner, what does that mean? Politics! College politics! Nothing like it! In the fellow who has a natural love for a campaign there springs up an irresistible desire to slap the candidate on the back and tell him to "Go it old man. Luck to you." There is nothing so helpful to one as the experience gained in college politics; no power more worthy of being cultivated than that of being able to control votes. We take off our hat to the man who takes advantage of his opportunities here, (and here they are greater than any other institution), and becomes a master of that power. Not only is this power of value to one here in college, but the State is anxiously awaiting competent politicians who can be entrusted with responsible offices. The past records show that the successful college politician makes good in the State. The opportunity is yours to make good as a politician here and in the world. Take it, but *be clean*. It can be done.

The New
Catalogue

The Catalogue Number of the *Bulletin of Wake Forest College*, containing all the announcements for the 1911-1912 session has just made its appearance. There are some important changes announced for next year. There appears a schedule of examinations which is an entirely new and helpful feature. Heretofore there has been a schedule posted two weeks before examinations, different every time, causing much dissatisfaction usually, and often conflicts occur. This schedule will prevent much of this, because in arranging his course the student can have this before him. The changes in the Modern Language School are especially notable. French I and German I are five-hour courses, instead of three as heretofore. The fall term's work counts only on entrance requirements and the spring term's work counts three units towards a degree. In doing this Wake Forest comes up to the same curriculum as that of the University of North Carolina.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

J. BOYCE VERNON, Editor.

'83. Mr. H. G. Holding has been elected Road Supervisor of Wake County.

Mr. K. R. Curtis, of Wallburg, was here recently for the purpose of selecting an assistant principal of his school.

'84. Rev. J. C. C. Dunford, who completed his course at the Seminary last spring, paid a visit to his Alma Mater during anniversary.

'86-7. Mr. I. H. Kearney, of Franklinton, has been appointed a member of the Board of Agriculture.

'97. Rev. Oscar Powers resigns as pastor of the High Point Baptist Church and has entered upon his work at Scotland Neck, where it is expected he will do admirable work.

In the laymen meeting, recently held in Raleigh, Pres. F. P. Hobgood presided, adding much to the interest of the meeting. In the same meeting Mr. W. A. Devin, representative from Granville County, made an admirable address.

'08. Mr. Chas. S. Barnette, city editor of the *Lynchburg News*, Lynchburg, Va., is meeting with fine success in his work.

'79. Mr. Charles Spungeon Vann, of Edenton, familiarly known in college as "Cato" Vann, has been appointed by Governor Kitchin Fish Commissioner for North Carolina.

'87. In the new Baptist College and Theological Seminary at Shanghai, China, Rev. Ezra Francis Tatum is professor of Biblical interpretation. Mr. Tatum has been a missionary in China since 1888.

'00. Mr. Leroy Walton Alderman, now connected with the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, N. C., was here March 7th, in charge of the singing class of that institution which gave a successful concert in the Memorial Hall.

'05. Mr. Richard D. Covington is secretary and treasurer of the Sanford Buggy Co., Sanford, N. C. He was one of the most popular students of his day, and now a successful business man.

'86. Dr. Chas. E. Brewer, of the chair of chemistry in the College, is one of the most influential officers in the national councils of the Junior Order of American Mechanics. In the month of February he made an important address at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on "The Multiplied Duties and Opportunities of the Junior Order."

'96. Mr. Robert B. Powell, of Wake Forest, after an absence of some weeks in Savannah, Ga., has returned to his home and resumed the duties of his position of graduate manager of athletics in the college. Not a little of the enthusiasm and hearty support of pure athletics at Wake Forest is due to his influence and work.

'66-7. Mr. William O. Allen, late of the Baptist book store, Raleigh, N. C., was appointed February 9, by the executive committee of the board of trustees, collecting agent of the college. His special work is the collection of subscriptions made to the endowment fund, under the offer of the general educational board, which has now been extended to December 31, 1911.

The last February Supreme Court class maintained the high precedent set by former classes of the law department, as shown by eleven of the twelve applicants receiving their license. Their names and places of practice follow: John G. Prevette, Wilkesboro; P. D. Grady, Middlesex; J. F. Justice, Tryon; G. D. Bennette, Reidsville; L. L. Massey,

Zebulon; R. T. Martin, Middlesex; W. A. Darden, Scotland Neck; J. B. Smathers, Waynesville; J. H. Stringfield, Manteo. E. W. Straus and T. Williams form partnership at Winston-Salem, N. C.

'46. In *Charity and Children*, of January 26, 1911, Mr. C. B. Edwards, of Raleigh, makes the following interesting statement: "Many see and admire the beautiful Chinese umbrella trees seen in so many portions of North Carolina; but few know it was introduced in this State about thirty years ago. The beloved missionary to China, Matthew T. Yates, who went from Wake County to that field some sixty years ago, sent a package of the seed to Rev. C. T. Bailey, editor of *Biblical Recorder*, who distributed them to any subscribers of the paper who would apply for them. * * * I have often thought that he in his far-away field remembered his lovely home country, and thought its beauty could be added to by this beautiful tree, and was thus prompted to send the seed." It is interesting to note that the principal building in the new Baptist College and Theological Seminary at Shanghai, China, bears the honorable name of Matthew Tyson Yates.

Mr. Robert Lee Paschal (B.A., 1891), principal of the Fort Worth (Texas) high school, was married December 24, 1910, to Miss Mary Lyle Martin, of the department of English in the same school. The *Exponent*, which is the magazine of the high school, presents in the February issue, in a unique and beautiful way, autobiographs of the contracting parties, with photographs. A portion of Mr. Paschal's account of his life is copied here:

"I have a twin brother. We are the youngest of a family of nine living children. When we were born, July 7, 1869, my mother was more than 46 years of age. My father was a good American. On the day that we were born he came

to the bed upon which we were lying, and placing his hand upon me, said, 'This is Robert Lee.' And designating my brother in a similar way, 'This is George Washington.' A red ribbon was tied about my neck to prevent my brother's appropriating my name. We were very much alike, but the family had no difficulty in distinguishing us. It was not so with other people, and each of us answered to the name of Bob or George, if the other was not around. Even our teachers could not tell us apart, and I have got several scoldings from them for the mischief in which my brother was engaged. (He is in North Carolina, and will not see this.)"

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROYAL H. McCUTCHEON, Editor

The spring reveals herself in secret only,
Through hidden signs we guess her mystic power;
The fields are bare, the woodlands wild and lonely,
But lo! beneath the earth she hides the flower.
The willows quicken at the river's brim,
The eager alder breaks her tiny buds,
The upland hills are wrapt in hazes dim,
And sweet impulsive life has stirred the woods.

—*Ex.*

Yes, the spring is certainly with us, and accompanying it, the usual contagion of *Febris Vernalis*. We are so sure that it must have struck the exchange editors of other magazines as well as ourselves, that we will not bore them with a longer prelude, since we feel sure also that the budding spring poets have done that with a sufficiency of passionate verse.

The Red and
White

From the point of view of a technological student, the March number of the *Red and White* might be intensely interesting and even instructive, but from our point of view most of it is dry and meaningless. This is a criticism we might offer for nearly all magazines from "Special" schools. Such subjects as "Mechanical Depreciation," "Power Plant Practice," and "A Factor of Soil Fertility," will hardly hold the attention of a literary student.

There must be some strange connection between mechanics and love at A. & M., for we find two fairly good love stories in this issue. It is never advisable for a college student to write a love story, at least, not for the eyes of the

public, yet there is such a "rush and a go" about both of these stories that we wonder at the number of bachelors in the land. In "Where There's a Will There's a Way" the whole affair takes about a month, but we must commend the author of "The Boat Plays Cupid," for finishing it all up in one day. If such a thing were really possible, we would either go on the war path immediately or else dodge the fair sex altogether. "The Awakening of Jack Raymond" would have interested us if it had been a biographical sketch, but as a story it lacks both plot and interest. The departments are full and well edited and the general tone of the magazine is good.

We are glad to be able to reprint here an article taken from the *State Normal Magazine* for February, on the life and works of one of the members of our Faculty. The subject of this article is "Two North Carolina Poets," and we take the liberty to reprint only the latter part of it:

"Another who has contributed a wealth of beautiful verse to the glory of the Old North State is Benjamin F. Sledd, professor of English at Wake Forest College. Mr. Sledd was not born in North Carolina. Virginia claims this honor, but it is our State that has given him the inspiration for his poetry and it is here, too, that he has chosen to make his home.

"Unlike the poet Boner, Mr. Sledd seems to have always had a peaceful and happy life. He was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on August 24, 1864. Here his parents, William and Arabella Sledd, lived on the old ancestral plantation and retained in their home many of the characteristics of the old-time southern plantation life. His forefathers were 'planterfolk, distinguished chiefly for good living, landholding, and ruling everything for ten miles around.' On his father's side, the poet's first American ancestors were

James Douglass, a Scotch Covenanter's son and a soldier of the War of 1812, and Thomas Sledd, a soldier of the Revolution. On his mother's side he was a descendant of the Hobsons, who originally settled near Petersburg. From this family has also descended another illustrious man, Richmond Pearson Hobson, famous in the history of the Spanish-American War.

"The poet spent his boyhood on the old Virginia plantation, in close companionship with his mother, a woman of strong personality. Like most mothers of great men, it was she who gave her poet son the deepest and most abiding influences of his life. Mrs. Sledd was a woman who found her greatest happiness in her home—managing her household in the good old-fashioned way, and seeing that all those about her were happy and content. Although not an invalid, she was never known to enter a neighbor's, and for twenty years never left the gate of her own place. On this old place the young boy was under the best influences for the making of a poet. His free country life, the wild woods and broad fields about him, and the people that he lived among—all helped to develop his poetic nature. The nightly gatherings of children and servants about the great kitchen fireplace, the stories that were told here by old slaves, and the quaint negro songs that were sung, gave to the receptive nature of the listening boy thoughts and experiences that have ever been with him. His 'Picture of Isaac,' an old slave and friend of his boyhood, is one of his most characteristic poems:

"Isaac's horn, without, is sounding daybreak summons unto all—
 Mansion, cabin, byre, and sheepfold, wakens to the mellow call.
 And 'tis Isaac's noiseless shadow starts the pine-knots into flame;
 To the trundle bed then stealing, whispers low each sleeper's name.
 Loving forfeit of the children, who but Isaac first to claim?
 And he tells of many a secret Santa Claus alone should know—
 Mysteries that will not wait the morning's tardy light to show.

* * * * *

For no more the aged figure comes at sunset down the way;
Yonder stands his empty cabin slowly yielding to decay.
Weeds and creepers now are struggling where we played before the door,
And the rabbit hides her litter there beneath the sunken floor."

"The poet's first instructions were received at the 'Little Brown School House' near his home. Here he learned to read and write, and also many of the mischievous things that little boys love. From the family of a German tenant living near by he became familiar, at an early age, with Heine, Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller, and loved them. It has been said that to this, perhaps, is due the German mysticism that critics have discovered in his verse.

"Having prepared himself for college, he entered the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., in 1881. Five years later, in 1886, he graduated from this college, receiving the degree of Master of Arts. The next year, 1887, was spent at the Johns Hopkins, and in 1888 he became professor of English at Wake Forest College, N. C., where he still remains.

"Some time after coming here he married Miss Neda Purefoy, a granddaughter of J. S. Purefoy, one of the founders of Wake Forest College. At the present time the poet lives close by the college campus in an old-fashioned house, filled, as he says, 'with books and babies.' Indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of his life is his love for children. He is never more happy than when wandering in the woods and fields followed by a small army of village children. One of the greatest sorrows of his life was the death of two of his own little ones who had been his constant companions in woods and fields. One of his books of poems, 'Margaret and Miriam, a Book of Verse for All Who Love Little Children,' written in 1908, is a collection of elegies inspired by the deaths of these little ones.

"Besides this book, Mr. Sledd has had two others pub-

lished, 'From Cliff and Scaur,' in 1897, and 'The Watchers of the Hearth,' in 1902. These were received very favorably by critics and enjoyed a wide circulation. Throughout, his poetry is refined and elevating in quality, beautiful in thought and artistic in style. One of the chief characteristics of his verse is the vigor of thought and expression displayed in it. In reading his poems one finds 'a subtle sympathy with the delicate and more refined moods of nature and a poet's understanding of the world of mystery which enraptures them.' It has been said that in beauty and richness of imagination many of his lines have never been equaled by any American poet, while their breath of mystery and loveliness of thought make them a great and permanent addition to the ballad poetry of our literature. 'In all of Mr. Sledd's poetry one finds a delicate and haunting pessimism that does not become unbalanced, and a subtle, refined pathos that is never sentimental.' His verse displays the gift of a sincere poet and a conscientious artist. His poems are not echoes, but the free and unconstrained outpourings of 'a singularly delicate and tender soul which sings its own song and sings it well, for it has lived deeply.'

"In character, Mr. Sledd is a kindly man, a man with a simple, strong heart, full of deep understanding and love toward all mankind. He has a good sense of humor and finds time to pay attention to the little things of life that only a man with this sense and a disposition such as his would notice. In reply to a high school girl, who had written asking some facts of his life, he wrote the following letter:

"I have not yet allowed my biography to be written, since I propose living some few more years and doing a few more things, but you are welcome to the facts of my life so far as I know them. Really there is very little to tell. Born in Bedford County, Virginia, Aug. 22, 1864. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept., 1864. Must have seen and

heard some hard fighting, but unfortunately I remember little of this. Prepared myself for college, or rather went unprepared. Spent five years at the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., (1881-1886), graduating with M.A. Spent a year at the Johns Hopkins and have been professor in Wake Forest since 1888. Am married, have three children, haven't got over the love for my wife, am fond of nature, of children, and of women in general. Don't find men interesting or practical; mere money-making machines.' Then he tells of the books that he has written and adds, 'The critics have treated my books very considerately.'

"Indeed, North Carolina has much to be proud of in Mr. Sledd, who, like Mr. Boner, has done much that will live in the history of our State and add new glories to its pages."

—Margaret E. Johnson.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

GERALD W. JOHNSON

The preliminary held Monday night, March 13, to select speakers for the Davidson debate Easter, was a joy to the heart of every one interested in Wake Forest's reputation as a debating school. Ten gentlemen spoke, the order in which they came and the side of the question on which each spoke, being decided by lot. Those who upheld the affirmative, were Messrs. C. T. Murchison, J. B. Eller, C. C. Wheeler, W. M. Scruggs and G. D. Bennett, coming in the order named. The speakers on the negative were Messrs. H. A. Wallin, W. G. Moore, S. C. Hilliard, C. H. Trueblood and R. S. Pruette. The judges were Dr. W. L. Poteat and Professors N. Y. Gulley and E. W. Timberlake, and after considerable discussion they settled upon Messrs. Eller and Hilliard as the team, with Mr. Pruette for alternate.

The debate was unusually spirited. Every contestant seemed to go into it in a do-or-die spirit, and as Dr. C. E. Brewer, who presided, remarked at the conclusion of the exercise, "Wake Forest could put out five teams of none of which she need be ashamed."

* * *

The debate to be held in Greensboro Easter Monday night is the principal subject of discussion on the campus at present. The series now stands one and one, and the coming debate will decide who is to be the permanent possessor of the handsome silver loving cup, offered as a trophy by the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce, which cup has, to our sorrow, for the past year decorated the trophy-room at Davidson. Wake Forest has never yet lost a series of debates, and if it can be prevented she doesn't intend to begin now.

We know that the Presbyterians are not to be trifled with, but we do not expect to trifle. We have a very strong team. Jesse Benjamin Eller, first debater, comes from the hills, having been born and raised in Buncombe County, and prepared for college at Mars Hill, where speakers grow. He has participated in one debate, and may be counted upon to be wise and wary, as well as bold. Sidney Cecil Hilliard is a native of Wake County, and came to us from Cary High School, always a depot of supplies for Wake Forest in the matter of speakers. This is his first venture as an intercollegiate debater, so he has his reputation to make, but he has long been one of the leading speakers of his society, and his friends say that it is he who will furnish the pyrotechnical display. Rowland Shaw Pruette, alternate, is from Mecklenburg. Aside from his abilities as a speaker, he is endowed with considerable personal pulchritude, and in case neither of the first speakers is disabled, he will be expected to furnish the ornamentation on Wake Forest's side of the platform.

* * *

Now that the team is picked the Debate Council are moving heaven and earth to insure their good support. To that end they are endeavoring, with the generous and able assistance of Mr. J. L. Allen, the Seaboard's alert agent at Wake Forest, to have a special train run from Raleigh Monday afternoon, April 17th. This will enable the student body to attend the A. & M. baseball game at Raleigh in the afternoon, and the debate in Greensboro in the evening. If this is done there will be two hundred students in the hall that night—no small help to a team in any sort of intercollegiate contest. We are making no prophesies, but it does seem that with fair judges, a brilliant team and two hundred enthusiastic supporters to back them, we *might* bring back the Ark into Zion.

The College Young Men's Christian Association seems to have taken a fresh hold upon life. We do not mean that it ever came near dying, but during the spring term it has succeeded in getting a stronger grip than it has heretofore held on student life in general. This is undoubtedly due in large measure to the very interesting, as well as instructive series of lectures which have been held weekly since Christmas, under its auspices. Among the speakers who have been heard by large and attentive audiences are the following gentlemen, whose names alone are sufficient evidence of the high class of the programs: Hon. L. R. Fonville, of Charlotte; Mr. C. C. Roberston, international secretary of Boys' Work; Rev. Dr. O'Kelly, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh; President W. L. Poteat, Dr. E. E. Stewart, professor of anatomy and physiology in the Wake Forest School of Medicine, and Dr. Chas. E. Taylor, professor of philosophy in Wake Forest College.

* * *

Another source of renewed interest in the Y. M. C. A. has been its institution of classes for the study of negro life in the South, or, as certain of the Morally Stunted have termed it, "Niggerism." The student body as a whole has taken to this idea with surprising avidity—high and low, Minister and Med., good, bad and indifferent, they gather weekly, two hundred and seven strong, divided into small classes of a dozen or so, each in charge of a leader, to study the text-book on the subject, issued by the National Y. M. C. A.

* * *

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to deal with baseball in these columns. The season moves so rapidly that ere these lines meet the reader's eye all prophecies are liable to have been reversed, leaving the prophet in a lamentable state, indeed. Therefore, we will content ourselves with stat-

ing that, so far, prospects are very satisfactory. An amazing number of candidates for the team has appeared, so many of them excellent players that even as these words are written, two days before the first game, it is impossible to pick the team with any certainty. Utley will be with us, of course, and Watkins will probably continue to hold his old position behind the bat, though there are two other promising catchers, in case of accident. Turner, S., is the most prominent in the struggle for first, and Brett is still on the job at second, but shortstop and third are yet mooted questions, while the field is all up in the air. Beam, Castello, and Faucette of the last year's team, are on the ground, to say nothing of Freshmen too numerous to mention. One man, however, has already starred; he is Manager Tucker, to whose good work the following schedule is the best testimony:

- March 18—Burlington High School at Wake Forest.
- March 21—Trinity Park High School at Wake Forest.
- March 22—Catawba College at Wake Forest.
- March 23—Catawba College at Wake Forest.
- March 29—Trinity College at Wake Forest.
- April 1—A. & M. College at Wake Forest.
- April 4—Davidson College at Durham.
- April 5—University of North Carolina at Raleigh.
- April 7—Trinity at Wake Forest.
- April 8—Trinity at Durham.
- April 10—Richmond College at Wake Forest.
- April 12—U. S. S. "Franklin" at Wake Forest.
- April 14—U. N. C. at Chapel Hill.
- April 15—Trinity at Durham.
- April 17—A. & M. at Raleigh.
- April 19—Delaware College at Wake Forest.
- April 20—Delaware College at Wake Forest.

- April 21—A. & M. at Raleigh.
April 24—Davidson at Charlotte.
April 25—Open.
April 26—Elon College at Greensboro.
April 27—U. S. S. "Franklin" at Norfolk.
April 28—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.
April 29—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.

* * *

Manager Davis and Captain Murchison, of the track team, are plotting and conspiring against the collegiate world in general, and our good friends of A. & M. and Carolina in particular. They will spring the result of their machinations at Raleigh Easter Monday in the Triangular Track Meet between the three colleges, when Wake Forest will endeavor to impress it upon the minds of the two hereinbefore-mentioned institutions that Coughenour, great man though he undoubtedly was, did not constitute our entire track team.

* * *

We think that's all.

CLIPPINGS

EXTRACTS FROM THE
STUDENTS' HAND BOOK

NOT

PUBLISHED BY THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE COLLEGE SEAL.

Theories as to the why of the seal which adorns the front cover of this publication differ. Some say that it is due to the overweening ambition of the Medical Class, who would not be satisfied until they got their insignia of a skull and crossbones into the most conspicuous place possible, while others maintain that the inextricable tangle of letters in the center is symbolical of the condition of the brain of the average Senior when for four years the battle of the books has been fought there; but the popularly accepted view is that the device is the visible expression of a nightmare suffered by Dr. Poteat.

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS.

Wake Forest issues an abundance of minor publications, such as *THE STUDENT*, the *HOWLER*, the *BULLETIN*, etc., but the only one in which the students take any appreciable amount of interest, and therefore the only one worth mentioning here, is the *PASTORAL VISITOR*. This appears monthly; it is a small sheet but ample for its purpose, which is to chronicle the doings of various people in the neighboring counties of Granville and Orange. Naturally, every issue is awaited with intense interest and its contents devoured by the student-body.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Applied Pedagogy (Slipper, Switch, Strap, or Bed-slat). Sledd house, basement, first door to the right. Professor Harrill.

Theology.—John Caddell's store, straight back. Professor Peterson.

Girlology.—McKinnon house, second floor to the left. Professor Martin.

English (Sacred and Profane).—Dormitory, Phi. end, second floor to the left. Professors Thaxton and Herring.

Coal-snatching.—Allen house, first floor to the right. Professor Pruetto.

The Chapel is easily recognized every morning at nine o'clock by the excruciating sounds proceeding therefrom, caused by Messrs. Bell and Buchanan manhandling the pipe organ.

The Gymnasium may be located by causing a basketball referee to call a foul on Wake Forest, and going in the direction of the terrific explosion that will immediately ensue.

The Library is lost.

COLLEGE REGULATIONS.

Thou shalt not fail, when passing by Tom Dixon's monument, to cast a stone thereon.

Thou shalt not bear witness of any kind whatsoever against thy neighbor, though he cheat thee out of thine eye-teeth and come back for the gums; for the Student-body thy master is a jealous Student-body, looking with favor upon the dicker and holding as less than the dust beneath its feet the man who reporteth him.

Thou shalt revile the postmaster at every opportunity.

Thou shalt cast into thy wastebasket each and every invitation from the President to call at his office; thou art not really expected to go; these slips of paper be jests of the Faculty, sent out to keep the student-body interested and amused. Moreover, they have a sporting interest; in the absence of races, betting on who will get the next chapel-absence notice is our most popular form of gambling.

Thou shalt not attempt to drag Doctor Tom; if thou do, thy blood be upon thine own head!

Thou shalt not refuse to help tote Faculty wood in case there is a least excuse for a bonfire.

Thou shalt hurl imprecations with force and fervor at mention of any of the following: Reading-room, Chapel, Pass, English I, Psy., J. Dick, A. and M.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

[Of course, it is impossible, in the limited space at our disposal, to name all the officials of the College. Those of comparative obscurity, therefore, we have left out, as it is our aim to mention only persons of real importance.]

Dr. Thomas Jeffries, Janitor.

Origin obscure. Degree from Johns Hopkins, where he spent six months. Friend to student as long as student is friend to him; no longer. Therefore, highly respected.

Rev. Peter White, Sweeper.

Surname unknown. The Moloch of the Dormitory, whom it is absolutely necessary to placate if one is to live in anything but a sty. Fortunately, is of bibulous tendencies, therefore the wily may gain his good-will and survive.

Joseph Jones, Associate Swceper and Coal Carrier.

As warm weather approaches this personage may with increasing safety be defied. It is well, however, to keep a few old shoes on hand for peace offerings in case of a cold snap.

Uncle Henry, Bathroom Attendant.

A man of iron beside whom Bismarck was as putty. Neither tears,

prayers, nor threats will move him; only by the voice of J. Dickard is he galvanized into activity.



NEITHER FIRE NOR WATER.

At the end of the first act of the play a man leaped hurriedly to his feet.

"I heard an alarm of fire," he said. "I must go and see where it is."

His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared.

"It wasn't fire," he said, on his return.

"Nor water, either," remarked his wife, coldly.



A colored man was ill and hired a doctor of his race. But as he did not seem to improve he discharged him and secured a white physician.

"Did the doctor take your temperature?" asked the newcomer.

"I dunno, marse; I sartainly dunno. All I's missed so far is muh watch."—*Ex.*



CHANT OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

How dear to my sight is the cash of subscription
When generous subscribers unroll the green wad;
The joy that it brings is beyond my description,
For little Mag's chastened 'neath Poverty's rod.



DREAMED HE KISSED ANOTHER.

"Here comes the bride," hailed Maude Fulton, as a demure young beauty and her proud, self-conscious escort joined the supper party. Then she told a story on her blushing young friend.

"I live at the same hotel with Ethel," said Miss Fulton, "and sit at the same table with her. Yesterday morning she pouted at breakfast, sulked at luncheon and at dinner was so cold that her adoring young husband was almost distracted. From soup to coffee he pleaded abjectly to at least be told the nature of his offense. Finally Ethel's lips began to quiver and a great, big tear splashed into her finger bowl.

"'Jack,' she burst forth, 'if I ever dream again that you have kissed another woman I'll never speak to you as long as I live!'"—*Young's Magazine.*



He—I had an awfully close shave in the town this morning.

She—Mercy, Jack! What was the matter?

He—I needed it.

"We are thorry to thay," began the leading editorial in the *Bungville News* recently, "that latht night thome unprincipled thoundrel thlipped into the *Newth* office and thtole every eth (s) in the ethtabliment. If thith article thall meet the eye of the mithcreant, we hope that he will be convinced that the gloriouth career of thith periodical ith not to be checked by any thuch unthupulouth meanth. Altho, it ith to warn him that we have pretty good evidence ath to the identity of the thkunk, and if he ith caught hanging around thith office again we intend to thoot hith thkin full of holeth!"



You make a little call,
And you have a little chat;
You eat a little chocolate fudge,
And then you get your hat.

You say good-bye to sweetheart,
And kiss her if you can—
Now isn't that a h—ll of a night
For a great, big, healthy man!



WHERE IT APPLIED.

Hotel Clerk—I found that "Not to be used except in case of fire" placard those college boys stole out of the corridor.

Manager—Where?

Clerk—They nailed it up over the coal bin.—*Lippincott Magazine*.



LEFT TO HER JUDGMENT.

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" asked the fair young thing from the refuge of his shoulder.

"Well," he replied, "after the way my arm just naturally slipped around your waist as you unconsciously leaned toward me, and my fingers tilted your chin as you unconsciously lifted your head, and I bent forward where your lips were waiting, and didn't get the kiss either on your nose or your chin, but where it belonged—after all that, and with the knowledge of the subject which you have displayed, I shall say nothing, except that I leave the question to your own judgment."—*Life*.



USELESS.

Unnecessary—Pastor (from the pulpit)—"The collection which we took up to-day is for the savages of Africa. The trouser buttons which some of the brethren dropped into the plate are consequently useless."
—*Selected*.

A FALSE REPORT.

THE STUDENT has been instructed to give official denial to the report which has been circulating recently, to the effect that the reason a certain charming resident of the hill named a pair of young puppies after two of our most prominent Freshmen was because she would then hold the strongest possible hand—four of a kind. Neither was the action prompted by a desire to insult the dogs; it was intended simply and solely as a compliment to the Newish.



Visitor—Johnny, do you ever get any good marks at school?
Johnny—Y-yes'm; but I can't show 'em.



EXPECTED TO TALK.

Nurse (announcing the expected)—“Professor, it's a little boy.”
Professor (absent-mindedly)—“Well, ask him what he wants.”



AT THE DARKTOWN CULTURE CLUB.

Chairman (concluding an address of introduction)—An now, ladies and gentlemen, I hab de honor of presentin' to dis audience de speaker of de evening—Professor Johnsing of de Westville Seminary—who will proceed to define de indefinable, depict de indepictable, and unscrew the unscrewtable!—*Life*.



WHAT A LOIR!

There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose hior and hior,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the spior.



The Hair-cloth Sofa—“The world is getting very, very wicked.”
The Cushioned Chair—“Indeed it is! I can remember when no table would think of wearing a table-cloth that didn't cover its legs, and now we have a new one in the dining room that wears only a center-piece.”



HIS RUDDER.

“The dog,” said the scientific gentleman, “sometimes steers himself with his tail.”
“Uses it to guide his wandering bark, does he?” asked the irresponsible humorist.—*Washington Herald*.



O'Brian: “What kind of vegetable is the ‘albatross’?”

HIS DUTY AS HE SAW IT.

A certain venerable archdeacon, says *Harper's Weekly*, engaged as a new footman a well-recommended youth, who had to accompany the archdeacon on a series of formal calls.

"Bring the cards, Thomas, and leave one at each house," ordered his master. After two hours' visiting from house to house, the archdeacon's list was done.

"This is the last house, Thomas," he said: "leave two cards here."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," was the reply, "I can't; I've only the ace o' spades left."

Ever after, the cards received the deacon's scrutiny before calls were made.



O. F. Herring: "Who is that fellow 'Prexy' that's going to speak at Y. M. C. A. tonight?"



A DOUBTFUL AEROPLANE.

She (after the service)—You dreadful fellow! Why did you smile during the offertory?

He—I couldn't help it. There was Miss Addie Pose singing, "Had I the wings of a dove." The mental picture of a 200-pounder trying to fly with a pair of four-inch wings was too much for me.



He: "What kind of stone would you like to have in the ring, darling?"

She: "Oh, Jack, I've heard so much about baseball diamonds. Do you suppose they are expensive?"



Little Willie was saying his prayers. Beside him was his younger brother Johnnie. Willie: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Johnnie: "Hey, Willie, strike him for a pie, too."—*Ex.*



Clara Gushe—My new gloves are an absolute dream—the best gloves I ever had, and only dollar-fifty, elbow length, at Robridge's. You buy a pair and you'll never wear anything else.

Mildred Mattafact. H'm. That would be rather cold at this time of year, wouldn't it? Besides, wouldn't people stare a little?

Clara Gushe—!!!



FROM THE EDITORS.

Many a man thinks he has become famous when he has merely happened to meet an editor who was hard up for material.

LOGIC.

David said in his wrath, All men are liars.

Therefore, David was a liar.

Therefore, what David said was not true.

Therefore, David was not a liar.

But if David was not a liar, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars.



WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT?

"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.

"Sir!" exclaimed the literary person, "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"



(At basket-ball game)—"The referee should have called a foul on that fellow."

"Why? What did he do?"

"He had both arms around his partner."



"Kind lady, I'm just merely trying to keep
Soul and body together!"—he did look thin;
But the lady did neither smile nor weep,
As she handed the tramp a safety pin!



CORRECTED.

A drummer who makes frequent trips to the West is on friendly terms with the porter of a sleeper named Lawrence Lee.

"Well, Lawrence," announced the salesman gleefully, "I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins, by George!"

"Dat am no birth, sir," said Lawrence. "Dat's a section."—*Life*.



THE SHOT AS A STARTER.

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a-passin' de Big Fo' depot."

AS SHE IS SPELLED.

A miss sat alone with her beau
For hours, the light turned down leau.
When he said he must geau
It affected her seau,
She wept and exclaimed: "Eau neau, neau!"



NO HELP FOR HER.

Apropos of the departing "hobble skirt" a near-poet says:

"A young woman came in at the door,
The same shape behind as before.
As no one knew where
To shove up a chair,
She had to sit down on the floor."—*Macon News*.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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THE SOURWOOD FLUTE

H. F. PAGE.

When, through a brown swirl of bees,
The gums in the garden were seen,
And the blooms on the orchard trees
Were lost in a smoother of green,
'Twas away to the woods we flew
With never a hat or a boot,
For all of us sunburnts knew
'Twas time for the sourwood flute.

What care for the wildering trails
Through brambles that lashed our legs,
Or for buttons lost on the rails—
We'd keen jack-knives—and pegs.
'Twas a quest to make your heart glad—
Talk of your harp, or your lute,
There's nothing for the sunburnt lad
Like the note of the sourwood flute.

Espied on the lee of a hill,
Hard by the edge of a brook,
We hailed—each lad with a thrill—
That wand with never a crook.
It cut, to the water we went,
There seated on an old gnarled root,
We whittled to our heart's content
Till we'd made the sourwood flute.

Then, proud of our craftsmanship, we,
Our feet stuck down in the stream,
Blew rhapsodies wild and free,
Sweeter than those in a dream.
When I think of it now, I wis,
The gods that morning were mute,
Envyng the music that is
The soul of the sourwood flute.



DR. J. H. GORRELL,
Faculty Editor.

DE MAUPASSANT

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Let Max Nordau thunder as he will, let the women critics hold up hands of holy horror as much as they please, still the Naturalistic school of French literature, as exemplified by its greatest devotees, has some qualities which the classicists may well covet, but covet in vain, for so far none of the latter have exhibited the peculiar powers in which the Naturalists excel. Zola, of course, is the first name that the term "naturalism" calls up in the mind of the average American reader, for he is universally admitted to be the head and leader of the group. The most bitterly attacked and most ardently defended writer of the century, his memory is still so befogged that it will probably be years before his true position with reference to French literature in general can be determined. Nordau, the German critic, says that he was almost an imbecile. M. Zola's followers rank him above Balzac; the truth doubtless lies somewhere between. This much, however, is already apparent: the leader of the Naturalists gives an impression of majesty that no other Frenchman has ever approached. There is a Homeric quality in his handling of humanity in the mass; his novels are not novels in the accepted sense, but epics in prose; and this is what makes Zola great.

De Maupassant, on the other hand, though a member of the naturalistic school, and an ardent admirer of M. Zola, has none of the grandeur that marks his leader. To begin with, his work is in an entirely different form; nothing is more erroneous than the popular impression that a short story is a novel boiled down, or cut off, as the case may be. The difference is the difference between a siege gun and a rifle; one is hard to load, harder to aim and expensive to use,

but when it strikes it annihilates; the other is just as deadly within its narrower range. Neither can replace the other. Zola, the novelist, represents the artilleryman; De Maupassant, the short-story writer, is the sharpshooter. It is the excellence of the latter's aim, and the rapidity with which he fires, rather than the crash of his missiles, that mark him out as a master.

In the history of literature there are three names, and only three, that stand preeminent in the short-story. They are Giovanni Boccaccio, Edgar Allan Poe and Guy de Maupassant—one a sensualist, one a melancholiac and one a "naturalist"; none of them a natural, normal man! Is there some necromantic spell about the short-story, that men seem unable to write it and keep their feet upon solid ground? Our greatest contribution, here in America, to the world's literature is the work of Edgar Allan Poe; yet only a lunatic would claim that Poe's characters are types of the average American. Boccaccio's stories, marvelously perfect as they are from a technical viewpoint, are sufficient commentary on themselves; the last touch of cynicism he supplies by holding his revels, of all places on earth, in a villa above plague-stricken Florence! His jollity might possibly pass for genuine, though boisterous, did not the shadow of the Black Death lie always across the page. The abnormality of de Maupassant, not so apparent at the first glance, we will consider more at length.

The early life of de Maupassant was almost painfully uneventful. Contemporary journalists found it exasperatingly so, and attempted to pad his life-story by various artful devices, but everything that could be considered at all essential is contained in the terse paragraphs of the encyclopedias. Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant was born at the Chateau de Miromesnil, on August 5, 1850. He went to school at Yvetot, and to college at Rouen, served in

the Franco-Prussian war, and then obtained a position in the Navy Department where he spent ten years, until his stories had made him rich, when he devoted himself exclusively to literature. The death of a brother, in 1891, unbalanced his mind and he attempted suicide; he had to be removed to an insane asylum at Passy, where he died, July 6, 1893. That is all.

But there is one important fact that the encyclopedias do not mention. It is that an old friend of the family stood godfather to the child and had a lively and unflagging interest in his education and subsequent career. This friend was none other than Gustave Flaubert. The mere mention of this name is enough to solve riddles about de Maupassant that must otherwise remain inexplicable. The compactness of his language, the cleanness of his outlines, cut with a cameo-like precision, and possibly some of the gloominess of his outlook upon life are due to the influence of this, the greatest master of style in the ranks of the Naturalists. The influence of Flaubert over the young Frenchmen of his time is historic. He had a coterie of some of the brightest minds in young France—men who idolized him, who followed him through thick and thin, and whose minds he, in return, polished to an almost incredible degree of keenness. One of his favorite exercises was to point out a shop-window filled with an innumerable variety of objects, and offer a prize to the one who best expressed in a single word the impression he received. The result of such training was a school of writers whose language is concise and at the same time colorful to an amazing degree. The work of the Goncourts bears the impression of Flaubert, as does that of Alphonse Daudet. But especially do the short stories of de Maupassant carry the marks of this literary whetstone.

De Maupassant served his apprenticeship before the public ever heard of him; therefore it has often been stated that he

had none. The fact is he served under such a master and in such a school as few of us have ever imagined. Flaubert kept him in hand, and de Maupassant was thirty-one years old when his first story appeared. Think of it! Thirty-one years of preparation for a bare ten years of work. Moses is usually believed to have taken the longest time for preparation in proportion to his length of service, of any man of genius in the history of the world. But while Moses had eighty years of schooling, he labored for forty. He had two years as apprentice to one as master; de Maupassant's proportion is as three to one. They were laborious and disheartening years, too. From his childhood he wrote incessantly, and Flaubert as incessantly tore to pieces every result of his labor. It was a kindly criticism, though; it was the mercy of the surgeon which is, after all, the highest type of goodness. The master saw the pure gold scattered through these crude productions, and was determined that it should be unalloyed by the slightest dross.

Finally his reward came. It was in *Soirées de Medan*, a book of short stories in which the master and his pupils took turns in narrating some incident of the Franco-Prussian war. There were several notable contributions, among them being Zola's *Attack on the Mill*. Zola was then the acknowledged autocrat of letters in France, and this contribution was depended on to sell the book. But, to the surprise of every one, Guy de Maupassant suddenly arrived. In a fit of inspired perfection he wrote *Boule de Suif*. Flaubert looked at it and knew that his work was done; at last he had purged away the baser substances, and the pure gold shone forth.

France went wild. Zola's little masterpiece passed unnoticed, and the other contributions were forgotten. De Maupassant had come into his own; in his own words he "entered literary life like a meteor." For the next ten years the

meteor soared unchecked and all the world was dazzled. Six novels, and nearly two hundred short stories issued from his facile pen. These covered nearly every subject under heaven, but they are all stamped with the same die. De Maupassant is unmistakable.

How? For one thing by the clear-cut impression his stories always leave. He held to the unity of impression with wonderful tenacity. He is never vague nor obscure. A short story of de Maupassant's, in other words, is just what a short story should be—like a flash of lightning that illuminates the landscape with a livid glare. Lasting but a moment, it nevertheless burns the image of the scene into the retina of the spectator's eye, leaving, after the flash has died, a mental picture impossible to efface. The conciseness and color of his language—the result of the labor of Flaubert—contribute to heighten this effect.

Another mark of the master is his impersonality. What de Maupassant thinks no one can tell. He simply sets the scene before his reader, absolutely without comment, and lets him draw his own conclusions. From this failure to tag on a moral, some have argued that he is a cynic; but that does not necessarily follow. That it takes a tremendous power of self-repression, or else a tremendous indifference to humanity to thus keep "hands off" we must admit. It is possible that de Maupassant had somewhat of both.

But our first proposition, namely, the abnormality of de Maupassant, remains to be proved. By abnormal we do not mean merely extraordinary; of course every man of genius is different from the ordinary run of mortals, but in a normal case this difference consists only in extraordinarily developed powers. This is not true of de Maupassant. Perhaps pathological would suit his case better than abnormal, but we hesitate to use so strong a term. This peculiarity exhibits itself most markedly in the gloomy view he takes of the world in general. It is not that he has

written unnatural stories; any single one of his works—unless, possibly, it is *Bel Ami*, where horror is piled on horror until the whole effect is sickening—might be taken as a model of realistic narration, a plain unvarnished tale, photographic in the impression of veracity it leaves on the reader. But when his work is regarded as a whole it becomes apparent at once that the cumulative effect is one of pessimism of the gloomiest type. Meanness, sordid avarice, low cunning are his themes—

"With much of madness and more of sin
And horror the soul of the plot."

"He is tainted," says Jules Lemaître,* "with the malady of certain writers [Zola and Flaubert] of pessimism and a singular mania for making the world very base and very brutal, of seeing it governed by blind instincts." M. Lemaître is kind. "Tainted" is a soft word. Rather is de Maupassant cankered to the very core. He set down the thing as he saw it, to be sure, but the trouble is he saw it wrong. He looked at the world through smoked glasses, and though his outlines are absolutely correct, his own misanthropic mind cast an unnatural gloom over everything, deepening the shadows and dimming the lights. Even the generous critic mentioned above admits, later on, that he has "no care for what we call the ideal, no consideration for the moral, no sympathy for men, but perhaps a misanthropic pity for a ridiculous and miserable humanity * * * in fine, an attitude of a misanthropic god, laughing and indifferent."

Thus we have the paradox of a writer whose single productions are absolutely true to life, but whose collected works are as absolutely false. Nevertheless that does not prevent Guy de Maupassant from taking his place beside Boccaccio and Poe, as one of the great masters of the short story, for, blind and stumbling as he was, he wrote as he saw. He did his best and his best was good.

*Jules Lemaître, *Morceaux Choisis*, p. 57.

THE OPERATOR AT MILNER

H. C.

McArthur was the idol of the Union Telegraph Company. Young, handsome, impetuous and self-willed, but, withal, so wholesouled and loyal, he won the heart of every operator on the line and there was not a man in the company's service from president to messenger that would not swear by "Mc." But there was one thing that McArthur would not endure, and that was a woman operator. No one asked why, and it was doubtful whether Mc himself could have given any reason for such aversion, but it was there nevertheless, and when he was put in charge of a southern branch of the wire it soon became evident that woman operators would not be tolerated.

First it was the woman at Clemmons who was informed of her shift. She was one of the buxom suffragette clan and vigorously demanded the "reason" of her displacement. But the head office has a delightful monopoly on "reasons" for its actions and an unsatisfactory "numerous mistakes and blunders" was the only reason forthcoming. Next the women at Senoia and Franklin were relieved. They merely shed a little brine into their handkerchiefs, sent a message about the "cruel world" and "helplessness" and got out.

But there was one that neither ruse nor strategy would eliminate. And that was the operator at Milner. She was a puzzle to the head office, and no one denied it. McArthur, who boasted that he could tell the age and character of every woman by the way she handled the key, admitted himself baffled. In all their efforts to "ball up" this operator the responses had come so clear and distinct that from mere exasperation McArthur had broken the current—"Do you think we are babies?" Finally he declared he would drive

the "hen off her roost" if it took a shotgun, and boarded the train for Turin, the first station below Milner.

As luck would have it, McArthur was dropped at Milner for a two hours' wait till the next train to Turin. After the train had pulled out, twisting a cloud of dust behind it, Mc continued to walk up and down the track and not infrequently stopped for a survey of the "hen roost." Now he became aware that his cigar was not lighted and dived into his pocket for a match. But there was no match there. He searched every pocket for the third time without his fingers touching any of the little round sticks. Although he had chewed his cigar for ten minutes before he had discovered that it was not lighted, he now realized that he must have a match. He glanced at the station house, hesitated a second, then boldly advanced to the window. It was a middle-aged woman that handed him a box of matches.

"So this is the operator at Milner," he thought. He looked again. "Broken down aristocracy, no doubt."

He pushed the box back through the window.

"Keep the box," she insisted.

He wondered if she would ever discover that he was the man who had come two hundred miles with the sole purpose of taking away probably her only means of support. He slipped the box into his pocket.

"This is the woman I am to run off," he kept thinking.

Some days later McArthur was sitting in his little office at Turin with a smile on his face. Once he had succeeded in "balling up" this woman at Milner. One more week like the last two and she would have "numerous mistakes and blunders" charged to her. He glanced down at the list of orders. For a moment he clutched his chair and stared at the paper before him. Number eighty-four was to pass forty-six at Jefferson and he had overlooked it! The only place at which he could intercept forty-six was at Milner,

and Milner was a day station. He snatched his watch. The office at Milner had been closed an hour and twenty-six minutes. Frantic, he seized the key and called Milner, and not waiting for an answer he repeated the order: "Number eighty-four pass forty-six at Jefferson." Then "Milner, Milner, Milner—," but no answer. He sank back with a gasp. It was now up to him to bear it like a man and order out the wrecking crew. His jaw closed like a vice, but he reached for the key and called the wrecking crew. As he closed the circuit a drop of moisture fell on the table. He touched his forehead. It was perspiration.

Blindly he arose and groped his way out of doors. The sun had just set and the icicles on the big water tank had ceased to drip and sparkle, but now reflected a sombre melancholy light. A thin skim of ice had formed around and underneath the tank. A cold gust, a forerunner of night, swept stealthily around the station. But McArthur was unconscious of it all. He saw another sight. Two mighty engines were rushing towards each other with terrific speed and it was beyond the power of man to stop them. He saw Black Mountain Cut. Nearer and nearer the engine drew. He held up his hand to ward off the sight. This was no dream, for in two hours it would happen. McArthur was conscious of his fingers playing over the pistol in his pocket. He could end it all—but he was a man and would bear it like a man.

"Mc, what in the devil is the matter? Milner has been trying to get you for fifteen minutes; says forty-six is there waiting for orders." The night clerk was yelling from his loft.

McArthur tried to run, but couldn't. Tottering back he heard the news from the little instrument itself.

"Number eighty-four pass forty-six at Jefferson," he

fairly rattled. "Milner, you have saved my life tonight, Milner, understand—"

"All right. Good-night."

"Milner, Milner—," but that was all. McArthur fell back in his chair limp. The night clerk found him there.

"For Heaven's sake, Mc, look at yourself in the glass."

McArthur walked to the little undulating looking-glass on the wall. He saw the little tin lamp with its scorched shade of a yellow telegram blank, there was the night clerk looking at him in astonishment, but who was the man with the haggard face and white temples that looked him squarely in the eyes?

It was in the hospital and McArthur refused to eat or drink until he had seen the woman from Milner. Every time the nurse came in he would ask for the woman from Milner. Even the doctor was not exempt from his entreaties. At last she came, a girl of about nineteen.

"But I want the operator—your mother," he insisted.

"I am the operator," she answered. "We took the place in my mother's name because they might think I was too young. I got your message as I came down to the office for my cloak." And she looked at him with those big blue eyes that do not look through you, but fairly and squarely at you.

Eyes are sometimes as effective in sending and receiving messages as telegraph instruments. It is sufficient to say that the message that passed between McArthur and the operator at Milner lost her the job, and lost him his heart.

THE NEGRO AND SOUTHERN LITERATURE

ARTHUR B. RAY.

Before 1870 the negro had appeared incidentally in Southern literature, but since then he has been the leading character. The literary possibilities of the black man were first pointed out by Irwin Russell, and to him is due the credit for the discovery of the rich literary field—that of negro life. The author of "Marse Chan" attests to the genuineness of this claim: "Personally I owe much to him [Russell]. It was the light of his genius shining through his dialect poems * * * that led my feet in the direction I have since tried to follow." So by Russell the movement was started "that has caused Southern literature since to reflect (as true art must do) the life of the people that produce it."

This rich mine of literary inspiration which Russell opened up is still far from exhaustion. The strange superstitions, homely philosophy, rare originality and grotesque dialect of the old-time negro make him an extremely interesting and unique literary subject. However, the writer of tomorrow must draw upon the past for his inspiration. With the passing of the old-time darkey much of the charm of the race goes. Withal the negro has had a romantic history, and as future writers look back upon it through the shadows of the years it will appear more wonderful still.

Through the close association of the negro and the white people of the South, the uniqueness of his character has had its effect upon the writers of our literature. Nursed in infancy by "Black Mammy" and led through childhood's joys and sorrows by a black hand, we have learned to appreciate the real heart of these black folk. Recollections of the "Black Mammy" upon whose expansive knees the writer once sat and listened to her strange tales of "hants" and "speerits" are cherished as some of the dearest memories of his youth.

A closer study of the black man is necessary to reveal to us why he has had such an effect upon the minds of those with whom he has come in contact. In the first place, the negro (I mean the old-time negro and not the modernized gentlemen of color) has a genuine child-nature. He looks at the world through the eyes of a child, and like a child lives only for the day, caring not what the 'morrow may have in store for him. He is never pessimistic. No matter how dark and lowering the clouds may be, he always sees the "silver lining." He lives from hand to mouth and is entirely care-free. Pleasure loving?—no child could be more so.

He is extremely religious. Many of his strange fancies are wrapped about with the garb of religion and are no doubt relics brought from the African forests. In his worship, singing plays an important part. Vividly does the writer remember a negro "camp meeting" which he once attended. The strange, melodious songs—and they were melodious, although the tune was sometimes monotonous—still linger in his mind. It is a strange fact that nearly all of the songs which the negro delights to sing—at work, at play—are religious in theme. "Like the old Scotch Ballads which Walter Scott was so fond of tracing out among their native heather are the simple unwritten songs of the old-time negroes. These simple songs are as indigenous as the Border minstrelsy, more uniformly plaintive, almost more quaint and often as essentially poetic. They pass from mouth to mouth and are often made up to suit the occasion, but always they come from the heart of the people who sing them."* In the twilight, in the early morning, at the midday rest, during the hours of toil they are heard with always a plaintive melody and sometimes a monotonous refrain. It is in their songs that the negroes preserve their best inspiration; their most fervid fancies.

**Atlantic Monthly.*

The "speeriences" of the negro converts are sometimes marvelously imaginative, but through this fanciful exterior we oftentimes can catch a glimpse of the real heart-longings within. One old darkey, in relating his "speerience," said that when he got down to the lower world he was surprised not to find any fire. He asked his guide where the fire was. For reply his guide stopped and turning to his questioner opened up his heart—"same's er cook-'oman opens de stove door"—and all within his bared breast the horror-stricken seeker beheld a rolling, whirling sea of flame. "For oh, my brother," cried the guide, "hit's widin—de fire is widin." Can one imagine a more striking interpretation of the idea that hell is to be within our own hearts?

The negro, though entirely reverent and fully believing in heaven, scarcely ever in his description of it touches upon the sublime or beautiful. Heaven to him is a place where the most desired things on earth shall be his. The "speerience" of the negro who had been permitted, so he said, to look into heaven is characteristic. On looking in he saw his old companion, who had died just a short while before, sitting under a "fritter tree" by a pool of molasses. Whenever he wanted to he could "grab off a handful er dem good fritters, dat hung thick on de tree, an' he do des reach over and dip dem fritters in de pool, an' eat des as commojious!"

In all his religious devotions he is extremely emotional. Oftentimes the sermon is no more than a wild chant or incantation interrupted by much slapping of hands, the shouting of those whom the "speerit" has touched and occasionally by the weird cry of a happy "mourner." The voice of the speaker has more effect upon his hearers than the words he speaks. At the height of the enthusiasm the writer has seen men and women jump shrieking into the air and fall back in a "trance," from which it took them some time to revive.

The emotion displayed by a negro is entirely beyond the power of a white person.

Superstitions galore hedge about every action of the black man. Every hollow and every dark corner conceals some mysterious "speerit" which is always ready to jump upon him. Every shadow which happens across his path is an omen of evil. The wind sighing around his cabin is the voice of some creature of the invisible world. Innumerable indeed are the superstitions which continually harass him. Most of them are silly and ridiculous in the extreme, but, nevertheless, they show to us the strange inner workings of the black man's mind. Seldom does the negro emerge from his shell of reticence and talk freely of his superstitions, and to get an insight into that dusky realm of his thoughts one must make him feel that he is to be sympathized with and not jeered at. No doubt many of the weird rambling vagaries, which are related in the cabins while the sputtering light-wood chunks cast a flickering half-light upon the faces of the listeners, have never been heard by Anglo-Saxon ears. But our literature is enriched by those that we have.

Though these superstitions and beliefs possess no logical sequence, still they have a great significance to the negro's mind. They have been handed down from generation to generation, and in some of them we can see a picture of the race when it was young and lived with a marvelous nearness to nature. The negro's understanding and interpretation of animal mind is truly wonderful, as the tales of Uncle Remus show. There seems to be a strange bond of sympathy between him and the animals of which he is so fond.

The notions which the negroes have concerning the universe and natural phenomena are wonderfully original and entirely unlike any conception of these things which other primitive races have. For instance, old Uncle Perry, on being asked

what thunder is, replied: "Hit is a roun' ball no bigger'n a boy's marble. It do make s' much noise rollin' 'caze hit's let loose fum de hand er God. An' de lightenin' is de win-klein of His eye." His explanation of the sun is equally original: "De sun is a 'oman, hit got face, hit got eyes, hit can see all you do. She sings—she do sing all day long. As she rises she sings low, but when she gits such a distance up she sings loud, but when she gits such a distance down agin she sings low agin. Dat's de reason noises can't carry far in de middle of de day; de sounds air des deadened by de singin' er de sun. Nobody can edzactly hear what air de words of de song she sings, but ev'rybody is deafened by her hummin', 'caze hearin' her dey can't hear no other noise to speak of." Who but a negro would have thus explained the phenomenon that sounds carry farther in the morning and evening than in the middle of the day?

He has strange notions about the beginning of things and about the first inhabitants of the earth. Some of them are very expressive. "Many of de animals you see now was oncet folks"; he goes on to say, "old-time folks: des big rattle-snakes; dee was one time bad folks. De squinch-owls, dem dat shiver roun' de house when a pusson gwine die, dee was all ole women when de worril was young. Des moles dat you see burrowin' under de ground, dee was too proud to walk on de groun', and so dee was put under de groun'." Cats was oncet witches—witcher-men an' witcher-women." These examples show what original and striking ideas the old negro had. The whole race of black folk are just as imaginative and original. Is it any wonder then that the Southern writers who have been brought up among these people and listened to their tales should turn to negro life for their inspiration?

The negro is a great believer in charms. The left-hind-foot of a rabbit which was killed on the dark quarter of the

moon is a sure safeguard against bad luck. A simple leather band worn around the wrist will without a doubt keep his strength from decreasing. A silver coin held continuously under the tongue will give the person performing the feat power to "conjure." The writer knows an old negro woman who has kept a quarter under her tongue for twenty years. She firmly believes she has the power to "conjure," and woe unto the "nigger" that excites her wrath. There is no end to the peculiar articles they use as charms.

The marked imitative trait which the negro possesses is largely the cause of his rapid strides in civilization. Whatever he sees the "white folks" doing he tries to do also. Sometimes his attempts at imitation are laughable in the extreme, but in the main the imitative trait has been his salvation. It accounts for his marvelous record in the South. He saw the white man working and he worked too, although in his African home, work was as foreign to his nature as flying to an ox. He saw the white man getting an education and he went after the same thing. Imitative—in dress, "manners," speech. Our old college janitor "Doctor" Tom having been "er member ob de faculty for twenty years," as he says, has acquired some marvelous words, and it is a treat to hear him talk. Thinking it behooves him to uphold the dignity of his position he uses his lengthy words copiously with an ear for euphony rather than meaning. The result is ludicrous in the extreme. He is only showing the characteristic imitative trait of his race.

That the negro is capable of a deep personal attachment and fidelity can be shown by many examples. The old negroes who stayed by the plantations and were faithful to their masters and mistresses during the trying times of the war were living examples of fidelity such as is seldom found. Over and over has the writer heard his grandmother tell of how faithful old William, when he heard the Yankees com-



M. E. WINSTON,
Business Manager.



ing, snatched a little provisions and hurried off into the woods with the horses which were left in his care; how the Yanks caught him when he slipped back one night and tried to make him tell where the horses were, resorting to torture and at last threatening to shoot him unless he told. But William never told and when the war was over the horses helped to save the plantation from ruin. The old negroes of today are just as faithful. The following verses written by Dr. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest College, are a reproduction of a conversation which he had with an old blind negro who was sawing wood for the college. The weather was bitter cold and the supply of sawed wood was running low, so Blind Allen was working both night and day to keep up the supply. Dr. Poteat saw him at his work near the laboratory one evening and called him in to warm. These lines reproduce the conversation that took place and show to us "an example of devotion to duty" which is worthy of notice:

Yas, sir, thank you! Fur dese old clo'es
 Ain' keepin' out de win' jes' right.
 De artics he'ps, but my lef' foot toes
 Is hurtin' pretty bad tonight.

You see, to make time, I mos'ly saws
 Wid my right han'—de lef' 's no good;
 So workin' dat side de right foot thaws,
 But de lef' 's as cole as de wood.

When I gwine home? Not twell day, I 'spose;
 I want to keep ahead of de fires.
 De 'fessors an' boys shan' freeze, de Lord knows,
 Ef de win' do blow an' my ole arm tires.

De sun may set an' de sun may rise,
 My saw don' trouble 'bout de sun;
 It cuts all day widout no eyes,
 An' de night an' de day's all one.

Supper? al'ays I eats at home.
 I can't lay down a snack up here,
 Fur somethin' 's got it before I come,
 An' it's little fur a snack I keer.

Thank you kindly! I'm thawed out good—
 Dat lazy foot, 'cludin' de knee;
 Ha' to pull on my arties and git to my wood—
 Don't you hear de win' whistlin' fur me?

Courageous? Many think the negro is a coward because he is afraid of the dark—of every sound and shadow—and he is when nothing greater than superstition fills his mind. But give him a mission to perform that is worth while and his real courage shows itself. No doubt this marvelous courage is due to his ignorance of the real danger, but, nevertheless, it is courage. The negro boy that followed his master into battle, rescued him when he was wounded and carried him across the field before the enemy's guns—shielding the body of his master with his own the while—was a hero if his skin was black. The slave that saved St. Michael's Church, in that city by the sea, is worthy of the poem which chronicles the event.

The peculiar dialect of the negro has made his speech in prose and poetry a continued source of delight to the reader. A writer in *Atlantic Monthly* gives these words about dialect: "If shadows of material objects are grotesque, even more so are the shadows cast, by words from fairly educated lips, into the minds of almost totally ignorant people. Display in utterance of these quaint word shadows, if one may so call them, makes dialect. This quaint transformation of something well known, real, and admirable, into something queer, fanciful, and awkward, yet bearing resemblance to the fair formation it shadows gives to dialect writing and to dialect speech that piquant flavor that all the world favors." Nowhere is this more true than in the dialect of the old-time darkey. This alien race which we have with us, having forgotten entirely its own language, must employ the language of an utterly diverse race for every expression. This language is the growth of centuries of civilization—its branches grafted with luxuriant word-growths of almost every nation

on earth. It is little wonder then that this language of ours assumes in these dusky minds most fanciful shapes.

The negro is a realist and his language is also realistic. His word pictures are always object pictures. He likens a thing to some more familiar object. His adjectives are all descriptive nouns. For example: in ironing to leave wrinkles is to leave "cat's faces" on the garment; to be ill is "to have a misery"; entertaining language is "mockin' bird talk." So the very method of expression which the negro uses appeals to the writer.

To see the effect this unique character has had upon Southern literature we have only to turn to its pages and read. The best authors of the South have unconsciously done their most lasting work in portraying the negro. A glance at a few of the Southern authors will possibly show this, but it is beyond the scope of this paper to make any critical analysis of the literature.

The writer whom we most think of in connection with negro lore is Joel Chandler Harris. His "Uncle Remus Tales" are to the South what Grimm's Fairy Tales are to Germany. "If he had done nothing more than create 'Uncle Remus' and 'The Little Boy,' his place in classic literature would be as secure as if he had written the 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Essay on Man,'" says Mr. Bradley in his sketch of Harris. This author who has delighted hosts of little children and grown-up children, too, got his material for his charming tales direct from the negroes on the plantation. With this own well-developed sense of humor he has taken these simple tales of the negroes and woven into them homely philosophy and cheerfulness which make them a delight to reader—old or young. Withal, the picture which "Uncle Remus" gives to us of the Georgia plantation negro is one that will always have a place in our mental art gallery.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—that much discussed book—gives

us a picture of the slave negro and his surroundings which will remain—a monument to its author.

John Charles McNeill—that gentle Scotchman who wrote with the ease and grace of a genius—gave us some of his most delightful poems in the dialect of the old plantation negro.

Thomas Nelson Page, in his collection of short stories entitled "In Ole Virginia," has written of the negro with feeling and understanding. "Marse Chan," we will never forget. "Meh Lady" is another of his charming stories with the negro as the leading character. "Page is preeminently a short-story writer and his best stories are those that record in true Hanover negro dialect war times in old Virginia." His stories picture to us the Virginia negro, while Joel Chandler Harris gives us a picture of an entirely different kind, the Georgia plantation negro.

Harry Stillwell Edwards has written stories of negro life which rank among the best. He has succeeded to a marked degree in imitating the expression of the negro and his Isam, Aunt Silvy and the rest talk like real negroes. His poems and songs are particularly fine, for he is a born musician. "Mammy's Little Boy" is a charming little lyric.

Katherine Sherwood Boner as "the writer of 'Gran' Mammy Stories' achieved enough to entitle her to a permanent place in American literature," says one in writing of her.

Virginia Frazer Boyle, the author of "Devil's Tales" and "Brockenburne," which has been characterized as the "Black Man's Epic" of the war, has given us stories of the negro which will last. Mr. Swiggett, writing about her, says: "Sensing the weird and fascinating mystery of negro lore, capable of * * * seeing and hearing with the negro's eyes and ears, of hating and loving with his hatred and love, of braving and fearing with his bravery and fears, she has touched

with the hand of art his habits and superstitions, his mode of thought and feeling and has created for us genuine literature. * * * 'Mammy' has whispered into her ears the inner meaning of the old plantation days, * * * and of the strangely simple, yet remote, yearnings of the black souls of the quarters. * * * Deep and rich is the range of her creative feeling and she seems to assume at will the peculiarly rich imagination of the negro in the presence of the world-old lore." She is at her best in "Devil's Tales," and they are without exception little prose masterpieces.

John Henry Boner, "the gentlest of minstrels," though not a great writer of dialect, gave us one of his finest poems in "Christmas Times is Come." "The ancient superstitions of the negro, combined with his free expression, make this one of the most pleasing of his poems."

Harrison Robertson has pictured the negro in prose and poetry in a charming manner. The quaint humor of the negro is given to us unadorned. His story, "How the Derby Was Won," is a Southern classic, and in his poem, "Kentucky's Philosophy," he delightfully records one of the many humorous incidents in the life of the negro.

We have already pointed out Irwin Russell as the pioneer in this field of literary endeavor. His masterpiece is the poem, "Christmas Night in the Quarters." The originality, imaginativeness, humor, and superstitions of the plantation negro are all delightfully portrayed in this poem. Russell seemed to have the ability to see right into the mind of the negro and read his very thought-processes. The fact that the first marble bust placed in the Mississippi "Hall of Fame" was his, shows with what appreciation his work has been received.

"The James Whitcomb Riley of the South," as Frank L. Stanton is called, writes with a simplicity that appeals to the masses of humanity. The personal touch that he gives to

his poems strikes the heart every time. Some of his best poems are in negro dialect and portray the simple, homely philosophy of the old plantation darkey. That plaintive little lyric, "Wearyin' for You," from his collection called "Songs of the Soil" is a perfect gem.

The individual portraits of the ante-bellum negro which Miss Howard Weeden gives to us in her poems are unsurpassed. She pictures the negro of the finest type—self-respecting and respected—with a wonderful simplicity and truth. "The negro is not *made* beautiful, but the beauty in him is revealed. He is neither caricatured nor idealized—through his grotesque features and commonplace garb she pierces to the lasting human," says one in writing of her work. The following is one of her pleasing little poems from "Bandanna Ballads":

MAMMY'S LULLABY.

'Swing low, sweet chariot,' low enough
To give some heavenly rest
To dis poor, restless little one
Dat sobs on Mammy's breast.

'Swing low, sweet chariot,' wid your load
Of angels snowy drest,
An' throw a dream out to de chile
'Most sleep on Mammy's breast.

'Swing low, sweet chariot,' so dat *she*
May look into de nest
An' see how sound her baby sleeps
At last—on Mammy's breast.

Miss Ruth McEnery Stuart wrote of the home-life of the negro with an understanding that is remarkable. The romance of the cane-fields and the "bandanna folk" appealed to her. In her writings we have a "*moving* picture of wash-tub scenes with pickaninnies around, negro laughter, talk, play, singing, dancing, working, shirking, idleness and superstitious fear of 'speerits.'"

The only negro poet that has won prominence is Paul Lawrence Dunbar. His poems are all plaintive and expressive of the feelings and heart-longings of his race. However, we do not find in his poems the more striking characteristics of the negro which we expect. This seems to show that those who look on from the outside with true understanding can see more than those whose vision is obscured by a nearness of self. This poem of Dunbar's is peculiar and expressive:

SLOW THROUGH THE DARK.

Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race;
 Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,
 And, unprevailing by their utmost might,
 Seems faltering downward from each won place.
 No strange, swift-sprung exception we; we trace
 A devious way thro' dim, uncertain light—
 Our hope, through the long-vistaed years, a sight
 Of that our Captain's soul sees face to face.
 Who, faithless, faltering that the road is steep,
 Now raiseth up his drear, insistent cry?
 Who stoppeth here to spend a while in sleep,
 Or curses that the storm obscures the sky?
 Heed not the darkness round you, dull and deep;
 The clouds grown thickest when the summit's high.

There are hosts of other writers who have received much of their inspiration from the black folk, but this cursory glance at these few has, I hope, served to show that the negro has had a wonderful effect upon the literature of the South. The field is in no wise worked out and the writers of the future will draw more and more upon this "rich mine of literary inspiration" as the passing of the years adds glamour to the romantic history of the race.

UNCHANGED

DEE CARRICK.

I used to think the bright-eyed dew
That glistens on the rose,
Or lights the violet's chalice blue
When vernal Zephyr blows,

Was wafted from the ebon sky
Where stars annealed the soul.
But thieving years in creeping by,
That childish fancy stole.

Yet still it's sweet e'en to recall,
That if the dew ne'er fell,
The sheen of stars may on it fall,
And purge its soul as well.

"A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME"

J. M. H.

"And bloody treason triumphed over us," quoted Cæsar.

"There were a Brutus * * * would make the very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny," exclaimed Pompey admiringly, indicating the Emperor of Rome with a grandiloquent gesture.

"Cry Havoc, and let loose the dogs of war," advised Crassus sententiously.

"But how, but how, O Pierrepoint of the Seven Hills?" cried Cæsar, "How shall we adequately avenge this slur upon our dignity, this astounding *lese-majeste*? That any man, that any company, any combination, any collection of mortals should dare to spring the lock on the belfry door, with the Third Triumvirate inside, shows a temerity, a foolhardiness so astounding that the human mind is incapable of grasping it."

"And that is not all," interrupted Crassus, "the meanness of soul exhibited hurts me. To think that there be men so low, so base, so vile, that they would stoop to interrupt any one engaged in such a laudable enterprise as the dissecting of the college bell, is awful! 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman.'"

"But, gentlemen, this is far from the point," said Pompey, "who will be the hero of the day? Where is the Sherlock Holmes who will unearth the villain? I pause for an answer."

"Ecce homo!" exclaimed Cæsar, smiting himself upon the heart, "I am the man that will lead the Triumvirate to glory and bring the dastardly Soph to an inglorious defeat. But list! If ye are true Romans, meet me here at eleven and witness the unraveling of this mystery."

* * * * *

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when Cæsar, Crassus and Pompey knocked at the door of the Soph who lived on the top floor of the dormitory next the fatal belfry. They felt no embarrassment at making a call at that hour, for they had observed the Soph on his way to a class five minutes before.

Pompey's master-key readily removed all obstacles to their entrance, and the three stood in the middle of the room while Cæsar swept it with a glance.

"Ah!" was his only observation, as his eye lighted on the kindling piled neatly beside the Sophomore's coal box.

"Well, conqueror of the Nervii," said Crassus, devoured by curiosity, "have you discovered the malefactor who drove the peg in the staple once upon a midnight dreary?"

"Not quite, not quite," returned the general. "Let all things be done decently and in order, not like this unlicked cub's room, with the clothing heaped on the foot of the bed and his books littered all over the place. Look at this Latin exercise—half-finished and all stuck up with glue or something. Oh, he's a jungle beast! That's all I see. Let's go."

Crassus and Pompey, grimly stifling the numberless questions that boiled to their lips, followed him out and down the stairs. But just within the outside doorway Cæsar suddenly halted.

"By the way," he announced carelessly, "I have a job on for tonight in which I need your assistance. I have come to the conclusion that it is absolutely necessary to the intellectual uplift of the community that the numeral '11 be painted on the water-tank tonight, and we must do it."

"What!" exclaimed Crassus, "the Third Triumvirate descend to such puerile—" but at the sight of Cæsar's face he suddenly halted and finished lamely—"well, what time shall we meet?"

"Make it eleven-thirty. I'll get all the materials and

meet you at the foot of the tower. Bring your jimmy, Pompey, to break the padlock on the trap door at the top of the ladder. By the way, you must keep this even closer than usual. If we break the padlock others can get up as well as we, and if some blamed Soph got on to this he would be up before the paint was dry to change our '11 to '13. It wouldn't be hard to do."

"'Cæsar Ave, te mortuari salutamus,'" exclaimed Pompey and Crassus in chorus, and the trio sauntered out into the sunlight.

* * * * *

It was half-past eleven of the starlit September night, when Pompey and Crassus, bursting with questions, met Cæsar under the water tank.

"Wilt thou deign, O Idol of the Romans, at this late hour, to expound unto us this mystery?" pleaded Pompey.

"Fear not, my children," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Only with thine eyes shalt thou see and behold the fate of the wicked. It shall not come nigh thee.' Rise then and do your duty while I stand guard below."

Pompey and Crassus obeyed in silence. Up the long, narrow steel ladder they climbed until, sixty feet above ground, they reached the under side of the trap that gave upon the narrow platform that encircled the base of the tank. This was secured by a staple and padlock, which latter soon succumbed to the pressure of Pompey's jimmy. The two conspirators crept out upon the balcony and rapidly but silently did their work. In a very few moments they rejoined Cæsar at the base of the tower.

"Come," said that authority briefly, and the three stole silently off and ensconced themselves behind a convenient bush, to the mystification of Pompey and Crassus.

"Well, if you think we are going to stay here and guard

that thing all night," growled the latter, "you're badly mis—"

"Hist!" interrupted Cæsar. "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears, and I will a tale unfold of moving accidents by field and flood. And when it is finished you will ponder these things in your heart and open your mouths and speak, saying, 'Sherlock Holmes is a back number.' Hearken ye, therefore. Do you recognize this piece of wood? It is the peg which, driven in the staple of the belfry door, held us in. As you see, it is a piece of stove-wood trimmed down to the proper dimensions. Did you notice when we went into the Philistine's room, how neatly the kindling was piled, though all the rest of the room was in disorder? Why should a slovenly man so carefully pile up that little heap of shavings unless they had been in his way—probably under his feet on the floor?"

"Ah!" interjected Pompey.

"But that stick of wood was first hewed into shape with a hatchet, then trimmed down with a pen-knife, as can be easily seen. Now do you know where the only hatchet in the dormitory is to be found?"

"In the possession of the Soph who rooms across the hall from that one," chanted Pompey and Crassus together.

"And its owner was the man who used the hatchet," concluded Cæsar, "as is evidenced by the presence of his Latin exercise book in that room, said book being messed up *with rosin!* It is evident, then, who the malefactors were. There remains to explain tonight's adventure. It is simply an original method of meting out justice. Before I spoke to you in the hall this morning I saw one of the Philistines standing just outside the door, and I am counting on him to carry out the hint I so kindly dropped."

There was a moment's pause, then, "He was the noblest Roman of them all," breathed Pompey and Crassus together.

But they were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. Two black figures stole out of the darkness and rapidly ascended the narrow steel ladder.

Then Cæsar issued his orders. "Pompey, take this, the very peg with which the crime was done, and peg that trap-door hard and fast." Then, as that gentleman began to glide rapidly but silently up the ladder, he turned to Crassus, "You go down and start the pump and leave it working. The tank will fill, and when the waters overflow with those Sophs locked underneath—why, we will be in bed."

THE TEXT OF HAMLET: A COMPARISON OF QUARTO 1 WITH THE MODERN COPY

L. Q. HAYNES.

The title of the first Quarto of Hamlet, printed in 1603, is "The Tragical Historie of Hamlet." So it is of the second and third Quartos. But in all the subsequent editions of Hamlet, it is, "The Tragedy of Hamlet."

There are a number of divergences in the present copy from the first Quarto. There is a difference in length of 3,763 lines against 2,143 in the first copy; a difference in the names of two characters; a mutilation or omission of many passages, a misplacement of lines, a distortion of words and phrases, and a confusion in the order of certain scenes; a special scene between Horatio and the Queen, found only in the original version; the soliloquies of the versions are not alike; and the drawing of some of the characters is not exactly the same.

The difference in length is due to elaboration in the present copy. A good example of this is the scene between Laertes and Ophelia, just before Laertes leaves Denmark, which is given in twenty lines in Q 1 against fifty in the present copy. The thought is the same, but the matter is not so extended.

There are only two names changed in the present version, Corambis to Polonius and Montano to Reynaldo. They are the same characters in both versions.

Probably the greatest difference between the two copies is the mutilation of passages, or their omission altogether.

The play opens with the scene in which the ghost appears to Horatio and Marcellus. The order of the dialogue is the same, and the dialogue is almost as long, but the greatest difference is the misplacement of lines and the omission of

words and phrases. The conversation of Hamlet with Horatio is not much changed in the present copy. It is also the same in the scene of Hamlet's talk with Bernardo and Marcellus, Act I, Scene 2. The third and fourth scenes are badly given in Q 1, but the action is very good. Hamlet's address to the ghost is almost the same. Scene 3 seems only an outline for the extended finished farewell of Laertes. It is very hastily jotted down. He only warns Ophelia against Hamlet, while in the present copy he gives her a long farewell and talks of his love for her, besides the warning. The following will serve to show the vast difference:

Laertes: Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue
Speaks from his heart, but yet take heed, my sister,
The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she unmask her beauties to the moon.

In the present copy:

Laertes: * * * Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will.

and here twenty lines intervene before the rest is resumed:

The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her follies to the moon.

The order in the fifth scene is slightly changed, but the matter is the same. This first act is more carelessly given than any other part of the play.

Act II seems to be very imperfect, especially in the first scene where few lines are recognized in the present copy. The dialogue between Corambis (Polonius) and Montano (Reynaldo) is practically the same as that of the present copy. Scene 2 seems to belong to an earlier play. Hamlet's excellent sarcasm against Polonius in Scene 2 follows, in Q 1, the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia. The interview with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz is only elaborated in

the present copy. The famous scene between Hamlet and Ophelia immediately follows, which is put in Act III, Scene 1 of the present copy. This scene in Q 1 comes where we would say Act II, Scene 2, *i. e.*, it would take up a space in the second scene.

In the third act we find a great difference between the two copies. In the first, third, and fourth scenes there is a great difference, the fourth having little in common with the present. Scene 3, including chiefly the king's soliloquy, is greatly elaborated, as is also Scene 4, the scene between Hamlet and the Queen.

In the first scene of the fifth act are only traces of the original play. Barely the skeleton is found. In Scene 2, the dialogue between Hamlet and Horatio is not found. Scene 4 has six lines, against 66 in the present copy. Scene 5 has no difference scarcely. Scene 6, in which Horatio receives Hamlet's letter, does not appear. Scene 7 has only the usual elaboration.

In Scene 1 of Act V are traces of the modern scene. In Scene 2, the dialogue between Hamlet and Horatio is not found. The close of the play is practically the same in both copies.

There is a scene in Q 1 different from anything in the amended copy. It is a short scene between Horatio and the Queen, in which Horatio relates Hamlet's return to Denmark and describes the treason which the king had plotted against him, and how he escaped the place. The Queen says with reference to this:

Then I perceive there's treason in his looks,
That seemed to sugar o'er his villainies.

In this place Horatio informs the Queen of Hamlet's use of his dear father's seal, to which the old History does not allude. This may help to bear out the Queen, as to her guilt in the murder of her husband, which we will take up



GERALD W. JOHNSON,
Phl. Editor-in-chief.

later. In the amended copy Hamlet relates his escape to Horatio in Act V, Scene 2, instead of Horatio relating it to the Queen, as he does in Q 1.

There is a marked difference in the soliloquies, a great improvement in matter and manner.

Hamlet's first soliloquy is in fragments. The thought of the original is scattered through the present soliloquy in nearly the same phrases. But the present soliloquy is nearly one-third longer than the original. Hamlet's short soliloquy after the ghost's disappearance is much mutilated.

The famous soliloquy closing Act II comes in the same order in both editions, but part of the third act precedes the first part of the scene in which the soliloquy appears.

The celebrated "To be or not to be," in Act III, Scene 1, comes immediately after the proposal of Polonius, Act II, Scene 2, that Ophelia "shall bear Hamlet into an exhibition of his madness." These two are the same except in the usual elaboration of about one-third in the present copy.

The King's soliloquy has also this elaboration, being nearly twice as long as the original. Transposition of many lines occurs in this soliloquy.

Hamlet's last soliloquy, Act IV, Scene 4, is not found in the first Quarto.

All these soliloquies, which seem to be the best efforts of Shakespeare, are only outlined, as it were, in the original, and serve as a base from which to build the present copies.

Was the Queen an accessory before the fact in the murder of her first husband? The present copy leaves a little room for doubt. Testimony is furnished in Q 1 as to her innocence, line 1,532:

But as I have a soul, I swear by Heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder.

The ghost ascribes the death to Claudius only; the King and Queen act towards each other without the Queen's be-

trayal of any consciousness of her guilt. Her self-command would make her one of the strongest characters, but she is really shown elsewhere as a weaker one. Besides, she shows active adhesion to the plots against her guilty husband.

Hamlet's madness is more pronounced in Q 1, just as the Queen's innocence is more plainly stated. Compare lines 664-667 of Q 1,

—such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, so fearefull to mee,
A maiden's eye ne're looked on,

with lines 78-85 of Scene 1, Act II:

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungartered and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he came before me.

Line 699 of Q 1 says (the King speaking),
—our deere cosin Hamlet
Hath lost the very heart of all his sence.

Hamlet's madness for Ophelia's love is stronger in the original play. Lines 786-792 give this proof:

—seeing his love thus crossed,
Which I took to be idle, and but sport,
He straightway grew into a melancholy,
From that unto a fast, then unto distraction,
Then into a sadness, from that unto a madness,
And so by continuance, and weakness of the braine
Into this frensie which now possesseth him.

In the present play the expression is in weaker terms:
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves
And all we mourn for.

The present copy leaves more room for the question as to Hamlet's madness by its different wording, in the use of weak expression. We do not believe that Shakespeare intended that Hamlet should be believed essentially mad, and that this is why the strong expressions are left out and weaker ones substituted.

In the drawing of the characters the play corresponds more closely to the old Story of Hamlet, especially in the drawing of Hamlet and the Queen.

The character of old Polonius is the same in both editions of the play. There is an extension of his prattle in the present copy, but no change in the character.

The madness of Ophelia is beautifully elaborated in the amended copy. But her songs are the same and her character is not changed in any form.

Because of the vast difference in the first Quarto and the subsequent ones, some believe that there was a play of Hamlet in existence before 1602. Q 1 was probably taken from "The Historie of Hamlet." If this is true, Q 1 is not Shakespeare's finished play, but is finished in a subsequent edition. The first Quarto follows very closely the old story of Hamlet, and seems to be connected directly with it. Then a subsequent edition could be the finished play.

Q 1 may have been taken and compiled for the press from shorthand notes of the play on the stage. But there are errors in the printed Quarto which are of a copyist rather than of a hearer. The differences between Q 1 and Q 2 are those probably made in transcription of the play. Compare lines 365-366 of Q 1:

And they of France of the chiefe rancke and station,
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that,

to the corresponding lines in the present copy, Act I, Scene 3, 73-74:

And they of France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.

In line 355 of Q 1 we find:

Of every new unfleg'd courage;

in present copy:

Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.

Q 1, 1222-1231, has the following framework:

Horatio: Heere my Lord.

Hamlet: Horatio, thou art even as just a man
As e're my conversation cop'd withall.

Hor.: O, my Lord!

Ham.: Nay why should I flatter thee?

Why should the poor be flattered?

What gain should I receive by flattering thee,

That nothing hath but my good mind?

Let flattery fit on those time-pleasing tongues,

To glose with them that loves to hear their praise,

And not with such as thou, Horatio.

This passage from Q 1 is completed in the modern copy in Act III, Scene 2, lines 59-79, and is a good example of elaboration of the original copy:

Horatio: Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Hamlet: Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withall.

Hor.: O, my dear lord,—

Ham.: Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she pleases. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee.

From this we believe that truly Q 1 was only the half-finished stage of Shakespeare's present Hamlet.

THE LEGEND OF THE "NORTHERN CROSS"

BARBARA.

Many years ago when the good King Nordolf ruled in the land of ice and snow it happened that once the short summer's warmth failed to ripen the meager fields of barley. Then the cold gradually struck into the hearts of his people with a deeper thrust and there was a strange uneasiness in the land. Of course no one foresaw in the failure of the barley crop anything serious, but still that vague sense of something wrong continued to harass them. They could very well pass the winter without barley if a plentiful supply of caribou meat was laid in. Ah! the caribou, they would never fail. Soon the plains would be dotted with the slow-moving herds, which only awaited the arrows of the hunters, and then all would be well.

The days passed, then another, and another, and another. A great fear began to come upon good King Nordolf and his people like a cold mist that strikes in to the bone and peoples the vacant places with uncanny specters. The caribou had not been seen. Not a one, and the hunters had scoured the plains far and wide. What did it mean? The vague uneasiness was no longer a something intangible and difficult to explain, but was now read in the faces of all as open fear. A vision of the gaunt specter, Starvation, troubled the eyes of every one and lived in every hut. Starvation! Who could but see it, when with no caribou meat the little supplies, left over, gave out?

"Ah, but the caribou will come tomorrow and all will be well," said the more hopeful.

Tomorrow came and then another tomorrow, but no caribou. The old men began to grow peevish and to accuse the young men of lack of vigilance. "Where could the caribou be but on the plains?" they argued. But to no avail. Night

after night, downcast and sad, the young men came back empty-handed. Despair was written on their faces, for they knew better than the others that something was keeping the caribou away and that it was not merely a strange coincidence that the barley crop and caribou should fail in the same year. Something was wrong, but what?

The terrible waiting—waiting—was awful and to Valdar it was almost unendurable, for Valdar was to be wedded to the beautiful Yuamie, the daughter of old Wodiver, and the idol of her people, when the summer's warmth should next melt the snow. The darkness of the polar night stole upon them, adding gloom and sorrow to his heart for, as Yuamie nestled close to his side, he could see the gaunt specter of starvation always grimly hovering over them—and his heart was full almost to bursting. The caribou! if only they would come! If they didn't—but why think about it, and he pressed the gentle Yuamie closer to his heart and soothed her fears with a kiss. Why not enjoy life while it lasts? The cup with the bitter dregs!

A week longer only could the scanty supplies keep the bony hands of the Specter from their throats. Already the daily allowance was scarcely enough to keep back the pangs of hunger. A week—only a week! Valdar with bowed head passed among his people and all pitied him, for he and the beautiful Yuamie were loved.

At last King Nordolf called together all his people and asked them what they thought best to do. No one had anything to say, for it seemed useless to talk when mere talking could avail nothing.

Ah! Valdar has risen and is talking:

"My brothers, there is something which causes the caribou to cease to come. What it is I do not know. We have all felt a strange presence among us." ("Yes, yes," from many throats.) "Last night, I saw in a dream the great herds of

caribou wandering far away on the plains and a voice said to me, 'To save all, one must be lost.' Brothers, some one among us is sheltering the Evil Spirit and until the Evil Spirit is gone the caribou will not come. The one must go to save all."

There was silence for a moment, and then all listened as good King Nordolf told them that the only way was to prove by lot who the unfortunate one was. They agreed, but each one felt a strange tugging at his heart. "Will it be I?" each was saying to himself.

The jar of pebbles was brought out and placed upon a pedestal so that all could reach in and draw. Sadly they drew—each for himself—never knowing what might be the will of the gods. Beautiful Yuamie, the pride of old Wodiver and the joy of them all, came in her turn. Valdar, with bowed head, followed her. His lips moved in silent prayer that his beloved might not draw the unlucky pebble. "Surely," whispered one to the other, "she will not—." But all were silent when with bowed head she held up the—*black pebble*. Valdar, with a cry of anguish, snatched it from her crying, "It is mine. I drew it." But the people saw and it was the beautiful Yuamie that must go. A murmur passed over the crowd, like a gust of wind through a pine grove, leaving it silent and still. One by one each went away to his own hut—the flower-like Yuamie and the stalwart Valdar side by side.

Again the people came together at the king's bidding. The good old king took Yuamie by the hand and kissed her and with the tears streaming down his cheeks said, "You must go in order that your people may be saved, for the gods never make a mistake."

Yuamie heard with bowed head. For a moment she stood trembling, then went to her old father, put her arms about his neck and kissed him on the forehead. Her eyes shone

with a strange light as she placed her hand in that of her lover and allowed him to press her close to his bursting heart. Passionately he kissed her again and again, but at last she drew away from him and without once looking back, went slowly away into the great silent, snow-covered plains.

In the twilight they watched her and Valdar's heart yearned to go bring her back, but it was the will of the gods that she should go away to save her people and the gods never made a mistake, so he watched with the rest. On and on she went, sometimes stumbling but always with her eyes turned toward the north. "To save my people," she kept saying to herself as each step became harder and harder. Farther and farther away wandered the pathetic little figure until at last in the fast darkening twilight she could hardly be seen. She stumbled and a groan escaped the lips of Valdar, but changed into a gasp of astonishment, for in the gloom the figure of the girl shone with a strange glow. She raised her hands as if to embrace her people and then—slowly, she seemed to rise—rise, ever getting farther away, until at last among the stars she found a resting place. Her body and out-stretched arms made there a flaming cross—the cross of her people which she had so bravely borne. Even as they looked the outlines of her figure faded away and only the perfect cross was left—the "Northern Cross."

Then—by the light of the stars, the slowly moving herds of caribou came into view, outlined against the sky, and Valdar's prophecy had come true. There was no rejoicing, but only a great thankfulness as Valdar and his people knelt with their faces toward the shining cross and gave thanks to the gods for their deliverance.

Ever after when the cross appears in the northern sky the people in the land of ice and snow tell their children how the beautiful Yuamie saved her people and was taken up into the sky, where she now rests as the "Northern Cross."

IN MEMORIAM

DARIUS EATMAN.

Late Professor of Education in Wake Forest College.

P. Q. BRYAN.

To him who took my plastic youth
 And led it through the thorn-strewn paths
 To heights undreamed, unheard, unseen,
 And opened to my blinded eyes
 A vista to the higher life
 I would essay—But eyes
 Grow dim: my feeble brain
 And erring pen must falter
 At the task and prostrate lie,
 Too sad to strive attainment
 To the end.

Such blinded men, such narrow minds,
 We can not hope to see the plan
 Of God unfolding to our ken;
 We are too earthly, temporal,
 To grasp one tittle of the truth;
 Too faithless we to see afar
 His purpose wise or glean
 The secret of the spheres:
 We soon grow faint of questioning
 With doubting fears.

O God, we do not ask to see
 The future years. Sufficient now
 To feel Thy love and feebly tread
 The primal gloom of life,

To seek the truth and firmly lead
Our vagrant lives unto Thy shrine:
Our souls may yearn, but not in vain;
The hope of faith gives promise
Of the light and we shall see Eternity.

POVERTY AND PAUPERISM

FRANKLIN EDWARDS.

In discussing the subjects of poverty and pauperism one might, without considering the matter, think them to mean almost the same thing. It is true that they are closely akin and for a person to be a pauper he must also be in poverty, but there is also a vast and distinct difference in the meaning of the two words. "To live miserable we know not why, to have the dread of hunger, to work sore and yet gain nothing"—this is the meaning of poverty.

"A pauper is one who depends upon public or private charity for sustenance." A man may be in the most reduced circumstances imaginable and even die of starvation, but he may not be called a pauper unless he receives charitable relief. Going back to the word "poverty," a person may not be said to be in poverty unless he is unable to obtain those necessaries which will permit him to maintain a state of physical efficiency. From this it may be seen how closely the line is drawn between poverty and pauperism, and also between those that are not actually in want, or those on the verge of poverty, and those that really are.

Each year certain influences in society cast a large number of people into the most distressing poverty, and then, by an injudicious system of relief, miscalled charity, the poor are pauperized. Charity is intended to give relief and prevent pauperism, but in a great many cases it does far more harm than it does good, often resulting in the degradation of the family and the loss of self-respect. Self-respect once gone there is no hope for the pauper, for he is ever willing to live the aimless, drifting life, which characterizes him, caring neither for home nor children. He has no desire whatever to rise to his former level, but only sinks lower and lower.

As yet no definite and reliable statistics have been obtained as to the extent of the poverty and pauperism in England and in the United States, although England is far ahead of us in her investigations. In 1891 it was claimed that 1,300,000 people, or about 30 per cent of the entire population of London, were living in poverty. In the same year statistics showed that there were 3,000,000 paupers in the United States, and it is now estimated that there are now over 4,000,000 dependent upon the public for relief. New York and other large cities claim that 25 per cent of their population are in poverty.

There are several minor reasons for this condition of affairs, but the principal one is, unemployment. But how may we expect anything else when we think of the number of immigrants brought into this country each year? Besides this, workmen are irregularly employed, causing a period of enforced idleness, often extending over several months. There are a great number of factories that work only certain seasons of the year, and of course, when they stop, the employees are turned out. To give some definite idea of how many are unemployed I will say that statistics show that 30 per cent of the maximum number employed in the busiest season are rendered idle during the slack season. We may readily see how those that are on the verge of poverty at such a time are reduced to absolute poverty, and those that are already in poverty are brought to pauperism.

"Modern life," Mr. John Hobson has said, "has no more tragical figure than the gaunt, hungry laborer wandering about the crowded centers of industry and wealth, begging in vain for permission to share in that industry, and to contribute to that wealth; asking in return, not the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, but the rough food and shelter for himself and family, which would be practically secured to him in the rudest form of savage society." Thousands and thousands of times this pathetic figure which has just

been pictured can not find the employment for which he is seeking and by means of which he may buy food for his family, and so he turns away and begins his journey toward pauperism. As a rule, though, it is not the father that goes out to seek charity for his children, but the mother. The man, failing to find work, tries to drown his wretchedness and despair in a debauch, and it is left to the wife to provide food for the starving ones at home. Once this condition has been reached the father rarely ever tries again to find means to support his family except by begging, and many times by stealing. It is indeed a pitiable sight to see a long line of starving, half-clothed, hungry-looking men and women standing in front of a Relief Department waiting for supplies. There you find almost every description of the lower classes of humanity. There you will find some that have a vestige of their self-respect still left mingling with those that are in the most degraded condition. It is considered by some that this indiscriminate means of dealing out supplies to the poor only increases pauperism, instead of tending to better the condition of things. They claim that there is too little variation in the treatment of the poor, causing those that have a semblance of self-respect left to lose all by having to mingle and associate with the lowest. In order to try to remedy this condition a private system of charity has been established. But even here conditions are not much better. In the almshouse we find the worthy, temperate, and respectable poor compelled to associate intimately with the feeble-minded, the drunken, the fallen women, the consumptive, and the imbecile. We may readily see what effect such association has on the better class. It takes only time to bring them all down to the same level. Frequently we find old people starving and half-clothed rather than go to the poorhouse.

From the figures which show the number of accidents, diseases, and casualties, resulting from industrial employment,

we may also account for a large number of those in poverty. In nearly all cases where the breadwinner suffers permanent injury the family has to receive some assistance. The statistics showing the number killed and injured in railroad accidents tell a terrible tale. In 1901 one out of every 399 employees was killed, and one out of every 26 was injured. As for the trainmen themselves, one was killed for every 137 employed, and one injured for every 11 employed. These figures are indeed frightful and the worst is, that, as a rule, the injured party rarely ever recovers any damages for the injury done. Oftentimes these injuries result in death and the family is left in a helpless condition with no one to provide the necessary means of mere existence.

But the greater per cent injured do not come from railroad accidents. Sweatshops, mines, and work in certain factories cause many more deaths, and certainly more suffering, than railroading. In these places disease gradually comes upon the employee and finally he has to give up his work and go to his home to live out a miserable existence which oftentimes does not last long.

One of the worst and most prevalent diseases contracted in these different places is consumption. Consumption might be considered a disease of the masses and is usually closely related to poverty. It is a long, lingering illness which fast exhausts the resources of the wage-earning family, and, when the bread-winner is the sufferer, it almost invariably results in poverty for the family. Even when the consumptive, and the inebriate might also be included in this class, is taken into the hospital and cared for, little else is rarely done than merely confirm them in pauperism. The reason is this: The hospitals are so crowded that there is always a tendency to turn patients out before they are cured, and that permanent injury doubtless results, in many cases, from exposure and lack of care in the convalescent period. It is now generally

recognized that our failure to care properly for the consumptive is the cause of thousands of needless deaths and a great proportion of poverty. Drunkenness and sickness, investigations show, are responsible for the distress of from 35 to 50 per cent of all the applicants for charity.

Reviewing the figures which show the number of those in distress and unemployment we estimate that there are 10,000,000 persons in the United States that are in poverty, and the per cent is considered even larger in England. Those in poverty are fighting a losing struggle, because of unnecessary burdens which we might lift from their shoulders, for it is not until they become drunken, vagrant, criminal, diseased, and suppliant, in other words paupers, do we consider it necessary to go to their aid. And even the aid and charity extended to them seems most inadequate; it seems to be an almost hopeless condition of affairs.

There are many things being done, though, which promise far-reaching results. The Charity Organization Society, of New York, has within the last few years carried through an important reform in the treatment of the housing problem, and more recently it has undertaken an effective crusade for the prevention of tuberculosis. The Child Labor Committees in various States are endeavoring to prevent those injuries to childhood which result from premature work. Perhaps one of the most important steps being taken is the system of compulsory insurance in Germany. This system of insurance is a palliative for much of the most distressing misery. It encourages thrift, involves no revolution in society nor in industry, and yet it is a beginning in justice. It is needless, though, to think that the present condition of affairs can be changed in a few months or even years, and, as I think of some of these tragical conditions these words come to mind:

It is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty.



JULIUS C. SMITH,
Eu. Editor-in-chief.

UNCLE HENRY, STRATEGIST

A. J. F.

When Uncle Henry married the young and dashing widow from down Fremont way, people looked at each other and shook their heads—"Too bad, too bad." Probably Uncle Henry would have done the same thing—had he but known! But he didn't, and "thereby hangs a tale." The trouble was simply this:

By some rule of transfer or inheritance—Uncle Henry never has found out how it happened—along with this dashing young widow whom he had won for his bride came not one, but three mothers-in-law! Now there's nothing wrong about *one* mother-in-law, but *three!* well Uncle Henry just couldn't see his way clear—at first.

It seems that Uncle Henry had married the third wife of a deceased friend, who had generously allowed each wife's mother, as soon as they were married, to come and live with him. In this way he had accumulated quite a respectable family in point of numbers, and when his widow decided to grace the home of our Uncle Henry she brought with her the above-mentioned additions.

Uncle Henry was sorely vexed. Verily his heart was troubled. He thought he was beginning to see why his friend had died so early. And instead of starting off with just two in the family, he needs must feed and clothe five grown ones!

But Uncle Henry got busy. He was not the man to sit idly by, letting slip golden opportunities for doing good. Besides he was, nominally, a peaceable man and a lover of quiet.

By hook or crook, by crook mostly, Uncle Henry got rid of the two oldest—or the first acquired mothers-in-law, but the

last one—Uncle Henry was determined to make a clean sweep of it—the mother of his wife—well, she had to have some reason other than Uncle Henry's oft-expressed fears that the water from their shallow well might not agree with her during the hot season approaching, or that she might contract malarial fever in the swampy section in which they were living. No, sir; she had evidently come to stay!

Exhausting every direct argument that he could bring to bear, Uncle Henry decided to use strategy, diplomacy, anything to bring the relief so anxiously and fervently desired.

Finding the object of his thoughts standing by the fire one morning—Mandy, his wife, was in the kitchen—he walked up to her and slipping his arms around her waist, gave her a great big manful hug, throwing in a smack or two for good measure. It was a dangerous thing to do—but he'd take the consequences of any act looking to relief. Finally she exploded: "Whatchee mean, you low-life, good-for-nothing rascal? I'm going to tell Mandy on you this minute!" And off she went.

"I know'd she wouldn't do it, though," said Uncle Henry, later, "Mandy never has found out about that, and I guess I ain't going to tell her. Next evening I tried the same game again."

"'Quit your foolishness, Henry. Don't you go too far or I will tell Mandy sure enough,' she said.

"'Aw—come off,' said I, 'Ain't you the sweetest, darlin'—est mother-in-law in the world?'

"She kinder wilted at that, and I cuddled her up close and began talking right soft-like to her. 'Twan't long 'fore she got her tongue loosened up a bit and she just simply put me in the shade. I saw I was in for a good hour and a half of it, and, after a bit I managed to have a flea bite and give a good yell. I wanted something to happen and that purty quick. By this time she was a takin' two rows at a time.

"Yes, Henry dear, I loved you the very first time I ever saw you. I just believe we were made for each other, anyway. What'd you go an' marry that old, lazy, triffin' Mandy for? You know we could get along the best in the world, lovin' each other as we do."

"And with that she snuggled up real clost and had just laid her head over on my shoulder, when I looks up, and there was Mandy standin' in the door. That flea bite had brought her.

"Well, sir, in less than three shakes of a sheep's tail, Mandy lit over there where we were, and such another scratchin' and hair pullin' never was seen nowheres." Here Uncle Henry chuckled softly to himself.

"Hairs and scraps of calico are fallin' around there yet," resumed Uncle Henry, and that mother-in-law—well, she's never set foot in my house since, and what's more, she ain't goin' to so long as Mandy is Mrs. Henry Ulysses Washington—wife of your Uncle Henry!"

THE TURKISH QUESTION

L. Q. HAYNES.

To civilization the Turkish Empire is an anomaly. To the world it is more—it is the "Sick Man" of the East, and his very presence is a curse upon the world, commercially, politically, and religiously.

What is the difficulty in Turkey? Is it a conflict of race or religion? Primarily, neither. Secondarily, both. Primarily, it is a rule, rather than an exception of misgovernment, breeding death; this rule has fastened itself on all races and creeds and affects the world-politics.

The important geographical situation of Turkey renders the peaceful relations of the world precarious. Situated upon the flank of commerce between Europe and Asia and selfishly holding the Bosphorus under her control, she renders no service whatever to the world. If national isolation were possible, Turkey would be concerned with Turkey alone and the outer world would have no reason to make complaint, much less to interfere. But in modern world-diplomacy there is no such thing as national isolation.

Turkey is a poor country. It ought to be rich, and can be if its resources are developed. Roads, the precursors of civilization—there are none. Commerce can not exist without good roads, which Turkey has not and will not build. It has only one-tenth of the necessary railroads and no public highways worthy to speak of. She spends all of her money upon the army and navy and her trading ships lie idle in the harbors until the boilers are rusty, while a debt of \$600,000,000 threatens her.

Turkish disregard of law and rule affords no protection to life or property, hence there is no industry. Projects for building railroads have been submitted by England, France

and Germany, but because of the condition of affairs they can not be begun and those begun can not be finished. The Bagdad road, in which England and Germany have most interest, if finished, would put London and all of Eastern Asia in direct communication.

What are the present conditions in the Ottoman Empire? Within the last year a constitutional government has been attempted. A constitution was demanded and given on account of the oppressed Armenians and Macedonians. An attempt has been made to get from under the old regime. The Young Turk is the supporter of this new government and all the people do not sympathize with the Young Turk movement. Now, has the establishment of a constitutional government improved the conditions of the country and has it changed the character of its people and their attitude? No, and it never can. No attempt has been made by this new government to aid the people on the way to civilization by internal reform measures. No cognizance of Europe's interest and welfare has been taken and no provisions have been made to give European civilization an inroad. This revolution is the same old play reenacted. This Young Turk is a chip off the old block. Constitutional government and liberty to the Turk mean license.

Three or four Turkish lads threw stones at the occupants of a motor car just outside Smyrna, in which were some Englishmen. The occupants stopped the car and caught the offenders. "Why did you throw stones at us?" The answer came at once, "There is liberty, we can do as we please." "Yes," was the reply, "there is liberty, and therefore we have the liberty to thresh you; that would be liberty, would it not?" "Yes," said one of them, "I suppose it would." They were permitted to escape with a caution.

The Ottoman Empire is composed of so many nationalities and tribes, tongues, creeds and parties that no fire is capable

of fusing them into one homogeneous mass. The only thing which tends to hold this unfettered mass of merciless humanity together is the Mohammedan religion united with the State, whose Koran swears enmity against all Christians. The attempts of foreign powers to protect Christians has caused enmity and contempt of the Moslem for the Christian, foreign and native, English and Armenian.

Now, if this is the present condition of Turkey and if these are the attitudes and conceptions, or misconceptions of the Turk, what good can be expected to come from within? It is plainly evident that there is no hope of reform from within.

Will a forced treaty between the Turkish Empire and the European powers solve the question? Since 1699, ten successive treaties have been broken by the Turkish Government, and have proved that negotiations with the Turk are his mockeries cast into the teeth of a civilized world.

Will absorption of Turkey by any one European power successfully solve the question? No, because all the European powers have a just interest in the outcome. English absorption would interfere with French, Austrian and German interests in the development of railroads, especially Germany's interest in the Bagdad road. Russification of the Balkan Peninsula would interfere with England's line of communication to India. Austrian or German control would do likewise. Russification of Turkey would not better affairs on the whole, for Russia is crude and stupid and often cruel.

What, then, is the effective course? Intervention by the united powers of Europe. And how is this to be accomplished?

Let a conference of the powers take place. The powers desire this and will gladly do it at the request of England. It is evident that the future of the Ottoman Empire de-

pends upon England's attitude towards any change in affairs which may take place from within or without; and if at England's suggestion the powers of Europe, in conference, will unite themselves in opinion and each assume control by common consent, of his share of the Balkan States, public opinion will support them in their action and the Balkan question will be settled forever. As to the division of the States among the powers, we can not here go into detail. Let Russia, who has already adopted one state on her southern frontier, assume the protection of Armenia, which is now praying for this very thing. No one else could hold Armenia successfully, and like Bulgaria, which rose from Turkish blood and shame to civilization under Austrian protection, Armenia could do the same under Russian control. Let Austria, who has made a success of Bulgaria and numerous petty states, including Bosnia and Herzegovinia, assume the protection of the adjoining provinces. No concessions will be demanded by the others. The rest of the states can just as easily be assigned. Then let Germany and England open their claims for direct communication to India and other Asiatic possessions, through Constantinople, Suez, and the Persian Gulf.

According to international law every power should do its part and thus let the result be for the benefits of all. So long as the powers that be look upon the ethics of this method of procedure, the evil will continue and the question will never be settled. The only hope is from without; there is no hope from within; and reform must come through the interference of the powers of Europe, and as Gladstone said in 1890 with regard to this matter, the powers must be and will be supported by public opinion. And when action is taken the pressure should not be slow and galling, but prompt, decisive and final. No proposal providing effective guarantees for the safety of property and life, for honor and re-

ligion, can be effective which is not placed under the continuous control of the great powers of Europe.

What the end will be without intervention no one can foresee. The future of the Ottoman Empire is in the hands of the governments of Europe. *If mutual jealousy be the cause of their delay*, then let vengeance, when it does fall upon Turkey, fall upon them also.

COME WHERE THE WILD LILIES GROW

H. F. PAGE.

Come where the wild lilies grow,
 Marjorie, Marjorie,
Come where the wild lilies grow.
 Softly the brook waters flow
 As in the days long ago,
When first you went with me
Down where the wild lilies grow,
 Marjorie.

Count not the sad years between,
 Marjorie, Marjorie,
Count not the sad years between,
Now while the vales are green,
And the flocks on the hills are seen,
 O, come to the fields with me,
Let us be what we once have been,
 Marjorie.

Why will you longer delay,
 Marjorie, Marjorie,
Why will you longer delay?
List, what the swallows say,
And the turtle dove far away—
 O, come once more and be
My lily-crowned Queen O' the May,
 Marjorie!

TWO MINUTES LATER—WHAT ?

LEVY CARPENTER.

Quentin Lee, a boy of ten years of age, was spending the week with his grandfather, Marshall Burbank. After supper they were in the old familiar sitting room, with old Mr. Burbank in his favorite corner to the right.

"Grandfather, did you ever fight on the picket line in the war? You know where they stand out by themselves and watch?"

Mr. Burbank took several short, quick puffs at his pipe and at the same time tugged mechanically at his whiskers. Then looking at the boy with a wild, blank, far-away expression in his eyes, a slight smile somewhat akin to sadness came over his lips: "Why, boy! I should think I have—many-a-time."

Mr. Burbank knocked the burnt tobacco out of his much-used pipe over the fire-dog, and put it on the corner of the mantelpiece. Leaning back in his chair and looking out of the window at the same time, he began:

"Looking at that snow over there on the hillside just made me think of a day I spent on Black Creek not far from where it enters the James River—only the snow out there, boy, on that ground ain't nothing and the wind ain't blowing at all."

Quentin settled back easily in his chair while he seemed to lean nearer toward his grandfather. He knew what was coming—a tale of war always holds the close attention of a wide-awake boy.

"We were all lined up there beside the creek," began Mr. Burbank, "the Yankees were on the other side. It was a very dangerous time. We were placed along the bank of the stream about fifteen yards apart—oh, I don't know,

about like a crowd of you boys would watch for a rabbit when the dogs are hot after him; but we had to stay at the same place. Nobody could pass through a line like that unless he whispered the password to you with your gun pointed right at his breast. Why even our officers had to do that.

"But then I'm talking about that February day. I said it was cold, didn't I? Well, it sho' was cold. It had snowed off and on for about a week. The snow was about knee-deep; ice was thick on the water and where the snow had melted the evening before. Well, we had to stand in that deadening snow and ice, and look out across that chilly stream. And the worst part of it was I didn't have any shoes. All my toes were bare—well, there was just that much of the shoes left (measuring off just the heel part of his shoes). I had to stand there four hours in that snow and ice, without any fire."

"You didn't stand there, sure 'nough, on the ice bare-footed, did you, grandfather?" asked Quentin. "Looks like that would kill you."

"Boy, you don't know anything! Yes, we stood there. We were not allowed fire—the Yankees would see it. But just back of me behind a kind of bluff were a few coals. It looked like my feet would freeze. I asked my sergeant if I might step back there and warm a little. He said it would be all right. I hadn't more than put my toes against the coals when along came Captain Lefler.

"Where's the picket for this post?" he yelled out.

"Here I am, Captain," I answered and rushed back to my place. Captain Lefler then gave me such a cussin' as I never got before nor since. He swore he would have me court-martialed and shot. He passed on. After he left I began to study. I know'd it meant death to be caught off duty when on picket; and I know'd old Captain Lefler, too. He was the most wicked, meanest old rascal I ever saw. I know'd

he wouldn't mind shooting me, right there, himself. The more I thought the bigger it got. I began to feel weak in the knees. I didn't know what to do unless I should cross over the creek to the Yankees. I tell you, boy, I had helped shoot one deserter, and I knew what it meant to face twelve guns.

"It wan't long before my time was out. I went up to an old house there in the woods about three hundred yards, I reckon, from the picket line. There I found my own captain, Jawson. I had already decided to go to my captain and tell him all about my trouble with Captain Lefler. Well, there he was with several men lounging around the fire, which was in the chimney of the old house. Some of the boys were awake, some asleep, and Captain Jawson was among the number of those who were asleep. I came in and eased down right beside him. It wan't long before the captain slightly raised up. He saw me the first thing.

"'Hello, Burbank! I thought you was on picket!'

"'I was, Captain, but I just got off,' I said.

"By that time tears were running down my face. You may laugh at it now, but you face death and see if you don't feel queer.

"'Captain Jawson,' I says, 'I got into trouble down yonder 'while ago.'

"'What kind of trouble, Burbank? What's happened?'

"Well, I up and told him all about it. I didn't tell him the sergeant had told me I might warm. I didn't want to get him into trouble. Captain Jawson scratched his head like he was studying, spit in the fire, and then looked down at my feet. My feet left blood on the floor every time they touched it. Captain raised up and looked straight at me.

"'Burbank, you've been in this war four years, and you have always been in the front of the fight, too. If Captain Lefler has you shot, he will have to shoot my whole company.'

"With that Captain Jawson reached over in the corner of the room, pulled out a good pair of shoes, and gave them to me. You don't have any idea how happy I felt when I got out of that old cabin and started towards my tent. I knew the captain had great influence among the other officers; and so I naturally thought the matter of being off picket duty would be dropped.

"Imagine my surprise when a private appeared before my tent early the next morning with an order in his hand demanding me to appear at the tent of Colonel Marston, at once. The private in an angry, gruff tone ordered me to follow him. I hesitated. The first person I thought of was Captain Jawson—he had left, the night before, on a hurried trip down the river on important business. And I knew he wouldn't be back for several days. How was I going to face old Captain Lefler without anybody to defend me? I just knew my doom was sealed. At first, I refused to go; but one of my friends persuaded me, as he knew I would have to go, dead or alive.

"That hardened soldier, who was accompanying me, rushed me into Colonel Marston's tent; and I was still more horror-stricken to find a court-martial already assembled. The presiding officer asked me a few questions about being off picket duty. I confessed, at once, the whole thing; and then started to say something in my own defense when the old officer cut me off. Without much deliberation they ordered that I should be shot the next day at twelve o'clock. The men to do the shooting were selected from Captain Lefler's own company.

"I was hand-cuffed, and kept under guard all night. Now I tell you, that was the most miserable night I ever spent. The sullen guards sat around me with grum, unsympathetic looking faces. Late in the night, when all was still in the camp, I began to think I ought to prepare for death. I

thought about praying; but, at that time, I was living a wild life and didn't know, or care, anything about praying. I asked for some paper to write my last letter home.

"Daylight came; and with it the bustle of camp life. Time was fast approaching noon. I began to feel queer. I had given up all hope. They untied me, and led me out across a narrow open space back of the tents. A large band of soldiers were lined up; and twelve men were standing in front ready to shoot me. I was fastened securely to a tree. An officer tied a dark cloth over my eyes, and then stepped to one side. My head began to swim. I could hear a roaring in my head; the earth gave way under me, and I rose and fell; I thought my head was bursting, or something was smothering me. Then I was drifting on the sea in a great storm with the waves beating me. As I was thrown against a huge cliff, all became dark; and I fell unconscious."

Old Mr. Burbank reached up to the mantelpiece for his pipe, and, slowly, began to fill it with tobacco.

"Grandfather, did they shoot you?" anxiously inquired Quentin.

"Child, what's you talking about? How could I be here if they shot me? When I came to my senses I was lying in Captain Jawson's tent, and he himself was watching over me. Joe Curley, one of the best friends I ever had, on learning that I was to be shot, hurried down the river and told Captain Jawson about it. The Captain, having ridden one hundred miles in twelve hours, arrived just before the order was given for me to be shot; and by his quick action and great taet saved my life. And I tell you, boy, there is not but one man in this world I would swim the ocean to help, and that man is Captain Derriek Jawson."

DIPHTHERIA AND DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIN

W. D. RODGERS, JR.

Diphtheria is one of the oldest epidemic diseases of the human race. The first accurate clinical account was in the first century, A. D., in the writings of Aretaeus. Throat pestilences are mentioned in the Middle Ages, and it occurred in severe epidemics in Europe, particularly in Spain, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Accounts of the disease were written in England and in America in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Incidentally, George Washington died of the disease. It prevailed during the nineteenth century in all known countries, and at the present time is everywhere epidemic.

Diphtheria is a specific infections and contagious disease, characterized by a local fibrinous exudate, primarily affecting a mucous membrane, usually of the upper respiratory tract, and by constitutional symptoms due to toxins produced at the site of the lesion and absorbed into the circulation. The local lesions may present various phases, which represent the clinical types of the disease. There may be simple redness of the affected part or there may be a catarrhal inflammation. In the more marked forms of the lesion there is a fibrinous exudate which infiltrates the mucous membrane and intermingles with pus cells, red blood cells, bacteria and epithelial cells, and thus form a thin layer over the affected part. This layer or pellicle may undergo coagulation necrosis, which is the coagulation of necrotic or dead tissues, which necrosis is due to the local action of the bacterial toxins or poisons. So this false membrane in diphtheria is formed by a combination of inflammatory products and necrotic tissue, the amounts of which vary in different cases.

The prognosis or outlook varies in different cases and

under different circumstances. Before the discovery of the antitoxin, in 1894, the mortality was very high, but has been greatly reduced since its discovery. The mortality in the Boston City Hospital from 1888 to 1896 was only once below 40 per cent, and ran to nearly 50 per cent in the years 1892-1893. In the next eight years, from 1895-1903, the mortality was not over 15 per cent, and since has fallen to 10 or 12 per cent. In 1902 the average mortality in twenty-five of the larger cities of the United States, where antitoxin was used, was 6.89 per cent, and the mortality where it was not used was 32.5 per cent. This means that the antitoxin reduced the mortality 75 per cent. Notwithstanding these facts the death rate in the United States is at present very high. The health boards are doing all they can to combat the disease. Antitoxin where needed is supplied free; the State laboratories quickly report whether diphtheria is present in cultures or smears, and explicit directions are furnished when desired. Yet the mortality in the United States is much higher than in France. In New York State it is four times as great as in France, and four times as great in New York city as in Paris. In New York State in 1908 the mortality was 28.9 per cent. In New York city it was 37.1 per cent, and in Paris it was 7 per cent. From the years 1885-1894, before the use of antitoxin, the annual death rate per 10,000 population in Paris was 6.41 per cent. During the antitoxin period, 1895-1904, it was 1.49 per cent. In Berlin prior to 1895 it was 9.93 per cent, but from 1895-1904 it was 2.95 per cent. In New York before the antitoxin period it was 15.19 per cent. During the years 1895-1904 it was 6.62 per cent. In Chicago in 1895, when antitoxin was introduced, it was 12.01 per cent; but in the year 1896 it was 7.62 per cent. These statistics will serve to prove the efficiency of antitoxin and to illustrate the saving of life that has been effected.



J. BOYCE VERNON,
Phl. Associate Editor.

The inciting cause of the lesions and symptoms of diphtheria is the Klebs-Löffler's bacillus. It was first described by Klebs in 1883. In 1884 Löffler separated it, and produced lesions in animals by inoculation and from its discoverer is called Klebs-Löffler's bacillus. Continued investigation showed that this bacillus was always present in the typical false membranes of diphtheria and in 1888-1889 Roux and Yersin demonstrated the etiological relation of the bacillus to the disease by showing that it formed a toxin capable of producing the typical lesions and symptoms of diphtheria.

The Klebs-Löffler's bacillus is a slender rod, about three to six micron in length and about one-half to one micron in breadth. The appearance is multiform, but usually presents a beaded, striated or granular appearance; curved and having rounded, pointed, or clubbed extremities. It is non-motile, is stained by the Gram method, and lives only in presence of oxygen. It grows best on a mixture of glucose bouillon and blood serum at a temperature of 37° C. It does not form spores, but is very resistant, and when incorporated with dust and kept moist it can be cultivated at the end of eight weeks. They are best stained by Löffler, methylene-blue and can always be easily determined by staining.

Diphtheria is highly contagious and the source of infection is the human carrier of the diphtheria bacillus. The bacilli may be transmitted from one person to another, as is often the case with the physicians and nurses. Again it may be transmitted by persons with some atypical forms of diphtheria, such as membranous rhinitis, nasal catarrh or mild tonsillitis caused by diphtheria bacilli. Sometimes healthy children who have been in contact with the disease are the sources of infection. Infected articles, such as the public drinking cup, children's toys or the friendly transfer of moistened lead pencils, pocket handkerchiefs, candy, chewing gum, and other prevalent and familiar practices of school

children, may afford opportunities for immediate and direct passage of virulent bacilli from an infected person to a healthy one.

In order to prevent the spread of this disease, to any extent, there are several things to do, and many precautions to take. Complete isolation of the patient is an essential and should be done as much as circumstances will permit. Treatment in an isolated hospital should always be the case in cities where this is possible. In such cases, as is the condition in the country and smaller villages, where a hospital is not available, the patient should be secluded in a room and no one allowed there except the nurse or attendants. Such articles as curtains, carpets, and furniture should be removed and all bed clothes, articles of dress, and glassware which are used by the patient, should be thoroughly disinfected before further use.

Diphtheria is primarily a disease of school children and observations have been made that the number of cases always decrease when the holidays come. Since this is the case, bacteriological examinations should be made of the throats of the school children, especially when the disease is prevalent or even when there is a prevalence of sore throats with no other symptoms of diphtheria. The greatest danger of the spread of the disease is not from those who have diphtheria, but from convalescents and those exposed to the disease. If it is present in a community and spreads to any extent, the schools should be closed for at least two weeks and active steps taken to prevent its spread.

Experience has shown that the throats of persons coming in contact with diphtheria are quite likely to harbor the diphtheria bacilli, and although these persons may not themselves have diphtheria, may become centers for the spread of the disease. The use of the antitoxic serum in doses of 500 or 1000 units has been advocated as a prophylactic

measure. Especially beneficial would this be to the children in a family in which one has diphtheria. In the city of Baltimore there was only one case to develop among 383 children who had been exposed, but given 1,000 units of antitoxin.

Attention should be given to the hygienic surroundings. Fresh air and sunlight are important aids. As soon as there is clinical evidence of diphtheria and before bacteriological examination has been made, a full dose of antitoxin should be injected. If there should be any delay in beginning this specific cure, disinfection of the local lesion should be done. A 20 per cent solution of carbolic acid in glycerine is given as the best germicide. The throat should also be sprayed every few hours with a saturated solution of boric acid. Any irritation or pain should be avoided.

Diphtheria is a debilitating disease and as much food and stimulants as possible should be administered. A liquid diet is the best, and milk is very beneficial and should be given every hour. Too frequent feeding causes irritation of the throat and should be avoided. Ice cream can be given in any quantity. Alcohol proves beneficial in the more extreme cases, and whiskey and brandy can be given in as large quantities, as the stomach will bear. Any local treatment, however, becomes unnecessary when the antitoxin is given. If necessary, supportive treatment for the heart and hydrotherapy for the temperature should be administered.

Now, as to the antitoxin. The term antitoxin was introduced by Bëhring, in 1893, for the specifically anti-poisonous substances of tetanus and diphtheria. He called them blood antitoxins to distinguish them from antitoxin derived from other sources. Antitoxin is a soluble substance which makes inert the toxin.

In 1883 Klebs discovered the diphtheria bacillus and in 1884 Löffler succeeded in cultivating the bacillus which is

now accepted by all observers as the causative element of diphtheria. In 1887, Roux and Yersin demonstrated that lower animals develop all the symptoms of diphtheria, when injected with the toxin, resulting from the growth of the bacillus in artificial cultures, and also that the general symptoms accompanying the disease in man, was due to the absorption of this poison. Löffler, in 1888, inoculated a guinea pig with diphtheria cultures. It sickened and recovered and subsequently failed to be affected by repeated inoculations of virulent cultures, thus showing that it was entirely immune.

Böhring and Kitasato, in 1890, found that serum of animals thus immunized against diphtheria contained a substance capable of neutralizing the effects of infection in other animals and that the action was specific. This neutralizing substance was antitoxin. It became evident that if antitoxin was ever to be used as a practical treatment for diphtheria, some other animal than the guinea pig or rabbit would have to be used for its production; so larger animals, such as the sheep, the cow, and the horse, were tried, and it was finally decided that the horse was the most suitable. The horse is naturally immune to diphtheria, and this immunity is greatly increased by the treatment to which he is subjected. He stands the injection of the diphtheria toxin without any apparent discomfort and furnishes large quantities of serum. This serum is absolutely harmless to human beings even when injected in very large quantities.

The preparation of antitoxin, as is now done on a large scale, is very interesting, and is performed with the greatest precautions. The first step in its production is to obtain a pure virulent culture of the germ. Large flasks of peptone bouillon are then inoculated with the bacilli and grown for five to seven days in a special incubating room, in order to obtain the diphtheria toxin. A chemical substance, trikresol, is then added to kill the bacilli and the toxin is separated

from the dead bacilli by filtration. Before the toxin is used it is standardized. This consists of the inoculation of graduated quantities of the toxin into guinea pigs weighing 250 grams. The smallest amount of this toxin, which will prove fatal to the guinea pig in four days, is called the minimum lethal dose.

The next step in the preparation of the antitoxin is the injection of the toxin into the horse. A hypodermic injection of the minimum lethal dose is first given. Then gradual increasing doses are given at intervals of five to seven days for a period of about two or three months. After the horse has been treated for several months, he is able to resist large quantities of toxin and is considered immune. He is then given a trial bleeding to see if he is producing a serum of the required standard.

During this time of treatment the horse's temperature and general health are carefully watched, and if the reaction to the toxin is too violent, the dose is decreased. The horse does not contract diphtheria, since the disease can be caused only by the living bacilli, and he has been injected with the poisonous products of bacterial growth and all the bacilli have been eliminated. He gradually acquires a tolerance to the toxin and his blood and tissue juices develop antitoxin—the antidote to the diphtheria poison. If the test bleeding reveals the fact that the animal is yielding a serum of the required standard, he is then bled to the extent of two or three litres (four to six quarts) and the blood collected in a sterile, parchment covered jar and transferred to the blood room, where it is allowed to clot. The operation of bleeding the horse is very carefully done and every aseptic precaution is taken. The operating room is in a separate building from the stables and is thoroughly disinfected before each operation, and during the operation no one is allowed in the room except the veterinary surgeon and his assistants.

Before being led into the operating room the horse is carried to another room, where he is prepared for the operation, by thoroughly scrubbing the site of operation with an antiseptic and is then covered with a sterile sheet which has been soaked in a 1:1000 bichloride solution. These precautions minimize the possibility for dirt and germs to be carried into the operating room.

The serum from the clot, obtained as shown above, is drawn off aseptically and usually filtered through a Berkefeld filter. It is protected against contamination by the addition of carbolic acid, chloroform or tricresol, tested, standardized, and placed in syringes as the diphtheria antitoxin of commerce.

A standard antitoxin serum based on Erlich's standard unit is prepared in this country by the Hygienic Laboratory of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, and small quantities of this test antitoxin, stating definitely the number of standard units per cubic centimeter, is distributed every two months to the licensed producers of the commercial serum in the United States.

The amount of diphtheria toxin, which, when mixed with exactly one unit of the standard antitoxin, will cause the death of a guinea pig weighing 250 grams on just the fourth day, is called the test dose of toxin. Then the amount of serum under test, which is just sufficient to prevent the death of a guinea pig of 250 grams in four days, when it is mixed with the test dose of toxin, is considered to contain one unit of diphtheria antitoxin. The mode of action of antitoxin is explained by the Erlich Receptor Theory. It starts with the assumption that the cells of the body obtain their nutrition from the blood and lymph, by means of specialized food appropriation cell substances, called receptors. They are imaginary substances situated on the surface of the cell. In addition to combining with food substances, these receptors

likewise combine with bacteria or bacterial toxins. When the cell is invaded with bacteria or bacterial toxins and is not killed, it has the capacity and actually does form and throw off an extra number of these free receptors. The function and purpose of these receptors is to meet and neutralize such toxins as may be in the body. When antitoxin is injected, it is only a saturated solution of these free receptors.

Diphtheria antitoxin is given in two ways. One in curative doses and the other as immunizing doses. It should be given in all cases where there is diphtheria. A curative dose should never be less than 3000 units. One authority states that patients seen on the second day should receive 3000 units regardless of the age. If seen after the third day 5000 units should be given. As many as 30,000 units may be safely given.

The immunity, or freedom from contracting the disease, lasts for three or four weeks and should be given in doses of 500 units in children and 1,000 units in adults. It should be given as a prophylactic precaution in many cases. I. In families where diphtheria has appeared, the whole household should be immunized. II. In institutions for children, where diphtheria is likely to break out at any time. III. In schools in which it has developed. By promptly immunizing the whole school, the necessity of closing the school would be avoided. There are no contra-indications as to the use of antitoxin. The fear that it might cause paralysis of the heart is ungrounded, nor is it possible to affect the heart in the slightest degree, no matter how large doses are given, and frequently the heart's action is better after antitoxin injection. If paralysis of the heart occurs, it is due to the toxin present, and therefore too small a dose of antitoxin has been administered.

The Wake Forest Student

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Euzelian	Philomathesian
R. H. McCUTCHEON	J. B. VERNON

BUSINESS MANAGER

M. E. WINSTON

MAY, 1911.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JULIUS C. SMITH, Editor

**The Marshal
"Set Up"**

"From the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as Professor Gulley is so fond of saying, it has been the custom at Wake Forest for the Commencement marshals to "set up" the entire student body. These have always been enjoyable functions, abounding in witty speeches from Professor Gulley, the regular presiding officer on these memor-

able occasions, and always concluding with an account of his New York trip by Doctor Tom Jeffries, the college janitor. But the "set up"! We were about to forget it. Better if it were forgotten, for the jokes cracked by the various speakers can not hold a candle to this joke. However, it can not be otherwise; the six marshals contribute five dollars each, but how far will thirty dollars go toward providing an adequate "set up" for four hundred hungry boys? You see it is bound to be a joke, yet we certainly ought not to expect the marshals to "come across" with more than five dollars each; then what is the remedy? Thirty dollars would provide a "sumpsush" banquet for the Senior class, and it would be quite a gallant tribute for the marshals to banquet them in style rather than perpetrate a practical joke on the student body;—just a mere suggestion, you know.

**The Complete
File**

THE STUDENT file is complete! Immediately after the publication of the April number Miss Leonita Denmark, of Raleigh, answered our appeal by graciously contributing the numbers for October, 1908, and January, 1909. That left only the number for May, 1906; but a letter from Mr. George J. Spence, of Elizabeth City—the editor-in-chief that spring—explains that no number for May, 1906, was ever published. That settles it. The file is now complete to date and THE STUDENT takes pleasure in extending its sincere thanks to Miss Denmark for her generous assistance to the magazine and to the college.

**A Word of
Sympathy**

We take this opportunity to express our deepest sympathy for one of our staff, Associate Editor J. B. Vernon, in his recent bereavement—the loss of his father. On Sunday, April 9th, he received a telegram saying that his father had died suddenly

that morning. We are sure the college will join THE STUDENT in extending its sympathy to our fellow student, and to his brothers, John H. Vernon, '05; Dr. James W. Vernon, '07; and Charles T. Vernon, '10.

The Year's Work

This issue closes the work of the thirtieth year in the life of THE STUDENT. In a sense it has been an eventful year in the history of the magazine, because not only have adequate regular issues appeared, but also two special issues—the Benefactors' Number and the one that bears the title, "In the Service of the State," which our exchanges and the public generally have received very kindly. The most important part of the year's work, we think, is the securing of a complete file of our magazine. The advertising department has grown enormously and the subscription list has been increased so materially that the regular issue has advanced from six hundred and fifty to a thousand copies—the second largest circulation of any college magazine in the State.

The Support

The success of a college magazine is not due entirely to the staff; on the contrary, it is almost entirely dependent upon the support of the student body. We have noticed from month to month that some of our exchanges, which are about the size of a Sunday School quarterly with at least sixteen on the staff, invariably contain editorials berating the student body for not supporting the magazine. Fortunately we have absolutely no complaint to make. Every month we have rejected more articles than have appeared in our pages. We have thus been able to keep the standard of the magazine high and make it an honor to be able to get a contribution in THE

STUDENT. The most heroic part of our support has been the efforts of those who have had articles rejected, yet have valiantly persevered and "come again." With such excellent support as this the future success of THE STUDENT is assured.

We have been asked time and again why we have not made editorial mention of the bad condition of the college library which has been termed, rather radically, "A stench in all intellectual nostrils." To escape the censure of the student body for not doing our duty, we wish to explain that countless editorials have been written on this exasperating subject, but—and it may be for the best—none of them have succeeded in escaping the blue pencil of the Faculty Editor.

The Co-operation of the Staff The greater part of the success of the year's work has been due to the perfect co-operation of the members of the staff. From start to finish, without a single exception, there has not been the slightest hitch or the least bit of unpleasantness. Each has borne his proportionate part without a murmur—fortunate indeed for all concerned.

Farewell These last words are penned with pleasure peculiarly intermingled with pain. Pleasure, in that the difficulties involved in the position are past, yet as we look on the pleasant side of our work we must drop a tear on the page as we relinquish our editorial pen. If our only task had been that of editor, the results would probably have been better, but as it is otherwise, we ask that what we have done that may deserve credit may be

remembered, and what may deserve censure may be forgotten. It matters not how we shrink from doing so, we must say—

Farewell! a word that hath been and must be—
A sound which makes us linger;
Yet—farewell!"

**A Word from
the Faculty
Editor**

It is with feelings of sincere regret that the Faculty Editor closes his year's work with the Editorial Staff of THE STUDENT. It has been a year filled with delightful labor and genuine achievement. No editor ever had more loyal support from his fellow-editors and the student body. He has found abundant occasions for commendation and but slight use for the censor's pencil, but where the latter has in his judgment been needed, the rejection of matter has always been accepted without protest and with a gentlemanly graciousness. For all these favors the Faculty Editor begs to return heartfelt thanks and to take of his co-laborers an affectionate farewell.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

J. BOYCE VERNON, Editor

'74. Dr. Amzi Clarence Dixon is called to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the church of the famous preacher, Spurgeon.

'04. Rev. Joseph R. Cullom, who is pastor of the Baptist church at Allendale, S. C., came with his bride on a visit to the "Hill" the second week in April.

'97. Geo. R. Cowan, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Greenville, S. C., preached the commencement sermon of Fruitland Institute on April 24th.

'79. Dr. J. T. J. Battle, of Greensboro, a member of Board of Examiners of the State Medical Association and already a trustee of Wake Forest College, was elected, April 11th, trustee of Meredith College.

Mr. R. D. Marsh (1899-00) is Superintendent of the Graded Schools of Chesterfield, S. C., and editor of the *Chesterfield Advertiser*.

'80-4. Rev. C. M. Murchison has resigned his pastorate at Sparta, Ga. He spent several days here on a visit to his son, and on April 9th made an address before the Wake Forest Missionary Society.

'88. Congressman Claude Kitchin, in the reorganization of the House under the Democratic régime, has been assigned to some of the most important positions in that body. He is coming rapidly into national importance.

'88. Dr. James W. Lynch, D.D., pastor of First Baptist Church, Durham, N. C., has accepted the call to the First Baptist Church, Athens, Ga. He will enter upon his new pastorate next September. It will be remembered that he

was called to this church while pastor of the Wake Forest church.

'91. Mr. Samuel M. Brinson, of New Bern, Superintendent of Public Education for Craven County, was elected to membership on Board of Trustees of Meredith College at the annual session of that body, April 17th.

'07. Rev. Chas. A. Leonard, graduate in theology in Southern Baptist Theological Seminary ('09), represents the Southern Baptist Convention as missionary at Saichow-Fu, China. He wrote a letter of great interest to the Wake Forest Missionary Society, which was read on the 2d of April at a meeting of the society.

Mr. John William Whisnant (B.A., 1904), who has been practicing law in Lenoir, N. C., has gone to Athena, Oregon, where he has opened an office in association with one of his former college friends.

The following gentlemen are taking a course at Crozer Theological Seminary:

- J. M. Adams (M.A., '10).
- T. D. Collins (B.A., '10).
- R. E. Clark (B.A., '10).
- O. W. Henderson (B.A., '09).
- E. E. White (B.A., '09).

Mr. Charles E. Taylor, Jr. (B.A., '94), of Wilmington, has the past spring received a token of the high appreciation in which he is held by his business associates in the shape of a substantial increase of his salary as President of the Security and Savings Bank of that city. His bank is putting up a handsome new building, the materials of which are all stone and metal and glass, even the furniture being metal.

Rev. Charles Henry Martin (B. Ph., '72), of Polkton, N. C., encouraged by favorable comments, has published in neat pamphlet form his poem, "Dora, the Maid of Meher-

rin," together with "A Sermon to Lawyers and All the Inhabitants of the Earth." In a prefatory note, Mr. Martin quotes the comments of Dr. W. B. Royall and Professor J. B. Carlyle, of Wake Forest; Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Chicago; Mr. Archibald Johnson, of *Charity and Children*, and others. The pamphlet bears the imprint of Edwards & Broughton Printing Company.

BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS

ROYAL H. McCUTCHEON, Editor

In filling the space for our department this month with the *Brickbats and Bouquets* received from our exchanges during the year instead of with our regular criticisms, we do not desire to give the impression that we are trying to pat ourselves on the back with a "Well done thou good and faithful servant." Nor is our motive self-praise, for we are inserting *all* of the criticisms we have been able to collect at this late date. We feel that it is due to our fellow students, and to our alumni and friends of the college that they should know just how THE STUDENT stands in the eyes of the critics from other colleges; and we hope that no one will understand our purpose to be otherwise.

We wish to thank all of our exchanges for their helpful criticisms and the great leniency with which they have discussed our magazine. We have enjoyed the many good stories and the occasional good poems and essays appearing throughout the year, and we give up our department to worthier hands with much regret.

* * *

We were pleased to receive the October number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, a classy, wide-awake magazine from North Carolina. It would be impossible to say what is the best article in it, because the editor has so happily balanced his material that everything is pleasing. He evidently did not try to "fill space," but to create a well-rounded whole of pleasing parts. Another highly commendable feature is the absence of advertisements, except in the few last pages.—*University of Texas Magazine.*



ROYALL H. McCUTCHEON,
Eu. Associate Editor.

We take this occasion to extend our greetings to THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, who on the near yesterday did us the honor of a visit. THE STUDENT is judiciously conversant in the ways of men, being in his thirtieth active year, literary and artistically ornate. From our own little corner of the world we reach out the hand of welcome to THE STUDENT, with the hope that the pleasure of his society will be enjoyed many times and oft, around the turn of the New Year. Success!—*Niagra Index*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is very thick for the first issue, and as a whole very good. When we read "If I Could Glimpse Him," we smacked our lips and longed for more. It was a rare treat in its simplicity and freshness. We would suggest that the author of "Down Cape Fear" study paragraph construction. The paragraphs are short, mostly consisting of two sentences, while one paragraph has only one. The brevity of most of the sentences and paragraphs makes the article sound choppy, more like a collection of full notes than a developed theme. However, there is the foundation for a very good and interesting paper, and if it were developed properly would be worth while. "Don Quixote and Its Influence Upon Spanish Literature" is well written and shows both thought and study. The subject itself is an interesting one, and the author's agreeable and easy style of writing has rendered his essay interesting as well as instructive. This is more than we can say for some essays. "Uncle Billy Payson's Flying Machine" is a very enjoyable story. Uncle Billy in his way is a very natural man, a type with which nearly every one is more or less familiar. However, he does develop an imagination, which, coming from an Uncle Billy, quite astonishes us. He starts off with grammar and conversation just as bad as you would naturally expect, but to our surprise, a little later on he

drops this, except for an occasional lapse, and continues in a most cultured and correct manner. It would be better if this conversation were consistently bad throughout. The author makes use of several picturesque phrases, which are quite pleasing. For instance, he says, "Joe draped himself gracefully over the corner of the counter." "Firehawks versus Nighthawks" is a college story humorously written. The mysterious tones and conversation coming from Rameses II, Bonaparte, etc., together with the original style of handling, is very effective. The author is not going to hide his light under a bushel, so brings forth words and phrases, such as *puissant, umbrageous, vermilion-tinted, cryptic mood, turgid vaunts of mart or man*, which fairly stagger our simple brains. We can hardly get the thought, we are so dazzled by the vocabulary. We congratulate the staff upon getting out so good a number.—*The Palmetto*.

* * *

The neat binding of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, the editorials, and the essays on "Don Quixote" and "Typhoid Fever" have our most favorable criticism. "Don Quixote" especially shows considerable research work and both interesting and original conclusions. The stories in this magazine, however, seem to be hasty productions, which for the most part lack depth of plot and power of expression. The department of clippings, on the other hand, is most interesting, novel and spicy.—*Exchange*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is a readable magazine. It contains an abundance of good prose productions, but only two poems for an eighty-page monthly is not in proportion, with the importance of poetry, compared with prose. "Night-fall," by Carrick, shows poetic ability. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT contains the best exchange editorial we have read,

and we invite criticism from that source, and of course shall welcome it from all our fellow-editors.—*Southern Co-Ed.*

* * *

It is always with pleasure that we take up *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT*. Combined with attractive appearance and neatness of arrangement, readable matter is usually to be found between its covers. Perhaps the Editorial Department of *THE STUDENT* is, taking it month by month, uniformly the best feature of the magazine, and, if we were inclined to review *THE STUDENT* by extremes, we should probably say that the poetry is generally the least admirable of the matter printed. In the issue before us only two poems appear, and they are by the same author. The first, "By the Old Fodder Stack," has a very refreshing breath of new-mown hay, and bracing spirit of the country scenes it depicts. It is the only good poem in the number, for the other, "Abandoned Flowers," has little to commend it. The prose contributions to *THE STUDENT* for December are of a higher order than the verse. We found the appreciations of Shakespeare and James Larkin Pearson very readable. "The Revenge of Oconee Shein," a story, has quite an unusual plot, and "After This—What?" presents a mysterious setting. Both stories are well done.—*University of Texas Magazine.*

* * *

Autumn has been inspiring to the young poets. There is scarcely a magazine that does not contain a poem on "Autumn." *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* contains a sonnet "To Autumn," which is perfect in meter and suggestive in its descriptions. It is an adaptation of Wordsworth's sonnet, "The world is too much with us—" A feeling of thanksgiving pervades the poem. In the other poems of autumn there is a feeling of sadness—"the autumn days, the saddest of the year."

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is by all means the best balanced exchange this month. The essay, "The Reconstruction of Korea," and "Customs and Manners of the Old Virginia Colonists" deserve special mention. The first shows a careful study of the subject on the part of the author. It is worth reading, especially by one interested in Korean affairs. The good clear style is compatible with the subject matter. The second gives an insight into the life of old Virginia colonists. Although there is nothing startlingly new in the information given, the essay is a well written one. "Over on Banjo Branch" is a clever bit of nonsense.—*Trinity Archive.*

* * *

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—We congratulate the editors upon their success in obtaining, from first-hand authority, an accurate exposition of existing relations between Eastern countries, such as is given in the article, "The Reconstruction of Korea." We must confess, however, that we were more than a little surprised at the facetious tone which pervades the entire magazine, and which seems more in keeping with high-school tendencies than with college dignity. The opening bit of verse, "To Autumn," is decidedly the best contribution. "Uncle Alex's Judgment Day," a story, shows more narrative ability, but in regard to plot is indeed—if we may be pardoned the slang—a "chestnut" story. If we didn't really know better, we might suppose, judging from the magazine stories, that North Carolina was a very unpleasant place in which to live, composed chiefly of dreary wastes of sand, pine trees, and extensive marshes. The article, "Customs and Manners of the Old Virginia Colonists," gives enlightenment on many points, especially to a Virginian; we are glad to know that "many persons, however, of high character were among the emigrants." Might we inquire if the old Virginians used chop-sticks, since we

are emphatically told that they had no forks?—*Sweet Briar Magazine*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT does not measure up to its standard as a college publication. The editor shows very poor policy in publishing a continued story, "The Reconstruction of Korea." If the piece were worth publishing at all (and the present selection is not very prepossessing) it should have been given full space in one issue. And indeed it would have improved the number if it had been published all at once and some of the other material left out. The author of "Uncle Alex's Judgment Day" should brush the cobwebs from his story and use a theme not buried some ages ago in the tomb of Romeo. "A Trip to Blackbeard's Castle" is very interesting, however, and so is "The Little Rebel."—*Davidson College Magazine*.

* * *

We are, as usual, highly entertained by THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. In turning the first few pages we find a splendid essay on "The Reconstruction of Korea," which shows deep study and careful preparation on the part of the writer. It is highly interesting and instructive. The stories are all original. Two of them are incidents of the Civil War, which are ever interesting. The two short poems show talent on the part of the writers. Poetry adds much to the variety of material in college magazines. The November copy of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT has this variety and maintains its old standard—that of a well-balanced monthly.—*Guilford Collegian*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—We take great pleasure in perusing this magazine, for it is one of the best that has come to us as yet. It abounds in stories, good, bad, and

indifferent. "The Réconstruction of Korea" is unique, as advertised, and it is also intensely interesting. "Uncle Alex's Judgment Day" is, if we do not mistake, only a vivid re-eternalism of a time-worn anecdote. Verse in this issue is notable for its scarcity. The magazine presents a neat appearance and is to be commended for the evident enthusiasm shown in its pages.—*Richmond College Messenger.*

* * *

Among the magazines whose contents are fullest and most balanced is THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. Far from being not up to the usual standard, as is the case with a good many first numbers of the magazines, its contents is composed of a goodly number of good productions. "If I Could Glimpse Him," is well written and is evidently the production of a rather imaginative person. "Down the Cape Fear" is decidedly the best of the contributions. Rarely does one read in college magazines a descriptive narrative piece that holds the interest as does this. Just enough of history intermixed to make it very interesting indeed, and when one finishes reading he has a feeling of having had a very delightful and instructive trip with a set of congenial companions. "Don Quixote and Its Influence on Spanish Literature" is well written, but the piece is not wholly in keeping with what the title leads us to expect. The title could have very well been "Don Quixote's Influence on History" or something like that. "Uncle Billy Payson's Flying Machine" is too long. Perhaps, however, its length is necessary in order to prepare the reader for the absurdities and unnatural circumstances through which it leads the reader. "A Jump at Conclusions" is a disappointment. The conversation in the first three paragraphs would lead one to think that the scene would be among the rather common class of people when, in fact, it is, apparently in the end, a feud between two Kentucky gentlemen. It is too short and the characters are not

consistent—they do things unexpectedly. "Rural Progress" and "The Personal Traits of Character of the Homeric Heroes" are both pieces of the right type for college magazines and are very well written. The account of the class of '10 in the Alumni Department is a very good idea and no doubt every Wake Forest man enjoys it.—*Furman Echo*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—"The Personal Traits of Character of the Homeric Heroes," is by far the best article this month. The subject is effectively handled. Each hero is taken up in turn and the writer is happy in drawing his character sketches so distinctly that we can almost feel the personality of the several heroes. An article, "Don Quixote and Its Influence on Spanish Literature," will repay a careful reading. "Uncle Billy Payson's Flying Machine" is great. We are disappointed in the story, "A Jump at Conclusions." The conclusion did not satisfy us. The poem, "Nightfall," savors of Milton, and we liked it. Perhaps Wake Forest shelters an "inglorious Milton."—*College Message*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT overflows with good things. It is up to date, readable, well arranged. "Uncle Alex's Judgment Day" is a very clever reproduction of a joke that has gone the rounds, and is well worth re-telling. Its dialect is good and its style is breezy. It adds something to the magazine. The editor has a timely word on the mercenary spirit in college athletics. His editorial rings true.—*William Jewell Student (Dec.)*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—In the first place, we wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to the business manager of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for getting out one of the prettiest Christmas covers that we have seen this year.

It is neither elaborate nor simple; it strikes a happy medium. As a general criticism we would say that this number is sadly lacking in verse, having only two selections, "By the Old Fodder Stack," which is written in a very jerky style, but is to be commended for its originality, and "Abandoned Flowers," which the writer spoils in the last stanza by his total disregard of meter. Among the essays we wish to call special attention to the one on James Larkin Pearson. One of the most difficult tasks of the college editor is to secure interesting essays for his magazine and in this selection the editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT has certainly succeeded. James Larkin Pearson is one concerning whom most of us know very little, and this clear and instructive insight into his character and works affords us an excellent opportunity to learn something about him. The essay is written in an excellent style and the only criticism that we can offer is that it contains too many quotations from his works. "The Mystery of Giles' Cave," and "After This—What?" are the best of the stories. They are both written in an exceedingly interesting style and must rank among the very best of college fiction. The author of "After This—What?" certainly must have been describing his own experience in this article, for it seems so natural, so much like our own dreams, that when we have finished it we felt like shaking hands with him and saying, *you're darn tooting.* "The Revenge of Oconce Shein" and "The Little Stranger With Painted Ears" both call for the same criticism, they are well written but so incredible that they are absurd. In the former the effect is spoiled by the author's making us believe that we are about to hear a true story, when the outcome is utterly impossible, but when we remember that this story is told by a drummer, this can be excused. In the latter the plot is original, but the idea is very similar to that of "The Fifth String."—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is to be commended on the special issue of February. The number is devoted to the Alumni of the college, who are in the service of the State. It is an argument for the college, effectively presenting the important place occupied by the college bred man in public life. The edition is dedicated to Governor Kitchin, of North Carolina. The inviting cover by no means excels the quality of the contents. The cuts, with a few exceptions, are good.

A well written article follows the short biographies of these alumni who are in the public eye, setting forth the influence of Wake Forest upon the civic life of the State. We quote the following: "While we are far from making a boast of the fact that any prominent State official was a student of the college, we do not conceal our satisfaction that the day has passed when it can be successfully urged against any one that he was a Wake Forest man."

A timely editorial on the Honor System appears. Wake Forest has just instituted a system of its own, under which an Honor Committee is appointed from the student body to deal with questions of dishonesty in examinations. The power of punishment is in the hands of this committee, even to expulsion.

Altogether we think the editors have made a decided success of the February number.—*William Jewell Student.*

* * *

Since our last writing we have received two numbers of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. Both are large and attractive. The January number is a "Benefactors' Number." It shows the trials and final successes of Wake Forest. It is a fitting memorial to those who have supported the institution in its darker days. We are more interested in what Wake Forest has done for others than what others have done for

it, therefore the February number meets more fully our approval. It is an "In-the-Service-of-the-State Number," and contains portraits and sketches of many of Wake Forest's sons who have already gained fame in the service of the Old North State.—*Southern Co-Ed.*

* * *

We would certainly have to deal with superlatives in mentioning the contents of the last two copies of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. The Benefactors' number should be, not only interesting to the Alumni of the college in learning the history and many facts about their alma mater, but also to the many friends of that school. The February issue contains sketches of many influential men, who are graduates of Wake Forest College, and an article on "The Influence of Wake Forest College Upon the Civic Life of the State."—*The Sage.*

* * *

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—The February number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is the most creditable issue that it has been our pleasure to review. We rather applaud the departure THE STUDENT makes—an Alumni Number. Several of the prominent men of the State and other States claim Wake Forest as their alma mater, and in this issue THE STUDENT gives in brief a sketch of the most loyal of these. The Governor of the State, two Congressmen, one United States Senator and other State officials are among the number. The editorial department of THE STUDENT is always par-excellence.—*Locust Grove.*

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for March is one of the best magazines that has come to us. It is unusually thick, presents a neat appearance and shows a wide variety in the types of contributions. "The Sea Flash" catches one at once

with its masterly, swift sketching of a picture that haunts, and creates that uneasy, restless sadness in the reader which the author seems to feel. It appeals to us, and it rings very like true poetry. Our interest was aroused at once by the essay "The Short Story and the Novel," and we read it through with a great deal of relish. It somehow produced a pleasant sensation when we recognized as old friends of ours nearly all the books, short stories and magazines which were especially mentioned. Any one who likes good reading would enjoy and appreciate this article; and any one who is contemplating writing a short story for his magazine would be benefited by it. There is not much to "A Rag, and a Bone, and a Hank of Hair" except satire and absurdity. Perhaps we are unjust to the author, but we are rather suspicious that such was all that was intended. "The Pirates of the Air," unlike Joshua of old, hurries the sun forward ten years and presents to us a gruesome picture of the part woman suffrage, aeroplanes, wireless telephones, and international aerial police stations will play in the affairs of Cupid in the year 1920. It takes the form of a humorous drama which seems to have become such a favorite with the college magazines this year. The style of "The Source of the Picaresque" is rather rambling, not quite as concise and logical as would be expected in an essay, but the article is unique. To a person who has studied no Spanish and knows little of Spain's literature, it is a source of much information. The author evidently spent some effort in research on the subject. It does a person good to see the college magazine introducing into its departments material that shows the widening scope of its work. "A Close Call" is not as good as it might be. Perhaps if the author had made the conversation more bluffly natural, and had painted the situations a little more vividly, it would have been improved. We were taken entirely unawares by the amusing anti-climax

in "To Peggy in Church." Just as we had settled comfortably down to the reading of a sweet, peaceful little poem, we discovered "the fly on snoring Deacon Jones's nose" and—laughed. A lively interest in events of the hour and in the development of his native State is shown by the author in "The Lake Phelps Draining Project." We were glad to see this proposition presented so well. "The Ghosts of the Guest Chamber" is the usual ghost story somewhat abbreviated. "The Upland Gentian" is a pretty, dainty little poem of suggestive sweetness. We notice the author is the same as that of "The Sea Flash." To us, he seems to show unusual talent. It should be cultivated. "A Snowbird's Threnody" charms with its simplicity and undertone of sadness. THE STUDENT seems to be really carrying out the policy stated in the editorial entitled "Our Policy." "Eugenics" is another essay that increases our store of information and carries us into yet a new field. "What Was It?" is rather obscure at the end, and a little more vividness on the part of the narrator would have given the touch necessary to keep up a breathless interest. Evidently, the students at Wake Forest are better essayists and poets than story writers. "A Comparison of New England and Southern Cotton Mill Towns" is too big a subject to be treated with any degree of exhaustiveness in three pages. "Moses and Elijah" is a pleasing touch of nature. The department of clippings is a great addition to the magazine.—*The Criterion*.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

GERALD W. JOHNSON

The sympathy of the whole college goes out toward Messrs. J. B. Eller and J. B. Vernon, each of whom received the sad intelligence, during the past month, of the death of his father. It would be hard to pick out two better known, or more popular students, than the Intercollegiate Debater and the Associate Editor of *THE STUDENT*, and their many friends feel a personal sorrow in their bereavement.

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Wake Forest has been fortunate during the past month in having listened to two great addresses by Dr. E. M. Poteat, of Greenville, S. C., and Dr. A. T. Robertson, of Louisville, Ky. Dr. Poteat addressed the college Y. M. C. A., while Dr. Robertson supplied one Sunday evening for Rev. W. N. Johnson.

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If all goes well Wake Forest will grant degrees to fifty-six men this year. The program for Commencement follows:

Wednesday, May 17th, 10 a. m. Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees.

8:30 p. m. Baccalaureate Sermon, Dr. Henry Emerson Fosdick, of Montclair, New Jersey.

Thursday, the 18th, 11 a. m. Annual Literary Address, Dr. Fosdick.

8:30 p. m. Alumni Address, Hon. E. Y. Webb.

Friday, the 19th, Commencement Day. Addresses by Representatives of the Graduating Class and Closing Exercises of the Session.

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One more Easter Monday has rolled around; one more time Wake Forest has bitten the dust of the baseball diamond before A. and M.; one more time she has brought up

the rear on the cinder-path; and one more time she has swept everything before her on the debaters' rostrum. One more time she has proved herself slow, perhaps, in muscle, but lightning-like in mind.

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The melancholy story of the day's athletic events began at 10:30 at the triangular track meet between A. and M., Carolina, and Wake Forest. With the exception of the 220-yard dash, and the high jump, won by Murchison and Hutchins, respectively, we held, during the entire meet, the post of greatest danger—the rear. Tyner scored two for us, Hutchins six, and Murchison eleven. "The rest is silence."

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It was the same way, only a little more so, at the baseball game in the afternoon. By piling a couple of long hits on top of a series of inexcusable errors, A. and M. strolled around six times. We were not in a traveling mood that day, so we didn't go at all. At the end of the ninth nine goose-eggs, all in row, was all that was coming to us.

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BUT in the middle of the eighth inning of the ball game, the special, bound for Greensboro, stopped opposite the ball park, and a faithful few, including two of the Hill's most prominent Afro-American citizen—namely, Caleb, the barber, and Noah, the mail man—climbed sadly aboard. The special bumped into the Gate City at eight-fifteen, and the weary, supperless, and footsore crowd trudged drearily up to the Grand Opera House. Had Wake Forest lost that night few of them would have recovered; they would not have died, they would not have committed suicide—they would have been simply extinguished. The theater was filled to the doors, but seats had been reserved for the Wake Forest and Davidson delegations. Davidson was already in place and the crowd had been waiting for some time when Mar-

shals Harris and Haywood marched down the aisle with the Wake Forest men in a body behind them. They were greeted with a roar of applause that warmed the heart of every student. The sententious comment of the illustrious Polly Greene, "Fine town, eh, bo?" expressed Wake Forest's feelings exactly.

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Then the curtain rose; the speakers and officers of the debate were seated on the stage, which was decorated, as was the whole house, with the colors of the two colleges. Pennants and ribbons were sprinkled liberally over the audience, and the Red and Black and the Old Gold and Black were everywhere. When President of the Debate R. C. Hood had made the prefatory remarks, J. B. Eller, of Wake Forest, opened the debate on the subject, "*Resolved*, That the United States Should Fortify the Panama Canal." The debate was spirited from the beginning. Davidson has evidently taken a leaf out of Wake Forest's book, for not a note nor reference of any kind was in evidence on either side until the rejoinders. The Davidson speakers, Messrs. James Allen, Jr., and M. C. Huske, put up a brilliant fight and it was anybody's debate until the rejoinders; but there Messrs. Eller and Hilliard scored heavily. Even then the Wake Forest supporters, though they hoped strongly, were not quite satisfied, and they were on pins while the marshals waited on the judges, who were Rev. T. G. Faulkner, of Greensboro, Dr. Howard Rondthaler, of Winston-Salem, and Dr. M. M. Kinard, of Salisbury. But at last it was done, and President Hood mercifully cut the suspense short by announcing simply, "The judges have decided in favor of the affirmative."

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It is to be doubted whether any Wake Forest man can say definitely what happened next. It is certain that the stage

was filled instantly, that the speakers were hoisted aloft, that the band was drowned out, while somebody seized the cup and shook it vehemently above the howling mob. Then students and alumni joined in singing, "Oh, here's to Wake Forest," and if they were a little off the tune nobody cared, for the Greensboro Cup was ours—the Ark had returned to Zion.

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After the debate the cavaliers repaired to the First Presbyterian Church to a reception given by the Baptist and Presbyterian Philatheas to the college men, while the *canaille* broke for the nearest restaurant. But they all met at the station at 11:59 and the special bore out a hilarious load; those who had remained in Raleigh had heard the news ere the special arrived, and although the night train was jammed to the doors, nobody complained of the discomfort, for everybody was happy. What mattered the track meet? Who cared about baseball anyhow? For Wake Forest still holds her old record of never having lost a series of debates, and stands once more on her old pinnacle of Champion Debater of the State of North Carolina.

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And nobody was happier than Caleb and Noah.